FROM THE BRAHMAPUTRA TO THE CHINDWIN: *A paper read at the Evening Meeting of the Society on 11 January 1937, by*

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ON 11 January 1926, exactly eleven years ago, the Naga Hills were last brought to the notice of this Society at a meeting by Mr. J. P. Mills, of the Indian Civil Service. In describing my journey from the Brahmaputra to the Chindwin, I am describing that part of the Naga Hills north and east of that dealt with in his paper, and I will attempt here without recapitulating too much of what Mr. Mills has said to give you some idea of the country which he was unable to visit and which it has been my good fortune to traverse.

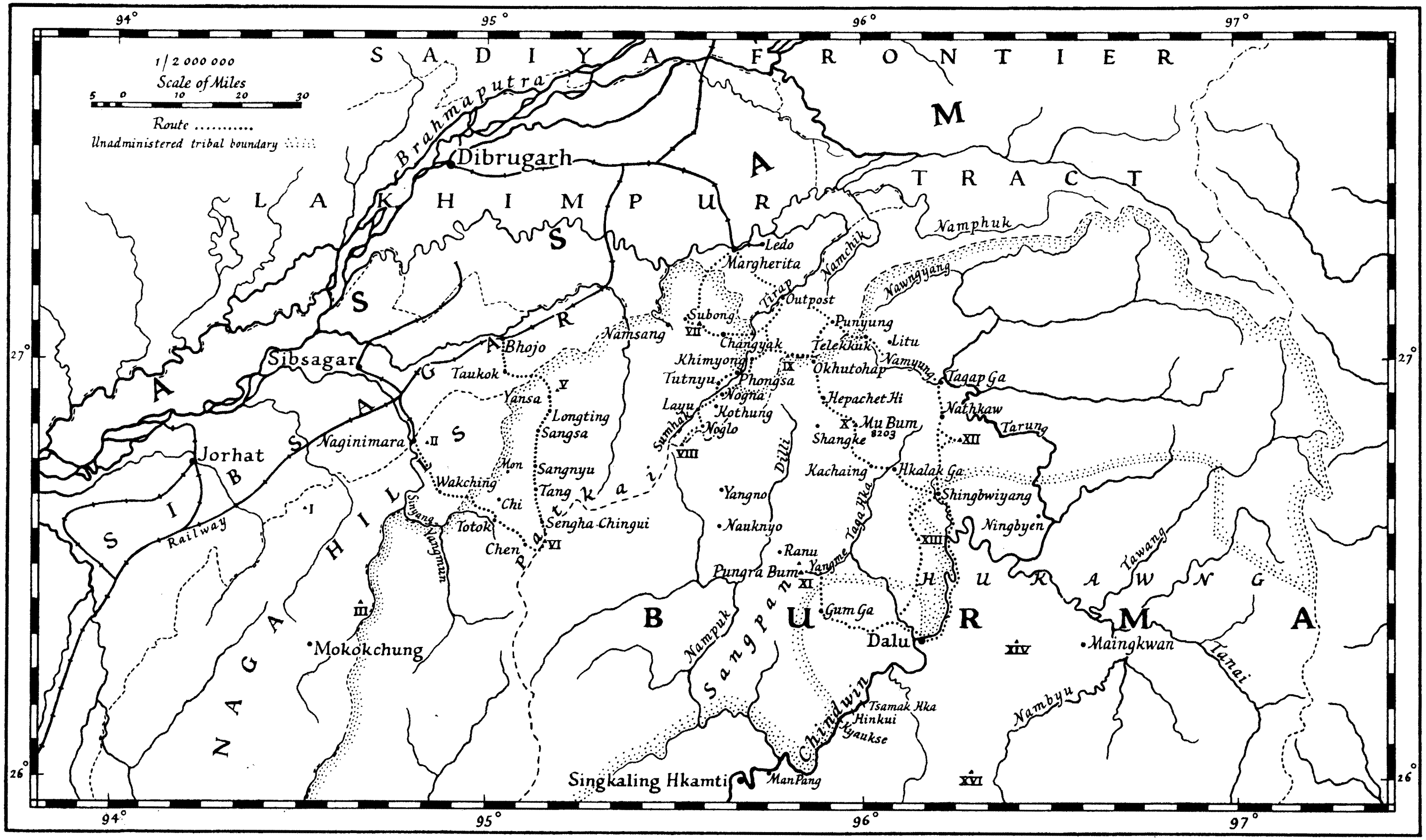
Two series of major triangulation had been completed: In Assam up the Brahmaputra valley and in Burma up the Irrawaddy. The Geodetic Survey of India decided early last year to link these two series by a third, which would pass north-east from Assam through the Naga Hills, east across the Patkai, south-east to the Hukawng Valley and the Chindwin, and then south-west along the Irrawaddy–Chindwin watershed. Between these two great valleys of the Brahmaputra and the Chindwin lies a long range of jungle-clad mountains stretching from the Himalayas in the north to the port of Akyab on the Bay of Bengal in the south. It averages about 6000 feet in height and rises to its highest point, Saramati, at 12,200 feet. For much of its length it forms the boundary between Assam and Burma. It has not yet been completely explored, and contains some of the most primitive and warlike people in India. It has only been crossed on a very few occasions towards its northern extremity. The Naga Hills district is a long, narrow strip of this area which borders on the plains of Assam and was only taken over for administration to protect the people of the plains from the head-hunting raids of these primitive hill people. One other small area, that round the Tirap River, has also been taken over and is under the administration of the Political Officer of the Sadiya Frontier Tract. Administration in these backward tracts does not amount to as much as it does in the ordinary districts of India. The Indian Penal Code and other similar Indian laws are not in force, and the people are ruled as far as possible under their own laws and customs. They pay a small poll or house tax varying from Rs.2 to Rs.5, and in return for this Government provides an administrative officer, schools, and dispensaries. Head-hunting and human sacrifice are banned, and the people are given protection from raids from across the frontier. An attempt is made to improve the economic lot of the inhabitants.

To the north-east of the Naga Hills district the independent or Tribal Territory stretches away across the divide to the administered districts of Burma, east of the Chindwin. This great mountainous country, both administered and independent, is extremely difficult to penetrate for many reasons, not the least of them being the bad climate. The rainfall is one of the heaviest in the world. Mosquitoes, sandflies, leeches, and other pests make life extremely irksome for the greater part of the year. There are no roads, railways or canals in the area; and bridle-paths are few and far between. The only means of communication is by Naga paths, steep and narrow, leading from village to village

only and not along the valleys. So narrow are the paths that they admit only of single file, and sometimes the jungle hangs so low over them that a tall man has to stoop most of the time as he walks along. Transport therefore is difficult and only by coolie. As there is no food obtainable to feed a large party in the more inaccessible areas one has to rely on obtaining local porters to augment one's permanent force, as a coolie would normally eat the whole of his own load (60 lb.) in a fortnight. Languages, too, are an obstacle: there are so many and they are so diverse. We had ten interpreters, speaking between them fifteen different languages, in the course of our tour. The greatest obstacle of all is perhaps the suspicious nature of the Naga and his warlike habits. He is a great intriguer and will often try to get an enemy village embroiled with a Government column. One such attempt was made during the expedition, when Banfera went to Ninyu and told them we were coming to attack them. Ninyu had been concerned about fifty years ago in the cutting up of a Survey Party near their village. One other difficulty worth mentioning, perhaps, is that the rivers are fast-flowing and spanned only by narrow cane and bamboo bridges. There is often the risk of a sudden flood and an important bridge being carried away.

