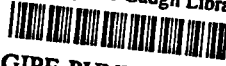
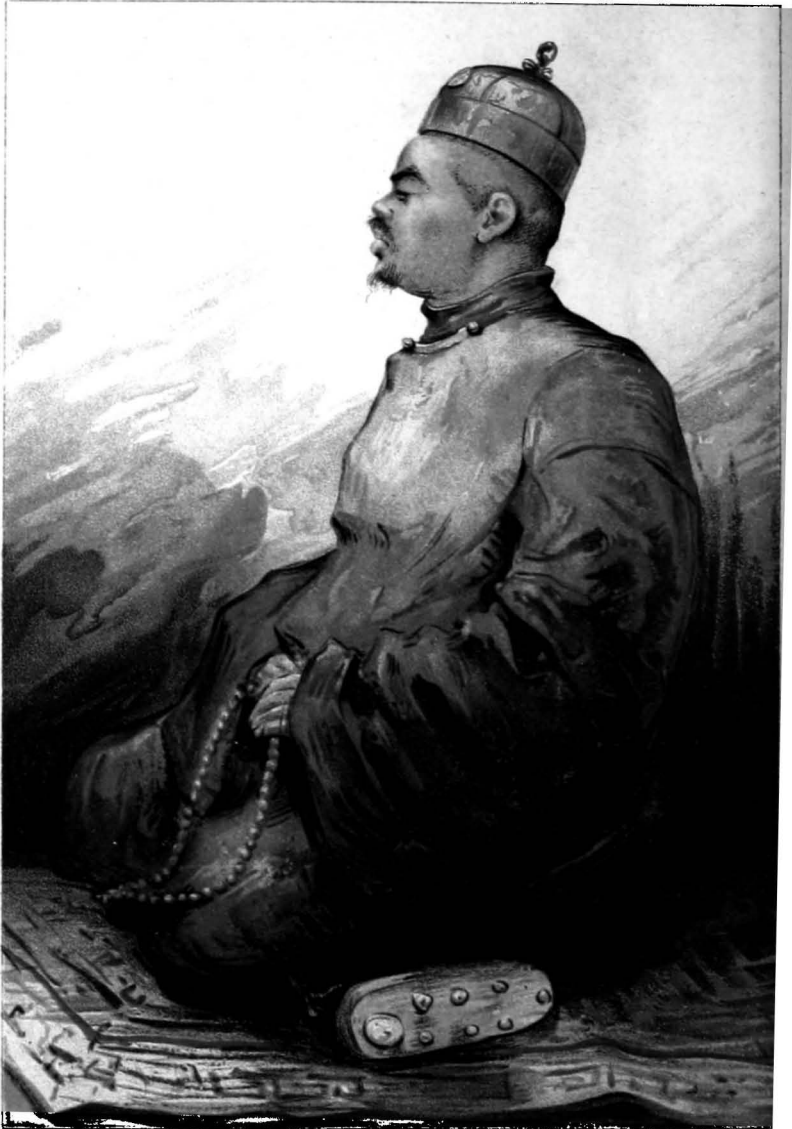


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IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND



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THE TOKCHIM TABJUM.

IN THE
FORBIDDEN ~~LAND~~

AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY IN TIBET
CAPTURE BY THE TIBETAN AUTHORITIES
IMPRISONMENT, TORTURE, AND
ULTIMATE RELEASE

BY

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

AUTHOR OF

"COREA, OR THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM,"
"ALONE WITH THE HAIRY AINU," ETC.

ALSO VARIOUS OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS INCLUDING THE ENQUIRY
AND REPORT BY J. LARKIN, ESQ. APPOINTED
BY THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

WITH A MAP AND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

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APPENDIX

*Letter from SIR WILLIAM LEE WARNER, C.S.I., Political and Secret
Department, India Office, London.*



*"Honi soit
qui mal y pense."*

INDIA OFFICE, WHITEHALL, S.W.
August 4, 1898.

DEAR SIR,

With reference to the request contained in your letter of the 27th, and to your interview with me of the same day I forward herewith for your use a copy of Mr. Larkin's "Inquiry and report" into your treatment by the Tibetans.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

W. LEE WARNER.

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.

GOVERNMENT REPORT BY J. LARKIN, Esq., MAGISTRATE OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Mr. Arnold Henry Savage Landor having been reported to have been captured and tortured by the Tibetans, I was sent up to Garbyang in Byans to ascertain the facts.

Mr. Landor arrived in India on the 10th of April last. He pro-

ceeded to Almora, where he arrived on the 27th idem. He stayed there until the 10th of May, to make arrangements for his travels in Tibet. At first he was advised to take some Gurkha soldiers with him, but this fell through, as the military did not accede to his request. He then, on the 27th May, arrived in Garbyang in Byans *patti*. It appears to have been his intention to have entered Tibet by the Lippu Lek Pass. This is the easiest, being about 16,780 feet above sea level. It is the most frequented route taken by the traders of Byans and Chaudans, and is adjacent to Taklakot, a mart for wool, salt, borax, grain, &c. He was, however, frustrated in this, inasmuch as the Jong Pen of Taklakot came to know of Mr. Landor's intention and took steps to prevent it. He caused bridges to be destroyed and stationed guards along the route.

Moreover, he appears to have been kept fully cognisant of Mr. Landor's moves through the agency of his spies in Garbyang.

Under these circumstances Mr. Landor was compelled to resort to some other route, and selected the Lumpia Pass, which stands at an altitude of 18,150 feet.

On the 13th July last, Mr. Landor, with a following of thirty men, entered Tibet. He reached Gyanima, where he was stopped by the Barkha Tarjum. This personage, however, after some persuasion, consented to permit Mr. Landor and seven followers to go forward to the Mansarowar Lake.

Next day the accorded permission was withdrawn, and Mr. Landor and his party were turned back. The party returned three marches, when Mr. Savage Landor determined to go to Mansarowar by the unfrequented wilds.

On the 21st July, Mr. Landor, with nine followers, at midnight in a terrific snowstorm, climbed up the mountain and went off, the bulk of his party continuing their retreat to the Lumpia Lek. By this strategic move Mr. Landor baffled the Tibetan guards (Chaukidárs). He carefully avoided coming into contact with any of the inhabitants, and in order to do so was obliged to keep to the high mountains and unfrequented wilds.

Travelling thus, with the aid of his compass, sextant and sketch maps, he reached Mansarowar.

Here five of his followers declined to accompany him any farther, so he paid and dismissed them. This was at Tucker. Thus Mr. Landor was reduced to a following of four men. He went on, however, and had accomplished but three marches more when two more of his followers deserted him at night. These went off with some of his supplies, all his servants' food, and ropes.

Mr. Landor was now reduced to the following of a bearer (Chanden Sing) and a coolie (Mansing). Despite his misfortunes he determined to push on : his intention appears to have been to reach Lhasa.

He went over the Mariam La Pass.* This attains an altitude of over 16,000 feet.

Meanwhile the deserters had bruited about the information of Mr. Landor's intention of getting to Lhasa.

While crossing the Nio Tsambo River one of Mr. Landor's yaks went under. The yak was saved, but its valuable load, consisting of all the tinned provisions, Rs. 800 in cash, three pairs of shoes, one slaughtered sheep, wearing apparel, razors, skinning instruments, and some three hundred rifle cartridges, was lost.

This accident was directly the cause of Mr. Landor's capture, as he and his two followers, who were footsore, starving, and disheartened, were driven to seek food and horses from the inhabitants of the country. On the 19th of August 1897 they went to a place called Toxem. The villagers received them well and promised to supply them with food and horses. Next morning, the 20th idem, a number of Tibetans came to Mr. Landor's tent bringing food and ponies.

While Mr. Landor and his servants were engaged trying and selecting ponies, the crowd increased and came up behind its three victims.

Suddenly, without any warning, the Tibetans rushed on Mr. Landor and his two servants, and overwhelming them by numbers, made prisoners of them. They cruelly bound their surprised victims. Then a number of soldiers (who had lain in ambush) arrived and

* Maium Pass

took over the prisoners. The first person to be dealt with was the bearer Chanden Sing. He was accused of having taken his master into Tibet. He was questioned as to this, and also as to the maps and sketches found with Mr. Landor's things. I may mention that when the arrests were made the Tibetans took all of Mr. Landor's property, which they handled very roughly, damaging most of the things. Hearing the Tibetans accuse the bearer, Mr. Landor called out that his servant was in no way responsible for his having entered Tibet. Thereupon a Lama struck him (Mr. Landor) a blow on the head with the butt-end of his riding-whip. Chanden Sing was then tied down and flogged. He received two hundred lashes with whips, wielded by two Lamas. Then the prisoners were kept apart for the night, bound with cords. Next day Mr. Landor was placed on a horse, seated on a spiked pack-saddle. Mansing was put on a bare-backed horse. They still were bound. Mr. Landor's arms were secured behind his back. Thus they were taken off at a gallop towards Galshio. When the party were nearing that place they came up with a party of Lamas, awaiting them by the roadside. Here Mr. Landor's horse was whipped and urged to the front. A kneeling soldier, his musket resting on a prop, fired at Mr. Landor as he went past. The shot failed to take effect. Then they stopped the pony and fastened a long cord to Mr. Landor's handcuffs. The other end was held by a soldier on horseback. The party then continued their career, the Lamas having fallen in. While proceeding at full gallop, the horseman who held the cord attached to Mr. Landor's handcuffs, pulled hard at it to try and unhorse the latter. Had this occurred Mr. Landor must have been trampled to death under the troop of horsemen behind him. Thus they hurried onward till they neared Galshio,* when at a turn in the road a soldier was seen kneeling at the "ready," who fired a shot at Mr. Landor as he came abreast of him. This, like the previous shot, missed its object.

