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Extracts from the Diary of the Late Mr. Margary, from Hankow to Tali-Fu

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had encountered difficulties, and, in fact, had never reached their homes. He had since found that that remark applied, not to the followers of Livingstone, but to those of an Arab merchant named Said bin Hubéeb. Livingstone returned from Loanda to Quillimane, passing the Makololo chief's camp on the way; his followers remained at Quillimane till he returned from England, when they accompanied him back to their own country; so that Livingstone, as far as was known, was not responsible for the loss of a single African. Still, if he had not been with them in person, they probably would have met with the same dangers and difficulties as the Arab chief's followers; and the arguments which he had used at the last Meeting applied with equal force, showing the extreme danger of crossing the continent, and the consequent necessity of sending back Lieutenant Cameron's followers by sea.

Passing to the immediate business of the evening, the President said the Paper to be read was one which had never been published in England, though it had been printed in China—the Journal of the unfortunate Mr. Margary, member of Colonel Browne's Mission, who was murdered last year on the frontier of China and Burmah. Every one felt at the time the utmost commiseration for his fate, and sympathised with his bereaved family. The whole story was a very melancholy one. Mr. Margary was a young man of the greatest promise; he was spoken of in the highest terms, not only by his companions, but also by all those superior officers with whom he was brought in contact, and who had the best means of judging of his capacity. He had performed one of the most successful and important journeys that had ever been carried out in Central Asia. He had crossed from the sea-coast of China, through the length and breadth of the land, to the Burmese frontier, and on to Bhamo, which is well within the Burmese territory. It was on his return that he was cut off; and the only fruits of his journey were the Journal which the Secretary was about to read, and the letters which were written subsequently. The Journal was continued only as far as Tali-fu. His proceedings from Tali-fu to Bhamo, and back to Manwyne, were communicated to his family in a series of letters from the Burmese frontier—some during his life, but the greater part after his death. The whole story was a very melancholy one; and still more melancholy from the fact that his father, a very distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, seemed to have never recovered the blow which he suffered on hearing the news of his son's death. During last year he had three paralytic attacks, from the last of which he never rallied. These circumstances rendered the memorial of Mr. Margary's journey which was to be read all the more interesting; and it was fortunate that the Meeting was favoured with the presence of Sir Rutherford Alcock, who had had so much personal experience of China; of Colonel Yule, than whom there could be no higher authority on such matters; and of Dr. Anderson, who was with Colonel Browne in the Burmese Mission.

The following was then read :—

Extracts from the Diary of the late Mr. MARGARY, from Hankow to Tali-fu.

I LEFT Shanghai on the night of Saturday, 22nd August, 1874.

August 28th.—Reached Hankow in exceptionally hot weather, and unfortunately in a very bad state of health, which continued for several days, and retarded my final preparations. Mr. Consul Hughes had called upon the Viceroy with the letter from the Tsungli Yamen, and found he had already received despatches

from Peking on the subject of my trip. The Viceroy in conversation strongly recommended the Hu-Nan and Kwei-Chou route as that which was usually followed by officials, and was just now selected by the Governor of Yun-Nan, who was on his way thither. Acting on this advice, and, moreover, finding that time and expense were likely to be saved by adopting this road, I decided to do so. The Viceroy directed all the officials along the route to aid and protect my progress.

My preparations were completed for starting on the 3rd. The boat was one of those commonly called a mandarin boat, long and narrow, and divided into five or six compartments, which ran the whole length of the craft, the centre being occupied with a somewhat wider and neater space, fitted with chairs and tables, and suited for the reception of guests. Each compartment contained a couple of low berths, one on each side of the passage running down the middle. But as a Chinaman's average stature falls far short of an Englishman's proportions, I found it necessary to lengthen the bedside of my compartment by removing the dividing panel. A similar precaution had to be taken with regard to the floor, whereof the boards were lowered fully 6 inches, to save my head from the pains and penalties of trying to unroof the not too substantial top. My party consisted of five, comprising a writer, an official messenger, a cook, and my body-servant.

September 4th.—Left Hankow at 11 A.M.

September 6th.—Tracked against a south wind all day. Country flat and dry, cultivated with cotton and sesamum. Only made 45 li, and anchored at P'ai-chou in company with numbers of river junks. Left the boat and walked across a bend to the village of P'ai-chou, which looked exceedingly pretty, embowered in masses of trees. On a nearer view the village expanded into a large straggling town, full of well-built substantial houses, which spoke of considerable prosperity. My writer and messenger were with me. We met with civility at first, and sat down at one house chatting with the host. But as we passed the quarter by the junks the wildest excitement broke out. A mob collected and followed me for fully half a mile along the bund, until I found my boat. It was not very exhilarating, and I confess I failed to enjoy the fun as much as the rest, for they shouted and screamed with laughter, dancing round me as if they were intensely amused.

September 8th.—Got over 60 li to Hu-hsin Chou, an island in the big river, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, which afforded a good anchorage to boats passing up. The district city of Chia-yü Hsien was only removed a few li from this spot.