At the time that the Survey of India decided to operate in this area I, though nominally an officer of the Indian Police, was working as Sub-divisional Officer and Magistrate at Mokokchung, the subdivisional headquarters of the Naga Hills district. Previous to this I had been posted as Assistant Political Officer in the Tirap area. The Government of Assam, considering that it might be dangerous to allow a Survey Party to operate in the Tribal area without the assistance of an administrative officer who knew something of the country, recommended to the Government of India my appointment as Political Officer. Major G. H. Osmaston, M.C., then in charge of No. 15 Party, Survey of India, held charge of the survey work. As the area was largely independent, and each village in it a law unto itself, it was necessary that the party should have an escort to protect it from the raiding tribesmen, who desire not so much guns or silver but human heads as their booty. Major L. C. Bull, M.C., then O/C 4th Assam Rifles, was placed in command of the escort of four platoons furnished from the 3rd and 4th battalions of the Assam Rifles. The Assam Rifles is a Military Police force well acquainted with jungle warfare, which keeps the peace on the North-Eastern Frontier of India. It was necessary for the Survey work to post small parties of Survey *khalasis*, or coolies, with their rations, guard, lamps, and helios, on certain previously selected peaks. We decided therefore to move through the area in two parties. The first, the reconnaissance, would make friends with the local people, explore the route, and post the lampmen. The second party would confine itself to Survey work. All rations, consisting mainly of rice, potatoes, salt, chillies, *ghi* (cooking oil), and tea, we took with us. The only thing that we asked of the area was meat. I engaged a permanent coolie force of two hundred men in the Mokokchung Sub-division to carry the rations and kit of the escort. Recruited entirely from the Sema Nagas, the coolies were men of a tribe which had proved its worth in the past, many of them having enlisted in the labour corps in France during the Great War.

We had to move fast owing to the peculiar nature of the country. Up to the


1/2 000 000
Scale of Miles
5 0 10 20 30
Route
Unadministered tribal boundary
SADIYA FRONTIER TRACT
LAKHIMPUR
ASSAM
SIBSAGAR
NAGA HILLS
BURMA
HUKAWNG
Patkai
Brahmaputra
Dibrugarh
Sibsagar
Jorhat
Railway
Naginimara
Mokokchung
Ledo
Margherita
Namchik
Tirap
Outpost
Namphuk
Nawngyang
Subong
Changyak
Namsang
Bhojo
Taukok
Yansa
Longting
Sangsa
Sangnyu
Tang
Sengha Chingui
Mon
Wakching
Chi
Totok
Chen
Sinyang
Yangmun
Khimyong
Tutnyu
Phongsa
Nogna
Kothung
Noglo
Layu
Sumhak
Punyung
Litu
Telekkuk
Okhutohap
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Yangno
Nauknyo
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Taga Hka
Pungra Bum
Gum Ga
Dalu
Nampuk
Sangpan
Chindwin
Tsamak Hka
Hinkui
Kyaukse
Man Pang
Singkaling Hkamti
Tawang
Maingkwan
Tanai
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I
II
III
V
VI
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI
XII
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XIV
XVI
94°
95°
96°
97°
26°
27°

middle of October the hills are enveloped in clouds, and there is only a very short season until the smoke haze from the jhuming operations at the beginning of March blots out the helios again. Jhuming is the process of burning down the jungle to fertilise the fields before the crops are sown. Even so, the greatest difficulty was found in establishing contact during the whole season, most of the observations having to be made by lamp in the biting cold late at night.

On October 20, zero day, the whole reconnaissance party, except for those who had gone ahead to the Tirap area to arrange a ration base for operations, assembled at the railhead at Naginimara. On the 21st, having augmented our permanent coolies with some three hundred temporary ones from nearby villages, a process we repeated the whole way, we started out on our first day's trek, Wakching, a large Konyak Naga village at 4200 feet, being our objective. (Naginimara is only 350 feet above sea-level.) Wakching is one of the most north-easterly villages of the administered Naga Hills district. Dr. Von Haimendorf, an Austrian scientist, has recently come to this village to make a study of the Konyaks, a tribe or collection of tribes of whom very little is known. The men here, though good porters, are addicted to opium, a habit which happily is steadily decreasing. The next day we descended to the Sinyang River, the boundary between the administered Naga Hills district and the independent or Tribal area. The two powerful *Angs*, or sacred chiefs, of Chui and Mon came to meet us at the river. They both control large confederacies of villages. A number of his men had accompanied the Ang of Chui to our camp, and after exchange of gifts, a *mithun* for a bottle of rum and a hank of red wool, they danced for us. They dance moving slowly forward in two circular parties, flexing the knees whilst raising the *dao* (sword) and twisting it rapidly in the half-opened hand. Chui's song told us about what they were going to do to their enemy Totok when the Survey Party had gone away, for Government had forbidden hostilities here whilst we were working in the area. The Ang of Lengha, a "son" of Chui (junior villages of confederacies are known as "sons"), was rather upset as, though his village had wrested a head from Totok, they had not been able to perform the final step, in the necessary spirit-capturing rites, of hurling a spear or firing a gun into a tree on Totok's land before Government's decree forbidding further hostilities had arrived. The idea in taking a head from another village is that you bring away some of the soul force of that village in it.

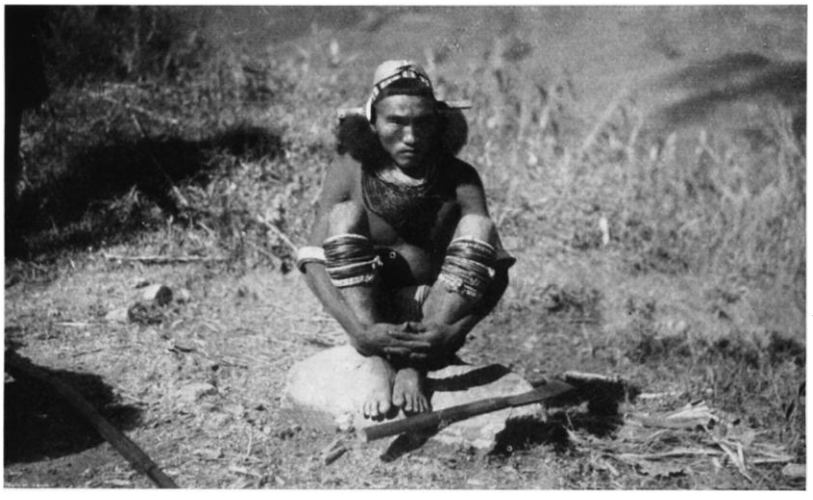
The next morning, crossing the Sinyang, we entered Tribal territory, a region which is out of bounds to the ordinary traveller, and the column took up formation. Guide, scouts, advance guard, officer, porters, baggage guard, porters, rear guard, all in single file and ready for any sudden attack. Our temporary coolies were drawn as far as possible from villages ahead, so that there might be less chance of any sudden desertion. Near Totok Chingkho, where we spent the night, was Totok Chingnyu. Here stout defences against Chui had been erected. The village is built on the edge of a long, steep cliff, some 150 feet high. Entering the village along a narrow causeway with high bamboo fences on either side, we had to be very careful of the *panjis* (pointed bamboo stakes) hidden amongst the dead bamboo leaves. One of these stakes has been known to pierce right through the leather into the foot of a booted sepoy. On the 25th, continuing south-east, we descended 1500 feet to the

