



THE AUTHOR
IN TIBETAN
COSTUME.

WE TIBETANS

AN INTIMATE PICTURE, BY A WOMAN OF TIBET,
OF AN INTERESTING AND DISTINCTIVE PEOPLE,
IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN HOW THEY LIVE, THEIR
BELIEFS, THEIR OUTLOOK, THEIR WORK &
PLAY, & HOW THEY REGARD THEMSELVES
AND OTHERS

BY

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With a Historical Introduction by

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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Preface

I AM a woman of Kham, the eastern and most populous part of Tibet. My husband is an Englishman who was formerly British Consul on the Chinese frontier of Tibet and is now retired.

It has long been his custom to translate to me what is said about Tibet in your books and newspapers. And so I have learnt how you regard our country and people. Some of your writers have written of us with knowledge and sympathy. They have known us and liked us. But they are just a few. The others seem to have said just what they liked or what they thought would attract notice. Some of the statements made about us display great ignorance, and others malice. Some are wrong but harmless ; others made me laugh at the absurdity of them ; still others made me angry. Why should people write falsehoods about us, why should they write at all of things they do not know ? And I would urge my husband to write to the papers and contradict this statement about us and that.

But he said it would be of no use. Many books would have to be written by many kinds of people before my country was justly appreciated abroad. But that would come in time, the sooner if the Tibetans would write about themselves as the Chinese and the Japanese have

long done. Why should not I myself write a book? Almost everybody who came to my country wrote a book or an article about it somewhere. To write a book was not in itself very difficult, though it might be another thing to get anybody to read it. But my book would at least be of interest as being a book about the country by a woman of the country, especially as no woman of my race had ever done such a thing before. Even if it were not published, it would be of interest to ourselves. It would put in permanent form what might very well grow dim in time should we be long years away from my country. He would do all the work. I should just say what I wanted to say, and he would write it down and arrange it.

It was an astonishing idea to me at first, but I soon fell in with it. I was used to being astonished. My whole life was unusual. I had married an Englishman; no Tibetan woman had ever done that before, as far as I know. And I had got used to your ways. I had, for instance, got used to shaking people by the hand; to your evening gowns, which make a human being look like a stork; and, after a toss or two, to your high-heeled shoes. And in more important matters I saw that what might seem impossible to one of us was the ordinary thing with you. It even seemed that some of you did not believe anything to be impossible. I heard that a scientist was trying to invent a telephone with which to talk to ghosts. What was merely writing a book compared to that sort of thing? Thousands of books on all sorts of matters were, I heard, written by women in your country.

So we set to work. That was about a year ago, and this book is the result. It has not been as easy as it sounds. There was, for instance, the language difficulty. I know very little English, and my husband still less Tibetan. We usually talk to each other in Chinese, in which language we are both fluent. And that was the medium through which this book passed. What I wanted to say I had first to think out in Tibetan, for I do not know Chinese well enough to think in it; then I had to translate in my own mind from Tibetan to Chinese; and my husband had to translate in his mind what I said from Chinese to English—then he wrote it down. And we also used on occasion an English-Tibetan dictionary. There are likely to be errors here and there in a book written in this way, but I think there are none of importance, for we have been over each chapter many times.

I have tried in this book of mine to tell you of our country, what it is like, of our material culture, and of our people, what they do and think. I have given you also a few of our old tales. We have many such. They are handed down orally from generation to generation. We learn them in our childhood by hearing grown-up people tell them. Then we tell them ourselves in our turn. They are told, some of them, partly in song. In being written down they lose, of course, their music. It is as though you read your operas in a book instead of hearing them. But still the story remains, and it is the most important part of these tales of ours, for they are allegories. I give you these few from memory. Most of all, I have tried to show you our point of view

in matters, doing this by contrasting your civilization with ours ; in the one I was born, into the other I married.

I hope you will not open my book expecting to find an exhaustive account of Tibet. It is a simple story that I tell, and that is all I am capable of, for I have no learning. If the book is dull, that is because I am dull, for it is the record of my mind, what I know and what I think, the mind, indeed, of an ordinary Tibetan woman, for there is nothing unusual about me, except my fate which has taken me from my own environment and brought me into contact with the great world outside it.

RIN-CHEN KING.

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Historical Introduction

By LOUIS KING

CHAPTER ONE

The First Monarchy

THE history of Tibet presents itself in four well-defined chronological periods : the First Monarchy from about the fifth century B.C. to the tenth century of our era ; the period of disunion from the tenth to the thirteenth century ; the Second Monarchy, or First line of Priest Rulers, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century ; and the Third Monarchy, or Second line of Priest Rulers, from the seventeenth century to the present day.

Little of the exact is known of the political history and social conditions that obtained prior to the reign of King Song-tsan Gam-po in the first half of the seventh century of our era. For the Tibetans themselves have no contemporaneous records of the earlier period, and until they emerged in force from the natural stronghold which is their country they were not apparently of sufficient importance to obtain distinctive mention by the historians of adjoining countries.

It appears however, from the evidence of tradition and of material structures which have survived to this day, that they were already at that time a highly civilized people. They had already for centuries past practised agriculture, irrigation and mining. The Tibetans, though many of them are pastoral, are mainly an agricultural people and have been so since recorded time.

There is no reason to suppose that agriculture came to Tibet any later than to China or to Europe. And if there is any weight in the view that the Chinese style of architecture denotes a pastoral origin, it might well be held that the Tibetans whose houses bear no resemblance whatsoever to the structure of a tent were an agricultural people before the Chinese. It does not absolutely follow, of course, but it is an interesting possibility.

The origin of the imposing style of Tibetan architecture is, as far as I am aware, unknown. The great temples, massive forts, substantial bridges and solid dwelling-houses they build to-day they would appear to have built in the same style from time immemorial. They attained in fact at some unrecorded time in the remote past a skill in architecture that would not disgrace a modern nation of our own day. Of old buildings which still stand there is the Lhasa Cathedral, the Jo Khang, which is after the Potala the most striking building in the Tibetan capital, and was built in the time of Songtsan Gam-po himself ; and the huge monastery of Samye built a century later.

And Herodotus, writing twenty-five centuries ago, presents, in recording a traveller's tale, a picture of the Tibetan gold-miners of that remote period which was recognized by the travellers of our own times. The story is of interest in itself and is well told by Sir Thomas Holdich in his book *Tibet the Mysterious*.

Tibetan traditions go back to the dawn of time. One an age-old tradition, ascribes the origin of mankind to the mating of a monkey with a supernatural being

Tibetan mysticism of a later age, dealing with this old legend, claims the monkey to have been the incarnation of the Bodhisat Avalokitesvara, Chenrezi, the guardian deity of Tibet. This tradition is commonly held in Tibet but it has not the field to itself. An alternative explanation of the origin of man, also widely held, was propounded to me by a learned Tibetan Ge-she or Doctor of Divinity. Men, according to this view, originally emerged adult ; as well out of the Lotus as from the air itself. They were immortal. There were neither sun nor moon nor stars. Mankind was self-luminous, men exuded their own light. Their food grew of itself, in the grass and on the trees. They took what they wanted as they wanted it, and it immediately re-grew. It was the same with their raiment. But then men began to take more than they needed at the moment. They thought to save themselves trouble and to make sure of the days ahead. So they laid in stocks. From that they proceeded to claim the sources of supply. They acquired in fact the sense of individual property. And men and women took to looking at each other and the sense of sex came into their minds. Heaven was offended and decreed that man should henceforth live on the fruits of his own toil, that he should produce his food from the soil. The sun and moon were provided for him, and he lost his own luminosity. He became the man of to-day, mankind as we know it.

Thus the same two opposite points of view, the opposing conceptions of man's origin, the rise of man and the fall of man, obtain with the Tibetans as with us.

The Tibetans themselves date the First Monarchy

There is no reason to suppose that agriculture came to Tibet any later than to China or to Europe. And if there is any weight in the view that the Chinese style of architecture denotes a pastoral origin, it might well be held that the Tibetans whose houses bear no resemblance whatsoever to the structure of a tent were an agricultural people before the Chinese. It does not absolutely follow, of course, but it is an interesting possibility.

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The Tibetans themselves date the First Monarchy

from the fifth century B.C. The Monarchy had thus already been in existence upwards of a thousand years before Song-tsan Gam-po came to the throne. It was he, however, who brought his people to the notice of history by invading the Chinese Empire in the early part of the seventh century of our era.

The Kingdom, consolidated by him, was extended in area and power by his successors until Tibet became one of the most powerful nations of Asia. It comprised at its zenith, in addition to Tibet proper, Nepal, Bhutan, Upper Burma, Turkestan, and parts of Western China. It confronted on an equality the Chinese Empire as it then stood. Wars between China and Tibet were frequent in those days, and the honours would appear to have been evenly divided. On one occasion, *circa* A.D. 650, the armies of the Empire over-ran the Kingdom and captured Lhasa, the Tibetan capital. On another, *circa* A.D. 763, the Tibetans dictated a peace at the Chinese capital, Changan, the modern Sianfu, and exacted tribute from the Empire.

China and India alike contributed to the evolution of the distinctive culture of Tibet. Buddhism, which the Tibetans moulded in the course of time into the form we term Lamaism, was introduced from India but the impulse to it came from the Chinese Princess Wen Chang of the Imperial House of T'ai Tsung (A.D. 627-50) of the T'ang dynasty whom the Emperor, in accordance with the time-honoured method of recognizing the might and power of a fellow-potentate, had given Song-tsan Gam-po to wife in result of his invasion of the Empire.

The Princess took with her from China as her wedding present to her husband a large bronze Buddha which had originally come from India. It is recorded that on the way the Buddha was one day found to be immovable. The priests divined that he was captivated by the peaceful charm of that particular place and that if a replica were made and kept there he would be willing to proceed. This was done and all was well. The replica set up in the temple there, the Lha-gong Gompa in the grasslands of Menya, is still in existence. For the original a temple was built at Lhasa, the Jo Khang, to which we have already referred.

Of this Buddha, Holdich says : “ This famous image of the Buddha, known as the Jovo Rimpoche, is said to have been made in Magadha during the lifetime of the great teacher. Visvakarma is supposed to have made it under the guidance of the god Indra, of an alloy of the five precious substances, gold, silver, zinc, iron, and copper, and ‘ the five precious celestial substances,’ probably diamonds, rubies, lapis-lazuli, emeralds and ‘ indranila.’ ”

Buddhism had come to Tibet some two hundred years earlier than King Song-tsan Gam-po’s time, but had made no headway. Converted by his Chinese consort, supported by her colleague, the King’s other wife, a princess from Nepal, also a Buddhist, Song-tsan Gam-po introduced it afresh. Like the Chinese Emperor Ming Ti (A.D. 58–76) of the later Han dynasty six centuries earlier, the King sent direct to India to study the religion and procure the scriptures.

It is recorded of the King’s minister Thu-mi, who

was entrusted with this mission, that he adapted an Indian alphabet to the Tibetan language, thereby producing the written language that obtains to-day. It would seem, however, improbable that the Tibetan written language was thus introduced. It is difficult to believe that a people so highly civilized and organized as the Tibetans had long been possessed no written language prior to Song-tsan Gam-po's time. If it were so, it would have been more natural for the King to adopt Chinese characters than Indian. For the Tibetan language is more akin in its structure to Chinese than to Sanskrit. And Chinese was the language of his Queen ; the Chinese in her retinue could have done the adaptation on the spot. It is therefore reasonable to surmise that the Tibetan language was reduced to writing at some unrecorded period prior to Song-tsan Gam-po's time, the credit, however, being given to him, to add to the lustre of the greatest figure in Tibetan history.

It was at the instance also of the Princess Wen Chang that the first lamaseries were established in Tibet. Thus was introduced an innovation in the Tibetan polity, the monastic system, which was destined to play a predominant part in the political evolution of the country. For the lamaseries which with this beginning were gradually established throughout the country constituted compact bodies of men living together, artificial communities in a land without large natural centres of population. With arable lands consisting for the most part of narrow river valleys shut in by mountain walls, there were and are no great centres of agricultural population such as exist in the teeming plains of China



THREE TIBETAN HEADMEN OR SHERIFFS.

These men are typical of our people, healthy, bright and good-humoured.

and India. The pastoral lands are still more sparsely populated. And there are no industrial centres, the material objects of Tibetan use being made by the people in their individual homes.

The piety of the people founded lamaseries on all sides and recruited them in such numbers, so large a proportion of the people entered them, that they became in time the chief centres of population throughout the country. They became in fact the Tibetan equivalent of our towns.

The lay princes were unable to support large bodies of men in their immediate entourage. Their vassals and followers lived necessarily over a wide expanse of country whence they had to be drawn in when required. But it was different in the case of the monasteries. They also drew their support from wide areas but their men-at-arms, the priests themselves, were on the premises. It was inevitable, therefore, that under a feudal dispensation temporal power in their various districts should gravitate to the men who controlled these communities. The abbots of the great lamaseries became in the course of time powerful feudal lords.

The Princess Wen Chang, who has long since been canonized, taking her place by her husband's side in the Tibetan pantheon, would appear to be entitled to rank as one of the leading feminine figures in history. For she gave the impulse which in determining the particular trend of the spiritual and political evolution of a great nation has ultimately contributed to the world, for what of value and instruction it may contain, a distinctive form of cultural organization.

Buddhism thus re-introduced into the country by Song-tsan Gam-po and supported by his successors, spread throughout Tibet, and from there, in the course of centuries, throughout Mongolia too, displacing the older cults of those countries largely by finding room for them within the Buddhist fold. The pre-Buddhist Bon religion of Tibet, an animistic cult, survives to-day as a component part of Tibetan Buddhism, where it is especially emphasized in the Bon sect of the Tibetan Church.

The greatest prelate of the early period, and the first great priest in a country which was destined to be ruled by the priesthood, was Padma Sambhava, who came to Tibet from India on the invitation of the then King, Tisong De-tsen (A.D. 740-86). He belonged to the Tantric cult of Indian Buddhism and the doctrines he preached were largely instrumental in reconciling the Bonists to the new cult.

But the success of Buddhism in Tibet and in Mongolia must be mainly ascribed to the support it received from temporal authority. As the religion of King and prince and noble it had the whole weight and prestige of the State behind it. In China on the other hand, where it was, as we have seen, introduced centuries earlier than in Tibet, it came up against the age-old religion which Confucius has rooted for all time in the souls of the upper classes of his countrymen, that is, of Authority. Buddhism unable either to dislodge or to absorb the older faith, has ever had to be content in China with second place.

In the tenth century of our era, *circa* A.D. 914, a

determined effort on the part of the anti-clericals to stem the growing power of the Church dissolved the Kingdom into its component feudal parts. The last King but one, Ral-pa-chan, a great supporter of the Church, was murdered by his brother, Lang-dar-ma, who was head of the opposing faction. Lang-dar-ma ascended the throne and set himself to suppress the Faith, but was shortly afterwards himself assassinated, and with him the First Monarchy came to an end. The Church won through in the long run and Ral-pa-chan has taken his place amongst the deities, while Lang-dar-ma goes down in Tibetan history as a fiend. He is represented in religious pictures with a horn on his head.

The period of the Kingdom, from Song-tsan Gam-po until its close, represents the golden age of Tibetan history and it is interesting to note that it practically synchronized with the T'ang Dynasty of China (A.D. 618 to 907), which is regarded by the Chinese as one of the most glorious epochs of theirs. In the one as in the other were consolidated the cultural foundations of a great nation.

The period of disunion which followed upon the fall of the monarchy lasted some three centuries. The outstanding figure of this period is Atisha, the great religious reformer of the eleventh century. He also, like Padma Sambhava, came from India. But whereas the latter was a teacher of the Tantric doctrines the former endeavoured to get back to first principles, to re-state the faith of the Church in terms of the teachings of the historic Buddha.

CHAPTER TWO

The Sakya Line of Rulers

IN the thirteenth century Kublai (A.D. 1253 to 1295), Grand Khan of the Mongol Confederation, wrested the Chinese Empire from the Sungs and established the Yuan Dynasty (A.D. 1280 to 1368).

Kublai Khan, eclectic in religion and sensitive, like the Roman magistrate, of the use of the Church in temporal affairs invited the then leading priest of Tibetan Buddhism, the abbot of the great Sakya monastery, to his Court, to give the blessing of the greatest Church in Asia to the widest Empire then known to man. The lama on his part desired the sovereignty of Tibet. By this time the evolution of the church in that country to temporal power had progressed so far that the clerical princes were as numerous and as powerful as the lay. And the Sakya hierarch was himself the most important individual prince in the country.

Tibet however was not a part of the Khan's domains. The armies of Genghiz and of Ogotai, his predecessors in the Khanate, had swept across high Asia, conquered India, and reduced large tracts of Europe, where their devastating progress was brought to an abrupt end by the news of the death of their Khan, whereupon in accordance with their custom they returned to the capital to elect his successor. A drunken debauch at Karakoram had killed the Grand Khan and saved Europe. Tibet however had not been affected by the wave of conquest. And I think we must look for the reasons for this elsewhere than in the geographical configuration

of the country. Tibet is by no means inaccessible in herself. In spite of her great mountain buttresses she is vulnerable on all sides except the north where the Chang Tang, a vast belt of bare and wind-swept uplands, is impassable to any army.

Her relative poverty however would provide little incentive to the Mongol hordes and at the same time would present a serious obstacle to forces which had to live on the lands they passed through. But these considerations would not of themselves have necessarily deflected the Mongol conquerors. Probably the racial affinity of Mongol and Tibetan had something to do with it. Very likely there were Tibetans in the Mongol hosts. And the religious connection might perhaps, even at this early time, have already commenced.

However that may be, it remains that the invading Mongols left Tibet alone. And Kublai Khan himself, who conquered all China and went to war with Annam and Burma, successfully, and with Japan and Cambodia, unsuccessfully, for failing to pay him tribute, at no time either demanded or received tribute from Tibet.

It has been said that the Emperor was converted to Buddhism by his Sakya visitor but this, in view of his well-known eclecticism, would appear to be unlikely. He fell in however with the lama's ambitions and recognized him as the sovereign of all Tibet. He looked upon that country as the sovereign domain of the Church, its head as his spiritual adviser, the only equal he admitted in all Asia.

Helped by the moral support of the Empire's recognition, the Sakya hierarch was enabled to secure the

hegemony of the country and thus to establish the second Monarchy of Tibet. The nation rose from the ashes of disunion and again confronted the Chinese Empire as an equal, the equality not now of rivalry in arms, but of alliance of Church and State, the former Tibet, the latter the Empire of Kublai Khan.

The Sakya hierarch established himself as supreme temporal and spiritual ruler of Tibet, but, solicitous of preserving in the eyes of the people the sanctity of his office of Pontiff, vested the actual administration of affairs in the hands of a regent. This form of government he superimposed upon the existing feudal basis of society which was retained.

The Sakya hierarch was thus the first Priest-King of Tibet, and the line he established lasted nearly four centuries.

In the middle of the fourteenth century of our era, while the Sakyas were in power, the great religious reformer, Tsong-ka-pa, was born, A.D. 1358, at Kumbum in Amdo. He founded a new sect of Tibetan Buddhism, the Gelugpa Church, wherein a higher standard of conduct and a stricter discipline were required of the priesthood. His disciples were called upon to lead a life of simplicity and austerity in consonance with the Buddha's teachings. It is interesting to note that Tsong-ka-pa's life was coincident in point of time with that of the very different but equally famous Buddhist priest who in China seized the Empire from the last Emperor of the line founded by Kublai Khan and established the Ming Dynasty (A.D. 1368 to 1644).

Tsong-ka-pa, whom Tibetan mysticism identifies

with Chenrezi, Avalokitesvara, is the patron saint of the sect he founded, the Gelugpa, often termed the Yellow Church or the Yellow Hats. While Padma Sambhava is the tutelary deity of the older sects of Tibetan Buddhism, of which the Nyima and the Sakya are the chief, often referred to collectively as the Red Church or the Red Hats.

CHAPTER THREE

The Establishment of the Present Line of Rulers, the Dalai Lamas.

TOWARDS the middle of the seventeenth century Nga-wang Lob-sang, the abbot of the great Drepung lamasery, aided by Gusri, Khan of the Oelot Mongols, overthrew the Sakya line and established the Third, the present, line of Tibetan rulers, still regnant to-day. Nga-wang Lob-sang was the head of the Gelugpa church in direct line of succession from Tsong-ka-pa. And as such he bore the title of Dalai Lama, given to a predecessor of his in this line by the Khan of the Mongols. The new ruler was the fifth in the line of succession and is hence known as the Fifth Dalai Lama. This designation, which has confused some historians, refers to his place in the line, not of the rulers of Tibet, but of the Popes of the Yellow Church. The Fifth Dalai Lama is, in fact, the first of the sovereigns of the present line of Tibetan rulers.

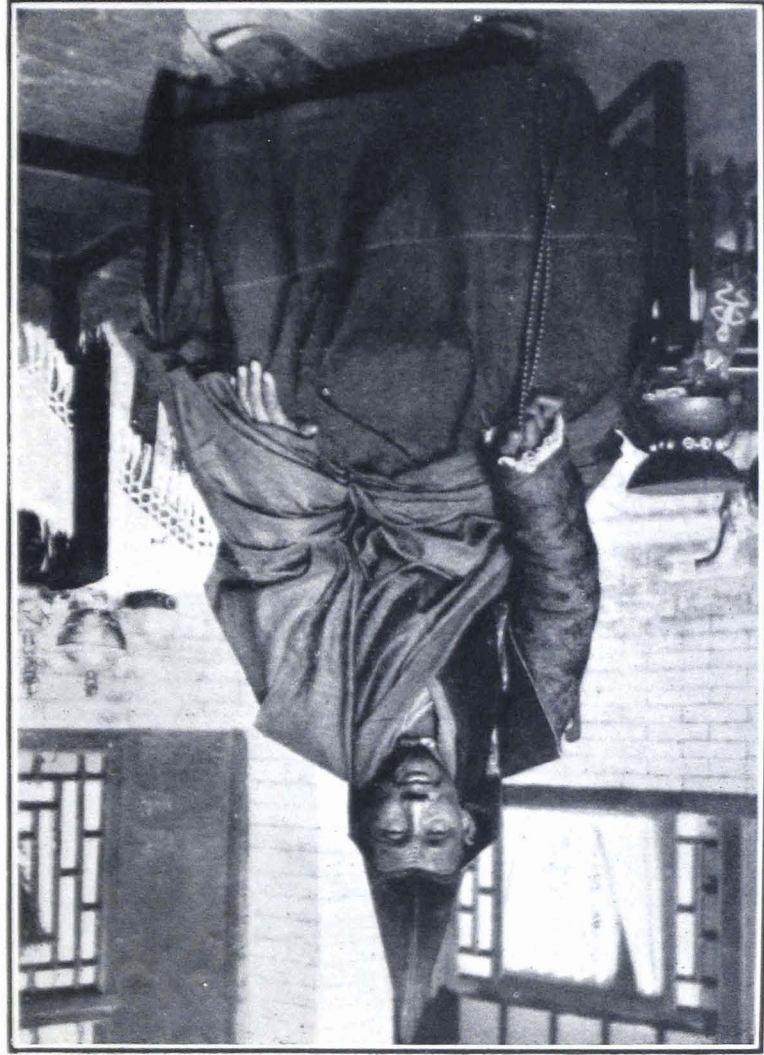
Nga-wang Lob-sang, discovering by divine revelation that he was the incarnation, the embodiment on earth, of the Bodhisat Avalokitesvara, Chenrezi, the guardian

deity of Tibet, assumed that exalted status, thereby introducing an innovation destined to have a most far-reaching effect on the political evolution of Tibet, to draw in the end that country into the vortex of world politics.

A further, minor but still important, effect was to weaken the Government of that country by exposing it to current periods of regency through the mode of succession which was a necessary corollary of the divinity of the ruler. It was not a question of a King ruling by divine right, but of an actual Deity on earth. The successor to the throne could not be an ordinary human while waiting for the throne to be vacant and then automatically become a god. This difficulty was overcome by establishing succession by reincarnation. The ruler on death was re-born ; and the government while he was an infant was in each case carried on by a regent in his name.

This system of succession by reincarnation, necessary in the case of the supreme ruler of Tibet, became in course of time general with the great prelates of the country where there are now some hundreds of Living Buddhas. On the spiritual plane it appealed to the mystical faith of a devout people. And it afforded a practical solution of the question of succession to a celibate office.

Another element destined in the future to complicate the political situation in Tibet was introduced at the same time. The same revelation, which exalted the Dalai Lama to the status of divinity, exposed that the old lama, who was his spiritual adviser, was in like



A TIBETAN GE-SHE OR DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

This learned priest of Eastern Tibet now holds high ecclesiastical office in Mongolia, the Mongols being adherents of the Tibetan Church.



THE AUTHOR'S HUSBAND.

Mr. King was formerly H. M. Consul at Tachienlu. He is a relative by marriage of the Tibetan Doctor of Divinity, whose photograph is shown on this page.

position. The former was, as we have seen, Avalokitesvara ; the latter was similarly shown to be Amitabha, O-pa-me, one of the Five Celestial Beings. The Dalai Lama thereupon established his old teacher at the great Tashi-lumpo lamasery near Shigatse. And political intrigue of subsequent times has endeavoured on occasion to set Tashi-lumpo up against Lhasa.

The relative status of the two is, however, clear, and appears indeed in their Tibetan titles. The Dalai Lama's title is the "Kyam-gon Rimpoche," which may be translated "His Holiness the Protector," and the "Gye-wa Rimpoche," or "His Holiness the Ruler." The title of the great prelate of Tashi-lumpo is the "Pan-chen Rimpoche," or "His Holiness the Great Teacher." Outside Tibet the former is usually termed the Dalai Lama or, alternatively, the Grand Lama ; and the latter the Panchen Lama, or the Tashi Lama from the name of his great monastery.

In metaphysics Amitabha as a Celestial Being is himself exalted above all mundane affairs, spiritual as well as temporal, with which he is in contact solely through his active attribute, the Bodhisat Avalokitesvara. O-pa-me and Chenrezi are in fact one and the same person, the one the passive, the other the active, element of the Godhead. Translated into practical life, it is seen that the Panchen Lama is concerned entirely with the other world, passing his days in communion with Heaven, and constituting, for the guidance of the people, the representation on earth of Buddha in Nirvana ; while the Dalai Lama deals, as Buddha's Vice-regent on earth, with worldly affairs, temporal and spiritual.

Having established himself as supreme ruler of Tibet, the Dalai Lama set forth for Peking where the Manchus had just succeeded in wresting the Empire from the Mings and in establishing the Ch'ing Dynasty (A.D. 1644 to 1912). He desired from the new Emperor the recognition which Kublai Khan had accorded to the founder of the Sakya line. The moral support of such recognition would assist him in overcoming any opposition in Tibet and in consolidating the exalted status he had attained. The Emperor on his part desired the influence of the Dalai Lama to assist him in bringing the Mongols within his sway.

By this time Tibetan Buddhism had already become the religion of Mongolia, helped to that end alike by the racial affinity of Mongol and Tibetan and by the support given to it by the temporal authorities in Mongolia. The Tibetans and the Mongols are cognate races differentiated mainly in result of the operation of a difference in environment. Moreover there was much in common between the pre-Buddhist cults of Tibet and Mongolia. The form of Buddhism which the Tibetans evolved thus commended itself to the Mongols and when temporal authority gave the impetus and led the way the spread of the faith was assured.

We have seen that the Grand Khan Kublai gave the highest countenance to the Tibetan Church, that his moral support, the prestige of his recognition, had contributed to the success of the Sakya hierarch in securing the sovereignty of Tibet. And now the new ruler had been actively assisted thereto by the intervention in arms of a Mongol khan. Meanwhile Tibetan

priests had long since been preaching the faith throughout Mongolia under the direct patronage of the various princes of that country.