Arriving at Galshio, Mr. Landor was torn off his pony. He was in a bleeding state, the spikes in the pack-saddle having severely wounded his back. He asked for a few minutes' respite, but was

* Galshio = Gyatsho.

jeeringly told by his guards that it was superfluous, as he was to be beheaded in a few minutes. He was then taken, his legs stretched as far as they could be forced apart, and then tied to the sharp edge of a log shaped like a prism. The cords were bound so tightly that they cut into the flesh.

Then a person named Nerba, the secretary of the Tokchim Tarjum, seized Mr. Landor by the hair of his head, and the chief official, termed the *Pombo*, came up with a red-hot iron, which he placed in very close proximity to Mr. Landor's eyes. The heat was so intense that for some moments Mr. Landor felt as if his eyes had been scorched out. It had been placed so close that it burned his nose. The *Pombo* next took a matchlock, which he rested on his victim's forehead and then discharged upwards.

The shock was consequently very much felt. Handing the empty gun to an attendant soldier, the *Pombo* took a two-handed sword. He laid the sharp edge on the side of his victim's neck as if to measure the distance to make a true blow. Then wielding the sword aloft, he made it whiz past Mr. Landor's neck. This he repeated on the other side of the neck.

After this tragic performance Mr. Landor was thrown to the ground and a cloth put over his head and face to prevent his seeing what was being done to his servant Mansing. This must have been done to make Mr. Landor believe that Mansing was being executed. After a short time the cloth was removed and Mr. Landor beheld his servant, with his legs stretched, tied to the same log. Mr. Landor was kept for twenty-four hours in this trying position, legs stretched as far as possible and arms bound to a pole, and Mansing for twelve hours. To add to their misery they were kept in the rain and were afterwards seated in a pool of water. The effect of this torture was to strain the muscles of the legs and arms and injure the spine.

When Mr. Landor's legs were unloosed from their cords, they were so numbed and swollen that for sixteen hours he did not recover the use of them and feared they were mortifying. Mr. Landor's property was overhauled by the officials of Galshio and sealed up. On the afternoon of the third day at Galshio, the two prisoners were taken

on foot to Toxem. It was a very trying march, inasmuch as several rivers had to be crossed.

On his arrival at Toxem, Mr. Landor saw his bearer Chanden Sing in a very precarious condition, as the latter had had no food for four days. During all this time the prisoners were firmly bound and carefully guarded. Next day, Mr. Landor and Chanden Sing were placed on yaks. Mansing had to walk. Thus they were taken in the direction of Mansarowar Lake. It was only on arrival at Mansarowar that his guards unbound Mr. Landor.

Arriving at Dogmar the party was stopped by the Jong Pen of Taklakot, who refused to give them passage through his district. This was a very serious affair, as it meant that the worn-out prisoners would have to be taken by a long circuitous route *via* Gyanima and into India by the Lumpia Pass. This would probably have done for them. Owing to the intervention of the Rev. Harkua Wilson, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, *Peshkár* Kharak Sing Pal and Pundit Gobaria, the most influential person among the Bhutias* of Byans, the Jong Pen was compelled to withdraw his prohibition and give his sanction to the prisoners being conveyed to Taklakot.

Arriving at this place the prisoners were hospitably received by the Rev. Harkua Wilson, who is also a medical man. He examined their injuries and attended to them. His statement discloses the dreadful condition he found them in. The Tibetan guards made over some of Mr. Landor's property to him at Taklakot. It was then found that much property had not been restored. Mr. Landor had a list drawn up from memory of his unreturned property. This list (a copy) was handed to the Jong Pen of Taklakot.

I append the list. The Jong Pen has been called upon to restore the missing articles. He urges that the affair did not occur in his district, and that he is in no way responsible for the loss of the property.

He has, however, promised to try to recover them, alleging that the affair has been reported to a superior authority at Gartok. From what I could gather here, it seems probable that all the missing

* Bhutias = Shokas.

property, save the money, will be restored. I tried to see the Jong Pen, but he pleaded illness, and the inutility of a meeting in which he had nothing new to disclose. This personage is notorious in these parts for his implacable hatred to English subjects.

The account of the affair as given by Mr. Savage Landor is fully borne out by his two servants, and, moreover, the Tibetans who took part in it did not try to hide it.

In the Rev. Harkua Wilson's tent at Taklakot, before *Peshkár* Kharak Sing, Gobaria and a large number of Bhutias, several Tibetan officials corroborated the whole account as related by Mr. Landor. The man Nerba, who had held Mr. Landor's hair when about to be beheaded and have his eyes burnt out, admitted he had taken such part in the affair. There can be no doubt that the above account is true and unexaggerated, for the whole of Byans and Chaudans are ringing with it. The Jong Pen of Taklakot was given ample opportunity to explain the affair, but he declined to do so.

Mr. Savage Landor held Chinese passports, and his conduct during his stay in that country did not warrant the officials to have treated him in the barbarous, cruel way they did. I satisfied myself, by careful inquiry from the people here, as to how Mr. Landor behaved.

He is said to have been most munificent in his dealings with all, and invariably affable and courteous. I had seen Mr. Landor just before his entry into Tibet, and when I met him I could scarcely recognise him, though he had then fairly recovered from the terrible treatment he had received. I saw the marks of the cords on his hands and feet, and they are still visible after this lapse of time. He complains that he is still suffering from the injury done his spine, and fears that it may be of a permanent nature.

J. LARKIN.

October 15, 1897.

645
No. N. 277 A. of 189 .

All communications to Government should give the No., date and subject of any previous correspondence, and should note the Department quoted.

From

THE UNDER-SECRETARY TO GOVERNMENT, N.-W. Province and Oudh.

To

A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.,
c/o Messrs. GRINDLAY, GROOM & Co.,
Bankers, Bombay.

Dated ALLAHABAD, November 13, 1897.

SIR,

In reply to your letter of November 5, I am desired to send you a printed copy of depositions recorded by Mr. Larkin as noted below :

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Of yourself ; | 2. Of Chandan Sing ; |
| 3. Of Man Sing ; | 4. Of Rev. Harkua Wilson ; |
| 5. Of Pundit Gobaria ; | 6. Of Kharak Sing ; |
| 7. Of Suna. | |

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

H. N. WRIGHT,

Under-Secretary to Government, North-Western Provinces and Oudh. N.M.

Political Department.

ALMORA DISTRICT.

IN THE COURT OF J. LARKIN, Esq., Magistrate of the
1st class.

In re The Matter of the Tortures, Robbery, &c., of A. HENRY
SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq., and his servants, by the Thibetan
Authorities.

DEPOSITION OF MR. A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR ; *taken on the 4th*
day of October 1897. Oath administered by me.

My name is Arnoid Henry Savage Landor ; my father's name is Charles Savage Landor ; I am by caste European. British subject ; by occupation artist and traveller ; my home is at Empoli (Calapiano), police station Empoli, district Florence, Tuscany, Italy ; I reside at London.

