We were fortunate enough to reach Tachienlu in the strawberry season, when the mountain sides were covered with beautiful, wild, red, luscious berries. The native children go out in parties and gather these berries, and sell them on the street for less than a penny a pound.

The cattle that graze on the mountains about the city were driven in and milked, and the milk can be bought for

DOWN THE TACHIEN-LU RIVER.

about a penny a pint, so that while strawberries were a great luxury to us, they had been the common dessert of missionary homes for some weeks. Even China and some parts of Tibet are not such bad places to live in during some parts of the year, especially when people know how to adapt themselves to circumstances, and to make the best of what is available.

We spent one and a-half days in Tachienlu, which is a small but very important border town. To this city hundreds of

Tibetans come daily, some from the very heart of Tibet, as well as from all parts of the border States, and here is the great depository of the Chinese Tibetan frontier. Taking the average train of tea coolies, we find that about 125 arrive daily throughout the year, each coolie carrying a burden of about 200 catties (or 366 lbs.). During the busy season there are as many as 400 coolies arriving per day; in the slack season very few are seen along this road. But, since Tachienlu is the terminus of the Chinese coolie line of transportation, it is also the point from where the yak caravans are made up.

Commercially Tachienlu is of great importance. From the heart of Tibet hides, wool, deer's horns, musk and gold dust all find their way, and these are exchanged on the street of Tachienlu for tea, cotton goods and haberdashery of all kinds, such as are used in Tibet for bartering purposes.

The stranger, simply passing through the place, might dismiss it as a dirty military outpost. The streets are very narrow and, if one turns out early in the morning, they will be found extremely filthy, especially in the summer months. The shops look insignificant, as little can be seen in them but copper kettles, pots and pans, used by the Tibetans when travelling; and cloth, needles and cotton thread, a few old swords and relics from monasteries which the Chinese troops have looted, complete the display.

The Lu River comes rolling through the centre of the town, bisecting it. This river is spanned by three suspension bridges, over which foot passengers, animals and caravan traffic pass to and fro. The town is paved with stone throughout, the houses are built on wooden frames, with movable wood fronts, mostly painted brown, but some of the walls are built of stone. The architecture is a modified Chinese Tibetan style found all along the frontier.

The finest building in the place is the Ming-chen Ssü. This title was given by the Chinese to the Tussu of Chala State,

which is bounded on the east by the Tung, on the west by the Yalung Rivers, on the north by Matze and Gaishechia, and on the south by the Huang Lama's district, whose headquarters are at Mili, a ten days' journey south.

We called to see Ming-chen Tussü, but unfortunately he was not at home. We entered a large compound surrounded by a high stone wall, enclosing lofty, semi-Chinese buildings, with sloping roofs and covered eaves. The roof was decorated by several gilded pinnacles.

The poor-looking residence of the Sub-prefect, who also fills the position of commissary, is close by, but looks small and insignificant in comparison.

The Tussu has been politely asked to remove to his summer residence, which lies ten miles to the south-west, as his city abode will be required by the Warden of the Marches. This may be only a temporary arrangement, but the Chinese policy is an aggressive one, and the day is not far distant when they may be able to dispose of the services of the Prince of Chala, though his residence may prove useful for housing the Chinese officials, his successors. At present this once powerful Tussu is only a tool in the hands of the Chinese. He is useful to them in securing transport for their military supplies. His people are groaning under the heavy burden thus imposed on them, for hundreds of animals are required daily to forward the supplies and ammunition to the troops which are scattered along the frontier.

We must now return and have a peep into the monastery which is close by. We entered a large room and were received by the secretary. After tea and refreshments he led us to the general assembly room, from the gallery of which we had a fine view of the service that was being conducted. On an elevated seat, on which was a silk cushion, sat a lad of about sixteen years. He was an incarnation of Buddha. In two rows down the centre of the large room about fifty lamas sat, all

with bells and dorgies (thunderbolts) in their hands, which they waved about and kept time to the weird chant. Candles and butter lamps burned on the altar, causing a most peculiar light and effect as we looked down on the worshippers, some of them apparently most devout, while some of the younger members of the party were quite frivolous and inattentive. We were careful not to attract their attention that we might see the ceremony under ordinary circumstances.

However, we must now go back to the gochuangs and see what is going on there before we take our departure. I have in a former chapter explained that a gochuang is a kind of guildhall, where the members or friends of a clan lodge.

In Tachienlu there are many of these, and the people coming from the interior always put up in their own guild, and through the managers of these guilds they buy their tea or other articles of import to Tibet. The articles brought from the interior for the most part also go through the hands of these indispensable gochuang managers. In other words, they act as the middlemen between the Chinese merchant and the Tibetan trader from the interior. It is only by remaining in these gochuangs for some days that one gets some idea of the business that goes on in such a place, for from the street nothing can be seen of what is going on inside these enclosures.

We said good-bye to Tachienlu friends and continued our journey, following the main tea road as far as Wassukou.

The river was a seething torrent all the way, and falls almost 3,000 feet in six li (fifteen miles). In several places we were marching right in the spray, that was dashed far over our heads, as the water beat its surf in white foam against the boulders. Very little cultivation was to be seen after passing two miles below Tachienlu. About some of the houses by the roadside a small patch of vegetables or tobacco was to be seen, but such cultivation was so limited as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

Wassukou stands on the right bank of the Lu River, just above its junction with the Tung. Here we spent the night. It was quite early when we arrived, so we went down to the river to watch the natives fishing. The system of angling adopted was one commonly used by the Chinese in swift-running streams, where the fish is caught when passing over the shoals.

SOME OF THE PEAKS OF THE DABA RANGE.

The fishing gear consists of a long bamboo rod, with a fixed iron ring at the tip, a reel is attached to the fishing rod, sometimes the line is wound between the thumb and forefinger and over the elbow, two hooks are attached to the line a few feet apart, and a small lead sinker is made fast about six feet higher up. The line is thrown out into the current, and let run through the iron ring, the current being swift the line is carried away, then drawn up over the rapid

again. The hooks catch in the side of a fish that is struggling to get up the rapid, and in this way large fish are sometimes caught, but it requires a lot of practice and patience to be at all successful. I have seen fish 7 to 8 lbs. landed in this way, but I have also on other occasions watched the fishermen work away for an hour and never get a fish.

Near Wassukou we met the Sub-prefect, who was out examining the road that was undergoing repairs before Chaoerhfung, the new Warden of the Marches, should arrive. The change was quite noticeable between Tachienlu and this point, but it would not be very lasting, for a lot of loose earth was placed over the rough places, which a good shower of rain would wash away.

In many places boulders which had been washed down and almost blocked the road were removed, and in other places they were immovable. The road was built up with stones so as to allow chairs and mules to pass without any difficulty. Two thousand men were reported to be at work on the section controlled from Tachienlu.

From Wassukou we passed over a chain bridge spanning the Lu River. This bridge was built of thirteen chains, the links of which were about twelve inches long, made of three-quarter inch iron. These chains were built into stone masonry, and made tight by means of primitive windlasses, one to each chain, and turned by inserting an iron crowbar into holes bored in the log. When the chains were jacked tight, the windlasses were built over with masonry. It was a very good bridge, but there was a deal of vibration.

We travelled up the right bank of the Tung for four miles, where we arrived at Kutze, and took shelter from the pelting rain in the old Tibetan temple. There we found an ex-Lama, who had been turned out of the Lamasery on account of a fight he had had with another brother of his order, so he said, but I should judge there was a more serious charge against

him. The temple was a fine building, though the Lama in charge of it only visits it twice a year. Owls and bats have taken possession of the place and roost on the idols. In the daytime the rafters of the temple were literally covered with bats. The lower storey of the temple was kept locked, but from the gallery to which we had access we could see the gilded faces of the huge idols in the dim light. The work about the altars was of fine workmanship and in good condition,

HERB-GATHERERS OF LIANGHOKON.

bearing testimony to the fact that at one time there were many devotees in this section of the country.

The temple was quite unique in its architecture, very different from anything we had seen on the whole journey. It had two round houses built out on the roof like turrets, which gave the place a very fine appearance.

At Kutze there was a single rope bridge, worked by the ex-Lama, who was certainly an expert at performing on the

tight rope; he tried to persuade us that this was the best place to cross, but we learnt that there was a ferry boat some distance higher up the stream at a place called Chiang Tsui (river's lip), and there we found a very frail and small boat in which we managed to get across safely.

Here the river bears to the west and we went up a small stream and over a mountain to avoid a very difficult gorge, through which it would have been almost impossible for our coolies to have passed, even if we could. We spent the night 2,000 feet above the river bed, and had a magnificent view of Paomashan (race horse mountain) to the south of Tachienlu, which is quite 25,000 feet above sea-level.

The country is picturesque and there is considerable farming carried on along the valley and slopes. The people belong to Yutung, where a chief lives, but he is really subject to the Muping Tussu.

On passing over the spur, after a climb of 2,000 feet, and a descent of nearly as much, we came down to the bed of the Songlin River, a tributary of the Tung; this we followed to one of its sources.

At Heiku we found quite a large Bon or Black monastery, and purchased some of their books. I was sorry not to have a copy in Tibetan to give them, and even the few copies of Chinese Scriptures I had picked up at Tachienlu had all been disposed of.

The people were most friendly, though no foreigner had ever been here before. We spent the night in a water mill a little farther on, just before entering one of the finest forests I have seen for a long time. The people were busy grinding flour till nearly 12 o'clock, but at last the water was turned off and we went to sleep.

Next morning we dipped straight into the dense forest. For the first five miles the trees were not very large, but for the next thirty miles they stood as straight as church towers,

and many of them measured six feet on the stump, or eighteen feet in circumference. I have never seen anything to equal them outside of a British Columbia forest.

Years ago an attempt was made to raft timber down from here, but the rapids were so difficult that there was much loss of life and timber, and the enterprise was abandoned. We spent one night in this forest, and the next day, at 4 p.m., we arrived at the place where we had hoped to meet Meares, for we had sent a runner on ahead to escort him from Hannin, where we expected him to be, and bring him to us at Linkou. He had left for Mongun before the runner arrived, as we were two days later than we had expected. So after waiting two days Brooke went across to Mongun to join Meares, and I went on my way eastward through Muping to Chentu.

This was a very rough piece of country. The road was built out on bamboo poles, stuck in mortices in the perpendicular rock, sometimes sixty feet above the stream. I arrived home on the last day of July, 1908, in the hottest weather that had been known in Sechuan for twenty years. After the cool mountains of Tibet, the heat was enough to prostrate one, for the thermometer rose to 105 in the daytime and never was below 95 at night for quite three weeks.

CHAPTER XVII.

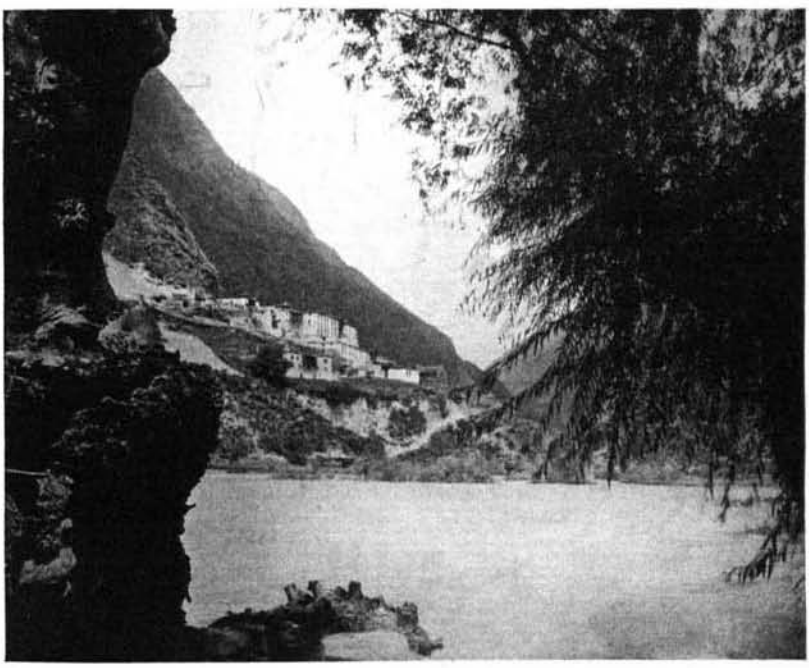
Two Gold Streams.

From the junction of the Kermer with the Kwanyin River at Damba the united stream flows almost due south to Romi Changku, and is called the Ta Chin or Great Gold Stream. At Changku another large stream, called the Siaochin or Small Gold Stream, joins it, and from that point to where the road leading to Ningyuenfu crosses it the river is known by the name of Tatuho or Great Ferry River. From there to Kiatingfu, where it joins its waters with the Ya and Min Rivers, it is known as the Tung or Brass River. These are all local names, and may be very misleading and confusing to the traveller as well as to the reader—never sure of just what river he is travelling on, or reading about, unless these points are borne in mind.

A little information as to how these names came to be used and why they exist may be of interest.

We will go back to the source of the stream and follow them down again. Kermer is a Tibetan name, given to the branch of this river that rises in the Kermer Mountains or plateau, a range that divides the waters of the Tung from those of the Min River or Fu, as it is called near Songpan. This river runs through the pasture lands and camping grounds of Upper Kermer, Middle Kermer, and Lower Kermer. These three settlements are on the southern slopes of Ngaba State. We now follow the stream down through the States of Somo, Drukagi and Runga, to its junction with the Kwanyin River. The latter river forms the boundary line between

Runga State and Chosschia. Kwanyin is the largest or longest of the two streams, the true source of the Tachin or Tung River. Some of its tributaries rise in the Baian Tukmu Mountain in the Goluk Range, which divides the waters of the Huanghu from those of the Yangtze. It derives its name from a large Lamasery called Kwanyin Cumba, which is built



A MONASTERY IN BATI ON THE GREAT GOLD RIVER.

on its banks, about three days' journey north-west of its junction with the Kermer. One of the Kwanyin's tributaries rises on the northern slopes of the Dabo range, and flows through the centre of Youkoh State. This branch we followed for several days, and crossed it almost at its source.

We must now return to Chosschia and trace the Tachin

River. From the junction of the Kermer to Kwanyin Rivers it runs through a valley which has a rich gold deposit. Great quantities of this precious metal have been washed from the sands along the banks of this stream, and also from deep tunnels sunk into the bank near the river's edge, where deposits of silt have been made sufficient to turn the stream from its former channel. This is the case also with the Siaochin, and from their gold deposits both of these streams derive their names.

From Hsu Ching, a strong military outpost and the most important town in the Tachin valley, the Chinese have taken possession of most of the land along the river, though it has cost them a great many lives to do it. In the time of Chen Lung fierce battles were fought in these valleys, and the famous Tussu Solo Wang was subdued. Two small States further south—Bati and Bawang—still retain their hereditary Tussus, where the old cult of the Bon, a primitive form of native worship, yet exists, and is still the State religion. Buddhism, therefore, has never been fully established here, but it is steadily making its way.

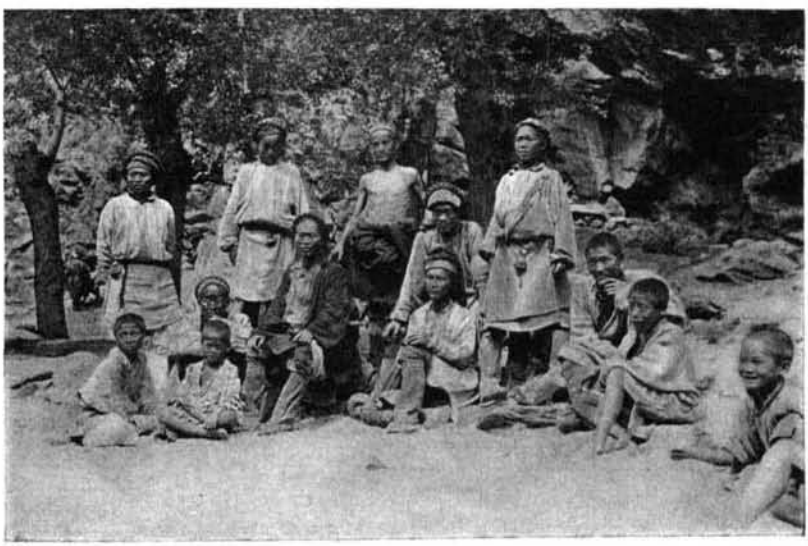
In the Siaochin valley there is only one small native State left—Ojen or Wokji—which is still governed by an hereditary Tussu. The rest of the valley is directly under the Chinese officials stationed at Mongun. They employ native headmen, called respectively Peifu and Chienfu, *i.e.*, the head of 100 families and the head of 1,000 families, and these are hereditary offices, and are a remnant of the old Tussu system. This system the Chinese are trying to adopt throughout all this country and Tibet. Chaoerhfeng, the present Warden of the Marches, may be able to accomplish their policy, but not, I fear, without a struggle on the part of the tribesmen..

It was in these valleys that Meares was travelling while Brooke and myself were on the long journey de-

scribed in the former chapters, and here I may summarise his wanderings, as he told us of them.

It was decided that he should go south with the coolies and their baggage while he went toward the Tibetan frontier, and we hoped to meet at Changku by a certain date.

He travelled down the fertile valley of the Tachin among cornfields and beautiful scenery. The river's banks were covered with flowers, over which fluttered gaudy butterflies,



GROUP OF TRIBESMEN IN THE TACHIN VALLEY.

while brightly-coloured parrots flashed among the trees, which were abundant along the water's edge. It was evening when he reached Hsuching, a Chinese military outpost. The official seemed pleased to see him, and invited him to dinner.

He found plenty of fruit for sale on the streets. This district is famous for its pears, and later in the year they are even shipped to Chentu, an eighteen to twenty days' journey.

Continuing down the river, at noon the next day he came to another coracle ferry. The river was running in high flood and it took some time to cross.

They were still fourteen miles from their destination, but the ferryman volunteered to take Meares and his interpreter down by river in an hour; so they struck a bargain. They took their seats in the bottom of the walnut shell, and were off at the speed of an Atlantic liner. The craft bobbed up and down, turned round and round, while the boatman, in a half-kneeling position, endeavoured to steer the raft off the rocks with his small paddle.

They shot a number of cataracts, and at last came to a place where they heard a tremendous booming and roaring. The boatman worked his boat to the shore, and landed to have a look at the rapid.

First, he thought it was impossible to shoot this, then he said he would try, and off they went again. When they reached the big waves which surged quite ten feet high they were hurled into the air, then twisted round and round in the eddy, until the whole world seemed to be swinging; next they disappeared into a hollow and the waves broke over each side of their tublike craft.