September 11th.—Reached Hsin T'i, a flourishing place, with a great number of river craft massed in the open unsheltered anchorage which faced the long straight frontage of the town. A *tao-t'ai* was established on the bank of the river, whose sole duty it was to collect the timber dues from the rafts, which float down in large numbers. These rafts present a very curious appearance. Seen from a short distance they look like a floating village with a brisk population, and on a nearer view one cannot help admiring the ingenious construction. The larger lengths of timber are closely massed together, forming a compact raft of no mean dimensions; down the centre of which are constructed a series of neat huts for the crew to live in. The head of the raft is shaped off to somewhat of a sharp prow, and at the stern a gallery runs out, fitted with steering apparatus. The fast stream of the Yang-tsze carries them down with sufficient speed; but they are also furnished with enormous sweeps, requiring the strength of ten or twelve men to manipulate. The raftsmen appear to possess a magnificent form. I have nowhere seen such fine athletic frames in China, and could not help stopping to admire the splendid development of muscle, which was so well displayed as they swayed to and fro with the enormous sweeps. It may be worthy of remark that I noticed, first at P'ai-chou, and repeatedly afterwards at other places further up the river, the use of a cart in agriculture. It is not often that one sees a Chinese farmer make use of anything so handy. But in this instance the form of the vehicle was so novel, and so different from that which is sometimes used in the province of Chih-Li, that it deserves to be described. The northern carts, like others all the world over, are built with their wheels outside the body of the vehicle, the centre of gravity of which is placed low down. These Hu-Pei carts enclose their wheels, and are consequently raised high above them, like a railway carriage. The cart simply amounts to a wide platform poised above two wheels upon the stout axles which protrude. Dragged along by the water buffalo, of all beasts the most ungainly, its appearance is more quaint than elegant.

At Lo-shan I deemed it prudent to call on the local official. Having announced my intention of calling at 4 P.M., I waited through a very hot day for the welcome diversion. But I was little prepared for the hubbub my presence was going to create. Lo-shan had never been feasted with even the sight of a foreigner, and their very ignorance of his conformation put a boldness to the curiosity of the mob which surrounded me with shouts and abusive language as I proceeded in a hired chair, the meanest of its kind, to the poor abode of the local official. As is usually the case in

China, the rabble burst into the court-yard of the yamèn, and were with difficulty repressed from filling even the audience-room by the whips of the lictors at the door, who plied their arms with a will. An interview is never private in China, any more than correspondence. It is not considered indecorous to take up any written document, whether intended to be confidential or not, and to read it calmly through. I have seen a Mandarin, while making a call on the Consul, step up to the writer's table and, coolly putting on his spectacles, read a letter which had just been prepared for another official on an important subject. So, too, every interview I have had the honour to assist at has been swelled by the presence of a number of idle spectators. I found the official in question to be a very civil and obliging man, well informed, and well disposed towards foreigners. He was reading a book written by a Chinaman of rank, named Pin, who some years ago had been sent to Europe to record his impressions of foreign countries, and subsequently published the volume referred to. Calling my attention to the book, he frequently remarked that England must be a fine country. On taking leave I complained of the conduct of the people, and the officer immediately ordered a couple of his men to escort me back; but their efforts were barely equal to repressing the excited crowd which followed us to the boat, and stood in a dense mass round my chair. The best way of pacifying a Chinese mob is by talking to them, and showing them at once that you are familiar with their language and literature. Accordingly I addressed a few words to my aggressive audience, which had the almost immediate effect of quieting and dispersing it.

Lo-shan proved to be an exceedingly pleasant place to stop at. A stretch of downs surrounded the town, and afforded me both exercise and sport. I was able to take many a walk free from intruders, and by permission of the mandarin, I shot over some excellent cover. Immediately behind these downs extended a flat plain, as far as the eye could reach, cultivated with rice and the lotus. This is a great lotus district, and a very curious special industry has grown out of it for the people of Lo-shan. It appears that the art or knack of extracting the kernel of the lotus-nut from its hard shell is only properly understood at this place.

September 20th.—Started at 11 A.M. with a strong breeze from the north-east, which accelerated our progress, but struck me down with fever. We sailed for the celebrated island of Chün-shan, which lies at the entrance of the Tung-ting Lake, opposite the city of Yao-chou, and some 30 li away from the latter. Here we took

leave of the muddy Yang-tsze, and entered into cleaner waters of a pale green hue.

September 21st.—The wind continuing favourable and strong, my boatman took the unusual course of sailing straight across the lake instead of creeping along the shore. We actually accomplished 180 li at one stretch, and entered the river at 9 P.M. The lake is extremely shallow, and seems to be very little used, for I only saw one or two junks during the day. We anchored at a place called Nan-chai.

September 22nd.—Sailed up the Yuan River with a good breeze until we arrived at a considerable town stretching along the face of the river, called Ni Hsin T'ang, 60 li from the mouth. After remaining half an hour to procure provisions we proceeded on our way. The scenery of the river is exceedingly pretty. In lieu of bare towing-paths and muddy deposits, which invariably meet the eye in many parts of China, here I was delighted to find grassy banks covered thickly with willow-trees. I landed, and walked as far as my weak state permitted. Everywhere the signs of prosperity abounded. There was neat and careful cultivation of cotton. The homesteads adjoining the little farms were well built and well provided, and men, women, and children seemed to be happy and thriving. I met with civility from all. Stopped for the night at Yin Ho Hsiang, having run over 100 li from our last halt.

September 23rd.—Passed Lung-yang Hsien, at a distance, by 11 A.M., and stopped at Liao Ya Tsui, only 70 li in advance.

September 24th.—We stopped at Shih-ma P'u, 20 li from Ch'ang-tê; only progressed 40 li. About midway we came across a small tributary river, which does not appear in three several maps which I possess. I am told, however, by the boatmen, that this river communicates with Sha-shih, on the Yang-tsze, and also with Tseng-shih and Li-chou.

September 25th.—Reached Ch'ang-tê, and had a fine view of the city as we passed along its face on the opposite side of the river. The wall of the city, as I observed after we had crossed over, was built very close to the river side, leaving no room whatever for an open suburb to spring up outside, which was absolutely necessary for the carrying on of trade. The difficulty here has been got over by building wooden tenements on long piles, imbedded in the very mud of the sloping bank. The result is an exceedingly odd appearance of houses walking on long crooked legs, and leaning at all angles.