The Emperor received the Dalai Lama as an independent sovereign, as an equal. It is recorded that he went out of his capital to meet his visitor, and that he had an inclined pathway built over the city wall so that the Dalai Lama could pass into the city without going through a gate in the wall, for pedestrians use the walls of Peking and it was felt to be unfitting that His Holiness should pass beneath a place trodden by people's feet. The Emperor and the Dalai Lama joined forces and the combination was irresistible. The Mongols whom, as we have seen, had already accepted Tibetan Buddhism as their religion found at its head a Pontiff whom the Emperor recognized not only as the Head of the Church, but as a Divinity on earth. They accepted him. The Dalai Lama on his part deployed the influence of the church on behalf of the Emperor and the Mongols acknowledged his sway.

But henceforth, a new element entered into the relations of China, Mongolia and Tibet. The conduct and the fate of the politico-religious potentate whom Tibet had evolved and enshrined in her midst became a matter of great moment to China as to Mongolia. So long as he was complacent and no one interfered with him, he and Tibet could be left alone by the Empire. But the successive Emperors found themselves compelled constantly to intervene, now to protect and now to discipline the supreme pontiff. And the next phase of Tibetan history is the record of this intervention and its consequences.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Building-up of the Chinese Connection

NO developments occurred so long as Nga-wang Lob-sang lived. He was a strong ruler who put down opposition with an iron hand. The institution of Divine Sovereign was not in itself a new departure in Tibetan history, for the lay kings of the First Monarchy had been considered divinities. And no doubt this old tradition and the mystic faith of the people, their veneration for the great trio of prelates, Padma Sambhava, Atisha and Tsong-ka-pa, and the rule of the Sakya hierarchs, had paved the way for the general acceptance of the development from the Pontiff-Sovereign of the Sakya line to the Divine Ruler of Nga-wang Lob-sang. But still there were recalcitrants who had to be persuaded. And a European observer of the Dalai Lama's methods, the Jesuit Johannes Grueber who with his companion, Albert de Dorville, was at Lhasa in the year 1661, calls him "devilish God the Father who puts to death such as refuse to adore him." But we must remember the beam in our own eye, the Inquisition. The methods of the one as of the other were ruthless.

The Dalai Lama succeeded in consolidating his position, both temporal and spiritual, throughout Tibet. Though he had retained the form of government of his Sakya predecessors, associating a regent with himself in the administration of affairs, he was not prevented by this concession to the past from ruling in fact as well as in name.

But when his strong personality was removed by death, the clouds gathered and broke. His successor was quite unsuited by temperament either to represent the Godhead or to administer the government. He was of the type we term Bohemian, and his conduct scandalized his people and led to his death and to the intervention of the Dzungarian Mongols, who swept across Tibet and occupied Lhasa. Whereupon, in A.D. 1718, the Emperor of China, K'ang Hsi, sent an army, ejected the invaders, established the Dalai Lama's successor on the throne, and put in a Manchu Resident and a garrison of troops at his capital.

It would appear that the Resident's position was merely that of the Emperor's Envoy at the Court of the Dalai Lama, and that the garrison was intended rather for the protection of the Dalai Lama than as a bodyguard to the Resident.

The line of communications between Lhasa and China was at the same time secured by the posting of small detachments of Chinese troops along the Tachienlu-Batang-Chamdo-Lhasa road.

Further, K'ang Hsi put in his own nominee as Regent.

A few years later the latter was murdered, and the Empire again intervened. The then Emperor, Yung Cheng, having sent an army and restored order, introduced, in A.D. 1727, changes designed to put the Empire in a position to prevent further trouble arising.

The Emperor dealt with the situation as it then obtained. We have seen that the Sakya rulers retained the feudal system and established a form of government

wherein the Pontiff held aloof from the administration of affairs, vesting the latter in the hands of a regent. The tendency under such a system was for the great feudal barons to recognize the spiritual authority of the Pontiff to the prejudice of his temporal power. Jealous of their own prerogatives they would brook little interference from the Regent, who necessarily carried less weight than the Pontiff himself. They considered their obligations discharged in obeying the spiritual mandates of the Pontiff.

The weakness inherent in the system itself was greatly accentuated by the subsequent exaltation of the ruler to the position of deity. The idea behind this form of government, which obtained for centuries in Japan and persists to-day in Nepal and Bhutan, is that the head of the Church, God's Vice-Regent on earth, is too holy to take part in the sordid realm which is the world of affairs. It embodies, indeed, a political truth which has found expression with us in the exaltation of the Throne above the sphere of politics. But stability under it can only be attained by the virtual assumption on the part of the Regent, with the general consent, of all the prerogatives of a monarch, or by a complicated system of constitutional government such as we have.

No doubt under the strong rulership of the Fifth Dalai Lama the defect in the form of government was not immediately apparent. He was a law unto himself. He could over-ride what he had himself ordained, and whatever he did was accepted without question. But the same latitude was not granted his successors, and the present Dalai Lama, whom political exigencies have

compelled to follow in his footsteps, has to contend against a bulk of tradition and opinion which considers that it is not meet that he should be soiled by contact with mundane affairs. And he himself preserves the time-honoured principle, in that though directing all the other affairs of the nation, he has delegated to his Prime Minister supreme control in the highly important but necessarily sordid sphere which is the administration of the criminal law.

Even under Nga-wang Lob-sang it appears that the feudal princes preserved to a large extent their independence of temporal control. By Yung Cheng's time they were virtually independent in temporal matters, though they still acknowledged the ultimate sovereignty therein of the Dalai Lama. In spiritual matters, on the other hand, the authority of the Pontiff had gained, not lost, with the passage of time. All Tibet and Mongolia worshipped him as their God.

Yung Cheng now charged his Resident at Lhasa with the general surveillance of the temporal affairs of the Dalai Lama. It does not appear that the Resident was given any definite authority or powers ; he seems merely to have been put in the position of adviser to the Pontiff, the latter no doubt being enjoined to seek his counsel.

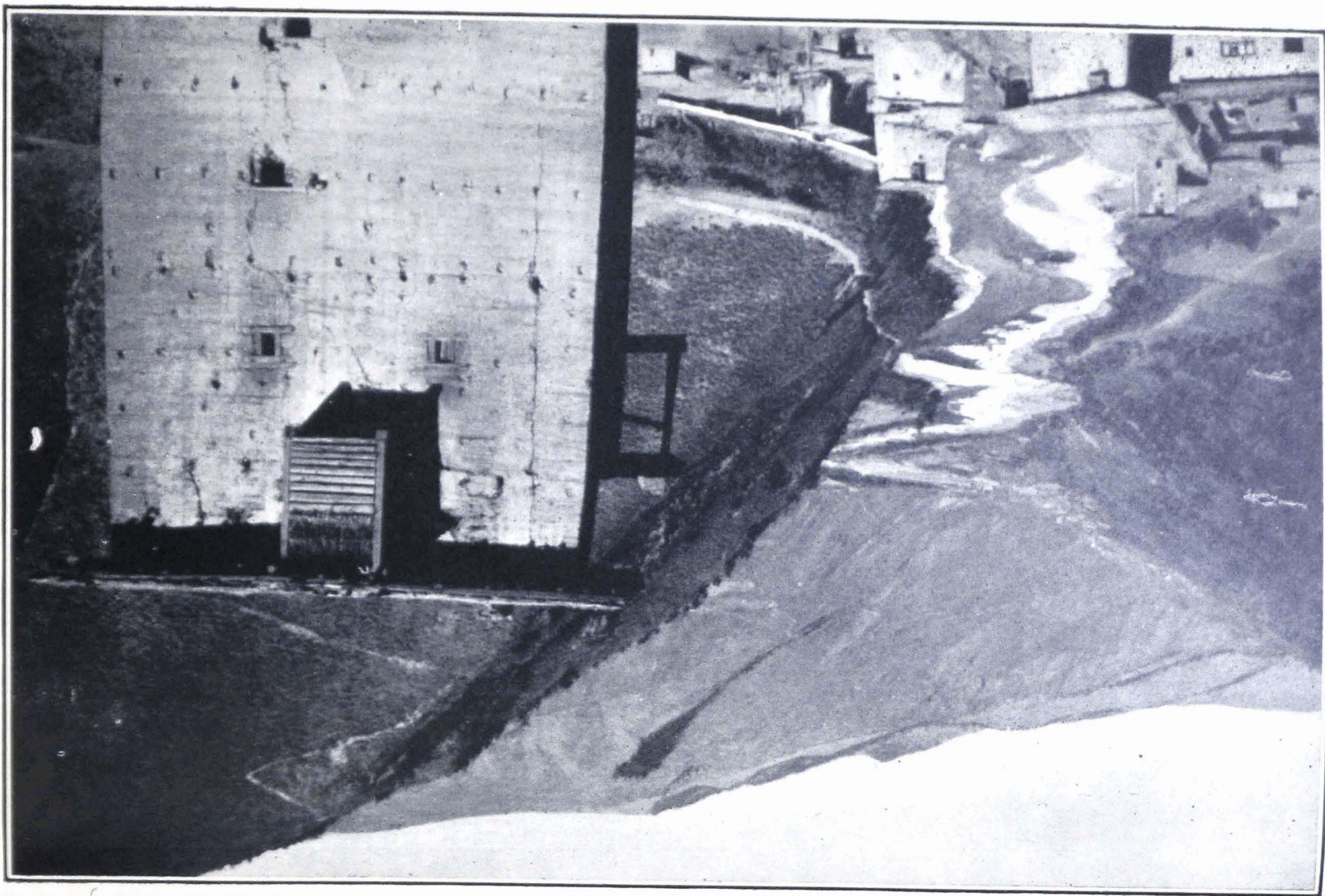
Further, the Emperor brought the feudal princes of Tibet into direct individual contact with the Imperial Throne by granting them seals of office. And he allotted them severally, according to their geographical location, to the general supervision of various officers of the Empire, namely, the Resident at Lhasa and the Viceroys of Szechuen, Yunnan and Kansu. Practically all the

important princes were thus given seals of office, and most of the great prelates, the Living Buddhas, even those who had no temporal principalities under them.

The leading princes, lay and cleric, thus dealt with were : the Lama princes of Riwochi, Chamdo, Draya and Mili ; the Kings of Derge, Chala, Lintsung, Nangchen and Hlato ; the Banner chieftains of Jyade ; the Princes of Batang and Litang, and the five Horpa princes, Kangsar, Mazur, Beri, Drio and Drango ; and some of the Giarong princes on the north-west frontier of Szechuen. Quite a number of chieftains, lay and cleric—for instance, those of the Nyarong, Golok, Sangen and Amdo regions—were overlooked, as their importance was not apparent at that particular time.

It appears that the princes and prelates received their seals as a compliment from the Emperor and in no sense as a mark of vassalage. Indeed, Nga-wang Lob-sang himself had received a seal of office from the first Manchu Emperor, between whom and himself there was, of course, no question of any relationship but that of equal allies. True, the princes were now enjoined to send periodical tribute missions to the Emperor, but equal or even superior presents were bestowed in return, and the tribute mission itself afforded profit through the trading facilities it provided. For instance, Nepal and Burma continued to send such missions to Peking even after they had come under our wing. It would in general appear that the tribute mission of the East was fundamentally a mark of respect from a small potentate to a greater rather than a sign of tutelage. It was often considered a valued privilege.

A TYPICAL AGRICULTURAL VALLEY IN EASTERN TIBET.
The Yalung Valley in Nyarong.



However that may be, it is apparent that the princes of Tibet did not consider that any change had occurred in their status, for they continued to recognize, then and thereafter, the spiritual and temporal overlordship of the Dalai Lama while each ruling his own realm in virtual independence.

And lastly Yung Cheng reorganized the line of communications between Lhasa and China, linking up K'ang Hsi's garrisons by a line of post-stations, and establishing, at the principal places on the road, commissariat officers responsible for the maintenance of the route, the forwarding of supplies and the provision of transport.

The Emperor Yung Cheng no doubt felt that, with his Resident at Lhasa in the position of adviser to the Dalai Lama, with all the major chieftains of the country directly recognized by himself, and with his line of communications secured, the situation was stable and the Empire would be saved any further specific and costly intervention in the affairs of the Buddhist Pontiff.

But barely a score of years passed when, in A.D. 1749, the Empire had again to intervene. This time it was the Chinese Resident who put to death the Tibetan Regent. The Tibetans retaliated by massacring the Chinese at Lhasa. The Emperor, now Ch'ien Lung, sent an army and restored order. A definite measure of control was now at long last sought to be established, in that the Emperor decreed that all the major appointments, lay and cleric, throughout the country should henceforth be made by himself on the recommendation of his Resident at Lhasa.

Less than half a century later, in A.D. 1792, the Empire once more intervened, this time to free Tibet from an alien invader. The trouble arose out of the succession to the prelacy of Tashi-lumpo on the death of the Panchen Lama on his visit to Peking in 1780. Dissension occurred at Tashi-lumpo and one party called in the armed assistance of the Gurkhas, a tribe of Rajputs who had succeeded a decade earlier in conquering Nepal and establishing themselves as sovereign of that country. The Gurkhas accepting the invitation advanced across the frontier.

The Chinese Resident was in a difficult position. Under the Manchu system of absolute responsibility it was no protection to him to plead that he had not the military strength to oppose the invasion. He should have prevented the trouble, and if he could not, and also could not deal with it effectively when it arose, so much the worse for him. He was responsible and would have to pay, at least with his position, probably with his life.

So he took the bull by the horns, bought off the Gurkhas by promising them on behalf of Tashi-lumpo an annual subsidy of ten thousand ounces of gold, and reported to the Emperor that he had subdued them and secured their submission to the Throne. Recourse, it is to be feared, was by no means rarely had to this sort of stratagem in the days of the Manchus. So pronounced was it in after days in Tibet, that, Bell tells us, the Emperor of China was known at Lhasa as "The bag of lies," so many were the false reports the Residents sent him.

When the time arrived for the subsidy to be paid, the Resident put the Gurkhas off with further promises, until, finally losing patience with him, they crossed the frontier and sacked the rich town of Shigatse which adjoins the Tashi-lumpo monastery. Whereupon the Dalai Lama appealed to the Emperor for assistance and exposed the true state of affairs.

The Emperor, still Ch'ien Lung, sent an army which, supported by Tibetan levies, defeated the Gurkhas, drove them back into Nepal, and dictated peace at their capital, the Gurkhas tendering their submission to the Throne and agreeing to send a tribute mission every five years to Peking through Tibet.

The Chinese-Tibetan victory was recorded by the Resident in an Address which he caused to be engraved on a stone tablet and set up in Lhasa. Sir Charles Bell gives a full translation of this inscription in his book *Tibet Past and Present*. It is interesting to note from this Address that the Tibetans were so devoted to learning that the Resident feels impelled to expostulate with them on that score. "If a people abandon military pursuits and make literature their chief object, they become unable to safeguard their former position." Coming from the representative of a nation the most devoted of all to literature this constitutes an eloquent tribute to the civilization of Tibet. It was, however, somewhat ungracious on the part of the Resident in this particular connection, seeing that there were more Tibetan troops than Chinese in the victorious army. And lest the impression be conveyed that the Tibetans are a nation lacking in martial vigour, I would mention that an

equally eloquent tribute to their fighting qualities is paid by General Fu Sung-mu who fought against them in Chao Erh-feng's campaigns.

The Emperor now set up a Resident and an Associate Resident in the place of the single Resident at Lhasa, and made them jointly responsible for the superintendence of affairs in Tibet. He decreed that the Dalai Lama should communicate with the Throne only through the Residents ; his memorials, that is his despatches, were to be handed to them for transmission, the idea being to prevent him ignoring their existence in his relations with the Emperor.

Further, Ch'ien Lung decreed a change in the method of determining the identity on re-birth of the reincarnations of the Pontiff and the major prelates of the Lama Church in Tibet as well as in Mongolia. He designed to place the succession to these high offices beyond the reach of family ambition and political intrigue. A golden urn was sent to Lhasa from Peking. When the time came for a re-birth to be determined, the names of the infants held to satisfy the mystical requirements were to be put into the urn, a religious ceremony was to be held, and then a name extracted at random from the urn in the presence of the Residents and in full view of the public. The Dalai Lama himself was to officiate at these ceremonies ; but in the case of succession to the supreme pontificate he would of course not be available, and the Panchen Lama was then to officiate.

The settlement of Ch'ien Lung remained the nominal basis of the relations of China with Tibet until the year

1910, when the Tibetan Government was forcibly overturned by the then Resident.

Under it there was no interference in the actual administration of the country, and even the measure of Chinese authority laid down was frequently set aside by Tibet without difficulty or protest. The Imperial authority was disregarded on occasion even in the paramount matter of the succession to the supreme pontificate. In the case of the Ninth Dalai Lama and of the present, the golden urn was not used, the Tibetans selecting the Pontiff through their own process of divination.

The essential sovereignty of Tibet was further shown in her dealings with Nepal in 1856, when a treaty was made between these two countries without the intervention of China. Sir Charles Bell gives this treaty in full in his book. The connection of Tibet and Nepal with China was not severed but expressly maintained, in that both nations agreed "to regard the Chinese Emperor as heretofore with respect, in accordance with what has been written." And Nepal shouldered, in return for an annual subsidy of ten thousand rupees and other advantages, the age-old burden of the layman towards the priest, the essence indeed of the nexus between China and Tibet. "Tibet being the country of monasteries, hermits and celebates, devoted to religion, the Gurkha Government have agreed henceforth to afford help and protection to it as far as they can, if any foreign country attacks it."

In the internal affairs of Tibet the authority of the Pontiff over his vast domain was notably illustrated in

his intervention in the war which broke out in Eastern Tibet in the middle of the nineteenth century (A.D. 1860 to 1863) between the paramount chieftain of Nyarong on the one side and the King of Derge and the Horpa princes on the other. The Dalai Lama sent an army, crushed the Nyarong chief, whose invasion of his neighbours was the cause of the trouble, and set up a Lhasa Governor in his place, charging him with the general supervision of the affairs of Derge and the Horpa principalities.

CHAPTER FIVE

Tibet in World Politics

SUCH was the political status of Tibet when she entered upon the modern phase of her history which is the record of her evolution under the impact of the West upon the East. She was called upon to adjust herself to new conditions and has hitherto succeeded, weathering like a stout ship an unexpected storm.

The general factor which determined the trend of events and the political development of Tibet in this phase was the pressure upon her eventuating from the interaction of three great Empires, China, Britain and Russia. And the outstanding figure of the period is the present Dalai Lama, who succeeded to the Pontifical Throne in 1875 and took over the direction of affairs twenty years later on attaining his majority.

Great Britain first came upon the scene in the year 1772 when the Bhutanese, who were then vassals of the

Dalai Lama, overran the State of Kuch Behar, which, though not then within the confines of our Indian domain, ran conterminously with Bengal, being separated therefrom only by a small stream. Kuch Behar appealed to Bengal, and Warren Hastings, fearing that the Bhutanese, encouraged by their success in Kuch Behar, might invade Bengal, sent an army which drove them back into Bhutan. The Panchen Lama, on behalf of Tibet, then wrote to Warren Hastings asking him to stay his hand ; the Bhutanese had been defeated and punished, and he, the Panchen Lama, had reprimanded the Rajah of Bhutan ; he trusted therefore that Warren Hastings would cease hostilities which if persisted in would arouse the hostility of Lhasa. Warren Hastings fell in with the Panchen Lama's wishes and in return secured his consent to receiving an envoy to discuss the establishment of trading facilities between Tibet and Bengal.

Warren Hastings' emissary, Bogle, was well received by the Panchen Lama, but his mission was a failure. The latter would appear to have done his best, but the Lhasa Government to whom the matter was referred politely shelved it by referring it in their turn to far-distant Peking. What appeared to Warren Hastings, the agent of a great trading corporation, the East India Company, a simple and mutually advantageous proposal, the opening up of trade relations, would seem to have presented itself to the Lhasa Government and to the Manchu Resident and the Imperial Throne in the light of the lowering of the portcullis to an armed foe.

Further, it was thus revealed at the very outset of our

relations with Tibet that, in dealing with that country, we had to reckon with China in the background. We were not, however, at that time in diplomatic and treaty contact with China, though our traders had already been established for upwards of a century at Canton.

In 1783 Warren Hastings returned to the charge, sending Turner to renew with the Panchen Lama on his reincarnation after his death, already noted, at Peking, the friendly personal relations Bogle had had with his predecessor, that is with himself in his former mortal husk. Turner was also well received, and secured the right of Indian traders to visit Tibet. This concession, however, was withdrawn a few years later in result of the Gurkha invasion of Tibet of 1792 already mentioned. We had in that year entered into a commercial treaty with Nepal and had established a Resident at her capital. And the Tibetans would appear to have thought that we ought to have restrained the Gurkhas and prevented their aggression.

Bogle in his time had indeed mentioned the respect in which the Gurkhas held our power and had suggested that if Tibet came into relations with us we might be able to dissuade this warlike nation should she feel disposed to try conclusions with her Tibetan neighbours. In 1792, however, we were not in a position to restrain the Gurkhas. Two years later we withdrew our Resident, and in 1814 we were ourselves attacked by them. We were successful in the resultant campaign and concluded with them in 1816 the Treaty of Segowlie since when our relations with this race of warriors have been close and friendly.



The silver tea-pot shown above is a good example of Tibetan craftsmanship. It is reputed to have been in use by the Eleventh Dalai Lama. The caravan shown in the central picture is transporting brick-tea along a highway more than 13,000 feet above sea-level. The third view shows some militia it will be seen that the Tibetan rides with a very short stirrup.

Our commercial tentative towards Tibet lapsed for nearly a century until, diplomatic relations having in the meantime been established with China, it was timidly renewed through this channel. In the Chefoo Agreement of 1876, with China, we secured the right of sending a mission of exploration into Tibet. The Chinese later, however, propounded various difficulties in the way of such a mission, and we formally abandoned the idea in our treaty with China in the matter of Burma, the Burma-Thibet Convention of 1886, wherein, however, we expressed our general desire for trade facilities between India and Tibet.

The Tibetans now, in 1886, took action on their own part against us. It would appear that they considered Sikkim to be feudatory to Lhasa though this State had in fact accrued to us in result of our war with Nepal of 1814-16. And they took the unusual course of proffering this claim by sending armed forces across the frontier and occupying a post there.

Great Britain, unwilling to use force if it could be avoided, took the matter up with China, to whom we were now accustomed to look in regard to Tibetan affairs. The Chinese had persuaded us, by their assumption of the rôle, that they exercised a valid suzerainty over Tibet. We desired them, therefore, to secure the withdrawal of the Tibetan invaders from Sikkim. The Tibetans, however, were not amenable to China's instructions or advice, and we had in the end, after giving the Chinese a whole year wherein to deploy their authority, to take action ourselves and eject the Tibetan troops from Sikkim by force.

Thereupon the Chinese came forward with the proposal that we negotiate a treaty with them to put the relations of India and Tibet on a clear footing. This resulted in the Convention of 1890 between Great Britain and China relating to Sikkim and Tibet, followed in 1893 by Regulations regarding Trade, Communication and Pasturage to be thereto appended. By these instruments our protectorate over Sikkim was recognized, the Sikkim-Tibet frontier was defined and we were given the right to trade with Tibet, Yatung in that country being opened to this purpose as a trade mart. They constituted the first breach in the wall of Tibetan exclusiveness.

We did not know at the time, but found out long afterwards when they bore fruit in act and consequence that these agreements were repudiated by the Tibetans *in toto* as being concluded by China above their heads without their authority and as being in direct conflict with their national policy.

A minor point was that the Tibetans considered that the frontier itself had been, in one section of it, wrongly defined, placing within Sikkim the Giagong pasturelands which they claimed belonged to Tibet. It transpired in due course that the Chinese Resident had defined the frontier without consulting the Tibetans.

The Chinese in coming forward and offering negotiations and making these agreements on behalf of Tibet would appear to have been actuated by the fear that we might take direct action in that country to the peril of their position there. They knew of course that the concessions they gave undermined the traditional

policy of Tibet, but that was in their eyes the lesser of two evils. And diplomacy might recover what diplomacy had given. It had done so on occasion before, and might do so again.

And so our relations with Tibet entered upon a new phase. We now had definite rights, conceded on behalf of the country, by the Authority which claimed to guide its destinies.

But we found these rights rendered illusory by obstruction. Followed diplomatic discussion on this point and that. We were prepared to rectify the frontier ; we desired that our traders be really allowed to trade. But nothing came of it all. Years passed while the truth slowly dawned on us that Chinese authority was nebulous in Tibet, whereupon we decided to take up the whole question with the Tibetan authorities direct.

The Viceroy of India wrote a letter to the Dalai Lama in 1900 ; it was returned, seals broken, six months later by the Tibetan frontier officials, with the message that they dared not forward it. The Viceroy wrote again, in 1901; and the letter was actually delivered to the Dalai Lama, who, however, refused to accept it, and it came back seals intact. It appears that the Dalai Lama was not at that time prepared to set aside an agreement which had been made by his predecessor, that is by himself in his previous incarnation, to the effect that he would not enter into correspondence with foreign governments except in consultation with his Council of State and the Chinese Resident.

In the meantime a new factor, Russia, had entered

upon the situation. The Dalai Lama, while refusing all intercourse with India, sent in 1900 and again in 1901, a Mission to the Emperor of Russia composed of a Russian Siberian subject, the Buriat Dorjieff, known to the Tibetans as the Tsani Khempo, supported by the Chief Secretary to His Holiness. Dorjieff, himself a lama and a Mongol by race, had been some twenty years in residence at Lhasa where his personal qualities and religious erudition had advanced him to the notice and favour of the Dalai Lama, who gave him a position in his immediate entourage.

The Mission was on each occasion duly received by the Emperor, but the Russian Government, in reply to the inquiry of Great Britain, stated categorically that it was of a religious nature only, similar to those sent abroad from time to time by the Pope, and that no diplomatic or political significance attached to it.

It was apparent, however, that this interchange of letters and presents between the Dalai Lama and the Russian Emperor was regarded by the Tibetans themselves in a different light. They saw in Russia a possible counterpoise to British pressure.

Dorjieff had even sought to identify Russia with the Shambala of Tibetan prophecy, which affirms that Buddhism would gradually be overcome by alien religions until Shambala, a great State to the north of Tibet, would take up arms and restore the Faith throughout the world. This was revealed to O-pa-me meditating in his second reincarnation, that is some two centuries ago. I gather from my Tibetan friends that Shambala, which is unknown to our geography,

does not necessarily exist in the material plane, though it is encircled by walls of solid copper. From some such mystic realm, incomprehensible to the ordinary mind, but presenting no difficulties of belief to Tibetan mysticism or to our modern spiritualism, came perhaps the angels of Mons.

It does not appear that the Tibetans were persuaded of the identity of Russia with Shambala. But there is good ground for believing that they thought Russia would support them against Great Britain. China had failed to give effect to their traditional policy of seclusion. She had made agreements incompatible with the fixed resolve of the nation to keep the foreigner out at all costs.

This attitude, so astonishing to us, was a matter of instinct with the Tibetans, and hence not open to argument. They did not want us. They did not wish to have anything to do with our ideas of progress and social organization. Above all, they dreaded the introduction of our religion. At that time they looked upon our civilization much as the average Englishman looks upon Bolshevism, as something subversive of the very basis of society. They believed their own civilization could be preserved on no other basis than the complete exclusion of ours. They believed that if they gave us an inch we would take an ell, that once we got in it would be the beginning of the end of the social culture which was the foundation of their polity.

China had failed them. They would try Russia. They did not envisage the same menace from this quarter. Russia has thousands of Asiatic subjects,

even some European, who are adherents of the Tibetan Church and look upon the Dalai Lama as their divinity on earth. It was even said that the Emperor himself was about to embrace the Faith. And anyway, we were the immediate menace. Russia was separated from Tibet by hundreds of miles of difficult terrain ; our domain was conterminous.