The escort covered his face and cried bitterly, but the boatman worked away with his paddle, and soon they were in smooth water again, continuing their trip to the large monastery just above Tsonghua, where they arrived in three-quarters of an hour from their starting point.

The writer having made this same journey the year before, can vouch for the sensational experiences of the trip.

Tsonghua is also a military outpost, but all these officials have both civil and military power.

From Tsonghua they went over the pass to Mongun, the largest and most important town in this section of the country. There the Brigadier is located, and there it

A CHINESE MANDARIN.


IMPERIAL

was Meares hoped to store their extra baggage and supplies.

Soon after leaving Tsonghua they started up a steep mountain and toiled on all day in pouring rain, and at 7 p.m. reached a herdsman's hut, where they put up for the night.

Next morning it was still raining, but they set out to top the pass, which they reached at 11 o'clock.

Though it was the middle of July the snow was still lying deep on the top, and they all felt the effect of the altitude a good deal. This pass is over 16,000 feet high. Most of the coolies collapsed, and, if they had not been able to hire some medicine diggers to carry the loads over, they would have been stranded.

On the other side of the mountain they found a large glacial valley covered with grass and decorated with flowers.

On the upper slopes there was a deep soft carpet of edelweiss, adorned with a profusion of large red, yellow and blue poppies. Lower down, the slopes were covered with cowslips and other flowers like primroses, besides many other varieties, the names of which were unknown.

Scattered through the valley was a number of herdsmen's tents, and large droves of yak were grazing on the rich pasture. Below this they came to timber land, which is rather a rare thing in this part of the country, where the mountains are for the most part destitute of trees.

They reached Mongun in a heavy rain, to find the bridge had collapsed, leaving only one log to connect the buttments on either shore. With much difficulty they got across and very soon reached the street, where they found an inn and plenty of Chinese food for sale.

After paying off all the coolies but three, and stowing the baggage in the official's yamen, they set out for Changku, a town three hard marches south-west, situated near the junction of the two gold streams. The first day they had

no difficulty, but the river was rising fast, and, for the next two stages, the path for much of the way was submerged by the swirling stream. It was impossible to climb the steep cliffs that hemmed in the valley in many places, so there was nothing for it but cautiously to wade through the submerged places, a most difficult task for the coolies with their loads. It was rather chilly work, thus wading in the ice cold water, for the melting snow was pouring into it from the surrounding heights. They at last reached Changku, to find a man waiting them with a letter from Brooke, saying that he was going with me still further west, and that we would not be back for some weeks. So Meares filled in the time by visiting the tribes of Bati and Bawang, who live on the west bank of the Tachin, north of Changku.

Marching up the right bank of the river for ten miles they came to the capital of Bawang, where there is also a large monastery, and the residence of the Chief is near by.

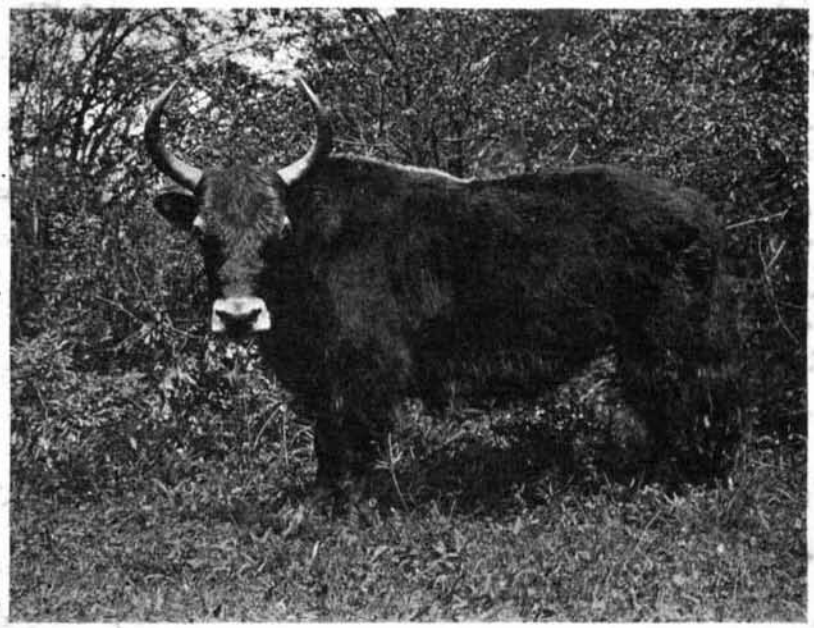
They were soon invaded by a crowd of truculent, ill-favoured looking Lamas. These they tried to entertain, but they only grew more insolent and began throwing stones, and it was with some difficulty they escaped without a row.

They marched on to Bati, passing the famous black temple which is the headquarters of the Bonba cult, but were not successful in gaining access to the temple. Mr. Edgar, so far as I know, is the only foreigner who has ever been inside it. The priests would not allow me to enter this temple when I passed through last year. Meares reached a small town on the right bank opposite the Tussu's residence, but the river being in high flood it was impossible to cross. While Bonba is the State religion, there is also a number of the Red and Yellow cults about, and they have a monastery near the Bonba temple.

The banks of the river are rich in alluvial gold, but no one is allowed to collect it except the Lamas, and these only for

gilding the temple roofs. When they find a large nugget they are supposed to put it back in the earth, that it may increase and multiply.

From here Meares returned to Mongun by the route just travelled, where he arrived without further adventure, except that on one occasion a huge stone, which got loose



THE PICA NIN OF ISO—CROSS BETWEEN YAK AND COW.

from the mountains, came tearing down into the valley and crossed the road just in front of them, leaving a line of sparks behind as it bumped on the rocks.

From Mongun he next set out for Hannin, where he hoped to meet us on our way back. Hannin is a pretty little place, nestling in the mountains at a height of 10,000 feet. A Chenfu or centurion is responsible for the good conduct of

the people there. After waiting some days and hearing no word of us he returned to Mongun, where a runner from Mr. Brooke overtook him, saying that he had arrived at Lianghokou, a place three days south of Mongun. Meares sent back word that he would wait at Mongun, and there Brooke joined him.

After a few days' rest they continued northward toward Tsakalao ; the weather was very hot, and all the maize fields were burned up for want of rain.

Everywhere the people were beating drums and cymbals and burning incense, imploring the gods to send rain. If they had only settled down to a few hours' hard work many of the fields could have been irrigated from the streams which flow everywhere down the mountain side.

All along the river's bank were to be seen the remains of gold diggings which had long since been abandoned. As far as Lianghokou there was a good deal of cultivation. A number of Chinese have emigrated into this valley and have taken native wives. One Chinaman had rented a mill for three shillings a year and married a native wife ; her he sent to the mountains to dig medicine, while he ground the corn. They followed the right-hand stream which rises in the Hongchiao Pass, and after camping for a night in a deserted herdsman's hut, they crossed the pass, and lodged in the medicine digger's hut on the eastern slope of the mountain. The day they crossed the pass it was raining, so the view they had hoped for was unobtainable.

One more day brought them to the road over which we had passed on our way up two months previously. Two more uneventful marches brought them to Tsakalao. As they intended to rest for a few days they pitched their tents on the river's bank some distance from the town.

Some large walnut trees afforded splendid shade from the hot sun. Here they held a spring cleaning. First, they

washed themselves, then all their clothes, and then made the coolies do likewise. This was not an easy matter, for although it was hot in the sun the water was very cold. But one man undertook the task, and the rest all followed like a flock of sheep.

They went over the pass by which Meares had come in when returning from his takin hunt in May, and camped near the salt-licks, hoping they might again meet with a takin, for Meares was anxious to photograph a live one. Brooke spent two days and nights waiting for one of these strange creatures to appear, but vainly; there were plenty of tracks about, but the creatures that made them were nowhere to be found. They changed places and Brooke went on the hunt, while Meares took his bed to the salt-lick and waited to get a photograph. For three days he waited without result. The fourth day the rain fell heavily, and during the night a stream came down under the rock where he was camped. The rocks were loosened by the heavy rain, and began rolling down the steep hillside. When daylight broke he picked up his wet bed and cleared out, but on reaching the main stream he found that the log which spanned it had been washed away.

After wading down the side of the torrent for some distance he met Brooke, who had come out to find him, and they were able to fell a tree across the torrent, and thus bridge it. The weather continued wet, so sending one of the hunters back to Tsakalao for mail, they awaited his return. Two days later he arrived with a big bundle on his back, and they rushed at him and seized it, hoping to find the long-expected letters and papers. On tearing open the parcel they found nothing but bacon. This mail had been sent to Colonel Kao for them, but he had had to leave home, and being desirous to keep their letters in safety, had locked them in a box. So after the hunter had partaken of a meal he

went back again for the letters, and two days later returned with such a bundle of mail that it took some time to read it.

After spending several more days in a fruitless hunt after the takin they came on to Chentu, and made preparations for their journey southward through China and India, where they hoped on their way to pass through the Rema and Lisu tribes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mantze Religion and Customs.

My readers may ask, Who are these Mantze and in what way are they different from the rest of the people of West China? I must admit that this is a fair question, and so far I have only been telling you about the experiences of individuals who have travelled through their country.

From scraps of history which I have been able to gather and translate, as well as from reports given by the people themselves, I have come to the conclusion that the people known as the Mantze are emigrants from Gari, a place just north of Siklim, near Camba Dsung. Over 800 years ago they were invited by the Chinese to come over and help them subdue the fierce warlike tribes of the Upper Min or Fu River, who were constantly raiding the Chinese along the plain, and, when pursued, retreated into the mountains out of reach.

Three thousand of the Gari mountaineers, many of them with their families, came over to help and subdue the raiders; and were given the promise of free homesteads on the land previously inhabited by the people called Changmin, who were the original inhabitants. Fierce battles were fought, the Gari emigrants attacking from the rear, while the Chinese troops came in from the plain.

The Changmin were driven back, and the land they occupied was ceded to the strangers who had recently arrived from the head waters of the Brahmaputra, on condition of their being loyal to the Chinese Government.

Hereditary titles were given them and they were left in

control of these mountainous regions, if only they would check the raids of the aborigines, and render tribute to the Chinese Government as acknowledgment of China's sovereign right over the country.

For many years there was a fierce struggle carried on between the Changmin and their new enemies, the Mantze or Garionian, who had crowded them back and taken possession of their lands.

To enable these invaders to withstand the fierce attack of the Changmin, strong stone stockades were built on the spurs of the mountains, where the natural surroundings afforded the greatest amount of protection. We find many of their chaitze or forts built in such positions that very few men would be needed to defend a whole fort. This also accounts for the great towers, like factory chimneys, which we find everywhere, and which were used for two purposes; firstly as beacons, in case of a sudden raid, when a fire was kindled on the top of these great towers, and friendly villagers would come rushing to their aid; secondly, for storing their valuables and grain. The cattle were driven into the lower storey and were shut in by great heavy doors. In case of being hard pressed, the inhabitants took their final stand around this tower; and when compelled to take shelter, retreated up a ladder or temporary scaffold that led to the second storey of the tower, and defended that through the turret holes, and by casting stones from the top on their enemies.

It was this most uncertain and strenuous life that made these people such famous warriors, and accounts for the name given them by the Chinese, "Manpuko," meaning "Cannot be overcome"; Mantze means "One who cannot be overcome," and originally they were thus looked upon by the Chinese. Later the character applied to an unruly tribe, which means "barbarous—unruly," was used in writing of

them, and is now used by the Chinese in contempt, and is much resented by the tribesman. But there is no other Chinese term to distinguish them from the Sifan, employed in reference to the ordinary Tibetan of Central and Northern Tibet.

These people came from the upper slopes of the Brahmaputra, where that form of nature worship known as the Bon or Bonba, also as the Black Cap cult, existed. They were slow to surrender their sceptre to the aggressive Red and Yellow sects of Buddhism.

To-day, in addition to the large Buddhist monasteries found established in this country, many of which have made a compromise with the Bonba and retain many of their hideous idols in the temples, we find the orthodox Bonba in Bati and Bawang, and also along the Tung River, between Wassukou and Romi Changku. The priests are distinguished by their dress, as shown in the photograph. They turn their prayer wheels the opposite way to the Yellow and Red sects, and their teaching is looked on as not only heterodox, but most wicked; yet much of it is accepted by the people and winked at by the Lamas.

The Bonba is a pre-Buddhist, indigenous Pantheon, and the idols of the cult are the most obscene and vulgar conceptions of an earthly and foul mind. Yet the people worship before these obscene and even fiendish models, offering them blood and spirits, as well as all the cereals produced on the land; herbs, tobacco and poisons are especially offered. They insist on the maidens wearing nothing more than a string round their waist, into which is tucked a small lamb skin or tassel made of yarn, which hangs to the knee.

After their first child is born they may wear skirts, as the gods have purified them.

The priests of Bati and Bawang States, where the old Bon cult is still the State religion, teach the people that, if they

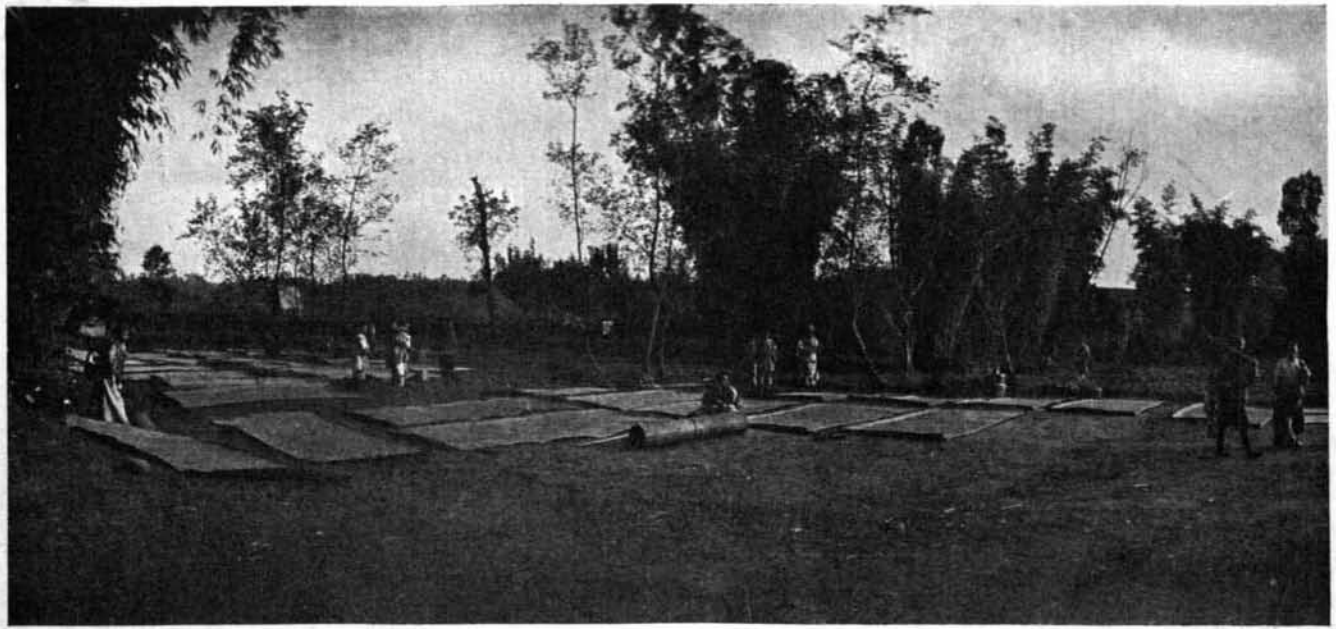
divert from this ancient custom, the gods will grow angry with them, and they will all die off. In winter time they wear a coat woven from yarn made of yak hair, which keeps them pretty warm. In the summer months the valley in which they live, in fact the whole valley of the Tachin, is very hot.

The neighbouring tribes have long since discarded this custom and all the females wear plaited skirts.

The black priests wear a conical black hat, similar to that of Mother Hubbard, and very similar to the dunce cap the Chinese crier wears when he runs in front of an official chair. There are not a few Bon symbols found in Chinese architecture ; for example, the two poles, with a box, much the shape of a grain measure, affixed about two-thirds up each pole, found in front of every yamen and temple, is a relic of nature worship which is not unknown to the Bonba.

Buddhism has made many concessions to the Bon, and where it really has established itself in the Mantze States, it has done so by yielding substantially to the wishes of the people, and allowing them to retain much of their old belief and customs ; though in many of the States Buddhism has really succeeded Bonism, yet it is a Buddhism different from that of most parts of Tibet. Colonel Waddell states in his invaluable book, "Lhasa and its Mysteries" (page 381), that the Black Cap is not unknown, even at Lhasa. He writes : "They have no literature, and utter their sayings orally. The leading oracles in Lhasa are the Nachung and the Karmashar.

"The chief oracle is attached to the principal State monastery, Dapung. For, notwithstanding its un-Buddhist character, this gross form of heathen sorcery was so deeply rooted in the minds of the people that that crafty ruler, the first Dalai Lama, brought it into the order of the Lamas. In doing this he was doubtless actuated, as were the Roman governors, by the obvious political advantages of having so



SUNNING RICE ON THE CHENTU PLAIN.

powerful an instrument for the Government service entirely under the control of the priests.

"Those who are masters in this art bear the title of 'Chief of the Wizards,' and not only do they perform at stated festive ceremonies, when they dance frantically to quick music in the midst of clouds of incense, burning from large swinging censers, but they also take it upon themselves to frighten the people into paying sums of money to the temples, and the up-keep of the Lamas, who live on the fat of the land, and make the people believe that they are the only medium through which the gods can be approached."

Demon possession also forms part of the programme. On one occasion I witnessed a most impressive ceremony while I was waiting for dinner in a village, and everything was perfectly quiet. Suddenly we saw a demon-possessed priest dressed in scarlet robes with a black, conical-shaped hat on his head, and in his hand a sword dyed red in blood. He seemed to throw himself down the hill from the temple, then leap in the air brandishing his sword in a most fantastic manner: then he seemed to roll down the hill, head over heels, and land on his feet, striking with his sword first in one direction then in another. At last he reached the street and drew near us in a most aimless way. His face was painted red, and he certainly looked hideous enough to have come from the lower regions. He rushed up to the street and stood opposite me for a minute, not more than five paces away; my men all screamed and some got under the tables, others ran for their lives. The whole street was in an uproar. I made sure he was a Boxer and drew my revolver. When the old lady in whose house I was dining saw it, she threw her arms around me and cried, "Don't shoot, he is my son. The man across the way has borrowed money from the temple some years ago and will not pay it back, and the idol has borrowed my son's body to come down and chastise him; he will not hurt you." I

assured the old lady that she need not fear for me, that so long as he kept his sword at arm's length away he was quite safe, but he had better not come too close.