We crossed over to the city, and I sent my card to the Prefect.

I had scarcely dismissed the messenger before a boat came alongside, and a mandarin, wearing a red button, stepped into my boat. Not being prepared to receive him I hastily retired to re-arrange my dress, but my visitor insisted on my making no change, shook hands with me, and said that the Prefect had especially deputed him to attend upon me, and that he should accompany me to the next Prefecture. He stayed upwards of an hour, and talked incessantly. After he left, I was somewhat annoyed by people coming down to stare. In some cases they would step on the side of the boat to look in through the windows. It was the great full-moon holiday, and a number of idle characters were about. No direct rudeness was offered, however, although the crowd showed itself inclined to be "larky."

September 28th.—By 2 o'clock reached T'ao-yuen Hsien, a large and flourishing city. The whole frontage of the town was stored up with earthenware water-jars and glazed flower-pots. The place is a depôt for the pottery trade, and large quantities of the above ware are passed on from T'ao-yuen Hsien to Ch'ên-chou Fu. It is the most lawless, independent district in the whole province. The people, if roused by a sense of injustice or misrule, will not hesitate to carry off their chief magistrate bodily to the governor's capital and demand a change. Since this morning we have been entering mountain scenery of a very beautiful and attractive kind. Everywhere vegetation seemed to spring up in abundance. Pines covered all the hill tops, and several stout trees of the ash kind seemed to exist below. I even came across two palms. Stopped for the night at Shui-ch'i.

Li-pi-shêng, the mandarin who has accompanied me from Ch'ang-tê, I have found an exceedingly agreeable companion. He was one of Li Hung-ch'ang's right-hand men in the wars of the rebellion; had been successively rewarded with a number of lucrative posts by that powerful chief, whose confidence he still boasts of possessing. In 1864 he had an appointment at Shanghai, where he acquired a liking for Europeans, which appears to have remained unimpaired. He trusted very much in my being able to give him a helping hand by reporting his diligent attention and civility to me, in my letter to H.B.M. Minister at Peking. Since this morning we entered upon a complete change of scenery. The river, with its beautifully clear water, was considerably narrowed, and began to wind in and out between fine rocky gorges. The rocks rose perpendicularly in a triangular shape out of the shallow waters at their base, with a grandeur which was most impressive. The whole of Hu-Nan is an exceedingly good field for geological examination.

On arriving at our resting-place for the night, I was very much surprised to see a small boat of the very commonest class come alongside, and a couple of disreputable-looking rascals emerge from it with the card of the T'ao-yuan magistrate in their hands. He had sent them to escort and protect!! me as far as the next magisterial city. Nothing is done thoroughly in China; the mandarins look to their tenure of office as the golden opportunity for feathering their nest. So our worthy friend carried out his instructions as cheaply and nastily as he was able on this occasion. He despatched a couple of dirty scullions, or some other such menials, out of the needy crowd that infests all yamêns, hoping, no doubt, that fine words and the foreigner's ignorance would hide devices.

Li-pi-shêng left me next day, and I was now left for "safe conduct and protection," to the care of the two miserable menials in their ridiculous boat, whose frantic efforts to keep pace with us afforded me much amusement.

At about 3 P.M. we passed through several rapids in succession. There was nothing formidable about them. Five men tracked along the shore, and the remainder staved the boat off sunken rocks with their bamboo poles. The scenery was wildly beautiful, and more compact than that we passed through yesterday; a continuation of perpendicular cliffs now and then lined the river side. A mountain path, which was the highway for foot passengers, passed in some places along the very face of the upright cliff.

October 1st.—We passed through the most dangerous set of rapids on the river. They extend over 30 li, and are divided into three portions of 10 li each by the boatmen, who name them the upper, the middle, and the lower. In these rapids, solitary rocks and rugged ledges appeared everywhere in such profusion, that it seemed impossible for a boat to be guided through in safety. The labour was great, but they accomplished it with much skill and success, until we had reached halfway across the middle set of rapids, when a violent collision with a rock produced a leak which compelled them to pull up at a timber station that happened to be near, and spend half an hour over repairs.

The small village we stopped at to make repairs was a very flourishing timber station. The hills at the back were well covered with fine fir-trees, and a mountain stream flowed down from their inmost recesses, facilitating the transfer of the timber from these backwoods to the main stream.

October 2nd.—This morning I had the misfortune to be completely prostrated with a severe attack of dysentery accompanied

by acute pain which lasted for some hours. I was obliged to stop the boat for four or five hours in order to ascertain the course which the malady was likely to take, harassed all the time with the thought of being compelled to relinquish my mission, and return to Hankow crestfallen. However, to my great relief, the disease was quickly and completely driven away by opium and ipecac. pills, the efficacy of which in the early stage of this malady I can thankfully vouch for. Although cured, I was left so utterly weak as to be unable to rise without assistance. On October 3rd reached Ch'ên-chou Fu; and on October 5th passed a dilapidated city, called Lou-ch'i Hsien, arriving at 5 P.M. at Pu-shih, formerly the flourishing centre of the timber trade, but now reduced to insignificance by its treatment under the rebel raid. On October 6th reached Chên-ch'i Hsien. Just stopped long enough to exchange cards with the mandarin, and buy what provisions were procurable. The extreme difficulty of buying food has been a continual trouble to me the whole way. Fowl and duck are the only things to be had, and in many places even these are not to be bought. Any European who attempts this route should provide himself with foreign provisions. At Chên-ch'i Hsien the river takes a most remarkable and provoking bend to the south of over 200 li, and then flows north, until reaching the line of its original course, it bends to the west again. This deviation forms a complete sack in appearance on the map, and adds greatly to the tediousness of tracking through innumerable small rapids.

