foot of a pine forest, through which we travelled three days, ascending continually until we came to a snowy pass—the only pass in the country which, as the natives say, "hang jên," stops people's breathing. Descending its northern slope we soon found that we had left China behind. There were no Chinese to be seen. The valley was nearly all pasture land, on which were grazing herds of hairy animals, resembling immense goats. These I rightly conjectured to be yaks. On entering a hut, I found it impossible to communicate with the family, even a Sifan, whom I had brought with me, being unintelligible to them; but they were polite enough to rescue me from the attack of the largest dogs I have ever seen, and to regale me with barley meal in a wooden bowl, which I had to wash down with a broth made of butter, salt, and tea twigs. Further on we met a company of cavaliers, armed with matchlocks and sabre, and decorated with profuse ornaments in silver, coral, and turquoise; a troop of women followed on foot, making merry at my expense. A mile or two further, and I came to a great heap of slates, inscribed with Sanscrit characters, whereupon I began to understand that we were in Tibet; for although Tibet proper is many hundred miles west of this point, yet tribes of Tibetan race and language extend right up to the bank of the Tatu river—a fact which I had not been led to expect.

At the foot of the valley we struck the high road from Li-t'ang to Ta-chieu-lu, and I walked into the latter town on the evening of the 23rd April.

I stayed there three weeks, and learned much regarding the condition of the numerous countries included in the general name of Tibet. Inquiries respecting commercial production and distribution occupied most of my time, and I shall have a good deal to report which is interesting and, I think, useful.

We returned to Fu-liu by the high road, and the sub-magistrate of Ta-shu-pu duly paid over the sum of 170 taels, the estimated total of my losses.

From Fu-liu to Kia-ting we followed the by-road by which we had come. I took the opportunity afforded by the arrival of a Lolo chief, who called upon me, to make notes of the customs and language of his tribe. I had previously collected a sufficient vocabulary of one of the Sifan dialects.

From Kia-ting we dropped easily down the flooded current, in six days, to Chung-ching, without encountering a single rapid, and in deep water all the way, making Chung-ching on the 24th June, after an absence of nearly five months.

The information collected during my journeys enables me to report, with some confidence, on the trade and production of Western Ssŭ-ch'uan, and their bearing on the commercial capabilities of Chung-ching. I am preparing a report on this subject, which I propose to supplement with a full account of my explorations.

III. NOTES ON THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY MR. GROSVENOR'S MISSION THROUGH WESTERN YÜNNAN, FROM TALI-FU TO T'ÊNG-YUEH.*

"When you have left Carajan and have travelled five days westward, you find a province called Zardandan. The country is wild and hard of access, full of great woods and mountains which it is impossible to pass, the air is so impure and unwholesome; and any foreigner attempting it would die for certain."

Thus Marco Polo, in the fiftieth chapter of his second book.

* Reprinted from the Parliamentary Report, China, No. 3 (1878).

We, who had the good fortune, though for most lamentable reason, to follow many of his steps, searched his book page by page as we journeyed day by day; and it is with the view of supplementing his memoirs, and assisting future explorers who may enter the same region, that these few notes are prepared.

That Yachi and Carajan represent Yünnan-fu and Tali, is proved by topographical and other evidence of an overwhelming nature. I venture to add one more proof, which seems to have been overlooked.

If there is a natural feature which must strike any visitor to those two cities, it is that they both lie on the shore of notable lakes, of so large an extent as to be locally called seas; and for the comparison, it should be remembered that the inhabitants of the Yünnan province have easy access to the ocean by the Red River, or Sung-Ka. Now, although Marco does not circumstantially specify the fact of these cities lying on large bodies of water, yet in both cases, two or three sentences further on, will be found mention of lakes; in the case of Yachi, "a lake of a good hundred miles in compass"—by no means an unreasonable estimate.

Tali-fu is renowned as the strongest hold of Western Yünnan, and it certainly must have been impregnable to bow and spear. From the western margin of its majestic lake, which lies approximately north and south, rises a sloping plain of about three miles average breadth, closed in by the huge wall of the Tien-tsang Mountains. In the midst of this plain stands the city, the lake at its feet, the snowy summits at its back. On either flank, at about twelve and six miles' distance respectively, are situated Shang-kuan and Hsia-kuan (upper and lower passes), two strongly fortified towns guarding the confined strip between mountain and lake; for the plain narrows at the two extremities, and is intersected by a river at both points.

Shang-kuan we had no time to visit. Hsia-kuan, built on a river to which it gives its name, is circled by a labyrinth of walls. One long arm of masonry even follows the right bank of the river into a gorge through which the high road passes, and there finds an appropriate terminal in a solitary tower of native rock. These two outflanking fortresses constitute the strength of Tali-fu.

That city is a more or less regular square of one mile and a quarter, surrounded in the usual manner by a high wall backed with earth. Of itself it is neither stronger nor weaker than other Chinese cities; but so long as Shang-kuan and Hsia-kuan are held, it is unapproachable except by the snowy passes in its rear. It was by these passes, we were told, that the Mohammedan insurgents succeeded in capturing the place. The long, narrow plain—some eighteen miles by three—celebrated as the most fertile rice ground in Yünnan, affords the garrison and people an abundant harvest of provisions, and the lake never fails to supply a plentiful tribute of excellent fish.

The fish of Chinese lakes and rivers are generally very insipid and unappetising, a fact which is usually attributed to the muddiness of their native waters. But the streams and meres of Yünnan are remarkably clear, with gravelly bottoms. The tastelessness of the fish is more probably to be accounted for by their being kept alive in impure and unchanged water until their sale to consumers.

A visit to Tali-fu entails a deviation from the main western road, and we were met (exactly as was the experience of our poor friend Margary) with objections on the part of the authorities to our branching off to their city.

The Chinese seem or pretend to be incapable of understanding the restless curiosity of foreigners who waste their time in exploring regions to which their business does not necessarily conduct them. In such cases we never paused to discuss matters; we stood not upon the order of our going, but went.

All before us was now a land of mystery. Margary had indeed traversed it, but

his journal stops short two days before reaching Hsia-kuan. The continuation was no doubt carried off by his murderers; it is clear that they would have hastened to destroy documents which might have contained an intimation of expected foul play.

Is the Tali range snow-capped? was a question often discussed by us. Margary himself, who had passed several days in full view of those forbidding heights at much the same season as ourselves, observed no snow, and even ridiculed the supposition of its existence in conversation with Colonel Browne; on the other hand, Mr. Garnier, an explorer of the highest authority, describes the chain as "couverte de neige pendant neuf mois de l'année."

At the station before Hsia-kuan, from which place the heights are not visible, one of our party made careful inquiries about the duration of the snow. His informants, some of whom had crossed the passes, laughed outright at his scepticism, and told him that on reaching Hsia-kuan next morning he would find snow hawked in the streets, that the snow rarely melted in the summer, and that a bad harvest and many diseases invariably followed its disappearance. On rounding a spur of the hills which wall in the southern end of the Tali valley, we came abruptly into full view of the western range, rising and receding into black saw-like peaks, the summits of which, sheeted with brilliant white, seemed nearer and more real than the lower mass of the mountain. There seems no reason to doubt the statement that the Sierra is generally snow-capped all the year round, but only slightly so during the hot months.

I am not aware what is the line of perpetual snow in this latitude (25° to 26°); but we were satisfied that the heights towered from 7000 to 8000 feet over us, raised as we already were 7000 feet above the sea-level.

The range is, in character, what Mr. Garnier calls it, a "chaine," ruggedly serrated, but with no very prominent peak. The highest point, as it seemed to us, lay about north-west of the city.

The view given in Mr. Garnier's work depicts very fairly the general appearance of the range, but the colour is unsatisfactory, and from the southern end, at which we entered the plain, the mountain mass bears a much bolder and grander proportion to the breadth of the lake.

Although now within a few hundred yards of that glorious sheet of water, we were at first much puzzled at not seeing it, the explanation being that a slight undulation of level, not apparent to the eye, intervened, over which the sight passed immediately on to the opposite hills without being conscious of the interval, just the same illusion, in fact, that is often taken advantage of by scene-painters. The road here lies through a weary bed of sand and shingle, but the traveller is cheered by a charming view of Hsia-kuan, glistening white at the mountain foot.

Shortly before reaching that town, we passed a family on their way to the quarterly fair of Tali; they consisted of a man, two women, and a child. The man was a wild-looking copper-coloured creature, somewhat resembling a Mongol, clad in a single sack of very coarse woollen cloth, wretchedly poor, but cheerful notwithstanding, and disposed to be communicative. But as he had made even less progress in the Chinese tongue than ourselves, knowing in fact little more than the numerals, interchange of ideas was attended with occasional difficulty. All we could elicit from him was that he came from Kutung, or was a Kutungman.

We had previously met people of the same description engaged as conductors of caravans, but neither we nor our Chinese following ever succeeded in understanding them, nor could we obtain any information from officials nor people regarding them, except that they were Kutungmen. What or where Kutung is, I have not to this moment any idea. The men are of a dark reddish complexion, with rather

prominent features, above the average height, and well proportioned, dressed in close-fitting woollen garments, which in some cases we observed to be neatly cut and handsomely embroidered. The Chinese have not acquired the art of spinning and weaving wool, and the clothes of these people never came, it is evident, from a European loom.

The two women, aged about twenty-five and seventeen years respectively, at once arrested our attention. I have the authority of my two companions for stating that they would have been considered handsome anywhere. Paler in colour than the man, their oval and intelligent faces instantly reminded us of the so-called Caucasian type; and in every step and movement there was a decision and exactness widely different from the sluggish inaccentuation of the Chinese physique. The younger was particularly remarkable for a peculiarity of her long hair, which was naturally wavy, or "crimped," a feature which is never met with among the Chinese. While watching these people, I felt in the presence of my own race.

Their straight and shapely forms, ill-concealed by a very short and scanty gown, their sympathetic demeanour, their poverty, and their presence with ourselves in a strange land, may possibly account for the interest my two companions evidently felt in them.

The river which relieves the excess of the lake at its south-west foot is not visible from the road until one is in the act of crossing it in Hsia-kuan. We breakfasted in the suburbs of that town without having succeeded in discovering its stream, and in fact we began to feel incredulous of its existence, especially as the rivulets we had passed all ran towards the lake. But shortly after starting again, we crossed, by a fine arched bridge in the centre of the town, a clear and winding stream about 35 yards in breadth. So slow was the current, that we could only detect its direction by noticing the inclination of the water-weeds.

Snow from the mountain-top was being offered for sale, and we celebrated the event by iceing the last bottle of our dozen of champagne. The said vintage was designed for the purpose of entertaining native officials, but it is to be feared that our hospitality was, on occasions, not altogether disinterested.

We bought here for a dollar two pairs of magnificent Amherst pheasants, which we confided to our taxidermist.

Through a long paved street, up a steep incline, we quitted Hsia-kuan and entered upon the slope which rises from the margin of the lake to the mountain spurs. The land here is thickly cultivated, principally with rice, for which crop it possesses a great reputation.

We were told that before the Mohammedan insurrection the route from Hsia-kuan to Tali, about 9½ miles long, was one continuous street; but this does not seem probable. The traces of Mohammedan and Imperialist destruction are very distinct. Temples and houses still lie where they fell. But such ruins were not very frequent along the roadside. Still the place must once have been wealthy and populous, as is proved by the massive stone bridges, often of luxurious and superfluous size, spanning the numerous torrents which run down to the lake.

The fine trees which once adorned this slope have, with a few lone exceptions, disappeared. The idols lie in fragments beneath the ruins of their desecrated shrines. One temple alone, about six miles from Tali, relieves the monotony of ruin and desertion; it is new built and indeed uncompleted, having been lately erected by Ts'en, the Governor, and the Generalissimo Yang-yü-k'ê. The usual miniature pond with gold fish, complete, is shadowed by the conventional toy bridge and willow-pattern balcony; but the effect is pleasing enough, the fine white marble of the Tali quarries furnishing the materials.

We passed a pleasant hour of rest in this temple. The commandant of our

Chinese escort—whose name, by the way, translated according to the approved method of Abbé Huc, is not inappropriate to his profession, "Hill-echoing Thunder"—narrated to us how he conveyed with exceeding difficulty four foreign guns ("pièces de cinq" only, as we ascertained from a missionary) over the rugged route from Yünnan-fu, and how the capture of the city was to be attributed solely to his own exertions. One gun was irreparably damaged *en route*, but the surviving three laid and pointed by himself, according to his account, terminated the rebellion. There seems no doubt that these guns, cast by French workmen in Yünnan-fu, were really the main cause of the Mohammedan surrender.

General Thunder told us, what was subsequently confirmed, that when the Mohammedans had surrendered and given up their arms, Tu Wên-hsiu, the so-called "sultan," came into the camp of the besiegers, borne in a sedan chair, and inquired for Ma, the Imperialist commander. Being introduced to his presence, he begged for a cup of water, which being given him, he said, "I have nothing to ask but this—spare the people" ("Shao-shajên"). He then drank the water, and almost immediately expired. It appears that he had taken poison, which was suddenly brought into action by the water. His head was immediately cut off and exposed, and, heedless of his prayer—probably the most impressive and pathetic ever uttered by a dying patriot—the victors proceeded to massacre the helpless garrison and townsfolk.

The greater part of the able-bodied men, no doubt retaining some of their arms, succeeded in escaping; but a number of unresisting people, principally old men, women, and children, fled from the city into the rice-fields which border the lake. Hemmed in by the Imperialist pursuers, they entered the water, into which they retreated further and further; and being still pressed, were either forced out of their depth by the crush, or sought a refuge from worse ills in a voluntary death. The number of those who perished in this way has probably been greatly exaggerated. The foreign press put it at from 3000 to 9000. General Thunder, undoubtedly an eye-witness, and probably a participator, told me, as we sat in the sunny verandah of the temple overlooking the scene of these horrors, that he did not think there could have been more than 500 corpses, or "the water would have stunk more." The gallant general was of opinion that Tu Wên-hsiu was a good and conscientious ruler, and respected even by his Imperialist foes; but for the Moslems generally, he professed much contempt.

We were now in full sight of Tali-fu, as unpicturesque a city as any in China. The ruins of an extensive suburb line the approach to the south gate, but within the walls we saw little trace of destruction. We found lodging in a caravanserai of more than average dampness and discomfort, which had been the scene of a horrible episode of massacre; nearly 1000 Mohammedan partisans (all our informants agreed in the number), mostly men who had laid down their arms, were here pent up by the Imperialists and deliberately butchered. The inn is reported to be haunted by their spirits, and consequently drives a very poor business. Future visitors will easily identify it by its situation near the fish market, in the central part of the town.

Tali is only in part inhabited, and that not thickly. We did not succeed in finding a single large shop. But about a mile outside the west gate the quarterly fair (*yueh-kai*) was being held, presenting a very animated scene. Some 5000 people, many of them non-Chinese, were present, and good order is evidently maintained, as valuable wares are exposed with security. In the thick of the throng we met our friends of Kutung, and many other outlandish folk. Lolos were rubbing elbows with people from the Shan districts, and Tibetans, the dirtiest race we had ever seen in this land of dirt, where most of the matter is in the wrong place, were chaffering with sleek Cantonese. A Fakir with a praying machine, which he twirled for the

salvation of the pious at the price of a few cash, was at once recognised by us; he was our old acquaintance, the Bakhsi, whose portrait is given in Colonel Yule's 'Marco Polo.'

At the upper end of the fair we found many varieties of goods from Tibet exposed for sale; among others a very stout description of serge, obviously not Chinese, of which a specimen will be found in the trade collection, and an endless exhibition of the "omnium gatherum," generally known as Chinese medicines. Enormous dried centipedes, tied up in bundles, were in much request.