Sinyang River

Crossing the Tupi River

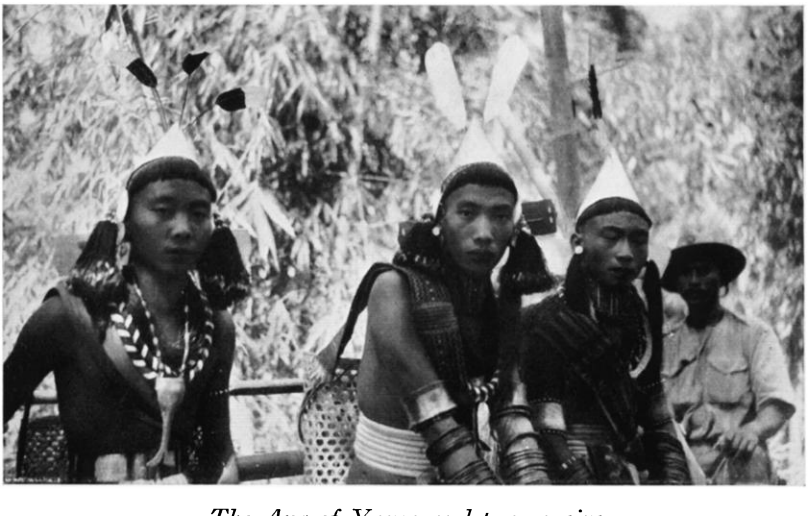
The Ang of Sangnyu

A Yongkuk. Sadiya Frontier Tract



The Ang of Totok

Head-hunting trophies on the end of a house wall in Chen



The Ang of Yansa and two cousins

Tupi, another of the tributaries of the Yangmun, or Yangnyu, as it is sometimes called. This river is an important one in Konyak legend, as most of the tribes say that they migrated down its valley from the south. It rises to the east of Mokokchung in a country now occupied by the Chang tribe, which has a culture very similar to that of the Konyaks. A peculiar feature of this country, which is also met with in that described by Mr. Mills, is the number of streams and rivers that flow at right angles to the course that they must eventually take to reach the Brahmaputra.

After crossing the Tupi we climbed the 4500 feet to Chen, a village that has not been visited since Woodthorpe passed through on a survey in 1876. Despite many disquieting rumours to the contrary, our reception was friendly in the extreme. The village, the largest in the Naga Hills, is built on one of the main spurs of the Patkai only a few miles from the summit of one of its highest peaks. Where the village is constructed the spur branches into three. The village is so placed that it commands the approaches to all three spurs. Artificial defences are practically non-existent; presumably its size is considered to be sufficient warning to the intending intruder. I tried to count the number of houses, but had to give it up as a bad job. The houses are not built in rows like in most other Naga villages, but are built here and there on any piece of ground which offers a flat space for a floor, and between the houses are small patches of high scrub jungle, occasional trees, and clumps of bamboos. Near the village, even up to 7000 feet, the fields are covered in rows of pollard alders. The land is therefore richer and produces excellent crops of millet in a rotation of only three to four years. Dr. Hutton found these alders too when he visited Angphang, a village further south. This was in strange contrast to the country we traversed from Naginimara, where trees are practically not to be seen. No rice worth speaking of is grown, and the people appear to live on taro, Indian corn and millet. On the peak above Chen, at 7910 feet, the Survey Officer built his pillar, and the lampmen and their guard were posted. The summit was covered with light prickly bamboos and oak trees. It is at this point that the Patkai, the backbone of the Chindwin–Brahmaputra watershed, bends north-east from its south-to-north bearing. Looking east from the summit the view of both the Chindwin and Hukawng valleys is completely obstructed by the Sangpan range, which, though actually a spur of the Patkai, is on the average higher than it and runs parallel. This spur is roughly 60 miles long, and between it and the Patkai flows the Dilli or Nampuk Hka. The Patkai is provisionally the boundary between the provinces of Assam and Burma, but it has not yet been demarcated. Our Survey Officer however decided that the Patkai range as at present sketched in on the map is half a mile too near Burma.

From Chen, after a struggle to obtain coolies—Chen had threatened to withhold supplying them unless we destroyed Nanwang, an enemy of theirs—we moved downhill again to Sengha Chingui. The latter is a large, clean, well-run village of about three hundred houses. A patrol path runs right round the hill on which the village is situated. We were conducted along it, as it would have been exceedingly dangerous to have allowed the Chen coolies to pass through their enemy's village. Shortly after we left here Sengha wrested two heads from Chen. The men of Sengha wore white *lengtas* with coloured

embroidery on the ends. The *lengta* here is a long strip of cloth which is hung over a cane belt and hangs down as a flap in front. In their hair, which is uncut and done in a bun on the back of the head, were wooden skewers with tufts of variously coloured goats' hair. They were all wasp-waisted, a peculiarity of the Konyaks, where the waist is drawn in very tightly by two or three circles of thick cane which are tied on from about the age of puberty. I almost succeeded in touching fingers and thumbs round the waist of one young buck. The women were more becoming than the usual Konyak type, perhaps because they did their hair more carefully and were cleaner. This was by far the cleanest and best-run Naga village of any that we visited.

From Sengha we crossed the Titu, a tributary of the Tupi, to Tang, where all the surrounding hills were covered with thatching palms. We had to change coolies on the march, as Tang is at war with Sengha and refused the Sengha coolies permission to come on their land. Beyond the shouting of a few very choice epithets at each other over the heads of the line of sepoys, the change over passed off smoothly. From Tang we proceeded *via* Longphong to Hang, or Sangnyu. Sangnyu is the parent village of one of the most powerful confederacies in the Naga Hills. It has no fewer than seventeen " sons." As each son has to build a portion of the Ang's house I was not surprised to find it the longest in the area, 123 yards. There was one fairly recent head-hunting trophy on a small platform in a rubber tree opposite the Ang's house. It had come from Wangkham, a disobedient "son." From Sangnyu we continued along the ridge to Sangsa, then descended to the Teijat and climbed again to Longting and so to Yansa (Joboka), where our next pillar was to be built. This country has been visited more recently by expeditions. At Yansa our reception was very cordial. I had not been quite sure of what might happen here as the Ang had only died a few weeks earlier. He had come to my court at Mokokchung in connection with a land case, and had sworn an oath immediately after I had told him that persons, even Angs, who swore false oaths died quick. He had returned to his village and was dead in three days. After completing the pillar at Yansa we descended into the plains on November 5, arriving out of the hills at Taukok Tea Estate. The next day, entraining at Bhojo, we reached Margherita, the last station but one on the railway. The railway, except for a short colliery line, comes to an end at Ledo. From Ledo many years ago a line was surveyed through to Myitkyina in Burma, but expense and lack of trade support has prevented any further move in this respect.