Having made up my mind to travel in Turkistan and Thibet, for geographical and scientific purposes as well as to study the manners and customs of those people, I obtained a British passport from the Foreign Office and one from the Chinese Legation in London. I had already a passport granted me by the Chinese Government through the British Consul at Tientsin, China. I also possess letters from Lord Salisbury and the officials of the British Museum. I am prepared to submit all these for scrutiny. I arrived in India by the P. and O. ss. *Peninsular* about the beginning of April. I travelled rapidly up to Almora. I stayed there a short time to make arrangements for my travels in Thibet. I entered that country through the Lumpia Lek. I kept away from the road and paths, passing over several ranges of high mountains, camping at very high altitudes, for nearly three weeks. When I started I had thirty men with me. Twenty-one of them left me when I was only five days in. At Mansarowar Lake five Shokas declined to go any farther. I paid them up and they left. It was they who gave the Lamas of Tucker information of my intention to go to Lhassa. I had

proceeded but three marches towards the Maium La Pass when my only two remaining Shokas deserted during the night. They carried off all my stock of provisions for my Hindu servants, ropes, straps, &c. My party had now dwindled down to Chandan Sing (bearer) and Man Sing (coolie). The latter was ill; I fear he is developing leprosy. His feet were in a very sore and cut condition, hence he could scarcely get along. I went over the Maium La Pass and followed the course of the Brahmaputra River for many troublesome marches, until we reached the Neo Tsambo (river), in crossing which one of my yaks sank and its load went down and was lost. I tried hard, by diving and swimming in this very cold and rapid river, to recover my goods, but failed to do so, owing to the depth and muddiness of the water. The load contained all my provisions, some clothes, and all my shoes, cash rupees eight hundred, my lantern, some ammunition, and sundry knives and razors. This misfortune drove me to Toxem, which place we reached in a state of starvation. It had taken us several days to get there. Owing to the weak, fatigued, and starved condition of my two followers, I had to seek to get them food and horses, as it was impossible for them to get on without horses. I would not desert them, as I might have, as I was still prepared to push on despite the many difficulties I had to encounter hourly. Toxem consisted of one mud house and an encampment of about eighty tents. The shepherds received us kindly and consented to sell me horses and provisions. I encamped for the night about two miles beyond the settlement. During the evening several persons visited my encampment, bringing me gifts of provisions. I invariably gave them money in return, certainly three or four times more than the value of the articles presented. During the night I was disturbed several times, and went out into the darkness, but failed to discover any one. This, however, was my nightly experience; hence I grew to attach little moment to these noises. In the morning (August 20), two or three Thibetans came offering to sell me provisions and ponies. While I and my two servants were engaged examining and selecting ponies, I noticed that numbers of villagers came up one by one, spinning their wool or carrying bags of *tsamba* (meal), while others arrived

with more ponies. My servants, overjoyed at the hope of getting mounts, rode first one pony and then another to suit themselves, Chanden Sing, having selected one, called me to see it and try it. I walked to the spot, which was about a hundred yards from my tent. Naturally I was unarmed. The demeanour of these people had been so friendly that it gave me no cause to suspect that any treachery was anticipated. While I stood with my hands behind my back, enjoying the delight of my long-suffering servants, I was suddenly seized from the back by several persons. I was seized simultaneously by the neck, arms, wrists, and legs, and was thrown down in a prone position. I fought and struggled and managed to shake off some of my captors, so that I was able to regain my feet; but others rushed up and I was quickly surrounded and overpowered by twenty-five or thirty persons. Ropes were thrown round my neck, legs and body, and thus entangled, I was thrown three several times more to the ground. I fought with my head, teeth, legs, arms, and succeeded in regaining my legs four times. They overcame me at last by strangling me with the rope which they had thrown round my neck. Then they bound me hand, foot, and neck. When I had an opportunity to look round, I saw Chanden Sing struggling against some fifteen or twenty foes. He was quickly entangled, thrown, and secured by ropes. Even Man Sing, the weak and jaded coolie, was overcome by four stout powerful men, though he was not able to offer any resistance. He, too, was bound. While we were struggling against our treacherous foes, some person gave a signal—a shrill whistle—which brought up an ambush of four hundred armed soldiers. These soldiers took up a position round us and covered us with their muskets. Then they searched us and rifled us of any things we had in our pockets. They next proceeded to my tent and took possession of everything I possessed. They sealed up my things in bags subsequent to having overhauled and examined them. Then with shouts and hisses they led us prisoners to Toxem. There we were separated, being placed in separate tents. Guards of many armed soldiers were placed to watch us. In the afternoon of the same day a *Pombo* (a man in authority), with several high Lamas and military officers, held a Court under a gaudy tent. I saw Chanden

Sing led forward to this Court. I was led to the rear of the mud-house to preclude my witnessing the scene. I heard Chanden Sing being interrogated in a loud angry tone and accused of having been my guide. Next I heard Chanden Sing's moans and groans. Then a company of soldiers led me before this tribunal. I was ordered to kneel, and as I would not do so, they tried to compel me to do so by forcing me on my knees. I succeeded in maintaining a standing posture. Then I beheld my servant Chanden Sing lying down, stripped from the waist downwards, in the midst of a number of Lamas and soldiers. I saw two stalwart Lamas, one on each side of him, castigating him with knotted leather thongs. They were laying on him with vigorous arms from his waist to his feet. He was bleeding. As I could not be compelled to kneel, I was allowed to sit down before the *Pombo's* officer. Then my note-books and printed maps were produced, and I was interrogated, first as to the route I had taken, then as to why I had drawn my maps and sketches. I explained as best I could, partly through my servant Chanden Sing and partly through an interpreter (a person who styled himself a Gurkha and who knew a little Hindustani. He wore the garb of the Thibetan). I explained to the officers that Chanden Sing, my servant, did not know the route or anything about the maps and sketches; that I had brought him as my servant, and that I alone was responsible for the route taken by me, and for the maps and sketches; that my servant was not to be punished; that I should be if anybody was punishable. Thereupon one of the Lamas struck me a hard blow on the head with the butt-end of his riding-crop, and they continued to castigate my servant Chanden Sing. I was led away captive, but nevertheless heard the moans of my unfortunate servant. It began raining heavily, and I was taken to a tent, where I was cruelly bound. Soldiers were placed within and without the tent to guard me. I was thus kept the greater part of the night with my arms manacled behind my back and my legs bound. I was so bound that rest or sleep was impossible. The tent was swarming with vermin, which quickly covered me; and I may here remark that I suffered unspeakable tortures from this pest all the time I was in captivity, as I was never permitted to wash, bathe, or

APPENDIX

change my clothes. In the tent my guard lighted a fire of yak dung, and the tent was filled with a suffocating smoke, which high choked me. I was placed near a heap of this stinking fuel. I must say that it was a night full of indescribable misery for me. Though I was fasting all that day and night, yet my cruel jailers gave me no food. I was thus kept a prisoner the following day until about 3 or 4 P.M. Then a soldier entered the tent and informed me that I was to be flogged, my legs broken, my eyes burnt out, and then beheaded. I merely laughed at him; I could not but think that this was said merely to intimidate me. Half an hour later another person arrived and signalled to my guard to lead me out. Not considering me sufficiently secure already, they tightened my bonds and tied others round my body. In this fashion I was taken to the sole house (mud one) in the encampment. Here an enormous pair of heavy handcuffs were put on my hands, which were still kept behind my back. Even in this the treachery of my captors was shown, for they patted me on the back and called me a good man and told me I was to be taken back to Taklakot. This they said fearing I would resist. Then, after locking the handcuffs, they made the key over to one person, who rode away quickly with it lest I might possibly manage to get the key and unlock my handcuffs. For this reason I was never permitted to see or know who carried the key. Just then I heard the voice of my servant, Chanden Sing, calling to me in a very weak tone. He said: "*Hazur! Hazur! Hum murjaiega!*" I endeavoured to get to the poor wretch's assistance. Upon my trying to move towards him my several guards sprang upon me and ruthlessly grappled me and threw me on to the back of a horse. I could only call aloud to my poor servant that I was being taken to Taklakot that day, and that he would be brought after me the following day. I noticed that Chanden Sing was roughly seized and hurled back into one of the rooms of the house, so that we could hold no conversation. My other servant, Man Sing, had his arms pinioned, and he was put on a bare-backed pony. The saddle of the horse I had been thrown upon is worthy of description. It was merely the wooden frame of a very high-backed saddle. From this high projecting back or crupper four or five sharp iron spikes were

sticking out. These caught me on the small of my back. My guard was then augmented by some twenty or thirty mounted soldiers with muskets and swords. My pony was held by a horseman, who rode before me. We set off at a furious gallop. Thus we travelled for miles until we arrived at a spot where the *Pombo* with a following of Lamas, banner-men, and soldiers, some two hundred in all, were drawn up. Here my pony was allowed to go on first, and the others reined up and drew aside. As I passed before the *Pombo* and his following a person named Nerba (the Private Secretary of the Tokchim Tarjum) deliberately knelt and fixed his musket on its rest and fired at me from a few paces. The bullet whizzed past me: I was still at a gallop, which no doubt saved my life, as the marksman could not take a steady aim. My pony took fright and reared and plunged, but I maintained my seat, though I was being cruelly pricked by the spikes in the crupper. My pony was then seized and a long cord with a swivel at the end was fastened to my handcuffs. The cord was about fifty yards long. The other end was held by a horseman. In this way we all set off at a hard gallop, and in order to accelerate the speed, a horseman rode by my side and he lashed my pony furiously to make it go at its hardest; meanwhile the horseman who held the cord did his utmost to pull me out of the saddle, so that I would have of a certainty been trampled to death by the cohort behind me. While thus riding furiously with my arms extended backwards I had the flesh rubbed off my hands and knuckles, so much so that the bone was exposed in places, and as the horseman at the back tugged to get me off and I clung hard with my knees, every tug brought me into forcible contact with the spikes in the crupper and wounded me cruelly. The cord was one made of yak's hair. It was strong, but it eventually gave way. The shock unhorsed the soldier. I was all but thrown. This ludicrous incident provoked much mirth among my guards. They stopped my pony and the runaway steed of the dismounted cavalier. The cord was retied with sundry strong knots, and after an interruption of a few minutes we resumed our breakneck gallop, I being in front. When nearing Galshio, and as I was going round the curve of a sandhill, a soldier, who had been posted in ambush, fired a shot at me