The star of Russia was in the ascendant in Asia. It was before the Russo-Japanese War. The Tibetans believed that Russia was a greater power than Britain, that a hint from her and we would collapse. The Dalai Lama had not as yet been abroad and learnt the intricacies of international politics. It was his first essay in that realm, a plunge into an unfamiliar maze.

The entrance of Russia upon the scene caused Great Britain to bestir herself. We could not tolerate on the part of Tibet a one-sided exclusiveness directed against ourselves, that kept us out and let Russian influence in. If the Tibetans had maintained a complete seclusion, we would have put up with the position of impasse we had reached in our relations with them. It was uncomfortable and disadvantageous, but it did not constitute an immediate danger. But we could not allow Tibet to fall under the influence of a rival Power, to the detriment of our prestige throughout Asia and the peril of our position in India.

We therefore took up with Russia the question of the Dalai Lama's overtures and secured from her the declaration already noted. We then consolidated our position within our own frontier by ejecting from the grass-lands of Giagong the Tibetan posts still in

occupation thereof in contravention of the Sikkim-Tibet Convention.

This latter action caused the Chinese to come forward once more and offer negotiations for the settlement of the differences between us and Tibet. Their reaction to our measures in Sikkim was, in fact, identical in 1902 as in 1888, and was motived by the same considerations.

And though our action took place entirely within our own frontier it drew an inquiry from Russia couched in a distinctly threatening tone. The new champion of Tibet was in fact giving the hint which it was hoped would call a halt to the pressure from the South.

The Russian bluff was sternly called and we discovered that their point of view was in essence that if we asserted ourselves in Tibet, they would assert themselves in some vague elsewhere, the latter turning out in the event to be Mongolia. The interest of Russia was by no means gratuitous, nor was it based on any deep-laid scheme for the invasion of India. It was in general connected with her prestige and hence her influence in Asia, and in particular with her dominion in Siberia and her ambitions in Mongolia. Thousands of her subjects, as we have noted, worshipped the Tibetan Pontiff as their God, and all Mongolia was in like condition. The fate and conduct of the Dalai Lama was therefore of great importance to her for the same reason that it was, as we have seen, to China. And she could not view with indifference the establishment by a rival Power in Asia of a predominant influence over the Pontiff. It was indeed more than just the negative

attitude that would imply. It was, that if she could not herself dominate the Pontiff, she would have to realize her Mongolian ambitions in some other way. She realized them a few years later in a virtual protectorate over that country, which she later lost and has now regained, Russia under the Soviets being as imperialistic in Asia as Russia in the old unregenerate days of the Empire.

As on the former occasion which led to the Convention of 1890, so now we accepted the Chinese invitation to negotiate, but, warned by the repudiation by the Tibetans of the agreements then arrived at, we insisted that a Tibetan plenipotentiary take full part in the negotiations now proposed. The Chinese agreed and directed the Lhasa Government to depute Tibetan officials to negotiate with the Chinese and British delegates ; and Khamba Jong, on the Tibetan side of the frontier in the region of Giagong, was agreed upon as the venue of the negotiations. Such was the genesis of the British Mission to Lhasa of 1903-4, a full account of which is given by its leader, Sir Francis Younghusband in his book, *India and Tibet*.

We found the Tibetans had no intention of negotiating anything, either at Khamba Jong or anywhere else. All they did was to protest at our entering their country, and to demand that we go back home. They were not prepared to discuss either the past or the future, and, in their ignorance of our strength, were convinced of their ability to throw us out by force if necessary, and they made preparations to this end. They would not listen to the Chinese ; the latter had

lowered the portcullis in 1890; they would not be allowed to do it again.

The Chinese were in a difficult position. They knew our strength; they knew we were in earnest and that our case was unimpeachable; and they feared the possibility of drastic action on our part in Tibet if we were further aggravated, above all if the Tibetans opposed us with military action. The attitude, however, of the Tibetans closed the field to the deployment of their diplomacy; so they could only play for time, hoping something would turn up.

It was not originally intended by Great Britain that the Mission should go to Lhasa. It was hoped that the negotiations would take place as arranged at Khamba Jong. The impasse there decided us to move the Mission forward to Gyantse; this was done, and though our progress was opposed by force, we were still prepared to negotiate at that place; a similar impasse there, however, caused the mission to be moved to Lhasa itself.

At Lhasa we found the Tibetans had "a convention of all the people" to exclude foreigners from Tibet and no one dared to go against it. His Holiness himself escaped responsibility by the simple method of departing on a visit to the Faithful in Mongolia. Another impasse threatened. But the personal qualities of the British Commissioner and the way the Mission had been conducted throughout now bore fruit.

Colonel Younghusband had from the outset treated the Tibetans with the greatest courtesy, consideration and patience. Every Tibetan official who came near him

was welcomed. Our case and our attitude was explained to them at great length, Colonel Younghusband repeating himself with endless patience. And what was of equal value, he had been willing to listen to their views for hours on end. The Tibetans in getting rid of Bogle had said that "much conversation was not a custom of their country," but it now appeared it was. Younghusband talked and listened all his way to Lhasa. He explained himself lucidly. His sincerity was transparent. The Tibetans liked him.

Throughout we only fought when fighting was thrust upon us. On the first occasion, when Tibetan troops blocked the road ahead, the British Commissioner and General Macdonald, in their desire to avoid hostilities, risked military disaster by advancing the small British force right up to the Tibetan position without firing a shot. If military considerations had predominated, we would and could easily have shelled the Tibetans out of that position. But Younghusband took the risk and the Lhasa commander fired the shot which opened hostilities and set at nought our desire to carry through the Mission without bloodshed.

The strictest discipline was maintained throughout and prices above the market rates were paid for supplies. And by the time we arrived at Lhasa the Tibetan people were favourably disposed towards us. They contrasted, Bell tells us, our attitude towards them with that of their own officials, making in this connection one of the popular sayings they so delight in.

With the help of the Chinese Resident, whose prognostications the Tibetans now recognized to have

been accurate, and of the Nepalese Minister and of the Tongsa Penlop, since Maharajah of Bhutan, Young-husband got the Tibetans together, spread over them all the responsibility they individually feared, and got their assent to his terms.

Much of the treaty which was thus concluded, the Lhasa Convention of 1904, commended itself to the Tibetans as being in support of their traditional policy of seclusion. For we were, as we have seen, anxious to exclude from Tibet the possibility of an alien domination hostile to ourselves. As far as this part of the Treaty was concerned it was like calling upon a convinced teetotaller to sign the pledge. The increased facilities for commercial intercourse, though in conflict with that policy, were of equal and mutual advantage to the Tibetans as to ourselves. There remained the indemnity and its sanctions. The latter, the temporary occupation of the Chumbi Valley, ended with the payment of the former which, in the Treaty less than half our actual expenditure, we reduced to, in fact, an almost nominal sum.

CHAPTER SIX

The Struggle for Autonomy

THE British Mission had come and gone, and Tibet had emerged with her sovereignty and her territory intact. We on our part had secured direct from the Tibetans a formal covenant which gave us the trading facilities we desired, and closed the door to foreign influence in their country.

We did not consider China to fall within the latter category. Recognizing her special position in Tibet and desiring her adhesion to the Lhasa Convention we entered into negotiations with her, which resulted in the Convention of 1906, followed by the Trade Regulations of 1908.

And Russia also re-appeared on the scene concluding with us, in the general convention of 1907, dealing with our respective interests in Asia, an agreement with regard to Tibet, the object of which was, in brief : on our part, to preclude Russia from trying to get a footing in Tibet, and on Russia's part, to limit our influence there to the trading facilities we had acquired.

China, the white-haired boy of the world's diplomacy, had come through these events and agreements with her position in Tibet securer than ever before. Openly professing her inability to influence the Tibetans she had looked on, a mere bystander, while a foreign power asserted the rights she had conceded on their behalf.

Nevertheless we, and Russia, now recognized in formal covenant the suzerainty she claimed over Tibet, though the Tibetans themselves had emphatically shown by word and deed that they repudiated her claim to that status, and though she had signally failed to carry out the duties appertaining thereto.

Our recognition of China's suzerainty did not of course bind the Tibetans. They were not party to our treaties with China and Russia, and accordingly, in consonance with the attitude they have maintained throughout, they refused to recognize those instruments.

China had failed just as completely in Tibetan eyes.

The layman who, in the days of K'ang Hsi and of Ch'ien Lung, had taken up the cudgels with vigour and success in defence of his priest had stood aside in 1904 while his priest was becudgeled. In result China's prestige should have been zero in Tibet. But it was not. And that it was not was our doing.

Though Great Britain had been compelled to take direct action in Tibet, she had preserved throughout what she conceived to be China's status in that country. And at Lhasa Younghusband had treated the Chinese Resident with marked consideration, insisting on his position in spite of the Tibetans and keeping him to the fore in his negotiations with them.

The Mission left the Tibetans in a chastened mood. Russia had proved a broken reed. China was recognized by us, and China had advised them all along not to fight. It was a favourable situation for the deployment of Chinese diplomacy. And the Chinese commenced well.

They earned the good-will of the Tibetans by paying the indemnity for them and by making special grants towards the upkeep of the great lamaseries and even of the Tibetan army. And, by construing in the narrowest possible terms the extension of intercourse conceded us by the Lhasa Convention, they re-affirmed the traditional policy of seclusion to which the Tibetans were as attached as ever.

But then a new factor, in the person of Chao Erh-feng, entered upon the situation and flung the historic relations of China and Tibet into the melting pot, out of which there emerged in due course, an autonomous

Tibet prepared to defend by force of arms her essential sovereignty.

The history of this phase is the record of Chao Erh-feng's actions, and the Tibetan reaction thereto. Chinese diplomacy, represented by T'ang Shao-yi, Chang Yin-t'ang and Wen Tsung-yao, gave way, with deplorable results for China, to Chinese force represented by Chao Erh-feng and Chung Ying.

Chao Erh-feng, who originally came upon the scene in 1905 in joint command of a military expedition to revenge the Associate Resident Feng Ch'uan, whose proceedings at Batang in Eastern Tibet had caused hostilities there resulting in his death, conceived an entirely new policy towards Tibet and succeeded, step by step and in the teeth of considerable opposition from his own countrymen, in getting it accepted by the Empire.

Chao Erh-feng would appear to have construed our Mission of 1904 as the shadow of an ultimate annexation, in spite of the fact that we had left the territorial integrity and the administrative independence of Tibet unimpaired, and had entered into treaties with China and Russia which demonstrated beyond cavil the absence of any political ambition on our part in that country.

To meet this imaginary danger, he designed to convert Tibet into a Chinese province by establishing throughout the country, under Chinese officials, the form of political and administrative organization that obtains in China. The status of the Dalai Lama under this project was to be that of a Pontiff only ; he was to be shorn of his temporal powers and left in his Potala, like the Pope in the Vatican.

The new policy, which was in conflict with China's engagements towards us, unfolded itself stage by stage in execution under the able hands of Chao Erh-feng. He first deposed *vi et armis* the territorial princes, lay and cleric, of Eastern Tibet, recovering from them the seals they had been given by the Emperor Yung Cheng, and cutting up their territories into Chinese administrative units or Hsien, under Chinese officials. He then sent an army to Lhasa under General Chung Ying to subvert the Tibetan Government and make possible the introduction of the same system into the rest of Tibet.

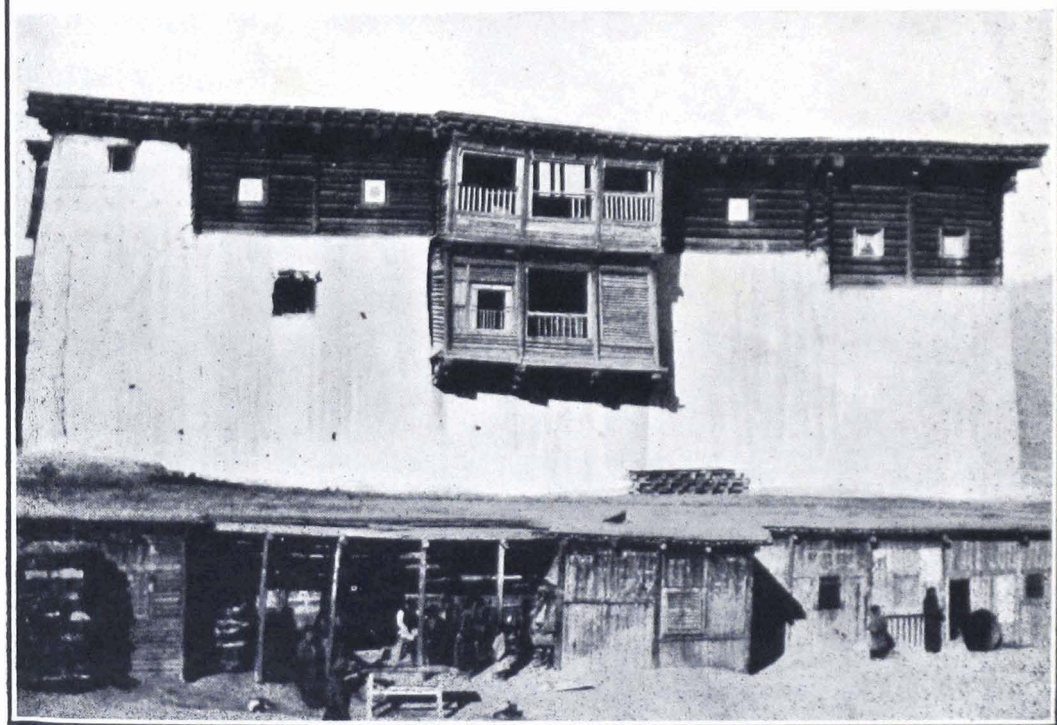
The Dalai Lama had been back in Tibet a few months only. He had been away five years since he left Lhasa to avoid our Mission. At Peking he had come into contact with a wider world and had acquired a new vista in international affairs, and above all he had learnt, by personal experience, the light in which the Imperial Court regarded him.

They had endeavoured to prevail upon him to "kowtow" to the Emperor, a ceremony which implies vassalage. The Chinese had indeed, and with the same object, urged this ceremony upon our early envoys, Lord Macartney in 1795 and Lord Amherst in 1816, who had taken up the attitude that they would perform the kowtow provided Chinese officials of equal rank made the same obeissance before a portrait of our King-Emperor. It was not the ceremony itself, however undignified the posture it necessarily involves, that was the objection but its implications. A touch of humour, however, was added by the American Minister

when he likewise was asked to kowtow. He replied that he could prostrate himself only before God. The Chinese replied that the Emperor as the Son of Heaven was the same as God. "Not so you could notice it" said Mr. Ward. In the case of the Dalai Lama, the objections were far stronger in that he was no envoy, but the Sovereign himself, more, he was Deity. The very suggestion was in Tibetan eyes a sacrilege. His Holiness stood out against the ceremony successfully, but the Chinese insisted he at least kneel, otherwise no Audience would take place. He had to comply. And many Tibetans believe that the Emperor and the Empress Dowager died then and there at the Audience in result of this affront to Heaven. History, however, records their deaths, which were indeed extraordinarily sudden and unexpected, as having occurred, the Emperor's on November 14th, 1908, and the Dowager Empress' on the following day; whereas the Audience took place in the previous month.

The subordinate status of the Dalai Lama in the eyes of the Throne was further emphasized in an Imperial Decree of November 3rd, 1908 which, under the guise of an added honour, attached the prefix of "The Loyally Submissive Vice-regent" to his title of "The Great, Good, Self-Existent Buddha of Heaven," and instructed him to return to Tibet and there comport himself in obedience to the orders of Peking.

The Chinese attitude towards the Supreme Pontiff taken in conjunction with the proceedings of Chao Erh-feng in Eastern Tibet and the preparations for the Chinese advance on Lhasa revealed to the Tibetans the



FARMYARD AND CASTLE.

Shown at the top is a typical Tibetan farm-house, large and solidly built. Below is seen the palace of the former Prince of Drango. The huge oblong structure, the front of which is shown, is capable of holding hundreds of men and animals.

In connection with houses, we have a saying: "A wooden wedge between stones is out of place," meaning a man should not intervene in matters which are not his concern.

designs China had upon the integrity of their country. His Holiness on his arrival in his own country appealed, on the one hand to the Chinese Government to call a halt to Chao Erh-feng's forward movement, and on the other to Great Britain and the world generally to intervene on Tibet's behalf. "Big worms are eating and secretly injuring small worms," as he put it succinctly in his telegrams.

On the arrival of General Chung Ying's troops at Lhasa His Holiness and his Ministers fled to India. The Chinese authorities in Tibet made a desperate effort to intercept him, sending Chinese troops in pursuit and offering rewards for his capture. But they failed. The Dalai Lama, closely pursued, crossed the Brahmaputra, and there left his bodyguard who succeeded in holding up the pursuing Chinese troops. The Tibetans rallied to their God-King and armed bands of his own people saw him safely across the frontier. And the Buddhists of Darjiling, in solemn conclave, passed a resolution, which they telegraphed to the Emperor of China, condemning China's treatment of the Pontiff.

The Chinese then sought to depose the Dalai Lama by Imperial Decree. The latter, dated February 25th, 1910, purported, by attacking His Holiness' public and private character, to show he was not the right incarnation, and directed the Resident to select, through the process of the Golden Urn, a successor to his predecessor. The only effect of this Decree was to weaken the position of China throughout high Asia by affronting the millions who looked upon the Dalai Lama as Deity on earth. So would, to take the nearest analogy available, the

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Catholics of the world be incensed if some European monarch presumed to depose the Pope. And with the Tibetans the adverse effect of the Decree on the position of China was further enhanced by national considerations, the denunciation of their Ruler by an alien authority.

The Dalai Lama and his Ministers appealed to us to save their country from China. They desired to enter into the relationship with us which existed between Nepal and ourselves. They saw that we did not interfere in the internal affairs of Nepal, that that country while exercising to the full her administrative sovereignty, enjoyed, by virtue of her treaty with us, immunity from external attack and interference.

But we were not prepared to accede to their request. We re-asseverated our attitude of non-intervention in the internal affairs of Tibet ; and we met the situation by, in brief, pointing out to the Chinese Government that we would hold them to their treaty obligations and that we would not tolerate any action of theirs in Tibet to the prejudice of Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim.

The Chinese proceeded with their policy. The large numbers of Chinese troops now in Tibet enabled the Resident to reduce Tibetan officialdom to subordination to his dictates. Further Hsien units were mapped out and were in process of establishment when the Dynasty fell under the Chinese Revolution of 1911, and its great Viceroy Chao-Erh-feng, the fount, prop and instrument of its policy in Tibet, paid at the hands of his own countrymen the ultimate penalty of his masterful personality.

On the news of the Revolution reaching Lhasa, the considerable Chinese army there, suffering from various grievances and incensed at their own authorities, took the opportunity to revolt. They first looted their own countrymen at Lhasa and then attacked the Tibetans. The latter took up arms in self-defence and drove the Chinese into their head-quarters and there beleaguered them. The new ruler of China, President Yuan Shih-k'ai, hoping to save the situation, on the one hand urged upon Szechuen, the frontier province of China traditionally charged by reason of its geographical location with providing the troops and funds required by China in Tibet, to send an immediate expedition to General Chung Ying's relief, and on the other endeavoured to placate the Tibetans with a Presidential Mandate which purported to reinstate His Holiness the Dalai Lama.

The Tibetans were not impressed by this act of tardy repentance. In their eyes the Dalai Lama had never been deposed ; to throw down or set up their God-King was not a prerogative of China, indeed, not a power that vested in any human authority.

General Chung Ying held on as long as he could but ultimately, accepting the inevitable, evacuated the country in result of negotiations with the Tibetans through the intermediary of the Nepalese Minister. And the Republic in due course executed him.

The Chinese Revolution thus enabled the Tibetan Government to re-establish itself, and His Holiness, returned from India, resumed the sovereignty of his country.

In Eastern Tibet, however, China had succeeded in maintaining her position, the Szechuen relief expedition having arrived in time to the support of Chao Erh-feng's garrisons.

In due course the Government of the Republic evolved a tentative policy towards Tibet. They receded from the standpoint of their Imperial predecessors in so far that they were prepared to recognize the autonomy of that portion of the Dalai Lama's domains which had not actually been cut up by Chao Erh-feng into Hsien districts. But to these latter they clung, and they were in occupation of nearly all of them. At the abortive Simla Conference of 1913-14, the Tibetan Government had proved, by a mass of administrative records, what is indeed self-evident, that all this country was an integral part of the Dalai Lama's realm. All Eastern Tibet is inhabited by Tibetans, and the Eastern Tibetan is as much a Tibetan as a Yorkshireman is an Englishman. The Tibetans are a homogeneous nation, bound together by the ties of race, of historical tradition and of a distinctive social, political and material civilization held in common. Neither the Emperor Yung Cheng nor even Chao Erh-feng had sought to dismember Tibet. The former desired merely to bring all its component political parts into direct relationship with the Throne; the latter aimed to dominate the whole country, to convert it as a unit into a province of China.

A military clash on a large scale was avoided until the end of the year 1917, when it was provoked by General P'eng Jih-sheng, a veteran of Chao Erh-feng's days, who, in result of a minor frontier incident, took

matters into his own hands, made war and was defeated, the Tibetan armies recovering a large portion of the territory which had been severed from the domains of the Dalai Lama. A detailed and lucid account of this incident in the history of China's relations with Tibet is given, in his book *Travels of a Consular Officer in Eastern Tibet*, by Mr. Eric Teichman, our then Consul on the frontier, through whose mediation peace was restored.

And so we close our story, with Tibet resurgent and claiming as of right the recognition of her political individuality. And I would hazard the view that China, when she has found her Republican feet, will spontaneously accord it to her.

END OF HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

WE TIBETANS

By RIN-CHEN LHA-MO

Mountains & Rivers

OURS is a vast country. It is a month's journey on horseback to cross the width of Kham and another month to cross its length, and Kham is but one part of Tibet.

It is a country of great mountains and broad uplands and sheltered valleys. Ascend to some point of vantage, the top of some lofty pass, and look around you. Mountain ranges line upon line stretch in all directions as far as the eye can reach. You are above the clouds and so are they, and you seem to be on a level with them and the whole world seems to be made up of mountains. The valleys are lost to sight except those immediately below you. You are looking on Tibet as you might look over some great town from the top of a high building.

Here and there some great peak stands out a giant amongst its fellows. It is like Buddha sitting in meditation on a lofty dais, the range it is in. Snow everywhere on the dais but none on the peak, which is of naked rock and too steep for anything to remain on it. It stands out purple in the strong sunshine and seems to touch Heaven itself. Such are our sacred mountains where the pilgrims go, to worship the Lord Buddha. No one can climb such a mountain, not even a wild goat

could make its peak. The pilgrims do not go to climb it but wend their way around it, keeping as near to it as they can. The circle is wide. They go up and down the mountain walls that hem it in on all sides, in and out of valleys, always keeping it on their right-hand side and in sight as much as possible ; days and days of trudging along, and nights spent often in the forests, until the circuit is completed. In Kham the foremost of such mountains is the great Kakarpo in the far south. Any Tibetan who catches a glimpse of it even in the far distance prostrates himself in reverence, for it is a mansion of Sakya-Tubpa, the Lord Buddha.

Winding their way amongst our great mountains are rivers everywhere, fed by countless torrents and cascades from the snows above. Great rivers such as the Salween, the Mekong and the Yangtse, pass through Kham, and there are many smaller rivers and streams. Often they run in deep cañons, or roar through narrow gorges where you must shout to make yourself heard ; or flow through wide valleys.

In all these valleys and ravines you will find farms and hamlets. There our agricultural population lives, sheltered from the winds by the mountain walls.

There are great expanses of broad uplands, watered by wide placid streams, undulating downs where you may wander in any direction for days on end. These are our grass-lands, where live our tent-dwellers whom you call nomads. Such uplands are treeless, being too exposed for trees to grow. Nothing grows there but grass.

There are many lakes, large and small, on the plains and in the mountains. And all over the country we have hot springs where you may bathe, summer and winter alike, in the open air.

We have many trees in Tibet, of many kinds. Fir and pine, spruce and juniper and willowthorn, prickly oak, willow and larch, maple, poplar, alder, yew, ash, cypress and elm, peach and walnut, apple, pear, cherry, and others. There are great forests ; and natural parks ; and woods and groves ; and clumps of trees round farm and hamlet.

We have wild life in great profusion. Great creatures of the wilds like the wild ox and stag ; wild horse and wild sheep ; leopard and lynx ; bear and wolf and wild dog ; antelope and gazelle ; bharal, goral and serow ; monkeys, foxes, marmots, hares and so on. And many birds. Great birds like the vulture and eagle : pheasants of many kinds, some of very gorgeous plumage ; wild geese and ducks and other water-birds ; parrots in the forests ; storks ; songbirds of all kinds ; and pretty multi-coloured little birds no bigger than a mouse.

I have been surprised to find our country is considered a cold and desolate land. Your books about us give that impression, and I see it when I meet people and they hear I am a Tibetan, for almost everybody makes some remark about the cold of Tibet. It seems to be the first thing that occurs to people when they hear Tibet mentioned. It is as though you thought Tibet a desert of ice and snow ; indeed I once saw a film which depicted Tibet like this. It was ridiculous from

start to finish. Every scene supposed to be Tibetan was simply snow and ice, snow feet deep, and icicles everywhere, and sledges pulled by horses, and the costumes were all wrong and the houses were nothing like Tibetan houses.

The winter cold of Tibet has been greatly overdrawn. Our winters are no colder than Peking, which I am told is no worse than North America. The chief characteristic of our climate—but the film-maker did not know it—is not ice and snow but the sunshine. The sun is almost always shining. Snow and rain may come but the sun is soon back again, we have more sunshine even than Peking, that is, much more than you have in England. And it is a hot sun. Even in the depth of winter it is warm in the strong sunshine, so warm that you will be glad to take off your fur-coat when in its rays. The summers are pleasantly warm. The children bathe and paddle for hours on end in the cool streams, and some of the valleys produce even grapes. But it is never oppressively hot.

In the summer the whole country, valley, mountain, upland, heath and moor, forest and grove and glen, park and ravine, is clothed in green. And there are flowers everywhere ; on the mountain sides, on the river banks, and in the long grass. Flowers in great profusion ; of many kinds and every shade of colour. Rhododendron and poppy, primula and anemone, barberry, gentian, clematis, moccassin, larkspur, saxifrage and hydrangea, honeysuckle and lilac, roses and lilies and orchids, and many others.

In summer the country is a blaze of colour. Flowers

and green grass and trees in foliage and flowered shrubs right up to the snows where they never melt. Then our country is like a great garden swung from the mountain peaks in the vault of Heaven. The snow-mantle of winter is not less lovely. White where green was, and snow and hoar-frost where the flowers were. And the trees look like your Christmas trees hung with glittering silver. And all the country is still, slumbering like our bears and marmots until the Spring comes round again. Such is our Tibet.

FARMING & RANCHING

TIBET lives by farming and ranching. Apart from the great priesthood these are the main occupations of our people. The life of the farmer is more comfortable than that of the tent-dweller, for he lives in a house and in the warm valleys. But he has more work to do, he is the busier man of the two. We have a saying that after dinner the tent-dweller reclines at ease, the farmer builds his house. It illustrates the relative difference between them but from your point of view both have an easy life. There is none of that stress and strain and drudgery I have seen on all sides since I left my country. Our lands are wide and our people few, and there is room and to spare, and food and clothing within easy reach of everybody. No one need go in want of the necessities of life, nor need anyone labour without cess just to get a bare subsistence.

The farmers live in the valleys. We call them *Rongpa* or people of the valleys. The tent-dwellers occupy any country not used for agriculture. Most of them live on the great grass-lands, while some pitch their tents and graze their cattle on the mountain slopes in the neighbourhood of tilled lands.