After a few leaps in the air he went to the house opposite, where the man who owed the money lived. The poor wretch was so frightened that he lay prostrate on the floor. The would-be demon marched up to him, threatening to smite him with the sword, waving it wildly in the air, while the prostrate man on the floor pleaded for mercy, saying he would surely return the money. The demoniac never spoke throughout the whole performance, and with wild leaps, came out of the house, staggered up the street and then ran up the hill to the temple like a madman. In all my wanderings on the Tibetan border I had never seen anything like it before, my coolies and helpers said they never did either. Judging from the secret the old lady gave me, the whole thing was arranged and the priest just worked himself up to a great state of excitement, which, together with his attire and blood-stained sword, made a most impressive sight.

Buddhism has gained much ground in many of the fertile valleys, and on prominent hills we find large monasteries containing from 500 to 1,000 Lamas. The one near Miala is the largest I know of in the country, which claims to have about 2,000 names on its register.

The feudal system that prevails has held the lands in the possession of the lords or Tussus, who have in turn let them out to their people on condition that they render certain services to them as lords, and also hold themselves ready to serve the Chinese Government through the lords, if they should be called out. The lands thus not belonging to the people, they could not borrow money on them, nor will them over to the monasteries, as is done in some parts of Tibet.

Yet the Lamas have not missed any opportunity to get possession of the people by threats of the evils that will befall

them if they do not support the monasteries and the Holy Lamas, who are the only medium between God and man, and they also teach that without a Lama there is no remission of sins.

The plan adopted is to have a Lama succeed to the Tussuship; and, once that is accomplished, the whole State is in the power of the leading Lamasery, and the people have to bump their heads at the feet of a vassal lord and Father Superior; and at the same time pay their dues in kind to the monastery for the use of their lands, and in fact for the right to exist at all. Once the State falls into the possession of the monastery it rarely or ever emerges from its grasp again; for while the nearest heir should succeed, whether male or female, it is always arranged by the powers that be that their heir, if he be a male child, should early enter the Lamasery, while if a female, her chances of reaching maturity are very poor indeed. There are ways and means known to these spiritual fathers of a superstitious people of disposing of any obstruction that might come in the way of the coach of State.

The Lamas aim at keeping the people in ignorance, but some of them are beginning to see what the Lamas want is their money. The worship at the temple is largely performed by the women, though some of the men also make pilgrimages to these Lama strongholds to perform their periodical prostrations before the fiendish-looking idols; but many of them have confessed that they do not believe in the supernatural powers claimed by the Lamas.

The Lamaseries are the only seats of learning, and the layman who wishes to learn to read must put himself under some priest and study Tibetan writings, the only literature known to them. The Black Cap, or Bon, also use the Tibetan script, but the text of their books is quite different from the orthodox Lamaism. Their books are very difficult to obtain; I was able to secure one copy only, and that was from a young priest

who sold it to me, when his superior was absent. He carefully bound it up and made me put it in my baggage, saying if his superior got to know of it he would be expelled from the temple. I have not yet been able to satisfy myself as to the teaching contained in this particular scripture of the Bon cult; but a most interesting subject still remains hidden away in closely guarded documents and parchments, some of them written on a paper manufactured from a kind of willow or dogwood, while others are on a preparation of birch bark.

The Tussus or chiefs intermarry in their own circle. The son of a chief always marries the daughter of another chief, so that they are hopelessly mixed in their relationship. Every Tussu is the brother, cousin, uncle or aunt of all the others, so that the hereditary rights may be passed on from one generation to another. It is a more difficult operation to disentangle some of these mixed-up marriages than to take to pieces and build up again the most complicated Chinese puzzle.

The young man may have something to say about the choosing of his bride, and often pays a visit to a relation's home to enable him to make his choice, but usually the parents make the choice and all the arrangements. A Tussu may have more than one wife, but the children of the first wife are the legitimate heirs. Should there be no offspring by the first wife, the second wife's children naturally fall heir to the hereditary property and title.

In the common ranks it is quite different, however; the young men and women mix freely in the home and in the fields, where they work side by side. They make their own love matches, and then make their intentions known to their parents. Should their parents object to the wedding the couple sometimes elope to a neighbouring State, and by paying a small fee may be pronounced man and wife by the Tussu, and may either become citizens of his State or return to

their own home. A divorce may be had by a small payment to the Tussu by either party, with the complaint that the pair cannot live happily together. In some States the old Bon custom of marriage is still in force.

The betrothed goes to the home of her would-be husband, and lives with him for three days, after which she returns to her parent's home, where she remains till her first child is born; and as a period of two years is allowed, this custom leads to lewdness of the most open form, as girls thus betrothed are practically profligates, and have to sleep on the open flat roofs of the houses, with a ragged piece of felt rug for a mattress and often only thin covering.

The greatest possible shame is for a woman to be barren. When her child is born she takes up her position of wife and mother. Presents are exchanged in proportion to the position of the parties concerned, and sometimes a feast is made, but that is often dispensed with in the common ranks.

Though the standard of morality set by the Bon is so very low, yet in some parts, where Chinese sobriety has to some extent moulded a new social life, we find things quite different, and the traveller will see very little of the custom described above at the present time, except in the Bati and Bawang States.

To obtain a true idea of the social life of this people in most of these Federal States, you must again come with me on a visit to the home of an hereditary Colonel. I will try and be brief, yet make the visit as comprehensive as possible.

On arrival we shall be met at the door by the Colonel, and probably his wife, a very pleasant lady of about forty years. Next we shall be ushered with great state through the main doors into the yard in front of the building, into which all the cattle and horses are driven at night, and round which all the granaries, store houses and stables are located.

Now we climb up a steep staircase to the second floor, on

which the reception and guest rooms are situated. Being shown into a large room, we are invited to take a seat around a table and have a chat with the Colonel. A sweet home-made wine will be served to the guests by the Colonel's wife if she is acquainted with her guests or wishes to show them special honour; or it may be served by her handmaid or slave, who wears her mistress's bracelets and neck ornaments for the occasion. Tea is also provided for those who refuse to take this sweet wine, made of fermented barley.

The Colonel tells us of his experience while fighting with Heishui, the people of the Black River, under the humped-backed chief we met at Matang, who have been amusing themselves by raiding in the country north of his domains. He had to call out 1,000 of his militia, and go out to crush them. The Colonel is full of what took place on the field and will amuse us for some hours, if we have time to listen to an account of the guerilla warfare that is carried on between these tribes. But we must confine ourselves to their religion and customs.

While we are thus seated in the guest room, a tall stately lady and her two daughters, one aged ten and the other thirteen, come gracefully into the room, all wearing beautifully embroidered skirts and jackets, a beautiful home-woven sash tied around their waists, a blue kerchief on their heads. Their hair is plaited up in two long braids, crossed on the forehead and covered with rings of silver, crusted with coral and turquoise. The daughters are a little shy at first in the presence of strangers, but soon get over this and become quite natural and more like European children, which is very striking after the affectation and false modesty of the Chinese.

A little later the servants announce that the meal is ready. Wheaten cake, macaroni, stewed venison and some sweetmeats are served, and more sweet wine for those who care for it is offered by the servants on bent knee.

At sunset the servants return from the fields, driving in the cattle, sheep and horses for the night.

As each servant comes in they approach the mistress of the house and salute by dropping on one knee, and she has a kind word for each of them, both male and female. When the daughters wish to address their mother, they perform the same graceful act and present their request.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

We are reminded of customs that prevailed in the Europe of another day. When the children come in from the fields they drop on their knee and salute their parents ; the servants and slaves do the same. They all live under the same roof and eat the same food. There is the greatest friendship and familiarity between the children of the lord and the slaves' children, who all play together, yet they never take liberties or forget their position.

The servants are free from worries, they live in a fine house, have all they want to eat and wear. A little pocket money is given them on occasion. They have little inclination for city life, and everywhere you hear their merry songs, making the mountains resound. A happier people it would be hard to find than the family we have just visited.

Their evenings are spent round the big kitchen fire, about which they sit and chat, sing or join in a family dance, as they feel inclined.

Since we are old friends, we may be specially favoured by an invitation to the family kitchen for an evening's entertainment.

We are led through a corridor up another flight of stairs, into a large hall at the back of the castle. The room is about forty feet long by twenty wide; down the centre is the fireplace, with three large iron pots set on tripods, and under one of these a good fire is burning, and corn-meal cakes are baking in the ashes. Ranged on shelves round the walls are all kinds of beautiful copper and brass utensils, glittering like gold in the torch light.

The slaves open some of the old chests and get out some fancy clothes and masks. They are going to act a play. It is about a man who was jilted by a girl and who ran away into the forest and became a monkey. The chief was out hunting one day and almost shot him, but just discovering in time who he was, brought him back safely to the girl, and they lived happy ever after.

After the play they will give us a specimen of their native dance.

The girls all line up at one end of the row and the boys at the other. Some have strings of bells, and the dance is half a play, representing the chief of a neighbouring State coming to ask for help in a war he is carrying on. The girls say good-bye to their sweethearts, and as they dance round

and round the fire, they first act a scene of good-bye, and later one of welcome to the boys on their return. The whole performance is most graceful and attractive. The Colonel's wife is mistress of ceremonies, and her two daughters and daughter-in-law are by far the most graceful performers and set the pace.

This is their way of spending a happy evening and entertaining their special guests.

A jar of sweet wine is set in the centre of the room, some long bamboo tubes, a little thicker than a straw, are set in the pot, and the thirsty go forward and take a few sucks through the tube and return to the ranks.

It is now late, and we must retire, but the performers, though they have worked hard in the field all day, and must turn out at sunrise in the morning, urge us to stay for the next scene, and if we want to see the play finished we may have to wait till daylight.

The mistress of ceremonies says "Enough," and all is quiet. Refreshments are served from the pot she has been watching with one eye, while with the other she has seen that each one played his or her part properly.

After a good bowl of vermicelli and venison soup, we retire to our room, which is next to the Colonel's, and sleep soundly until we are awakened early next morning by the merry laugh and tread of the servants as they drive the cattle to the grazing ground, or take their departure to the fields, from which they will not return till sundown.

It took some time thus to gain the friendship of this people, but now they claim me as one of their own and say, "You are so different from what we had heard about foreigners, you are one with us." Their home is open to the writer and his home is open to them, and they never fail to find it when any of them come to Chentu.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Caves of West China.

After spending some little time at Chentu, making the necessary preparations for a second journey, Messrs. Brooke and Meares started off again with the intention of going south to Ningyuenfu, a city lying between Lololand and the Tibetan frontier.

From there they intended to make a tour into the country marked on the maps "Independent Lololand," and then turn north-west and travel towards Batang, thence turn south-west in the direction of Rima, and try and cross that country if possible.

Unfortunately, their interpreter, a man they had engaged from Shanghai, developed heart trouble and had to be sent home, and as they were in this way stranded I let my adopted Chinese boy, who spoke very good English, go with them as interpreter.

They left Chentu on October 29 in two small boats. The party consisted of Messrs. Brooke and Meares, two interpreters—*i.e.*, one English-Chinese speaking interpreter and a Chinese-Tibetan speaking one—besides two cooks, seven pietze or back coolies, five ordinary coolies, a headman and three chair-bearers.

The party with all the baggage filled the two small boats; but the river was in good condition for a down trip; and as the boatmen rose early each morning and plied the oars all day, they were carried quickly through the fertile Chentu plains, passing under a number of beautiful old sandstone

bridges, and the third day arrived at Chiatingfu, where they disembarked, and went overland to Omeishan, the famous "Mount of Pilgrimage" in Western China.

To Omei come pilgrims from all parts of Szechwan province and also from some of the neighbouring ones.

Every year during the winter months, thousands of Tibetans make pilgrimages to this sacred mountain to worship at the summit, where Buddha is supposed to cast his halo of glory over them.

This strange phenomenon has been described by more than one writer, but many people have made the arduous climb to the summit of Mount Omei, and after waiting some days to see the wonderful sight have gone away disappointed.

But the fortunate have seen the almost miraculous effect of the sun shining on the clouds that rise from the valley, in which their own shadow was reflected and magnified many tens of times, for the glory of Buddha is only to be seen when the sun is in a certain direction, and when there is a mist rising from the valley. To stand thus on a pinnacle 11,000 feet high, and look over a cliff, with a sheer drop of many hundreds of feet, and see reflected in mid air—arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow—the image of oneself magnified to the size of some tremendous giant, is a sight not to be missed if it comes at all within one's reach, and there is little wonder that the Buddhists have attached a miraculous meaning to the strange appearance.

The party only spent one night in Chaiting, and set out for the famous mount early next morning. A march of fifteen miles through a most beautiful valley brought them to Omeihsien. On the way they passed the adopted home of the white wax insect, for this wonderful little creature is carried all the way from the Ningyuen Valley in the early spring and deposited on a species of ash tree that is plentiful in this district. On these trees it deposits its wax, which

is gathered in the autumn, melted and moulded into cakes of about 10 lbs. each, and exported to all parts of China; a considerable quantity of it also finds its way to Western countries. This is one of the chief industries of this section of the country. A strong, coarse kind of silk is also raised and manufactured, and these are the two special productions of the valley; but in so tropical a climate cereals and foliage of all kinds are abundant.

On reaching the little city of Omei, which is situated just below the mountain spur, they entered a long suburb on the eastern side. The city itself is little more than a quarter of a mile square, and the whole place is covered with trees and seamed with mountain torrents, which give it an appearance almost park-like.

The next day they passed up the bed of a torrent and through woods that gradually thickened into forest; and, passing a number of temples, they reached at last the long stone stairs that lead up the mountain side.

After climbing for some time they arrived at the Temple of Fuhusze ("Tiger-taming Temple"), where they had breakfast.

The next climb was a steep one of about 14,000 feet up, through pine groves intermingled with nanmu trees, some of which had grown to the size of two and a-half feet in diameter, and quite 150 feet in height. This nanmu is a wood much in demand for furniture, and compares favourably with walnut in appearance when polished, but is much softer.

Most of the buildings on Omei are temples, in which live some 2,000 monks.

So far they had only climbed a spur on the mountain, and had to descend into a valley again before making the steep climb that leads to the summit.

The most remarkable piece of work they found on the mountain was a huge brazen elephant in a shrine at Wannienssu (Myriad Years Monastery).

Mr. Meares writes of it thus :—" Here we found an interesting building. The style looked Indian. The lower part was a cube thirty feet square, which graduated into a circular dome, all beautifully made in brickwork.

"Inside the temple was a massive wooden cage, and in the cage a great bronze elephant of Indian workmanship. The

THE HONG CHIAO PASS.

elephant had three tusks and bore on its back a figure of Buddha in a lotus blossom, and is supposed to be placed on the spot to which Buddha came when riding on his white elephant."

Mr. Baber wrote thus of this same piece of workmanship :—" Just below it, in a kind of hostel, is a statue of Buddha

twenty-five or more feet high, of a very rude and archaic style, reputed to be the oldest idol on the mountain. It is said to be bronze, but I took it for pure copper. Nothing could be learned of its age. A more artistic work is found in a temple behind Wannienssu, in a separate shrine. Passing under a dark archway we enter a hall, in the middle of which, as soon as we could see through the dim religious light, we observed a kind of palisade, and inside it an elephant cast in magnificent bronze or some such composition, nearly as white as silver. The surface is, of course, black with age and the smoke of incense, but I was able to judge the colour of the metal by inspecting a patch which had been worn down by a practice of devotees who rub coins on it, and carry them away as relics. The size of the image is that of a very large elephant, that is to say, some twelve feet high ; its peculiarities are that it is somewhat too bulky, that the trunk seems rather too long, and that it has six tusks, three on each side. With these exceptions, if exceptions can be taken, the modelling is excellent, and a glance shows that the artist must have studied from life, for the folds of skin on various parts of the body and the details of the trunk are rendered with great truth and success, though with a certain conventionalism. The creature has been cast in three sections—the belly and legs forming the lower, and back uppermost. The contour of the belly is complete, but on stooping underneath one sees that it is hollow and that the exposed edges are about five inches thick ; in some parts the metal is a great deal thicker. Each of his feet stands on a bronze lotus, and on his back the mammoth bears, in place of a howda, another huge lotus-flower, in which is enthroned an admirable image of Buddha, cast, I was told, in the same metal, but thickly gilt, his tower of glory towering to a height of thirty-three feet above the floor. Though generally called a Buddha, the image represents P'u-hsien P'u-sa (Samantabhadra Bodhisattva), the saint

who is the patron—or patroness, for the Chinese credit him with female permutations—of Mount O. The monks told me that P'u-hsien descended upon the mountain in the form of an elephant, and that the casting commemorated the manifestation. But it may more probably bear an allusion to the well-known vision in which the mother of Buddha saw before his birth a white elephant with six tusks.

"The fane which encloses the casting is not less curious, being a hollow cube, covered with a hemisphere and roofed with a pyramid. The walls of the cube are twelve feet thick; the floor of the interior is a square of thirty-three feet on each side. The square becomes modified into a circle as the courses arise, by a transition which is gradual and pleasing but impossible to describe clearly without a knowledge of technical terms. Speaking clumsily, the four walls each terminate in a semi-circular outline, the summit of each semi-circle touching the circumference—*i.e.*, the base of the dome—and the four corners are each filled with three masses of brickwork, the surface outline of the central mass being an oval pointed at both ends, and the two others spherical triangles. The faces of all three are concave. The circumference of the dome is thus evolved from a square without any awkward abruptness, and it is only on trying to describe it geometrically that the arrangement begins to appear puzzling. To the eye the architectural process of squaring the circle is perfectly simple. The dome, however, springs from a rim which stands a little back from the circle thus formed, and so gains a few additional feet of diameter and increased lightness of appearance. The vault is to all appearance a hemisphere, very smoothly and exactly constructed. The whole edifice is of brick except, I think, a few insertions of stone blocks in the lower courses. The walls contain a series of ledges, on which are placed a number of small images said to be of

silver. The only light which enters is admitted by the two arched doorways before and behind the elephant.

"The outside of the shrine cannot be seen, as it is enclosed in a timber building, which entirely covers it. Clambering by means of this envelope on the roof I found, instead of a cupola, a confused heap of brickbats, the *débris* of a low, four-sided pyramid which seems to have been faced with porcelain tiles. The timber casing was absurdly added by the monks to protect them from the weight of the winter snow, a fair indication that the shrine was not built by Chinese. So solid a building would probably stand fast even if the whole mountain were upset on to it. The precaution has gone far to defeat its own purpose, for the wooded husk has been twice burned to ashes, damaging not only the roof but the tusk of the elephant as well. It is said that they were melted off by the intense heat. The present tusks are a feeble restoration built up of plates and bands.