A few miles to the east from Margherita we entered the hills again, 60 miles north-east of where we first did so. I was met by the Wang of Namsang, who is supposed to be the most influential chief in this area. He was dressed like a lower-class plainsman, and the only thing Naga about him was a string of beads. Taking him with us, our first day's march was to Soha (Dangar Khuragaon). We passed through three small villages on the way, "sons" of Namsang, who had supplied our coolies. Ear ornaments of fretted horn disc against a background of conch shell were here in great numbers. Professor Balfour had asked me to keep a look out for them. The people of the Namsang Confederacy (Longchangs) do not go in for the wasp-waists, though they wear as many as six or seven circles of thick black cane round the waist. The front

of the head is shaven and the hair is grown long and worn in a bun at the back. They wear a light-blue apron, which hangs down before and behind after being wound round the waist and drawn between the legs. I saw only one or two tattooed chests—most Konyaks tattoo their chests. The men looked heavier than the Konyaks to the south. Their houses were built on stilts entirely off the ground, and thatching palms, not grass, used for the roofs, more like Singpho or Kachin houses. In the *morungs*, or bachelors' clubs, were huge hollow tree trunks, which are used as drums. In other parts of the Naga Hills these drums are carved and hollowed out from solid trees and dragged up to the villages with great ceremony. The Namsang people, contrary to custom elsewhere in the Naga Hills, cremate their dead, but they bury the bodies of those who die with any blemish or cut in the skin.

The next day we descended steeply 900 feet to the Subong stream, and climbed 3700 feet to the summit of Subong, Point VII, as we had named it. Having completed a pillar here we moved on the next day down the spur to Changyak. As the chief of Namsang had guaranteed the safety of the lampmen we left no guard. Changyak is the parent village of another confederacy, which holds sway as far south as the headwaters of the Tirap River. It is a surprisingly small village to be the head of such a large confederacy, but it lies on one of the main routes to the plains. Continuing *via* Watlom we reached the Tirap Valley on the 10th, and the South Tirap outpost and the Rangpang country the next day. The Tirap outpost is a small stockaded timber fort on the right bank of the Tirap, guarding a bridge on one of the most-used routes to the bazaars of the plains. Part of the Tirap Valley is administered by the Political Officer of the Sadiya Frontier Tract, but it was only taken over for administration by the Government of Assam in 1926. Our rations had all arrived at the outpost and after two days' rest we started out again.

Marching the first two days along the right bank of the river, the third day we crossed it and camped at Phongsa. Thus doing we passed through the Moklum, or Langlum country. This small tribe, inhabiting eight villages on the slopes between the Patkai and the Tirap, is perhaps one of the least-known in the Naga Hills. They say they have no affinity at all with any of the other surrounding tribes. They speak a different language, dress differently, and wear their hair tied into a large bun right on the top of the head. In appearance the most striking feature is their thick lips and rather large mouths. Seven of their villages fall under the administration of Sadiya, only the parent one, Longchang, lying in the Tribal area. They seem to be less developed than the other tribes. I saw one woman weaving; she was slowly pushing the ball of cotton between the weft and the warp. The shuttle has not reached them. I was surprised to see, though, how much in the last few years they have fallen under the influence of the Singphos (Kachins) as regards dress. The Phongsa people are like the Namsang lot, though Phongsa is a "son" of Changyak. The upper part of the forehead is shaven, the hair is drawn back and worn in a bun at the back of the head, and through this bun is stuck a most unusual type of skewer made from the pared and polished rib of a deer or buffalo. The end of the comb is covered with shellac. The only interesting thing I noticed about the women was their tattooing on the upper arm and shoulder. From Phongsa our path continued along the left bank of the

Tirap, gradually losing height as it passed through the villages of Changra and Tutnyu to the confluence of the Sumhak and Sumnu rivers which form the Tirap.

On the morning of November 18 we moved up the Sumnu valley and camped at Noglo. The coolies who took us there, though late, came from the two nearby villages of Layu and Kothung, and it was a wonderful sight to see both parties streaming down the sides of the valley with the early morning sun glinting on their *daos*. We passed through Layu on the way to Noglo. It has four hundred houses and twenty-one morungs, the largest village in the valley. The houses, as usual for this area, were built on stilts, but some of the main posts were sticking out through the roofs as in the Konyak country. It looks untidy but is really a most excellent idea, as, when the portion of your main post embedded in the ground rots, you merely cut it away and drop the post again into the ground without either having to rebuild your house, or buy a new main post and drag it up to the village with the attendant expense of a feast for the workers. The Layu people came of a different tribe to those encountered hitherto, although I could find no other name for the people but that of their village. The Ang, or sacred chief, is known here as Lu- or Lo-Wang—and contrary to the Konyak custom he is not bound to marry a woman of the same clan. He must however marry into noble blood and has a choice of two clans from which to do so. A feature of the chief's house, where I went for a drink, was the ladder leading to the verandah. It was hewn from a single block of wood, quite 15 feet long by 2 feet wide by 1 foot deep. Noglo was our base for the assault on Point VIII, a peak on the Patkai 9120 feet high. We spent from November 19–24 here. From Noglo onwards up the spur of the peak was a mass of very heavy jungle, and we had great difficulty in finding water both for a half-way camp and, too, anywhere near the peak for the troops and lampmen to be stationed there. We were hoping to get a good view of the plains of Burma and Assam at the same time from the peak, but the weather was much too cloudy, and it was only for seconds at a time that the Survey Officer was able to get his lines on other peaks of the series. Some idea of the density of the jungle on the summit may be gained when I say that it took an average of one hundred coolies three days to clear six lines for observation.

Our work at Noglo completed, we returned through Layu to the confluence and double-marched to Nogna on the right bank of the Tirap. This village was strongly fortified, the only one in the valley that had any defence beyond its natural fortifications. They live here in constant dread of raids from Nauknyo, a large village in the Nampuk Valley, some 40 miles away, across the Patkai. My dog here fell into a pit of *panjis* and was lucky to escape with its life. We had crossed a rickety bamboo bridge over a moat only a few moments before, never suspecting what was below. From Nogna we hurried back to Khimyong, a Moklum village, and by forced marches to Okhutohap, a pass on the Patkai at some 6000 feet, trying to make up the few days we had lost at Point VIII. At Okhutohap, Monka, chief of the Rangpang village of Punyung, greeted us with his coolies and pointed out an egg dressed with two feathers tied to the top of a stick planted firmly in the ground. He told us that he had done this as he heard that the Survey could not work in the rain, and

The Tawa Hka near Shingbwiyang

Coolies crossing the Taga Hka near its source

New Buddha arriving at Dalu

The mouth of the Tsamak Hka

Tanai River gorge above the Kyaukse rapids

Pulling the dug-out round the Kyaukse rapids

this was a certain preventative. The charm certainly worked, as for a whole week to come it never rained once. We wished we had met him sooner. From Okhutohap we made a sortie from our ration base in Assam and established a lamp squad with its guard on Mu Bum, a peak 8200 feet high on the Sangpan Range which I have mentioned earlier. This range, really a spur of the Patkai, leaves it some 8 miles north of Okhutohap and a few miles south of the Nawngyang lake. We were sorry that we had no time to visit this lake, which is at 3000 feet near the summit of the Patkai. It is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in diameter and is surrounded by a marsh quite 8 miles long by 2 miles broad. The waters of the lake flow into the Loglai, thence to the Tarung and so southwards to the Chindwin.