Very few Manchester goods were seen, although the fair is chiefly a market for clothing materials. We observed Russian broadcloth, and the commercial motto of Sweden, "Utan fosfor och svafel," was prominent. The greater part of the goods and traders seemed to come from Canton, and the few foreign goods probably found their way from that city.

The lower part of the fair was occupied by lodging booths and restaurants bordered by stalls, on one of which it was interesting to find a copper knife and a stone celt. I purchased both for a few cash. The knife is undoubtedly genuine; the celt, called locally, and indeed all the world over, "thunder-stone" (*lei-ta-shih*), bears traces of sharpening on the axe-edge, and is well adapted for use; but as these objects are now employed as charms on account of their supposed supernatural origin and properties, and as there is a brisk demand for them, it is difficult to satisfy oneself of their authenticity. The original type would, however, be retained, and it is curious to observe how perfectly this exemplar agrees with European forms.

We met with a considerable stock of silversmith's work and jade carving. The cost was much greater than in Eastern China, but, nevertheless, sometimes several articles for which we bargained were sold to natives for higher prices than we had considered reasonable, arguing that there must somewhere be more wealth than we found signs of. We noticed some very handsome lime-boxes of silver filigraine work.

In Western Yünnan the betel-nut is chewed with prepared lime, colouring the teeth red and causing a profuse expectoration. We first met with the practice near Tali-fu. In fact, we had been for some days importuning our geologist to account for certain red streaks on the roadside rocks. His explanation was plausible enough: some people can explain anything, but he was soon found out.

Is it not possible that the red colour imparted to the teeth by the practice of chewing betel with lime may go some way to account for the ancient name of this region, "Zar-dandan," "Chin-ch'ih," or "golden teeth"? Betel-chewing is of course common all over China; but the use of lime is almost unknown and the teeth are not necessarily discoloured.

In the neighbourhood of Tali one comes suddenly upon a lime-chewing people, and is at once struck with the strange red hue of their teeth and gums. That some of the natives used formerly to cover their teeth with plates of gold, from which practice, mentioned by Marco Polo and confirmed elsewhere, the name is generally derived, can scarcely be considered a myth; but the peculiarity remarked by ourselves would have been equally noticeable by the early Chinese invaders, and seems not altogether unworthy of consideration. It is interesting to find the name "Chin-ch'ih" still in use.

When Tu Wên-hsiu sent his "Panthay" mission to England with tributary boxes of rock from the Tali Mountains, he described himself in his letter "as a humble native of the golden teeth country."

The word Panthay has received such complete recognition as the national name of the Mohammedan revolutionaries in Yünnan that I fear it will be almost useless to assert that the term is utterly unknown in the country which was temporarily under

the domination of Sultan Suliman, otherwise Tu Wên-hsiu. The rebels were and are known to themselves and to the Imperialists by the name of Hui-hui, or Hui-tzu (Mohammedans), the latter expression being slightly derogatory.

The name of "sultan," utterly foreign to the ordinary Chinese, was never applied to their ruler, except perhaps by the two or three hadjis among them. The name "Suliman" is equally unknown. The Mohammedans of Yünnan are precisely the same race as their Confucian or Buddhist countrymen; and it is even doubtful if they were Mohammedans except as far as they professed an abhorrence for pork. They did not practise circumcision, though I am not sure if that rite is indispensable; they did not observe the Sabbath, were unacquainted with the language of Islam, did not turn to Mecca in prayer, and professed none of the fire and sword spirit of propagandism.

That they were intelligent, courageous, honest, and liberal to strangers, is as certain as their ignorance of the law and the prophets. All honour to their good qualities, but let us cease to cite their short-lived rule as an instance of the "Great Mohammedan Revival."

The rebellion was at first a question of pork and of nothing else, beginning with jealousies and bickerings between pig butchers and the fleshers of Islam in the market places. The officials who were appealed to invariably decided against the Mussulmans. Great discontent ensued and soon burst into a flame.

The first outbreak seems to have originated among the miners, always a dangerous class in China, who were largely composed of Mohammedans. The usual measures of exterminative repression were adopted by the officials; their Confucian hostility against any faith or society which possesses an organisation novel to or discountenanced by the Government, was aroused; a general persecution ensued; the Mohammedans made common cause, excited, it is very possible, by their travelled hadjis; and so began the period of disorder and disaster with which we are acquainted.

Regarding the faith of these unfortunate people, Dr. Anderson writes, "Our Jemadar frequently lamented to me the laxity that prevailed among them, and my native doctor held them in extreme contempt, and used to assert that they were no Mussulmans."

As regards the illogical atrocities which the Chinese official mind justifies, one anecdote will suffice.

A few weeks before our arrival at Yünnan-fu, a rising occurred in the north of the province, occasioned by the extortionate proceedings of a prefect. The insurgents committed no outrages, but simply assumed an attitude of protest. The movement was suppressed with curious suddenness, and we were fortunate enough to meet the military officer who had restored order On being congratulated on his success, he replied, "Yes, they were harmless people, and not in the least to blame. I only had to kill a few ('pu-kuo-shao-ti-sha'), and the affair was over."

We strolled several times up and down the main street of Tali. For a Chinese street it is a wide and not uncleanly avenue, but the houses are very mean. The most remarkable sight was the market-women belonging to some non-Chinese race, who came in from the country with fish and provender for baggage animals. They would be pronounced comely if it were not for their dreadfully excoriated bare legs. We observed the same women and the same legs at Yünnan-fu.

In the street near the north gate were two curious objects, the use of which we could not satisfactorily ascertain. They were made of bronze, well cast, and resembled howitzers, but had no trunnions, nor, as far as we could find, any rudiment of a touch-hole. Moreover, they seemed so thin that it would have been dangerous to fire them. They were about 8 inches in diameter at the muzzle, and perhaps 6 inches in bore, being some 4½ feet long, and were not supported on

carriages, but laid in cages with their muzzles elevated towards the gate. They are probably the guns which protected the gateway of Tu Wên-hsui's palace during the rebellion, and were intended to fire grape, but how they were to be fired remains unexplained. It is, however, possible that they have been carefully and accurately spiked without leaving any trace of the operation. The dimensions are from memory.

On the 15th of April we returned to Hsia-kuan. Leaving the town the next morning, and following the left bank of the river which issues from the lake, we were surprised to find that rather imposing stream, which seems almost navigable, suddenly plunge under a natural bridge of rock, and become a rushing torrent.

That a boat once came up the Mekong and entered the lake by this branch, as local tradition has it, is clearly fabulous. About a mile from Hsia-kuan the route enters a gorge by a massive gateway, part masonry and part rock, which forms a fit portal to the majestic scenery it guards. The precipitous mountain sides are at first bare and rugged, but an hour's walk along an easy road brings the traveller into a well-wooded region. At 2½ miles from Hsia-kuan, the hamlet of Fang-tzu-pu is reached, remarkable for its hot spring. The route traverses the mountain side at a considerable height above the river, but descends again to its level immediately after passing Shih-ch'uan Shao, 5½ miles.

So far, there is very little cultivation, the way being a mere mountain pass; but, on approaching the scattered huts which comprise Mao-t'sao-t'ang, 7½ miles, a wheat crop was observed, and further on the inevitable poppy-field.

The route now becomes densely wooded, and coasts along the river through pleasant glades of walnut trees. The 40 yards' breadth of clear stream which lingered through the sands of Hsia-kuan here appears a sheet of foam 10 yards broad, surging over enormous boulders. It is easily crossed by bamboo bridges in several places; but, as our midday stage, the hamlet of Hsiao-ho-chiang, was already in sight, we followed a roundabout path, and gained the other bank by means of a tree which a freak of nature has made to grow horizontally over the torrent.

Hsiao-ho-chiang is 9¼ miles from Hsia-kuan. The local estimate is 45 *li*, but it is nearly impossible to obtain any even approximately exact idea of distances in these regions from the Chinese. We heard, for instance, with incredulous ears, that the distance between two places depended upon which end one started from; and all the informants, separately questioned, would give much the same differential estimate. Thus, from A to B would unanimously be called one mile, while from B to A would with equal unanimity be set down as three. An explanation of this difficulty, offered by an intelligent native, was this: carriage is paid on a basis of so many cash per mile; it is evident that a coolie ought to be paid at a higher rate if the road is uphill. Now it would be very troublesome to adjust a scale of wages rising with the gradients of the road. It is much more convenient for all parties to assume that the road in difficult or precipitous places is longer. This is what has been done, and these conventional distances are now all that the traveller will succeed in ascertaining.

"But," I protested, "on the same principle, wet weather must elongate the road, and it must be further by night than by day."

"Very true, but a little extra payment adjusts that."

This system may be convenient for the natives, but the traveller finds it a continual annoyance.

The scale of distances is something like this:—On level ground one statute mile is called two *li*. On ordinary hill-roads, not very steep, one mile is called five *li*. On very steep roads one mile is called 15 *li*. The natives of Yünnan, being good mountaineers, have a tendency to underrate the distance on level ground, but there

is so little of it in their country that the future traveller need scarcely trouble himself with the consideration. It will be sufficient for him to assume five local *li*, except in very steep places, as being one mile.

From Shih-ch'üan-shao to Hsiao-ho-chiang there are two routes, one on either bank. That on the left is preferable.

While at tiffin we received a deputation from Ho-chiang-pu, the village at which we intended to pass the night, entreating us to stay where we were. It was a very great distance to that place, the road was almost impassable, the inhabitants were very turbulent, and suffered from an infectious plague, and the village was so small that we should be unable to find food or lodging. We possessed, however, sufficient experience of the "splendid mendacity" of the Chinese to make us feel satisfied that these stories were fiction, and we were accordingly not in the least surprised when, after strolling a mile along an easy path, we were greeted with the smiles of the healthy-looking villagers of Ho-chiang-pu (10½ miles). The object of the deputation was made evident when we discovered that a subordinate Chinese official was also putting up at the village. He no doubt feared that we should occupy the best quarters, and his apprehensions were realised.

Ho-chiang-pu ("the meeting of the waters") is an inconsiderable walled village, protecting the western entrance to the pass which we had been threading. It occupies a lovely situation near the junction of three torrents, the Hsia-kuan river, the Ch'üan-chiao, and the Yang-pi, whose combined streams flow on, keeping the name of Yang-pi, to join the Mekong. The Ch'üan-chiao river takes its name from a stone bridge which we shall shortly cross. The Hsia-kuan river is also called the Ho-chiang.

The village boasts two or three tolerable inns, and would be a most convenient centre from which to explore this interesting region. The four valleys traversed by these three streams and their continuation, afford every variety of mountain scenery, from the undulating thickly-wooded hills near the village to the snow-tipped "horns" and "teeth" of black rock which overhang the town of Yang-pi.

To this place we must hasten. Issuing from the village, we seem about to plunge into a dense forest; but this ceases on the margin of a triangular cultivated patch about half a square mile in extent, at the junction of two of the streams. Inclining to the north an execrable road dips into a gully, and we soon cross the Ch'üan-chiao bridge over the stream of that name, at the mouth of a magnificent glen. The torrent rushes joyously along between mountains of inaccessible steepness, which are clothed to the very summit of the precipices with flowering or bright-leaved woods. The snowy peaks which crown the whole are not visible from this point, but the consciousness of their awful dominance is always present.

We passed no nook in our whole journey across China more worthy of close exploration than this; and we are confident that the traveller of the future will record a debt of gratitude to us for having pointed it out. It will lead him to the inmost heart of the range by what appeared to us a very practicable path. The range possesses a sacred and emblematic character. The envoys sent by the "Panthay" Sultan in 1871 carried with them pieces of rock hewn from the four corners of the mountain, as the most formal expression of his desire to become feudatory to the British Crown. Our unsentimental Foreign Office, blind to romantic symbolism, would not suffer them to be extricated from the bonded warehouse of the Customs; yet it seems unlikely that the tariff includes among forbidden imports the sacred rock of the golden teeth.

To our exceeding depression we are only permitted a passing glimpse of this paradise, and must continue our inexorable way across a wooded spur to the hamlet of Chi-i-pû (12 miles). The valley we are now ascending is much less verdant, and the inclosing hills lower, but we have scarcely recovered from our late disappointment,

when, after passing Chin-niu-tun (13¾ miles), a mere hamlet, an opening on our right suddenly reveals the central snowy sierra.

Replete as this mountain system is with surprises, no contrast is so striking as here meets our gaze. At the foot of a rift in a wall of dark rock, apparently 600 or 700 feet in height, but possibly much more, vegetation suddenly ceases, and between the vertical sides of the chasm issues a torrent from the very feet of the giants within. The eye in vain attempts to penetrate the interior gloom of this gulf, which is probably not more than two miles distant from the road, and easily accessible. The contrast between the sudden black mass of rock and the green and gradual slope which approaches it, utterly confuses all perception of distance; the shadows thrown by the pinnacles and crags above deepen the obscurity, and the sight ascends, helpless and hopeless, to the final contrast of the dazzling snows. It is an absorbing scene; but our instructions are to travel with all despatch. We hurry on with many a backward glance, and a vow that these murky gates shall one day open to us.

The road at this point is worse than ever, being in one place the bed of a torrent with no stint of water. The valley gradually broadens, or rather the floor rises, until an uninviting down, broken by sandy gullies, has to be ascended. T'sao-hsieh-p'u was the name of the place at which we expected to find tiffin awaiting us, but we searched in vain for Tsao-hsieh-p'u. We heard afterwards that a hamlet of that name formerly existed, but had been deserted from want of water; it was strange how utterly the habitations had disappeared.

After a halt of two hours at Ma-ch'ang (15¾ miles) a circuitous route leads us round an elbow of the river and we soon catch sight of the town of Yang-pi, a fortress of great importance, as Chinese fortresses go, guarding a pass over the mountain by which the rear of Tali-fu can be gained. This pass is officially closed during six months of the year, but is frequently crossed by contrabandists who know every detail of the range. The Chinese officials draw very little distinction between smuggling and brigandage, the penalties being practically the same for both derelictions; it follows that a smuggler often develops into a brigand, and as a consequence all mountain ranges and border lines have the reputation of being infested by robber bands. Thus, by an easy transition, the heavily taxed people take to smuggling, smugglers become bandits, bandits become rebels, and when occasion serves, whole districts are in revolt.

The little town of Yang-pi has often played an important part in the repression of such disorders. After the capture of Tali-fu about 2000 Mohammedans, we were told, took refuge in the mountains, but the approaches to Yang-pi being secured by its garrison, they were unable to descend, and most of them perished of cold and starvation in the upper passes. Viewed from this side, the town is very picturesque, being broken by the necessity of its situation into two divisions on different levels about half a mile apart, built in the midst of a curious convolution of water. The entrance to the lower town (Hsia-ch'êng, 19¾ miles) is very strongly guarded by high loopholed walls, between which the road passes for some fifty paces before the place is entered.

To the north the spurs of the Tali mountains break into a number of low plateaux, among which the Yang-pi river winds, apparently taking its rise away in the north-west, and not in this range. It is represented in all maps as a bifurcation of the Mekong; but in so mountainous a country one is loth to believe that rivers can divide in this way.

The valley of the Yang-pi, to judge from the latest native map (which we found very trustworthy as regards names, though inexact in positions) is continuously populated up to the point where it diverges from the Mekong, near a village called

Hsiao-tien, whereas the Mekong valley is depicted as being almost uninhabited. It would, therefore, seem that the easiest way of reaching the Upper Mekong is by ascending the former valley.

The Yang-pi river, after receiving the two streams at Ho-chiang, ultimately rejoins the Mekong. Its name, locally pronounced Niang-pi, has an un-Chinese sound, and the elaborate characters used in writing it give one the impression that they were specially invented for the purpose. It is probably, like many others, an indigenous name, which was in use before the Chinese occupation.