"With respect to the age and origin of the shrine and its contents, the most authentic information is found in the Ssu-ch'uan Topography to the following effect :—'The Monastery of "Clear Water P'u-hsien" on Mount Omi, the ancient monastery where the patriarch P'u served Buddha, dates from the Chin dynasty (A.D. 265–313). During the T'ang dynasty Hui-t'ung made his hermitage there. It was named "Clear Water P'u-hsien Monastery" under the Sungs; Wan-li, of the Mings, changed its style to "Saintly longevity of a myriad years." The "Hall of Great O" stood in front, facing which was the "monument of Illustrious Patriarchs of the South," on the left the "monument of Sylvan Repose." The buildings included a series of seven shrines, the first of which contained a "P'i-lu" (?) the second seven Buddhas, the third a Deva king, the fourth a guardian deity (Chin-kang), and the fifth a great Buddha; the sixth was a revolving spiral constructed of brick, enclosing a gilded bronze

image of P'u-hsien, sixteen feet high, mounted on an elephant. In the beginning of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960) orders were given to set up a bronze shrine and a bronze image also, more than 100 feet high. Under Wan-li, the Empress-mother directed the shrine of P'u-hsien, namely, the spirally-constructed edifice, to be carefully and thoroughly restored, and had the elephant gilt.'

"The existing building is obviously the 'revolving spiral'* here mentioned, and the awkwardness of the term, which conveys no idea to a Chinaman, is another proof that the builders were not Chinese. A name has had to be invented for an exotic form of construction, and there is, so far as I am aware, no other instance of a true dome of brick or masonry in China. It seems safe to conclude that the builders of P'u-hsien shrine, as well as the artist who designed the castings, were Indian Buddhists."

My friends were told that in another temple there was a mummy of the priest who had made the road up the mountain. Never having heard of a mummy in China Mr. Brooke was curious to see it, and by offering a small sum in money he prevailed on the priest in charge to climb on the altar and undress the figure, which turned out to be made in clay and rather badly finished. They reached the top of the mountain in a pouring rain, but got comfortable quarters in a temple on the summit, and were tired enough to sleep soundly amid the periodical banging of drums and clanging of cymbals.

* In the name "revolving spiral" we seem to have another allusion to such structures as are mentioned in the note on page 25. In the present case there may have been some wooden structure, formerly pivoted in the dome, that revolved. The suggestion of Hindu builders does not help to solve the puzzle of the dome. The description of the square building, with pendentives and circular dome, rather suggest work like that of the Indian Mahommedan of the Deccan in the sixteenth century (see Fergusson's "Indian and Eastern Architecture," page 560).

When they awoke next morning the whole mountain was covered in a blanket of snow, and as it was cloudy and there was no chance of seeing the Buddha's glory, they inspected the temples, and then hurried down and slept that night four miles from Omeihsien.

They were very much disappointed in the temples; many of them had the appearance of having been burnt down and very recently rebuilt, and seemed to have small historical interest. Many of them looked more like broken-down barns than temples. The weather was very wet; it was not the time of year for pilgrims to visit the sacred shrines, and many of the temples were closed, and this may account to some extent for the impression they received. There is no doubt that in this region there are many historical landmarks, for though the Lolos do not visit this mountain since it has become the strong tower of Buddhism, yet they claim that their three deities once made their homes there.

But we must pass to the ancient caves that are found in this part of the country. These are most numerous along the banks of the Tung and Su Rivers, and they are also found in other parts of the country on the sides of the hills; but usually they are dug out of the sandstone rock along the rivers' banks. And here I will give Mr. Meares's description of what they saw in the caves :—

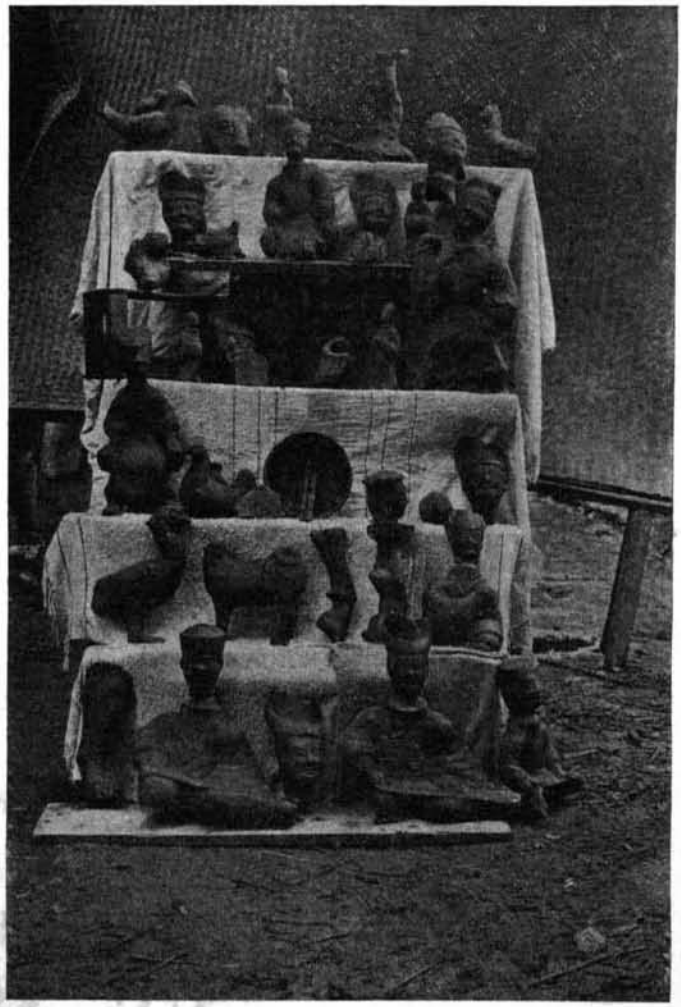
"On our way back to Chiating we stopped for a few days to explore the caves which are situated near the road.

"We took up our quarters in a little Chinese hut, and hardly had we settled down when a Chinese pedlar came up to us and said, 'Do you remember me? I am the man who had a pain in the night in the inn at Fupien,' and he was very pleased to meet us again.

"In the rolling hills of this district thousands of dwellings or tombs have been hewn out in the red sandstone cliffs.

"All these caves are similar in plan, but differ considerably

in size and ornamentation, doubtless in proportion to the rank and wealth of the owner. Some had only one small



TERRA-COTTA PIGMIES.

entrance running into the face of the cliff, while others had large verandahs with three or more caves opening from it.

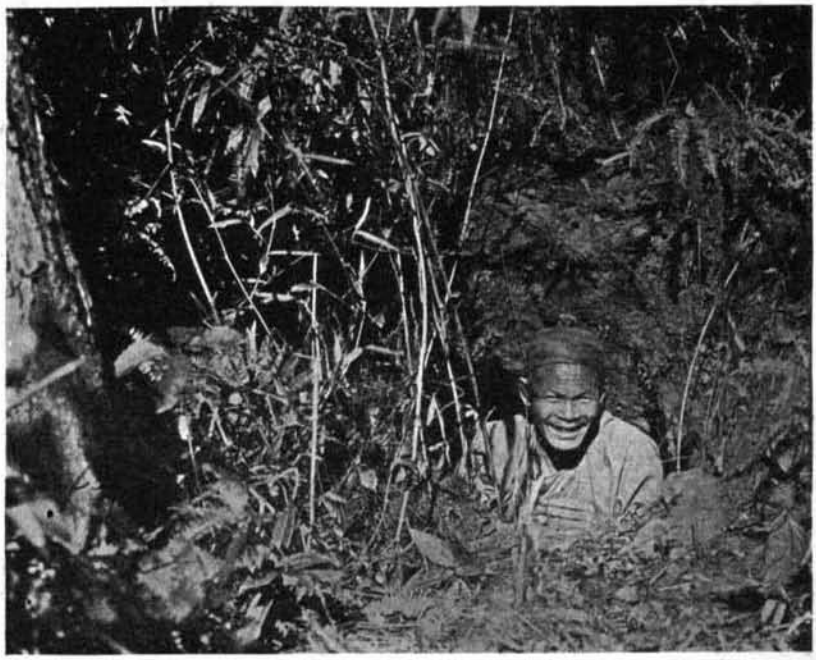
"Let us take as an example one of these large caves.

"Some distance up the face of a cliff of red sandstone (on the face of which some hieroglyphics may still be seen), and approachable only by steps cut in the cliff, large enough to hold the toe of the foot, a large cavern has been hewn out, evidently with the help of a metal instrument, as the marks are still sharp and clear.

"In the cliff above the cavern a gutter is generally cut to shoot off the rain water, and sometimes imaginary animals are cut above the doors, evidently the crest of the owner. This verandah may be thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and ten feet high, and the roof is supported by two large pillars which had been left when the rock was cut away; there is very often a large cooking place between these pillars. This verandah is cut with square corners, and running round the top there is always a pattern, which is the same in almost all the caves. This looks very much as if it were built in imitation of the beams of a house, and a small model of a dwelling which I found in one of the caves had similar work on it. Above the central door on both sides of it are often carved figures of deer and horses. On the left side of the verandah a small cave is sometimes cut, evidently for a dog, and in one case I saw a carved stone dog in it. Generally these caves open from the main verandah. The one on the right is usually about thirty feet long and straight, and was evidently intended for servants or animals. These caves generally had an outer and an inner doorway, the first a few feet from the entrance, the second about twelve feet further in.

"The caves were about six feet broad and six feet high, and sloped gently upwards. The doors were solid buttresses, left when the caves were cut, and were about five feet six inches high by four feet wide; in these buttresses were grooves to hold doors, and sockets and grooves to hold crossbars. The two larger caves had two or three similar doors.

"About half-way along the larger caves were recesses cut in the walls. On one side was a large trough cut in the solid rock and evidently used for holding water. A small gutter was cut round it to carry off surplus water and the edge was much worn. Below it was a shelf for holding pots. In some of these troughs were round stones which had signs



TIBETAN INTERPRETER COMING OUT OF THE CAVE WHERE THE TERRA-COTTA PIGMIES WERE OBTAINED.

of being constantly heated in a fire. On the other side of the cave would be a similar cave, covered with a huge monolith which would take ten men to move, and inside some of these sarcophagi were coffins made of one piece of earthenware, with tight-fitting covers. These coffins were all empty, except for a little mould. Further in were small sockets

near the roof, which had evidently been used for poles to support a curtain, and past this the cave generally opened out into one or two recesses large enough for rooms; these also had sockets for curtains.

"At the extreme end of the caves was a small shelf two and a-half feet from the floor, and two or three small cooking places cut out of the solid rock at a lower level beside it. Near these cooking places were the remains of cooking pots, which fitted the fireplaces. The terra-cotta figures and other remains were generally found on the floor below the small shelf, or in the large recess. They cannot have fallen from the shelf, or they would have been broken into a thousand pieces.

"Some of the caves are quite open and visible; others have been silted up by wash from the hills, and it was by digging into these we found most of the things, while others had been flooded and the figures were buried in the mud. Other caves had small openings much worn, which led into further caves at lower levels, and one could emerge again into daylight some distance from the point of entrance; while some of them were quite dry, and the figures could be seen just as they were left by the original inhabitants. In one case we found portions of a life-sized head with the cheeks painted red, and a black moustache and side whiskers, and, as may be seen from the photographs, the types are entirely different from the Chinese or aborigines of the present time.

"The modelling of the animals is much more artistic and correct than any modern Chinese work.

"As we were pushed for time we could only spend three days exploring the caves; so much still remains to be done.

"The authorities at the British Museum have no clue as to who these people were, but as some of the things are almost identical with objects found in the ancient Japanese dolmans, it is possible that these people emigrated to Japan at some remote period."

CHAPTER XX.

CHIATING TO NINGYUENFU.

AFTER finishing their investigations in the caves our friends travelled north-west along the border of the Ya to Yachowfu. The Ya is a very shallow and fast-flowing river, and on this account the Chinese have constructed some very ingenious rafts by which they navigate it, and carry on them quite large cargoes, both up the river and down as far as Yachowfu. These rafts are made of giant bamboos, which are from four to six inches in diameter at the thick end. They taper off very gradually, and some of these poles reach a length of seventy to eighty feet. The bamboos are lashed together side by side; each pole is heated and turned up in front, and when the rafts are completed they look like giant Canadian toboggans, being about eighty feet long by fifteen feet broad.

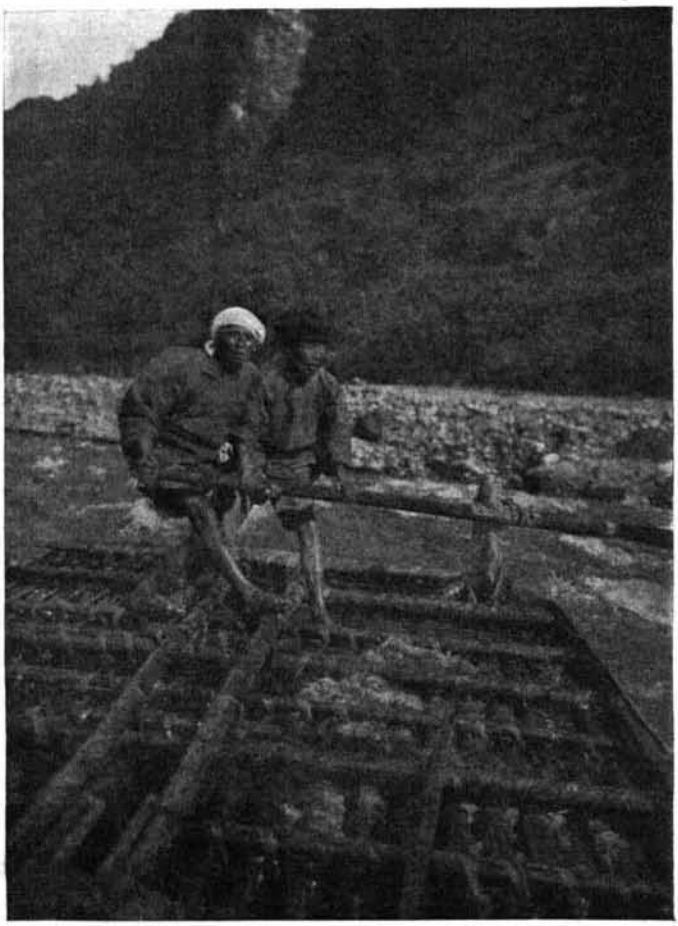
As these bamboos are hollow and full of air, a raft will carry several thousand pounds, and only draw a few inches of water. They are quite flexible, and glide over the rapids and even over shallows without injury.

The principal traffic on the down journey is wool, hides and deer horns, which find their way from Tibet; also iron, copper, lead and coal, all of which are mined in considerable quantities in the neighbourhood of Yachow, and beyond.

When returning, they carry wine, sugar, cotton and piece-goods, which are the chief articles of import.

For anyone who is fond of duck shooting, a good plan is to go to the Yachow and there hire a raft to Chiating. These rafts are not the most comfortable looking crafts, as the only

shelter afforded is a bamboo mat hut, usually erected near the centre of the raft. A few boards are elevated about a



RAFT ON THE YA RIVER ON WHICH MR. BROOKE AND MR. MEARES JOURNEYED.

foot above the bamboo to keep one's feet out of the water, though in crossing some of the rapids the spray will still insist on coming through. Yet even ordinary passengers, who are

in a hurry to reach Chiating or some other port down the stream, do not hesitate to take passages on these rafts, and even the missionary ladies often take advantage of this quick and easy mode of travel; so that the sportsman who is anxious to see thousands of mallard, widgeon, divers and almost all kinds of water fowl within close range, will not mind a wet foot, or even being dumped overboard, if he can secure 85 to 100 duck during the trip of a day and a-half.

I know of one cool-headed missionary, who had taken passage on one of these giant toboggans, and was standing outside drinking a cup of coffee when the raft gave a lurch, a swirl, and he was sent overboard to partake of a cold bath. But managing to catch hold of the raft with one hand and keep his head above water—for it was in a place where the water was deep, just below a rapid—he contrived to hold on to his cup of coffee in the other hand, and, when helped on to the raft again, continued sipping his coffee as though nothing had happened.

All along the river fishermen may be seen at work with cormorants. They also fish with nets, and frequently catch the giant salamander, a huge newt, which often reaches a length of ten feet, and weighs from 60 to 100 lbs.

A peculiar fish, called by the Chinese wa-wa-u ("childfish") is sometimes secured near Yachow. It is reported to have arms, and to come out on sunny days and lie on the rocks in the middle of the stream sunning itself. I heard of this fish first in the autumn of 1902, but thinking it was only a Chinese tale, paid but little attention to it. My boy, who was with Messrs. Brooke and Meares as interpreter, mentioned it to them, and they tried to secure one but were not successful. They spoke of it to Mr. Openshaw, the American missionary at Yachow, who, though he had lived there for many years, had never heard of the "childfish." His cook, however, being consulted, declared that there was such a fish and

bought one next day in the market. Mr. Openshaw put it in alcohol; I have not heard what became of this specimen, and was not fortunate enough to see one myself.

Yachow is a busy thriving town, beautifully situated on the banks of the Ya, and hemmed in by high mountains on three sides.

It is a great centre of the Tibetan tea industry. Tea grows on all the mountains in the neighbourhood and is carried by coolies into Yachow, where it is dried, prepared and packed in long bamboo baskets for the Tibetan market.

While at Yachow our friends engaged a raft and started out on a duck hunt. It was a lovely morning and the raft floated quickly down the river. Ducks were not very plentiful near the city, but they picked up quite a number. At one place they shot two teal, one of which was only wounded and floated down in mid-stream. The raftsmen rowed hard, endeavouring to overtake it before it reached an island which divided the river. They got near enough to get another shot at the teal, but it was too late to pull out of the cataract. A terrible current was whirling them into its fierce jaws, the waters leaped over the rapid and piled up against the rocky banks. Just below and in their course, great black, jagged spikes split the green waters into rushing, tearing streams of white foam. The raftsmen were frightened, but did not lose their heads. The raft shot over the rapid like an arrow. The men at the bow and stern oars now began rowing furiously, swerving the bow of the raft up into slack water, so that the stern swung round, just shaving the rocks. They swept stern-first for a few seconds and again the raft swung round, before they took the final plunge, bow on. The waves splashed up to their waists, and the raft wriggled over the sunken boulders like a snake.

They continued down the river for about ten miles, then walked back to Yachow. On the way they came across some

snipe near a village, and after shooting several, the villagers collected in hundreds to watch the sport, and as it was im-

BRINGING RAW TEA TO BE PACKED AT YACHOW.

possible to convince them that what hurt snipe would also hurt them, the sportsmen had to give it up and return to Yachow.