Farmer and tent-dweller live in close touch with each other. They supply each other's wants, exchanging their produce. Nearly all the farmers keep some cattle but they depend for their main supply of meat and butter

and cheese and skins on the tent-dwellers. The latter on the other hand do not till the soil, and so they depend on the farmers for their cereals.

The tent-dweller, whom we call *Drokpa*, meaning people of the pasture lands, does not wander on indefinitely in space and time. He has his centre which is his winter head-quarters, chosen by himself or by his fathers before him, some sheltered fold in the downs, where he spends, year after year, the winter months. Some winter camps consist of stone huts. Others, the great majority of them all, of low stone or argol walls inside which the *drokpa* pitches his tent. These walls shelter the tent against the winter winds.

In summer the *drokpa* is constantly on the move, making a wide circle round his winter centre. He shifts camp frequently to give his cattle their fill of the rich summer grass.

Some nomad camps consist of but a single tent, others are of two or three, some have a score or more. The larger camps may have thousands of cattle, while a small camp will have a hundred or less.

The animals are oxen and cows and sheep and horses. The Tibetan ox, what you call the yak, is a strong and heavy animal, with high withers, broad back, big horns, long hairy coat and bushy tail. The male we call *Ya*, the female *Dri*. You have one of each in your London Zoological Gardens, but they do not seem to be very good ones, they look sorry for themselves, perhaps they feel the want of wide spaces.

The cows are Chinese, not Tibetan. The male we term *Lung-pi*, the female *Pa-mu*. You will find a few

Pa-mu on the farms, but rarely in the nomad camps. But almost every camp has a *Lung-pi*. These latter are used to produce a cross with the *Dri*. The male offspring of this cross we call *Dzo*, the female *Dzu-mo*. The *Dzo* is better than the *Ya*, being more docile and having greater strength and endurance. It is thus more valuable for transport and farm work. The *Dzu-mo* is superior to the *Dri*, giving more milk. The *Dzo* is our chief beast of burden, the *Dzu-mo* our chief milch-cow. The cross is not usually carried beyond one generation. The young born of the crossbreds are called *A-ko*. They are usually killed, partly because the *Dzu-mo* is a milch-cow and partly because the *A-ko* is considered a perverse creature. We have a saying that when the *Dzo* go up into the mountain the *A-ko* come down, indicating the contrariety of the latter. This saying is applied with the same meaning to perverse people. Another saying applicable to contrary people is "told to fetch father's hat, brings mother's boots." Some farmers do allow the *A-ko* to grow up, but seldom if ever do the *drokpa* permit theirs. The *drokpa* kills the young *A-ko* immediately, for it is considered to bring ill-luck to the herd. We have a saying that the *A-ko* brings ill-luck, the *A-ko's* offspring complete ruin.

We have many tales which point a moral. Here is one of them, a story of a *Tso-lung* or Lake-bull. This animal lives unseen in the lakes. You will say that it does not exist, that it is a mythical creature. Do your fairies exist? Some of you seem to think so. I am told that some even claim to have taken photographs of fairies, disporting themselves in grove and meadow.

Our people believe the *Tso-lung* to exist, but it does not matter to my tale whether they exist or not, for the tale is allegorical.

Ordinarily the *Tso-lung* is never seen, but tradition has it that one of them once appeared in my own region and openly joined a herd. It looked just like an ordinary *Lung-pi*. The great *Ya* attacked the stranger, but he was too much for them, he killed one after another of them. The *drokpa* got angry, but was himself afraid of the intruder, so he thought of a way of killing him without exposing himself to danger. He tied knives to the horns of one of his *Ya* and set it on to the *Tso-lung*. They fought and the knives entered the lake-bull's side. Mortally wounded he leapt into the lake, and the waters rose in a great wave and drew the *drokpa* and his tent and all his herd into the lake, and the lake dried up. It was found it had burst a great hole in its bed. A new and smaller lake formed itself on the other side of the range of mountains, and there some of the *drokpa's* household utensils were found. The waters of the lake had escaped through the fissure in the lake-bed and had penetrated the range to reassemble on the other side of it.

I know you will say what happened was a volcanic disturbance, but we look upon it like this. The *Tso-lung* was a gift from Heaven and the *drokpa* should have accepted it in gratitude and reverence, for he was favoured above all others. But he rejected the gift, killed the *Tso-lung* and Heaven punished him. The gifts of Heaven must not be abused. You might apply the moral to yourselves, for you have been given more wonderful things than the *Tso-lung*.

FOOD & DRINK

OUR staple food is *tsamba*, flour made from *Ney*, a kind of barley, which is our chief cereal. All the farms grow it, and *tsamba* is to us, what wheat flour is to you, and rice to the Chinese of the central and southern belts. We grow wheat also. It is our second cereal. Then maize. Rice, however, does not grow in Tibet, but is imported. Our ordinary cultivated vegetables are chiefly *Yung-ma* (turnip), *La-phu* (radish) and *Sema* (peas). Potatoes have been introduced in some districts and do well, and there are several kinds of vegetables growing wild, such as onion, asparagus, watercress and others, and mushrooms of ten or more varieties. And many kinds of medicinal herbs and roots, such as rhubarb, *peimu*, *chungtsao*, "donkey-ear" and so on, much of which is exported to China. We have plenty of fruit; pear, peach, apricot, walnut, pomegranate, apple, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, gooseberry and so on.

We eat a good deal of meat, beef and mutton and pork. And milk and its products, butter, cheese, cream, form a very important part of our diet.

With all these things as a basis there is plenty of scope for cooking. Our diet is not the dull routine some of your travellers say it is. It is varied, and as appetizing as yours, and we could vary it much more, but we do not eat many of the things, for instance, fish

and game, that add to the variety of your diet. It is not that we have not these things. We have them in plenty but it is against our religion to kill and eat them.

Our chief drink is tea, imported as brick-tea from China. Tea does not grow in Tibet. We take butter or milk in our tea. We consider it best with butter, as some of you prefer yours with clotted cream. We flavour it with salt in the place of your sugar. We put the tea-leaves into the kettle, or rather cauldron, add a pinch of soda to bring out the colour, bring the water to the boil, pour off into a churn wherein we add the butter and the salt, and churn it all up until it is properly mixed. Then it is ready for the tea-pot. You may make it as strong or as weak as you like, thin like your tea or thick like your cocoa.

All our tea is thus boiled, not made like yours by pouring boiling water on to the leaves. Tea as we prepare it could not be made from your tea-leaves, for it would be too bitter. It is made from brick-tea upon which boiling does not produce this effect.

We have our own wine, *Chung*, and our own whisky, *Ara*, both of which are made from *Ney*.

HOUSES & FURNITURE

TIBETAN houses are usually of two or three storeys, often of more, many having five or six storeys. In districts where stones are plentiful the outside walls are made of them, elsewhere, they are made of earth. The stone walls are made of rough stones laid upon each other in a setting of mud in the place of your mortar. You must not use round stones. We have a saying that the round stone brings the wall down, the round man makes trouble ; referring to small squat men, a type often pugnacious of temperament. If well made these walls are very durable. Our people are very skilled in this work.

Our walls of earth or of stone are very thick. Heavy logs resting on them and on heavy wooden pillars support the floor above. Floors are of wooden boards like yours or of earth beaten hard on a bedding of brushwood. Our roofs are flat and made of earth beaten hard. They are impervious to rain and snow.

People do not live on the ground floor. It is our stabling, our horses and cattle are kept there. We use the rooms above. These do not take up the whole surface area, there being spaces left open for use as verandahs and threshing floors.

The outer walls are carried up on this side and that above the actual roof, and a light roof supported by logs resting on the top of these walls and on pillars

opposite covers a narrow shed or two. In these sheds, which are open to the sunshine, we put our *Ney* to dry and air before it is threshed.

There will always be a line or two of flags stretched across the roof on cords. They flutter in the wind. They are prayer flags. You have something similar in idea in the religious mottoes I have seen on some of your walls. On the roof there is also a large burner made of earth, which looks something like a stove. In it we burn juniper branches. We go up to the roof at dawn and light the juniper and blow a call on a conch-shell bugle. It is a religious observance with which we start our days.

Almost all houses are square or oblong. Some houses are built on the sides of the ground space, with an open space in the centre, others are compact and have their compounds around them bounded by stone or earth walls.

The windows are small and square. They are seldom of glass, often they are papered in the Chinese style, mostly they merely have wooden shutters.

The inner walls of the living rooms and the partitions between rooms are often made of heavy logs or of wooden boards. Stairways are of wooden boards like yours, or often they consist of notched logs. These latter can easily be drawn up and access from below cut off.

The average house in the countryside is a stronghold in itself, good for defence. The houses of the chiefs, the Kings and Princes of Kham, and of Tibetan governors are indeed forts. Some can hold thousands of men and animals.

The houses of the well-to-do are well decorated. The walls of the living-rooms are panelled with wood, and panels and ceilings and pillars are often painted with pictorial designs. Some of these rooms are beautifully painted. The walls are sometimes hung with tapestries or with pictures painted in colours on silk or canvas. Such pictures are always of a religious character.

The rooms are often furnished with carved and polished tables and chairs, and with great wooden chests decorated, like the walls, with painted designs. In the place of your upholstered furniture we have great thick cushions or rather, mattresses. They are packed tight with musk-deer wool, or with straw, and bound in leather or cloth. They are like your sofas and arm-chairs without the sides and backs. On such the well-to-do Tibetan sits and sleeps, while the poorer classes sit and sleep on rough rugs made of sheep-wool.

Our kitchen ranges are made of stone and earth. Household utensils and ornaments are numerous and varied. They are of earthenware, iron, steel, wood, copper, silver, gold. Copper is the most used of the metals.

Practically all our metalware comes from the Derge district of Kham where the smiths are especially skilled in the working of metal.

The tent of the *drokpa* is spacious and high. It is made of yak-hair canvas. The *drokpa* make it themselves. An ordinary tent will hold five or six people comfortably, and some are big enough for ten or more. Inside the tent, near the entrance, is a rough kitchen-range made of stones. It is kitchen-range and camp-fire in

one. A long narrow aperture along the top of the tent lets out the smoke. This ventilator may be closed at will. The tent is impervious to rain and snow. Tent-dwellers naturally require very little furniture. The *drokpa* will have his cooking utensils, various churns and buckets, saddlery, rugs, leather-bags and so on. The various properties will be neatly stacked to divide the tent into two or more recesses wherein the family sit and sleep on thick rugs spread on the ground.

DRESS

THE costume of the men is much the same throughout Tibet. In women's dress, on the other hand, there are great differences between various parts of the country. The dress of Kham differs in many ways from that of Lhasa, and even in Kham there are many local divergencies.

The main garment in Tibetan costume is a cloak, very capacious and with wide sleeves. This is caught in at the waist with a broad belt of cloth, woven of various coloured threads with red predominant. These cloaks are of sheepskin or of woollen cloth or of silk. Silk cloaks are often trimmed around the collar with fur—otter or leopard. The sheepskin cloak has the skin on the outside and the fur on the inside.

The cloak may be worn long or short simply by adjusting it at the belt. Women wear it down to the ankle, men to just above the knee.

Both men and women wear high boots, up to the knee. These may be of leather or of felt. Women mostly wear the latter kind. These felt boots are coloured, the lower part white, then red, then green. Leather boots and felt boots are alike lined with woollen cloth. The soles are always of leather. There are no heels.

Inside the cloak both men and women wear shirts of cotton or of silk. Often the shirt has an embroidered

collar, and a broad strip of embroidery across the chest. Men's shirts are slightly higher in the collar than women's. Trousers may be of cloth or of silk, and, in the case of men, of sheepskin also.

Head-gear is varied. Many people wear turbans of silk or of cotton, usually red with men and black with women. Tam-o'-shanters lined with lamb-skin, fur-lined felt caps, hats made of a single fox-skin, mouth to tail, are worn by men and women alike. Some men nowadays even wear foreign felt hats imported from abroad, and many men and women wear no head-gear at all.

Women in gala attire wear no head-gear, while men's gala hats are pancake shaped with embroidered rims and red fluffing.

Most of the men on occasion, and invariably when travelling, carry swords stuck in their sashes. These are made in Derge. The scabbards are often decorated with silver or pewter and sometimes gold filigree work and with corals.

The mode of hair-dress varies greatly from place to place and according to the occasion. Gala hair-dress is different from that of everyday wear. Even the ordinary hair-dress of the women is very elaborate in some districts. Ordinarily, in my own district, we wear our hair in two strands plaited with red silk cord and wound round the head, and the men wear theirs in one plait similarly wound round the head.

Personal ornaments are much worn in Tibet. They are of various kinds. Necklaces of corals, with tasseling of pearls, suspending gold or silver pendants delicately chiselled and inlaid with turquoise. A rich woman in

gala attire will perhaps wear three or four of these at the same time. Heavy ear-rings of gold or silver ornamented with corals and turquoise ; gold neck-clasps similarly studded ; coral and gold buttons ; hair clasps or rather rings of gold or silver with corals, and hair-rings of shell ; hair-bands worn down the back like plaits, studded with coral and turquoise and amber ; girdles of clasps of gold or of silver round the waist, and hung with gold or silver chains reaching down to the hem of the dress ; heavy gold or silver bracelets ; and finger-rings of gold or silver set with corals and turquoise.

YOUR CIVILIZATION & OURS

IF you have come with me as far as this, you will have seen that we are not a primitive people living in a desolate country, as some of your writers have it we are. Just before I came to Europe, a high official connected with Tibetan politics said in my presence, that the Tibetans were a simple people. His remark was so wide of the fact that I could not refrain from laughing. He was embarrassed and said he meant, by simple—honest, direct, unsophisticated, but that was not what he had meant, it did not fit in with the context. He meant we were primitive, childish. He knows we are not so, for he has spent many years matching his wits with Tibetan wits without much result. He was merely giving utterance to a conventional statement about us put into vogue by the travellers. There were people present who knew nothing about Tibet, and he had no doubt often made this remark before and found it readily acceptable by those ignorant of us. He had not the courage of his own knowledge. It is so much easier to say what is expected than what is true, but contrary to established views. We have a saying that a dog dislikes being shown a stick ; man, the truth.

I suppose our distant country holds little of interest for your public except for what of the strange can be written about it, and so you get a strange picture of us.

The most absurd and the most scandalous things are said about us, and there is no one to contradict them.

However, your writers often contradict each other. One will say we are an astute and crafty people, another, that we are dull and stupid. One, that the Tibetan is hopelessly lazy, another, that he is the best of workers. And sometimes a writer will even contradict himself. There was an instance of this in the recent visit of a party of lamas to Europe. One writer described them as being frightened by the marvels of your material culture; but he goes on to say that one of them said you were in danger of being enslaved by your own machines. That is not the remark of a man in fear, but of an acute observer. I wonder the journalist did not see it, but I suppose he was misled by the convention about us being primitive. A primitive people ought to be alarmed by such wonders and so on. But we are not a primitive people. We are neither primitive nor bizarre. We are, like yourselves, a people with a highly developed culture, spiritual, social and material.

Our minds are no less active, our wits no less keen, than yours. In stature and strength the Tibetan is the equal of the Englishman. Big men standing six feet or more in height are common in Kham. Ours is a wonderful climate. The air is clear and invigorating. And our country is beyond compare in beauty. The Tibetan character is in tune with the environment. There is nothing mean about our people. Sunshine is constant in our land, and is reflected in the Tibetan soul.

We have health of mind and of body. There are



PALACE AND VILLAGE.

The capital of one of the former semi-independent Princes of Eastern Tibet.

very few weaklings amongst us, and hardly any lunatics and hysterical people such as you have in such numbers. Our people are active of mind and body. The Tibetan is a cheerful worker, vigorous and thorough. We do not fuss about something that has to be done, but do it and have done with it. We laugh at dull wits and slow hands, and find it wearisome just to see a lazy or a dull fellow at work. Why does he not get on with it? One feels like shaking him or doing the work for him. I have often felt like that since I left my country. We say of a lazy fellow that he eats like a pig and works like a worm. Of the man who is always saying he is going to do something and never does it, we say he is like the grasshopper which, in the cold of the night, resolves it will build itself a house the very next day, but the morrow arrived, hops about gaily in the warm sunshine with its resolution forgot.

But our work is so different from much of yours. It is mostly work on farm or ranch under the open sky, and the material objects of our use are made at home, between-whiles, at leisure. We have not your commercial and industrial system wherein men and women work to a set programme, all day long indoors.

We have not your passion for tidyness and system, which seems to pervade your lives, at work and at play. We do not plan out our days in advance and live according to a time-table, hurrying from this thing to that. We have more time to do what we want to, what comes into our minds at the moment, than you. We take things as they come, living a life less flurried, less trammelled than yours.

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Our ethical standard is as high as yours. We believe in our religion, and endeavour to guide our lives by the will of Heaven. We believe that Heaven notes everything you do and that what you do of ill brings retribution and what of good, reward ; that what you do and think makes you what you are and will be in future lives.

Our people are good-humoured, laughter-loving, loyal and honest, they do not try and over-reach each other, and men bad of heart are rare. We have none of your social unrest. Men are not jealous of people in better circumstances. We believe good fortune or ill fortune alike to be the result of conduct in past lives. One man succeeds in everything he undertakes ; another, equally capable and diligent, fails in everything. The one is reaping the reward of past good deeds, the other is suffering for past ill deeds. There is no bitterness or hatred. In the next life the two may possibly change places. Punishment and reward, good fortune or ill fortune, are decreed by Heaven.

We are from your point of view an unworldly people. Our religion enjoins it, and our priesthood sets the example. We do not consider it right to struggle for material things, even to have things our neighbour cannot have. Heaven has been kind to our country, giving us room for all and food for all. Wealth and rank are not the subjects uppermost in the Tibetan mind. We have not your incessant struggle and stress and strain, your race after wealth and your fear of poverty.

There is, indeed, no wealth in the country as you

understand the term. One man has more horses and cattle than another, more land, more grain. He can employ more servants, and so on. But the mode of life of the one and of the other is much the same, for there is a limit to the amount of food a man can eat, of clothes he can wear, of servants he can use. We have not the many ways of spending money, which marks with you the gulf between wealth and poverty. With us the rich man necessarily lives much as the poor man does. The rich man in Tibet would be a poor man abroad. He would find it difficult to raise the money necessary to maintain the standard of living enjoyed by very ordinary people in your country. The cost of a big motor-car would swallow up an estate.

Yet in the essentials our material culture is the equal of yours. The average Tibetan house is better than the average house I have seen since I left my country. Our clothes are as durable and convenient as yours, and look better. Our food is varied and healthy. We have all the material things we require. Our craftsmen are skilled and the objects they make are a pleasure to the eye and enduring. They are all made by hand. You also seem to prefer hand-made things.

Civilization is not bound up in material things. A civilized people must have a sufficiency of them and that is all. We have it. You have more than it. You have a great many things we have not. Wonderful things. Your electricity and the various uses to which it is put, your steamers and trains and motor-cars and aeroplanes, especially your machines of all kinds. I am never tired of looking at your machines. What each does

and how it does it. It is fascinating. And your astonishing radio. Here in a country cottage we listen to music being played in London. I am lost in admiration of such an ingenious thing. It is really marvellous that people should have thought out such wonderful things. And then there are the thousands of beautiful and useful objects in your shops. You are indeed a wonderful people to have produced all this wealth of material culture.

But there is another aspect of the matter. People can do without these things, but if they are there everybody naturally wants them, and so life becomes very expensive. And most people cannot afford many of these things they want. They work and work and work and yet do not get them. Few can attain the luxuries, but all want them. Wealth means that you may have them, poverty that you may not ; if you have them you are respected by everybody, if you have not you are thought of little consequence. So wealth becomes the goal of endeavour, and men's minds are taken off other things we consider more important. And some people in their struggle for wealth or fear of poverty set aside the principles of right-living, even of humanity, sacrificing their souls to this strange god whom we have not.

Your inventors have thrown amongst you a host of wonderful things and the people scramble for them, and with each new thing the struggle gets fiercer, but this does not mean the things are bad in themselves. They are not.

Take, for instance, your mode of conveyance and ours, the horse and the motor-car. Your motor-car is

comfortable and swift and it is mechanical. It entails no hardship upon a living creature such as riding a horse does, so you have not the guilt towards Heaven of subordinating the interests of a dumb creature to your own. You may treat a horse with all consideration. We do, for the Tibetan loves his horse, but it is there to be ridden, to be used, and riding it is in itself a hardship upon it. But riding it is not so bad as making it pull a carriage. We have no carriages or carts in Tibet. I was shocked when first I saw a horse pulling a carriage, and it was long before I could bring myself to sit in one. I see, of course, it is only a question of degree, but that does not remove the distaste of it.

The motor is a great improvement upon the horse as a mode of conveyance, but it is not within the reach of all of you, whereas almost every Tibetan can have a horse to ride. This illustrates a point of importance. The things of your material culture are not available to you all, the things of ours are to us all. Even a Tibetan who is so poor as to have to be somebody else's servant rides his master's horses. We have a saying that when a Chinese is ruined he uses his shoes as a pillow, a Tibetan and he rides a white horse. It means the Tibetan hires himself out as a servant and still has a mount.

I look upon your material culture like this. The things are very desirable in themselves and the spirit that produced them is beyond praise, but people should not misuse them nor struggle for them. The more desirable they are the greater the merit in renouncing them. Perhaps they are there just to be renounced. No, it can hardly be that, but they are certainly not to be

misused. Perhaps that is the test which Heaven has put to you.

You are rightly proud of your material culture, but you must not think peoples without it are necessarily uncivilized. Civilization and material culture are not one and the same. Your peasants have but few of the things your townsmen enjoy, yet they are no less civilized, they might indeed be more. It is a question of spiritual outlook.

GETTING USED TO THINGS
(A Personal Chapter)

WE live in the open air. We are not townspeople. We live in small hamlets, in farms and in camps. The largest town in our part of the world is Dartsendo, the frontier town, and throughout Kham there is no town larger than it. Yet it has only ten thousand inhabitants and half of them are Chinese. It is a small town, I did not realize how small until I left my country. To us it is a very important place. It is the centre of things, and it seems to the people the largest of towns. I have since found it is only a village in the eyes of the outside world. Few people at Peking had ever heard of it. It has a number of names. We Tibetans call it Dartsendo, the Chinese call it Tachienlu or Lu Cheng or Kang Ting Hsien. The latter is the official name. This seemed to be very confusing to the newspapers. One paper in Peking had heard of Tachienlu but wondered where Lu Cheng was. It thought it must be somewhere in the neighbourhood. I was annoyed at first to find it apparently so unimportant. I thought people could hardly be so ignorant. I imagined they just pretended not to know, as some of you in social life pretend not to know somebody you know well enough but who is not very important. But now I find it amusing. I see

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newspapers, even official journals, blankly wondering where it is.

It is good for people to go abroad, for it shows you no place is of importance. The people of each region think theirs the centre of things, they centre their lives in a locality just like our marmots on the hill-sides or ants in a field.

I did not know what living in a town meant until I went to Chengtu, the capital of Szechuen. Dartsendo is not really a town, it is too small. Only a few paces in any direction and you are out in the open, on the hill-sides or on the great highways, and there is nowhere in it whence you cannot see the open country. The hills on each side are very near, and you can see the cattle quite clearly grazing on the hill-sides, people walking about, wood-cutters coming and going from Yu Lin Kung, some procession of priests and people circling the hills, the smoke of some charcoal burner's fire in the far distance high up on the mountain side.

In Chengtu it was so different. Your vision is cut off on all sides. Walls everywhere and flat country. Gaze this way or that and always the same. No hills, no open country visible, just walls. I felt closed in. Only on looking up was there a vista, the sky, the vista of a frog in a well. And even the sky was not the same as ours, not our clear sky but cloudy and grey. It was all that smoke from thousands of chimneys, and also partly the climate. It was like this too in London during our stay there. Often the sun struggled with the smoke while outside in the country it shone brilliantly.

Compared to ours the sky seemed so low, to press down upon you ; like the roof of a house, not the open vault of Heaven. How I longed for my hills, for the sight of open country, of people and cattle moving about, space and open air and freedom. I had lived most of my life on the great grass-lands of Menya, at an altitude of thirteen to fourteen thousand feet above sea-level. My relatives and friends had done their best to dissuade me from leaving my country. We have a dread of the plains below, we believe it is as likely as not to kill the average Tibetan to go down from the hills. Still I knew people who had gone down and were not dead. There are Tibetans living even at Calcutta which I am told is like a furnace in the summer, and many Tibetan women have gone to various parts of China with their Chinese husbands, mostly officials. Many Tibetan women have married Chinese. The people are used to the Chinese, but the white man is still strange to us and he worships alien gods, and he is even held up as a bogey to frighten naughty children, much as I understand some of you hold up the black man. I remember when we, as children, used to go down to Dartsendo, we would try and get a glimpse of the white man. There are missionaries there. But when we saw one we would run away in panic and so fail to get a look at him. All this was of course in my childhood.

It is not merely a question of the heat of the plains. It is the going away to lands of alien customs and cults. What would happen to me there ? And what if I should die somewhere where there was no priest of our religion to open the road ?

Persuade your husband to stay here, they said, he likes it well enough. All but one old lady who had lived for years in Peking, where she had gone with her daughter, who was married to a high Chinese official. She said it was all nonsense, that you soon got accustomed to the plains, that Peking was a delightful place to live in, the people were so friendly and there was so much to do and see, and other places were probably just as pleasant.

At Chengtu, however, the feeling of being closed in made me ill. We left for the hills. We got into the open air, on to Mount Omei, the sacred mountain of Western China. Pilgrims go there in their thousands each year. It was like Tibet again to see pilgrims plodding along, walking the great highways, to worship at a shrine of our Lord Buddha. Tibetans also make pilgrimage to Omei. Twelve years before, my father had made the pilgrimage, just before he died, and now I, too, made it, following in his footsteps, climbing on foot all those thousands of steps up into the very sky. And I ate no meat. My husband also. He is not a Buddhist, but he respects our Faith.

Omei is not a high mountain compared to our Tibetan mountains, indeed, its very summit is lower than our grass-lands and not higher than many of our river valleys, but it looks high, for it rises abruptly from the plains.

I worshipped at the shrine of Sakya-Tubpa, the Lord Buddha ; and of Drolma, whom the Chinese call Kuan Yin, Goddess of Mercy. It was like being home again, but the priests were not the same as ours, nor the

mode of worship. Buddhism is not the same everywhere. Forms and customs vary from place to place. They are not the same in Tibet, in China, in Japan, in Ceylon. But the Lord Buddha is constant, serene and supreme.

At Omei we saw the glory of Buddha. The sun strikes down upon the clouds below and makes a rainbow disc shaped like Buddha sitting in meditation. You look sheer down the rock face and see this in the clouds.

In the twilight we got up one morning, cold like our Tibetan dawns, and saw the sun rise and strike the snow peaks of my own country. Those great mountains stood up, clear, vastly distant, giants compared to Omei, glittering in the sunshine. It made me homesick to see them. Was ever country like that, could people gaze on that unmoved? We saw also the moving lights which come at night slowly up to Omei's summit from the plains below. They are the lights of the candles lit on Buddha's altars.

I liked Omei. It was not like Tibet, but still it was life in the country. I was happy there, as I am here in your English country-side. It is away from the towns, you can see a long way, and the air is clean. But your country is all so different from ours. You have not the vast spaces which is our Tibet, the freedom of the open. How would a wolf or a leopard fare if released in your country? He might as well roam in a city park. Even a herd of yaks would feel themselves confined and would break down your fences. All your country is parcelled out and fenced about, and there are houses and people everywhere. It is like a great garden city, and a beautiful one.

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I have now got used to towns and town-life and the comforts of it are many. By the time we came to Europe, I had got used to many things, had become acclimatized to low altitudes, and had already seen the marvels of your material culture. For we had been to Shanghai, had lived in Peking, and had spent a few days in Japan, thence to England via Suez. I have travelled a long way, both physically and mentally, from the early days.