The assault on the Bum was made with the aid of Rangpang coolies from the administered area of the Sadiya Frontier Tract. Our route lay *via* Hepachet Hi, a transfrontier Rangpang village, to the site of the deserted village of Shangke, some 2000 feet up the Sangpan towards Mu Bum. From Shangke we had great difficulty in getting to the summit owing to lack of adequate water supplies and also to the fear of the coolies to come with us, as they said the mountain was infested with tigers. We certainly saw three in two days. One night in camp near Shangke, whilst the scouts had gone ahead to search for water, the coolies suddenly raised a terrific scream, causing a great flurry in camp and the turning out of the guard to man the perimeter, for we built stockades every time we camped. The scream was a most eerie one, first started by one or two men and gradually growing in volume till the whole two hundred men were yelling at the top of their voices and then gradually dying away till only two voices could be heard and then complete silence reigned again. It turned out to have been a were-tiger which had passed through the Rangpang coolie lines. Its tracks certainly showed five toes, which the Rangpang will tell you is a sure sign of a were-tiger.

Having eventually completed our pillar, we returned to Okhutohap and descended the Assam side of the divide to the river Namchik, a tributary of the Tirap, to pick up more rations, and the next day climbed again to the summit of the Patkai, to a pass at 6257 feet, from whence we were to make our dash to the ration base in Burma on the Chindwin. Our route lay *via* Telekkuk, a small village of about seven or eight houses and very typically Rangpang in this respect. The people here are of the Langshing clan and, as we found in all but a few Rangpang villages, dress entirely like the Singphos, having learned to make their cloth. The dress consists of a tartan *lunghi* or skirt, usually of blue, green or red check design; a short wide-sleeved blue coat buttoning down the front and a tartan *pugri* wound round the hair, this latter sometimes worn at a most rakish angle by the young bucks. Slung over the right shoulder and passing under the left armpit is a cane band to which is attached a sheath for the indispensable single-edged *dao*. Tied to the cane are half the lower teeth of a tiger. A few twisted strands of elephants' hair are worn round the upper calf. The women, too, dress like the Singphos. They wear a long black skirt reaching almost to the ankles. Over this is worn a short light-coloured skirt which reaches half-way down the thighs. A short-sleeved bodice usually of a dark colour and a light cotton cloth thrown over the shoulders completes their dress except for a white *pugri*. Heavy brass bracelets

are worn on the arms and sometimes a few strings of glass beads round the neck.

Leaving Telekkuk we descended to the Taiyong, one of the main streams forming the Tarung, one of the chief tributaries of the Chindwin. Crossing the Taiyong we climbed to Litu and descended again to this river, passing only two small hamlets on the way. At the Taiyong we found an old bridle-path constructed by the late Mr. Dewar, Sub-divisional Officer of Kamaing when he came this way from the Hukawng valley on the human sacrifice abolition expedition of 1930–31. We followed this bridle-path along the Taiyong, later called the Namyung, occasionally crossing the river to where there was the easier going. In some cases we were obliged to ford the river and in others crossed on low bamboo bridges, temporary affairs which had been constructed a few days previously. All the way along the river was dense bamboo jungle overshadowed by huge trees. We camped on the night of the 15th at the confluence of the Taikham. Not even here could we get a glimpse of the surrounding hills, though the valley had broadened out considerably and the river-bed was quite 50 yards wide. The river was teeming with *mahseer* and *bokha*, and both Major Bull and I would have liked to have sent in our resignations and camped here for the rest of the year. We moved away from the river next day, south, through Tagap Ga and on to the deserted site of the village of Nathkaw. Here we climbed again to just over 4000 feet, the ridge being a spur of the Sangpan range. From Nathkaw we continued for the next few days along the disused bridle-path, dipping ever lower towards the Hukawng valley, of which we caught only occasional glimpses, for it seemed to be eternally shrouded in mist. On the 18th we arrived at Shingbwiyang, a small Singpho hamlet of about four houses on the left bank of the Tawa Hka, a river which flows south to the Chindwin. From the Patkai to Shingbwiyang we only passed through two miserable villages. The Rangpangs populate an immense area very thinly indeed. We were welcomed at Shingbwiyang by old Nawm Kawm, the chief, a useful old man with a wicked glint in his eye. He claims overlordship of most of the Rangpangs. They acknowledge this claim and bring him yearly presents of fowl and pigs. On the Assam side it was the plainsmen who would bring presents to the Nagas. Shingbwiyang is in the extreme north-west corner of the Hukawng valley, which has only been administered by the Burmese Government since 1934. The Hukawng valley is a large circular pit some 150 miles in circumference, embracing the four main rivers, the Nambyu, Tawang, Tarung and Tanai, which form the Chindwin. A peculiar feature of its south-eastern extremity is the low, narrow belt of hills only 1000 feet high which divide it from the Mogaung valley, the Mogaung being one of the main tributaries of the Irrawaddy. The Hukawng is rich in gold and precious stones. Amber is also found in quantity but the mines have closed down as there is little sale for it now.

Between Shingbwiyang and the Tanai lay a dense mass of swampy jungle, through which we hacked our way for eight hours until we eventually burst out suddenly on to the glorious sight of the broad fast-moving Tanai River. The banks where we emerged from the jungle, a few miles above the mouth of the Tawa Hka, were steep, and the bed of the river a mass of large rounded stones. Where the river curved were huge sand-banks. Close to our camp a

few Shans from Ningbyen, a village upstream, were washing for gold. The gold is not to be found in any quantity and is very soft. When the harvest is in however the gold rush commences and the local people, by washing, can find as much as three rupees' worth in the day.

I had sent word ahead for boats; they arrived on December 23, and we managed to get everybody and everything off that evening, though it was very late when we started. There were in all fifty dug-outs of various sizes, which the boatmen lashed together securely in pairs. Night came on as we were only a short distance downstream, but before then we had luckily shot a difficult rapid, not marked on the map. We had some anxious moments waiting for the last boat to come through in the dark, as the men were inexperienced and did not know the channel. We camped for the night 9 miles downstream. The next day, Christmas Eve, we hoped to reach Dalu, but had to tie up for the night at the mouth of the Ahawk Hka, having gone only 17 miles. The boats were loaded so heavily that we could not move much faster than 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. We completed the last 6 miles to Dalu on Christmas morning. Dalu is a mixed village of about sixty Shan and Singpho houses. Close to the village we found our rations under the care of the chiefs. They were being brought up by mule convoy from the railway at Myitkyina, sixteen days away by bridle-path. Despite the pleasure with which we were greeted it was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to buy a buffalo for the Sema coolies' Christmas dinner. In the evening the Semas danced for us and we all listened-in to His Majesty King George's Christmas Day message on my wireless set, which, despite several crashes on slippery paths and at least two immersions in rivers, was still working well.