They continued their journey towards Ningyuenfu, but before they had gone very far it began to rain and so continued all day. The continuous line of coolies marching along this road soon tramped it into thin mortar, and the round boulders, with which it was paved, were so slippery that it was almost impossible to keep one's feet. Hundreds of coolies were passed, staggering under their heavy burdens of iron, lead, copper, fuller's earth, coal and raw tea, all of them obtained from the surrounding mountains.

It was difficult enough to tramp this road in dry weather with such loads as these men carry, but with the road in this condition it is quite dangerous, and even as much as an ordinary pedestrian empty-handed can do to travel on. In places there were pools of blood, showing where some unfortunate wretch had fallen under his burden and cut himself on the sharp stones.

Along this road there are wayside inns every two or three miles for the accommodation of the tea coolies, who only travel from seven to ten miles per day. This road has been recently repaired for Chaoerhfung's troops and supplies to pass over, but in rainy weather the fresh clay that had been placed to fill in the holes between the boulders only added to the difficulty of travelling it.

The second day they reached the foot of Tahsiangling, and stopped for the night at Huangnipu, a street with about 100 families, where travellers generally rest before ascending the mountains, as the accommodation at the inns on the way up is very poor indeed.

Half-way up the mountain they found it covered with snow and the path very slippery, being coated with ice; so, strapping iron plates with sharp spikes on the soles of their boots, they struggled on through the bitterly cold wind that was blowing, and were rewarded on reaching the top by a magnificent view of the Tibetan mountains, which from this

pass opens out before the eyes of the traveller if it happens to be fine weather when the top is reached.

On the east slope of the mountain it is nearly always raining or snowing and the foliage is very dense. Near the top vegetation almost ceases, except for a very coarse grass found on the slopes. On looking westward there is scarcely a tree to be seen. The view that opens before the observer is expansive. The cliffs are composed of red sandstone, and even the cultivated fields have a reddish tint as far as the eye can see.

Away in the distance, contrasted in the blue horizon, the white-tipped mountains and the eternal snows of Tibet fill in the background.

The west side of Tahsiangling is covered with a coarse grass, intermingled with jagged cliffs and deep cut gullies, through which small streamlets trickle.

Passing down from the summit the first two miles are quite gradual, but beyond that the descent is very steep, and after a drop of 3,400 feet, the travellers found themselves in the little town of Chingchihsien.

This is a most insignificant little town, nestling near the foot of the mountain, and the only thing that it is noted for is its place at the junction of the Ningyuen and Tachienlu roads, though most of the Tachienlu traffic does not come into the city, but takes a short cut across the mountain, thus lessening the distance by about three miles of rough road.

All the way up the pass they overtook hundreds of coolies wending their way slowly up the mountain, laden with great loads of tea. Fourteen bundles is about the ordinary load, and each bundle weighs from 14 to 18 catties, and, if we take 16 catties as the average weight of a bundle, we find that each load will weigh 224 catties (or 298 lbs.). On some loads I have seen eighteen packets, which would be equal to 384 lbs., and it is a common thing to see boys of from fourteen to eighteen years and sometimes girls, too, carrying loads of 150 lbs., toiling

wearily up the pass. These loads are carried all the way to Tachienlu, a distance of not more than sixty miles as the crow flies, but quite 140 miles by the main road, which also makes a V on the map, and passes over two high mountains, both of them approaching 10,000 feet. Near the top they

CARRYING TEA OVER THE DAHSIANGLIN PASS FOR TIBETAN TRADE; AVERAGE WEIGHT CARRIED 200 TO 400 POUNDS PER HEAD.

met coolies with loads of parrots on frames, and others with packs of hunting dogs, coming from the Ningyuenfu Valley. The parrots were on their way to Chentu, and other cities in Szechwan, where there is a good market for them, and the dogs are for the Wassu and Muping hunters.

These little hunting terriers are bred by the Lolos, and a

good one brings a very handsome price for China. I have known one to sell for as much as three guineas.

All the way up on the slope to the south-east of the town and about half-a-mile distant, is the old site of the Lolo capital. Nothing is now left to mark the place but a few trees and some stone heaps. Few of the inhabitants even know that it was once a Lolo stronghold. At the present time there are no Lolos located north of the Tung River, at least not in the Chingchi Valley.

From Chingchihsien the road runs south through a fertile valley well irrigated from the numerous streams that rush down the mountain sides. Fruit of all kinds is plentiful, and oranges and pears are a speciality. Rice is grown on the terraced plots in the valleys, and other cereals, such as peas, wheat, barley, oats and buckwheat, are grown on the slopes; but the whole aspect of the country is most barren, especially in the winter months; not a tree adorns the hillsides, except for an occasional willow grown by the side of an irrigation ditch, or near some of the villages, where they have been planted and cared for by individuals.

The demarkation of the natural vegetation and tree producing country is noticeable. On the west side of the pass it is sunshine for most of the year, but the prospect is bleak and barren, with scarcely a tree to adorn the hillsides, while just a few miles to the east the sun is only seen for a few weeks in the year, nothing but rain and mist all the time; and there are places where the dividing line is quite abrupt, and a few paces will carry one from the rank foliage and mist, into the treeless grass lands and bright sunshine.

They spent the night at Fuling and the next morning crossed the Tung at the Tatu, or great ferry, from which this reach of the river derives its name of Tatuho (a great ferry river). It was on the banks of this river, and only a few miles further up that that Shih Takai, the leader of the Taiping rebellion

was defeated and 7,000 or 8,000 of his followers were killed on the field, while he and a few hundred of his men were captured.

The credit of crushing this conquering army that was devastating China and defeating the Imperial troops at every point of contact is due to the united efforts of the Lolo and Sifan tribes, who know their country, and knew how to beguile their enemies into a position, where there was no possible way of escape. When the rebel army was in the deep ravine which leads to the ferry at Tzetati, the Lolo and Sifan tribes surrounded them, and by cutting off the supplies of this great army, soon reduced them to the point of starvation. So steep were the sides of this gorge into which they were penned, that it enabled the Lolos to roll down stones and tree trunks and pour poisonous arrows on a penned-up, helpless mass of humanity. Though the Chinese General took much credit to himself for this crushing victory, he did little more than stand with his men on the opposite bank of the Tung, and destroy any raft or craft that was unfortunate enough to reach that bank. It was the Lolos and Sifans that surrounded them and drove them to their doom.

On crossing the ferry of Tatu, the traveller plunges into a narrow glen between two treeless hills. The valley is full of great boulders, washed down from the mountain side by the freshets, and among these the road winds about in its zigzag course up the mountain.

The fields and hillsides were cultivated even on the steep slopes, but the grain was all harvested, and the aspect was very bleak.

After climbing to a height of 2,000 feet above the Tung, in a distance of four miles, the road immediately drops 1,000 feet, zigzagging its way down the steep mountain side until it reaches a mountain torrent, which disappears into a wild gorge to the west, cutting its way through limestone rock and joining the Tung about ten miles above the ferry.

The road follows up the left bank of this stream. A few ricefields are seen near the river's edge, and a little cultivation on the hillsides, but there does not appear to be much to attract the farmer, yet all along the stream watermills are kept turning, which shows there must be grain to grind.

The mill wheel lies horizontally, and the water is admitted by a small water race and strikes the fans of the wheel which

BAMBOO RAFTS ON THE YA RIVER.

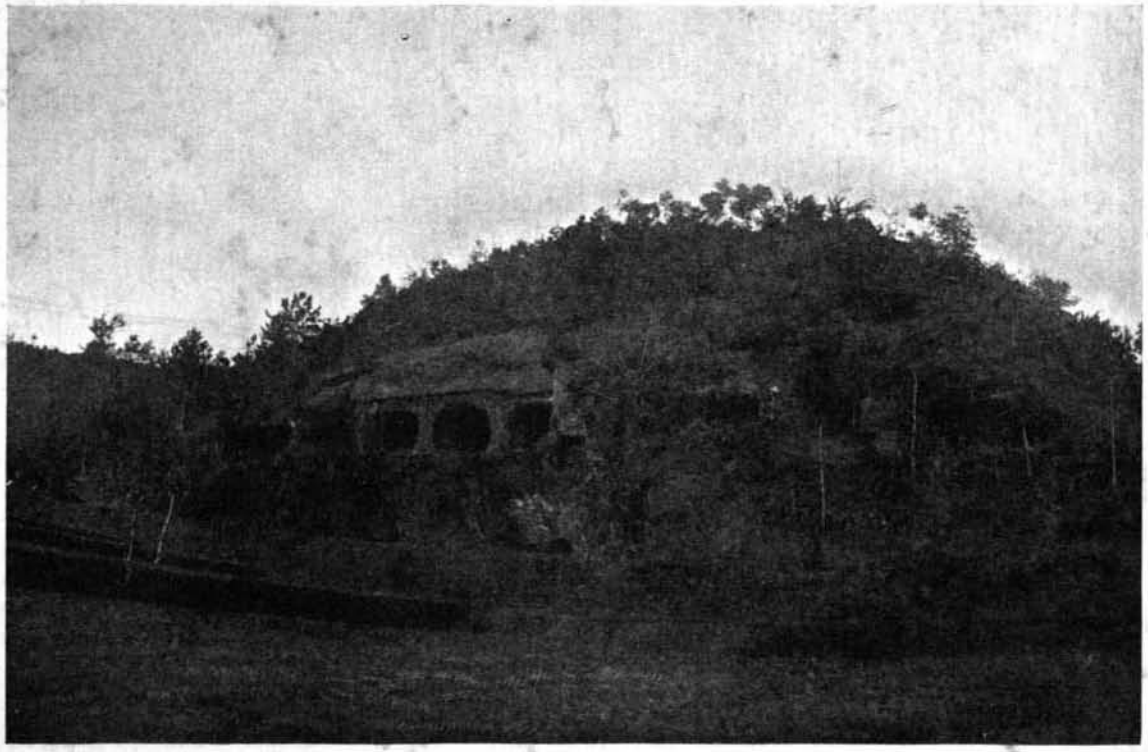
offers its face to the current. The millstone is attached to the other end of the wooden shaft, and revolves on the same axis as the water wheel. The road continues on through the valley, and is made dangerous by falling rocks, which come rolling down from the heights, when loosened by the rain, or on the slightest other provocation. Often one of these boulders come rolling down the steep mountain side and

pass through a caravan of mules, picking one or two out of the pack, passing on as though it had met with no obstruction until it lands in the torrent bed far beneath the road or path. After passing the village of Tawan (great turn) the mountains close in upon the stream leaving barely sufficient space for a narrow path. In places the rock actually overhangs the road so that one has to bow the head if riding, in order not to be pulled off. The cliffs rise to a height of about 200 feet, almost perpendicular or slightly overhanging, then fall away and continue to rise to the height of 1,000 feet. Wild tales are told of the attacks on caravans and lonely travellers by the Lolos in this gorge, and the place is certainly weird enough to make one feel that an enemy might be lurking anywhere along the march.

The stories told me by my escort, when I travelled through this wild place, were enough to make the hair stand on a timid man's head, but I saw no one more ugly than my informants and certainly none that looked more like outlaws, for the escort that was given me at Chingchihsien contained the most dilapidated specimens I have seen for a long time. However, as my journey was three weeks later, Brooke and Meares might have had a better lot.

On emerging from the gorge a plateau is entered, the highest point of which is the watershed, 7,200 feet, lying between the Tung and a small river, locally called Nga Rung, which is a Tibetan name. This river rises in the Siao Hsiang-ling, flows past Yueh Hsiting, and enters a gorge which opens out of the Yueh Hsi valley from where it flows in a north-easterly direction until it enters the Tung. It forms the border between independent Lololand and the semi-Chinese Lolo country through which the high road passes.

Along the road there is a mixed population of Lolos, Tibetans and Chinese. Most of the black-blood Lolos have left their



LOLO CAVES ALONG THE YA AND TUNG RIVERS.

former estates this side of the Ngarung River to their serfs, who have become Chinese subjects. These semi-subjected Lolos have a nominal chief, who is supposed to be a pure black blood, but he is not recognised by the chiefs in independent Lololand, and he really holds his position by appointment from the Chinese Government.

All along the road the Chinese have established block-houses, which are guarded by militia composed both of Chinese and subjected Lolos, but in spite of these guards, robberies are committed frequently along the main trade routes, and it is not safe to be out after nightfall.

Two days' march over this plateau brings the traveller to the valley of Yueh Hsi, in which is the Chinese city of Yueh Hsiting, quite an important centre, as from this place a large section of country is governed.

In a kind of prison or hostel in connection with the Yamen are to be seen a number of hostages who may be seen also in our photographs. These hostages come from various parts along the border, and are representative leaders or chiefs, who take turns of imprisonment to go pledge for the good conduct of their tribes. These chiefs are paid a nominal sum by the Chinese Government for thus serving a period in durance, and after serving a term of three months they are allowed to be relieved by other representative men of their tribes. This is the only hold the Chinese have on the tribes from the interior of Lololand.

After leaving Yueh Hsi the road continues up the left bank of the stream and leads over the Siao Hsiangling with a very steep ascent. Every five li (or mile and a quarter) there is a guard house, and two or three soldiers escort the foreigner from post to post. The road over the pass runs through very wild country, and it would be an easy matter for the Lolos to surprise travellers if it were not for the sharp look-out kept by the scouts posted all along the road. Even in spite

of this vigilance, parties are often surprised and individuals carried off to be sold as slaves.

The day I came over I was benighted near the top, my coolies made such slow time ascending the mountain.

When I arrived at Chupanying where there was a centurion stationed in charge of 100 soldiers, he insisted that I should stop the night with him, as it was impossible to do the five miles that separated us from the usual stopping place. He lived in a tiny little guard house, but quite comfortably. Just as we were sitting down to supper, which he provided, there was a great shout which rang through the mountains, then three shots were fired. At this time there were only five men in camp, the rest were posted on duty along the road. In a moment all five were armed with their Mausers and fixed bayonets, and a cartridge belt buckled round their waist. They rushed out into the darkness, and Mr. Li, the centurion, seized his broad sword and went with them. I wanted to join, but to this he would not consent, and warned me that I must remain inside.

Calls were exchanged all along the line, and word arrived that it was only a false alarm given by one of the pickets near the top of the pass. However, night and day they are kept on the alert during the winter months, for it is in the winter when the Lolos are not busy in their fields that they do most of their pillaging.

All the way to Loku a good number of Lolos are to be seen along the road, but they are friendly and are either bringing faggots to the small towns and military camps, or are returning empty after delivering their burdens.

Just before reaching Loku, the road leads through the famous gorge where the Taiping robbers were blocked and forced to turn up the Mienning Valley, and so were trapped to their doom.

The road is cut out of the side of the rock and is just wide

enough for two animals to pass. A block house is placed at a commanding point, great doors are mounted so that it is impossible to pass up or down when these are closed, and a very small force could defend the position.

From Loku the road runs down the left bank of the Anning River through a fertile valley inhabited by the Chinese.

HAWKING PARROTS FROM THE NINGYUENFU VALLEY TO CHENTU; PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON VASHINGLIN, 10,000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

The climate is ideal, but the unfortunate people always have the fear of being surprised some night by their Lolo neighbours.

Ningyuenfu is a snug little town built on the side of a beautiful lake, the outlet of which runs into the Anning River.

The city has quite a history, but no records are to be found

in the archives of the Yamen there; they have all been sent to Yachow and Chentu for safe keeping. The present city wall is only eighty years old. The old city having been destroyed by an earthquake, a report has it that it stood where the present lake now is.

That there was a terrific shaking here is quite evident from the huge clyptomeria trees that are still being dug out of the mountain sides, where they have been buried for a 100 years at least. Some of these trees are three and four feet in diameter, and a coffin made from a good tree is worth from 300 to 500 taels (or from £40 to £60), which is a lot of money to a Chinaman, and of course only the wealthy families can afford it.

The country at the present time is very bleak, and only near the waterways or on an occasional hill small trees are to be found, and there is very little shrubbery about. Fuel is very expensive, as it has to be carried a long way.

On arriving at Ningyuenfu Messrs. Brooke and Meares had some difficulty in finding a respectable inn, but they met the Rev. Mr. Rudd, an American missionary, who invited them to the Mission Station. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wellwood, who were then in charge of the station and of the work in the district, were away at the time visiting out-stations, but Mr. Rudd made it very pleasant for our travellers.

Some days were spent in exploring the lake and city and in trying to find out something about the Lolos before Mr. Brooke undertook his last—and fatal—journey.

CHAPTER XXI.

INDEPENDENT LOLOLAND.

STRANGE to say, almost in the heart of the great province of Sechwan lies a small section of country some 70 miles wide by 120 miles long, which is probably one of the few remaining tracks of country which still retains its independence and is still unexplored—even the latest intelligence maps mark it a blank.

Little is known about it except that a great mountain range runs through it from north to south, cutting it almost in two halves The Chinese border towns on the west are Huili Chow, Ningyuenfu, Lichow, Loku, Mienshan, and Yueh Hsi; on the north Opien Ting; on the east Mapien Ting and Luipo; and on the south by the Yangtze River.

The Nosu—*i.e.*, black bloods—who are better known by the Chinese name Lolo, are a fierce warlike people who claim to have in their veins the blue—locally, black—blood, which their name indicates. Their forefathers came from Hunan and played no small part in the early history of the Chinese Empire. They have, however, been gradually surrounded and hemmed in by the Chinese, until nowadays we find them confined to the track of country above mentioned.

Although thus surrounded they prove a veritable thorn in the flesh to the Chinese who have to live near them, as well as to the Chinese Government, and they have been the means of disgracing more officials and showing up the weakness and rottenness of Chinese officialdom more than all the Censors in the kingdom.

The Chinese attempts to subdue the Lolos, especially during the last twenty years, have been a farce ; there has been no organised plan, no united effort. True, officials have been appointed to the task; much money has been squandered, and many lives lost, but every attempt has been an utter failure, its only result to line pockets of officials in charge of the operations, to discourage the Chinese Militia, and to encourage the Lolos in their raiding and insubordination.

LOLO CHIEF'S HOSTAGES.

To explain all this I will give a rough idea of how these Chinese expeditions are conducted.

In the first place the Chinese Government sends in officials who know nothing about the Lolos or their country ; after all these years of warfare they have not even a map. The orders are to subdue these disturbers of the peace. The official takes over his seal, collects the Militia, consisting of local farmers who have to supply their own weapons, which

consist of antiquated muzzle-loading fuse guns, bamboo poles with iron heads which they call lances, and old swords covered with the rust of years. With these untrained men and useless weapons he marches against the Lolos, to beard the lion in his den.

The Lolos, who are as well or better armed, have the advantage of knowing their country. Their very existence depends on their defence of the small track of territory which they call their own, and in defence of it they are prepared to fight to the death. Their motto is, "The man who is afraid to die for his country is not fit to live." The Chinese motto is, "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day"; and John prays to the gods that there may be a way of escape when the time comes for him to run.