from a few paces distant. The shot did not strike me. This incident did not stop our headlong career, and we continued on until we arrived at Galshio about sunset. This was the 21st August last. At this place there is a large monastery on the crown of a low hill. At some distance from the base of the hill, and on the plain, was pitched the large white tent of the *Pombo*. Our cavalcade drew up there. I was then roughly torn out of my saddle by two or three men. I requested to stop for one moment. My captors refused me this and, roughly thrusting me forward, said that, as I was about to be beheaded in an instant, it was unnecessary. I was hustled to the left front of the tent, where, on the ground, lay a log of wood in the shape of a prism. Upon the sharp edge of it I was made to stand. I was held by the body by several persons, while others pulled my legs as wide apart as they could be stretched. Then my feet were very securely tied by cords of yak-hair. The cords were so tight that they cut into the flesh in numerous places, some of the cuts or wounds being about three inches long. When I was thus secured one ruffian (*Nerba*), whom I have alluded to above, came forward and seized me by the hair of my head. He pulled my hair as hard as he could. My hair was long, as I had not had it cut since the day preceding my departure from London about the middle of March. The others formed up in front of me in a semicircle. Then the *Pombo* arose and was handed a bar of iron, which had been made red hot in a brazier, the end grasped by the *Pombo* being bound round with red cloths. He strode up to me, urged on by the *Lamas*, and said jeeringly that as I had gone to see the country, my punishment would be to have my eyes burnt out. This was in allusion to what I had said at *Toxem*, viz.—that I was a traveller and merely wished to see the country. He then placed the red-hot bar of iron parallel to and about an inch and a half or two inches from my eyeballs, and all but touching the nose. The heat was so intense that it seemed as if my eyes were desiccated and my nose scorched. There is still a mark of the burn on my nose. I was forced to shut my eyes instinctively. He seemed to me to have kept the bar of heated iron before my eyes for fully thirty seconds or so. After some moments I opened my eyes and beheld the hot iron on the ground. I saw

him take a musket from the hands of one of the soldiers standing by. He placed this against my forehead and discharged it upwards, giving me a severe shock, though nothing worse. Handing back the discharged weapon to the soldier, the *Pombo* seized a long two-handed sword and came at me. He swung it from side to side all the time foaming from his mouth. This foaming, I believe, was produced artificially. He then motioned to the man who all this time held me by the hair of my head to bend my neck. I resisted with all my might to keep my head erect. Then the *Pombo* touched my neck with the sharp blade of his sword as if to measure the distance for a clean, effective stroke. Then he raised the sword and made a blow at me with all his might. The sword passed disagreeably close to my neck, but did not touch me. I did not flinch; and my cool indifferent demeanour seemed to impress him, so much so that he seemed reluctant to continue his diabolical performance, but the *posse* of Lamas urged him on by gesticulations and vociferous shouts. Thereupon he went through the same performance on the other side of my neck. This time the blade passed so near that I felt that the blow had not been more than half an inch from my neck. This terminated the sword exercise, much to the disgust of the Lamas, who still continued to urge the swordsman on. Then they held an excited consultation. About this time my coolie, Man Sing, who had frequently fallen off his bare-backed pony, arrived. The person who held my hair then relinquished his hold, and another person came up and gave me a forcible push, which gave me a nasty fall on my back, straining all the tendons of my legs. Then my servant Man Sing was brought forward and tied by his legs to the same log of wood to which I was fastened. Then they made it appear that they were going to behead Man Sing. I was pushed up into a sitting posture and a cloth thrown over my head and face, so that I could not see what was being enacted. I heard Man Sing groan, and I concluded he had been despatched. I was left in this terrible suspense for about a quarter of an hour. Then the cloth was removed, and I beheld my servant lying before me bound to the log. We both asked for food. This seemed to amuse our torturers, for they laughed. In the meanwhile the day was beginning to wane, and our jailers

made us understand that our execution was merely put off to the following day. After some time *tsamba* (meal) and tea, were brought in, and it was stuffed into our mouths by our captors. We were kept out in the open without any shelter from the pouring rain. We were sitting in one or two inches of rain and were drenched and numbed with cold. I have already said my hands were manacled from the back ; so also were Man Sing's. But at nightfall our captors increased our tortures by straining our manacled arms upwards as high as they could be forced, and then secured them to an upright pole at the back. This caused very severe pain, straining the spine in an incredible way. Then they tied a cord from Man Sing's neck to mine, the effect of which was to make us maintain a most painful position. A guard encircled us, and with them were two watch-dogs tied to pegs. The guard were apparently so confident of our not being able to escape, that they drew their heavy blankets over their heads and slept. One of them left his sword lying by his side. This made me conceive the plan to try to escape. Knowing the extremely supple nature of my hands, I succeeded in drawing the right hand out of my handcuffs. After an hour's anxious and stealthy work I managed to unloose Man Sing's bonds round his feet. In his joy at feeling partly free, Man Sing moved his legs rather clumsily, which the vigilant watch-dogs detected and gave the alarm by barking. The guard were aroused. They went and fetched lights and examined our fastenings. I had succeeded in replacing my hand inside the handcuff. They found Man Sing's bonds loose and, giving him a few cuts with a whip, warned him that if he undid them again they would decapitate him, and refastened them. Then they placed the light between us and put a shelter overhead to prevent the rain extinguishing the light. At about 6 or 7 A.M. the following day they undid Man Sing's feet. I was kept all that day until sunset in the same uncomfortable and painful posture. Thus I was kept fully twenty-four hours. During the day my property had been overhauled and sealed. One of the Lamas picked up my Martini-Henri rifle and put a cartridge in the breach; but failed to push it home firmly. He then discharged the gun. The muzzle of the barrel burst and the face of the Lama was much injured thereby. I laughed heartily at

this, and this apparently amused the *Pombo*, for he, too, joined in. About half an hour after this incident my feet were untied. It was then sunset. I found I had lost the use of my feet. It took my right foot some two or three hours before the blood began to circulate freely, but my left foot remained like dead until the following day. That night my feet were secured by cords. A bowl of some boiling steaming liquid, which I was informed was tea, was presented to me to drink. The eagerness of the surrounding Lamas that I should partake of it aroused my suspicion. When it was pushed up to my lips I merely sipped it and declined it. After a short time I felt most sharp, excruciating pains in my stomach, which continued for several days. I could not but conclude that the drink proffered had been poisoned. The following day Man Sing and I were led back on foot to Toxem, our jailers riding on horses. We had to go at a great speed despite our severely lacerated feet. We crossed several cold streams, sinking in mud and water to the waist. At Toxem, to my great delight, I beheld Chandan Sing still alive. We were detained there for that night. On the following day we were placed on yaks' backs and hurried off towards Taklakot. Thus we journeyed at an unpleasantly fast pace for fifteen days, from before daybreak to nightfall. Our guards were bent on taking us *viâ* the Lumpia Pass ; but as this meant a long protracted journey of fifteen or sixteen days, over ice and snow, I knew that we would, in our starved, weakened state, succumb. We were all but naked. This was a day's journey on this side of Mansarowar, where our bonds had been unloosed. We rebelled, and it well-nigh ended in a fight, but our guards consented to halt at Dogmar, until they sent to inquire if the Jong Pen of Taklakot would give us passage through his jurisdiction. After much demur we were eventually taken to Taklakot. This arrangement, I subsequently learnt, was entirely due to the good offices and energy of the *Political Peshkâr* Kharak Sing Pal, Rev. H. Wilson, and Pundit Gobaria. On arriving at Taklakot we hastened to Rev. Harkua Wilson's tent, where we were warmly received, attended to, fed, and clothed. My injuries were examined by the Rev. Harkua Wilson, who is a hospital assistant, and who will be able to depose to their nature and extent. In this gentleman's tent, and in

the hearing of several persons, among whom were *Peshkár* Kharak Sing, Rev. H. Wilson, and Pundit Gobaria, the man Nerba, above mentioned, the Toxem Tarjum, and the Jong Pen's secretary, and also Lapsang, chief secretary to the Jong Pen, admitted that my account of the affair was perfectly true. Some of my property, more or less damaged, was then restored me by the Tokchim Tarjum. I then gave him two lists, one showing articles restored me, and the other the articles missing. The *Peshkár*, Kharak Sing, has copies of the lists. I was in a very weak state, very exhausted through what I had suffered and little food. It was due to the kind, liberal, and attentive care and treatment of the Rev. H. Wilson and *Peshkár* Kharak Sing Pal that I recovered. The few ragged clothes I had on were literally swarming with lice, as I had no change of raiment, nor was I ever allowed to wash. I contracted the vermin from the tents I was kept in and also from my guards who at first slept round me.