We passed the night comfortably enough in a hostel in the lower town. This, like many houses in Yünnan, possessed an upper story. The houses are often built entirely of wood, and the upper room, generally clean and fresh, is in some cases 45 feet long, and of proportionate breadth. A better lodging in mild weather could scarcely be desired. The tax-office (*Lekin*) was usually the newest and most conspicuous edifice in every village, and we passed many a night in those well-abused institutions.

A mountain rill runs down the side of the main street of the lower town, and in one place forms a convenient shower bath, a hint for which the future traveller will be grateful, as well as for the information that the lower town affords better lodging than the upper. We were fortunate in procuring some fairly good tobacco here—our supply had given out at Tali-fu—and the recovered pleasure yielded an additional zest to the prospect of the star-lit mountain snows.

The discomfort of travel in these regions is no doubt very great; but, on the other hand, the foreigner will meet with at least one agreeable compensation, in being able to pass to and fro without being pestered by the curiosity of impertinent rowds. We strolled about the cities and villages with perfect freedom and convenience often in crowded places such as the fair at Tali, without attracting much notice from the bystanders. This is no doubt to be attributed in some degree to the presence of so many non-Chinese races in and around the province. Burmese, Tungkingese, Shans, and a host of petty tribes, are familiar to the people of Western Yünnan, and we were no doubt confounded with one or other of these.

The abusive term, "foreign devil," seems unknown in Ssŭ-ch'uan and Yünnan; we were assailed with it for the last time at the foot of the first rapid above Ichâng. The natives of Ssŭ-ch'uan have a superstitious objection to pronouncing the word *Kuei* (devil). "Talk of the devil, he's sure to appear," they argue. We met with the same feeling against ill omens on the high plateau north of Yünnan-fu, a region swept by desolating winds, which make it in places almost uninhabitable. By a similar logical process the storm-swept natives have banished the word "wind" from their vocabulary, and substituted an expression which literally means "the waves are blowing." Our humourist remarked that this was merely another instance of the curious inversion of thought and custom which Europeans so often meet with in China; for there are Western countries, the natives of which are willing to employ almost any language for the purpose of raising the wind.

Yang-pi has no legal right to be called a town, being under the jurisdiction of only a sub-assistant magistrate (Hsün-chien), and a lieutenant (Pa-tsung).

Next morning, the 18th April, we crossed, by a dilapidated wooden bridge, the small stream which divides the town, and passed through the upper division (Shang-Chêng). We found it dirty and meanly built; very different from the promise our first view of it held out. An iron suspension bridge, 43 yards in span, takes us over the river, and we enter a bare valley, at the head of which is the village of Pei-mên-pú (22 miles), consisting almost entirely of new houses, or houses in process of construction. The situation is at the foot of a very steep ascent. It is noticeable that villages are often built in such positions, showing that the inhabitants make their

living by supplying the wants of wayfarers. In this spot, at any rate, there is nothing else to create a population.

The region we were now entering may be seen, by a glance at any map, to be perhaps the least populated of any in Western Yünnan. For a considerable distance in every direction there is not even a village worthy of the name. After climbing the steep ascent above Pei-mên-pú, we overlooked, on either hand, an interminable system of parallel ranges, covered with jungle and small timber. The ridge was soon crossed, and as we descended in a south-west direction into a narrow valley, the rivulets soon began to issue from the hill-side and combine until, in a very few miles, we found ourselves accompanied by a mountain torrent. Ch'ing-shiu-shao, a miserable hamlet (27 miles), afforded us tiffin, and T'ai-p'ing-pú (20½ miles), a mere cluster of huts, lodging for the night.

We were beginning to weary of the "everlasting hills" after having traversed several hundred miles of them. There was no object in making longer stages than we did, as we were now in communication with our Political Agent at Bamô, and had been informed of the date on which our escort of 300 British bayonets was due at Manwyne.

Next morning an unexpected steep had again to be surmounted. We reached the summit breathless and steaming with heat, though the temperature in the shade was only 64°; but we were rewarded by finding ourselves on a ridge, from which a magnificent prospect was obtained of the undulating ocean of hills on every side. The gradients on this route are often of the most exasperating steepness. The path seldom condescends to zigzag up a slope until it becomes absolutely impossible to ascend it otherwise; and the limit of possibility is so nearly touched in many places that the ascent has to be charged—taken with a rush—on pain of slipping back. Here and there, in a seemingly purposeless manner, the route descends from a ridge, runs a mile or two along a valley, and then appals the wayfarer by mounting again up the very same ridge. But there is a reason for this apparently eccentric deviation. The traffic must pass through the villages, and the villages must be situated near water; the road, therefore, adapted to these exigencies, dips on occasion to the bottom of the valleys.

The wide-spreading banyan trees which crowned the ridge we had attained formed a shady halting place, from which we watched our unfortunate coolies, burdened with some 70 lbs. weight, toiling with frequent pauses up the dusty slope, often sliding back, and gladly availing themselves of branches and shrubs as a *point d'appui*.

From this spot we descried a bright stream, large enough to be called a river, flowing down a valley on our north-west. This valley is said to produce much of the gold for which Yünnan is famous; but the whole district seemed to us almost uninhabited.

The route continues a short distance along the ridge, and then descends again through fine glades to the stream we crossed at starting. We run merrily down the slope to the hamlet of Niu-p'ing-pú (34¼ miles), and thence follow the stream until our path is barred by the river above mentioned. A large cotton caravan was waiting on the floor of the valley for more carriage. The first half of the cavalcade had just passed. The head of the leading mule was completely hidden in an elaborate ornament of coloured wool and silver buttons, and plumed with a *panache* of the tail feathers of the Amherst pheasant. All the succeeding animals we saw, some twenty in number, bore aigrettes of the same description. We encountered eight or ten caravans with the same insignia, and seeing that it takes several tails to form a plume, there must be good shooting somewhere. The whole turn-out was very well appointed, and caparisoned with a luxury far beyond the requirements of the route.

The swagger of the well-dressed and well-fed muleteers was also new to us, and new it seemed to them to have to yield the crown of the causeway to outlandish foreigners, who they found could on occasion assume the devil-may-care swashbuckler as well as themselves.

The trade of this region, chiefly cotton and opium, is almost monopolised by two merchant princes—Yang, the Generalissimo of Western Yünnan, and his Majesty the King of Burma. The former appears to take the lion's share, and it was one of his caravans that had just passed. His conductors, disbanded braves, notorious for their high-handed conduct, are the dread of the inoffensive villagers, and no one ventures to deprecate their exactions.

The Generalissimo himself enjoys a reputation of no common order; but as he was courteous and even hospitable to ourselves, it may be well to give him the benefit of the doubt, and to assume that scandal has exaggerated his failings in crediting him with all the qualities of Barabbas and Blue Beard. He is beyond doubt the richest and most influential man in Yünnan, and if the province is opened to trade, we shall probably have close relations with him. Shanghai was favoured by a visit from him two years ago, when he did us the honour to abduct a native damsel from our midst, and escaped his pursuers by the unromantic but simple device of hiring an omnibus.

A sudden turn to the right brought us to a very dilapidated suspension bridge (36½ miles) over the river, an insignificant stream easily forded during winter, but as the bridge indicates, swelling to an imposing volume at other seasons. The Shan-pi, as it is locally called, will not be discovered on any map. It was at the time we passed it the clearest of streams, about 30 yards broad, flowing with an easy current in a gravelly bed from the heart of the hills. A well-made road coasted its right bank, and as good roads are not made without some extraordinary reason in China generally, still less in Yünnan, I ascended it for a short distance, but without meeting a single person or habitation. We were told that the road was for the convenience of gold-diggers; the future traveller, with more time at his disposal, may decide the question. At many points of our journey, and notably in this neighbourhood, we lamented our inability to remain a few days and explore its attractive recesses. The natural charm of these glens is heightened by the fact that their secrets are unknown except to their own sphere of population. We follow the right bank at some elevation above the stream, and enter a curiously labyrinthine region, in which the river abruptly doubles back round a narrow peninsula of hill and then disappears into a very mountainous country on its way, no doubt, to the Mekong. After descending into a deep and dangerous hollow, apparently the bed of an ancient lake, we again mount up to the road which makes a detour round the chasm, and soon reach Huan-lien-pú (38¾ miles), a poverty-stricken and half-ruined hamlet.

The next day, 20th April, is again one of the severe hill work. A gully down which a small stream trickles to the Shan-pi is first crossed, and then a most formidable hill, "Chiao-kou-shan," temple-crowned and grove-clad, so steep as to be inaccessible from the eastern side, has to be worked round and taken in reverse. The road then follows a ridge between two deep valleys and becomes easier, still, however, rising. We pass the two hovels, which are called Pai-tú-pú (43½ miles), and the ruined temple of Wan-sung-an (45½ miles), and at Tien-ching-pú (47 miles), when we stop for the night we have reached an elevation of 8600 feet, being 3300 feet above the level we quitted in the morning.

The converse descent had to be accomplished next day; the western slope becoming gradually less wooded and at last completely bare. This condition is generally noticeable beyond Tali, and may perhaps be attributed to the influence of the winter winds which seldom vary more than from west to south-west. We were still traversing the

same almost deserted region. A moderately easy path led us through Sha-sung-shao (48¾ miles), a hamlet of five huts, Mei-hua-pu (50¾ miles), consisting of a couple of huts, and we halted at midday in one of the two sidings which constitute Ping-man-shao. The hill-sides at this point are dry and sandy, but there is no lack of water in the courses. The contrast between the eastern and western slopes is very striking.

Descending a rough and fissured ravine, we issued on to the plain of Yung-p'ing, which does not exceed three miles in breadth, and is perhaps nine miles long. It is to all appearance abruptly closed in at both ends, but there is probably an exit towards the south along the stream, which disappears through a pass in that direction.

The city of Yung-p'ing was dimly discernible through the haze at about three miles' distance. It seemed of small extent, and we were told that the slight importance it possesses is rapidly yielding to the large village of Ch'ü-tung at the southern end of the valley. The chief authority of Yung-p'ing, a magistrate, is generally to be found at Ch'ü-tung. Besides these two places, four or five hamlets, mostly in ruins, dot the plain, of which certainly not more than half is under cultivation.

The neighbourhood of Ch'ü-tung (58¼ miles) is a little better than a marsh, through which flows the stream above mentioned, some 12 yards broad, and where we forded it scarcely a foot deep. It no doubt enters the Mekong, receiving on its way many accretions, one of which runs through Ch'ü-tung.

A little beyond the ford we encountered a pitiful indication of the misery which Tartar misrule and Mohammedan rebellion have brought upon the country. By the path-side were kneeling in a row some thirty women, with hands clasped in supplication of ourselves. Our first impression was that they were beggars, but it is doubtful if a beggar could exist in these deserted mountains and desolate vales. These women were, besides, comfortably dressed, though rather in the costume of the Tai (Shan) race beyond Têng-yueh than *à la Chinoise*. Their greeting—"A respectful welcome, great Sirs"—was no more than the usual formula. On inquiry it turned out that they were begging to be protected from the approach of beggary, and not to be relieved from its actuality. They were the women-folk of well-to-do Mohammedans slain during the outbreak, or missing; they still retained the ancient title-deeds of their lands and houses, but had been deprived of civil rights. Mistaking us for Mohammedans—a very frequent error—and hearing that we were officials on an important mission, they awaited our arrival to implore, in their ignorance, an intercession which, coming from us, would certainly have injured their cause.

Indications are not wanting to show that Mohammedan influence is far from extinct in Yünnan. These women are furnished with money by their refugee relations, who keep up communication with them from regions inaccessible to the authorities. At any moment imperial tyranny and fatuity may provoke an outbreak, and with so many wrongs to revenge and rights to recover, it may be imagined if the late masters of the country are likely to seize the occasion.

Ch'ü-tung is remarkable in our memory for four points: for its cleanly appearance; for its battered condition, three-parts of the place being covered by the ruins of substantial buildings; for the great number of small birds which frequent it; and for the capture, at which we were present, of a large snake in the very centre of the little town. It proved to be a jungle cobra 8 feet 1 inch in length.

On the morrow the inevitable climb awaited us. A winding track leads through a wooded glen to the foot of a steep ridge, which we only surmounted to find a most forbidding range still barring our advance.

Descending to T'ieh-ch'ang (62½ miles), which means "ironworks," but contains neither works nor iron, being nothing but a squalid gathering of half-a-dozen huts,

we found ourselves near the centre of a cultivated hollow; the stream which drains it seems to flow inexplicably into a bay of hills, without any exit—another enigma to be solved by the traveller of the future.*

Hsiao-hua-ch'iao (63¾ miles) ("little flower bridge") is not much more flourishing, but Hua-ch'iao, a mile further on, is a village of some pretension and preservation, a short distance up the slope. From about this point a continuous steep ascent winds among rocks and knolls through thick woods and thicker jungle, which obstruct the view in such a manner as to render bearings and distances problematical. Sixty-three minutes' severe labour, not including stoppages, brought us to T'ien-ching-p'u (66¾ miles), which is little more than a wayside hostel. We saw here for the first time some women of the race or races called indifferently by the Chinese "Ichia," "Mantzu," "Miao-tzu," or "Yeh-jen." The first term is perhaps less contemptuous than the rest; but they all mean, more or less, "savage," or "barbarian." Except in the case of the Kutung men, we never found the Chinese, official or otherwise, distinguish the different designations in the slightest degree, although there are obvious differences of language, dress, and manners. This was the more disappointing, as we were ourselves sometimes included in this indiscriminating category.

These women were dressed in ordinary blue cotton cloth, but were tricked out with a good deal of bead-work, especially about their head-gear. We had little time to improve their acquaintance, and as they could not understand us, nor we them, our conversation flagged. Though inclined to dumpiness, and of a brick-red complexion, their appearance was pleasing, nor were they by any means obtrusively shy.

While scrambling up the steep beyond this I overtook a caravan conducted by a few Kutung men. The first I passed was a youngster some seventeen years of age, handsomely dressed in a close-fitting woollen costume, and wearing a fine pair of sapphire earrings. My curiosity (not cupidity, as my companions, who were on ahead at the time, subsequently insinuated) induced me to ask him to allow me to examine them, and as it appears that he did not understand Chinese, I held out a hand with a gesture to the same effect. His only reply was to spring back and draw a long dagger from his belt. Not caring to risk my invaluable existence, nor feeling anxious to imperil his, I thought the best thing was to sit quietly down and make a polite gesture for an examination of his dagger. This policy seemed to puzzle him, and his excitement was already subsiding when five or six of our following, who all carried arms, came up and surrounded him. "Shall we incision make? shall we imbrue?" seemed the question of the moment; but on being told to sit down they at once obeyed, sitting round him where they had stood in a ring. This was too ludicrous a situation for the Chinese, who burst out laughing; but the young gallant, in a very dignified manner, stepped out of the circle and stalked away with his bare blade. His manner was not in the least like that of a savage, and though his action was hasty, I am not prepared to call it altogether unjustifiable.

Shortly afterwards, as I was endeavouring to find out from our Chinese what country these people inhabit, another of them suddenly issued from the jungle where he seemed to have been sleeping; but for some unexplained reason he had stripped himself stark naked, and was so evidently anxious to go back for his clothes that it would have been cruel to detain him. On continuing the route we passed a third

* On referring to the route chart it seems probable that the stream in question finds exit through a gap which was not visible from the road, and is the same brook that runs through Ch'ü-tung. We failed, however, to detect any appearance of such a break from Hua-di'iao, or a little before it, where we rested for some minutes.

who, though doubtless anxious to converse, turned out to be dumb. He seemed to be a servant of the others.