Take, for example, the latest Chinese expedition against the Lolos. During last winter the Lolos had become more and more daring in their raids and capped their outrages by attacking a village, carrying off some 300 of the inhabitants, leaving only the very old and helpless ones, many of whom they slew in their homes.

The Chinese officials thought that something must be done, so they treated with the Lolos to try and ransom the prisoners; but they did not want to spend too much money, and, as the Lolos asked a large price for the young and strong captives, the officials only bought back some of the old ones, who were cheap, and left the others to their fate. This did not satisfy the friends of the captives. Representations were made to Chentu, and the officials were recalled and new ones sent to take their place. They arrived at Ningyuenfu in July, 1908, and by the Ninth Moon had made preparations to chastise the unruly brigands.

This time, the General, a very fair officer as they go in China, asked for foreign drilled soldiers and modern rifles;

so they sent him 400 foreign drilled soldiers. Modern rifles are valuable and cannot be risked in warfare, so he was compelled to make up the balance of his force with 3,000 farmer Militia.

The force collected at Ningyuenfu, but before going to the front they had to christen the flag. The day for this great event was fixed, and an unfortunate hostage from the district in which the war was to be waged, was led down to the parade ground, where hundreds of spectators and the army of 3,400 men were assembled.

The victim was tied down to a bench and a bucket being placed to catch the blood, his throat was then cut from ear to ear in the same way as men kill a sheep.

The flags were then dipped in the blood, and the heart and liver were taken home and cooked and eaten by some of the soldiers to give them courage.

When their courage had been thoroughly aroused the whole army marched out bravely to Tasin Chang, about ten miles from Ningyuenfu. They presented a brave and formidable appearance, as there were no Lolos in sight.

The Taotai and Colonel thought that Tasin Chang would be a good place to make their headquarters, as there is a good inn and 200 Chinese families, and they could buy vegetables and meat there, and make themselves fairly comfortable. The soldiers were sent to the front and after some weeks of hard marching had advanced twenty miles.

They were 3,400 strong, and had a Gatling gun besides, so they felt very brave as they had as yet seen none of the enemy, and had been marching on a good road.

They had now been some time in the interior, and had no heads to send out to their superiors to prove their great achievements, battles fought and victories won; so to fill up this blank they caught some of the slaves of a friendly tribe, cut off their heads and sent these, with the report that

WHITE-BLOOD LOLOS.

they had won a victory over their enemy, whose country, in fact, was some twenty-five miles further on.

This was too much for the friendly tribes near Kohchohling, so a few days later, under cover of a thick fog, fifteen of the Lolo warriors charged into the middle of the Chinese camp, war-whooping and cutting right and left with their short swords; they killed some eighty of the Chinese braves and the fifteen escaped unhurt into the thick fog.

The Chinese were so surprised that they forgot to fire their guns or use their bayonets or even their spears, their excuse being that they were afraid to hurt one another.

A short distance away 1,000 Lolos attacked another part of the camp but were not successful. Their plan was to surround the Chinese camp and to kill off all the soldiers, but they were met on a pass by part of the Chinese Army, and about eighty fell on both sides.

However, the Chinese had had enough, struck camp, and fled toward Tasin Chang, the news of the Emperor's death arriving about the same time, so they were able to save their face. But the Viceroy, who had his spies in the country, got the true story and all the officials who had anything to do with the affair were at once recalled; and the brave little pedlar, who drove a brisk trade with the soldiers, now sits in the Prefect's chair, though it remains to be seen if he will be able to manage things any better than his predecessors. Strange to say the Lolos claim a victory, and are now daring and energetic in their raids on the poor farmers.

It was just a few weeks after the Chinese troops returned from their attack on the Lolos that Brooke entered the country.

He took with him his Chinese-English interpreter, also his Tibetan interpreter, three coolies with light loads, and the Futou or foreman.

Their first intention was to go to the border of the Lolo

country and get acquainted with some friendly chief, if possible, and find out something of the country and its people.

He knew if the Chinese officials suspected his plan they would surely stop him, so he quietly slipped out of the North Gate of the city, and by going up a quiet path got clear away, without anyone knowing even which way he had gone.

Mr. Meares was left at Ningyuenfu to develop photographs and make ready for their journey toward Batang when the party returned. They had learned that there were friendly Lolos to the north, and Brooke started out, hoping to find one of them, and telling his companion that he might be only two days away or he might be two weeks. Day after day Meares waited in vain for the party to return or some word to arrive of their whereabouts. When I reached Ningyuenfu some three weeks later I found him in a most agitated state of mind. He and Mr. Rudd met me on the road as I approached the city and told me the position. I feared the worst, but thought it was possible that Brooke might have got safely through the secluded stretch of country, and had had to return by one of the roundabout ways. That would take at least five weeks for the round trip, and there was no way of getting a letter or messenger across. To inform the Chinese would probably get the party into trouble even if they were quite safe, for the guards have been known to make it very difficult for any one trying to break through their lines and enter this country. Mr. Wellwood was expected home any day, and as he was personally acquainted with the officials, and also with some of the border Lolos, we all thought it was best to wait for him.

I was also anxious to see Wellwood, so delayed my journey westward a few days.

While I waited, I got in touch with some of the friendly Lolos, and tried to find out if they knew anything of the whereabouts of the party. They professed their ignorance, but

agreed to send out men to inquire and report to us on their return; but though they learnt what had happened they refused to inform us, being afraid.

By the time Wellwood returned we had given up hope, and he and Meares went at once to the Chinese official and reported Mr. Brooke's delay.

The Prefect, who was expecting to be relieved any day, for he had already been dismissed for the failure which he

TWO LOLO CHIEFS, HOSTAGES AT YUEHHSI TING.

and the Taotai had made in subduing the Lolos in the previous autumn, was quite indignant at the party attempting the journey without first reporting to him. He said if he had known he would not have allowed them to go in; but, of course, they had known this, and that was why they had not reported. Mr. Meares, through Mr. Wellwood, engaged native spies and sent them into the country, and they brought out the first report of what had really befallen the party.

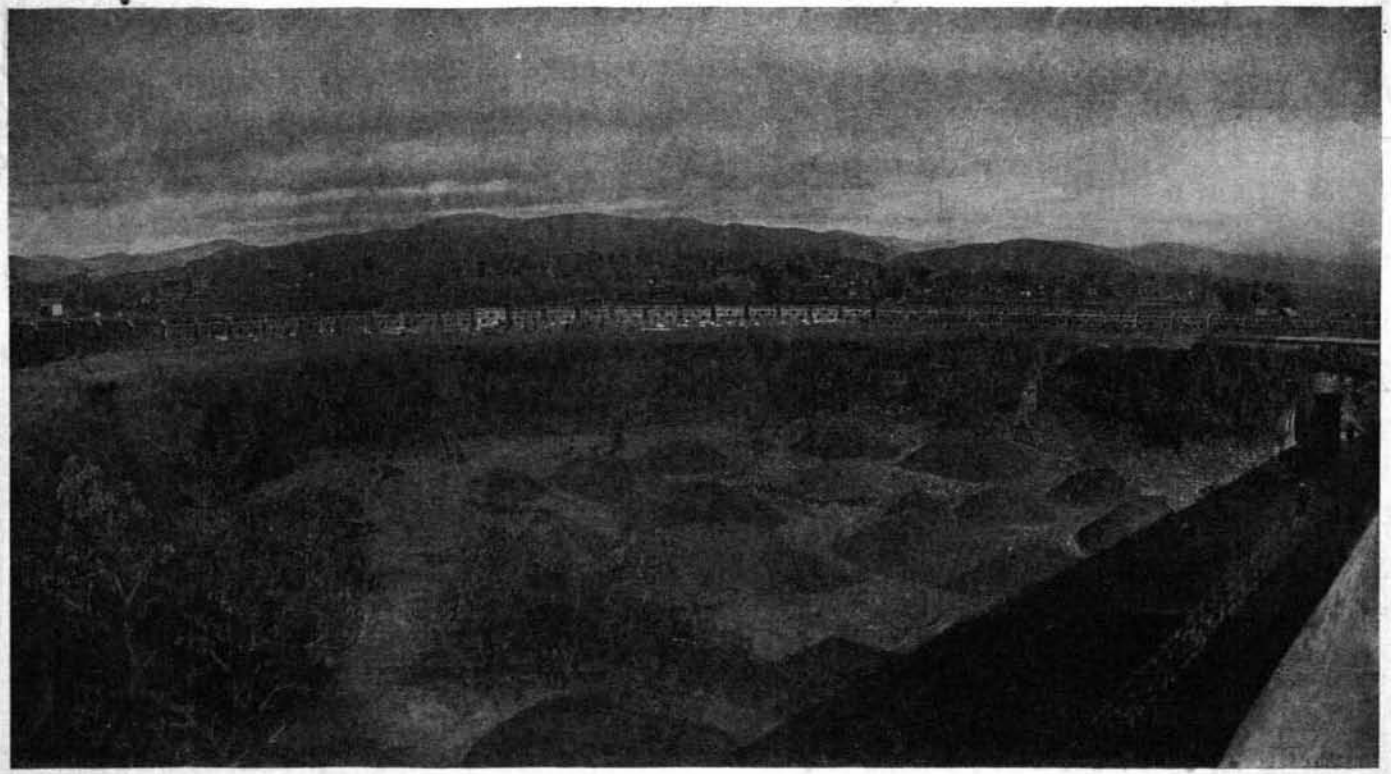
This account differed in some details from the reports we got later from the two survivors (after they were ransomed by the Chinese military official Mr. Yang of Tsoying also called Sanchiangkou, a military post on the Mupien side), but was true enough to the facts.

After Mr. Wellwood returned I remained three days, and then, deciding that there was nothing I could do there, started out for Mienninghsien ; but on reaching Loku, feeling I should go up to the Lolo border and see if I could get any word of the missing party, I turned east instead of going north, landed at Kan Shang ying, and there made friends with the Chinese military official, getting later in touch with one of the most influential black chiefs, who agreed to go security for my safe journey to Chaochoh, the Lolo capital or centre. I had very little difficulty in making this arrangement. The chief said they had heard no word of Mr. Brooke and his party, but assured me they would be all right, as most of the people were friendly to foreigners.

All the arrangements for my journey to Chaochoh and out viâ Ningyuenfu being completed, the chief and his party left me.

The guide was to come next morning at daylight to lead the way to the next chief, but next morning I waited till 9 a.m. and neither my guide nor the chief appeared. As I did not want to let the Chinese officials know my intentions I kept quiet. About 9.30 the old chief came into my room, and squatting on the floor, said after a little ado that he could not be security for me, and asked me to give up the idea for the present. Some of the tribes *en route*, he added, were at war and it was impossible to cross the country. I could not understand the cause of his sudden change of attitude but felt that all was not right.

After trying in every way to assure him that I was not afraid, and that we could get round the tribes who were



LOOKING OVER THE WALL OF NINGYUENFU; SHOWING ROUTE FOLLOWED BY MR. BROOKE.

fighting, but finding this no use, and the old chief quite firm; I had to give up the idea of advancing—at least from this point—and returned toward Loku.

We had not gone more than four miles when my Lolo interpreter told me the cause of the chief's changing his mind. He said two men had come from the interior, arriving at Kanshangying just after the chief left me the evening before, and had brought word that Mr. Brooke and party had been cut to pieces by the A-heo tribe, and that the people in the interior were quite excited over it. This was just like a Chinese, and I suppose a Lolo as well, to keep back the facts until the opportunity of finding out more had passed.

I had not to wait long until the report was confirmed from another source, and a little further down the valley I met a runner with a letter saying that the scouts they had sent out had returned with the report that Mr. Brooke and party had been cut to pieces. Mr. Meares begged me to return to Ningyuenfu to try and help him, as Wellwood had to go out to Chiatingfu to their conference. I returned at once and found that other messengers had come in with reports, which did not offer any hope for the isolated party.

About the same time a telegram arrived from Chentu from the Consul and my wife asking me not to continue my journey westward as there was serious fighting in the neighbourhood of Batang.

I remained at Ningyuenfu two weeks, doing what I could to help to rescue the party or any survivors that might be held as slaves; but we could get but little satisfaction as the official would not exert himself. During this time I got acquainted with a number of Musu and Lisu people and some even from Mili, half-way to Batang; all of them offered to guide us as far as Mili.

After what had just happened, and the message that had come from Chentu, it seemed best to return and postpone

my westward journey; so with a sad heart I turned my face toward Chentu, while Mr. Meares remained at Ningyuenfu to await further developments, and see if the Chinese would be able to get the bodies and bring the guilty persons to justice.

I here give a translation of the report given by the two survivors of the party who went in with Mr. Brooke—one who was the Futou or foreman, and the other one of the carriers—the rest were all put to death.

For the sake of the friendly Lolos I refrain from giving the names of the friendly chiefs, but this free translation of the report given by the survivors may be of interest.

After leaving Ningyuenfu the party travelled in a north-easterly course, passing through the territory of several friendly chiefs before reaching Chao-choh.

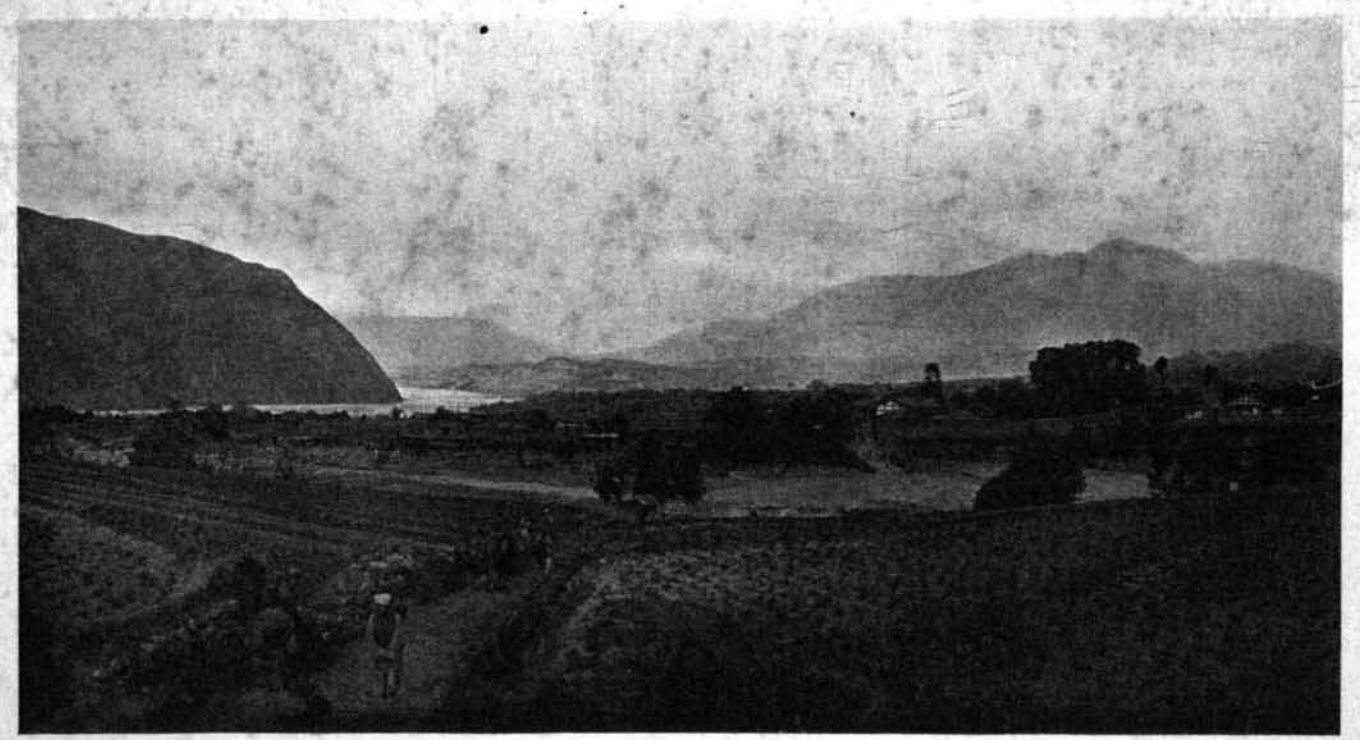
From one of these chiefs Brooke secured an interpreter who had travelled throughout the country.

Near Chao-choh they found a friendly chief who killed a sheep in honour of the visitor from the West and insisted on making Brooke his blood brother.

This chief invited them to travel through the country, and sent his own son to introduce them to the next chief. Thus they were passed on from one tribe to another and were well received.

They travelled five days in a north-easterly course, during which time they walked 300 li (or about 75 miles) and reached the top of the Liangshan Range at the Tafung ting Pass. As the snow was very deep and the descent steep on the east side of the pass Brooke decided that they would not descend it but return from this place.

From the top of the pass they could see the country about Mapien and even Omei shan in the distance, but by the shortest route they were still 180 li (or 45 miles) from Mapien. On this pass Mr. Brooke spent some time, mapping the



TOWN OF YUEH-ITSE-TING; THE HILLS ACROSS THE RIVER ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE ARE IN THE LOLO COUNTRY.

country to the east, as well as filling in the great stretch that opened out to the west and south of them.

The snow was very deep and the weather extremely cold, so during the night the Lolo guide ran away, and in the morning they found themselves without a representative man to introduce them to the next chief.

However, they continued their journey by a road that runs further north, hoping to come out at Kanshangying, the place where I attempted to enter the country. The descent was quite gradual and 2,000 feet below the peak, which they descended in a distance of five miles, and came to the first Lolo chief's hut.

On arrival they found the chief and all the representative men away, but the chief's wife was at home. In Lololand the women have almost as much authority as the men. The chief's wife asked them to wait until the chief returned, but this Brooke refused to do, saying that he must hurry, and if she could not give an escort he must go on without it; and so they continued their journey. They had not gone far when the chief's wife overtook them on horseback, offering to conduct them through her domains herself on condition that the fee was paid in advance; for they always make a charge for allowing anyone, even a Chinese pedlar, to pass through. Brooke agreed to pay the fee, which was only a small one, on arrival at the next chief's house, saying that the last man was paid in advance and had run away. To this she would not agree, demanding the amount in advance; and when it was not paid she rode off and left the party to find their own way.

Brooke and his party continued their journey without escort, and after crossing a small spur arrived at a village, where they slept in the house of the next chief.

He was quite friendly and agreed to pass them on to his next neighbour. Brooke paid 1 tael (about 3s.) in advance.

The chief escorted them some distance himself, when Brooke urged him to return saying that if he sent a representative man that would be quite sufficient, so the chief sent two of his slaves with them.