Read over to witness.

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

J. LARKIN.

DEPOSITION OF CHANDEN SING, taken on the 9th day of October
1897.

Solemn affirmation administered by me.

My name is Chandan Sing; my father's name is Bije Singh; I am by caste Thatola; thirty-two years of age; by occupation *kheti*; my home is at That, police station Bisot, district Almora.

I took service as a bearer with Mr. Landor at Almora on the 27th or 28th April last. I accompanied him on his trip to Thibet. We went along through the wilds, encountering many hardships and reached Toxem. There I insisted on my master buying ponies to take us to Darjeeling. This resulted in our capture, for up to then we had vigilantly kept away from the people. The people who brought us ponies to buy played us false. They informed the authorities, who sent soldiers, who lay in ambush behind the sand-

hills until the crowd of horse dealers and lookers-on, whom we did not suspect of treachery, surrounded and seized us. We were bound with cords by the arms (at back) and legs. My master was more cruelly tied than we two servants. We were taken to the Rája,* who accused me of having brought my master into the country. I was then stretched out and two strong men with whips inflicted two hundred stripes on me. I was questioned as to the maps. My master called out that he, not I, alone understood them, and asked that I should not be beaten. Thereupon a Lama struck him across the head and removed him to a distance, so that I could not communicate with him. They took all our property. Then we were kept separate for the night. I was put in a room and my hands tied to a pole. I could not sleep with the pain I was in. Next day my master, with his hands tied behind his back, was put on a spiked saddle and tied by a long rope held by a horseman. He went at a gallop surrounded by about fifty horsemen armed with guns and swords. Man Sing, our coolie, was also taken with him. My guards informed me my master was to be decapitated at Galshio, and that I was to be beheaded where I was. On the fourth or fifth day my master returned. Meanwhile I was a close prisoner, bound up without food. When I saw my master he was in a pitiful state. He was handcuffed with enormous cuffs, clothes torn to rags, bleeding from his waist, feet and hands swollen. Next day a guard on horseback took us back, bound as we were, on yaks' backs, towards Mansarowar. There I had my cords unloosed. My master was kept bound until we got to Tangchim. We were eventually taken to Taklakot, where the Rev. Harkua Wilson met us and saw our condition. He attended to our wants. My master was well-nigh at death's door. The Thibetans returned some of my master's property, but they have kept about 475 rupees in cash, two rifles, revolver, two files, a lot of soap, medicine, a butterfly dodger, matches, a box of mathematical instruments, a quantity (400) cartridges, a large box of photographic plates and negatives, three bags. We did not molest any one, and paid more than four times the value for any food we bought.

Read over to witness.

J. LARKIN.

* Raja = King.

DEPOSITION OF MAN SING, *taken on the 9th day of October 1897.*
Solemn affirmation administered by Pandit Krishnanand.

My name is Man Sing ; my father's name is Sohan Sing ; I am by caste Pharswal ; twenty-five years of age ; by occupation *kheti* ; my home is at Sileri, police station Bichla Kattyur, district Almora.

I accompanied Mr. Savage Landor into Thibet. We were surrounded and arrested at Toxem while bargaining and selecting ponies. I was tied up hand and foot, and again tied to a log of wood with my master. When I begged for mercy, they threatened to behead me and struck me on the head with the handle of a *kukri*. We were taken to Galshio. There the Thibetans were on the point of beheading my master. They tried to burn out his eyes. They fired at him twice to kill him. They tried to pull him off his horse to have him trampled upon. He was subjected to many insults and hardships. We were kept bound and guarded until brought to Mansarowar. There our hands were untied. Chanden Sing was with us. He received about two to three hundred lashes at Toxem. I got off most lightly, as when the three of us were captured and examined, I said I was merely the yak driver and not responsible for anything. I lost nothing, but they took my master's property—three firearms, some money, and other things ; I cannot enumerate them. We were brought back to Taklakot, where we met friends. My master was made to sit on a spiked saddle and taken from Toxem to Galshio.

Read over to witness.

J. LARKIN.

DEPOSITION OF THE REV. HARKUA WILSON, *taken on the 9th day of*
October 1897. Oath administered by me.

My name is Harkua Wilson. By caste Christian ; forty-six years of age ; by occupation missionary ; my home is at Dwarahat, police station M. Dwara, district Almora. I reside at Gunji, Byans.

I am a missionary in the American Methodist Episcopal Society. My work is in the northern *pattis* or Bhot. I accompanied Mr. Savage Landor in July last as far as Gyanima in Thibet. We went through the Lumpiya Pass. It took us four days from Lumpiya to get to Gyanima. At this place the Barkha Tarjam declined to allow me to go on, but he allowed Mr. Landor (who was said to be my brother) with four porters and three servants to go on; but the following day he withdrew this permission. We then returned three marches. At midnight in a snowstorm Mr Landor went up the mountains, determining to go through Thibet by the wilds. He had with him nine followers. He was then in perfect health and strength, and so were his followers. At the end of August I heard that Mr. Landor had been arrested, and, fearing the Thibetans would kill him, I hastened to Taklakot to do my utmost to save him. There I learnt that Mr. Landor and his two servants were being brought back. Hearing that it was the intention of the Thibetans to take them *viâ* the Lumpiya, I, with Pandit Gobaria, Jai Mal, and Lata, induced the Jong Pen of Taklakot to allow Mr. Landor to be brought to Taklakot. On the evening of 7th September *Peshkâr* Kharak Sing arrived there. At about 11 A.M. on the 8th September Mr. Landor, Chandan Sing, and Man Sing arrived. I took them to my tent and heard their account of what had happened. I could hardly recognise Mr. Landor; he looked very ill and seemed nearly exhausted. I examined his injuries and found that his forehead had the skin off and was covered with scabs. His cheeks and nose were in the same state. His hair had grown long. He was unshaven and unkempt. He was in rags and dirty, covered with swarms of lice. His hands, fingers, and wrists were swollen and wounded. On his spine at the waist he had an open sore, and the parts around were swollen and red. His seat was covered with marks of wounds caused by spikes. His feet were swollen, and so were his ankles. The flesh about the latter was much hurt and contused, showing marks of cords having been tightly bound round them. He was in a very low condition. I attended to him, having given him a bath and a change of clothes. I gave him food, but though he said he was famished, he could scarcely eat. I am confident, if he had been

a few days longer in the hands of the Thibetans and had been taken *viâ* Lumpiya, he would have died. After half an hour the Thibetans brought some of Mr. Landor's things under seal. Some of the Thibetan officials on one side, *Peshkâr* Kharak Sing and Gobaria and myself on the other, made out a list of the property, which we took over, and a list was prepared of the articles taken from Mr. Landor and which were missing. Mr. Landor dictated the list from memory. Copies of these lists were furnished to the Jong Pen. I kept Mr. Landor at Taklakot until the afternoon of the 11th September. Then I conveyed him by easy stages to Gunji, where I have a dispensary, and attended to him. I am a hospital assistant. I sent off reports to the Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner. Chanden Sing and Man Sing were also in a wretched state. The former had marks of recent flogging from his waist to above his ankles.

Read over to witness.

J. LARKIN.

DEPOSITION OF PANDIT GOBARIA, *taken on the 13th day of October 1897. Solemn affirmation administered by Pandit Krishnanand.*

My name is Gobaria; my father's name is Jaibania; I am by caste Garbial; forty-eight years of age; by occupation trader; my home is at Garbyang, police station Byans, district Almora.

I heard that Mr. Landor had been arrested and brought down as far as Rungu, and saw that the Jong Pen of Taklakot was sending men to divert Mr. Landor by the long roundabout route *viâ* the Lumpia Pass. I went to the Jong Pen and succeeded in getting him to allow Mr. Landor to be brought to Taklakot. Next morning Mr. Landor and his two servants with two yaks arrived. Mr. Landor was in a very bad state—in a dying state. A list of Mr. Landor's property as received from the Tokchim Tarjum was made. Then Mr. Landor had a list of things taken from him and not returned made out. A Thibetan, named Nerba, who was present, admitted

that he had taken part in Mr. Landor's torture and had held him by the hair. The official who had tortured Mr. Landor was the Galjo Changjo and a Lama.