October 27th.—Reached Ch'ên-yuen Fu at 5 P.M. At the entrance of the city a good bridge of five or six arches, which would not disgrace a railway in England, spans the river. Rocky heights completely surround the town, and lend a grandeur to its position. The gorge of the river for the last mile of our approach was very picturesque. On one side the rocks extended with such even regularity that they looked like the ancient walls of some Titan city.

October 28th.—Left the boat and commenced the land journey. It rained the whole day, and the high road, which was a narrow ill-paved path, became dangerously slippery.

October 29th.—Arrived at Shih-ping Hsien, where I went straight to the magistrate's* yamên, and was well rewarded for my visit. An exceedingly agreeable and gentlemanly man the magistrate proved, and in the course of half an hour we became great friends. He begged me to stay and spend the day with him, but I was obliged to excuse myself on the plea of extreme urgency to continue my journey.

The road was fortunately dry next day. The surefootedness

and endurance of the chairbearers, who had frequently to carry my weight up long steep inclines and down precipitous paths, in which the stones were so irregular that I could not have walked down myself with their speed, often fairly astonished me, although I had been frequently carried over far worse places in Formosa in a similar manner. Two men bore the front shafts of the sedan, and one alone, with a long leverage of poles, sustained the weight behind. At a distance of 30 li I reached Hsin Chou. There being no resting-place ahead which could be reached to-day, I readily accepted the hospitality of a very civil mandarin, with whom I had a most amicable conversation. He was a Canton man, and had both seen something of foreigners and travelled by steamers.

October 31st.—The road passed at a very high level for nearly the whole of to-day's stage. The valley below seemed to be sparsely cultivated with rice, and large tracts of land remained in a wild state of nature. Slept at a place called Ta-fêng T'ung.

Next day reached Ch'ing-p'ing Hsien; and, on leaving the town, I noticed a large heap of good coal exposed for sale, which clearly indicated the existence of mines in the neighbourhood. Every village I passed through showed sad signs of the savage havoc caused by the raid of the Miautze. Everywhere extensive remains of good substantial stone houses pointed out the prosperity that must have existed, and in their stead twenty years of peace and quiet had only produced a huddled group of poor straw-thatched huts, inhabited by immigrants from Ssu-Ch'uan and Kiang-Si. Curiously enough, there are signs of a sudden impulse of prosperity now taking place; for in every village, town, and city, new houses were either just finished or in course of construction.

On November 2nd the road passed through a very fertile and beautiful, but wholly deserted region. Large tracts of good arable land were given up to grass and wild weeds. This fact alone speaks very plainly of the wide-spread desolation, when we consider how accustomed the Chinese are to cultivate their very mountains up to almost inaccessible heights; and if the desolation is so great on the main road, what must it be in the less-frequented interior? The Miautze have been taught many severe lessons by the imperial troops since their day of triumph, and, indeed, many of them now live in the cities I have passed through, mixed up with the Chinese population. I saw several of their women about the streets. A wild, fearless look was in their faces, and withal a very attractive expression—such as I have seen in the countenances of the Pepohwan tribe in north Formosa. But whether thoroughly

subdued or not, the settlers in the rising villages have little to fear from their lawless neighbours, for a chain of forts has been erected at distances of 5 li apart, each containing five soldiers, which serve as watch-towers, while the whole route is chock full of soldiery.

Just as the cities grow in size and start into more active life, as we approach the capital, so the country becomes less neglected; villages appear in secluded hollows off the main road, and every level plot is cultivated with rice. One crop had just been gathered in; and the patient peasant was everywhere engaged in ploughing up, with aid of the lumbering buffalo, the diminutive basins into which their paddy fields are divided, and preparing the ground for a second or third crop. I noticed a few men thrashing out the ingathered grain with the very identical old flail which our farmers had to use before machinery drove it out of use. The only other object of cultivation which I could see anywhere was the tobacco-plant. At the end of 45 li, or say 15 miles, on November 3rd, we reached a city called Kwei-ting Hsien, which was, as usual, somewhat in advance of its neighbour in resuscitation. I went straight to the yamèn, and was very civilly received by the mandarin, who had been at Shanghai and Tientsin, and could not refrain from praising-up everything that was foreign. We were to go on to-day a long stage of 65 li, so, in order to save time, I hurried away, thinking my baggage was well on its way. But what was my astonishment, on descending to the main street, to find the whole crowd of bearers in a regular mutiny. I had to get out and expostulate with them, surrounded all the time by fifty or sixty of the townspeople, who rather took my part, and were exceedingly civil. I was surprised to find that here, as elsewhere all along the route, the Peking dialect was thoroughly intelligible, and that I could understand the people far better than I did in Hu-Nan. My expostulations resulted in the head-man writing out a guarantee that they should carry me to the capital in exactly the same time, under penalty of a heavy mulct.

November 4th.—In order to keep their promise, my troublesome carriers would have me rise unusually early, as they intended to “do” 75 li this day—of their accomplishing which I certainly felt very sceptical. However, they did complete the long stage by 6 P.M., and I soon found myself in the yamèn of the magistrate of Lung-li Hsien.

The road, for the greater part of the way to-day, passed through narrow ravines, where the grass-clad hills approached very close, and no room for cultivation intervened. Thick hedgerows

lined the highway, composed of what in other countries are forest-trees, but here meanly doing duty as stunted shrubs. There were the oak and the horse-chestnut, of which I could not see even a moderately-grown tree anywhere. Fine young Scotch firs were springing up everywhere, and crowning the hills with a fine deep green. Willows and ashes, sycamores and poplars (not the English kind), filled the lower slopes; and now and then I came across a magnificent Spanish chestnut. But the glory of the plain was the persimmon-tree, all ablaze with the brightest yellow autumn tint. Wild flowers abounded everywhere, including the camellia, blue-bells, marguerites, in splendid variety and profusion, and the violet. The whole road was a perfect paradise of ferns, and grasses flourished in marvellous variety.