Our next objective was just visible from Dalu, Lungwukaw Bum, a towering peak on the Sangpan Range. We stayed two days in Dalu and on the morning of the 28th ferried the whole party across the Tanai in dug-outs. We marched first along the bed of the Taga Hka for a few miles, and then struck west across its valley to the Tayup Hka, another smaller tributary of the Tanai. All the way along the banks of the Tanai and Taga were opium fields with the poppies a blaze of colour, a beautiful but sad sight. The next day we continued along the left bank of the Tayup some 500 feet above the river to come down and cross it below the village of Wanka. We had intended to attack the Lungwukaw Bum by climbing to the summit of the Sangpan along the Gum Ga-Rangsen path and then to cut our way along the top of the ridge to the peak. On reaching the vicinity of Punlum, a village near Gum Ga, we found however that both these villages had moved their sites some few miles to the east, since the area had been last visited and the chief of Punlum advised an attack on the peak by getting to the summit of the range along the Gum Ga–Risa–Ranu path. Following his able advice, after spending a night at Gum Ga, a Rangpang village of about thirty houses, we turned north through Risa and, continuing for some 12 or 13 miles, found ourselves on the Yangme Hka. The next day we climbed up the path till the barometer registered 6000 feet and, after cutting and hacking our way for about three hours, or half a mile, round the side of the spur, we eventually came upon a cataract with a fair volume of water. The sides of the mountain were far too steep to make any attempt at a camp, and we just spread

out and lay down wherever we could severally find a ledge sufficiently long and wide. Next day, retracing our way to the Ranu path and continuing along it, we reached the saddle between Lungwukaw and Pungra Bum, another peak at 8690 feet. Here we found water, and whilst the Survey Officer and the troops proceeded to do their work on the summit of Lungwukaw Bum I climbed Pungra Bum, and here, at last, was a wonderful view of the Nampuk valley with the Patkai towering behind it. The valley is obviously over-populated, the slopes on both sides are bare and treeless. I could make out the huge villages of Yangno and Ranu, Rangse and Nauknyo, all containing well over one hundred houses. This over-population seems surprising when one considers how terribly under-populated is the area on the other sides of the Patkai and Sangpan in the Rangpang country. I did not meet many people from the Nampuk valley, but they all have a resemblance to the Konyaks rather than to the Rangpangs. Some of the people I met from this area later in Singkaling Hkamti were very similar to the Chang tribe, just to the east of Mokokchung. The most striking similarity is a design like the marking on the catfish which the Chang women tattoo on their foreheads; one of the tribe's ancestors is stated to have been one of these fish. There is a very gradual movement taking place from this area to the plains round the Tanai, the Nagas migrating down to the banks of the river rather than living on the practically uncultivated eastern slopes of the Sangpan. No Naga would live in the heat of the plains if he could get his living in the cool of the hills, but I could find no reason for their non-occupation of the eastern slopes of the Sangpan.

Completing our work on the peak we returned as we came and were in Dalu again on January 7. Spending two days in Dalu I moved off again north-west, to effect a liaison with Major Osmaston's party who were due at Mu Bum on the 18th. This time we marched along the left bank of the Tanai for two days through extremely dense jungle. There was no path and we found that by wading in streams we could get along easiest, though our feet often got numbed with the cold. We crossed the river by dug-out where we had first taken to the rafts and pushed along our old path to Shingbwiyang (how the signallers used to hate that name!). Here we found an old bridle-path going our way and were able to make use of it through Shamshing, Hkalak and Kachaing to Sanching at the foot of a long spur rising due north to Mu Bum. In Kachaing and Sanching the Rangpangs appear to have maintained more of their own culture than elsewhere. In Kachaing was a grave underneath a rice granary. It is customary to bury sometimes in such a place in lieu of under the house. On the path just outside the village were some lightly built bamboo arches. Hanging from these were a few cone-shaped hats and some split-bamboo clappers. The demons are driven out of the village, I was told, by the whole population dancing through the village shrieking and shouting and beating gongs, clappers and drums. When the exhausted mob has reached the arches the clappers and hats are hung up on them and the demons are out of the village for another whole year.

Sanching, a village of some forty very large houses, was the biggest Rang-pang village we came across. The Rangpang family all live in one house, each part of the family having its own room, which leads off to one side of a long

passage running the full length of the left side of the house. The Rangpangs are, or rather were, human sacrificers: the Governments of Assam and Burma have done their best to put down the evil practice. In Sanching they told me an interesting story of the foundation of the custom. In the past, they said, they had always sacrificed monkeys, but one day, when sacrificing one, a voice was heard to come from the sky. "Of what use is a monkey?" and at the same time a human hand fell at the feet of the sacrificers. The priests interpreted this omen to mean that the spirits required a human being to be sacrificed and, though they hated doing it, the practice was started rather than that the tribe should die from disease or starvation. This tribe is rather different in one respect from all the other tribes encountered. A man must marry into his own clan. There are so far as I could gather twenty-one clans, each of which confines itself to a village, and usually the village is just named "the men of so-and-so clan" instead of being called after some nearby feature.

Leaving this interesting village on January 19 we climbed the mountain to find Major Osmaston had already arrived. We stayed here on the 19th, the temperature in the night being 26°. There were a few inches of snow on the ground, but we were not the worst off, as news came through by helio that there were 2 feet of snow on the summit of Point VIII at 9120 feet. I had here my first opportunity of watching the observations being made, and it was rather a wonderful experience sitting in the complete stillness with the lamps winking at one from the distant hills in all directions. The Himalayas were distinctly visible to the north and north-east: an unbroken line of snowclad peaks. The Patkai unhappily shut off our view of Assam. On the 20th we moved down again to Shangke, and, taking a short cut to the Namyung, returned *via* Shingbwiyang to Dalu. On January 22, on the way down to Namyung, surprised at the silence from the Empire Broadcasting Station, I tuned in to Germany to hear the announcer say in English "the German nation joins with the British nation in mourning the death of her beloved Sovereign."

On March 1, owing to impossible weather conditions, Major Osmaston decided to close down Survey operations for the season. On the same day a new brass Buddha arrived by river at Dalu, having been brought from Mandalay. We must have been rather a nuisance to this village with our continual call for eggs, fowls, goats, pigs, and buffaloes, and I am sure they connected these two events to the glory of Buddha and the impotency of the unbeliever as typified by the Survey Party. There was great commotion on the river bank as it was brought in. One small boat paddled by two men did continuous circles round the raft as it headed slowly for the bank with a band of drums, cymbals, gongs and bells in full attendance. The idol was then hoisted on to a decorated bamboo platform and carried up the bank in procession to the chief's house in the village, where it was left pending its removal later to the Pagoda. Having said good-bye to the Survey Party, which was returning *via* Maingkwan and Kamaing to the railway and thence to Rangoon, we set off down the Chindwin on our way back to Assam, half the party marching and the balance in the dug-outs. I do not think any of us were at all sorry to be leaving Dalu, a most dismal spot, where the ground mist forms at about 9 o'clock in the evening and lasts till nearly 4 o'clock the next afternoon.