I had heard much of London before we came there, but the actual sight of it was none the less impressive, such hosts of people, and houses crowded together for miles and miles on end in all directions. I had not seen such thronged streets before, such hurrying crowds. Peking is a great city, the capital of China, but it is a garden city, nearly all the houses have gardens, and there are trees everywhere and flowers and space and air. The houses are mostly of one storey, and so the town is spread over a big area. Living there is almost like living in the country, you would hardly know you were in a big town, and what I saw of Tokyo was much the same. In Chengtu and Shanghai I had seen crowded streets and busy traffic, but it was nothing compared to London. Day and night the traffic goes on. Our windows looked down upon a great highway, on the other side of which was Kensington Gardens, and all day and all night motors sped along the road. No end to them. Worse than discarnate spirits, which at least retire just before dawn. And everybody seems in such a hurry. Whence all this haste, as though pursued by devils? People are in such a hurry that their feet are not quick enough. Perhaps the man who invented motor

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traffic felt that. However fast he walked or ran, he found he never got there in time, so he invented wheels, and now you are dependent on wheels for your existence. If you forbade them your civilization would come to an end, for you could not even feed your great cities. In our country we have feet only, two for mankind and four for beasts ; but then we are in no hurry, there is nothing to be in a hurry about, and we have no cities. I am told that there are more people just in your capital than in all Tibet.

THE PRIESTHOOD

THERE are many lamas, that is, priests, in Tibet. The reason is simple. We are Buddhists and believe in our religion. We consider the Church the highest vocation a man can follow, for the lama is following in the footsteps of the Buddha. No respect more genuine than our people's for the priesthood, and no Tibetan so poor that he can spare nothing for the Church. And every family wishes to have at least one of its sons a priest, many families have more than one son in the Church, the family which has none at all is sad.

The lamas live for the most part in the Gompa, what you call lamaseries. A Gompa is a precinct comprising Church halls and lamas' houses. Some are large villages in themselves with many houses, and hundreds, even thousands, of lamas in residence. A lama lives in a Gompa much as anybody lives in an ordinary village. He has his own house or rooms and provides his own food. He is supported not by the Gompa, but by himself or by his family. Most Gompa possess lands and cattle, the produce of which meets their expenses, and they have also the offerings of the people, and special subscriptions are collected for special purposes, such as for new buildings, repairs, festival expenditure and so on. Though most lamas live in a Gompa, many do not.

There may not be room available, or they may prefer to live at home. Also well-to-do families have private chapels and lamas in residence. Whether the lama lives in the Gompa or not, he goes out amongst the people, it is his work, he is a priest, not a monk.

It has been stated in foreign books that our priesthood is depraved. It is untrue, and it is wicked to say such things. Are your priests depraved? There are bad men in all walks of life in all countries, but the vast majority of our lamas are good men and many are saints, high-souled, other-worldly, serene. It is clear that people comprehend things only in the terms of their own minds. What the soul contains is revealed in what you say. It may be that the foreign traveller who libels our priesthood cannot believe men in great numbers capable of a life of self-denial. A few perhaps but not the fourth or fifth part of a whole nation. He thinks there must be some other explanation, some attraction in this mode of life in the terms of his own concepts. So he says men become priests out of sloth, that it is a life of ease, free from work and care. But it is not. Or another man does not believe in virtue, so he will perhaps ascribe secret vices to the priests. Or it is the road to wealth and power, and so on. The simple explanation that it is religious conviction seems untrue to this type of observer, who thinks in terms of success or comfort or worse.

It is one of the great differences between your civilization and ours, that you admire the man who achieves worldly success, who pushes his way to the top in any walk of life, while we admire the man who

renounces the world ; you, the successful man ; we, the saint. The Tibetan does not struggle for worldly success. It would be of no use if he did, for he would get nowhere. The top in the hierarchy is the state of incarnate Deity which is of Heaven. No amount of ability will get you *there*. You are born a Living Buddha or you are not. Next, there is the hermit's cell which is open to all. Then the high dignity of Abbot. It will come to you, if at all, through self-effacement, that being the quality we think the mark of a good man, priest or layman. It does not occur to the average Tibetan to thrust himself forward. We have a saying that the tiger leapt, and then the fox jumped after him and broke its back.

Everybody of course the world over wants happiness, but we do not consider it to lie in worldly success. See a mother with her children. She will take them perhaps to some show which is tedious to her, but the joy that lights up in their eyes makes her happy. She is happy because they are. She has forgotten self entirely. She has found happiness in the happiness of others. It is not only mothers who are like this. Most people are like it with children, and some are like it with everybody. That is our ideal. It is the element of Heaven, of Buddha, in man. Men attain Buddhahood when they are completely like this.

But if you substitute for this ideal its opposite, that of self-help, success, individualism, you encourage another side of man's nature. It is like unchaining a wolf.

Our lamas set the example of living to this ideal of selflessness. They devote their lives to the people. They live very simply. They are abstemious in food

and drink, they wear simple clothes, the flowing robes of their Order, they do not want fine houses, a roof over their heads or no roof, it is all the same to them. They have no amusements, their work and their play is one and the same, to pray and to help, and they seek for no reward.

Highest amongst them are the Living Buddhas. These are sent by Heaven to earth to help mankind. They are part of Heaven, and the people revere them as such. To affront a Living Buddha is to affront Heaven and Heaven punishes it. There is the story of the Living Buddha who went to a certain valley to pass a few months in meditation. It was a beautiful valley, with lovely trees and fields and meadows. He asked the people not to take life wantonly while he was there. They were in the habit of trapping and shooting, and that was why he had come amongst them, he wanted to wean them from this sin. They did not comply with his request, but went on with their hunting and trapping. He expostulated and they slapped his face for him and he went away. And a mighty torrent came down from the mountains and broke down the mountain walls and strewed the valley with great boulders, laying it waste for ever, and the people were all drowned.

When a Living Buddha dies, he re-incarnates, thus returning to earth, still himself, but in the form, of course, of a baby. He is located through the oracle, that is, by divine revelation to a lama possessed of this gift of divination. It is thereby established where he is re-born, in what family, on what day and in what surroundings, and so on. A rainbow in the sky is usually present at

the time of his birth and of his death. It is said also that the body of a Living Buddha on death rapidly shrinks to the size of a child's body.

He is re-born where Heaven ordains, perhaps, indeed it has often so happened, in quite a poor family. No expectant mother but may give birth to a Living Buddha if Heaven wills. The priests of the lamasery to which the Reincarnation belongs, when the oracle has thus located him, send a deputation to the place, wherever it is, perhaps at the other end of Tibet, to discover him, and another deputation when he is about four years old to bring him back to his old lamasery. The parents give him up willingly, for he is a Deity and they are honoured by Heaven, and his place is not in a household, but in the Church. Still it does happen occasionally that the parents cannot bear to part with him, in which case, however, Heaven takes back the gift, the Living Buddha dying to re-incarnate elsewhere.

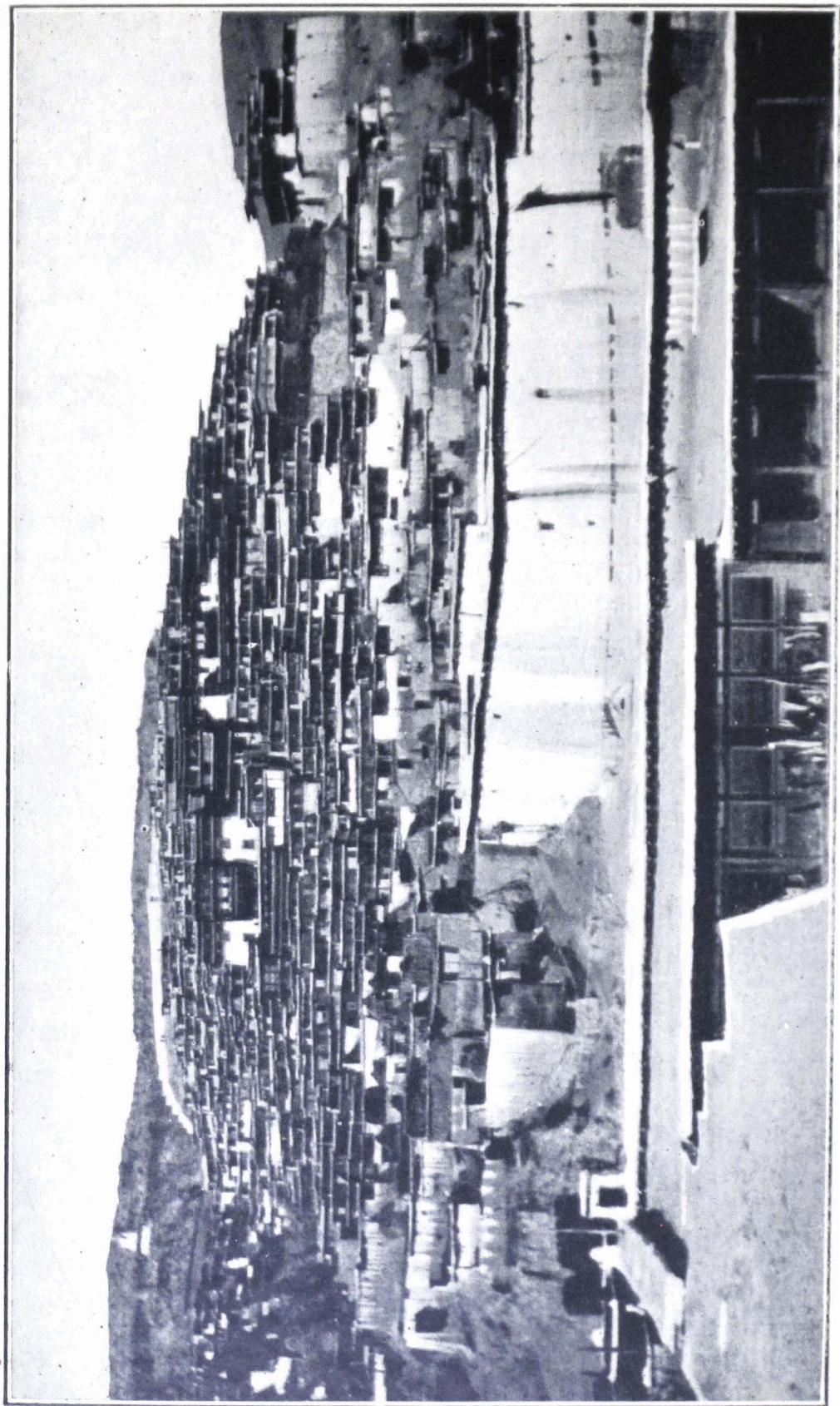
There are various signs of a Living Buddha, personal and external. Some are said to be able to utter words at three days old. All recognize, as infants, the sacerdotal vestments they used in their former life, and all have some mark of sanctity on their persons, the Hsi-wa Lha of Chamdo, for instance, whose photograph I give, having it is said on the flat of his foot a *Doche*, the symbolic thunder-bolt which accompanies the hand-bell, *Tri-pu*, used in religious services.

The touch of a Living Buddha cures sickness. I know from personal experience, on one occasion being thus relieved of a headache which had persisted for weeks unaffected by either your or our medicines. Wherever

a Living Buddha goes, the people crowd around to get his blessing, he touching each on the head either with his hand or with his rosary.

The Living Buddhas and the higher lamas nearly all spend a portion of each year in seclusion and meditation, some in their own quarters in the lamasery, where they will pass a month or two seeing nobody and praying and meditating ; others going far away from everywhere and living in some simple hut or temple high up in the mountains or in some wooded gorge. The lama will perhaps spend months there, in meditation, and there are others who meditate always, have given up the world entirely, living the rest of their lives in the solitude of such a retreat or of a cell in the Gompa. Some may break this solitude at intervals when they allow the people to come to them for spiritual help. There are men who have been decades in such seclusion. And it is all voluntary, this retirement, whether periodical or permanent. You may break it off whenever you want to. There are laymen also who go into retirement to meditate. They just set their worldly affairs aside for the nonce, someone else deals with such, their meditation must not be disturbed by outside matters.

Your travellers have spoken of being beset by hordes of fanatical monks. You may be assured that if ever they were in danger it had nothing to do with religious fanaticism, which does not exist in our country. We are not fanatics, neither our lamas nor our laymen. Buddhism is not hostile to other religions. Such an attitude is alien both to our religion and to the Tibetan character. The adherents of other faiths in our midst



A MONASTERY.

This is the largest Lamasery in Eastern Tibet. It has accommodation for some two or three thousand priests. It is famous throughout Kham for, amongst other things, a medicine called Kaudze Black-pills, made by the lamas from herbs.

are not persecuted or abused, and a Tibetan is free to embrace any religion he wishes. A few, a very few, hardly any, have ever given up the Faith of their country but those that have suffer no insult or injury. We do not look to a man's professions but to his life. Is he living for others, putting self aside, or is he just thinking of himself and neglectful of the rights and welfare of others? On the answer, which his daily life supplies, depends his status amongst us, whether he be Buddhist or Christian or Moslem, and the respect or otherwise in which he is held. We apply this standard to your Christian missionaries as to ourselves. It is our standard of a man's worth. In so far as each of them individually attains this ideal, so is he respected by the people. Trouble when it comes has nothing to do with religious fanaticism, it is due to causes other than religious. We have such trouble amongst ourselves, amongst lamas as well as laymen, even between church institutions of the same sect. I understand it is the same with you.

WOMANHOOD

WITH us neither the one sex nor the other is considered the inferior or the superior. Men and women treat each other as equals. The women are not kept in seclusion, but take full part in social life and in business affairs. Husband and wife are companions and partners, but the husband is the head of the household, and not the wife, as some of your writers have it. The status of women in our country is much the same as in yours.

The wife manages the household. She holds the keys and also usually takes charge of the family money, and her husband consults her in all his affairs. They consult each other, they decide everything together. Grown-up sons and daughters are also consulted. The family decides its affairs as a whole. The daughters help the mother in the management of the household, and she may even put one or other of them in practical charge of it. So the Tibetan woman from her childhood learns to be useful and self-reliant and capable. She is at ease with men, for she has mixed with them, with her brothers and boys in general, on an equality from the start.

The Tibetan woman is not work-shy. The lady of the house will sweep the floor as well as any domestic,

she does not consider it derogatory in any way. Servants are treated practically as members of the family.

Domestic work is done by the women, the wife and daughters and female servants. Women do the cooking, sweeping and water-carrying. They spin the yarn and make the cloth. Sewing, however, is done as much by the men as by the women. Much of it has to do with sewing in leather, which is man's work. The men make our sheepskin clothes, boots, leather bags for cereals and such things. Milking is done by the women. Cutting firewood and gathering fuel is done by both. Sheep-shearing is man's work. Sowing, reaping, threshing, is done by both. Ploughing is man's work. Hunting and trapping is invariably done by the men. Women never take any part in slaying anything. Workers in metal, gold, silver, copper, iron, are always men. Women help in the building of houses. In business affairs, trade, buying and selling and barter women take as much part as men. It is not rare to find some women more competent than men in such things. It is a question of individual capacity. We are used by our upbringing to dealing with affairs.

The wife takes her share in the management of all the family's affairs, and in the absence of her husband, or if she is a widow, she manages the whole estate, employing men and women, directing this and that. Husbands rely greatly on their wives, just as their wives on them.

The wives of the Kings and Princes and chieftains of Kham take their share in State affairs. All these chiefs have in my own generation been deposed as such, but many of them still remain in official capacities.

There have been cases of their wives taking the predominant part. Perhaps the chief has little interest in administrative work, his mind may be on other things, and his wife will deal with affairs for him.

Sometimes a chief has no son but a daughter only. In such cases she does not, on marriage, leave the family. The husband is brought into the family. On the death of her father, she, and not her husband, becomes the chief, but she hands over the administration to her son when he grows up. Widows generally manage affairs during the minority of their sons. You will frequently see women managing large properties and dealing with all sorts of affairs with ability and success.

The women of Tibet are strong and capable, and you cannot safely ignore them as of little account. They are not ignored at all, but exercise great influence in all walks of life. Yet, in the most important matter in her life, the Tibetan woman is not supposed to be consulted at all. Her marriage is arranged for her. The idea is that it would not be right to talk to her of it, for it would distress her, the thought of leaving her home, her father and mother, and she would refuse to go. So the marriage is arranged without her knowing of it. It is kept secret from her and sprung on her at the last moment. All is arranged, she has no choice, it is her parents' will, indeed the will of Heaven, everybody gets married and so on. So she weeps and marries. Girls often twit each other at random: "Don't you know you are marrying so-and-so next week?" And the girl is indignant or blushes. Such is the theory; but, of course, the bride is often in the secret, too. And there

are also runaway marriages. The young people love each other, and perhaps fear parental consent will not be given, so they elope and settle the matter for all concerned. Apart from the *A-ni*, or nuns, there are no women in Tibet who go through life unmarried, such as you have in such numbers, either from necessity or choice. All the women get married except those who have dedicated themselves to the religious life.

Some of your writers say that polyandry obtains as a form of marriage in Tibet. It does not. One writer, who did not go to Kham, and speaks from hearsay only, says it is universal in Kham, that is, from where I myself come. It is not true. I did not even know there was such a thing as polyandry until I came amongst you and learnt you believed it to be prevalent in our country. I am not impressed with the arguments brought forward by these various writers in support of their contentions. The basis of the argument of the one is often contradicted by another. One says there are less women than men in Tibet and hence polyandry. But another says there is a surplus of women owing to so many of the men, the priesthood, being celibate. One says the idea is to prevent the division of the family's lands, but another says Tibet is underpopulated, that there is so much good land untouched that it would be a good place to send colonists to. And so on. Apply any of these arguments to yourselves and you will see the absurdity of resting polyandrous marriage on them. For instance, you have a great surplus of women, but you have not polygamy. As I see it, polyandry is against human nature, and so could not be a form of marriage



DRAWERS OF WATER AND PILGRIMS.

All the water-carrying is done by the women folk. To meet a woman on her way home, with her bucket full, we consider auspicious, just as you consider a black cat a sign of luck. The Pilgrims plod along for months on end, begging their way, their devotion proof against all discomforts and dangers.

general to any people. Cases of individual laxity, taking a polyandrous form, might of course occur anywhere, in your country as much as in ours. But it is not a question of theory, but of fact. Polyandry is not a Tibetan form of marriage. I am a Tibetan, and I know of no case of it.

Nor have we polygamy. I do know of a few cases of it, but it is very rare. We are neither polyandrous, nor polygamous, but strictly monogamous.

Some foreign writers have said that immorality is widespread in Tibet. It is untrue. The traveller must not ascribe to a whole people the laxity of a few individuals.

Nor should he, as your writers often do, confuse us with others. There are a number of tribes on the borders of our country who are not pure Tibetans. Some are closely allied to us, others are widely different. This or that tribe may or may not be lax of morals, may or may not have this or that curious custom. I do not know. Our people are not immoral. The standard of morality is nowhere in the world higher than in our country.

One writer bluntly misconstrues our folk-dances. But there is nothing immoral about them, nothing even unseemly. Your dances on the other hand are frowned on even by a section of your own people. And your ball-room dress is to our eyes astonishingly indecorous. Yet you would be angry, and rightly so, with anybody who misconstrued your dancing. You would say that either he had been grossly misled or that there was something wrong in his own mind.

We have our bad men and bad women as you have,

but they are few. And there are no professional prostitutes in Tibet such as you have in your country.

Our girls are chaste and our married women faithful. The Tibetan wife is loyal and steadfast. These are characteristics of our people. Husband and wives do not abandon each other. They hold together through all the trials of life.

Infidelity is very rare in Tibetan wives. If it occurs you may or may not have a tragedy. It depends on the individuals concerned. We have such tragedies now and then. There are men who will kill each other over a woman, and there are women who take men out of their senses often without conscious intention on their part. It may simply be their beauty which they cannot help, and so we say that a woman, however good, must first reincarnate as a man before she can attain Buddhahood. In this respect only is woman considered inferior to man in our country, and it has not much bearing on practical affairs.

Infidelity on the part of husbands is less rare, but still it is rare. In small communities everybody knows what everybody else does, and an aggrieved wife will perhaps take her women friends with her and seize the woman who has led her husband astray, and take her home and make her promise, on her knees before the altar, not to do it again. Or the wife will perhaps just seize hold of the woman and pull her hair out in handfuls.

Tibetan ideas on marriage are strict. You cannot marry a cousin or any relative, even the most distant. Widows are not supposed to re-marry, but many do it none the less, it is not forbidden. They make

their own re-marriages. Others on the other hand become nuns. Most do neither the one nor the other.

The Tibetan woman does not smoke at all. Few even of the men smoke. It is an alien habit. But many of the men and some of the women take snuff. Women may drink wine but they seldom do so to excess. It is considered as disgraceful for a woman to be drunk as for a lama. The Tibetan woman uses neither powder nor rouge. In some districts of Kham, not in my own, the women cover their faces with a black pigment, to protect the skin against wind and sun. Some foreign writers say that the purposes of this is to conceal beauty lest the lamas be led astray. It is as wicked as ridiculous to say such a thing. Our lamas need such protection no more than do your priests. Nor does a coating of paint, black or red, conceal youth and beauty. Black paint on the face is not beautiful, it is not meant to be, but your paint and powder, which is so meant, can be just as unpleasing. The face of a stray dog which has been rummaging in a mill, I have seen heavily powdered faces amongst you that suggest the comparison.

Of good looks the Tibetan woman has her full share. She is on the average as pretty as your women are. I know it, for I have seen women of many races. But I do not say it in local pride. Good looks add to the beauty of life, but they are of no importance compared to goodness of heart.

The average European is not good-looking according to our ideas. We consider your noses too big, often they stick out like kettle-spouts ; your ears too large,

like pigs' ears ; your eyes blue like children's marbles ; your eye-sockets too deep and eye-brows too prominent, too simian. But I ought not to say such things, for I am plain myself and we have a saying, that before laughing at others' faces your own should be as beautiful as an image ; at others' clothes, your own should be of the very finest fabrics ; at others' horses, your own should be like a lion.

The average Tibetan girl is pretty. Good features, faces glowing with health and happiness, clear eyes, small even very white teeth, these are common in Tibet. And you will see some women who are quite beautiful—some girl of the people striding along with easy gait, the picture of beauty in face and figure, or some lady of quality in her silks and satins, serenely lovely. Our Tibetan costume becomes almost anybody. We have a saying that people's beauty lies in their clothes, the tree's in its leaves.

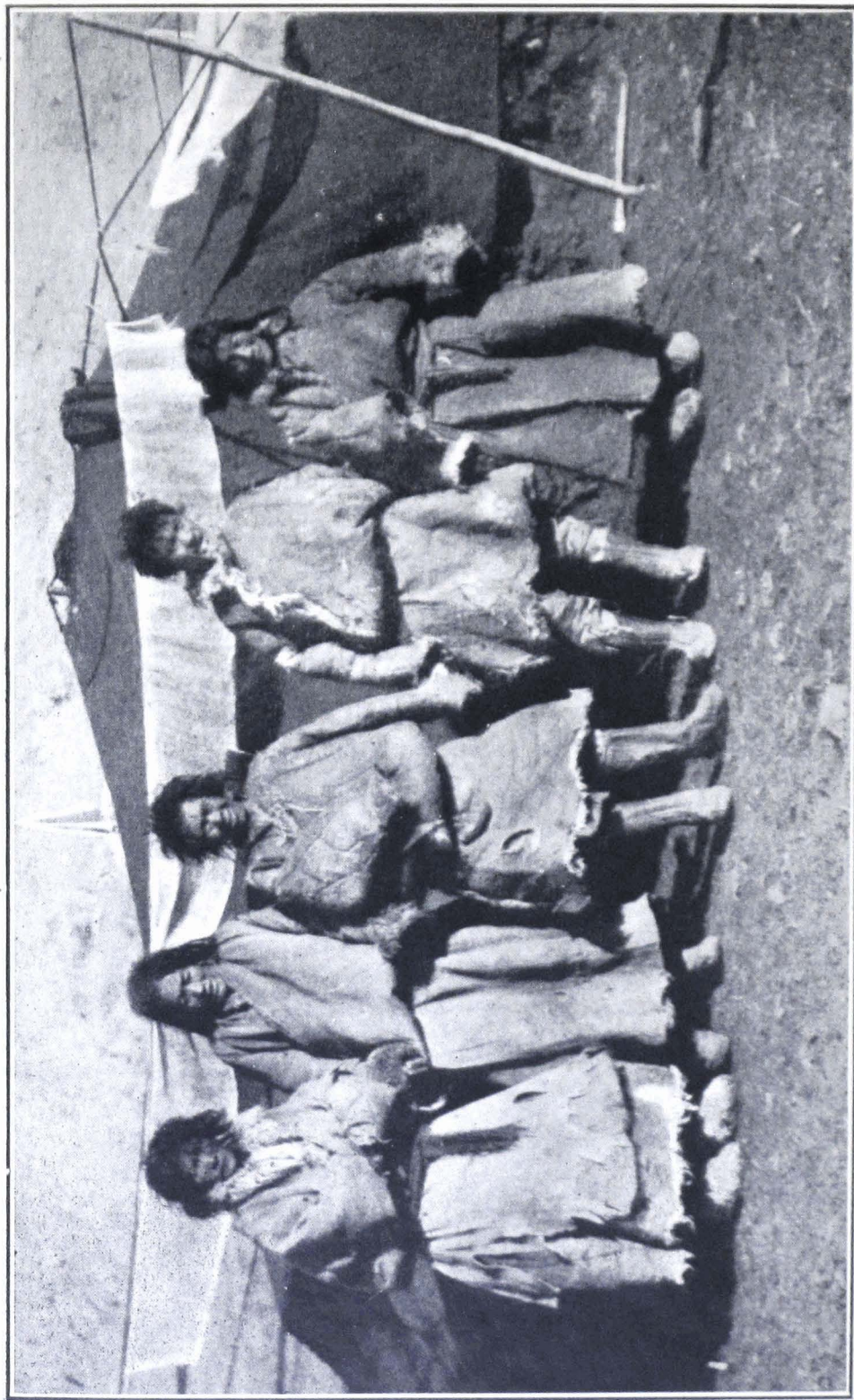
CHILDREN—NAMES—GAMES

WHEN a child is a few years old, the parents get him or her named by a priest, the higher in rank the better, and best of all a Living Buddha if there is one in the neighbourhood, or one happens to visit the district. The parents make obeisance to the Living Buddha or high lama and present a *Khata*, which is a scarf of silk or cotton gauze and is used on all ceremonial occasions, as a mark of salutation, politeness, respect. The Living Buddha's attendants take the *Khata* and tell him that the parents want the child named whereupon he touches the child's head in blessing and gives what name he sees fit. Thus our names are chosen for us, not by our parents, but by the Church. It is not always that a name sticks to the child, perhaps the parents and relatives have got so used to calling him or her just "baby" or "daughter" or "sonny" that the new name doesn't come into use. In such cases another occasion will be taken to have the child re-named. For instance, I was named three times, the final and successful name being Rin-chen Lha-mo, which is pronounced Runchin Lammu, I usually write it so in your language, and means Precious Goddess, and is not a rare feminine name in Tibet. Similarly my eldest daughter's Tibetan name, Shera Drolma, the first word of which means Wisdom and the other is the

Goddess of Mercy, which was given her by the Dorjedra Living Buddha, has not come into use, we calling her by her English name, Irene.