November 5th.—To-day we have completed our last stage, and entered the capital of Kwei-Chou (Kwei-Yang). I am delighted with the place. The people are most civil, and not in the slightest degree troublesome. The main street, through which I had to pass on my way to the inn where my servant had secured lodgings for me, was exceedingly picturesque, with its sign-boards, dyed cloths exposed for sale, and coloured umbrellas spread out to tempt the rain with glittering red or blue or green. The first view of the city from the top of the last pass is very beautiful. It rests on an uneven plain well supplied with trees, and completely surrounded by high hills, many of which stand solitary on the plain in remarkable forms. There were natural fortresses, faced with smooth black rock at the top, otherwise clothed in rich vegetation, and which had been cleverly seized upon by bonzes to build imposing temples up in the air. The inequalities of the ground raised all the imposing buildings above the veil of the walls, which everywhere in China provokingly hide every vestige of a city from the traveller's approaching view. The last mile of the road was literally overloaded with memorial arches of white marble, or other substitute, in perpetual honour of maidens distinguished for piety, and widows constant to the memory of the deceased. Their distant effect certainly added to the liveliness of the scene.

I called on the Governor of the Province next day, at noon, by appointment, and was most civilly treated by him. A brisk old man, full of energy and intelligence, entered the reception hall after I had waited about a quarter of an hour for him. It was a large room, and two sides of it were panelled with glass windows, through which I should think there were fully fifty faces peering in during my interview with the great man. There were lesser mandarins in full fig, and a crowd of household servants. We sat

midway up the hall, on opposite sides, more than twenty feet apart. A visitor of high, or equal rank, he would have conducted to the divan at the other end of the room. My first object was to borrow money, which was readily granted; and the next morning a parcel of silver ingots amounting to Tls. 130, or about 40*l.*, duly came to hand. On taking my leave, the great man did me the honour of conducting me to my chair. My time was completely occupied all the rest of the day in making arrangements to lighten my baggage and to travel more quickly. Being behind time several days, I was anxious to get on as fast as possible, but I found it quite impossible to cut short my stay at the capital under two days; and I was further interrupted by incessant visitors, whose continual "coming" did not cease till midnight. I now determined to have nothing more to do with carriers, but to put everything on horse-back, so that no delay might occur from short fatigue stages.

Left the capital on the 8th, and on the 9th travelled 62 li to Ching-ch'i Hsien; called on the magistrate, who proved to be a somewhat jovial old man of sixty-two. He had a very pleasant face, a very husky voice, and a chronic laugh tacked on to his words. I had the pleasure of receiving him later, after dinner, when he showed a liking for sherry, and tried to smoke a long pipe of tobacco, after trying both cigar and cigarette. The country was rather more colonised and cultivated than on the east side of the capital; but still vast tracts of level arable land, bearing distinct signs of former tillage, were completely deserted, and covered with long grass. The villages on the main road are of a most miserable description, composed of huts built of the thick straw of the sorghum, and plastered with mud, or piled up with the stones and *débris* of former prosperity. I could not find a decent room wherein to breakfast, and sat in the open air under the wondering gaze of the whole population. But everywhere the people were amenable and well-behaved. It has been my habit to get out my writing-materials whilst waiting for food, and the process always creates extreme astonishment. About midway on this day's route we crossed a very remarkable avenue of hills, extending in a straight line north and south for several miles, with a perfectly flat and narrow strip of fertile land between. Further on, the general direction of the valleys was east and west. Wild flowers filled the road-sides, and the tea-plant, in full blossom, like a single camellia, grew wild all about the hedgerows, developed, untended, into a strong shrub eight or ten feet high.

November 10th.—The whole route to-day passed through a fertile valley, perfectly level, and some six to eight miles wide. The most

remarkable feature of the province is its hills. I have above noticed the singular detached cones and pyramids which dot the plain of Kwei-yang Fu (which, by the way, extends north and south), but on leaving Ching-ch'i Hsien a regular conclave of these huge tumuli meets the view of the traveller. I cannot call them mighty, as the highest does not appear to exceed 300 feet. After passing through them we entered the fine valley above mentioned. It was bounded in its whole length along the 80 li we travelled to-day by these same detached hills. They were not contiguous, nor in any way barred progress in, between, or round them in almost any direction; indeed, long arms of the broad valley were seen to penetrate like estuaries through their midst. Far away in the southern boundary of the valley, where the hills seemed to be massed almost into a mountain-range, the eye could still see similar separated peaks, which strengthened the presumption that a very large belt of country was here, both easily penetrable and abounding in a complete network of small arable valleys. We reached the prefectural city of An-hsün by 6 o'clock. The undulating downy ground to the east of the city, *i.e.*, from the side we approached, was one vast graveyard, extending over two or three thousand acres. Either this must have been a favourite cemetery, or the population of An-hsün Fu must have been enormous.

November 11th.—Left An-hsün at about 9 A.M., and passed through the same scenery surrounding the rich valley above mentioned. Cultivation increased as we proceeded westward, and large tracts of fine rich soil were turned up to view by the plough. One thinks of Kwei-Chou as an impenetrable mass of mountains, but it was most agreeable to find it possessed of many fine plains lying in the right direction.