After tiffin, which welcome event took place at Yung-kuo-ssu (67¼ miles), a hamlet consisting of two huts, while we were attempting to enjoy a pipe of the mundungus, which in these regions passes for tobacco, the whole caravan came up. We sent to ask the chief conductor to visit our shanty; he accepted *sans gêne*, and after a mutual drinking of healths, in which process he exhibited a certain alacrity, we inquired the whereabouts of his country. With the little Chinese he spoke we only understood that his native place was somewhere north of Tali-fu. He was very well behaved, and by no means a bore, very much less so than the Chinese, who seldom perceive when the time has come to terminate a visit.

The breech-loading and extracting apparatus of a Snider rifle inspired him with so lively an interest, that in return for our allowing him, to the imminent danger of the public, to discharge ten rounds of ball-cartridge in various directions, mostly vertical, he insisted upon fetching his own matchlock, and exhibiting his and its powers of shooting. He returned with a fine old crusted weapon of the Chinese order, provided with a forked rest, and selected a white stone about seven inches in diameter, which he placed at a distance of 30 yards.

Lying down on his stomach and adjusting his rest, he took a prolonged aim and then pulled the match, previously lighted, slowly and carefully down upon the touch-hole. Nothing of importance resulting, he pricked up the powder and recommenced; still nothing worthy of note ensued, but not at all disconcerted, he rose with the remark that his gun had not gone off, that the match was probably damp, and he would fetch another. Thus reinforced, he contrived to hit the stone, and we warmly congratulated him on the achievement. His matchlock was furnished with a ring sight near the lock, but had no fore sight. The bullets were cylindrical.

As we were now on the best of terms, I inquired why his young compatriot had drawn upon me. He explained, much to the delight of my companions, that he was anxious about his earrings; but he was kind enough to exonerate me from any propensity to brigandage, and subsequently rebuked the young fellow roundly. The latter was told to hand me his dagger for inspection, which he did with a good grace, but I remarked that with pardonable circumspection he had divested himself of his earrings.

In the afternoon we descended to the valley of Sha-yang, a stony, half-cultivated hollow a mile and a half broad, and stretching, as far as we could judge, about four miles to the south-east. That it cannot extend far is shown by its stream running north-west, in contradiction to the general conditions of this water system. The stream must enter the Mekong, and from the direction of the mountains we feel safe in assuring our successors that by following its course for a few miles they will discover gorges and defiles of unusual abruptness.

We had undergone a hard day's work, and took advantage of our arrival at a spacious temple to rest for a day. Ten miles per diem may seem a small matter to the British tourist, but if he will make the experiment of emptying the contents of his dust-bin down his backstairs, turning on all the water-cocks, and sprinkling a cartload of bricks over the whole, he may, by marching up and down until he has completed 10 miles, arrive at an approximate conception of a day's journey in Western Yünnan.

Our coolies were delighted with the prospect of a day's repose, and so seemed the willing mules and ponies—"the hollow pampered jades of Asia, that cannot travel thirty miles a day." Our jades were more hollow than pampered. They were generally left to find their provender on the hill-side. The ponies are wonderful animals, absurdly small, but of surprising pluck and pertinacity.

The temple is situated on a hill-slope above the village of Sha-yang. It will form very agreeable head-quarters for travellers who intend to examine this section of the Mekong Valley, but it will be advisable for them to occupy the hall in which the idols are installed in preference to the lodging rooms. These are low and thinly roofed, and one of our party who slept in them suffered from a severe access of fever. The terrace of the temple is shaded by fine trees, and on the hills at the back, hog, deer, and partridges may be found without too much exertion. Our sportsmen found it best to mount a commanding point and shoot down. In the event of the larder failing, those who consider doves worth eating will make a plentiful bag.

Sha-yang, or Sha-mu-ho, a little below our temple, is a village of some importance. A fair was being held there, to which our Kutung friends had brought a stock of peddling. We tried in vain to induce them to part with their swords and daggers, some of which were handsomely ornamented with silver.

Although now less than three miles distant from the Mekong, we could form no idea of its course; the abrupt wall of hills facing us seemed the introduction to another mountain journey of 10 or 12 miles; but on the 24th, after passing through Sha-yang and Yung-fêng-chuang (74 miles), the latter a small but well-to-do village, a steep climb of twenty-five minutes suddenly brought us on to a ridge almost vertically above that famous river. A series of short and dangerous zigzags leads down to a bold suspension bridge of 60 yards span, striding the river at its issue from the darkest of gorges. The perpendicular walls are not 100 yards apart; from our confined position we did not venture to estimate their height. The heath-clad domes which surmount them towered far above us while we were still on the ridge. A narrow road which crowns the right bank leads invitingly into the gulf, but we were compelled to turn reluctantly away.

The Mekong is 60 yards broad at this point, but it widens below to about 80. The reach seen by us is a smooth, steady stream, without rapids, the current scarcely more than 2½ miles, and probably, though this is a mere estimate, affording 10 feet of water. We could only see about four miles down the stream; at that distance it disappeared from view between precipitous barren walls; the whole reach was, in fact, nothing but a floor of the gorge. On the left bank the mountains rose immediately from the margin of the water, but on the right there was an occasional shingle bed. The 'Yünnan Topography,' a Chinese work published under the Ming dynasty, remarks, "The Lan-tsang river (Mekong) 80 *li* north of Yung-ch'ang at the base of the Lo-min Mountains, is 90 yards in breadth; its depth has not been ascertained. Flowing by Yung-lung and Shun-ning, it passes through Ch'e-li, and enters the Southern Ocean."

The height of the Mekong above the sea-level is about 4700 feet. We make no doubt that it is at this point capable of boat navigation, but there is no trade, nor any town to trade to. At the time of our visit it was swollen by rains; and it is noteworthy that the Salwen and Shweli, which we afterwards crossed, were not in the least discoloured, although the rains had by that time fairly begun. We saw no boats on the river, nor, indeed, anywhere after leaving the lake of Tali-fu. There seems to be no trade from north to south; we passed very few paths running in that direction, certainly nothing worth the name of road. This fine stream, instead of affording an easy highway for traffic, forms an obstacle to communication. "Lan-tsang-chiang" is the received native name of the Mekong, but it is generally abbreviated into "Lan-chiang."

The three main streams of Western Yünnan are locally known by the convenient terms Lan, Lu, and Lung.

The suspension bridges, which are the pride of Yünnan, are all constructed on the same system; five or more chains formed of oval links about six inches in the long

diameter, and ¾-inch thickness, are strained very tightly across, the ends being embedded in rock or masonry, but how secured did not appear. The way consists of planks laid on these, not suspended from them, and two other chains hung from massive gatehouses at both ends form a protection and assistance to the passenger. In some cases the road chains are tied with bars. The bridges vibrate considerably, but the curve is not very great. It would be interesting to ascertain how, with their miserable appliances, the Chinese contrive to stretch the chain so tightly, decreasing the strength of the bridge while rendering it easier to cross. We saw no instance of the roadway being suspended from the chains.

We were now on the border-line between Carajan and Zardandan: "when you have travelled five days you find a province called Zardandan," says Messer Marco, precisely the actual number of stages from Tali-fu to the present boundary of Yung-ch'ang. That this river must have been the demarcation between the two provinces is obvious; one glance into that deep rift, the only exit from which is by painful worked artificial zigzags which, under the most favourable conditions, cannot be called safe, will satisfy the most sceptical geographer. The exact statement of distance is a proof that Marco entered the territory of Yung-ch'ang.

P'ing-p'o (76 miles), a hamlet about a mile beyond the bridge, is also called Lan-tsang P'ing-p'o ("Mekong terrace"). The bluffs above it seemed utterly inaccessible; but a rough and slippery way, in many places cut in the rock, climbs the almost vertical cliff, and after a parting gaze at the great river we threaded a narrow valley between low heights and reached Shui-chai (77¾ miles), our resting-place for the night, a well-built and populous village, perched in a small amphitheatre amid grassy hills. There is a good deal of cultivation, chiefly rice and poppy, in the neighbourhood.

Next day, April 25th, the first of the spring rains came upon us. We followed a very devious path, above a small cultivated valley, and not long after starting, espied in a south-east direction, two stupendous crags of bare rock. Unfortunately they were soon hidden from our view by rain clouds and intervening hills, and I had no opportunity of fixing their position. They seemed less than four miles distant, and probably overhang the Mekong. Black, jagged, and utterly bare, they are in strange contrast with the rounded and verdant summits which they dominate. All the faces visible to us were precipices, apparently 1000 feet sheer, but we could not see their bases. If they overhang the river, the view from its gorge must be of unusual sublimity.

A dense rain-cloud suddenly burst over us, and in a very few moments our whole party—some twenty-five in number, not including escorts and muleteers, who had not yet come up—were as thoroughly wet through as if they had just swum the Mekong. The hamlet of Tali-shao (80¾ miles) afforded us temporary shelter, but after quitting it, which we did rather prematurely, we had to encounter the full force of the deluge for forty-two minutes.

One of us, profiting by his experience of rain storms in Formosa, took off all his upper garments, rolled them up as tightly as possible, and, pressing them under his arm, made all haste onwards.

The narrow and confined track soon became a running stream nearly a foot deep, and boots and socks had to be dispensed with. One of our party, with that readiness of resource so characteristic of distinguished travellers, effected a rush up a slope of red clay, with a view to outflank the torrent; but after a successful ascent of 40 yards, he found it impossible to proceed or return, or even to retain a standing position. The sudden *glissade* which he was compelled to execute, plunging with great accuracy and splash into the deepest part of the flood, was inspected with minute curiosity by his companions.

A mile and a half of similar scrapes brought us to the village of T'ien-ching, which boasts half a hut and a floating population of three. The fragment of a hovel was little better than a lean-to, composed of two walls and a crazy reed roof. Our whole party huddled into it, and proceeded to wring out their clothes. Those who had taken the precaution of rolling them up found the inmost convolutions almost dry, but the rest had to endure chills and cramps for the space of a couple of hours. We had prudently carried with us a light iron stove, and were all rewarded by its usefulness in this washed-out hovel, where there was no fire-hole sufficient even for the simple requirements of a Chinese cook.

During the spring rains, which begin in May and fall more or less continuously for about two months, the traffic of Western Yünnan almost ceases. Even on the level road we had found progression barely possible; what it must be on the steep slopes and zigzags I would rather imagine than experience. The coolies tie iron "crampons" to their straw sandals, and we found the latter preferable in many cases to the heavy and slippery European boot.

The sun broke through again, and we strolled pleasantly down a dell by a rushing stream, past the two huts of Niu-chio-kuan (83 miles), to the village of Kuan-pó (84 miles), which overlooks the large valley of Yung ch'ang, "at the close of the eve, when the hamlet was still." We sauntered about the place to pick up scraps of information, and met two traders who had just returned from Manwyne, where they had been trading profitably with a venture of Yünnan opium. They considered the route which lay before us fairly easy as far as Manwyne, with the exception of the two days' journey beyond the Salwen; we should find this the most toilsome ascent of our whole journey. We must not fail, they said, to cross the Salwen and its valley before sunrise, or we should inevitably succumb to malarious fever.

The mountain road beyond the farther bank was difficult and wearisome in the extreme, and in addition to ordinary dangers from brigands, an attack was to be apprehended from a band headed by a certain Li-ch'ao, sometime a Mohammedan partisan, who had lately taken to the mountain and declared war to the knife against Imperial officialdom.

This person was seconded by a trusty ally, carrying on concerted operations farther west, in the shape of a priest endowed with miraculous powers to exterminate the unregenerate by spells and exorcisms. The Tai (Shan) people beyond T'êng-yueh were, they informed us, very genial and hospitable.

The Yung-ch'ang Plain, which we entered next day (April 26th), is the most extensive we had seen since leaving the capital. Here alone did we meet any signs of the great population which common report has attributed to Yünnan before the Mohammedan troubles.

A level plain, some six miles in breadth, stretched north and south for a distance of 20 or more miles, teeming with villages and seamed over most of its extent with the demarcations of rice-fields—a joyous prospect, at first sight, of prosperity and peace; but descending into its midst, we found its habitations generally a heap of crumbling and deserted ruins, and the fields for the most part a malarious morass. The village of Pan-ch'iao (88½ miles) had retained certain vestiges of population and trade, to be accounted for by its advantageous situation on the central stream, making the irrigation of its vicinity more convenient than elsewhere, and by the fact that the causeway which supports the high road passes through it. We traversed its one long street on a market morning; but with the exception of a few stalls of crockery, iron pans, hoes, and nails, little more was displayed for sale than the pigs and agricultural produce of the neighbourhood.

Its stream, crossed by a stone bridge, which gives it the name Pan-ch'iao (slab

bridge), is about 20 feet broad and of insignificant depth. On most maps a large lake is depicted south of this point. It may once have existed; the plain is very marshy, though the borders of former rice-fields can everywhere be distinguished, and is impassable except along the paved causeway leading to Yung-ch'ang, but there is at present no body of water which could even be mistaken for a lake.

Yung-ch'ang, the westernmost prefectural city (*Fu*) of China, is visible from a long distance, being partly built on a spur of the Western range. From the north-east this spur has the appearance of an artificial pyramid raised behind the city, an illusion which is heightened by a part of the wall running up from the angle. A cluster of temples and pagodas some little distance up the height give the place an imposing appearance; but more than half the space within the city walls consists of waste land, supporting a flourishing population of pheasants. The plain is about 1200 feet lower than that of Tali, being 5880 feet above the sea-level.

A word regarding the dialect of Yünnan. The farther we advanced towards the west, the purer we found the language. Any one who possesses a moderate knowledge of the so-called "Mandarin" colloquial will be charmed with his intelligibility in Yünnan. Yung-ch'ang is specially distinguished for the clearness of its pronunciation, approximating to the Peking dialect, but devoid of most of the vulgar and superfluous *r* final. Things have indeed changed since Marco's time, when the people "had a language of their own, which is passing hard to understand."

How comes it that the language of the remotest province of China is almost identical with that spoken at the capital, while in the intervening provinces so many uncouth and distorted jargons are encountered?

The patois of Ssŭ-ch'uan, at any rate in the mouths of its country folk, was more than half unintelligible to our northern followers. Hunan was, in addition, ridiculous; but in Western Yünnan we were accosted in a familiar and luminous speech, which made us feel as if we were nearing home. Philologers would fail to discover the reason, independently of history, but it is of infinite simplicity, The natives of Yünnan were forced to learn the language of the north on pain of death.

Wu San-kuei, the Chinese general who sided with the Tartars at the rise of the present dynasty, and subsequently reduced Yünnan, became its king, and imposed a despotic and grammatical rule upon his subjects. Selecting those of his veterans who spoke the purest Chinese, he set them to instruct the vanquished. Tradition does not state how many dunces were decapitated, but in any case his educational policy has produced admirable results. "At times kings are not more imperative than rhymes." But here was a king more imperative than a whole language.

Biot has it that Yung-ch'ang was first established by the Mings, long subsequent to the time of Marco's visit, but the name was well known much earlier. The mention by Marco of the Plain of Vochan (Unciam would be a perfect reading), as if it were a plain *par excellence*, is strikingly consistent with the position of the city on the verge of the largest plain west of Yünnan-fu. Hereabouts was fought the great battle between the "valiant soldier and excellent captain Nescradin," with his 12,000 well-mounted Tartars, against the King of Burmah and a large army, whose strength lay in 2000 elephants, on each of which was set a tower of timber full of well-armed fighting men.

There is no reason to suppose this "dire and parlous fight" to be mythical, apart from the consistency of annals adduced by Colonel Yule; the local details of the narrative, particularly the prominent importance of the wood as an element of the Tartar success, are convincing. It seems to have been the first occasion on which the Mongols engaged a large body of elephants, and this, no doubt, made the victory memorable.

Marco informs us that "from this time forth the Great Khan began to keep

numbers of elephants." It is obvious that cavalry could not manœuvre in a morass such as fronts the city. Let us refer to the account of the battle.