That night they slept in a house of one of the tribe, and while they were eating their supper a suit of fur clothing and some small articles were stolen. The people who gathered about were a bit rowdy, and in a half friendly way tried to frighten the interpreter Ho, by pretending to make him a prisoner (as in the photograph). They were also determined to see and handle the Mauser rifle, to which Brooke objected; so, putting the rifle in the sleeping bag, himself kept charge of it. They were not molested during the night, but the people did not seem very friendly.

Next morning when leaving Brooke refused to make any present unless the fur coat and other things were returned. They continued with the two slaves from the last chief as guides.

All went well until about noon, when an arrow was fired at one of the advance coolies from a thicket through which they were passing. He dropped his load and ran back. The interpreter and two slave guides held a consultation with the men who were in ambush. They came out into the road and proved to be a gang of about thirty men who had followed them from the village where they had spent the night. They stated that they were looking for some stray cattle and marched on ahead until they came to a place where the path ran through a deep gorge, where they mounted the cliff and waited for Brooke's party to come up.

Their movements were detected and the party halted while the two interpreters and the slave escort went forward and consulted with them.

A-heo then stated his business, saying that he was the chief of this district and they had no right there without

his consent. The chief was invited to come down from the cliff and talk the matter over. A-heo-labow and six of his followers came down, and Brooke explained to him that he thought the escort he had was in order, and that he did

LOLO GIRLS, AGED ABOUT EIGHTEEN.

not know that he was breaking any of their rules or customs; adding that if the chief had authority to escort him through the country to the next State he would be glad to arrange with the chief for this.

The A-heo chief said that the slaves who had escorted them from the last chief had no right to pass through his territory, and that they should have been changed where they spent the night.

He at first demanded 10 taels to escort them to the next chief, but as Brooke knew it was not more than ten miles from where they were he refused to give so much, and they finally agreed to take 5 taels (or about 9s.), but demanded it in advance.

The attitude of A-heo and his followers did not inspire the party with confidence, and the interpreter said that they intended to rob them from the first.

Brooke tried to show him that it was impossible for his party to run away with all his coolies and things, and that he would surely pay him what he had agreed to on reaching the next chief, who had been friendly on their way up.

They seemed to have some little talk over the matter of paying in advance, and Brooke in a friendly way put his hand on the chief's shoulder and put the other hand on his own pocket, trying to show by signs that he would surely pay him the money himself on arrival at the house of the next chief. Whether A-heo-labow understood Brooke's meaning or whether he took it as an insult it is hard to say, but I think he resented Brooke's freedom, as no one is supposed to lay their hands on a chief or on his clothes. Instantly drawing his sword, he struck a blow at Brooke's head, which he caught on his left arm, receiving a bad cut, and, aroused by this treacherous assault, he drew his revolver and shot the chief. Seeing what he had done, he fired two or three more shots in the air and the chief's supporters all slipped off into the undergrowth and disappeared. Brooke called to his followers to drop their loads and follow him, knowing that in a very short time they would be surrounded and taken, and their only hope was to try and reach the next chief. They ran

down through the gorge and reached a stream, and by the time they had run ten miles and arrived at Suga's house they were quite exhausted. Some of the coolies fell behind and were overtaken in the way by the pursuing Lolos.

When Brooke and his interpreter reached Suga's house they reported what had taken place and offered the chief 600 taels if he would get them out safely to Chinese territory. This he promised to do if they would give up the rifle. Believing the chief to be friendly Brooke gave him his rifle with the promise of being safely escorted to Yueh Hsiting, but no sooner had he done so than their pursuers were upon them and they were surrounded. Brooke tried to get on the top of the house, but was knocked down by a stone. Suga, who was a brother-in-law of the chief A-heo-labow, who had been shot, let his men help the A-heo people, according to their law he was bound to—and the whole party were soon cut to pieces.

But Brooke kept his men together to the last and died bravely trying to defend them; but it was more than 100 to 1, and the struggle was short.

The two men who escaped the sad fate of the rest of the party were stunned by a stone by which they were hit in the early part of the fray. After some time, reviving, they managed to creep away and hide in caves, neither of them knowing but that they were the sole survivors. They were found next day by a slave and secretly sold to a neighbouring tribe. How they were tied to one of the other slaves and were made to work all day, only given a very small portion of corn meal cake or some boiled potatoes when they returned at night, and were put in a pit in the centre of a house while the rest of the slaves slept on the boards lest they should escape—is a story which would really be amusing if it were not linked to that other and tragic story of Mr. Brooke and his party's end.

My Chinese boy who went as interpreter to Mr. Brooke stood by him to the last, and he met the same fate as his master and the others.

This report was told me by both men before they had met each other after their release. The foreman was escorted to Chentu and made his report to me before the officials saw him.

The other man reported to me at Mapien, and both stories agreed except in a few minor details which were not important. Both of them had deep scars, and one had deep cuts in his head which eighty days after the attack were not healed.

Thus ended the life of a daring explorer and born traveller.

CHAPTER XXII.

Religion and Customs of the Lolos.

This is a most difficult topic to write about, since there are many branches of these people under the general name of Miao, into which the Chinese group all the tribes of Kweichow, Yunnan and Sechuan.

Many of these tribes have their own local customs and religion, and one has to be careful to state clearly which tribe is referred to. A good deal of general information about some of these tribes can be gleaned from Chinese history, but it is difficult to be always quite sure just whom any of its compilers is referring to. However, I propose to give a few extracts from an abridged history and then to add a few paragraphs on what I know of the particular people under review. But it will be impossible in one chapter to go into much detail, and already my story has grown far beyond the original plan of this book. I trust my readers will not have grown weary of this simple narrative of adventure and travel among this ancient and secluded people.

I venture, therefore, to insert these short extracts from a Chinese history which, so far as I know, has never before been translated.

There are many tribes in the mountains and valleys of Sechuan, as recorded by many historians. After having read their accounts and comparing them with what I know and have heard of the Miao tribes, I here record what I have learned of those in Sechuan though brief yet complete. "The Miao religion dates from Panhu about 2500 B.C. Panhu

killed off all the aborigines for which the Emperor Tikuh honoured him by giving him his daughter and a kingdom. He had six sons and six daughters, who became the fathers of all the Miao.

"They occupied the country of Yalang and lying between Suifu and Ningyuenfu to the border of Kweichow and Yunnan.

"These tribes are divided into the White Miao, Flower Miao, Black Miao, Red Miao, Green Miao, and each tribe has its own colour of dress. They are scattered about in villages and hamlets, and any trifling cause will start a vendetta, as the proverb says, 'They will continue their animosity for nine generations.'

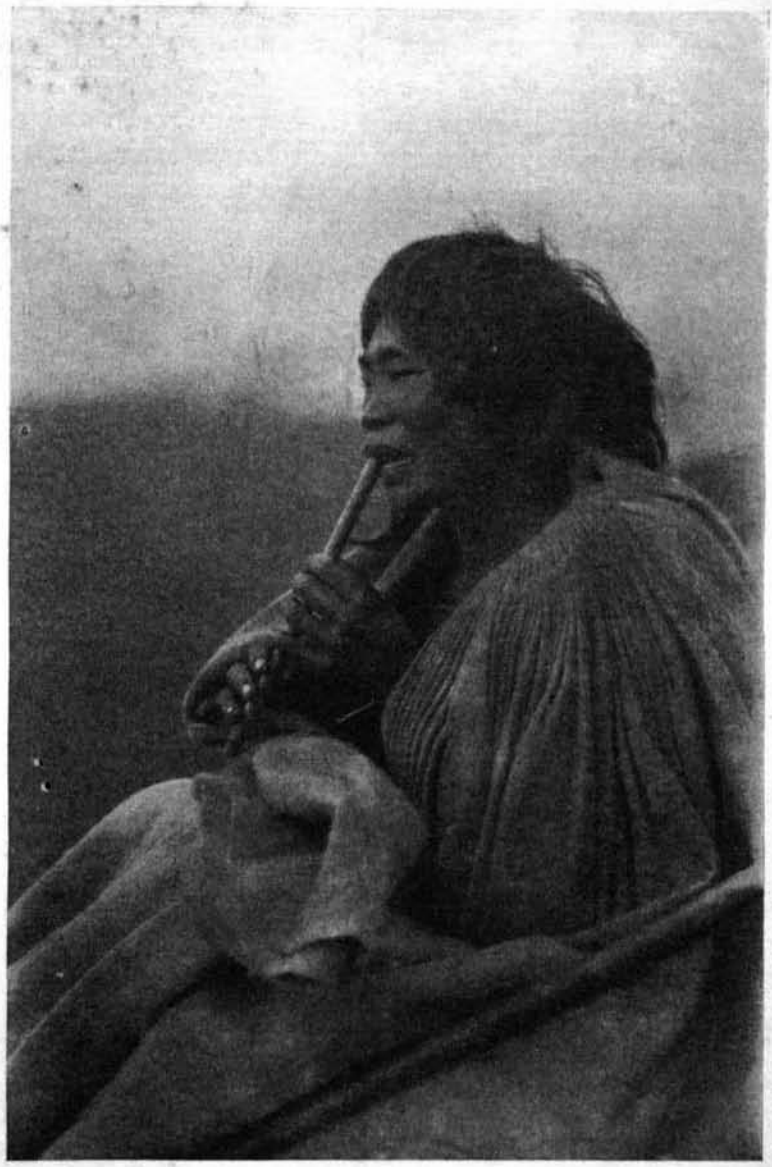
"Those who live near the border governed by China are called Su Miao (ripe or manageable), while in the interior they are called Sung Miao (raw or unmanageable). The people near the Chinese border work hard like the cow or ox, yet they are very poor. The men put their hair up in a horn, and the women wear clam shells, and a hair pin about ten inches long in their hair, and in their ears long earrings. They wear a seamless cloak, having a hole for the head to pass through.

"The first day of the tenth moon is their feast day. On the first day of the new year they worship Panhu and offer fish to him in a trough or altar, and crying out in a loud wailing voice.

"When visiting an official, whether of high or low degree, he is addressed as the old Emperor.

"The Chinese are always referred to as the Han, because it was in the Han dynasty, between 201 B.C. and 23 A.D., that they were conquered and made subjects.

"The Song Miao and the Tsai Miao are the descendants of the kings of Song and Tsai, who ruled in Honan and Hunan from 1122 to 770 B.C., when their two kingdoms were con-



A LOLO MUSICIAN.

quered by Chi and Tsu a remnant of the people escaped westward and became the Sung and the Tsai Miao.

"These people are very honest and cultivate the land. The Sung tribe are the more intelligent.

"They still wear their hair in a horn on top of their heads as of old, but have changed the fashion of their garments and have adopted that of the other Miao tribes.

"When the Tsai dynasty conquered the Chow, many of the princes of Chow were sent west as outlaws and prisoners, and these became the Tien tribe, who still retain many of the Chow customs, such as the worship of their ancestors, which is performed by a procession, led by the heads of the families or chiefs and all join in a song of praise to the departed.

"The Ya Miao live in Peisha (north gorge), they despise the old and honour the young. When a man or woman is old they drive them out for sale, and even a son will sell his own father or mother.

"This tribe lives in caves, which they have hewn out of the rocks in precipitous places, some of which are as much as eighty feet up the cliff side, and to which ascent and descent are made by means of bamboo ladders or ropes, which the men and women can climb like monkeys."

Much more of this ancient history could be quoted, but it might not be of interest to the general reader, and I think enough has been given to show that there are a great many different tribes, each having somewhat distinct customs. It will be noted that the caves found in Western China were not hewn out by the Chinese, but by those tribes; not for tombs, as some suppose, but for dwellings and strongholds. While the terra-cotta figures found in some of these caves show that a different style of dress was worn by the people which made and placed these figures there more than 2,000 years ago, yet it is not proved that the caves were not cut out

and once inhabited by the emigrants from Honan and Hunan, after they fled westward from Central China.

History states that many of these emigrants were princes, who were banished or had fled for their lives rather than submit to their conquerors. Their descendants claim to have royal blood in their veins and are as proud to-day as their princely forerunners may have been in the year 700 B.C.

The characters used by them prove that they were once connected with the Chinese nation. I know one man in Chentu, a student of the ancient character, who was able to recognise many of the signs used by the Lolos, but many of them were unknown to him.

We must now look at the people found in that piece of country marked on the map "Independent Lololand."

First their name:—These people are generally called Lolos by the Chinese, which is much resented by them, and even the name of Iren, *i.e.*, barbarian, is preferred. Some Chinese claim that the name Lolo arose from the custom of writing the name of their departed on a piece of paper and placing it in a basket which is hung in a certain position on the wall. This is why the Black Bloods look upon the name as an insult to their ancestors. Whatever the cause may be, serious objection is raised to the name and they call themselves Nosu, which the Chinese translate black bone, but literally it means black person, or as the Nosu interpret it "royalty." It is used in much the same sense as the term "Blue blood" is applied to aristocracy in England.

There is very little known of their religion, except that some of them worship the sun, and others oak trees and groves. When a Lolo dies his greatest ambition is to be sent to the next world in a chariot of fire. As soon as he is dead his friends gather round his remains and build a great bonfire and place his body on it. When the body has been cremated the ashes are put in a jar and buried, and his name is written

on a piece of paper and put in the family basket. This basket occupies a similar position in their religion to the ancestral tablet among the Chinese.

It is this desire to be despatched in a fiery chariot that keeps the Lolo from ever going very far from home, unless travelling in fairly large parties. When a Black Bone is killed in war, either by the Chinese or in tribal feuds, a great price is sometimes paid to secure their dead bodies, in order that their friends may join in the ceremony of lighting them into the next world. That is why their dead are always carried off the field while the battle is still raging, that their bodies may be despatched with great honour and may not fall into the hands of their enemies. It is a rare thing to find a dead Lolo on the field, even immediately after the battle. It is the greatest honour for a serf to rescue the body of a chief or comrade from the enemies' camp.

If they are away from home and anyone should be taken seriously ill, or is wounded so that he has to be left behind, his companions will prepare for him a pile of wood on which they place the body, so that the sick or wounded man may light his own fire when he finds he cannot get better or is about to be overtaken by his pursuers.

The magicians, or witch doctors, of the Lolos, have great influence and are practically the only persons who can read. Their writing is very little used except for purposes of incantation. I believe they have some landmarks of their history preserved, and when some one has mastered their hieroglyphics and translated their writings we may find it clearly stated who these people are. But so far as I have been able to glean, up to the present time, I am persuaded that the Lolo Nosu are the original inhabitants of Assam, who were driven northward at the time of the Bengal invasion. They found their way into Central China and there for some time played a leading part in Chinese early history, having

much to do with the introduction of Chinese writing. In some Chinese histories credit is given to the chief of one of these tribes for introducing writing into China. In the time of the Chow's, rather than submit to their conquerors, they emigrated to other regions.

So we find a remnant in West China. I have reason to suppose that the Corean is of the same stock; he has the same type of face, his ancient style of writing is similar to, if not identical with, the Lolos. Others of them found their way over to Japan, and we find terra-cotta models in the ancient caves of that country similar to those recently found in West China. All this is still short of absolute proof, of course; but from clues that I have been able to obtain I think I am on the right track.

They are certainly not Tibetan, as some people have been led to think, having nothing in common with the Tibetans, and being their sworn enemies.

I was told by a commander in the Siamese Army, whose father is a member of the King's Cabinet, that the original inhabitants of Assam emigrated northward into China many thousands of years ago, and that there is not even a remnant of that people left there. When I showed him the photographs of the terra-cotta figures found in the caves of West China, he declared that they corresponded to the relics of the early inhabitants of his country, who, when conquered by Bangal, emigrated northward rather than submit to their victors. This is exactly what they did when overcome by the Chows. This officer was an educated man, who seemed to be well up in ancient history, and it was impossible for me to follow him in the recital of his dates, which he quoted as far back as 4000 B.C.

Since coming to England I have been fortunate enough to meet an educated Corean, and this gentleman claims that the Lolo writings and customs are very similar to the ancient

Corean ones; and he was prompt to claim a relationship. I only throw these hints out for what they are worth, not being able to prove them one way or the other; but for the student of anthropology, ethnology and archæology, here is a most interesting field for his operations, and I only wish I had the necessary knowledge of the languages and the leisure to delve into the subject. Perhaps, if he should cast an eye on these pages, Mr. Andrew Lang may have something to give us from the store of his mythological knowledge.

The Lolos are very superstitious, and one needs to be well acquainted with their customs and beliefs in order to deal with them without giving offence, for once that is done three generations will not erase the grievance, which will be handed down to posterity until revenged.

If a chief or one of his family is killed, his tribe are under obligation to take the life of some one of equal rank in their enemies' camp before the wrong is appeased.

The pure Black Bloods are tall, nimble fellows; some of them are over six feet in height and scarcely any of them below five feet ten inches. The way they scale cliffs and descend mountains is a mystery to the Chinese, and some celestials credit them with the power of being able to fly.

Their chiefs wear long black cloaks made of one piece of very good quality of felt. I bought one of these cloaks from a Lolo chief; it measured twenty-four feet around the bottom when spread out; a draw string put through one end of this sheet of felt is gathered in until it ties neatly about the neck, and hanging loosely over their shoulders comes down to about the knee. He wears very roomy trousers made of Chinese white cotton, which are tucked into long white felt socks. The leg is neatly wrapped from the ankle up by a narrow black woollen bandage very neatly put on, and is similar to the putties worn by our troops.

Over the felt socks he wears sandals made of bamboo fibre,

which has a string of the same material coming over the side of the foot and toes, fastening around the ankle with a draw string.

His hair is done up in a horn on the top of his head, around which he sometimes wraps a white piece of cotton.

The Black Bone can easily be distinguished from the White Bones or serfs, who are mostly Chinese or Tibetan who have been captured by their knights and carried into slavery. Strange to say, they soon become loyal to their chiefs.

The serfs wear white, grey or brown cloaks, short trousers; and go barefooted.

A few of the more fortunate ones have white putties and sandals in the winter season.

The Black Bones are the lords and never do any work. They are fond of hunting and wandering about the mountains. They are almost without exception remarkably straight built, with slim muscular limbs, whilst some of them are robust, yet anything approaching the build of a chubby Chinaman is unknown in their ranks. Most of them have broad, deep chests as become mountaineers.

Their large oval eyes, set in an oval face, with fairly prominent cheek bones, arched but rather broad nose, pointed chin and thin, firm lips, from which the scanty beard has been plucked, set them apart as being a quite distinct race of people from any other in China. Their teeth are white and regular, which may be accounted for by the food they live on, which is largely maize bread; and it is said that they never eat roast meat, but partake of it either raw, dried or boiled. One marked feature is a tendency to wrinkles, especially in their forehead, of men past forty years of age. Their foreheads are low but broad and upright.