Surnames in the sense in which you use them do not obtain in Tibet. If we want to know who somebody is we ask of what house is his father and of what his mother. Thus, if somebody asked about me the reply would be that I was Rin-chen Lha-mo of Kha on my father's side, of Sema Nongba on my mother's, the one being the house of my father's family, the other of my mother's. Tibetans who go abroad have hitherto followed the practice of using their personal names only, taking the second of them in lieu of surname. Thus my brother whose name is Namkha Tendruk uses Tendruk as surname and Namkha in the place of your Christian names. I think, however, if we Tibetans ever do come to use surnames in the way you use them it would be simpler to take our paternal house-names ; in our case, Kha. A good many Tibetans of the frontier districts use also Chinese surnames for their Chinese contracts, names in some cases inherited from Chinese ancestry but in most cases adopted by themselves or their fathers before them just for convenience of dealing with the Chinese. For instance we—in our family—use, in Chinese, the surname Sung.

Children who are destined for the Church are educated in the lamaseries, where they take up their abode round about, in our district, the age of eight or nine years. It does not, however, follow that they all become priests, for they may leave the lamasery at any time their parents want them back, or if they themselves,



TIBETAN NOMADS.

The nomad lives a happy, care-free life on the wide expanse of our grass-lands. Notice the prayer-flags on the tent-ropes. It is peculiarly of the nomad that he never eats salt although he gives it to his cattle.

when they grow up, do not want to be lamas. And the sons of well-to-do people often receive a similar education at home, taught by a lama in the way of your private tutors. But seldom do girls receive any education, for it is not considered of importance that a woman should have book-learning.

For the rest, the children of all classes just grow up in their homes without any education in your sense of the term, learning all they know from what their parents tell them, and they see and hear for themselves, and making themselves progressively useful as they grow in age and strength. A tiny tot will perhaps keep an eye on this or that, a roving eye, of course, distracted by anything that interests him or her. A little older, say in his early teens, he may go out and help to look after the family's cattle on the hillsides, or collect firewood, and so on. And girls help their mothers in the house and look after the smaller children. They just gradually fit into useful places in the family. It is more that the child likes, as all children do, to make himself useful than that he is put to it by his parents. An incident when I was about twelve years of age shows the attitude. I had gone out in the morning twilight to bring in our cows to be milked, and coming back with them I heard a noise in the thicket and out came a leopard, who just sat down there and looked at me. I remembered my mother had often told me that if I ever met wild animals I was not to run away or they would give chase; I was just to stay still and all would be well. I remained still, but set up a great yell, for I was very scared, and my father came running out of our camp some two or

three hundred yards away ; he came just as he was without stopping to get his gun, thus risking his life for his child. The leopard saw him coming and got up and walked quietly away. I was trembling with fear, and my mother was very distressed and asked my father why he had let me go out alone after the cows. But it was I who had gone out of my own accord.

This was not the only occasion I met a wild animal face to face. I was out one afternoon, I was about fifteen at the time, looking after our cattle and sheep. Suddenly the sheep came running over to me in a body, and I saw galloping behind them what I first thought was a large dog, and then realized with a shock was a wolf. It came along to within about fifty yards of me and then turned away to the cattle, but the yaks turned upon it and drove it away. On another occasion I came upon a dozen or so jackals, but it was near our camp, and our men were out rapidly with their guns and the jackals cleared. I have also often seen wild animals of various kinds at a distance.

There is no particular age at which boys and girls may be considered to have grown up, it depending on individual capacity, but we may say that the average son and daughter are taking their full share of the work and affairs of the family at about twenty years of age, which is about the age at which people marry.

Children must, of course, obey their parents, and disobedient children are smacked to the general approval. Parental authority is exercised with forbearance, however, for love is stronger than discipline, and many children who ought to be smacked are not smacked.

Seldom, on the other hand, is any child ever punished without cause. Public opinion does not tolerate severity towards children.

Sons and daughters are equally loved, there is no definite preference with us for the one sex over the other. Also, there is, of course, no limitation of families ; large families of over ten children are quite common, and small families are small because nature had it so, not for other reasons. Children are taught to behave properly, they are not allowed to contradict their elders or make themselves a nuisance to them, but as they get older their wishes are increasingly considered, and they are not just told they can't do this or that they want to do. But even when they are practically grown up they still must not go directly against their parents' will. If they do, they suffer in reputation as uppish boys or petulant girls. Still, occasionally it does happen, a girl will cry until she is allowed to go to some show or other, or a boy will play truant, and the parents, if the children are beyond smacking age, have no particular remedy. Really bad children will be scolded by being likened to magpies, which kill their mother. But, in general, love, with us as with you, will easily tide over this difficult period of adolescence, parents who have lovingly watched over their children all their lives being little likely to find them wayward when they grow up.

We consider the old wiser than the young, and those of the latter who think they know better than their elders are likely to be rebuked with the saying that ears grow before horns, which conveys the same meaning as your "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs."

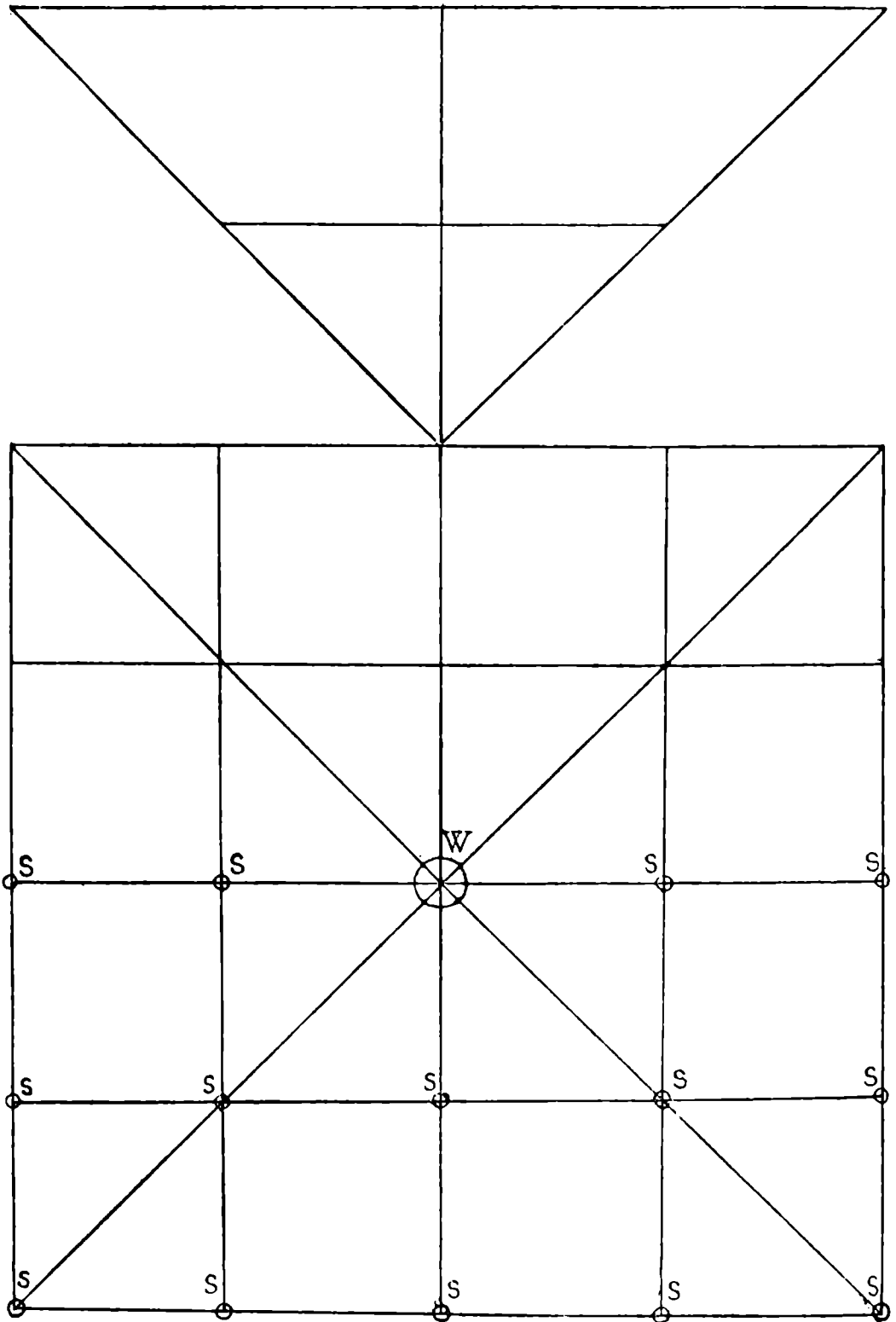
Children have various ways of amusing themselves. I have mentioned their paddling in the rivers in summer. In winter they will make snowballs and throw them at each other, they will even snow-ball their father on occasion, but never their mother. Grown-up sisters, however, are fair game, especially if they show any dislike for it. Some children will snow-ball grown up neighbours, but as a rule only in cases where the latter are used to playing with the youngsters, otherwise the children would not presume to be so familiar with their elders. But often the latter like romping with children ; they will pretend to be horses and the children will ride them and pull their hair and ears and they will buck them off, and the youngsters are happy. Snow-balling is also an amusement of the grown-up amongst themselves. Making snow-men is another happy pastime of children. They make them of all sizes, and then throw snow-balls or stones at them, while the dogs attack the snowman with vigour. It is all great fun in the snow, and dogs like snow no less than the children. We say that snow is the dog's uncle. They frisk about in it, chase their own tails, bite the snow up in mouthfuls and roll in it with great glee. Children also make prints of themselves by throwing themselves flat into it face downwards and eyes open. Another amusement is to slide about on ice, and glide down ice-slopes on flat stones.

Children also love standing on their hands, head downwards, and proceeding along in that manner, rolling down hillsides, bird-nesting, and so on. They make rough bows and arrows, and slings and catapults, and shoot at targets with them, and even at birds, but,

of course, in this latter case, seldom with success. They set rough traps, a noose, or an inverted basket on a stick, for birds, but this their parents do not like and scold them for it, for it is taking life. They build castles of stones and play at visiting each other ; and kilns, burning twigs therein and pretending to make charcoal. They make men and women and animals of earth and play at social functions therewith. They ride, bare-back, horses and cattle and pigs and sheep and career all over the place in great spirits. In fact there is no end to the ways they find to amuse themselves.

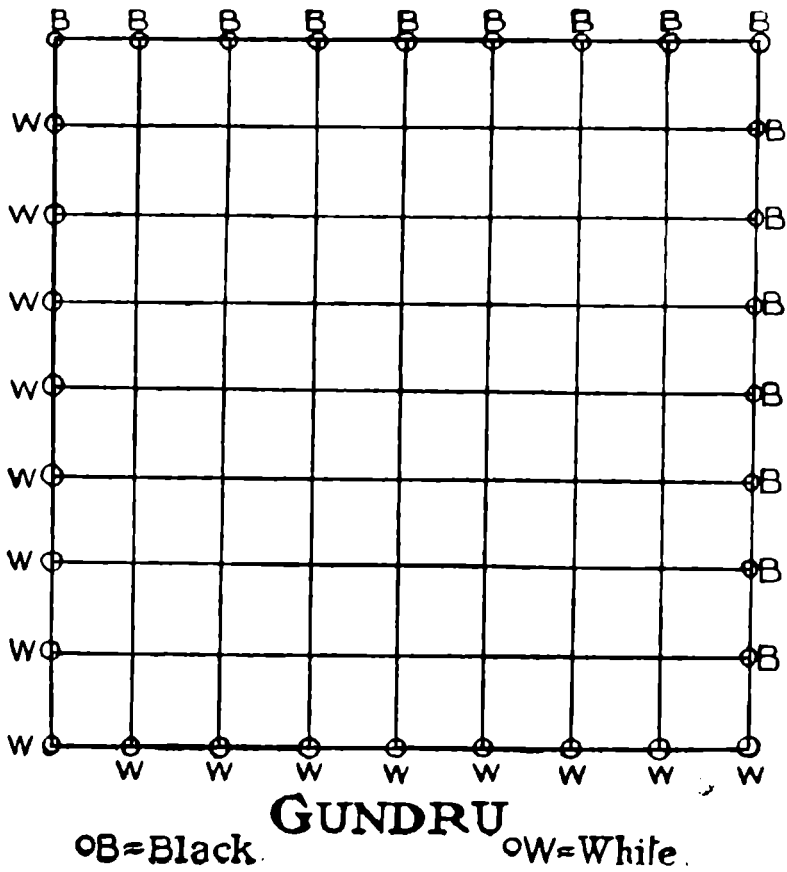
There are round games, such as Wolf and Sheep, where a number of children line up, one behind the other, each holding the clothes of the child in front of him. These are the sheep ; another child takes the part of Wolf and must catch each of the sheep in turn, beginning with the one at the end of the tail. As he runs to catch the one there, the whole queue swings round to face him, thus making his task difficult. As each sheep is caught it is put out of the tail until the whole queue is thus removed.

There is also another children's game called Wolf and Sheep, which is something like your draughts. My plan appended shows the "board," but actually we have no boards or pieces. We just draw the plan on a table or on a flat stone whenever we want to play the game, and we use anything handy as pieces, usually stones. There are fourteen sheep and one wolf, and my plan shows them in the first position, that is, at the opening of the game. The pieces are not in the middle of the squares as they are in your draughts, but at the



"BOARD" OR PLAN USED IN THE GAME "WOLF AND SHEEP."

corners, and all of them can move in any direction along the lines, but only one square at a time. The wolf can take a sheep exactly in the way of your draughts, but only one at a time, and of course the sheep can't take the wolf. The object of the wolf is to take all the sheep ; that of the sheep, to hem the wolf in until he has no move left at all, to do which it is generally best to drive him into his lair, the triangular piece at the top. The first move is with the sheep, and, of course, it entails the immediate death of one of them. With these directions you will find no difficulty in playing the game for yourselves.



Here is a parlour game, called *Gun-dru*, for grown-up people. My plan shows the board with the pieces in position for the game to commence. On two sides of