"The Great Khan's host was at Yung-ch'ang, from which they advanced into the plain, and there waited to give battle. This they did through the good judgment of the captain, for hard by that plain was a great wood thick with trees." The general's purpose was more probably to occupy the dry undulating slopes near the south end of the valley. An advance of about five miles would have brought him to that position. The statement that "the King's army arrived in the plain, and was within a mile of the enemy," would then accord perfectly with the conditions of the ground. The Burmese would have found themselves at about that distance from their foes as soon as they were fairly in the plain.

The trees "hard by the plain," to which the Tartars tied their horses, and in which the elephants were entangled, were in all probability in the corner below the "rolling hills" marked in the chart. Very few trees remain, but in any case the grove would long ago have been cut down by the Chinese, as everywhere on inhabited plains. A short distance up the hill, however, groves of exceptionally fine trees are passed. The army, as it seems to us, must have entered the plain from its southernmost point. The route by which we departed on our way to Burmah would be very embarrassing, though perhaps not utterly impossible, for so great a number of elephants.

Leaving Yung-ch'ang—in which city, by the way, we were not impressed by the truth of Colonel Yule's encomium on "the remarkable beauty and fairness of the women"—we started down the plain in full view of the great battle-ground, through fields purple and white with the curse of China, over a bridge which spans a dry watercourse, past a large reservoir for irrigation, and then rested at Wo-shih-wo, the "Den of the Sleeping Lion" (96½ miles), a poor hamlet. From this we immediately entered the hills, and a short ascent brought us to the mouth of a cave from which the hamlet derives its name. This cave possesses great local celebrity as a curiosity. The peculiar name does not appear to be connected with any tradition. According to the topographical work quoted above, "the cave is situated at the foot of Sleeping Lion Hill, and is called Banana Cave; it is two fathoms broad, the same in height, and penetrates the mountain a distance of 150 paces. The glittering stalactites within resemble lilies, bells, and umbrellas."

A further ascent brought us to Kao-tzu-p'u (98½ miles), and in the afternoon we loitered through a pleasant upland, thick with fine trees and shrubberies, until, after extricating ourselves from the dark and forest-hidden dell of Lêng-shui-ching, we issued on to the usual barren western slope, and descended by a very winding path to P'u-p'iao (106½ miles), situated in a small circular valley amid fields of rice and poppy. Good lodging can be obtained in a temple a quarter of a mile beyond the village.

General Thunder came in the evening with an anxious countenance to inform us that the rebel Li-ch'ao was encamped on the hill-side a few miles beyond. Li-ch'ao had played a conspicuous part in the Mohammedan rebellion, but, on its suppression, had tendered his submission. While living quietly on his farm he had been sued for a debt equivalent to about 65*l.*; this he paid, but shortly afterwards was again sued for the same debt, the authorities affirming that he had not paid it. When he protested against this extortionate tyranny, he was refused a hearing as being a notorious rebel. He once more paid the money, but when an attempt was made to obtain a third exaction by the same tactics, he was driven to a fit of desperation, such as not seldom seize the Chinese. He proceeded to murder his mother, wife, and children, burned his house, then took to the hills with a band of followers, many of whom, like himself, had been persecuted to desperation, and swore death to all officials on whom he could lay hands.

We had personally, in all probability, no cause to apprehend the animosity of this desperado; moreover, there is reason to think that the authorities contrived to make some arrangement with him, or with his followers, not to molest us. Our *impedimenta*, too, reduced by this time to a few cans of tinned soups, garrisoned as they were by a still plentiful supply of ball and shot-cartridge, would scarcely have tempted the most rapacious freebooter. So we comforted Thunder by assuring him that not having the honour to be Chinese officials, we felt perfectly secure; at the same time we earnestly pressed him to take the greatest care of his own safety.

The little valley in which P'u-p'iao is ensconced bears every trace of having at an earlier period formed the bed of a lake. It was, doubtless, ultimately drained by the action of its small stream cutting deeper and deeper into the natural bound, at one time a bar, which bounds it on the north-west.

The next day, April 29, we did not get under way until the afternoon. We were beginning to feel affected by a certain weakness, lassitude, or laziness—I know not which to call it—(feverishness, would, I think, be the aptest term), brought on possibly by the extreme dryness of the air. Here, as during the whole journey, the Chinese suffered much more than ourselves. This exceeding dryness was proved, in the absence of instruments, by the rapidity with which our water-bottles—ordinary claret bottles, wrapped in wetted flannel—were cooled by evaporation. On the whole land-route from the Yang-tze to the Shweli, we easily obtained deliciously cool water by this means; but after descending into the sweltering valleys beyond T'êng-yueh, we were much surprised and inconvenienced by the invariable failure of the process.

In this condition our plentiful supply of quinine was an invaluable boon; our whole medical practice was, indeed, very successful, except in the case of our poor native writer, who died very suddenly soon after leaving the Yang-tze. I have my own suspicion of the causes of his death, but it would be out of place to relate them here. If we ever erred, which we do not admit, in the matter of prescriptions, it was on the side of excess; but the fine air, and the high spirits of the whole party, by no means excepting our Chinese, contributed no doubt to nullify the inconvenience of ears buzzing with quinine, sore eyes obscured with acid lotions, and skins scarified with undiluted disinfectant fluids.

On one occasion we found that a large bottle of carbolic acid had been broken inside its wooden case. We exhausted our ingenuity in hopeless efforts to unscrew the cover. We feared to carry it farther, as the burning tears distilled by it destroyed everything they touched. We dared not throw it aside, lest the unsophisticated heathen should drink it as a cheering or medicinal beverage. We had no time to wait and empty it, as the fatal fluid would only trickle drop by drop through a chink which had been cautiously and laboriously excavated with a blunt hunting-knife.

What were we to do? Degrading as the confession must appear, we had to deposit the torpedo in the middle of the yard, and throw bricks until it was smashed.

From P'u-p'iao the road turns the hills by deviating to the north-west, following the direction of the stream.

We lost sight of this in a deep nullah, and, after travelling three and a half miles, we sat down on the terrace of a ruined temple, overlooking a small but populous and thickly-cultivated amphitheatre, through which the stream meanders, and at last disappears to the north among low hills. We were told that it shortly afterwards enters a lake about 10 miles in circumference. There was certainly an appearance of a depression in that direction, and a lake is indicated on some maps with the name Chien-Hai-tzu.

While we were reposing at the temple, Thunder came up, and pointing to the opposite mountain-side, informed us that we could now see the rebel band with our own eyes. We certainly made out a small dark mass high up the barren slope, but, for all we could discern, it might as well have been a flock of goats. The smoke which issued from its midst, however, corroborated the general testimony, and somewhat blunted our scepticism. We were never gratified with a sight, however distant, of the wizard priest; but, as will be seen in the sequel, he has contrived to make his mark in the annals of Yünnan.

Our party consisted of no small number. The escort provided by the Governor of the province was nominally sixty all told, but it dwindled occasionally to twenty, or less. At this point it was doubled.

We had ourselves recruited a few Ssŭ-ch'uan braves for our personal escort, and very faithful and attentive henchmen they proved themselves. Our cook was generally despatched at dawn with careful instructions, designating the exact locality for tiffin. Then would follow the coolies and mules with our cumbrous *impedimenta* galling their reluctant backs. About seven o'clock our vanguard would set out, consisting of some ten tall fellows waving immense spear-topped banners, followed by as many malignant and turbaned braves armed to the teeth, with opium-pipes and umbrellas. Then came ourselves, brandishing mysterious weapons known to the barbarian as prismatic compass and field-glass, and attended close at heel by followers bearing the fallible rifle and the devious shot-gun. Our servants, mounted on destriers, 10 hands high, brought up the rear, in company with sedan chairs, water-bottles, medicine-chest, more escort, and the less efficient coolies, among whom we occasionally discovered a literary student, who took unnecessary pains to assure us that his studies had prejudiced his muscularity. In this rough country the sedan-bearers are assisted by traces made fast to the two poles; a dozen trackers haul upon these, leaving to the bearers little more than the task of supporting the chair.

A kind of *corvée* is in force, by which the villagers are bound to provide trackers for official travellers; the consequence is that young children, naked little rascals, sometimes not more than eight or ten years of age, generally present themselves, willing, and even anxious, to strain at the traces over 15 miles of rock and mire, and the moment they have reached the end of the stages and unharnessed themselves, to hasten back again, by night, through the dark forest, to their mothers with a day's pay of about three farthings.

The little wretches carry their own provisions in the shape of a scanty bag of boiled rice. We never used our chairs except when required to do so by etiquette, as on entering the gate of a town; but it was useless to protest that we had no need to be supplied every morning with a large family of small children; they invariably appeared soon after dawn, but after travelling a mile or two, we used to send the very young ones back with a few extra cash and a recommendation to go to school. It was piteous to see the astonishment with which they commonly regarded this outrageous irregularity.

Resuming our route, we rounded the end of the small western range, and turning south down a tranquil avenue of grassy hills abounding with francolin, soon arrived at the four hovels which shelter the inhabitants of Ta-pan-Ching (113½ miles). Fortunately for our numerous cavalcade, the house accommodation was reinforced by the erection of a few mat-sheds.

The morrow's journey would lead us across the Salwen—a river, to the native mind, teeming with portent and mystery. In Western Yünnan this river is always spoken of with a certain awe. Governor T'sen himself had warned us to cross its valley with all haste. Often had we been told of the many varieties of malarious

exhalations which shroud the hollow after sunrise: fogs, red, yellow, and blue, of which the red is the most deadly, and the blue next in the scale of mortality.

General Thunder, who had never previously crossed, came to notify to us that he had determined to start before daylight, so as to get well beyond the river before the sun was up. Luckily for us, he said, the deadly flood was now spanned by a suspension bridge, but before its construction travellers had to pass in boats. In those days a gruesome monster, resembling in shape a huge blanket, would issue from the depths, and wrapping passengers and boat in his fœtid folds, would sink back into his native abyss.

These dreadful stories, which I tell as they were told to us, so excited our curiosity, that we resolved to cross the valley of death at mid-day, and tiffin on the very verge of Styx.

On the next day, April 29, Thunder was up and away long before daylight. We started about seven o'clock down a steep gorge through dense woods, and soon discovered the valley of the Salwen far below us. Seven miles of continuous descent, alongside a stream which in some places selected the road as its bed, brought us to the mysterious river (121 miles), crossed by a chain-bridge 140 yards long and of two spans. One span of 80 yards clears the water, and the other bridges a shingle-bed, which is covered in the summer months. A massive rock-based pier on the edge of the bed supports the chains, but, curiously enough, the chains of one span are not continuous with those of the other; the ends of one set terminate in the pier, and the other set takes a fresh departure several feet to one side; so that on arriving at the pier the passenger has to turn at right angles to his course to attain the second span. The structure is, in fact, two suspension bridges. It is in a very dangerous state of dilapidation, and we hurried over it, not unmindful of the blanket-fiend lurking below.

The floor of this valley lies at the surprisingly low level of 2670 feet above the sea. The river is some 240 feet lower, running between steep banks of a regular slope, much resembling a huge railway cutting. It sweeps down a short rapid under the bridge; but farther down it was evidently of considerable depth, by no means swift, with a breadth of 90 yards or more, and invitingly navigable for boats of a large size—say, the boats of the Upper Yang-tze, but not a shallop or punt was to be seen.

The shingle-bed under the bridge was strewn with granite boulders glittering with unusually brilliant mica-flakes.

Just beyond the bridge was a small village, created no doubt by the slender traffic, where under a magnificent banyan we spread our frugal table. But even before leaving the bridge we met evidence of the plague which desolates this valley; for, sitting in the gateway was a young man whose corpse-like aspect at once drew our attention; his face was a greyish-black, and what should have been the whites of his eyes were literally and actually green. As we approached he slowly turned those horrible orbs upon us, with a dazed and other-world motion that was most ghastly. He was evidently in a severe stage of some form of fever. We administered a dose of quinine, which he swallowed without hesitation, and without interest. There were six other cases of the same sort in the village.

Many of the houses were merely skeletons of pole-work, of course unoccupied. We were told that in a few days the whole village would be dismantled, and the people would withdraw to the mountains.

We then discovered the strange fact that this valley is uninhabitable during the summer months on account of the malaria, the natives retiring as soon as the fields are planted, and returning to reap them in the autumn. "But what becomes of travellers?"—"Very few pass in the hot season, and those hurry through before

sunrise." There may be some exaggeration in this, but the main fact is unquestionable.

The air of the place was curiously hot; the thermometer, well shaded, stood at 96°, but irregular blasts were wafted from the south-east, which scorched like the breath of a furnace.

Walled in by precipitous mountains, and wooded with clumps of exceptionally fine trees, the unhappy valley is picturesque in the highest degree. Small rounded hills are dotted about its floor; the rice-fields cover a great space, but very few, probably not a tenth part, are now under cultivation. It is by far the lowest depression in Western Yünnan, and runs nearly due north and south as far as the eye can reach, with an average breadth of about two miles. Looking up that lone avenue of precipices, between which the deserted river threads its silent way, one cannot suppress a certain sentiment of solemnity.

A short distance below the bridge lies a considerable walled village, bearing the curious name, Old City of Tu-shu (Tu-shu las Ch'êng), inhabited by a people not Chinese, and governed, subject to Chinese supervision, by an official of their own race, as among the Tai tribes.

Although we had no opportunity of establishing the point, there is little doubt that these people are Tais, the same that are called "Shan" by the Burmese, and "Po-yi" (white barbarians) by the Chinese. Why not allow them to retain their own national designation of "Tai"? They preserve their own manners, costume, language, and alphabetic writing: let them keep their own name.

One would not have expected to find these interesting people so far east of T'êng-yueh. They also desert the valley in summer.

Of the three rivers, Mekong, Shweli, and Salwen, the Salwen is, in the parallel at which we crossed, beyond question the largest. The 'Topography of Yünnan' does not give its breadth, but draws special attention to its evil reputation for malaria: "The Lu river, anciently called the Nu, is met with 20 miles south of Yung-ch'ang. The mountains on both banks are exceedingly steep, and its exhalations are so poisonous that it is impassable during summer and autumn."

Another strange disease which haunts this and some other of the valleys of Yünnan bears, in some respects, a resemblance to the plague of London described by Defoe.

Its approach is indicated by the eruption of one or more minute red pustules, generally in the arm-pits, but occasionally in other glandular region. If several pustules appear, the disease is not considered so hopeless as when there are few. The sufferer is soon seized with extreme weakness, followed in a few hours by agonising aches in every part of the body; delirium shortly ensues, and in nine cases out of ten the result is fatal.

It often happens that the patient suddenly, to all appearance, recovers, leaves his bed, and affirms that, beyond a slight sensation of weakness, he feels thoroughly convalescent. This is invariably a fatal sign; in about two hours the aches return, and the sufferer dies.

True recovery is always very gradual. This is the account given us by a French missionary, who has spent half a lifetime in Yünnan. The native version includes all the above facts, but involves them in a cloud of superstitious accessories; for instance, all parts of the sick-room are occupied by devils; even the tables and mattresses writhe about and utter voices, and offer intelligible replies to any one who questions them.

Few, however, venture into the chamber. The missionary assured me that the patient is, in most cases, deserted like a leper, for fear of contagion. If an elder member of the family is attacked, the best attention he receives is to be placed in a

solitary room, with a vessel of water by his side. The door is secured, and a pole laid near it, with which twice a day the anxious relatives, cautiously peering in, poke and prod the sick person, to discover if he retains any symptoms of life.

Père Fenouil (there is no objection to his name being mentioned) had himself witnessed many cases of the disease, and lived in infected towns. He attributes his own safety to the precautions he took of fumigating his premises, and keeping charcoal braziers constantly burning, to such an extent, indeed, that his house on one occasion actually took fire. He states that not only human beings, but domestic animals, and even rats, are attacked by the pestilence.