The Lolo gathers his felt mantle tightly around him and cares not for wind, rain or hail; he is at home wherever night overtakes him, for, tucking his mantle closely about him, he

squats in a sitting position on his heels, with his back up against a rock or a bank, and gathering his cloak over his head, sleeps there, impervious to wind and rain. I have seen them, even when lodging in a Chinese inn at Haitang, spend the night in this way, even though there was a Chinese bed there if they wished to use it. In their own homes they sometimes lie down to sleep.

The Lolos are great horsemen and breed fine ponies, which when well trained are sold to the Chinese. The stirrups are so short that when riding the knees are at right angles to their bodies, yet they pace their little ponies along the sides of the cliffs on narrow rough roads at high speed, as readily as they do on the plains.

Once a year, usually in the tenth month, a great fair is held, when the clans gather from all quarters and race their ponies. This is a time of general merriment, much wine is drunk, and many of them spend the night on the race course.

The Lolo women are also tall and graceful, wear flat hats rather like tam-o'-shanters, and some of them have hats made of calico or cotton stretched on a bamboo hoop, which look almost like quaker bonnets; while round the neck a tall collar, ornamented with silver, and embroidered short jacket over a long accordion-pleated skirt, complete the costume.

The Black Bloods never marry out of their own rank, and never marry with a Chinese of any rank.

When all the arrangements concerning a marriage have been completed and the day for the wedding is fixed, the bride is escorted by her parents and some of her friends to a favourable camping ground near the bridegroom's home. The day is spent in feasting and merriment, and at night the bridegroom comes to the tent of his bride and steals her away to his own home.

The women are much honoured and a daughter is much more welcome in a home than a son; for when the daughter

gets married her husband must send horses, sheep or cattle as presents to the girl's parents; when a son gets married he must send presents to his father-in-law's home.

Women have almost as much to say in political affairs as the men, and in stopping a quarrel they have much more influence.

Should there be a quarrel between two parties in a clan and one of the girls wish to stop it, she takes off her skirt and, walking backwards, trails it after her on the ground between the two parties, and if they have any honour or chivalry in them, not another blow will be struck, at least on this occasion. It has been stated by the Rev. S. Pollard that there are 20,000 of non-Chinese people in West China exclusive of Mohammedans.

It is estimated that there are 17,000,000 of non-Chinese, exclusive of Mohammedans, in all China.

These are grouped into four great families, viz., the Shan, Miao, Nosu and Tibetan tribes.

There are 5,000,000 to be found in Kweicheo province, which has a total population of 8,000,000; 7,000,000 are found in the province of Yunnan, which has a total population of 12,000,000; and over 5,000,000 are to be found in Sechuan, which has a total population of 65,000,000.

It is only within the last few years that any attempt has been made by a foreigner to come in contact with these people, and still only a very small part of this great host has come under the influence of the Missionary. The China Inland Mission have two or three men in Kweicheo who are giving their attention to the Shan and Miao tribes of that province. In Yunnan the United Methodist Mission and also the China Inland Mission have had two or three men at work among these tribes for some years, and already part of the New Testament has been translated into their language, and thousands have been won for Christ.

The change that has been brought about is really wonderful. Scores of witch doctors have given up their lucrative occupation of sorcery. The drunken Miao has discarded his wine cup: the maidens have torn down their huts of ill-fame, which they once built by the roadside, and where they, without any sense of shame or disgrace, spent their nights in merriment and debauchery.

In one place the Miaos gave 2,000 days of gratis labour to build a church in which to worship the true God, and there, on Sundays, as many as 800 will partake of the Lord's Supper at one time. Thirty thousand Hosannahs are going up daily in this one section of the country, from a people who have been despised by the Chinese for generations, until they had fallen so low in the scale of civilisation that they were but little above the brute beast.

Yet, when the love of God reached them, it lifted them from the deep pit into which they had fallen and put a new song in their lips, and set them singing such notes of joy that the hillsides resound with echoes of praise, which we trust will go on till they reverberate through every valley and hill and this despised people shall be won for God.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rescue of the Survivors and Burial of the Murdered Explorer and His Interpreter.

When definite news was received of the fate of the party, a number of Lolo spies were engaged to enter the country and try and recover the bodies and as many of the things as could be found; also to try and redeem the two alleged survivors.

These men brought back different versions of what had taken place, and it was difficult to sift out the true from the false. It was decided that nothing should be made public until the two men who had been present were rescued, and their report made.

The spies secured a few small personal effects, a note-book and part of a letter written to Mr. Meares; but the things had been so much scattered, and most of them were destroyed, so that it was difficult to get back much.

A friendly Lolo chief agreed to bring the bodies out for a nominal sum, but there was so much quarrelling over who was to get the money that he did not succeed in getting them.

In the meantime the Viceroy sent word to the officials along the border that the bodies must be recovered, and so the local officials sent in agents, who bid against each other, until the Lolos began to say, "If a dead foreigner is worth so much, what would a live one be worth?" Finally, a man sent out by a colonel on the Mapien side got possession of the two surviving men, having brought them out for 400 taels

(or about £50); he also paid 800 taels for Mr. Brooke's body and 600 taels for Ho's.

The Futou was sent up to Chentu under escort and came straight to me. I got his report and took it down before he was questioned by the Chentu officials, and sent a report to Mr. Meares, who was still at Ningyuenfu.

The Viceroy asked the British Consul to go to Mapien to identify the body, but he was very ill and could not. A day later he had to leave Chentu for home. And since I knew Mr. Brooke perhaps better than anyone at Chentu, the Consul begged me to go up and see what could be done.

I had not long returned from Ningyuenfu, but as it was an urgent case I did not hesitate. My wife was again left in charge of our depôt and I packed two loads of books and started out, accepting only two Fusongs out of the ten sent by the officials, thus travelling in my usual way. We went overland as far as Chiatingfu and there got boat to Chienwei, a city 120 li (or 30 miles) further down the river. From Chienwei I went by the main road, but one which is very seldom traversed by foreigners and never by myself before. There was no hurry, so we took four days to do the three stages, spending some time at the towns by the way, and by the time I reached Mapien I had disposed of most of the books I had brought with me.

On arriving at Mapien I was no longer able to escape the Chinese escort, for the Viceroy had sent word to the officials there that I was to be treated with all due respect, as I had been sent by the Consul. This was news for me, for while I had consented to go at the Consul's request, I had no idea that the Chinese were going to look on me as a deputy.

Protests were of no avail. The best in the place was put at my disposal, and a guard of red-coated braves with rifles were appointed to escort me about on the streets. To this I objected, not allowing them to go with me except when I

called on the Prefect and other officials, which I had to do, as they all came to my inn a short time after I arrived with a full retinue. Mr. Yang sent down an escort of eighteen men to escort me up to Sanchiang Kou. This is the most western outpost of Mapien, and only twelve miles from where Mr. Brooke and party turned back. To this military station the prisoners and the bodies of Mr. Brooke and his interpreter were brought by the Lolos, but they would not deliver them up until the money had been paid over.

Though it was eighty days from the time the murders had been committed until the time I examined the bodies, yet they had not decayed, for they had been frozen all the time; for at Sanchiang Kou fires were needed and furs were worn all the year round.

It was indeed a sad and trying ordeal for me to look on the remains of my friend, who had left our home in October full of life and vigour, thus mutilated and laid in a Chinese coffin; but I had no difficulty in identifying his body.

The corpse of my adopted Chinese boy lay in another coffin alongside. It was impossible to keep the tears of sorrow and regret from rolling down my cheeks.

I have been in some trying places during my sixteen years in China, but none that told on me more than this.

The thought of all my narrow escapes flashed on me, yet God had spared me and taken one who had only been in the country for such a comparatively short time.

It is all too sad to write about, and yet I feel that it is only right that my readers should know what it all meant to me and to others, who have to take their lives in their hands and go forth into the dark corners of the earth.

I saw the coffins nailed and sealed, and then left them to be sent on to Chentu by the Chinese official, and took a short cut across the Lolo country, coming out on the Tung at its highest point of navigation; from there I took boat and came

down to Chiating, and travelled the main road home without any incident of note. The country travelled through was most interesting and quite new, but this is not the time or place to describe it. I may just say that the Lolos were making nightly raids on the Chinese along their border, and one night I stopped at a place where they came next door to where I was sleeping, sacked the house and carried off two persons.

About 2 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a terrible row and the call of "Murder! murder!" I was sure it was in the same building in which we were lodging, for there was only a thin mud partition between them and us.

Bounding out of bed I barred the back door with some old benches. The whole place was in a turmoil. The soldiers who were encamped across the road were called out; but before they got to the house, the Lolos had done their work, and had taken some silver and carried off two young people, leaving the father and mother, who were about fifty years of age, wounded in the home, and had made their escape. The soldiers fired a few shots after them in the darkness but did not hit any of the Lolos.

This is a nightly scene at some points along the border, and the traveller who enters Lololand must be prepared for the consequences; the only safe way is to stick to one's security and never move, unless the Chief or some of his relatives personally escort one.

On returning to Chentu I found that Mr. Meares had arrived three days before me, coming direct from Ningyuenfu, where he had remained after I left, hoping to do something for the recovery of the survivors and, if possible, to get the body of his companion. This was a most trying time for him, and if it had not been for what was going on in the surrounding country the time would have passed even more slowly than it did.

The Lolos were asserting themselves everywhere. Reports kept coming in from many places along the borders of nightly raids being made on the isolated settlers.

When I was coming home, at one place near Lichow, a city only twelve miles north of Ningyuenfu, the Lolos had come down the night before and destroyed a whole village, carrying off over thirty captives. Next morning a detachment of the local Militia were sent up to the scene. They were ambuscaded and surrounded, and only seven wounded men returned to tell what had happened to the party, most of their rifles being captured by the Lolos. This aroused the Chinese General, a man of about seventy years of age, who, because of his experience in days gone by, had been sent to relieve the retiring General since the latter had made such failure of things the previous autumn. As a matter of fact the retiring General was a very capable man, but could not do much, his hands being tied by his superiors. For the Taotai and Futai, who are both civil officers and really the masters of the situation, if there is any credit to be obtained for any achievement, they claim it; but, if any blame them for any failure, they try to put it on to the military officer; so that to be a General in this part of the world, at least, is not the most desirable position.

The new General mounting his sedan chair—for he was too old and feeble to ride a horse—called out his men; and with fluttering banners and long spears adorned with tassels of yak hair (dyed red) dangling from their spear sockets, all straggled off in a long procession 500 strong. On reaching Lichow they camped for the night, and next morning set out for the ruined village to find the Lolos who had done the damage some three days earlier. Of course there was no one to be seen, so the old General led his men up to some isolated Lolo huts not far distant and set fire to them. But when they were returning from this achievement a band of Lolos pounced upon them, no one could tell how or from

where they came; the Chinese soldiers were just passing through a gorge and got badly cut up, and the General just escaped being captured in his chair.

He returned to Ningyuenfu and called out all the soldiers and Militia, leaving Ningyuenfu unguarded, and led his men back to Lichow and in by the same route to attack some Lolo village where he had been surprised a few days previously. The Lolos got word of his plans and retired, taking everything with them, so that the Chinese found nothing but a few empty huts to burn, which would not take the Lolos more than a few days to restore. Their houses, near the Chinese border especially, are no more than a few poles set on end and covered over with wild grass. In some places they have fairly comfortable shanties, but they make no elaborate attempt at building. In this respect they are quite different from the Mantze.

While the Chinese General was thus pressing into their country with his entire force the Lolos divided into two parties. One went south by a small road and commenced pillaging and burning Chinese villages just outside of the city of Ningyuenfu, and came almost beneath the very walls of the city. The city gates were kept closed and the merchants and citizens took their places on the walls, with clubs and stones to defend the city, should an attack be made. Another band of Lolos attacked the small town of Mienshan three days to the north. Thus the General was forced to return and defend these places, and the Lolos again retired to their strongholds. This is the kind of thing that goes on all the time. Meares went out and got some photos while they were looting, and watched the operation from a secluded point on one of the hillsides of Ningyuenfu.

In a few days all was quiet again, but many disturbing rumours were afloat. In the midst of such rumours and excitement the Rev. R. Wellwood and his wife have lived for

the last six years, until relieved on the eve of their departure on furlough by Mr. and Mrs. Rudd, who are still holding on and doing good work, in spite of the turbulent atmosphere in which they live. Some French fathers have been toiling for years in this valley so full of eruptions.

Meares' journey back to Chentu was without event until he reached Chingchihsien, where he met the Nepalese Ambassador. I give his story in his own words :—

"I could get no quarters in the town, so went to a small hovel higher up the street, and after my meal I went and called on the Ambassador, whom I found to be a very pleasant old gentleman and who spoke perfect English.

"Next morning I started off with my cooiles before daylight, and on going to the door to see them off I found the Ambassador waiting to see me. He wore a long silken kaften, and wound round his head was a sacred scarf, which barely covered a golden plate, bound to the top of his head. He was attended by one Gurka, who held a saddled horse. He immediately approached and embraced me, and began to cry bitterly, saying that he was dying. He declared that the Chinese were conspiring to poison him, and had been drugging his food for several days past ; then finally, during the night, they had been trying to kill him with chloroform. He threw himself on my protection, and asked that I should take him to the British Consul at Chentu. Inducing him to come into my inn I tried to soothe him, and after a few minutes some of his Gurka officers arrived, but as soon as he saw them he seized a pistol and tried to shoot them. With some difficulty I managed to get the pistol from him and quiet him. A little later a Chinese official came to call, but he at once seized a large hammer that was lying in the room and tried to kill him. Just managing to catch the Ambassador in time I tried to pacify him until we got the official safely out of the house. After the official left he grew much quieter,

THE AUTHOR IN CHINESE DRESS.

and told me many interesting things about himself and his country. Now that he seemed more composed I slipped out of the room and went to the telegraph office to send a wire to the British Consul at Chentu, stating the case and asking what steps I should take, saying that the Ambassador insisted on returning with me to Chentu. I received the reply that the Consul had left Chentu. Going down to the inn where the Ambassador was lodging I found his officers in a great state of agitation. They could only speak Hindustani; but fortunately I was able to talk to them, and found them all very nice men; they said that they were quite sure that the Ambassador had quite gone off his head, and that they could do nothing with him.

"After a lot of consultation we decided to telegraph to the Maharajah of Nepal, asking him for instructions. So I wrote out a long telegram, saying that the Ambassador had become strange, and insisted on coming to Chentu and abandoning the expedition.

"On taking the message to the office the clerk said that he did not know where Nepal was, or how much the telegram would cost, until he received particulars from Chentu. I got the officers to come up to my inn to see the Ambassador; they told him in my presence that no one ever thought of poisoning him, and all swore that they would protect him with their lives, saying that 'if he insisted on leaving the mission they would never dare to return to Nepal, and that they would all disperse and become religious mendicants.' After a lot of persuasion the Ambassador agreed to do what I recommended, and finally decided to continue his journey to Dachienlu, where he would find other Europeans. So I escorted him back to his inn, marching down the street arm-in-arm, and stayed with him till late at night. He gave me some presents and a photograph of himself, and begged me to take any of the ponies I fancied; but I insisted I was leav-

ing the country, and did not need any of them. They were all most anxious that I should accompany them on their journey along the southern road to Lhasa, where they were to stay a month before going on to Katmandu. It was the chance of a lifetime; but I had other work to do and had to refuse their offer, and slipped back to my inn. Next morning, starting off early, we climbed the great pass, which was covered with snow almost from the bottom. The top was a sheet of slippery ice, and both myself and my pony had many bad falls. However, we crossed without accident, and continued our march to Chentu, where I stayed in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson's.

"A few days later Mr. Fergusson returned from Mapien, saying that the coffins were on their way, and would arrive in a few days. So we made all the necessary arrangements, and when word came that they were approaching the city we went to meet them at a large temple, one mile outside of the city gate, where the officials had made arrangements for receiving them. Every respect was shown, and they insisted on having it carried overland with escort, with all the honours that is usually paid to their high officials. Next day the funeral took place in the foreign cemetery, a beautiful place a few miles from Chentu. I felt this was, indeed, a sad ending to all our hopes and the projects we had made together, and I had lost my best friend."

It only remains for me to add that the Rev. H. H. Taylor of the Church Missionary Society conducted the funeral service. A stone engraved with the words "*Lieutenant J. W. Brooke, F.R.G.S., killed by the Lolos on December* 24, 1908," marks the spot where his body rests.

FINIS.

INDEX.

LONDON :
HARRISON AND SONS, PRINTERS IN ORDINARY TO HIS LATE MAJESTY,
ST MARTIN'S LANE.

CHUAN
F.R.G.S.
15·78 Stat. Mls
Yung ching Hsien
Ching chi Hsien
O mei Hsien
O mei Shan
Chi-kung Shan
We Shan
Tsö tzu Shan
Ma kia Shan
Shui chung Kuan
Tung Ho
O pien Ting
MA PIEN TING
Yen fên Hsien
Yu ying
Sung kuan li
Chu hei
Chao-tung Shan
Siah Shan
Ya R.
Tze Chang

KUO
Kuan-ying Ho
CHOS-CHIA
Choss-Chia
(Cheo-chien)
Dam-ba
Mia-la
9800
Chia-pi
HO-FAN
Mao Chou
6200
Der-lu Shan
Hei Ho
Cheo-ti
Ku-êrh-kou
Tung-chia La
15000
Liang-ho-kou
Li-fan Ting
Khan-po
Tsa-ka-lao
Pu-tou
Tong-ling Shan
CHANG MING
Wei-chou
Pan-chiao
Wên-chuan Hsien
Tao-kuan
Hsin-wen-ping
Zabaier
13700
Akri
Kim-tang La
14000
Mu-sha Gomba
Miao-tang
Keng-kia Pass
Fu-pien
Ma-po
Ba-chao
BA TI
Ba-ti
Dam-tong
Yin-kia Gomba
RA WANG
Ba-wang
Shin-pai-tzu
Mou-kung Ting
(Hsin-kai-tzu)
Balan Pass
15000
Yin-hsiu-wan
Yu-chi-kou
Shen-kou
San-chiang-kou
Kuan Hsien
Irrigation Inlets
KAI-SHE-CHIA
Hsiao-chin Ho
Lama-ssu
Sê-ping Pass
Dawo
Cheo-wan
10000
Chang-ku
So-ling Kou La
11300
Liang-ho-kou
Yao-chih
Fu or Min R.
Lao-yin-kou
Tai-ling
Dabo La
Chin-tong-tsi
Yang-tsun
Ta-wêng Ling
Ta-chuan
Fa-hsiu-wan
Ta-yi Hsien
Hai-tzu Shan
MUPING
Mu-ping
Tung Ho
Ta-tu R.
Chung-lou
Chên-sieh-shan
Ling-kuan
Tung Ho
Chiung Chou