

Then one of the ropes broke, just as one of the bags was right in the middle of the steel rope, and we spent a very exciting time in watching two daring youths who waded through the strong current, up to their chins, until they found the broken end of the rope. Having finally reached the other bank, it was night, and there being no time nor room to pitch tents, we had our beds in the open air and slept very comfortably.

We arrived at Poo on the 2nd of July, after a tiring march over a horrible road of very rugged and unstable foundation mostly along the face of the precipice. There were hardly any more Pencil cedar trees (*Juniperus excelsa*) on the road. The scenery was now quite Tibetan in character. Bad as the road was, the Missionary at Poo told me that it was excellent compared to what it had been only five years ago. Honour to the brave Mission ladies who have travelled on it in its old state! The rocks are dangerous, even to the natives.

About an hour before reaching Poo, the valley widens a little, and it is a relief to be able to walk here without continually looking out for a safe foothold. Poo is situated on a plain on the right bank of the Satluj and looks very pretty with its green fields, apricot and apple tree gardens. Its elevation is about 9,500 feet, and it is the first village on our road, the language of which is entirely Tibetan. It looks as if it was entirely closed in by steep bare mountains.

When approaching the village, we passed by a great number of *mani* walls, and as I noticed votive tablets on several of them, I began to study them. None of them seemed to be very ancient. The inscriptions consisted generally of four parts. The first part may be called devotional, the second part consisted of a eulogy of the country of which the village of Poo (spelled *sPu* in the inscriptions) was the centre, the third part praised the Rājā of Bashahr who was reigning at the time, and the fourth part contained the account of the building of the wall, and stated for whose religious benefit it was meant. As regards the names of Bashahr Rājās on the tablets, only the following four have been traced through Mr. Schnabel's and our own combined efforts: Rudar (in Tibetan *Lurdur*) Singh; Ugar (in Tibetan *Urku*) Singh; Mahindar (in Tibetan *Metar*) Singh; Shamshēr (in Tibetan *bSam-gser* 'golden thought') Singh. These names cover about the last century. But there are some more *mani* walls with votive tablets which, instead of giving the proper name of a chief simply speak of 'the great king' at Sarāhan (*So-rarang* in Tibetan). This shows that the personal names of the rulers of Bashahr previous to Rudar Singh, were not known to the Tibetans. As regards the geographical part (the eulogy of the country) of these inscriptions, it contained many references to places beyond the border, thus showing that in the minds of the people, Guge and Poo were not yet separated. Of particular interest are the clan names occurring in these inscriptions. One of them is *Thogar*. It is found in two inscriptions and points to the Tokhar origin of part of the Poo population.

During our stay at Poo, we enjoyed the hospitality of the Rev. R. and Mrs. Schnabel of the Moravian Mission, who took great pains to make me comfortable and to show me the sights of the place. Their intimate knowledge of the customs and traditions of the people were of the greatest value in the pursuit of our researches.