On March 11 the river party reached the first of some difficult rapids to be negotiated, the Tsamak series. Here everybody disembarked except the boatmen, who set off with the loads left in the boats. The rapids extend over half a mile and there are four really bad places, the worst directly opposite the mouth of the Tsamak Hka, which comes in on the left bank of the river. Things had been made more difficult by an abnormal drop in the level of the river, which had left many more dangerous rocks to be negotiated. The dug-outs which were joined together in pairs for added stability all got safely through the upper rapids, but the second raft as it passed through the next rapid struck a rock with such force that the two dug-outs were wrenched apart and the six boatmen and all the loads were flung into the river. They were all rescued, the only loss being a few bags of rice. The next raft to come down did the same thing, but it was rather worse, as one of the boatmen got caught under water between the two boats and was in serious danger of drowning, until one of the men left on the wreck with great presence of mind seized his *dao* and hacked the two boats apart, despite the fact that they were then full of water and careering towards the head of the next rapid. This being quite enough for one day we camped at the head of the next series, the Hinkiu rapids, and dried everybody and everything in the hot sun. The next day we had to unload everything, and the dug-outs were pulled separately through the water whilst the loads were carried to the bottom of the rapids along the steep rocky sides of the gorge: a most laborious process. The second rapid was negotiated by shooting it. In every case the boats were swung around and one boat always filled with water. Then loading again we floated downstream some 6 miles to the head of the Kyaukse rapids. The river here is very narrow, being only some 20 yards across as compared with the width at Dalu of some 600. The Chindwin is 519 feet above sea-level at the rapids, so that a dam here about 150 feet high and 200 feet across would flood the whole of the Hukawng valley. Dalu itself would be 50 feet under water. There is a sudden drop of 7 feet in the river-level at the Kyaukse rapids, so the boats had to be taken out of the water and pulled round. The boatmen built a framework of large branches much like the Konyaks do when they are pulling up a new log gong to the village and the boats were pulled over, one by one, with cane ropes. On the 14th we reached Man Pang, a Shan village of some sixty houses, and on the 15th Singkaling Hkamti, where we linked up with the land party who had had an uneventful journey along the right bank of the river to Sailung, where they ferried across it.

Singkaling Hkamti is a large clean village of about sixty houses and capital of the State of the same name. There is a pagoda (temple) and a *kyaung* (monastery) with many saffron-robed monks. The Sawba, or prince, a pleasant young man who smoked eternal perfumed cigarettes, sent down his chief minister to welcome us. After staying here two days in the forlorn hope of the Government launch coming for us, as previously arranged, we left on the 18th for Homalin, half the party, as before, going in the boats. Camping each night at a Shan village as we progressed down the river we arrived at Homalin on March 25. Homalin is the headquarters of one of the sub-divisions of the upper Chindwin district. Making use of the Government launch, the *Northern Ranger* (which had been unable to get up to Singkaling

owing to the abnormal fall in the level of the river), and the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company's regular steamer, we reached Sittaung on the 27th, 90 miles from Homalin and 350 from Dalu. From here, marching along the bridle-path by night as the days were too hot, we reached Tamu on the Assam–Burma frontier on the 30th. On March 31 we entered Manipur State and reached Imphal, the capital, on April 3. Here we engaged a fleet of lorries, and, motoring over the hill road, arrived in Kohima, the headquarters of the Naga Hills district, on April 5, exactly 170 days after starting.

The Naga Hills—a beautiful country and a happy and lovable people. May they long be spared from the terrible consequences of Western Civilization.

DISCUSSION

Before the paper the CHAIRMAN (Admiral Sir WILLIAM GOODENOUGH) said: We are all the more sorry that the President cannot be here to-night because he has actually been in the country that we are to hear about. The account of it is to be given by Mr. Lambert. Mr. Lambert is a Police Officer who has been in the Political Service for some time, and who accompanied a Survey of India party which was engaged on the triangulation starting from the great river which bears the name of the son of one of the trinity of gods of India, the Brahmaputra. The journey that we are to hear about extends across to the Chindwin, which is a river tributary to the Irrawaddy. The people who inhabit the Naga Hills are the people called the Naga. Whether mongoloid or australoid or a mixture of both perhaps we shall be able to know after we have heard the lecture. It is particularly of the people that we are to hear in the lecture which I now ask Mr. Lambert to deliver.

Mr. Lambert then delivered the lecture printed above, and a discussion followed.

The CHAIRMAN: After that very delightful description of a little-known country I am sure you would wish to hear something from Dr. Hutton, who has been four years or more as District Commissioner in the part of the world about which we have heard and with whom our President went on the journey of which I spoke at the opening of the meeting.

Dr. HUTTON: The country which Mr. Lambert has been in was last visited by a very well-known Fellow of this Society in his day, namely, Major-General Woodthorpe, who was in the Naga Hills in 1876, and by Mr. S. E. Peal, who visited the Nongyang lake in 1879. Until then most of the country was completely unvisited. I had the good fortune to visit the part further south than that visited by Major-General Woodthorpe, and an area still further south, which no one had previously been into, in 1923–24. With Captain Kingdon Ward I went as near as we could get to Saramati in my last trip to the Naga Hills in 1934 or 1935.

Some of the points raised by Mr. Lambert were of great interest. One is the question of platforms made for pulling boats round rapids. He described them as being very like the platforms made by the Konyaks for dragging the new canoe gongs up to the villages. The canoe gong is made exactly like a dug-out canoe, hollowed out of a tree perhaps 40 feet long, and played by the bucks of the village, perhaps twenty or thirty all hammering on it with things like dumb-bells. These I suspect are reduced canoe paddles, and I cannot help thinking that this gong is in origin a dug-out canoe. Manipuris used a dug-out canoe habitually as a means to signal by, beating on the sides of the canoe, and in Fiji regular signals are used and beaten by the handles of paddles hammered on the

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sides of the canoes. The beating on one of these hollowed-out wooden gongs, as I prefer to call them—Professor Balfour calls them xylophones—is heard for miles across the valleys on a still night in the hills. The significance is well known from one village to another. You can tell whether it is the chief being buried, whether the village that is beating the drum has taken heads, or whether they have lost heads. I suspect that that particular instrument, curiously enough in people who cannot swim and know nothing about navigable water, is still derived from the canoe.

Mr. Lambert mentioned the burial of people under granaries. Of course many of the Konyaks do not bury at all, and the Aos do not. Apparently they prefer to smell their grandmothers as long as they can. It is a strict principle of a number of villages in the Naga country never to change the location of a cemetery. They never make a new cemetery, and in some cases an ordinary cemetery is built on the road just outside the village in order that the souls may migrate easily to the village from which the original colony came. In some cases the village grows larger, and must spread down the ridge on which it is built. As it is not possible to move the cemetery, the village street may be lined with corpses; you walk between sets of houses and then you get a row of corpses, some fresh and some old, and then you start houses again. Nobody seems to mind and nobody seems one penny the worse. The point of putting the heads under a granary is perhaps some curious connection between the souls of the dead and the crops. In some villages they wait until the body is nine days ripe and then detach the head. That is put into a phallic stone cist, and the body is exposed in its coffin in a *ficus* tree. In some of the villages I visited with Captain Kingdon Ward the body was hung up in the living-room inside a wooden canoe-shaped trough, and it would be kept there until the next sowing. If the individual dies just after the sowing the body is kept there for the whole year. If he dies just before, he will still be disposed of at the sowing, even if a little green. Nine days is the allowance. Then the body is dismembered in order that it may release the soul to go into the crop, to ensure a good harvest the following year. The bones are then gathered together and put in a pot inside the granary, and left alone there. I think there is a very definite connection in the idea of the life cycle, in which the soul of the human being goes into the crop, is eaten again and comes back into the human being. That I believe to be the meaning behind burying underneath the granary.