the square are sixteen Black pieces ; on the other two sides, sixteen White pieces. Sixteen more of each are held in reserve. The pieces can move across any number of squares you please, but must move, of course, along the lines. The purpose is for the one side to take all the pieces of the other, and the game is then won. You take the pieces not as in your draughts by hopping over them, but by manœuvring your pieces until they shut in the enemy on each side, thus : B W W B. The two Whites are then dead, and you remove them and put two Blacks in their place. The longer the sequence you can get the better, and the sequence is not broken by going round a corner, thus :

```

W
B
B
B
B B B B W

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in this case these Blacks are dead, and are replaced by Whites from the White reserve. You go on until all the pieces of one side or the other are dead, so that at the end of the game there will be thirty-two pieces of the winning side on the board and none of the losing side. If you get into the position of having taken all of the enemy's pieces save one, this acquires the additional power of taking pieces by hopping as in draughts, so that, to prevent this, it has to be closed in on each side by two pieces instead of one. If it takes a piece it of course replaces it with one of its own ; it is thus possible to win, even when reduced to this desperate position, but of course most unlikely.

This is as you will perceive a much more complicated



SCENES IN THE SALWEEN VALLEY.

The first picture shows a ferry across the Salween, advantage being taken of a placid stretch between rapids to cross the river by raft. The strolling players of the centre picture are performing at a village. In the lower picture our caravan is seen crossing a spur in the snow.

game than Wolf and Sheep, and gives scope for much skill.

Another amusement is the game of guess-work. One person puts a verbal puzzle to another who if he can't guess the answer pays a forfeit by saying a "mani," that is, he repeats "Om Mani Padme Hum" once, whereupon you give him the right answer. Examples of such puzzles are as follows :

Question. Four legs, yet it can't walk, do you know what it is ?

Answer. A table.

Question. Having life but no breath ?

Answer. An egg.

Question. Having breath but no life ?

Answer. A bellows.

Question. A hundred cattle on one tether ?

Answer. A rosary.

Question. One cow tethered with a hundred ropes ?

Answer. A tent.

These puzzles are not fixed ; you just invent them as you go along.

Another source of merriment is provided by a custom something of the nature of your putting of rings and coins in your Christmas puddings. Meat dumplings, externally all the same, have had put into them, variously a piece of charcoal, a tuft of sheep's-wool, a large dose of salt, of pepper, tea-leaves, and a stone, and are thus served to the company. You cannot tell what you have got until you are eating your dumpling ; if you get the one with charcoal in it, you have a black heart ; the sheep's wool, soft-hearted ; the salt, miserly ;

the tea, generous ; the pepper, sharp-tongued ; the stone, obstinate.

We have no organized sports and games, for children or adults, such as you have in such plenty. With us the folk-dancing described in another chapter largely takes their place. We have also horse-racing of our own type. In our district these races are held in connection with the Summer Festival described in another chapter, but, whereas the festival is held regularly, it is not every year that the races take place. The horses race from a point just outside the lamasery to a *Zih-da*, which is a shrine of prayer-flags on a prominence or pass, about a mile away. The riders are boys in their teens, and the sport is entirely amateur, and there is no betting. A man, generally a lama, at the *Zih-da* blows a call on a conch-shell whereupon the starter lets the horses go. The head lama decorates the winning horse by putting a pat of *tsamba* and butter on its forehead, and another on its head between the ears. The riders of the first three horses receive small presents of cloth, whereas the rider of the horse in last, is held up to good-humoured ridicule, and people throw *tsamba* over him, as you throw rice and confetti on people on wedding occasions.

There are also displays at various times of horsemanship by men. They will gallop along a line of small flags stuck in the ground about a foot above it, and snatch up as many flags as they can ; a sport somewhat of the nature of your tent-pegging. There are also horsemen who will fire their guns at full gallop and change their position on their horses at will. A man of course has to be very much at home on a horse for this sort of thing.

TAKING LIFE

OUR religion prohibits the taking of any kind of life. Animals have immortal souls just as human beings have. But man is the dominant creature and he is carnivorous. He requires meat. The average man cannot long do without it. There are some men who can, but the vast majority cannot, and so man slays animals for food. With us, the animals so killed are just oxen, sheep and pigs. In killing an animal everyone present repeats the prayer-formula "Om Mani Padme Hum" for its soul, and butter lights are lit to light its soul's path.

Oxen, sheep and pigs are large animals, and the death of one of them provides enough meat for many people. We do not, like you, eat the smaller creatures. With us, one life taken and many people are fed ; with you, often enough a life or more to a mouthful, perhaps a hundred lives to an ordinary dinner party, little creatures of all kinds, animals, birds, fishes, crustaceans. You cook some creatures alive, and some are even eaten alive, I have seen you do it. It is dreadful to think of it. It always calls up to my mind the witches of our myths, who killed people by boiling them alive and then ate them.

People were very simple in those days, and made an easy prey for the witches. A witch would entice a person

into her house. She would then tell him that people were after him. He must hide, but there was nowhere to conceal him except in that great cauldron there. It was dry and the fire under it was not lit. In he would go. She lit the fire. As it got hot inside he would cry out. To ease him she would pour in water, and she would tell him to be quiet. The pursuers were already arrived. And she would carry on a conversation with her familiars. They would ask, where is so-and-so, whom we have come to take and kill. He would be quiet. Again he became unbearably hot and the process would be repeated. More cold water and more voices. Until finally he was boiled to shreds. Then the witch ate him. She lived on such people. You will see the tale is allegorical.

We have a custom in Tibet of dedicating animals to Heaven. Such are never killed. You decide for instance to dedicate a yak. You prepare four tags made of strips of coloured cloth. One is affixed to each of its ears, another to the hair on its withers, the other on its tail. A lama then scatters a little *Ney* over the yak saying a prayer as he does so, and he gives it a name after some lake or mountain. The lama then smears some tsamba and some butter on its head and back and tail. The animal is thus consecrated and no one may take its life. Sheep and goats are consecrated in the same way, except that names are not always given them. In the case of pigs and chickens and so on, no tags are required and no names are given.

Especial merit attaches in our eyes to dedicating a pig, for yaks and sheep, undedicated, may or may not be

killed, whereas a pig, undedicated, is almost certain to be killed for food sooner or later. Hence your dedication of it saves it from almost certain death.

Dedicated creatures remain on the farm or in the herd, as you please ; or you may, if you like, give them to the Gompa. In any case, their lives are preserved. No Tibetan would ever think of killing such an animal.

It is meritorious to restore their freedom to wild creatures, releasing them back to their natural surroundings ; for instance, throwing fish back into the river, or freeing some captive bird or beast.

It was my marriage which brought me into the sphere of promiscuous slaughter which is your diet. At first I tried to counteract the guilt. Our cooks would take a life, and I would save one ; for instance, for one chicken eaten, one was sent to the Gompa. But I could not keep up the pace, for my husband had to give large dinner parties, it was inseparable from his position. However, I saw to it that we ate, and ate, as far as possible only the big things, not the little things which hardly make a course. But it is disturbing to think when one goes out to meals how many lives have gone to the meal one is eating.

Retribution is sure when the decrees of Heaven are violated. The cripples, the blind, the twisted, it is all the result of past lives. Everybody knows it but mankind is incorrigible. They will take life and risk it. To himself man is a jewel, something precious. He is afraid of pain and death. Sick, he sends for the doctor and the priest and prays. But animals he kills intentionally. He considers them different, not human.

Yet they are just the same as he is. In a life to come he may easily be an animal and they men. The most perfect man cannot escape the guilt of taking life, but others take it wantonly. The hunter in the excitement of the chase thinks not of the quarry, but of himself, of his skill. His bullet hits the mark and he is overjoyed.

Foreign writers twit us with the difference between precept and practice in this matter of killing. They know our religion forbids the taking of life, and they see life is nevertheless taken, and they emphasize it to our disparagement. But you are much worse than we are in this very matter. We kill as little as possible. We do not disregard our religion, but make every effort to follow it. The wonder is not that things are killed, but that there is so little wanton killing. You on the other hand make no effort at all to avoid slaughter, yet your religion teaches in this regard the same precept as ours. But even without any definite religious precept everybody knows it is wrong to take life. Such knowledge is part of the human conscience. But you consider the interests of the lower animals must be sacrificed to those of the human race ; hence your vivisection and your campaigns to exterminate flies and so on. Why then laugh at us who are white to your black in this matter ?

THE SUMMER FESTIVAL

THE chief festival of our Church is the Dance Service, an annual celebration held all over the country, each Gompa holding it for its own parish. The time of year it takes place varies in different districts ; in our region, it is held in the summer, and is termed the Ya-chiu or Summer-Prayer.

This is the festival your writers term the "devil dance." I do not know why they should call it so, for it has nothing to do with devils, but is a service of worship of Heaven, of intercession with Heaven on behalf of the whole people. It is our equivalent of your Christmas and Easter festivals.

Everybody goes to the Ya-chiu. It is the principal fête of the whole year, and lasts three days in succession, taking four or five hours each day from morning to afternoon. It is held in the court-yard of the Gompa. Awnings are erected on each side of the entrance to the church-hall. Under them, on each side of the entrance, sit the priests clad in full sacerdotal robes, amongst them those who with trumpet, clarionette, cymbal, drum and bell, take the place with us of your organs and orchestras. The chief officiating priest, the Living Buddha if there is one in the Gompa, sits on a raised dais under a canopy. The people occupy points of vantage, such as the balconies, the flat roofs, and

the court-yard itself, in which latter they form a circle linking up the rows of priests. This circle is the arena where the dancing takes place.

Into it the dancers, who are also priests, emerge from the church-hall in pairs. They are heralded with the blare of the great copper trumpets, the call of the clarionettes, clash of cymbal and roll of drum, while the assembled priests intone, deep of voice, their liturgies in unison. It is very moving and impressive, and a spirit of devotion pervades the assembly.

The dancers dance with rhythmic and measured step, and then retire as they came. Then another pair similarly emerges and goes through their dance, and then another, and so on. Each dance is different from the other. All the dancers wear masks, variously of gods, of men, of beasts, and of birds.

In the last dance of each day the dancers take part all together. The chief priest leaves his dais and joins them, and the day's celebration ends in a grand finale of prayer and music and dance.

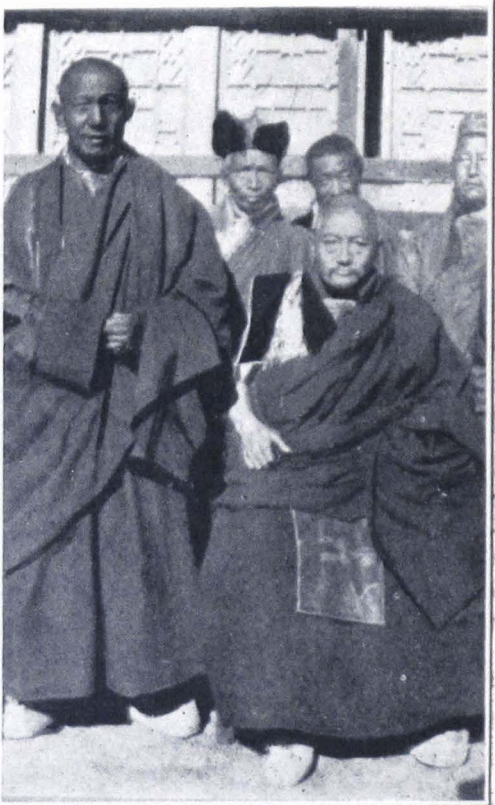
On the third day there is placed in the arena a *Doma*, a cone of dough, over which each dancer throughout the day scatters a handful or so of *Ney*. When the dancers are through with their dances, the chief priest goes through a dance by himself and scatters over the *Doma*, *Ney* and wheat and rice and holy water, which he takes from his attendant acolytes. Then the *Doma* is taken up by some humble man of the people and ushered out of the Gompa in procession wherein the chief priest, the officiating priests, dancers and orchestra all take part. And there it is dumped in the open, and

after a final scattering of *Ney* over it and flare of music the procession returns to the Gompa. All the priests, including the chief priest, then form a circle, each holding his neighbour's hands, hands crossed ; in the centre is put the triangular wooden tray on which the *Doma* was carried out ; the circle revolves round it once while a prayer is intoned in unison. And the Festival is over.

The *Doma* becomes the property of the man who carried it out. It is considered unclean, but the poor man is glad of the flour.

Such is the festival as it is held in our country. There is none of the rough-house which often accompanies the famous annual celebration of it in Peking. The reason is simple. With us, everybody present is there in a spirit of worship. They are like a congregation in one of your churches ; whereas in Peking many of the people are there purely as sight-seers, and do not seem to realize that they are present at a religious service. The crowd hustles and presses upon the arena and the ushers use whips to clear the space, and so there are oaths and quarrels. With us the space is kept clear without trouble. If the people press in too much, as they will do on occasion, they are pressed back by lamas swinging straw-stuffed leopardskin bags attached to a cord, and by acolytes blowing thighbone trumpets in people's ears ; or a couple of dancers, dressed as demons, will come in like a whirlwind and dance the circle round, the people quickly making way for them. Everybody takes it in great good humour and no one is hurt.

DANCE & SONG



A TIBETAN GOVERNOR.

(The Markham Teji).

His clothes bulge with small shrines and sachels containing various holy articles.

A HIGH TIBETAN OFFICIAL.

(The late KALON LAMA).

A Councillor of State, civil administrator of a Province and Commandant of an army, and yet a Priest.

A LASHA LADY IN KHAM.

The wife of the MARKHAM TEJI. This lady is wearing the dress of Lhasa.

A LIVING BUDDHA.

(The SHI-WA LHA OF CHAMDO).

On the flat of his foot this living Buddha has a DOCHE, the symbolic thunderbolt. It is a mark of his sanctity, but makes him lame.

WE are very fond of singing and dancing. Our dances are dance and song combined. Men and women form a circle, the men all together making one half of the circle and the women all together making the other half. They sing in chorus, the women together and the men together, the men's and women's voices alternating ; and as they sing they dance. They stamp together in tune with the song they are singing ; they move backwards and forwards ; spin round all together ; and the whole circle revolves around the centre. The pace grows faster until the circle is a whirl of motion and crescendo of song. These are our folk-songs, and they are many.

Tea and wine and food are served. We hold these dances on all festival occasions, and often at other times, and everybody takes part—fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, chief and peasant, lady of quality and serving-maid, the whole neighbourhood, everybody except the lamas, their minds are on other things.

They are like your picnics. Morning or afternoon or far into the night lit by the moon and the stars and torch and camp-fires. Everybody is in gala dress, and all are happy. Dance and song and youth and beauty, it moves your soul to joy.

This dancing and singing is our equivalent of your ball-room dances. It is the people amusing themselves.

Of professional shows we have not your variety. Still we do have theatrical shows on occasion. These must not be confused, as some of your writers do confuse them, with the religious festival I have described. There is just as much difference with us as with you between plays and church services.

Our plays are historical dramas presented in costume. They require great ability and application on the part of the actors. The story is told in song and dance and gesture, just as in your operas. There are many of these historical pieces. They hold the attention and point an appropriate moral, good always prevailing. These theatricals are held from time to time when actors are available. The performers are men only. Everybody goes to these shows, they are very popular with us, but it is not often we can have them in our district.

We have also strolling players, men and women and children, who sing and dance and crack jokes. Such people are looked upon more or less as beggars, like your street musicians.

PILGRIMAGE—TRAVEL—
HUNTING—TRAPPING

IT is not only lamas who go on pilgrimage, but laymen also, and women too. The great pilgrimage is to Lhasa. From our region you may be away a whole year on this pilgrimage. You are of course not travelling continually all the time. Frequent halts are made and some months are spent at Lhasa itself.

Many lamas and some laymen make this pilgrimage on foot, and rely on the people on the way for their sustenance. This is how pilgrimage should be made. Others however, less thorough, ride horses and take with them money and provision for their needs.

It is not everybody who can make the pilgrimage to Lhasa, but all the priests of Kham aspire to make it, and a large number of them do make it ; and many of the laity also ; the women too, but this is very much rarer, apart from the *A-ni*, our equivalent of your nuns.

Women who can go, make up their own parties, and seize the opportunity afforded by some passing caravan on its way to Lhasa ; and sometimes a whole family, father and mother and children, will make the great pilgrimage.

There are lesser pilgrimages where the people of each district go to some shrine in their own region.

Pilgrimages are often made in thanksgiving, in fulfilment of some vow made to Heaven. You or

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a member of your family may have been ill and you vowed you would make a pilgrimage on the illness passing. Or it may have come through the Oracle that you should make such-and-such a pilgrimage.

It is not only on pilgrimage that you travel. You go visiting relatives or friends, perhaps some days' journey away. Or you go to some festival. You ride, men and women and children alike. Everybody rides in Tibet; and it is very pleasant. I have many memories of sunny days on the road in happy company, without a care in the world.

The Tibetan is a good traveller. He likes it. The *drokpa* moves from camp to camp. The merchant with his caravan moves across Tibet, leisurely from place to place, pitching camp where he will. The pilgrim knows neither time nor care. Highwaymen, riding swift horses, roam here and there, and descend upon the caravans. They succeed or they are beaten back as the case may be, for the merchants also carry arms, and are as stout-hearted as they. Men go hunting and time is no object. They will follow up some great creature of the wilds for days on end, and all the food they require is a little tsamba and dried meat, carried in the fold of the capacious cloak. They sleep out where nightfall finds them, the ground their bed, the same cloak their bedding, and mostly they get the quarry. It is great guilt but men will do it, for the instinct of the chase is strong in the soul of man. Such is the method our men follow in the pursuit of big game. I wonder how your hunters who come to our country would fare if they tried it. I think they would die of the hardship and

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exposure, but our men think nothing of it. Not that I mean that our men are superior to yours in physique, but they are used to the conditions.

Some people go shooting just for the pleasure of it, others for profit. Some have foreign rifles, but most have just the local matchlock fired with a fuse. It is dangerous to go after some animals, such as leopard, bear, wild-ox, and so on, with such a gun, for it takes some time to re-load and fire again. So Tibetans when they go after animals of this kind generally go two or three together, so that if one fires without killing the animal, the others are ready to meet the attack. Still there are men who risk it, relying on their swords to supplement their guns. And the Tibetan sword is very effective. A man of our district, riding alone from his camp, was found dead, with his sword broken off at the hilt and four dead wolves around him. If his sword had not broken off from the handle, very likely he would have come through, though of course that depends on how many wolves were attacking him. Wolves in our region mostly hunt singly, though sometimes they may be met with in small packs of not more than a dozen or so.

If you shoot a wolf the custom is for you to take its skin around and beg and the people snatch a tuft of hair from it and scatter it in their cattle enclosures and give you a present of grain, the idea being that the death of the wolf is a triumph over the cattle's enemy.

Deer-horns in velvet are of considerable value, the Chinese buying them as a medicine. Deer-skins are

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also of some value. The serow is not of much value and it is very difficult to shoot, for it keeps to the thick undergrowth. We have a saying, applied to the man who is always grumbling, that where the serow goes there is no sun, meaning this sort of person never sees anything but the gloomy side of things.

We have two kinds of bears, the *Dang* (Himalayan Bear) and the *Dre-mo*, which latter has a fringe of tawny hair over its face and a nose rather like a pig's snout, which helps it in digging out marmots, which it finds good eating. Bear's gall is of value as a medicine, very effective for coughs, as is the gall of the hare, the former for adults, the latter for children. Immensely superior though you are to us in medical knowledge, I have not found, in this particular matter, any medicine of yours so efficacious as these, and I have had to send home for this remedy of ours. You will find here and there a few wild animals, such as bear, deer, leopard, fox, monkey, lynx, jackal, wolf, and so on, kept on someone's premises for the interest of it. For instance, we once had four Himalayan bear cubs in our house at Dartsendo. Unfortunately one of them drank itself to death, on cow's milk. Another disgraced itself by grabbing one of our rabbits as it was running past and eating it. As they grew older we found them difficult to manage, and we ultimately released one back into the forest and gave the other two away. We also had a wolf cub. He was very friendly, played quite naturally with our dogs and they with him, and showed no signs of being dangerous, but he never reached full growth, dying of sickness a few months



RELIGION AND TRADE IN TIBET.

The top picture shows women at a MANI DOGNBU, a heap of stones inscribed with the sacred formula OM MANI PADME HUM. It is an act of worship to go round the mound and to add a stone to it. The centre picture shows a tea caravan halted for the day. Though it is mid-winter, the sun is so hot that some of the men have slipped their arms out of their sheepskin cloaks. Their cauldron is on the camp fire. Tibetan life centres in the Church. The lamas here shown are typical of the ordinary Tibetan priest.

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after we got him. But, of course, he would have been dangerous if he had grown up. There was a man in our district who trained a wolf-cub to hunt with his hunting-dogs, and one day, when he was out with them all, hunting, and had lain down to rest, it set upon him, but the dogs set upon it and saved his life and he shot it. "Teach ethics to a wolf" is a saying flung at the type of person on whom advice is wasted. "Keep a wolf, but he is no watch-dog" is a saying applied to an unreliable servant, meaning he is not worth his keep.

The Tibetan mastiff is very strong and brave, very loving and faithful to his own household, quite safe with the children, yet fierce towards strangers, and a wonderful watch-dog. He is a match for a wolf, in fact a wolf will not face a mastiff, but he dreads the leopard. These latter take a great toll of the dogs in camps; we know when a leopard is about, for the dogs smell him, give a few yelps and then lie very quietly.

The musk-deer, whose pod is such a valuable article of commerce, is taken in traps. The trap is like this: to the top of a stout branch fixed in the ground is tied a cord with two ends, one of which is a noose and the other is tied to a twig which is held between a hoop and a cross-piece, on which latter are placed a few loose thin boards over a shallow hole, and on these boards the noose is placed. The boards and noose are covered with a layer of earth to hide them. The musk-deer is accustomed to scratch himself against branches, and the trap is so set, near a branch which it is evident is in present use for this purpose, that the animal will step upon it while so engaged. When it steps upon the

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boards these are depressed into the hole and so release the cross-piece, which releases the twig to which the short end of the cord is attached ; and this releases the stout branch which flies up, drawing tight the noose round the animal's leg.

Leopards are also taken in traps. This sort of trap consists of a stone hut, under the wooden floor of which is a shallow space dug out which allows of the floor sinking down ; the floor is attached by a rope to the stout door of the hut, which is left open, and in the hut is placed, in a walled-off nook so that the leopard cannot actually get at it, a dog or a sheep. As the leopard steps on to the wooden floor his weight depresses it, which draws the door to, and the door in closing releases a stone slab which secures it, and so the leopard is a prisoner.

There are traps also for other creatures, for instance, hares, birds, and so on.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

WITH us there is no fixed time for going to church. We do not have congregational services at set times such as your Sunday services. Daily services are held in the church halls in the Gompa ; and classes for instruction, and the general round of devotional exercises. That is the life of the lamas in the Gompa. But the people do not attend as a congregation.

Our devotions are individual rather than congregational. The lamas come to our houses and hold services there, and you go to church whenever you want to and as frequently as you wish.

On a visit to the church you take with you some butter and *tsamba* and incense. The butter is melted at the Gompa, poured into the burners of silver or copper or earthenware, and lit. They burn like candles. Of the *tsamba*, the lamas make *Chopa*, small figures shaped rather like the spires of your churches, which are similarly placed on the altar. The incense sticks are lit and placed in the incense urns. You place a *Khata*, a ceremonial scarf, on the Buddha and prostrate yourself, the while the lamas intone such general prayers as they wish or special prayers for the occasion. Then you go out and make a round of the *Khorlo*, prayer-cylinders, which surround the Church hall. You turn

each cylinder repeating the prayer-formula, *Om mani padme hum*. You make the round once or twice or more, as you please. That done, you have finished.

For services at your house you will ordinarily have three lamas come, a leader with two assistants. They may stay a few hours or a few days, as you may desire. *Chopa* are made and butter burnt in the burners just as in your visit to the Gompa, and the lamas intone prayers suitable for the occasion. The services they thus hold are accompanied by the ringing of the *Tri-pu*, bell, which, with its *Doche*, thunderbolt, the lamas bring with them.

You provide the lamas with food and lodging while they are with you, and at the end of their visit you make them a present of money or its equivalent, *Ney* or butter. There are no fixed charges. You give as much or as little as you wish, and even if you give very little, the lamas do not press you, but just take what you care to give. Usually you will perhaps give for one day's services two or three rupees or its equivalent. Whatever you give belongs to the lamas personally, not to their Gompa. It is their earnings.

This description applies to an ordinary visit such as almost every family will have on occasion. Well-to-do people have prayers said on occasion on a much larger scale. Fifty or more lamas will perhaps be called in, and they will hold full choral services with their huge copper trumpets and clarionettes and thigh-bone bugles and drums and cymbals. Such choral services are very impressive, the hall dimly lit by hundreds of flickering butter-lights and shrouded in the perfume of the incense, the deep chanting of the priests, the music

of the trumpets, bugles, clarionettes, drums and cymbals. It moves one to emotion as your music does.

You have these services held in your house when you wish. Usually it is in connection with some special matter. Somebody is sick, or things are going wrong in other ways, or it has come through the oracle that such-and-such prayers must be recited. In some cases, to ward off evil, or cure sickness, the lamas will make, in addition to the *Chopa*, a small facsimile in dough of the person concerned. It will be coloured to represent face and dress, and will be as near a resemblance as possible. Then, usually after many days' of choral services, the figure will be taken out of the house by the lamas in procession and dumped in the open, whence, the final prayers there recited, the procession returns to the house. The lamas are almost always called in in cases of sickness. We have material medicines also, but there are many cases where medicine is of itself of no avail ; and in all cases we believe in the efficacy of prayer. You consult the oracles through the lamas and learn the course to be followed. It is not every lama who has this gift of divination, of consulting Heaven for guidance. Some do not have it at all, while others have it in marked degree. It is a gift of Heaven.

SPIRITS

SOME of your writers have it that we are a people sunk in superstition. We are not so. I cannot see that we are any more superstitious than you are. In some ways we are less so. We believe in our religion. That is not superstition. You believe in yours. But many of you seem to believe in strange things which are outside your religion. I have heard about your spiritualistic séances, and I have seen books with photographs supposed to be of the spirits of the dead. And when we arrived in London we went to see one of your famous mediums. I had heard of their powers and I wanted to see for myself. I went quite seriously, and indeed in some trepidation. What if the dead really did speak to us? That is not a matter for levity or mere curiosity. It ought to have been a great opportunity for the medium, for we were strangers and unusual. The only clue we gave was that I am a Tibetan, and that was in answer to a direct question on the point. A distinctive word or name, a description of any relative of mine would have been conclusive proof of the medium's powers, for guess-work was out of the question in such a case. But nothing distinctive was said at all. It was all wide of the mark, and the medium explained that the difficulty was that I was surrounded by Tibetan ghosts and my husband by English. Too many ghosts in fact, but why could not

just one word amongst all those hundreds have been distinctive ?

I do not mean, or presume to say, that your believers in spiritualism are in error—it is not a matter in which I am competent to express an opinion—but I do say that some of them are apparently capable of believing anything and are more credulous than any of us are.

That there are such things as the spirits of the dead is a fact of common knowledge, of human experience. Ordinarily you cannot see them, but there are some people so constituted as to be able to see them. These are exceptional people. The average person is not so constituted and so it is seldom or never that he sees a spirit. Our people, however, say that if you rub your eyes with the blood of a magpie, you will get this power of seeing spirits. I do not know if it is so for I have not tried ; indeed I have no desire to see a ghost, and would be frightened to death if I saw one.

We do not seek contact with spirits, as you do in your spiritualistic séances. We believe that nothing but harm can come from contact with them. We do not believe for instance, that the spirit of a departed friend or relative can be of assistance to the living.

I do not believe that spirits really do come to your séances, but if they do, it is no place for human beings. The men who dare to face a spirit must be very bold of nature. We have a saying that a donkey should not gambol in the horses' paddock lest he be kicked, a wolf must be wary in the cattle-enclosure lest he be impaled.

Contact with the dead, however, does occur

occasionally. Sometimes the dead try and draw the living after them. This is where some great affection existed, the dead desiring their loved ones to join them. Sometimes it happens when not affection but hatred is there, the dead had suffered some great injustice.

It is not only to living people that the thoughts of the dead are apt to turn, but also to material objects they were especially attached to in life ; and so it is that no Tibetan will knowingly use things that were of special moment to some one who has died.

In all these cases where contact with the dead has occurred, the lamas are called in. They hold the appropriate service and the spirit of the dead departs, leaving the living in peace.

Discarnate spirits are also said to disport themselves in wood and glade and ravine. They dance as we do, round-dances. And here and there you may see, in some secluded place, the circle their feet have trodden in the grass. If a human being comes upon them they disappear. But not always. There is the story of the man who was riding home late one evening, and came upon a girl all alone and far from everywhere. She asked him to let her ride behind him on his horse. He consented and sat her behind him, and tied his sash round them both, so that she should not fall off, and rode home. Arrived, he found he had behind him, tightly tied to him by the sash, nothing but a bundle of straw. He thrust the bundle into the fire, taking no heed of a voice from it, begging him not to burn her. You can see the story points a moral.

Apart from the spirits of the dead, there are other

spirits which can trouble mankind. There is, for instance, *Terang-gungchi*. No one has seen more of this spirit than just his footprints in the snow. It is the footprint of a human child two or three years old. And he has only one foot. He delights in confusing people's affairs. It is he who leads people to foolish actions ; disappoints you of some cherished wish ; sets man and wife quarrelling ; friends at loggerheads ; gives to the poor more babies than they can afford, and none at all to some rich couple longing for them ; steals from the bag of the poor till they are poorer still ; worries all and sundry with this and that of the unpleasant. If all your affairs are going awry, if you bump your head when you get up and your seat when you sit down—as the saying puts it—ill luck following you in everything, it is probable you are the sport of this spirit of mischief.

We have a tradition that formerly people did not die. As a result there were too many of them and not enough food to go round. So Heaven took pity on man, and set a limit to human life. Till then men had been immortal and snakes mortal. It was now ordained that henceforth men should die and snakes should live for ever. Hence we consider it very heinous to kill a snake.

We say that when a person is on the point of death, his soul retraces the path he travelled in life. During the last few moments when he is between life and death his soul is thus engaged. These moments will be prolonged if you went far afield in life, as I have done.

When a person dies he does not realize until the third day that he is dead. He is elated at first, he thinks he has recovered from his illness.

Immediately on a person's death the lamas are called in to hold a special service. The higher the lamas available, the better, and the sooner the service is held the better. It is best of all if there is a Living Buddha to direct the service. The family and friends kneel in the room while the priests intone the prayers and exhort the soul of the dead, and tell him what is before him. On the third day the servants of the Judge of the Dead drive the soul away to judgment. And so a life has ended, someone has gone where we are not, but where we all must go.

THE LAZY SON

THIS is a story of how success came to a lazy fellow. There was a mother once, who had a very lazy son. He hated work. He lay about all day, idle. His mother used to urge him to get up and do some work, but he would not. Their friends also expostulated with him, saying his mother had a very hard time of it and why could not he help her, instead of sleeping all day like a pig. In due course he got ashamed. It hurt him to be likened to a pig. And so, one day he said to his mother that he would go hunting, and asked her to give him a horse, bow and arrows, sword and hunting dog. His mother was pleased and gave him all these and a foxskin hat as well, and he set forth.