Its approach may often be known from the extraordinary movements of the rats, who leave their holes and crevices, and issue on to the floors without a trace of their accustomed timidity, springing continually upwards from their hind legs as if they were trying to jump out of something. The rats fall dead, and then comes the turn of the poultry; after the poultry have succumbed, pigs, goats, ponies, and oxen successively die off.

The good father has a theory of his own that the plague is really a pestilential emanation slowly rising in an equable stratum from the ground, and as it increases in depth, all animals are, as it were, drowned in its poisonous flood—the smaller creatures being first engulfed, and man, the tallest of Yünnan animals, suffering last.

The Christian converts suffer less than their pagan countrymen, from the superior cleanliness which, as we were informed, their faith inculcates.

We ourselves never saw any cases of the plague; but we met one native of South-Western China, no less a personage than the Governor of the Yünnan province, T'sên, a quiet, sober-spoken veteran of a hundred battles, deeply marked between the eyes with a scar inflicted by a rebel bullet. He had undergone two attacks; the second was less violent than the first. He remembered nothing of the acute period of the illness, but in both cases his recovery was gradual and protracted.

He attributed it to the influence of demons; and we afterwards heard a characteristic instance of his faith in his own diagnosis. The headquarters of his division during the Mohammedan rebellion were situated in a plague-stricken town, and when the infection began to attack his troops, T'sên had all the gates closed except that in the southern wall, and then sent in his soldiers with orders to slash and pierce the air in every corner that could possibly harbour a demon. After this preliminary slaughter, the men were formed in line against the inside of the north wall, and gradually advanced upon the south gate, hemming in the invisible fiends, and ultimately driving them with a final rush through the gate, which was immediately closed, and a strong guard placed outside. But somehow or other the goblins contrived to regain the interior of the city; by what means has not been ascertained, but it is surmised that they climbed over the wall.

We have now some explanation of the evil repute borne by this valley; it is certainly pestilential. The river was, until a late period, the boundary of China, as is indicated by the existence of the "old city" on its opposite bank. Border regions, "debatable grounds," are notoriously the birthplaces of myths and marvels. We relegate these lone recesses to the future explorer.

On a post in the village were nailed the ears of a thief. Those dead ears seemed a fit symbol of the deathly silence which reigns over the plague-stricken hollow.

With a sense of relief we began to climb the Kao-li-kung range by an interminable series of steep but well-paved zigzags, which brought us, weary and feverish, to the hamlet of Ho-mu-shu (120 miles), 3000 feet above the valley. Near this we found repose in a tumble-down temple.

May 1st.—Up through thick forest we continued the ascent, the brave baggage-

mules struggling and staggering along with ill-rewarded pluck. We emerged on to a short ridge appropriately named "Elephant's Neck," Hsiang-po (127½ miles), on which were perched a few mat-sheds newly transported from below. On our left, looking towards the river, a deep and pathless gully, dark with pine and undergrowth, shot down to the plain, and all around nothing arrested the eye but a stray crag towering above the forest. Under a bush close to the hamlet lay the corpse of a murdered woman—murdered by a robber for the sake of a parcel which the victim was attempting to conceal in her bosom, and which turned out to contain nothing more valuable than a common opium pipe purchased by the poor creature for her son.

Still up through the forest we mounted, until, at an elevation of 8730 feet, we paused to admire the paradise of dense greenery which undulated below our feet. This was the highest pass we encountered in Western Yünnan. Poor Margary writes favourably of this region as compared with the "horrid passes" between Yünnan-fu and Tali; but in the matter of gradients and difficulties of route there is really little to choose between the two sections.

We feel at liberty to say that if British trade ever adopts this track, we shall be delighted and astounded in about equal proportions.

By a circuitous path more and more thickly overshadowed as we descended, Tai-p'ing-pu (131½ miles) was reached, a mere cluster of shanties surrounded by an impenetrable forest. I write "impenetrable" with complete confidence, as General Thunder had specially requested the Nimrod of our party to take him out for an evening's shooting at this point. Thunder was held fast by his petticoats in a thorn-bush within 30 yards of the road, and did not attempt further exploration. "Dinah," our unfaithful retriever, sat down in a comfortable spot, and declined to interest herself in the operations; and Nimrod himself, after worming his way like the veriest Mohican a few yards farther, just managed to obtain a snap shot at the hind-quarters of a small deer, which did not remain long enough to allow its injuries to be substantiated.

To return to Marco Polo. The generally received theory that "the great descent which leads towards the Kingdom of Mien," on which "you ride for two days and a half continually downhill," was the route from Yung-ch'ang to T'êng-yueh, must be at once abandoned. Marco was no doubt speaking from hearsay, or rather, from a recollection of hearsay, as it does not appear that he possessed any notes; but there is good reason for supposing that he had personally visited Yung-ch'ang. Weary of the interminable mountain-paths, and encumbered with much baggage—for a magnate of Marco's court influence could never, in the East, have travelled without a considerable state—impeded, in addition, by a certain quantity of merchandise, for he was "discreet and prudent in every way," he would have listened longingly to the report of an easy ride of two and a half days downhill, and would never have forgotten it. That such a route exists I am well satisfied. Where is it? The stream which drains the Yung-ch'ang plain communicates with the Salwen by a river called the "Nan-tien," not to be confounded with the "Nan-ting," about 45 miles south of that city, a fair journey of two and a half days. Knowing, as we now do, that it must descend some 3500 feet in that distance, does it not seem reasonable to suppose that the valley of this rivulet is the route alluded to? The great battle on the Yung-ch'ang plain, moreover, was fought only a few years before Marco's visit, and seeing that the king and his host of elephants in all probability entered the valley from the south, travellers to Burma would naturally have quitted it by the same route.

But again, our mediæval Herodotus reports that "the country is wild and hard of access, full of great woods and mountains which 'tis impossible to pass, the

air is so impure and unwholesome; and any foreigners attempting it would die for certain."

This is exactly and literally the description given us of the district in which we crossed the Salwen.

To insist on the theory of the descent by this route is to make the traveller ride downhill, "over mountains it is impossible to pass."

The fifteen days' subsequent journey described by Marco need not present much difficulty. The distance from the junction of the Nan-tien with the Salwen to the capital of Burma (Pagan) would be something over 300 miles; fifteen days seems a fair estimate for the distance, seeing that a great part of the journey would doubtless be by boat.

But we must continue our route.

We passed the night at Tai-ping-pu in a hovel belonging to a Mohammedan family, who imagined us, as was often the case, to be co-religionists. Our host, for fear of heretic persecution, did not care to confess his faith, but the woman made very little scruple of speaking out. Our carriers and escort, having no shelter, managed to bivouac comfortably round huge fires of "good sappy bavins," furnished by the primeval forest which hemmed us in. As we descended on the 2nd May, the woods gradually thinned, and we very soon came in sight of the Shweli river, named "Lung-ch'uan," or more generally "Lung" by the Chinese.

It is a clear stream some 50 yards broad, running in a deep gully and much obstructed by rapids. The valley is not flat, as in the case of the Salwen, but easy slopes rise from both banks and exhibit a few patches of cultivation. A well-preserved chain-bridge 53 yards long spans the stream, the level of which we found to be 4300 feet above the sea, 200 feet lower than the Mekong.

The bridge is distant 136½ miles from Hsia-kuan; a mile and a half further brought us to the village of Kan-lan-chan, very poor, but showing indications of former prosperity. The high range we had been crossing on the two previous days is seen at great advantage from this point. To the north-east a jagged crag appears to attain a height of 13,000 or 14,000 feet; we saw no snow. The name Kan-lan-chan, in which Dr. Anderson tries to recognise a trace of Marco Polo's term Kara-zan (Carajan), is certainly curious and unlike Chinese designations in general. If a meaning must be extracted from the words, it would be "preserved olive stage," but it is exceedingly dangerous to rely upon the meaning of names as interpreted from the Chinese characters in which they are written.

In all probability the name was indigenous, and the Chinese conquerors have preserved some semblance of the original sound, while utterly perverting the meaning.

"Shan-shan-chan," the earliest name for the province of Yünnan, is probably another example of the process; reckless etymologists might be tempted to compare it with "Zar-dandan."

A heavy fall of rain set in at this place and continued for some ten hours. The aneroid needle fell from 25·37 at 9 P.M. on May 2nd, to 25·11 at 8 A.M. next morning.

One range alone now lay between us and T'êng-yueh. It turned out to be an elevated plateau of downs rather than a range, and was ascended without difficulty. The single farm-house of Kan-lu-ssu (141½ miles) presides over a few fields, but beyond this there is little or no cultivation. The road sinks deep into the surface of the down, and winds about in such a manner that the traveller can neither see where he is going nor what he is passing; but after crossing a small affluent of the Taping, we mounted a grassy but treeless upland, and halted for purposes of tiffin at the hamlet of Chin-tsai-pu, composed of four huts (144 miles). Descending a gradual

slope for three miles' distance, we suddenly came into full view of the plain of T'êng-yueh, 1000 feet immediately below us.

This hollow, about four miles long by three broad, was populous and cultivated to an extent we had not witnessed since leaving the plain of Yünnan-fu. Three large villages and some half-dozen small ones emerge like islands from a sea of rice-fields, irrigated by a stream which appeared to us to be an affluent of the Taping.

This river (Taping) affords a very good instance of the confusion in which Chinese geographical names are often involved. Its correct name is "Ta-ying," but according to the 'Topography' it is sometimes called "Ta-ch'ê." At Kan-ngai (Menglo) it becomes the "An-lo." Dr. Anderson names it the "Ta-ping," but at T'êng-yueh finds it called "Ta-ho" and "Ta-lo." The native maps provide it with still another designation as the "Yun-lung." We have thus seven names appropriated by a single river scarcely 150 miles long.

It was surprising, after travelling so many days through a region little better than a wilderness, to find ourselves in this far country suddenly descending upon the paddy plains so familiar in Eastern China.

Turning a shoulder of this deep descent, we obtained a bird's-eye view of T'êng-yueh, or rather of its walls; for the houses being few and far between, the interior of the city did not appear at that distance different in character from the country around. All we could see was a huge diagram drawn on the face of the plain, and I remember thinking that if ever the proposal to communicate with the Lunarian philosophers by means of geometric figures laid out on the earth's surface is carried into effect, the natives of the moon will see something such as here met our view.

The city appeared to us a pronounced oblong in shape. This was probably the effect of perspective, as the plan given by Dr. Anderson makes it very nearly a square.

Descending by a somewhat dangerous slope, we threaded our way through the flooded rice-fields to the large walled village of Li-chia-pu (148½ miles), from which two miles more brought us to the south-west gate of the city. We lodged in the temple indicated on Dr. Anderson's plan between Government House and the north-west gate.

For a detailed description of the city and its neighbourhood, I refer the future explorer to Dr. Anderson's work. I venture to add one local curiosity mentioned in the 'Topography' which was not seen by the Doctor or ourselves—"a lofty spiral mountain, 10 miles north of the city, enclosing a circular area, is crowned with three peaks, on which snow continues to fall after winter." This would seem to refer to a crater of unusual extent, and as the district shows undoubted volcanic signs, there is every reason to expect that "Snowy Mountain," the local name, would be well worth a visit.

T'êng-yueh seemed to possess very little trade, and its few inhabitants lacked the busy manner of Chinese citizens. But the people of Yünnan are in general notorious for laziness; even in the large cities many of the shops do not open before noon.

The sleepy city was, however, shortly afterwards awakened somewhat rudely from its lethargy by the machinations of our friend the wizard. Ten days after our departure this worthy, as reported in the 'Peking Gazette,' conspired with the banditti or Chanta (Sanda) to get possession of T'êng-yueh. This he succeeded in accomplishing, and "forthwith fortified the place with a large number of redoubts outside the walls. This state of affairs encouraged other local outbreaks towards the end of June. In the Prefecture of Yung-ch'ang a local leader named Li-ch'ao,* who had only lately been reduced to submission, broke out again at the head of upwards

* The bandit mentioned above who was driven to the hills by official extortion.

of 1000 of his partisans, occupied various stations on the post-road, and designed to seize the suspension bridge over the Salwen.

"The local outbreaks were, however, successfully grappled with, and on the 21st July Brigadier Chiang* arrived at the head of his force before T'êng-yueh. The exterior defences having been taken, mines were run up to the walls, and the first explosion was made at daylight on the 3rd of August; but owing to the great thickness of the *terre pleine*, an entrance could not be effected. A second explosion towards midnight was more successful, and the troops secured a lodgment. Some severe fighting ensued, but in the end the troops were completely victorious. Several hundreds of the insurgents were slain, and great numbers perished by drowning in the ponds. Wang, the wizard, took to flight in despair, but was found by the pursuing force so severely wounded as to be unable to speak, and was at once beheaded.

"The original outbreak at T'êng-yueh was the work of only a few hundreds of the train-bands, under a certain Su, but the revolt was strengthened by the accession of about 1000 partisans recruited from Chanta and Nan-tien by Wang."

There can be no doubt whatever that Margary was murdered by the above-mentioned train-bands of T'êng-yueh. Whether their discontent was occasioned by the disgrace into which they fell on account of the ignominious repulse inflicted upon them by Colonel Browne, or was aroused by the alacrity with which the local authorities disavowed all participation in the murder and subsequent attack, and proceeded to levy exactions on them as the penalty of their discountenanced activity, and in view of the heavy indemnity which it was thought would be exacted, it is impossible to say. In any case, it is not without some feeling of pardonable satisfaction that one reads of the slaughter of these miscreants to the number of "some hundreds," besides those who "perished in the ponds."

If a Chinese of average intelligence and education be asked what he knows of Yünnan, he will reply that it is rich in gold, silver, white copper, and precious stones; that it is a long way off; that travelling is very difficult throughout the province, as shown by the proverb "Ch'ih Yünnan-k'u" (to eat the bitterness of Yünnan); that it is a very unhealthy country; that the inhabitants speak a very intelligible tongue; and that it is cool in summer.

It will be complained that our expedition has added little to this general information; but it should be remembered that the business which occupied our best attention was of a political nature, and that we had no time to deviate from our route, or even to pause for the purpose of examining points of interest.

The mineral wealth of the province is unquestioned, but the only proof that came under our notice was a scanty export of white copper and salt. It is well known, however, that during the Mohammedan rebellion the metal trade almost disappeared, and has not yet had time to revive.

Of the sole agricultural export, opium, we can speak with some certainty. We were astounded at the extent of the poppy cultivation both in Ssŭ-ch'uan and Yünnan. We first heard of it on the boundary line between Hu-pei and Ssŭ-ch'uan in a cottage which appears in an illustration given in the work of Captain Blakiston, the highest cottage on the right of the sketch. A few miles south of this spot the most valuable variety of native opium is produced.

In ascending the river, wherever cultivation existed we found numerous fields of poppy. Even the sandy banks were often planted with it down to the water's edge; but it was not until we began our land journey in Yünnan that we fairly realised the enormous extent of its production. With some fear of being discredited, but at

* Degraded a year previously as having been responsible for the safety of Margary.

the same time with a consciousness that I am under-estimating the proportion, I estimate that the poppy fields constitute a third of the whole cultivation of Yünnan.

We saw the gradual process of its growth, from the appearance of the young spikelets above ground in January or earlier to the full luxuriance of the red, white, and purple flowers which were already falling in May. In that month the farmers were trying the juice, but we did not see the harvest gathered. We walked some hundreds of miles through poppies; we breakfasted among poppies; we shot wild ducks in the poppies. Even wretched little hovels in the mountains were generally attended by a poppy patch.