It is too late to enter into all the questions arising from Mr. Lambert's most interesting paper. He showed me so many old friends that I could talk about them for hours. One thing I cannot believe is that the Sema coolies could not drink all the beer offered them. The only explanation can be that they have turned Christians since I was in their country, because the Christians in that part of the world do not drink. The Semas I knew would have polished the beer off, though they might not have carried loads the next day!

The CHAIRMAN: Colonel Rich was in former years in charge of the Survey in that part of the world. I will ask him to add a word or two on the subject.

Colonel RICH: The lecture has been of special interest to me, as during three cold weathers, from 1920 to 1923, I lived in the unadministered tribal country described by the lecturer, on the east or Burma side of the Patkai Range, whilst in charge of the Survey of the Hukawng valley and the watershed of the Chindwin River to the north and west of this valley. The photographs we have seen of some of the leading chiefs are those of old personal friends, and I have camped in many of the villages shown on the screen.

It was known to the Government of Burma that the Kachin tribes in this area owned large numbers of domestic slaves of their own race, and I was

ordered not to interfere with them, unless any of these slaves were found to be Indians, in which case they were to be bought from their owners at the current market price and liberated. During the course of my tours round the valley, I came across a few of these Indian slaves and bought them their freedom at an average price of £5, except in the case of a few of the older ones, who had lost all touch with India and were quite happy to remain as they were with masters who treated them kindly.

During my second year, when the Survey had gone further west towards the Patkai Range into the tracts inhabited by Naga tribes, my surveyors began to send in reports of evidence they had seen of recent human sacrifices. I sent these reports to the Burma Government, but they were inclined to consider them as old wives' tales of practices which had not been known for many years. In the following season, therefore, I received orders to find out if these reports were authentic or otherwise, and unfortunately they turned out to be true, though only a few human sacrifices took place each year.

My surveyors also found a slave girl in one village, who was to be sacrificed during the summer when my survey party had left the locality; and after a lot of bargaining I managed to buy her from her owner for £40, and sent her out of the country to the nearest town in Burma, Myitkyina on the Irrawaddy, where she was taken care of by some missionaries. Unfortunately she became ill and was sent to the local hospital, where she was given a powder which she imagined to be poison, and during the night she went out and drowned herself in the river.

Two years later I accompanied Sir Harcourt Butler, late Governor of Burma, on his expedition to that country in 1925, when he gave orders to the chiefs that all slaves must be set free and human sacrifices stopped, and since then this tribal territory has been administered by the Government of Burma.

The CHAIRMAN: I will ask Captain Kingdon Ward to say a few words.

Captain KINGDON WARD: I believe that Mr. Lambert, who has given this very interesting lecture, is a Police Officer in the Indian Police, and I think that you will have gathered from the extraordinarily hard time that they had in the country that even in India a policeman's lot is not a happy one. Although he was talking about locating points by means of Survey Parties in the Naga Hills, I gather he was not really on point duty!

My only claim to say anything on this occasion is that two years ago, thanks to Dr. Hutton, I was permitted to walk across, in a wholly unofficial capacity, from the Brahmaputra to the Chindwin, a good deal south and by a shorter and easier route than that of the lecturer.

Mr. Lambert told us an interesting fact, that the average height of this range which runs down between Burma and Assam is about 6000 feet, and he mentioned the peak of Saramati, which he says is over 12,000 feet high. It is a very curious thing the way Saramati stands up in isolation, very much higher than the surrounding country. Thanks also to Dr. Hutton, I was able to join his punitive expedition on a sort of little holiday, and he took us to climb the peak of Saramati.

I regret that Mr. Lambert did not touch upon the botany of the country. I am afraid that is the only thing which attracts me to that part of the world. I go to look for plants, and Saramati is perhaps a floristic island. It is so much higher than all the surrounding country that probably on top there are plants which grow nowhere else in the world. Dr. Hutton, Major Hartland, and myself tried to climb the peak. We only got up to about 10,000 feet, but that was quite sufficient to whet our appetites, and we did find a possible route to the summit. I think if we had had the time we could easily have got there. If

anybody in future wants to know the route and has the time, and of course the permission, to climb Saramati I will be pleased to enlighten him. I think Mr. Lambert mentioned some one who is alleged to have gone to the top from the Burma side last year. Anyway, he did not bring down any plants; he just went up and came down again, so we are not much better off from that point of view.

The Chindwin, of which Mr. Lambert showed us some extremely graphic pictures, is a very interesting river. He showed you the great basin of the flat, low-lying Hukawng valley, and pointed out how on the Burma side the mountains between the Chindwin and the great Irrawaddy are only about 1000 feet high. Professor Gregory has pointed out that the Chindwin river is far too small for its valley; and that this valley must have been cut out a long time ago by a very much bigger river, which seems to have come down through Tibet and flowed across into the Hukawng valley over a very low gap in the mountains, called the Hukawng wind-gap. The river was probably the Tsangpo. How it afterwards managed to get switched off into the Brahmaputra valley, leaving only a miserable trickle at the source of the Chindwin, is a point not yet cleared up.

The hour is late, so I do not think I need say anything more except to thank Mr. Lambert and say how much I have enjoyed his extremely interesting lecture.

The CHAIRMAN: I should also like to thank Captain Kingdon Ward and congratulate him on his endeavour to reach the top of Saramati. There is time enough yet for him to do it, judging by his appearance. To-night it is not flowers or mountains or even country that are the principal interest. Mr. Lambert has discussed mostly the people who live in the country he visited, people who live under a civilization different from ours, but a civilization none the less, and the more we hear of different parts of the world the more it seems to me we have to realize that there are different civilizations. It may not be concerned with arms and aeroplanes and such things, but still it is civilization.

I assure you, Mr. Lambert, that you have given us an evening of very great interest. One saw, underlying the easy way in which you spoke, what we in this Society so often share: hard work, great application, immense preparation beforehand that things may go right. To come through the work with all these coolies without, I think you said, the loss of a life is a great accomplishment. When two or three Englishmen collect a big party together and take it successfully through six months' travel involving dangerous river crossings, illnesses, and disease, without loss of life or trouble of any kind, they are really achieving something that does immense credit to them as leaders.

The hour is somewhat late, though not a minute of the time has been wasted. We offer you our warmest thanks for a delightful evening and a description of really first-class interest. I understand you are going back on Thursday next, and I may say that Mr. Lambert put off starting on that delightful thing, a sea trip—he is going across to Marseilles by train—in order to give the lecture here to-night, when he might have been in the Bay of Biscay instead! So we owe him an added debt of gratitude. Thank you very much, Mr. Lambert.