He came upon a badger, and gave chase. The badger went to ground. There were two holes. He blocked one with his hat, and started to dig the badger out from the other. His sword, and bow and arrows, he attached to the horse's saddle and tied the horse's bridle-rein to the dog. Then he dug at the hole. Just when he was getting near to the badger the latter ran out of the other hole, carrying the hat away with him on his head. The dog seeing the badger gave chase, drawing the horse after him. So he lost everything ; horse, dog, hat, sword, bow and arrows.

He went along weeping and came to the house of a chieftain, where, as it happened, marriage festivities, dancing and merry-making, were in progress. There, crying and moaning, he asked if they had seen a badger pass, wearing a foxskin hat, a dog leading a horse, a horse carrying bow and arrows and sword. The chief's retainers said to each other: "where-ever was there a badger wearing a hat, a dog leading a horse, a horse carrying bow and arrows and sword? It is inauspicious that this fellow should intrude his grief upon our festivities." So they fell upon him and threw him out.

And he went on his way again. Soon he came to another chieftain's house; here funeral ceremonies were going on and sadness reigned. But he thought to himself that his weeping at the other house had brought a beating upon him, hence he deduced that he ought to be cheerful. So he put the same question as before, but this time gaily and laughing. The chief's retainers were incensed at his ill-timed levity, and fell upon him and beat him.

He went away sadly, puzzled that he had been beaten for weeping and then beaten for laughing. And he was not only sad but also, by now, hungry. He came to a hayrick and lay down in it. Then a great yak came snorting around it and dug at him with its horns. Every now and then the horns would tear his clothes. The chief's retainers, seeing the yak striking at the hay and strips of clothing on its horns, came to see what was happening. They found him there and told him to go away. He obstinately refused to go, saying he was too hungry to walk and intended to rest in the

hayrick. The retainers reported the matter to the chief, who was annoyed at the presumption of the fellow and ordered him to be put into the pig-sty. There he was very uncomfortable. The large pig worried him, pressing its weight upon him, and prevented him sleeping.

The next day the chief's wife washed her hair in the court-yard. She wore a turquoise amulet round her neck. She took it off to wash her hair and put it into the folds of her cloak whence it dropped to the ground unnoticed by her, and a cow later trod it into the earth and a servant girl swept it on to a dust heap. The lazy fellow in the pig-sty saw all this happen.

The lady had once lost her soul, or, as you would say, had lost consciousness ; and she wore this amulet to prevent a recurrence of that. Having now lost it, she had a relapse. The chief caused prayers to be intoned by the lamas for her recovery. He, in the pig-sty, asked the maid what all the praying was about. She told him her mistress had lost her amulet and had fallen sick again. He told her to tell the chief that he was able to find the amulet. The chief was informed and sent for him, and asked him what articles he required with which to find the amulet. He, mindful of his discomforts, said that first of all he needed the head of the large pig. Then a few servant girls and a few cows. These were produced. The pig was killed and its head handed to him. Carrying the pig's head he walked round looking at the cows and the maids. He looked at this cow and at that and then tapped one, saying, " This is the cow." He looked at this woman and at that and tapped one, saying " This is the serving-maid." He

looked at this rubbish heap and at that and said, "This is the rubbish heap, dig in it and you will find the amulet." They dug and found it. The amulet restored, the chief's wife recovered, and the chief presented him with twelve mules and twelve horses and twelve cows.

Later on the son of a neighbouring chief fell seriously ill. Prayers were recited, but he remained ill. The chief heard that his neighbour had at his house a religious mendicant, as the lazy fellow was now termed, who was skilled in divination. So he sent men to invite him over. They told him their chief's son was very ill and would he come? The mendicant was frightened. He thought, "How can I cure sickness? I found the amulet because I saw what happened to it with my eyes, but now I shall be found out." However he went. He could not refuse to go. But he determined to run away that night.

Arrived, the chief asked him what things he needed with which to effect the cure. He said he required a pig's head and a bag of *tsamba*. These were provided him. Then he said that no matter how much the dogs barked that night, no notice was to be taken of them, and no one was to go out and see what was happening. This was agreed to.

In the night he set off. The dogs barked furiously and made for him. He threw the pig's head to them and they stopped to eat it. He got outside and sat down on a stone. Outside the gate there was a great rock from beneath which flowed water. He heard voices around it and saw the sick son's wife and a black and white cow in conversation. He heard them saying: "What's

to be done? There has come a holy mendicant who will divine it all and tell them." He knew then that the woman and the cow and the rock were possessed of devils. He was rejoiced. He returned. Again the dogs went for him, but he gave them the *tsamba*, strewing it behind him, and they stopped to lick it up.

The next day the chief asked him if he had divined anything. He said he had, that he had discovered that the big rock outside the house, the dappled cow, and the son's wife were possessed of devils. He said the rock must be knocked to pieces, the bigger pieces to be no larger than *Ney* grains, the smaller than turnip seeds. That a hundred men must go and kill the dappled cow and cut it up into pieces, the bigger to be no larger than *Ney* grains, the smaller than turnip seeds. Then the son would recover.

All this was done and the chief's son recovered, and the chief presented the mendicant with twelve mules and twelve horses and twelve cows.

Later on another chief lost a bag of silver. Hunt for it how they would they could not find it. The chief heard of the mendicant and sent men to invite him to come. As before, he was scared. Success in the first case had come through his eyes seeing; in the second, through his ears hearing. But how discover a lost bag of silver? But he had to go. The chief asked him what he required with which to find the bag. He said he needed nothing but that he must be put in a room on the third floor, and all the dogs must be kept indoors that night, and no notice must be taken of anything that occurred. Of course, he intended to run away.

But while he was up in his room a servant came to see him and begged the holy mendicant not to say it was he who had stolen the bag. He had buried it in the ground outside the gate. But how restore the bag without exposing the servant? The mendicant said he could arrange it. He would have everybody go out the next day except this servant who should then fetch the bag of silver and put it under the floor-planks under the money-chest it was taken from.

The next day the chief asked the mendicant if he had divined anything. The mendicant said he had but not quite completely, that he must try again that night. In the meantime everybody must go out that day, leaving just one man behind and he pointed to the particular servant as the one to be left behind. They all went out, and the servant then took the bag of silver and put it under a plank under the money-chest. He put the plank back so well that there was no sign of its having been removed at all. The next day the chief put the same question to the mendicant who answered that he had divined that they should look under the planks under the money-chest. They did so and found the bag, and the chief gave him twelve mules and twelve horses and twelve cows.

Then the mendicant went gaily home with his mules and horses and cows which he handed over to his mother without going into his adventures in detail. She rejoiced, and told him he was a capable man. And the sun of happiness shone on the mountain top and the staff of misery was washed away in the river. Or as you would say, they lived happily ever afterwards.

**CHAPTER
EIGHTEEN**

THE LAKE DOG

THIS might be termed a tale of trust rewarded. There was a mother and son. The mother dressed well and ate well. But to her son she gave poor clothes and only pea-flour to eat, and she made him do all the work. He had also to go out with the cattle and look after them while they grazed on the hill-sides. He was very sad. One day he sat on the bank of the lake and wept.

Out of the lake came a retainer of the King of the lake, who asked him what he was crying about. He replied that he had only pea-flour to eat, and rags to wear, that he did all the work and had to go out daily to look after the cattle, so he was sad at heart. The man said "Come with me. I will take you to the King of the lake. Close your eyes when I tell you and open them when I tell you." They went. The retainer told him to close his eyes and took him into the lake. Arrived at their destination, the man told him to open his eyes and he did so, and found himself in the palace of the King, and in his presence. The King asked him what he had been crying about. He repeated what he had said to the retainer. The King told him to put away his sadness and gave him a small dog, telling him he must always feed the dog first before he himself ate anything. The guide then told him to close his eyes, and led him

back to the shore of the lake, where he told him to open his eyes and he found himself back where he had been. He went home with the dog.

But forthwith he forgot to feed the dog first, he ate his meal and gave the dog the remnants. And the dog ran away. Then he went again to the lake side and wept. The retainer again emerged and asked him what was wrong. He told him he had forgotten to feed the dog first, and it had disappeared. The retainer told him to close his eyes, and led him again to the King, who asked him what he had been crying about this time. He repeated what he had said to the retainer, and the King gave the dog back to him, saying he must not forget again, this was his last chance.

So he went home again with the dog, and was careful always to feed it first. And thereafter every day when he came home from looking after the cattle he found everything he desired ; what food he wanted was in the kitchen, clothes in the chest, money in the money-box, whatever he wanted was there. The mother was astonished, wondering where it all came from, and decided to go out herself one day with the cattle and see. She told her son to stay at home that day.

The son himself was also astonished, wondering how it happened that since he had had the dog, everything he wanted was forthcoming. So he went on to the roof and looked down the sky-light to see what the dog did. He saw it shed its skin and change into a most beautiful girl, who set to work. Whatever she needed she just tapped the pillar and there it was. In the box for money she put silver ; in the *tsamba* chest she put *tsamba* ;

in the rice chest, rice ; in the wheat chest, wheat ; and so on. He leapt down the skylight and took the dog's skin and flung it on the fire. The girl urged him not to burn it, but he would not listen. He burnt it and the girl said he was too hasty.

Fearing the chief's son might see her and desire to take her to wife, she was so beautiful, he covered her face with soot. But soon he became exceedingly wealthy. Then he washed her face clean of the soot, and had a picture engraved of her and put it up on posts on the roads. For he was proud of her beauty and being now wealthy, feared no one. And the chief's son saw these pictures and the girl was so beautiful, that he determined to marry her. He sent his retainers to find her out, and bring her along. They found her, and said they were ordered to bring her to the chief's son who proposed to make her his bride. And they took her away.

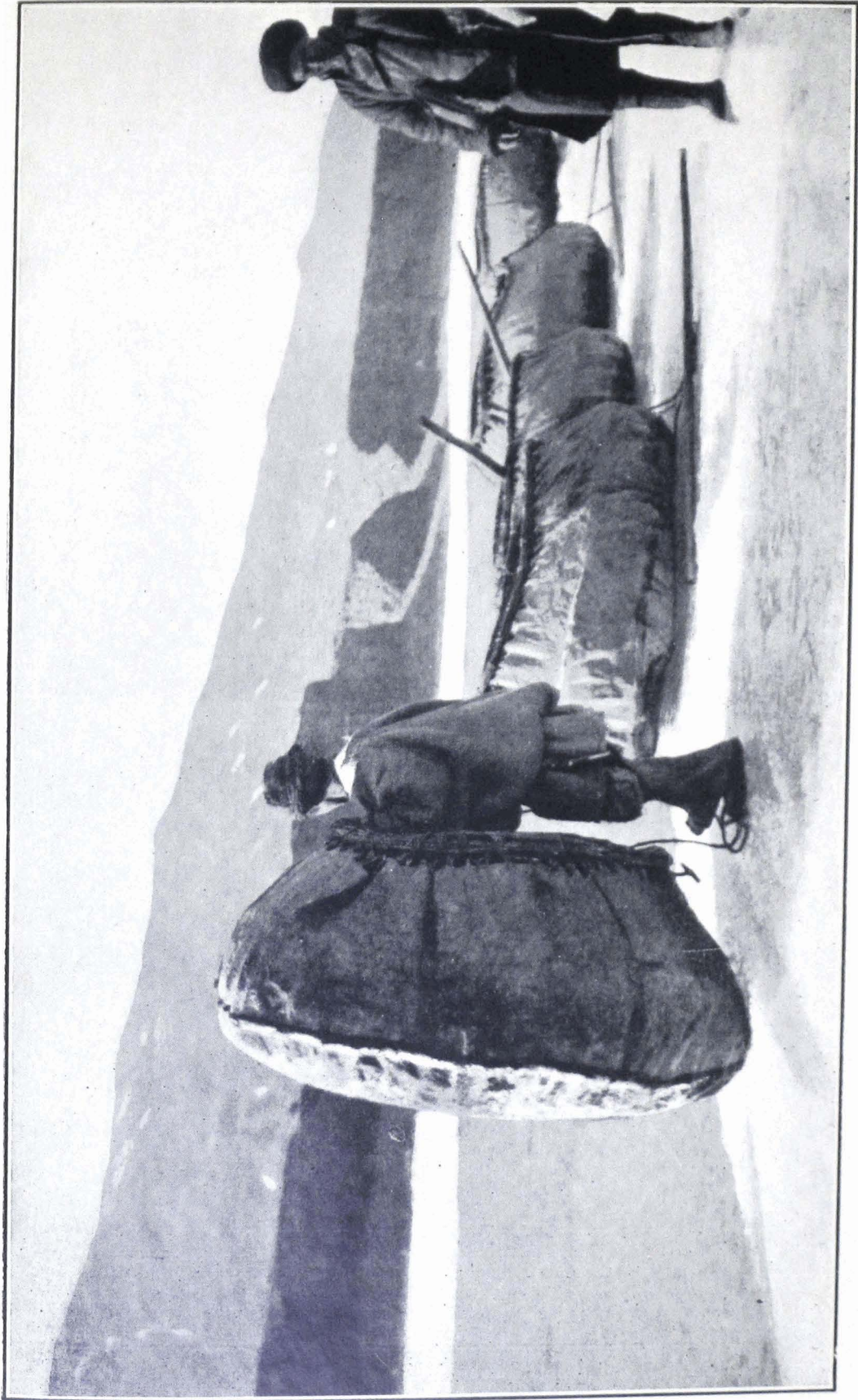
Then was the once happy man very angry. He would go to war. He had much wealth and thought it would be easy to hire men to fight with him against the chief's son. But he could raise no men, all the people were the chief's people. He was very sad and went again to the lake side and wept.

Out of the lake again came the retainer and asked him what was the trouble now. He said the dog the King of the lake gave him shed its skin and became a beautiful girl and he burnt the skin and the chief's son had taken her away. Then the guide again took him to the King of the lake, who asked him what he had been crying about this time. He repeated what he had said to the

retainer, and asked the King to give him soldiers so that he might wage war against the chief's son. The King gave him a box, telling him it was full of soldiers ; when battle was joined he should open the box and cry " Fight!" And he gave him a bottle and told him to open it on the mountain side above the enemy and cry " Wash them away!" He took the box and the bottle and went home and sent a message to the chief's son to surrender the girl or he would go to war with him.

Thereupon the chief called up a thousand men-at-arms and attacked him. He climbed the mountain, and at the top opened his box and cried " Fight!" and many soldiers came out of the box and fell upon the enemy. They killed half of the chief's men. And then he recalled them and they went back into the box, and he opened the bottle and cried " Wash them away!" and a torrent came out of the bottle and washed the rest of the chief's men away, including the chief and his son. He recovered the girl and took her to wife. And he also took the chief's lands. He returned the box and the bottle to the King of the lake, with whom he lived thereafter in constant intercourse and friendship. And the sun of happiness shone on the mountain top and the staff of misery was washed away in the river.

THE WICKED MAID



CORACLES ON THE YALUNG NEAR KANDZE.

The Coracle is made of hides stretched over a framework of juniper branches. It can take four or five people at a time. The bowl, which every Tibetan carries with him to eat and drink out of, is something of the shape of a coracle, and the man who goes in for a larger bowl than ordinary is apt to be told that his bowl is like a coracle, meaning that he is greedy.

THIS is a tale of a wicked servant who came to grief. There was a chief's daughter who used to go out with her maid to draw water from the river. She carried a bucket of gold, the maid one of wood. One day the maid suggested they throw their buckets into the river and see which floated and which sank. The chief's daughter said that of course hers being of metal would sink, whereas the other one being of wood would float ; but the maid said no, the gold bucket being an article of great worth would naturally not sink, whereas the wooden bucket being old and valueless would. They then threw their buckets into the river, and the gold bucket sank and the wooden one floated. They got the wooden one out, but could not recover the gold one. The maid then filled her bucket with water and went back to the house.

The chief asked her where his daughter was, and the maid replied that she had lost her gold bucket in the river and was afraid to come home. The chief told the maid to tell her to come home, the loss of the bucket did not matter. The maid went back to the river and told the daughter that her father was very angry and said he would kill her, his daughter, unless she brought the gold bucket back. The daughter said, "What's

to be done ? ” and the maid said, “ Let us run away.” She suggested they change clothes with each other, to disguise themselves. The daughter agreed, and they put on each other’s clothes. But they forgot to exchange the articles they wore next to the skin suspended by a cord round the neck.

They set off. Soon they came upon a neighbouring chief’s retainers in charge of cattle. These looked at them and asked them why they had exchanged clothes. The maid, not knowing what to say, just passed on with averted gaze. The daughter replied, saying she was not the chief’s daughter and they had not changed clothes. They went on and came upon retainers in charge of mules. The same question and the same answer. Soon they came to the house of a chief and asked if they might stay. The chief consented.

The chief’s son, looking at the two girls, thought they must have changed places. He waited till the maid was not there and asked the daughter if it was so. She denied it, saying “ Why should we have ? ”

The next day the chief’s son sent the daughter out in charge of the cattle. He gave her wool and told her to make thread of it while she was looking after the cattle. The daughter went off with the cattle, and as she went along she put pieces of the wool on the branches of the trees, and she also picked up black stones and white stones. Arrived at the grazing place, she scattered these stones and the cattle spread out. When it was time to go back, she re-collected the stones she had scattered and the cattle came together and she drove them home. The wool she had put on the trees had

become thread. She collected it on her way back and rolled it up into a ball.

While the daughter was out with the cattle the maid was employed drawing water. And the chief's son called to her, saying, "You carry a gold bucket, what do you think? You carry a silver bucket, what do you think? My mule yard is full of mules, my paddock of horses, my cattle enclosure of cattle. My father sits on a seat of gold, my mother on a seat of silver, myself on a seat of shell, what do you think?" The maid did not know what answer to give, so she just went on with her work with averted gaze.

The next day the chief's son sent the maid out in charge of the cattle and gave her wool to spin, just as he had given to the daughter. The maid asked the daughter what she had done. The daughter told her she had put pieces of wool on the trees as she passed, and had collected black stones and white stones as she went along, and when she arrived at the grazing place, she had scattered the stones and the cattle had spread out. In the evening she had collected the stones again and the cattle had come together again and she drove them home. And on the way home she had collected the thread, which the wool had become, and wound it into a ball. The maid then set forth.

She put pieces of the wool on the trees and collected black stones and white stones as she went along. Arrived at the grazing place, she scattered the stones, but the cattle did not spread out properly. Nor did they come together when, in the evening, she re-assembled her stones. She had to go after them

severally. Nor had the wool spun itself into thread. It had blown here and there and she had to collect it piece by piece.

While the maid was out with the cattle, the daughter was sent to draw water. And the chief's son put to her the same question he had put to the maid the day before. The daughter replied "The gold bucket I carry is not like that of our district. Ours has no copper alloy in it. The silver bucket I carry is not like that of our district. Ours has no pewter in it. What do you think? Your mule yard, full of mules, is not like that of our district. Ours has no undersized mules in it. What do you think? Your paddock, full of horses, is not like that of our district. Ours has no weedy animals in it. What do you think? Your cattle enclosure, full of cattle, is not like that of our district. Ours has no *A-ko* in it. What do you think? The gold seat your father sits on is not like that of our district. Ours has no copper alloy in it. The silver seat your mother sits on is not like that of our district. Ours has no pewter in it. The seat of shell you sit on is not like that of our district. Ours has no white stone in it. What do you think?"

Then the chief's son took an opportunity of looking closely at the servant-maid. He looked at her hair and saw it was dull and dirty. He looked at the amulet she wore and saw it was soiled. He opened the pouch she carried attached to the same cord. Inside were needle and cotton, and bits of false turquoise and glass beads and other things of no value.

He likewise took an opportunity of looking closely

at the daughter. He looked at her hair and saw it was clean and fine like silk. He looked at her amulet ; it was clean. He saw she wore also a pendant with perfumed precious medicine in it. He opened her pouch. It had silk thread in it and corals and turquoise and pearls.

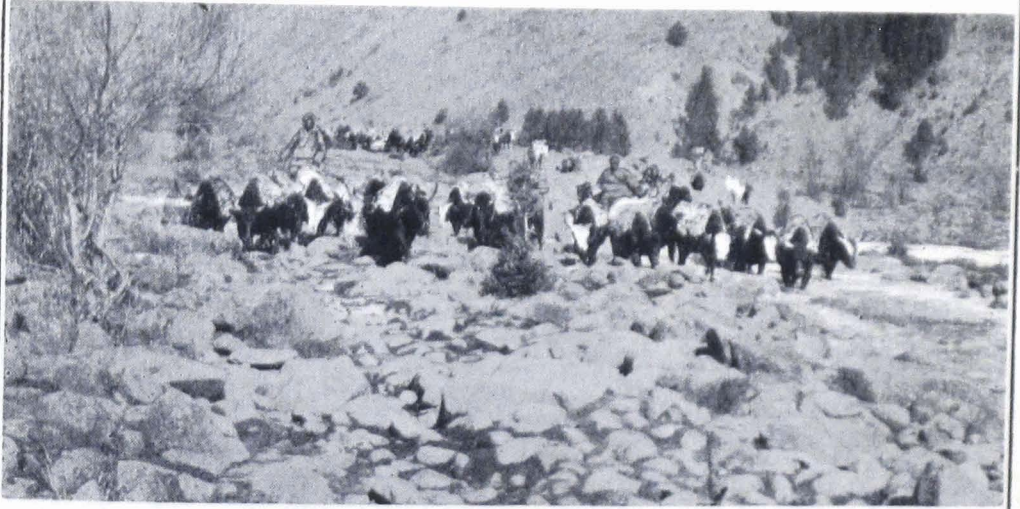
Then he said to the daughter, you too have certainly changed places. And she replied that she must not say, they had sworn secrecy. The chief's son said he would see to that. And the daughter said, very well. The chief's son said that on the morrow he would send her and the maid to burn juniper and make offering at the shrine on the mountain top. In her holster bags he would put food ; in the maid's, live partridges. The horses they would ride would be special animals that understood what was said to them. As such they should not be tethered to trees when the riders dismounted or they would break away, but to the riders' legs. The daughter must see to it that the maid opened her bag first. When she did so, the partridges would fly out with much noise, and the maid's horse, told what to do beforehand, would run away, dragging and dashing her to pieces. The daughter's horse, also instructed beforehand, would stand still. She should then eat her lunch and come home. The daughter agreed.

The next day the chief's son duly sent them to burn juniper and make offering at the shrine on the mountain top. They went. On their arrival, the maid told the daughter to open her holsters but the daughter said that her, the maid's, bag would naturally be full of good

things, whereas her own would have nothing good in it. The maid then opened her bag and the partridges flew out noisily. Her horse ran away, dragging her uphill and downhill and dashing her to pieces, the larger pieces no bigger than *Ney* grains, the smaller than turnip seeds. And the daughter ate her lunch and went home.

The chief's son asked her if the maid were dead. She replied that the horse dragged her and dashed her to pieces, the bigger pieces no larger than *Ney* grains, the smaller than turnip seeds. Then the chief's son married the daughter. And the chief sat on the seat of gold ; the chief's wife sat on the seat of silver ; the son sat on the seat of shell ; and his bride sat on the seat of turquoise. And the sun of happiness shone on the mountain top, and the staff of misery was washed away in the river.

THE WITCH



DIVERSE SIDES OF TIBETAN LIFE.

"When the hornless Yak strikes, he pulverises you," runs one of our proverbs, applicable to inoffensive-looking people. Such a hornless Yak is to be seen on the left of the top photograph. In the centre is a caravan of *Dzo* (our chief beast of burden) on its way down to Tachienlu for Chinese brick tea. The lower picture shows some Tibetan nuns in the courtyard of their convent.

THERE was a chief's family who lost a black and white milch cow. The eldest daughter went out to look for it. She came to the river bank and saw a grey old woman on the other side. She said to her, "O Grey Old Woman, have you seen our dappled cow? Her horns are of shell, her nose-ring of silver, her rope of silk; there is a golden mark on her withers, a silver mark on her loin. In the morning she gives of milk a golden pail full; in the evening, a silver pail full." The grey old woman said she had not seen the cow. She invited the chief's daughter to cross the river and come into her house. The daughter did so. The old woman asked her if she would have vermicelli or macaroni. She said, "Vermicelli," and the old woman, who was a witch, put in front of her strips of human ears.

Soon the chief's second daughter went out to look for her sister and for the cow. She came to the same place and saw the same old woman on the other bank. She asked her if she had seen her sister and the cow. The witch replied as before, and invited the second daughter in. She came in. The witch asked her which she would take, vermicelli or macaroni; she answered "Macaroni," and was served with human fingers.

Then the youngest daughter went out to look for

her sisters and the cow. She likewise came to the river bank and saw the grey old woman. She asked her if she had seen her sisters and the cow. The witch returned the same answer as before, inviting the youngest daughter in. She asked her if she would have vermicelli or macaroni. She said "Vermicelli," and the witch put before her strips of human ears. Then it happened that the grey old woman went out to draw water from the river. In the room there was a small dog. The dog asked the youngest daughter to give him the vermicelli, when he would tell her something. She did so, and he said, "The dappled cow is in this house. Your eldest sister is here. Your second sister is here. Behind the door is a woodcutter's knife. You stand behind the door, and when the grey old woman comes in strike her dead with the knife. Then your sisters and the cow will come out." The youngest daughter said, "Very well." Soon the witch came in and the youngest daughter struck her with the knife and killed her. Then the eldest daughter and the second daughter and the cow came out. And they all went home, the dog with them. The eldest daughter sat on the seat of gold ; the second daughter sat on the seat of silver ; the youngest daughter sat on the seat of shell ; and the dog sat on the seat of turquoise. And the sun of happiness shone on the mountain top and the staff of misery was washed away in the river.

THE UNWANTED SON

THERE was a man who depended on the chase for his living. Every day he would take his son with him and they would go hunting.

One day the father stayed at home, sending his son out alone. The son brought back nothing. He hated taking life. The father was angry. He went out and dug a deep hole and told his son to get into it, and then he closed it with a heavy stone flag, on which he wrote, "Open or not as you please." Later on there came that way three mendicant priests. The first said, "Shall we open it?" The second said "Open," and the third opened it. They found a good-looking youth in the hole, who said he had been out hunting, but had brought back nothing and his father had told him to get into this hole and had them closed him in it. He said he had three sisters, who were married each to a chief.

The first mendicant then took the boy with him to his eldest sister. The priest asked alms of her, and the sister replied that she would certainly give him alms, and she asked if he had seen her lost brother anywhere. Then she gave him a leg of beef and a large bowl of *tsamba*. She saw the priest's companion and said to the priest that he was very like her brother. The priest said nothing, and he and the brother departed.

Then the second of the mendicants took the young man to his second sister. The priest begged alms. The sister replied as her elder sister had done and gave him a leg of mutton and a large bowl of *tsamba*. She likewise saw her brother with the mendicant, and thought "he is very like my brother" but she said nothing. She thought it impossible that her brother should be companion to a mendicant.

Then the third mendicant took him to his youngest sister. He begged alms, and the youngest sister gave him a leg of pork and a large bowl of *tsamba*. She saw her brother and recognized him. She took him and the mendicant into the house. She asked her brother why he was begging. He replied that he had been out shooting, had come back empty-handed, and their father had buried him in a hole and there came along three mendicants who released him. With the first he had gone to his eldest sister, with the second to his second sister, but they had not recognized him.

Then the three sisters were very grateful to the mendicants and took one each as private chaplain. And the eldest sister gave her brother a magic horse, which could speak; the second sister, a magic cow with white mane; and the youngest sister, a magic sheep with golden head.

With these the brother set forth as companions. He came to an open grass plain. The horse told him to kill him and spread his skin on the ground, place his feet at the four corners, and scatter the hairs of his skin on the plain. The brother refused to kill the horse. The horse then said he was going out to graze and his master

should sleep. The brother slept and the horse leapt over a steep place and was killed. The brother awoke later and could not find his horse. He went out to look for him and found him dead. He was sad, but remembering the horse's proposal carried it out. Then he slept again and awoke in a palace. The horse had become a mansion, and its hair scattered on the plain had become thousands of cattle. And he found the horse itself in the stable.

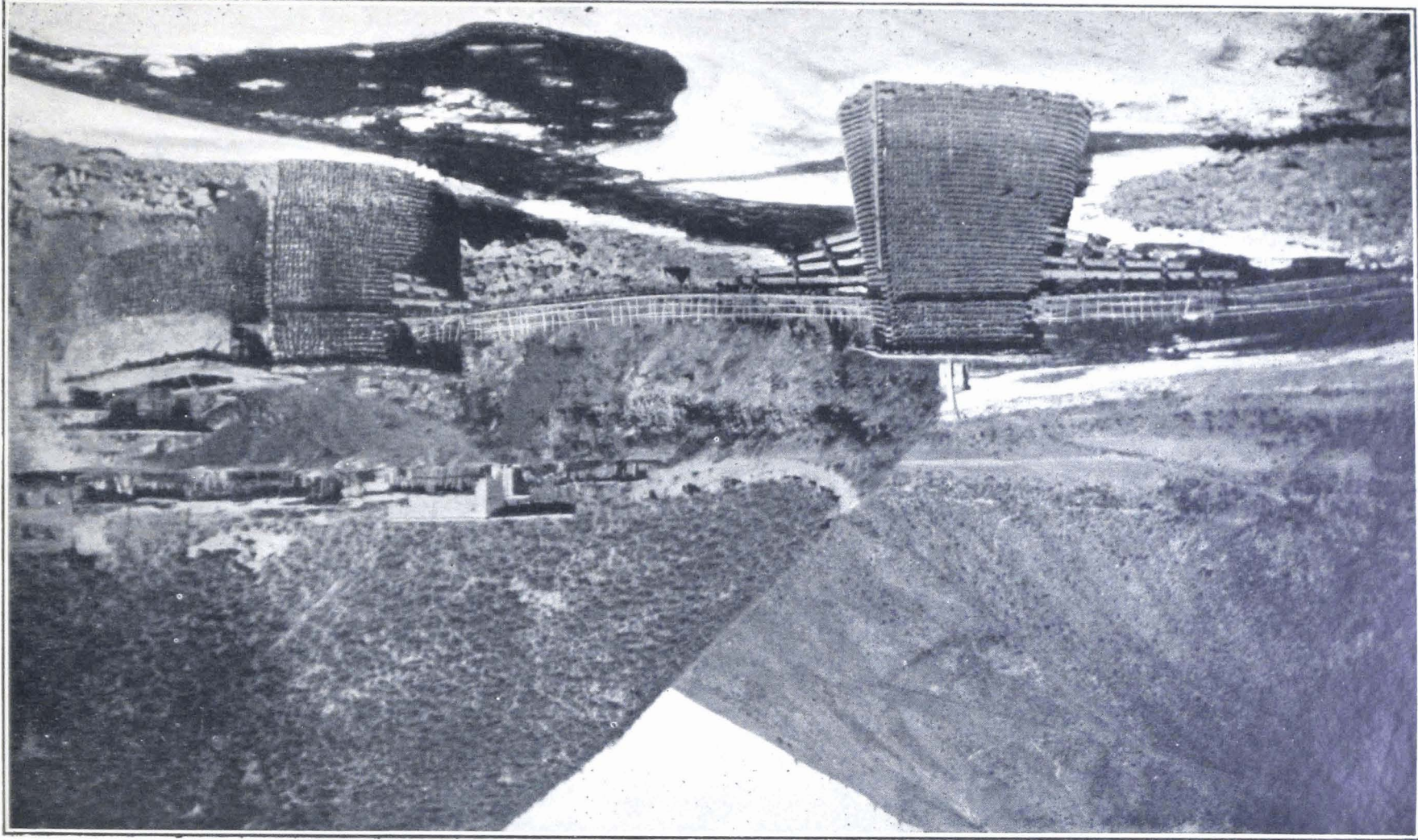
He invited his sisters to his house to a banquet. He told them he was going to visit his parents. They replied that his father had buried him in a hole, so why should he go and see them. But he would not listen to them. He went. He put on the garb of a mendicant priest, and took with him two pancakes of bread. He went on to the roof of their house, and looked down the sky-light, and saw them sitting round the fire poking the ashes. This is an expression with us equivalent to your "twiddling your thumbs." He could see they were destitute. He threw down a pancake. The mother picked it up saying, a present from Heaven. The father gave the mother a cuff and took the cake and ate it. The son threw down the other pancake and the mother took it and ate it.

The son then presented himself at their gate and asked for alms. The mother replied that she had no food for herself, so none to give in alms. Then she saw a birthmark on the mendicant's nose, and recognized her son. She wept. The son told her his father had buried him in a hole, whence he had been rescued by three mendicant priests. He did not say he was now rich.

He took his parents home with him. It was so magnificent a house with floors of shell and furnishings of gold and silver that they hardly dared enter the rooms.

He sat his mother on the seat of gold ; he himself sat on the seat of silver ; and he sat his father on the seat of shell. And the sun of happiness shone on the mountain top, and the staff of misery was washed away in the river.

A TIBETAN CANTILEVER BRIDGE.
The plank roadway rests on heavy piers consisting of stones held together in a framework of logs. A well-constructed bridge, like this one over the Yalung River, is proof against the current, however swift.



THE LOVERS

THERE were two chief's families, and the daughter of the one was in love with the son of the other, and the love was mutual. But the daughter's mother was against their love. They used to go out each day in charge of their cattle, he on his side of the river and she on hers.

One day the girl called to him to come across and sit with her, and he came. He struck the river with his riding whip and the waters parted and he came across. And they sat and talked and ate together. The girl got home at nightfall. Her mother said, "Why so late?" And she replied saying that the cattle went in and out of the many hillocks and it was difficult to drive them home, and so she was late. The next day the mother called many retainers and bade them break up the hillocks till the larger pieces were no bigger than *Ney* grains and the smaller than turnip seeds. Then the daughter went out again with the cattle. Again she called to the son to come across, and he came and they sat and ate together. Again it was nightfall before she got home. And the mother asked why. She replied that the cows would go round the rocks and it was difficult to drive them along and so she was late. And the mother called her retainers and told them to break up the rocks till the larger pieces were no bigger

than *Ney* grains, the smaller than turnip seeds. Again the daughter went out and the same thing happened, and the mother again asked the reason. The daughter said the cattle would go round the trees and it was difficult to get them home and so she was late. And the mother had her retainers treat the trees as they had treated the hillocks and the rocks.

The next day the mother sent one of her sons out to look after the cattle while his sister stayed at home to wash her hair. While she was washing her hair a man's bangle fell out of the folds of her cloak. She had taken it off her arm and put it in her cloak because to wash her hair she had to roll up her sleeves, and thus it would have been seen. The mother saw the bangle drop, and picked it up and asked her daughter why she and the son had exchanged bangles—that is, why they had plighted their troth. The daughter did not reply.

Then the mother went into the house and called her eldest son and told him to take bow and arrows and go and kill the man. The eldest son went. He came to the hill where he was and told him his mother had ordered him to kill him, that he did not want to kill him, that he would shoot a crow and show the arrow with the blood on it to his mother. He asked the other to descend the hill-side limping as though he had been shot. The eldest son shot a crow on his way back, and, showing the blood-stained arrow to his mother, said he had shot the man. The mother said it looked as though he had, but he should show the arrow to the chaplain upstairs. The latter looked at it and said it was not human blood, but a crow's.

The mother then sent her second son on the same errand. He went, and likewise did not want to kill him. He told him to come down limping while he would shoot a magpie and show the arrow to his mother. He did so, and the mother told him to show it to the chaplain, who said it was not human blood, but a magpie's.

Then the mother told her youngest son to go and kill him, saying if he did not do so his own life would be forfeit. So he took bow and arrows and came to where the son was. Like his brothers he did not want to kill him, but he knew that if he did not kill him, he himself would be put to death. So he closed his eyes and fired his arrow and shot him in the leg. He then took his blood-stained arrow to his mother, who told him to show it to the chaplain, who said it was human blood.

The daughter's mother was rejoiced. The son limped home wounded and went to bed. The daughter went down to the river to draw water, and calling over to him asked how the wound was. He replied that it was bad inside but not so bad outside. And the girl went home in tears. The next day she went again and asked the same question. He replied that the wound was getting worse inside and better outside. And he said that if on the morrow there was a black cloud over his house he would be dead : if a white cloud, he would have recovered. She went home in tears. And the next day she went again to draw water and saw a very black cloud over the house. She went home in deep sorrow.

But her mother was delighted. On the day of the

funeral she told her daughter to put on her very best clothes and attend. The daughter did so, taking her maid with her. And she took with her a bucket of sweet oil and a bucket of butter and arrived at the funeral pyre, round which were three circles, the first of priests, the second of men-elders, the third of women-elders.

Coming to the outside ring she said, "Mothers, no sadder girl than I, please let me through." And the women let her through. She came to the next ring and said, "Fathers, no sadder girl than I, please let me through." And they made way for her. She came to the inner circle, and said, "Priests, no sadder girl than I, please let me through." And they let her through and she came to the pyre.

The body was still unburnt. It lay there black, but would not burn, however much oil they poured on it. The girl threw her hat into it and a flame commenced. Then she threw her shoes and the flame grew bigger ; then her outer cloak, and then her apron. Then she told her maid she was going to enter the fire and ordered her to pour the butter and the oil on her as she did so. She walked into the fire and the maid did as she had been bidden, and she and the corpse of her beloved leapt into flames and burnt together.

The daughter's mother said that the bones of the two must not lie together. The son's mother said, how could they be separated. The former asked her what her son was afraid of in life. She replied, "Of snakes." The girl's mother said her daughter was afraid of frogs. So the son's family brought a snake,

and the daughter's a frog, and they put them in the midst of the bones and the bones separated, the bones of the son drawing away from the snake, the bones of the daughter from the frog. The bones were collected and buried on the opposite banks of the river.

But two large trees grew up and their branches met over the river. The girl's mother was displeased and had the trees cut down. Then two bushes grew up, and on each was a small bird, and the two birds called to each other across the river. The girl's mother heard them and said that it was bad that these birds should call to each other. The son's mother said, "What does it matter, they are only birds." But the daughter's mother was displeased, and told her son to take bow and arrows and shoot the birds. He did so.

And the dead lovers said to each other, "Whatever we do, we are not permitted to meet." They decided that the one should go to the tea-regions, the other to the salt regions. And they now meet when we take tea, the man is the tea, the girl the salt. And the sun of happiness shone on the mountain top and the staff of misery was washed away in the river.

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