The ducks, called locally opium ducks, which frequently supplied us with a meal, do really appear, as affirmed by the natives, to stupefy themselves by feeding on the narcotic vegetable. We could walk openly up to within 20 yards of them, and even then they rose very languidly. We are not, however, compelled to believe with the natives that the flesh of these birds is so impregnated with laudanum as to exercise a soporific influence on the consumer. They are found in great numbers in the plain of Tung-ch'uan, in Northern Yünnan, and turn out to be the *Tadorna vulpanser*.

In the same district, and in no other, we met with the *Grus cinerea*, an imposing bird, which is also a frequenter of opium fields.

The poppy appeared to us to thrive in every kind of soil, from the low sandy borders of the Yang-tzu to the rocky heights of Western Yünnan; but it seemed more at home, or at any rate was more abundant, in the marshy valleys near Tung-ch'uan, at an elevation of 7060 feet (7150 feet, according to Garnier).

I am not concerned here with the projects or prospects of the Society for the Abolition of Opium; if, however, they desire to give the strongest impetus to its growth in Yünnan, let them by all means discourage its production in India.

The trade route from Yünnan-fu to T'êng-yueh is the worst possible route with the least conceivable trade. It is actually dangerous to a cautious pedestrian, not on account of the steep ascents and descents which constantly confront him—time, patience, and a proper conservation of breath suffice to overcome these—nor from the precipices which await the unwary, but from the condition of the path itself. This is paved throughout the whole distance, except on some of the high downs and ridges —a proof, if any were wanting, of the former importance of the route. The paving is of the usual Chinese pattern—rough boulders and blocks of stone laid somewhat loosely together on the surface of the ground: "good for ten years and bad for ten thousand," as the Chinese proverb admits.

On the level plains of China, in places where the population is sufficiently affluent to subscribe for occasional repairs, this system has much practical value. But in the Yünnan mountains the roads are never repaired; so far from it, the indigent natives extract the most convenient blocks to stop the holes in their hovel walls or to build a fence on the windward side of their poppy patches. The rain soon undermines the pavement, especially where it is laid on a steep incline; whole sections of it topple down the slope, leaving chasms a yard or more in depth; and isolated fragments balance themselves here and there, with the notorious purpose of breaking a leg or spraining an ankle.

The track often exhibits very much the appearance of a London road when "the streets are up," and one almost looks for the familiar gas-pipes. It is a joyous moment for the traveller when he reaches a sandy unpaved down, and can use his eyes for other purposes than that of selecting the stone which is least likely to break his neck.

In some parts, however, of the unpaved route the ground splits vertically, and

huge flakes of earth, carrying the path with them, peel away into a gully or precipice. This would probably not be dangerous to a pedestrian if he were moderately cautious, and he would soon be rendered so by the sight of the body or bones of some unlucky mule which has accompanied the landslip.

By an improved system of paving and a better selection of gradients, the route might be made convenient enough for carriages by mules and coolies; but it seems hopeless to think of making it practicable for wheel carriages. The valleys, or rather abysses, of the Salwen and Mekong must long remain insuperable difficulties, not to mention many other obstacles.

I do not mean that it would be absolutely impossible to construct a railway. A high authority has informed me that if shareholders will provide money, they will always find an engineer to spend it. By piercing half-a-dozen Mont Cenis tunnels and erecting a few Menai bridges, the road from Burma to Yünnan-fu could, doubtless, be much improved.

It seems to have been assumed by the members of Colonel Sladen's mission that when T'êng-yueh is reached, the obstacles to a highway into Yünnan have been surmounted. The fact is that the difficulties begin at T'êng-yueh. All homage to Dr. Anderson for his careful consideration of the subject. The Doctor has our humble corroboration for his assertion that a practicable road might be constructed, without much difficulty, through the Kakhyen hills to Manwyne.

From that village to T'êng-yueh the route is direct and easy; but T'êng-yueh draws whatever prosperity it possesses from the Ta-pêng valley; the trader is still separated by many steep miles from Yung-ch'ang, and when he arrives at that city he will fail to find a market. He must struggle on to Tali; in the quarterly fair he may meet with a certain demand for pedlery, but for little else. It is not to be supposed that however energetic the British merchant is, or ought to be, he will attempt the wild route of Yünnan-fu; but in the event of his attaining that capital, he will suddenly be aware that foreign manufactures can be conveyed with ease and rapidity from Canton, and his intelligence will at last open to the fact that Yünnan-fu is only 400 miles distant from the sea.

Loth as most Englishmen are to admit it, the simple and evident approach to Eastern Yünnan is from the Gulf of Tonquin. But it by no means follows that the same holds true of the western part of the province. The object should be to attain some town of importance south of Yung-ch'ang and Tali-fu, such as Shun-ning, from which both those cities could be reached by ascending the valleys, instead of crossing all the mountain ranges, as must be done if the T'êng-yueh route is selected. This brings us back to the old project for a route viâ Thein-nee, which Dr. Anderson allows "has been recognised for centuries as a highway from China to Burma."

The Doctor gives an alarming account, drawn from Burmese sources, of the difficulties to be overcome, in the shape of forty-six hills and mountains, five large rivers, and twenty-four smaller ones; but until a competent observer has traversed the route this must be considered somewhat vague. The Government of British Burma might with advantage send a native, duly instructed, to decide the matter. It is disappointing to find these difficulties alluded to, without any mention of the obstacles which beset the route favoured by the Doctor.

Here is a notice, dug out of the 'Topography,' which may in some degree supply the want:—"The upper route for the elephants sent as tribute (from Burma) is by Yung-ch'ang and Pu-piao, crossing the Wu-chuang range by a narrow and dangerous track, on which horses cannot travel abreast. Beyond these mountains is the Salwen, and beyond the Salwen is the district of the Po-i (Tai) people. Still farther on, the Kao-li-kung range has to be ascended, and travelling again becomes dangerous in

the extreme. The natives construct palisades on the mountain tops as a defence. Proceeding south-west from T'êng-yueh, the three towns of Nan-tien, Muangla, and Lung-ch'uan are successively passed. Beyond Lung-ch'uan (we are now entering Burma) all is level ground, and a thousand miles of country may be seen at one view. There are no hills or gorges whatever. In ten days more we arrived at Mêng-mi, in two more at Pao-king, and in another ten at (the capital of) Burma. Ten days farther bring the traveller to Toun-goo, and yet another ten to Pegu, which is at present under a savage chief."

As this was written some 300 years ago, the latter passage can intend no disrespect to the Chief Commissioner.

But there is, after all, no necessity for Governments or merchants to be exercised about the special advantages of this or the other route. Given a certain trade, and well-devised regulations to encourage and protect it, the discovery of the easiest lines of communication may safely be left to the traders themselves.

Let us first discover the trade.

For the benefit, however, of enthusiastic path-finders, I conclude these very desultory remarks by citing from the 'Topography' an entirely new and original route:—"The lower route for tribute elephants leads from Chin-tung to Chên-yuan-fu, one day's journey, and then in two days enters the district of Ch'ê-li. Two days more bring the traveller to P'u-erh, which is subject to Ch'ê-li. This region produces tea, and contains a lofty and beautiful hill called Ming-kuang, on which a chief of Ch'ê-li resides. In two more days a great river is reached, making a bend round some 300 miles of country in which elephants breed. The hills have been named 'Chi-chien' (arrow-flight). There is here a tablet engraved in ancient times, but the inscription is undecipherable. In four days more one comes to the headquarters of the Ch'ê-li Government, situated at the foot of the 'Nine Dragon Hills,' near the great river, which is called the 'Nine Dragon River,' and is the continuation of the Black Water (Mekong).

"Travelling from Ch'ê-li eight days' journey to the south-west, one reaches Pa-pe-si-fu (eight hundred wives), a country abounding in temples and pagodas. Every village possesses a temple, every temple a pagoda; there are 10,000 villages and 10,000 pagodas. This land is called the Kingdom of T'zŭ. The ruler abhors the taking of life, and is inclined to peace, but when his enemies seized (part of his territory), he had nothing for it but to despatch an army and settle the question.

"One month's journey to the south-west lies Lao-chua, the chief of which has a son to succeed him, but no daughters. Fifteen or sixteen days westward bring one to the shore of the Western Sea in Pegu, the country of a savage chief." *

Latitudes.

The following observations for latitudes by meridian altitudes, and many others, were made with an 8-inch sextant belonging to Mr. Grosvenor.

In calculating the latitudes the barometric pressure has been neglected, as it cannot materially affect the result of observations taken in pairs north and south at short intervals of time.

Many opportunities occurred during the journey of comparing the determinations

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* *Ch'êli* is the Chinese name of Kiang Hung (or Kiang Hung of Garnier); *Pa-pe-si-fu* was the Chinese name of a medieval Shan kingdom on the Mekong, of which the capital appears to have been Muang-Yong, in about lat. 21° 10′ (see Garnier, i. pp. 385–387, and p. 479); *Lao-chua* was the Shan or Thai kingdom of Chandapuri or Vien-chang, the *Laos* of the Dutch mission of Gerard von Wusthof (1641), and of the 17th century Jesuits. —H. Y.

of Messrs. Blakiston and Garnier with my own. The only serious case of discrepancy appeared at T'ali-fu. As Mr. Garnier was in great difficulty and hurry during the few hours he spent at that city, I make bold to stand by my own result.

No.	Place.	Date.		Double Altitude corrected for I. E.	Resulting Latitude.	Mean or Corrected Latitude.	Remarks.
				° ′ ″	° ′ ″	° ′ ″	Observations—
1	Yünnan-fu	Mar. 6	Sirius	96 50 35	25 2 41		Good.
2	Ditto	„ 8	δ Urs. Maj.	105 16 25	25 2 35	25 2 44	Fair.
3	Ditto	„ 9	Sirius	96 50 25	25 2 45		Good.
4	Ditto	„ 12	δ Urs. Maj.	105 17 5	25 2 55		Fair.
5	Lao-ya-kuan ..	„ 27	Spica	109 3 50	24 57 42	24 57 50	Fair.
6	Lu-fêng-hsien ..	„ 28	δ Urs. Maj.	105 29 50	25 9 23	25 9 5	Good.
7	Ditto ..	„ 28	Spica	108 41 40	25 8 47		
8	Lu-li-ching ..	„ 29	δ Urs. Maj.	105 37 30	25 13 13	25 13 0	Fair.
9	Kuang-t'ung-hsien	„ 31	δ Urs. Maj.	105 32 20	25 10 38	25 10 20	Not good.
10	Chu-hsiung-fu ..	Apr. 1	Spica	108 56 20	25 1 27	25 1 45	Fair.
11	Ditto ..	„ 2	δ Urs. Maj.	105 15 10	25 2 3		
12	Chên-nan-chou ..	„ 3	δ Urs. Maj.	105 34 10	25 11 33	25 11 10	Good.
13	Ditto ..	„ 3	Spica	108 37 40	25 10 47		
14	Sha-ch'ino	„ 4	δ Urs. Maj.	105 39 10	25 14 3	25 14 2	Good.
15	Ditto	„ 4	Spica	108 31 10	25 14 2		
16	T'ien-shên-t'ang ..	„ 5	δ Urs. Maj.	105 49 20	25 19 8	25 19 10	Good.
17	Ditto ..	„ 5	Spica	108 20 50	25 19 12		
18	Chao-chou	„ 10	Spica	107 49 20	25 35 0	25 35 0	Satisfactory.
19	Tali-fu	„ 11	δ Urs. Maj.	106 34 40	25 41 53	25 41 48	Good.
20	Ditto	„ 11	Spica	107 35 50	25 41 43		
21	Ho-chiang-pu ..	„ 16	δ Urs. Maj.	106 20 50	25 34 59	25 34 48	Satisfactory.
22	Ditto ..	„ 16	Spica	107 50 0	25 34 38		Good.
23	Yang-pi .. .	„ 17	δ Urs. Maj.	106 31 10	25 40 9	25 40 6	Fair.
24	Ditto	„ 17	Spica	107 39 10	25 40 3		Good.
25	Huang-lien-pu ..	„ 19	δ Urs. Maj.	106 13 40	25 31 24	25 31 16	Good.
26	Ditto ..	„ 19	Spica	107 57 0	25 31 8		
27	T'ien-ching-pu ..	„ 20	δ Urs. Maj.	106 12 10	25 30 39	25 30 26	Good.
28	Ditto ..	„ 20	Spica	107 58 50	25 30 13		Hazy.
29	Chü-tung	„ 21	δ Urs. Maj.	106 1 50	25 25 30	25 25 19	Not very good.
30	Ditto	„ 21	Spica	108 9 0	25 25 8		Good.
31	Sha-yang	„ 23	δ Urs. Maj.	105 50 0	25 19 35	25 19 19	Fair.
32	Shui-chai	„ 24	δ Urs. Maj.	105 43 50	25 16 30	25 16 8	Good.
33	Ditto	„ 24	Spica	108 27 40	25 15 47		Very good.
34	Kuan-p'o	„ 25	δ Urs. Maj.	105 37 30	25 13 20	25 13 0	Good.
35	Ditto	„ 25	Spica	108 33 50	25 12 42		
36	Yung-ch'ang-fu ..	„ 26	δ Urs. Maj.	105 25 20	25 7 15	25 7 8	Fair.
37	Ditto ..	„ 26	Spica	108 45 10	25 7 2		Good.
38	P'u-p'iao	„ 28	δ Urs. Maj.	105 12 40	25 0 55	25 0 43	Good.
39	Ditto	„ 28	Spica	108 58 10	25 0 32		
40	Ta-pan-ching ..	„ 29	δ Urs. Maj.	105 12 40	25 0 53	25 0 49	Fair.
41	Ditto ..	„ 29	Spica	108 57 40	25 0 46		
42	Ho-mu-shu	„ 30	Spica	109 3 20	24 57 56	24 58 0	Good.
43	T'ai-p'ing-p'u ..	May 1	δ Urs. Maj.	105 5 30	24 57 18	24 57 8	Good.
44	Ditto ..	„ 1	Spica	109 4 10	24 57 31		Indifferent, rejected.
45	T'êng-yueh	„ 3	δ Urs. Maj.	105 14 50	25 1 58	25 1 47	Good.
46	Ditto	„ 3	Spica	108 56 0	25 1 36		Fair.

Altitudes.

Of three aneroids, which were procured at Shanghae, only one proved equal to the exigencies of the route.

Before leaving it was compared with a standard mercurial barometer, and showed an index error of −·06, that is, ·06 inches were to be subtracted from all its readings

fo give the true reading. On returning to Shanghae the comparison was repeated, and exhibited an error of + ·09. It was also tested by means of an air-pump as low as 23 inches, with a column of mercury, a few days after our return. The comparison was most satisfactory, and the needle after a short interval returned precisely to its original position.

It seems, therefore, safe to assume that for all practical ends the indications afforded by this instrument were sufficiently exact. The index error may be neglected, considering the much greater inaccuracies entailed upon absolute altitudes by weather changes. On the route under consideration the weather was, with slight exception, very equable, clear, and with a light breeze from west or south-west.

There is a difficulty in deciding what to assume as the sea-level pressure. Mr. Garnier took the mean pressure for each separate month at Macao as his basis for calculating heights in this same region. He gives these as 768 mill. for February, 766 for March, and 762 for April. These were taken in the year 1867. By the kindness of Father Lelec, Director of the Observatory attached to the Jesuit Mission at Sicawei, I am enabled to give the mean pressure at the sea-level near Shanghae for the same months in 1876:—

February	768·25
March	765·02
April	761·75

I cannot do better than employ these.

The only remaining difficulty is the question of correction for temperature. There seems nothing for this but to assume it the same for both upper and lower stations. Other small corrections may well be neglected.

The level of the Yünnan-fu Lake, according to Mr. Garnier, is 1950 metres = 6397 feet. Our determination is 6380 feet for the interior of the city, which is slightly higher than the lake.