Read over to witness.

J. LARKIN.

DEPOSITION OF THE POLITICAL PESHKAR KHARAK SING, *taken on the 9th day of October 1897. Solemn affirmation administered by me.*

My name is Kharak Sing; my father's name is Gobind Sing; I am by caste Pal; twenty-six years of age; by occupation *Peshkár*; my home is at Askot, police station Askot, district Almora.

I am the Political *Peshkár* at Garbyang in Byans. I knew and reported that Mr. Henry Savage Landor had gone into Thibet. On the 5th September I learnt from Bhotias that he had been stopped at Toxem and reported it. I then proceeded to Taklakot in Thibet, to inquire into the matter. On the 7th September, at Taklakot, I learnt that Mr. Landor was a prisoner at Dogmar, and that the Jong Pen would not permit his being brought into Taklakot, as this meant that Mr. Landor would have to go to Gyanima and *viâ* the Lumpia Lek. I then insisted on the Jong Pen allowing Mr. Landor a passage to Taklakot, and warned him of the consequences if he declined. The Jong Pen consented, but gave orders that Mr. Landor should be conveyed hurriedly by night through Taklakot to the Lippu Lek. I protested against this, and eventually Mr. Landor, on 8th September, was conveyed into Taklakot. The Jong Pen had sent two *sawdrs* to his guard to admit them. In the Rev. Harkua Wilson's tent Mr. Landor related how he had been tortured. There were several of the Thibetans present who had taken part in the tortures, and they signified that all of Mr. Landor's story was true. Among them was Nerba, of Thokchim Tarjum, who admitted that he had held Mr. Landor by the hair when about to be beheaded, and had cut the nails of his fingers and toes. He admitted he had taken a gold ring from Mr. Landor, which a soldier had taken from him. I

made a report of all this and sent (1) a list of Mr. Landor's property restored him by the Thibetans and (2) a list of articles missing. I know Mr. Landor had two rifles and a revolver when he went into Thibet and a considerable amount of money. Mr. Landor was in a very critical position ; he was past recognition. He was wounded on the face, body, hands, and legs. I went to the Jong Pen and protested at the treatment given Mr. Landor. The former boldly admitted that Mr. Landor had been treated as alleged, and that it was their duty to act so. The Jong Pen promised to try and have Mr. Landor's missing property restored to him. I know he wrote off to the Garban of Gartok about orders issuing to the Toxem Tarjum. He has engaged to send me anything recovered.

Read over to witness.

J. LARKIN.

DEPOSITION OF SUNA, taken on the 14th day of October 1897. Solemn affirmation administered by me.

My name is Suna ; my father's name is Gandachiju ; I am by caste Khumhar ; forty-two years of age ; by occupation trader ; my home is at Gunji, police station Byans, district Almora.

I saw Mr. Landor and his two servants as prisoners about one and a-half month ago, this side of the Mansarowar Lake. Mr. Landor and Chanden Sing were on yaks ; Man Sing on foot. They were well guarded. Tunda and Amr Sing were with me. They went on ahead to Taklakot while I stayed back with the sheep. They went to inform the Rev. Harkua Wilson of the capture. I saw Mr. Landor detained at Dogmar.

Read over to witness.

J. LARKIN.

Statement of property confiscated by the Tibetan authorities, and recovered some months later by the Government of India.

189

DEPARTMENT

From

H. K. GRACEY, Esq., C.S.,
*The Deputy Commissioner of
Almora,*

To

A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.,
c/o GRINDLAY, GROOM & Co.
BOMBAY.

Dated 10th December } 1897
Received }

897

No. XXII. of 1897.

File No.

Serial No.

Revolver, 1.
Jewel ring, 1.
Cash — 68/12/ — in eight-anna
pieces.
Cartridges for rifles, 110.
Rifles, 2 (1 damaged).
Cartridges for pistol, 37.
Cleaning-rods for rifles, 2.
Cover for rifle, 1.
„ revolver, 1.
Leather strap, 1.
Net to catch butterflies, 1.

File Heading.

*Property of Mr. H. SAVAGE
LANDOR.*

SUBJECT.

Has the honour to inform him that his marginally noted articles have been received by the Political Peshkar of Garbyang from the Jong-pen of Taklakote.

W. SMITH, C.S., *for*
H. K. GRACEY, C.S.,
Deputy Commissioner, Almora.
W. J. W.

B. R. Regr. No. 27 } P. No. 2131
Dept. XXII. B.— } 11-9-96—
1,00,000 of 1896. } P. D.

Certificate from DR. WILSON.

DHARCHULA BYAS, BHOT.

I herewith certify that I accompanied Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor in his ascent up the Mangshan mountain, and that Mr. Landor and a Rongba coolie reached an altitude of 22,000 (twenty-two thousand) feet. Owing to the rarefied air, I and the other men accompanying Mr. Landor were unable to go as far as he did. Mr. Landor was at the time carrying on him a weight of thirty seers (60 lbs.), consisting of silver rupees, two aneroids, cartridges, revolver, &c. During the whole time I travelled with Mr. Landor he always carried the above weight on him, and generally carried his rifle besides (7½ lbs. extra). We all suffered very much during the ascent, as the incline was very steep, and there was deep snow and much troublesome *débris*.

I also certify that I took many photographs* of Mr. Landor and his two servants after they were released, and Mr. Landor looked then very old and suffering, owing to starvation and the wounds that had been inflicted upon him by the Tibetans.

(Signed)

H. WILSON,

*In charge of Bhot Dispensaries,
American Methodist Episcopal Mission.*

DHARCHULA, April 27, 1898.

DEAR MR. LANDOR,

Do you remember the night when we separated near Lama Chokden in Tibet, you to proceed towards Lhassa, and I to return to India?

I have in my lifetime seen few such fierce snowstorms. The storm had been raging the whole day and night, and the wind was blowing

* N.B.—Reproductions of some of the photographs mentioned are given in this book.

so hard that we could not hear each other speak. I can only recollect with horror at the dreadful anxiety I was in when you, with a handful of men, escaped from the Tibetan soldiers watching us, and in the dark fearful night proceeded to take your men up the mountain range, with no path, and among loose stones and boulders, a way, indeed, not even fit for goats.

That night, I well remember, you were carrying a weight much greater than the one you usually carried, thirty seers (60 lbs.), for when you left the tent you had in your hand a small bag with 200 extra silver rupees, and you carried your revolver, your rifle, and some extra ammunition. I assure you that I look back with amazement at how you succeeded in pulling through the dangers and difficulties of that night alone.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) H. WILSON,

American Methodist Episcopal Mission.

DR. H. WILSON'S *Statement.*

I herewith certify that, having heard at Gungi (Byas) that Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, after losing all his provisions in a large river, had been captured by the Tibetans at Toxem and had there been tortured, I proceeded to Taklakot (Tibet) in the hope of obtaining further news. At Taklakot the news was confirmed, and I heard that Mr. Landor and two servants were brought back under a strong guard. Some uncertainty prevailed as to what route he would be made to follow, and efforts were made by the Tibetans to make him proceed by the long, cold, and dangerous route *via* the Lumpiya Pass, instead of by the shorter and easier route *via* Taklakot. We heard that Mr. Landor and his two men were in very poor health owing to the ill-treatment by the Tibetans, and no doubt the long journey over ice and snow by the Lumpiya Pass left but little chance of their reaching Gungi alive. At the request of Jaimal Bura, Latto

Bura and myself, Pundit Gobaria despatched a man to the Jong Pen at Kujer to explain that we would be thankful and would consider it a great kindness if he would allow Mr. Landor to travel through Taklakot. At last, after much trouble, our request was granted. The officer who brought us the news informed us that Mr. Landor would be made to pass through Taklakot at night, and conveyed directly over the Lippu Pass. The Political Peshkar Kharak Sing Pal arrived in Taklakot that day from India, and we held a consultation. We agreed to keep a watchman in the road all night, but Mr. Landor did not go by. In the afternoon of the 8th, Mr. Landor and his two men arrived. They had been rifled of all they possessed and their clothes were torn and dirty. Mr. Landor and the two men looked very ill and suffering, Mr. Landor's face being hardly recognisable. He and his bearer Chanden Sing gave us an account of the tortures that had been inflicted upon them at Toxem and Galshio, and Mr. Landor showed the Peshkar Kharak Singh, Pundit Gobaria, myself and many Bhotiyas (Shokas) twenty-two wounds on his spine, feet and hands received from the Tibetans. Chanden Sing, who had been administered two hundred lashes, showed numerous black marks and open sores where the skin had been torn on both legs. From Lamas and soldiers who had been present at Mr. Landor's arrest and tortures I heard the following account.