November 12th.—About 15 li from Chên-ning Chou we came to the end of the fine valley, but entered another smaller one, after crossing an easy pass. In 10 li more the valleys came to an end, and the road wound in and out among low grass-covered hills; the rocky mountainous peaks having disappeared for the time being. We entered the village of Hwang-kwo-su, once a large town, over an old bridge of several arches, under which flowed a considerable body of water, after dashing down a series of small sloping falls. On leaving the place a grand sight met my view. There was the river, a couple of hundred yards below the bridge, leaping down a precipice of 140 feet in one of the prettiest falls I ever saw. The brown, muddy look of the rock, over which the river flowed, added to the striking effect of the whole.

November 13th.—The damp white mist, which has surrounded us

for a day and a-half, was to-day condensed into the still more uncomfortable form of fine rain, and the thick vapour floated low above the ground. It made travelling both difficult and dangerous, for the stone-paved, or rather stone-strewn, track was provokingly rough in itself; but to-day, for fully 10 miles, we passed a mountainous barrier, over which the road ascended and descended somewhat steep inclines. But even in the midst of this mountain-mass, where the rocky cones were tossed and tumbled like a stormy sea, there was a succession of quiet valleys down below, lying flat at the base of these abrupt boundaries. To this region there succeeded a milder track of undulating grass-covered wastes, enclosed by moderate hills fit for pasture, which led down into another broad valley, through which we travelled on level ground for 30 li, to the city of Lang-tai.

November 14th.—We left Lang-tai this morning. A fresh escort of two soldiers came in exchange for those from the last stage; I was thus forwarded on from place to place, but in every case I had to deliver the last passport and to make a request for the men. Everywhere, however, I have met with the greatest civility, deference, and even something approaching to obsequiousness. Lang-tai was full of houses, and struggling hard to recover from its long depression. At this place I first began to discover that there was a Kwei-Chou dialect, which sufficiently diverged from the Peking tongue to puzzle both me and those I addressed, to entirely understand each other. Although our stage was short, it proved to be doubly tedious, as we entered a really mountainous region at last, and the road was full of steep inclines. After crossing a low ridge we skirted a fine valley for about two miles, at a great height above it, looking over a rich scene of cultivation and agricultural revival. After this we suddenly got locked in among the hills, and rose higher and higher, until we stopped to breathe at the very summit of a short rocky range, running n.w. and s.e., which fairly barred the way. My aneroid marked 3400 feet above sea, or rather Shanghai (which is much the same thing), but I cannot trust its accuracy. A glorious sight was seen on the other side. We were on a level with the majority of peaks massed together right and left, and far below lay a small plain, to which we had to descend by a very steep path. Masses of white mist floated below, and for a time obscured the fine panorama. But we were up in clearer air, and it no longer rained. The descent was difficult and slow. At the halfway-down house, where the steepest parts came to an end, I again looked at my barometer and found we were 1400 feet below the splendid point of view we had just

left, which seemed incredible. While scanning the mountains from above, I estimated that the average height of the highest ranges was about 4000 feet.

November 15th.—Mê-k'ou, our resting-place last night, was only a village, and to-day's stage of 35 li has brought us to another village, named H'ua-king.

As I anticipated, our road was full of rises to-day, and the aneroid marks 3250 feet. Two high ranges, running east and west, bounded our horizon; while the intermediate space was valley to the south, and a grass-covered uneven plateau to the north—fit for pasturage. Cattle are scarce, but carefully bred. There were trees over the hills. Deep-red, yellow, and orange tints of autumn showed up with beautiful effect amid the mass of green. The sun had appeared at last and dispelled the mists. So that altogether the scene was very refreshing, and the journey far less tedious.

November 16th.—The road to-day passed over a long stretch of wearisome hills covered with tall grass, without trees, without valleys, with only their endless rise and fall always hiding a view of the bold majestic peaks beyond. The river at Mê-k'ou, I should have stated, is the boundary of the wild-tribe settlements. By inquiries made through my writer, who required some work, I learned something of these Miao-tzū, and other wild tribes in the hills, together with the causes of their insurrection. There are two sets of social outcasts—the Miao-tzū, and the Chung-chia. The former, although they assimilate both in dress and general features to the Chinese—just as the Shans beyond Yun-Nan, described by Dr. Anderson—never belonged to the Celestial race. They were the aborigines of this region at the time when the Han dynasty (B.C. 202 to A.D. 200) extended the empire westward, and colonised this province from Hu-Nan. The Chung-Chia are the descendants of those colonists. Both “nations” have several subdivisions, distinguished by little peculiarities of dress, and are mostly called by names describing the same. I saw representatives of three or four sects, and could easily see the difference. For instance, there are the White Miao; the embroidered Red Miao; the Black Miao (who, by the way, wear earrings as well as black clothes—the men but one, the women both); the Light-Blue Miao; the Flowered Miao (who wear sleeves only of coloured stuffs, like chintzes or brocades); and, oddest of all, the Duck's-beak Miao (who wear a thing like a duck's beak on the back). The women are the badge bearers, the men doing as they like in the matter. But the latter mostly dress like Chinamen, in the universal blue. The Chung-Chia have three classes. The P'u-la-tzū, among whom

the women wear pig-tails as well as the men; the Pu-i-tzū, whose women wear silver plates on the head for caps—*absit omen*—I hope the thirst for novelty elsewhere may not adopt the hint; and the Pu-lung-tzū, distinguished by the coiffure resembling a raven. They all wear the Chinese garments, but add a border of some other colour. These people exist in great numbers between An-hsün Fu and Mê-k'ou, along the route we have followed. The Miao-tzū inhabit more generally the region between Ch'ên-yuan Fu and the capital. Judging by the state of the cities, and the universal ruin on that side and on this, I should say that the aborigines excelled the colonists in the fierceness of their onslaught. It was a combined movement; and the opportunity arose when the Mahomedans held Yun-Nan, and the T'ai-p'ing rebellion overflowed Kiang-Si and Hu-Nan. The reason of this rising was not an idle one. The Chinese had oppressed both classes—socially as well as officially—and while the one said, "We are Chinese as well as you, and yet all honours, riches, and advantages are debarred us," the poor, wretched Miao-tzu had to complain of scorn, contempt, and legal robbery in rents and taxes.