Mr. Garnier puts the altitude of the Tali-fu Lake at 2120 metres, equivalent to 6955 feet. The level of the lake being probably some 200 feet lower than our station in the city, 7090 feet, the agreement between the two results is remarkable.

The deduced altitude of T'êng-yueh is more difficult to compare. The Sladen Mission is quoted by Colonel Yule as having fixed it at 5800 feet. Dr. Anderson, a member of that mission, puts it at "nearly 5000 feet." On Garnier's map it is set down as 1884 metres, equal to 6181 feet. These discrepancies between deductions from the same observations appear hopeless. Our determination gives the level as 5540 feet.

I append data and results to facilitate correction and future comparison.

Name of Place.	Mean of observed Pressures.	Mean of observed Temperatures.	Height.	Remarks.
Yünnan-fu	23·78	51	6,380	March 6th to 26th.
Tu-shu-p'o	23·74	69	6,640	
An-ning-chou	24·02	54	6,141	
Ch'ing-lung-shao	23·91	62	6,370	
Lao-ya-kuan	23·64	56	6,600	
Lu-fêng-hsien	24·69	56	5,420	
Lu-li-ching	23·95	53	6,620	
Hsin-p'u	24·00	68	6,340	
Shê-tzŭ	24·18	57	5,970	
Mêng-hsi-p'u	23·65	72	6,780	
Kuang-t'ung-hsien ..	23·99	60	6,230	April 1st.

Name of Place.	Mean of observed Pressures.	Mean of observed Temperatures.	Height.	Remarks.
Hsiao-yao-chiau	24·99	71	6,360	
Chü-hsiung-fu	24·11	62	6,100	
Lü-ho-kai	23·94	71	6,340	
Chên-nan-chou	23·87	57	6,270	
Sha-ch'iao	23·65	55	6,440	
Ta-fo-sstt	23·29	73	6,980	
T'ien-shen-t'ang	22·50	57	7,890	
P'u-ch'ang-ho	23·12	72	7,320	
P'u-p'êng	23·17	60	7,130	
Mu-pan-p'u	23·43	76	7,000	
Yunnan-i	23·58	64	6,680	
Ch'ing-hua-tung	23·47	59	6,740	
Chia-mai-p'u	24·07	80	5,570	
Hung-ai	24·21	60	5,590	
Ting-hsi-ling	22·65	60	7,740	
Hsin-p'u-t'ang	23·25	71	6,740	
Chao-chou	23·45	59	6,780	
Hsia-kuan	23·32	66	7,020	Probably too high.
Tali-fu	23·29	69	7,090	April 11th to 15th.
Hsiao-ho-chiang	24·74	74	5,450	
Ho-chiang-pu	24·87	57	5,150	
Ma-ch'ang	24·64	83	5,660	
Yang-pi	24·85	61	5,200	
Ch'ing-shui-shao	22·45	67	8,090	
T'ai-p'ing-p'u	23·52	60	6,710	
Shun-pi River	24·89	74	5,290	
Huang-lien-p'u	24·78	60	5,270	
Wan-sung-an	22·65	71	7,910	April 20th.
T'ien-ching-p'u	22·10	59	8,410	
P'ing-mau-shao	23·35	83	7,170	
Ch'ü-tung	24·64	60	5,520	
Yung-kuo-sstt	22·20	73	8,510	
Sha-yang	24·87	73	5,300	
P'ing-p'o	25·24	77	4,920	
Shui-chai	23·60	67	6,700	April 25th.
Tien-ching-p'u	22·32	61	8,166	
Kuan-p'o	23·68	66	6,600	
Yung-ch'ang-fu	24·35	71	5,880	
Kao-tzü-p'u	23·45	84	6,980	
P'u-p'iao	25·33	80	4,550	
Ta-pan-ching	25·56	69	4,490	
Salwen River	27·62	96	2,430	April 30th.
Village on R. B.	27·41	96	2,670	
Ho-mu-shu	24·65	71	5,560	
Hsiang-po	23·25	75	7,230	
Highest point of pass ..	20·05	75	8,730	
T'ai-p'ing-p'u	22·68	65	7,780	
Ta-li-shu	24·61	62	5,480	
Shwe-li River	25·68	62	4,300	
Kan-lan-chan	25·24	65	4,810	
Chin-t'sai-p'u	23·11	59	7,260	
T'êng-yueh-chou	24·56	61	5,540	May 3rd.

Itinerary.

The following itinerary from Yünnan-fu to Tali-fu gives the distances as estimated by ourselves, with full allowance for the windings of the road, in statute miles, and the distance in *li* as given by the local officials.

In the itinerary from Hsia-kuan to T'êng-yueh I have put side by side the

distances according to four different parties. Column A exhibits our estimate; B gives that of a Burmese Mission to China quoted in an Appendix to Dr. Anderson's 'Expedition'; C is the estimate furnished us by the Chinese officials; and D is taken from a list of distances prepared by a caravan contractor at Yünnan-fu.

ITINERARY, YÜNNAN-FU TO TALI-FU.

Date.	Name of Place.	Distance in Miles.	Distance in *li* according to Chinese.	Remarks.
Mar. 26	Yünnan-fu.			
„ 26	Pi-chi-kuan	7	30	Small village.
„ 26	Ch'ang-p'o	8¾	45	Hamlet.
„ 26	Tu-shu-p'o	11½	50	Small village.
„ 26	Anning-chou	16¼	70	Poor, small, and dilapidated city.
„ 26	P'ing-ti-shao	21½	..	Hamlet.
„ 26	Tsao-p'u	22½	95	Small village.
„ 26	Ch'ing-lung-shao	26½	110	Small village.
„ 26	An-fêng-ying	30¾	130	Wretched hamlet.
„ 26	Lu-piao	31¾	135	Half-ruined village.
„ 27	Lao-ya-kuan	35	150	Village, less poor than usual.
„ 27	Ch'ing-shui-kou	37½	162	A few cottages.
„ 27	Po-han-ch'ang	38	170	Wretched hamlet.
„ 27	Yang-nao-shao	40½	175	Wretched hamlet.
„ 27	Tâ-yao-chan	43¾	190	
„ 27	Wang-chia-wan	47½	215	A few huts.
„ 27	Huang-t'u-p'o	55½	240	
„ 28	Lu-fêng-hsien	56½	245	Very poor ruined city.
„ 29	Ta-t'zu-ssü	62	275	Five huts.
„ 29	Lu-li-ching	64½	285	Hamlet.
„ 30	Hsin-p'u	68½	305	Poor hamlet.
„ 30	Ta-shao	71½	..	Guard-house.
„ 30	Shê-t'zü	73½	335	Poor village.
„ 31	Mêng-hsi-p'u	79½	365	Hamlet.
„ 31	Kuang-t'ung-hsien ..	85½	395	City rather more prosperous.
April 1	Hui-têng-kuan	89½	410	Guard-house.
„ 1	Shih-chien-p'u	92	425	Poor hamlet.
„ 1	Hsia-yao-chan	95	435	Poor village.
„ 1	Shui-ch'ê-shao	99¼	445	Four huts.
„ 1	Ch'u-hsiung-fu	103½	465	Large city; ruinous and very thinly inhabited, public buildings falling.
„ 3	San-chia-t'ang	105¾	475	Hamlet.
„ 3	Ta-shih-p'u	110½	495	Hamlet.
„ 3	Ch'ing-yuan-shao	113¾	505	
„ 3	Lü-ho-kai	117	525	Considerable village, much ruined.
„ 3	Kao-fêng-shao	120½	540	Guard-house.
„ 3	Chên-nan-chou	123½	555	Small and very poor town.
„ 4	Shui-p'ang-p'u	128	570	Miserable hamlet.
„ 4	T'ien-hsin	128¾	580	Hamlet.
„ 4	Sha-ch'iao	131	590	Large but poor village.
„ 5	Hsin-p'u	135½	610	Poor hamlet.
„ 5	Ta-fo-ssü	137	620	A few huts.
„ 5	Tso-lin-p'u	138½	630	One hut.
„ 5	Ying-wu-kuan	141¾	640	Small hamlet and guard-house.
„ 5	Tien-shên-t'ang	143½	650	Poor hamlet.
„ 5	P'u-chang-ho	147¾	670	Wretched village.
„ 5	P'u-p'êng	150¾	680	Poor village.
„ 7	Chin-chi-miao	155	700	Ruined temple and one hut.
„ 7	Shui-p'ang-pu	156¾	..	Poor hamlet.

Date.	Name of Place.	Distance in Miles.	Distance in *li* according to Chinese.	Remarks.
April 7	Annan-kuan	157½	710	Two huts.
„ 7	Mu-pan-p'u	163½	720	Considerable village, half ruined.
„ 7	Yunnan-i	168⅛	740	Village.
„ 8	Kas-kuan-p'u	169½	..	Large village.
„ 8	Kou-t'sun-p'u	176½	770	Hamlet.
„ 8	Ch'ing-hua-tung	177½	775	Temple near cave.
„ 9	I-chiang-p'u	179⅛	785	Poor hamlet.
„ 9	Chia-mai-p'u	182⅝	800	Hamlet.
„ 9	Hung-ai	186⅝	815	Large village, half ruined.
„ 10	Ch'iao-t'ow	187¾	..	Hamlet.
„ 10	Ting-hsi-ling	189½	830	Hostel on highest point of col.
„ 10	Ta-shao	192⅝	845	Hamlet somewhat ruined.
„ 10	Hsin-p'u-t'ang	196½	860	Village nearly all ruins.
„ 10	Chao-chou	200½	875	Large and well-to-do town.
„ 11	Hsia-kuan	207⅝	908	Small town on river; much traffic.
„ 11	Tali-fu	215	935	

ITINERARY, TALI-FU (HSIA-KUAN) TO T'ÊNG-YUEH.

Date.	Name of Place.	A.	B.	C.	D.	Remarks.
		miles	miles	*li*	*li*	
April 16	Hsia-kuan	..	..	..	..	Fortified town.
„ 16	T'ang-tzu-p'u	2½	..	10	..	Poor hamlet.
„ 16	Shih-ch'uan-p'u ..	5⅛	..	25	..	Very small hamlet.
„ 16	Mao-tsão-t'ang ..	7½	..	..	..	Hamlet.
„ 16	Hsiao-ho-chiang ..	9½	..	45	..	Hamlet.
„ 16	Ho-chiang-p'u* ..	10½	11	50	55	Small village near junction of streams.
„ 17	Chi-i-p'u	12	..	65	..	Hamlet.
„ 17	Chin-niu-tün	13⅝	..	80	..	Hamlet.
„ 17	Ma-ch'ang	16½	..	90	..	Hamlet.
„ 17	Yang-pi	19⅝	23	100	110	Walled town on river.
„ 18	Pei-mên-p'u	22	..	110	..	Hamlet, now building.
„ 18	Ch'ing-shui-shao ..	27	..	140	..	A few huts.
„ 18	T'ai-p'ing-p'u	29½	..	155	..	A few huts.
„ 19	Tou-po'-shao	31½	..	170	..	Three huts.
„ 19	Niu-p'ing-p'u	34½	..	185	..	Hamlet.
„ 19	Shun-pi Bridge ..	36½	..	196	..	Iron suspension-bridge.
„ 19	Huang-lien-p'u ..	38⅝	44†	210	170	Village small.
„ 20	Chiao-kou-shan ..	40⅝	..	225	..	One hut.
„ 20	Pai-t'u-p'u	43½	..	240	..	Two huts.
„ 20	Wan-sung-an	45½	..	250	..	Temple in ruins.
„ 20	Tien-ching-p'u ..	47	..	260	..	Poor hamlet.
„ 21	Sha-sung-shao ..	48⅝	..	270	..	Five huts.
„ 21	Mei-hua-p'u	50⅝	..	285	..	Three huts.
„ 21	P'ing-man-shao ..	52½	..	295	..	Two huts.
„ 21	Hei-yu-kuan	55½	..	305	..	Seven or eight huts.
„ 21	Shu-tui	56½	..	..	..	Hamlet.

* The Burmese and the Carrier's itineraries begin at this point. For the previous distances, I assume, for uniformity, that A made somewhat the same proportionate estimate with B and C with D as they did farther west.

† This also is an assumption.

Date.	Name of Place.	A.	B.	C.	D.	Remarks.
		miles	miles	li.	li.	
April 21	Ch'ü-tung, near Yung-p'ing.. ..	58¼	..	320	..	Large village, half ruins.
„ 22	T'ieh-ch'ang	62¼	..	330	..	A few huts.
„ 22	Hsiao-hua-ch'iao ..	63¾	..	..	..	Hamlet.
„ 22	Hua-ch'iao	64¾	..	340	..	Long village.
„ 22	T'ien-ching-p'u ..	66¾	..	360	..	Two huts.
„ 22	Yung-kuo-ssŭ.. ..	67¼	..	370	..	Two huts.
„ 22	Sha-Mu-ho or Sha-yang	71½	80	390	340	Large village, fair.
„ 24	Yung-fêng-chuang	74	..	..	..	Small village.
„ 24	Me-kong River ..	75	..	..	..	Iron suspension-bridge, 60 yards long.
„ 24	P'ing-p'o..	76	..	420	..	Hamlet.
„ 24	Shui-chai	77¾	..	435	410	Village.
„ 25	Tali-shao	80¼	..	450	..	A few huts.
„ 25	T'ien-ching-p'u ..	81¾	..	465	..	One shed.
„ 25	Niu-chio-kuan ..	83	..	475	..	Two huts.
„ 25	Kuan-p'o	84	96	480	..	Small village.
„ 26	Pan-ch'iao	88½	..	495	..	Large village.
„ 26	Pei-kuan-t'ang ..	90¾	..	505	..	Ruined village.
„ 26	Yung-ch'ang	93	104	515	500	
„ 28	Wo-shih-wo	96½	..	533	..	Poor hamlet.
„ 28	Kao-tzu-p'u	98½	..	550	..	A few huts.
„ 28	Lêng-shui-ch'ing ..	101	..	568	..	Small hamlet.
„ 28	P'u-piao	106½	116	585	570	Large village.
„ 29	Kuan-yin-ssŭ.. ..	110	..	600	..	Ruined temple.
„ 29	Fang-ma-ch'ang ..	111½	..	610	..	Ruined hamlet.
„ 29	Ta-pan-ching.. ..	113½	..	618	..	Four or five huts.
„ 30	Salwen River.. ..	121	..	638	..	Iron suspension-bridge, 140 yards long.
„ 30	Ho-mu-shu	125	..	673	660	Poor hamlet.
May 1	Hsiang-po	127½	..	698	..	Very poor hamlet.
„ 1	Highest point of pass	129½				
„ 1	T'ai-ping-p'u	131½	..	723	..	Very poor hamlet.
„ 2	Tali-shu	134½	..	748	..	Four huts.
„ 2	Shuay-li River ..	136½	..	758	..	Iron suspension-bridge, 53 yards long.
„ 2	Kan-lan-chan.. ..	138	146	766	770	Poor village.
„ 3	Kan-lu-ssu	141½	..	783	..	One hut.
„ 3	Chin-t'sai-pu	144	..	798	..	Four huts.
„ 3	Li-chia-p'u	148¾	..	818	..	Large village.
„ 3	T'êng-yueh, Momein	150¾	162	833	840	
				166	168	miles.

IV. ON THE CHINESE TEA-TRADE WITH TIBET.*

THOUGH very widely cultivated in Ssŭ-ch'uan, tea does not form the subject of any considerable export. With certain exceptions, it merely supplies the local consumption, and with respect to the probability of its ever being exported to foreign countries, it is enough to say that it is generally insipid to European taste, and in many cases actually nauseous. In the hilly country which bounds Ssŭ-ch'uan on the east, a variety is grown which possesses a good reputation among the natives, but the quantity is small. The eastern provinces already furnish more tea than the

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