An ambush had been laid, and Mr. Landor and his bearer were caught by treachery when some hundred and fifty yards away from their tent, inside which were the rifles and revolver. They made a desperate resistance and fought for over fifteen minutes, struggling to get at their weapons. Thirty men were on Mr. Landor and twelve or fifteen held Chanden Sing, while four hundred soldiers armed with matchlocks and swords, and who had kept hidden behind sandhills, quickly surrounded them. They were tightly bound with ropes round the neck, chest, and legs, and the arms were pinioned behind their backs. Chanden Sing received two hundred lashes that same day. Mr. Landor and Mansing were taken to Galshio three days later. Ponies were provided for them, Mansing riding bareback, while the wooden frame of a saddle was provided for Mr. Landor, the frame having several iron spikes sticking out of it in the back part of it,

During the long ride to Galshio these nails produced several wounds on Mr. Landor's spine and back. Efforts were made, by means of a rope attached to his handcuffs, to pull him off the saddle and have him trodden to death by the hundreds of ponies of the Lamas, soldiers and officers that came full gallop behind. Moreover, two shots were fired at Mr. Landor. Mansing, unable to use his hands that were bound, fell many times off his steed and remained some two miles behind. When Galshio was reached Mr. Landor was pulled off his saddle, and they told him that his head would be cut off immediately. Dragged mercilessly by soldiers, he was taken to a wooden log. Here they stretched his legs wide apart, and his feet were made fast on the cutting edge of the log by means of tightly bound ropes that cut into his flesh. Then while an officer held him in a standing position by the hair of his head, a hot iron was passed in front of his eyes and a matchlock laid on his forehead and fired. Lastly, the head Lama approached with a long sword and swung it right and left close to Mr. Landor's neck, as if about to cut off the head. Mr. Landor remained composed and spoke no words. After some twenty minutes Mansing arrived, and was tied to the same log in front of Mr. Landor, and pretence was made to behead Mansing, Mr. Landor's face having been covered with a cloth. The Lamas professed to have been very astonished when, after having tied the prisoners' hands high up to poles behind them, Mr. Landor asked for some *tzamba* (oatmeal), meat and rice, and Mansing for some butter.

The amazement of the Tibetans appears to have been even greater when food was brought and Mr. Landor and Mansing partook heartily of it and asked for more. Mr. Landor was kept chained to the log for twenty-four hours, Mansing twelve hours. When they were brought back to Toxem they found that Chandan Sing had been kept four days tied hands and feet to an upright post, and he had been given no food.

At Taklakot, an officer (called Nerba) confessed in my own tent, and before Pundit Gobaria and the Political Peshkar Kharak Sing, that he himself had held Mr. Landor by the hair when he was about to be beheaded. He had also fired a shot at Mr. Landor, and had

moreover been ordered by the Lamas to cut off Mr. Landor's toe and finger nails, as well as a lock of his hair. The Taklakot Lamas and the Tokchim Tarjum professed to be sorry at the Galshio Lamas having behaved in such a cruel manner.

At Taklakot we made a list of Mr. Landor's property that was still missing, and we gave a copy to the Jong Pen and one to the Tokchim Tarjum, that they may try to recover what they can.

(Signed)

HARKUA WILSON,
Methodist Episcopal Mission.

GUNGI BYAS BHOT, DARMA, *Sept. 21, 1897.*

DR. H. WILSON'S *Certificate of A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR'S injuries and wounds.*

TAKLAKOT, TIBET, *Sept. 8, 1897.*

I herewith certify that I have examined the wounds that Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor received during his imprisonment at Galshio in Tibet.

There are *five* large sores along the spinal column and the spine itself has sustained severe injuries. At the time they were inflicted these wounds must have caused profuse bleeding.

The feet bear the marks of cruel treatment. On the right foot are still well visible to-day (nineteen days after wounds were inflicted) *six* wounds, viz.—

On the heel one wound one inch long ;
 Outside ankle „ half-inch long ;
 Front of ankle „ one inch long ;
 Top of foot, three inches above the toes, one wound one
 and a-half inch long.
 Two small wounds on the upper part of foot.

On the left foot the *four* wounds are of a very severe character, and were produced by ropes cutting into the flesh.

- One nasty wound above heel, two and a-half inches long.
- One wound below the ankle, one and one-fourth of an inch long.
- One wound three inches above the toes, two inches long.
- One wound on the heel, half an inch long.

These wounds have caused the feet to be much swollen, the left foot especially having been considerably injured. Its strained tendons give still intense pain when touched and the foot is very heavy, inflamed and swollen.

On the left hand there are *five* wounds.

- On middle finger a wound one inch long and deep to the bone.
- On root of middle finger, a wound half an inch long.
- On small finger, a wound one-fourth of an inch long.
- On third " " " "
- On first " " half an inch long.
- The four fingers are still very swollen.

On the right hand there are only *two* wounds.

- The first, one half-inch long, on the upper side of the hand.
- The second, a quarter of an inch long on the second finger.

Both hands are aching and much swollen, and the wounds upon them were evidently produced by the heavy iron chain of the handcuffs.

On arrival at Taklakot (nineteen days after having been tortured) Mr. Landor is still suffering from strong fever caused by his wounds, and no doubt when they were fresh these must have given Mr. Landor intense pain. His health and strong constitution seem altogether shattered by the sufferings he has undergone.

His face, hands and feet are very swollen, and he appears extremely weak; he himself attributed his great exhaustion to having been unable to sleep for nineteen consecutive nights on account of the bad sores on the spine and legs and because of the heavy iron chains with which he was laden.

H. WILSON,

Hospital Assistant, Methodist Episcopal Mission.

GUNGI BYAS BHOT, DARMA.

N.B.—The numerous smaller wounds, burns, &c., on the face and body are not taken into account.

A copy of this report was despatched from Dr. Wilson direct to the Deputy Commissioner, and was forwarded to the Government of India.

DR. H. WILSON'S *Certificate of CHANDEN SING's injuries.*

TAKLAKOT, Sept. 8, 1897.

I herewith certify that I have examined Chanden Sing, Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor's servant who accompanied him to Tibet, where they were arrested and tortured. Chanden Sing has visible to this day on both his legs, and twenty-one days after they were inflicted, innumerable black marks produced by flogging. So severely appears the punishment to have been administered, that large patches of skin and flesh have been torn off by the lashing. Chanden Sing is now in very poor health, and it is evident by his appearance that he suffers greatly from the tortures and ill-treatment received at the hands of the Tibetans.

H. WILSON,

Hospital Assistant, Methodist Episcopal Mission.

GUNGI BYAS, BHOT, DARMA.

A copy of this was sent by Dr. Wilson to the Deputy Commissioner at Almora, and was forwarded to the Government of India.

Certificate by MISS M. A. SHELDON, M.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Mission.

M. E. MISSION,
KHELA P. O. DIST. ALMORA.
EAST KUMAON, BHOT.

"All at it and always at it."—WESLEY.

Sept. 28, 1897.

This is to certify that I have seen the wounds inflicted upon Mr. Landor by the Tibetans. It is now about forty days since he was

bound and tortured. The wounds are healing well. The scars upon his hands caused by being bound with chains behind his back are plainly visible.

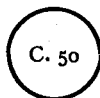
The feet show even more clearly the results of inhuman binding and torture. The wounds have not yet entirely healed, and there is much discoloration. One foot is still swollen.

I have not seen the wounds upon his spine inflicted by a torturing saddle, but he complains of much pain and soreness in that region.

(Signed) MARTHA A. SHELDON, M.D.

Certificate from DOCTOR TURCHINI, *a Director of the Royal Hospital of S.M. Nuova, Florence, Italy.*

D. D.



STAMP

R. ARCISPEDALE DI S.M. NUOVA,
GABINETTO
ELETTO-TERAPICO
DIREZIONE,
FIRENZE.

FIRENZE, 12 Febbraio, 1898.

Il sottoscritto Medico Primario Direttore del Turno e Gabinetto elettro-terapico del R^o Arcispedale di S. Maria Nuova dichiara quanto appresso: nel mese di Dicembre appena giunto in questa Città visitò il Sig^{re} Henry Savage Landor e lo trovò affetto =

Da *retinite* all' occhio sinistro con suffusione dei mezzi trasparenti, e da *grave iperemia retinica* all' occhio destro. La vista era *abolita* a sinistra, *diminuita* a destra =

La *colonna vertebrale* era dolente, se leggermente compressa con un dito, o se appena percossa col martello da percussione il dolore si faceva intenso, acuto specialmente nelle regioni lombare e dorsale. La deambulazione non era libera ma incerta, la funzionalità degli sfinteri molto difettosa per cui difficoltà della mizione e delle evacuazioni.