The further we go west the more we find of cultivation and population. The villages increase on the road, and there is more small traffic; oranges from Yun-Nan, and straw shoes, come along; while drovers are met with flocks of sheep—flying eastward, some say, from the cold weather in Yun-Nan; others, to feed their flocks on the grassy hills of which I have spoken, pasture being scarce in Yun-Nan. Kwei-Chou must have a temperate climate, for the houses are not built to guard against cold; and, among other signs, I notice that the horse-chestnut has not yet dropped its faded blossoms. So far, the average temperature we have experienced has been about 55°. The droves of sheep have been recently shorn, and numbers of young lambs accompany the flock.

November 18th.—The road to-day passed through a number of valleys full of rice, and watered by small streams running in a north-easterly direction. The distance to the *Chou* city of Pu-an was only 40 li, which had to be accomplished in one stretch.

Next day, about a mile from Pu-an, we began to ascend the last great barrier on our road. It was called the Yun-Nan Pass, and exceeded all the others in length. But the incline was easy, and the summit moderately high (3300 feet.) There was no steep descent on the other side, the road passing over a high plateau of very poor land. Before reaching the crest of the pass I looked back on a lovely scene. The fine valley was decked out with autumn tints and harvest gold. The high hills all round were strewn with

large patches of red soil in among the trees, and the city with its crowded roofs and triumphal arches lay in a cradle below. The last half of the stage was barren ground; rocky rough low hills on both sides, and coarse grass growing among boulders in the middle. Towards the end, however, we came across a beautiful valley, in which all the harvest operations were over, and instead of yellow the sombre colour of rich earth relieved the eye. The stage had been a long one, and the bearers, thoroughly tired out, dropped the chair with a well-feigned slip, and so compelled me to walk a long way in the closing darkness over an atrocious path.

November 20th.—We were now 15 li from the boundary line of Yun-Nan and Kwei-Chou. The excitement of crossing the border and entering the famous province, which filled us at starting, was rather damped by the morning rain, but by noon the sun shone out almost uncomfortably and dispelled the mists. The road sloped down easily over a red sand waste towards the frontier town, which was distinguished by an arch at each end of its single street. The view towards Yun-Nan was disappointing. There did not seem to be any termination of the undulating rock-covered hills, which extended as far as the eye could see. A short stage brought us to the first city of Yun-Nan lying in our way; the magisterial city of P'ing-i Hsien, where I was received with marked incivility by the mandarin (a Kiang-Su man named Hsia). It was a kind of rudeness which a Chinaman can so easily show without going far out of the way, and consisting in using expressions applicable to an inferior, and omitting forms of etiquette which are held indispensable. He seemed to be suspicious of the local passport, and examined the seal critically. I was able to cut all this short by reference to the Tsung-li Yamên despatches, and the letter of the Kwei-yang Fu-t'ai, which he owned to having received. He carried out his instructions, however, and sent two men as escort.

Our road on the 21st was beautifully level over the broad battened red sand, and on the next day for half the stage over another plateau of waste uncultivable land, on which there was little grass, even, but a great quantity of rocks and stones. On nearing the end of our journey, the plateau suddenly came to an end, and a very fine plain burst on our view. It stretched away to the south, and widened as it went. The city of Chan-i Chou lay opposite us on the other side of the valley, about two miles off. The bearers, with the goal in view, redoubled their speed and almost ran me into the city. I sent my card to the mandarin; but here again the same sort of incivility was offered. No card was returned, and no answer could be obtained to a civil request that the escort might

be sent early, since we had to start at daylight. As the mandarin probably knew little or nothing about all this, I sent my writer with the Treaty to enlighten this all-powerful janitor and factotum on my position. The result was that the magistrate's card arrived by-and-by with an answer to my request.

Next day, after waiting in vain for an escort, I started without it. At length a stupid old man turned up, who proved very useless. Instead of sending two or more men, as all previous officials had readily done, they had taken the liberty at the yamên to change the number stated in the warrant, and so reduced me to the certainty of having only one man sent for the rest of the route; for they copy one another faithfully. But we are near the capital, the road is good, and the people are civil, so I do not pay much attention to this want of courtesy. On starting from Chan-i, we at first followed its splendid valley due south for a mile or two, and then abruptly broke out of it at right angles to ascend a series of small, but uncomfortable passes which led up to another dreary plateau, like those we have already passed. The valley was well cultivated with rice, and the harvest being over, the numerous flooded fields gave the appearance of a vast lake to the plain as seen from above. We reached the city of Ma-lung Chou in good time, and found a very fair lodging at the kung-kuan.

November 24th.—Left Ma-lung Chou before sunrise in order to complete 80 li in good time. The country improved in appearance by the addition of trees, which, though stunted, grew abundantly on the hills and plain, relieving the desert-like monotony of the red soil which still continued.

We slept at night at the town of I-lung Ssü, and having another long stage of 75 li before us, left at daylight next day. Our road, always wide and level, passed through many lanes and hedge-rows. The wind, as usual every day, blew uncomfortably from the south-west, parching the skin of our faces, and producing disorders of the throat. I noticed that it sprang up about 9 A.M., the earlier hours being still and undisturbed. Houses everywhere wore a neat and comfortable look. They were detached and roomy, built of sun-dried mud-bricks and well tiled. But we no longer saw the open exposure to the air which distinguished those of Kwei-Chou. Wind and cold were carefully shut out. On nearing *Yang-lin*, which was a town now, but must have been a city once, the road skirted a large lake covered in many parts by tall reeds. It was an immense expanse of water, and is said to afford quantities of fish. Soon after this a magnificent plain burst on our view, well studded with new villages, but swarming with ruins of old ones.