Presentava poi delle chiazze ecchimobili sopra-malleolari e sopra-carpiche. L'aspetto suo generale era di persona sofferente e molto anemica. Fatte le cure che il caso del Sig^{re} Landor reclamava, oggi 12 Febbraio notiamo; all' occhio destro risoluta la iperemia retinica, aumentato il campo visivo, occhio che serve discretamente alla sua funzione; all' occhio sinistro è molto turbata la circolazione endoculare e quivi la funzione visiva non è ristabilita; non vede gli oggetti e tutto gli fa confusione. La colonna vertebrale presenta sempre dei punti dolenti in specie al rigonfiamento sacro lombare. La deambulazione è più corretta, ma gli sarebbe impossibile fare una passeggiata lunga. La mizione e migliorata, non così la defacazione che è sempre difettosa per impotenza dello sfintere.

Le condizioni generali sono migliorate, ma occorre però al Sig^{re} Landor seguire la cura intrapresa, e specialmente la cura elettrica ed idroterapica.

(Signed) DOTT. TURCHINI.

COMUNE DI FIRENZE.
OFFICIO D'IGIENE.

*Visto per la legalizzazione della
firma del Sig. Dott. Turchini.
Dal Municipio Firenze
Li 12 Febbraio 1898.*

Lira Stamp.

Il Sindaco.

P. I.

A. Artimini.

Letter from the POLITICAL PESHKAR, KHARAK SING.

Private.

GARBYANG, BHOT,
November 13, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. LANDOR,

I hope that you have received my letter of some time ago and that you may be quite well now. Are you still at Almora? I have not yet got back your things from the Jong Pen, but I hear it is quite

true that all your property reached Tokchim a long time ago. I have sent another letter to the Jong Pen, but cannot get an answer as the Lippu Pass is now closed owing to a heavy fall of snow yesterday. It is rumoured that a Tibetan officer is coming from Lhassa to Taklakot to inquire after your case, and probably he may have reached Taklakot yesterday, and after examining your things he will send them down to me. Now I have nearly finished my work at this place. I have collected the dues and paid them to the agents of the Jong Pen. I will go back to Chaudas the day after to-morrow—*i.e.*, on the 15th of this month.

With kind regards and hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

KHARAK SING PAL.

Letter from the POLITICAL PESHKAR, KHARAK SING PAL.

HALDWANI, *January 11, 1898.*

MY DEAR MR. LANDOR,

I hope that by this time you have reached safely home. I have been very anxious as I have not heard from you or of your safe arrival there. The dreadful day of the 8th of September is still vivid in my mind, when I first saw you at Taklakot (in Tibet) after you had been tortured by the Tibetans, and where I had come in search of you.

I cannot forget your fearful appearance, with long hair and beard, and your face, body and limbs covered with wounds and bruises. When you arrived at Taklakot, in a few miserable rags stained with blood, dirty and swarming with lice, and surrounded by the guard of Tibetans, I could hardly believe it possible that it was you who stood before me, so much you had changed since I had last seen you.

I am still deeply pained when I think of the pitiable condition you were in, when you showed me 22 (twenty-two) fresh wounds on your hands, feet and spine, without counting the injuries to your face. And indescribable pain gave us too seeing your confiscated baggage under seal of the Tibetan authorities, and to find it, when we opened

it, to be full of broken or damaged instruments and other articles of your property.

I think that you may remember my inquiry and consequent anger when the Tibetan officers and soldiers admitted their guilt of tying you by your limbs to the stretching log and of placing you on a spiked saddle; of removing forcibly your toe-nails and pulling you by the hair of your head. You know quite well that I had no power to do more than to report the matter to higher authorities, but I can assure you that it was to me quite unbearable to hear from the Tibetans that they had brought you to execution, and that they boasted of having swung the naked executioner's sword right and left of your neck, and that they had brought a red-hot iron close to your eyes to blind you.

Your servants' condition, especially that of Chanden Sing, whom like yourself the Tibetans kept prisoner for twenty-four days, and who was given two hundred lashes, was pitiable beyond words.

I am anxious to see the photographs taken by Dr. Wilson of you as you were when you arrived at Taklakot. I trust that by now you may feel better and that the pain in your spine may have altogether disappeared. I believe your rifles, revolver, ring, &c., which I succeeded in recovering from the Tibetans, must have reached you by now through the Deputy Commissioner at Almora. The cash and other articles have not been recovered, nor is there any probability of getting them back. Hoping to receive news of you soon and with best salaams,

I am, yours most obediently,

K. KHARAK SING PAL,
Political Peshkar,
Garbyang Dharchula, Bhot.

Letter from COLONEL GRIGG, Commissioner of Kumaon.

Commissionership of Kumaon.

Dated December 7, 1897.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Karak Sing reports that 2 guns (1 damaged), 1 revolver, 1 signet-ring, cash 68/12/-, cartridges (gun) 110, ditto revolver 37,

cleaning-rods 2, gun-case 1, leather straps, 1 butterfly-catcher, &c., have been handed to him by the Jong Pen of Taklakot, and he has requested Deputy Commissioner's orders.

I am glad to hear your things are coming on. I hope you are getting stronger.

With our kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

E. E. GRIGG.

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—*This letter, as will be seen from the date, reached me after the bulk of the book had gone to press.*]

A PRIVATE LETTER FROM J. LARKIN,
ESQ., WHO, DEPUTED BY THE GO-
VERNMENT, PROCEEDED TO THE
FRONTIER TO MAKE AN INQUIRY
INTO MY CASE.

ALMORA, August 10, 1898.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Yours of the 21st ult. I am glad to hear that your book on your experiences in Tibet is nearly finished. I wish you may have every success with it, as it is only what you deserve after your trials and hardships in that difficult land of the ultra-conservative Lamas. I am not aware that the Indian papers are attacking you. However, they apparently do not get reliable information if they dispute the fact of your having entered Tibet. We who were in some way connected with your rescue and return have not been "interviewed," or we would give the authentic account of the affair.

I was on a few days' leave at Naini Tal when I heard of your capture, tortures and expulsion from Tibet. I was deputed by the Government to proceed at once to the borders and make an inquiry into the affair. I set off at once, and I met you at Askot, where you were being looked after by the Rajbar. What a change in your appearance! When I saw you standing among some of the Askot

natives I could with difficulty identify you. You were bronzed and weather-beaten to such an extent that you were not distinguishable from the natives. I do not think you can blame me for not recognising you readily. Your forehead, nose and the part of your face below your eyes were scarred, and helped to alter your appearance very greatly. You did surprise me when you told me that you would retrace your steps back to the borders on learning from me that I was hastening on to inquire into your case. I had then seen the twenty odd wounds you had on your face, wrists, feet and back. I strongly protested against your undertaking the fatiguing journey back across the perilous and arduous road, as I knew you needed rest and good nourishment, and thought it would be wisest for you to get back to Almora, and be under a good doctor.

You, however, with your characteristic doggedness, meant to accompany me, and I must perforce let you. I was glad in the long run, for you enabled me to make a fuller inquiry than I would otherwise have been able.

As you know, and as I reported to Government, I found after an inquiry on the borders that you had with great difficulty and manœuvring succeeded in entering Tibet, evading the Jong Pen of Taklakot, and the Barca Tarjum at Gyanema, and crossing the Mariam La (Maium Pass) and getting as far as Tuksem (Toxem). You had been deserted by all the mountaineers who had started with you and who had promised to accompany you wherever you went. When you were left with the two Kumaonis, you were surrounded and captured by the *Governor of that part of Tibet* and his men. There, as a sequel to your innumerable fatigues, hardships, desertions, and privations, you and your two followers were ill-treated and tortured by the *Governor*. Have you not got a copy of my official report? I remember you told me you were applying for it. If you possess the copy, surely that will be sufficient to confound your traducers. I saw from the public papers that my report was to be laid on the table of the House of Commons by the Secretary of State for India.

How did the photographs which we took up at the Lippu Pass turn out? I should particularly like to have the one of the group

on the pass, and also the one where I am on horseback. I would also like to have the one *I took of you having your matutinal bath when the water froze in your hair and on your body* as it was thrown on you by Chanden Sing ; and no wonder it did, as there were ten to twelve feet of snow lying about, and a hardy Bhotia (Shoka) mountaineer had only a few days prior to our arrival been lost in the snow on crossing the pass.

Doubtless it will afford you some pleasure to learn that you have earned quite a reputation among the natives, both Tibetan and Bhotias (Shokas), on account of your universal cordiality, generosity and pluck. They are constantly inquiring about you, and relating your many good traits. Should you ever think of returning here you have made many friends, and you would get a very warm welcome from the natives.

Dr. H. Wilson tells me that, when he took you over from your captors, *the officials of Tibet*, you were in a dying state, and that he only just got you in the nick of time. How are your eyes and spine? I trust they are quite well again. I look back with pleasure to my tour up to the border with you, and our return journey after your journey into Tibet proper, *where you were subjected to tortures by the Governor of the district thereof*.

With every good wish,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) J. LARKIN.

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