On leaving Yang-lin the ruins caused by the war were sadly prominent. The area covered by houses was evidently very large, and from its splendid site, and quick revival, I should think this must have been an important city. The distance to the capital was 105 li, on a very level road. Along the whole route I have had to struggle against wrong information. Distances and routes vary, apparently according to the ideas of different persons, and the result is that I have been misled to the extent of losing 10 days. Instead of 25 days being sufficient to accomplish the journey from Ch'en-yuan Fu to Yun-nan Fu, I have only managed to reach the threshold of the latter city in 30 days: and this after every effort to hurry my conductors.

November 27th.—Reached the city of Yun-Nan before noon. My servant met me at the gates, and conducted me to a very good official inn. The road was crowded with people passing to and fro. Carts conveying firewood, mingled with ponies carrying charcoal, jostled coolies coming out with loads of salt slung at the ends of their useful bamboo. The short suburb was full of saddlery shops, and the stalls displayed nicknacks, opium-lamps, and ornaments. One solitary clock was the only representative of foreign ware which met my gaze. The people were not curious or troublesome, and I entered the city unescorted, without the slightest difficulty. There was nothing showy in the approach. Ruins surrounded the walls and dotted the magnificent plain stretching far away. The city is on level ground, and therefore not picturesque. A few very neat and original examples of roofing near the gates showed the best points of Chinese architecture.

Next day a splendid double repast of choicest Chinese dishes was also sent down by the magistrate, for me and my servants. Eight large wooden trays, containing fifty-six bowls of different dishes and sweetmeats, all ready for the cook's hands, met my view on entering the room, and four cooks from the yamên were ready to operate. I never enjoyed a better dinner. After this I proceeded in my chair to call on the magistrate, who received me very well, and pleased me so thoroughly in his appearance, bearing, and straightforward manner, that I no longer cared to see the Governor, and entrusted all I wanted to him. My first object was to communicate with Colonel Browne in case his party should arrive first, and to request the Acting Viceroy to send instructions post haste to the Yung-ch'ang Fu officials to give him every assistance. And secondly, I asked for an escort for myself, and a letter to all the mandarins *en route* explaining my position and object. The magistrate, whose name is Pien, readily promised to convey

my requests to the Viceroy, and so, with warm thanks for his civility, I concluded a very agreeable visit.

The magistrate returned my call next morning, and said that the Governor was extremely busy just now, but would be ready to see me when I came back from Yung-ch'ang Fu. He had deputed a couple of mandarins to escort me the whole way, and was about to send a flying despatch to Yung-ch'ang Fu, which would arrive in four days at that city, and my letter to Colonel Browne would be forwarded by the same opportunity. In the course of the afternoon I received a message from the Governor, requesting me to wait another day to allow time for the escort to get ready. I was obliged to acquiesce, although time was very precious.

I felt well satisfied with both my conductors. They are named Chou and Yang, respectively. Both of them, civilian and soldier, were engaged in the campaigns against the Mahomedans and Ta-li Fu, and they described the rebels as fighting with great ferocity.

Did not leave till December 2nd. The road passed across the valley towards the hills. Peasants were hard at work irrigating the fields with water-troughs and paddles worked by the hands. Several strings of animals came along the road, loaded with salt for the capital, and irritated the chairbearers greatly by their erratic motion, which continually threatened a collision with the chair. Mules, donkeys, and ponies were mixed up together in each gang, and a couple of mules invariably led the way, decorated in the most fantastic manner about the head with red rosettes and tassels surmounted with a bunch of long feathers like a Red Indian chief. We came to a full stop comparatively early in the afternoon at the top of a small pass between 30 and 40 li from the capital, called Pi-chi K'ou.

There was only one decent inn to be found, which consisted of a single large chamber, a small corner of which was boxed off with clean woodwork for superior guests. Two gaunt buffaloes were stabled in close proximity on a floor of slush; the kitchen filled a third corner, and Messrs. Chou, Yang, and three or four of our servants, found their roosts along the other sides. Chou filled up the time by smoking opium. There is something attractive in the process of taking opium, which must compensate a Chinaman for a great deal of discomfort. His bedding, which merely consists of a couple of quilts, is neatly arranged by his servant, part as couch and part as pillow, and he throws himself down to play with his pipe and trayful of inviting nicknacks (treasures in themselves),

careless of surrounding circumstances. And each whiff costs him some pleasant exertion, for fully ten minutes elapses before the pinch of opium is reduced to the proper consistency by being twisted and twirled about at the end of a short spit in the opium-lamp. I had a long conversation at night with the two officers on the subject of railways and modern inventions. They praised up the English with a flattery that I was obliged to rebuke. But their appreciation of our moderation in war was genuine, and the name of Queen Victoria was mentioned in terms of respect and admiration. They knew the history of Her Majesty's accession and reign, and the exalted character of our Sovereign reflected most favourably on the estimation in which they held the nation, and its representatives in China.

Arrived next day at An-ning Chou, where I was paid extraordinary honours by the local authorities; and on the 4th, having a long stage before us, we started early. The thermometer marked 46°, and a thick white mist filled the air, until the sun rose high enough to dispel it; and the rest of the day was almost uncomfortably hot. The road was rough, and deeply indented by mule-tracks. Hundreds of animals met us employed in carrying salt. The greater part of the way was waste, uncultivable land, covered with hardy shrubs and stunted trees. But now and then a valley appeared which was partially retilled, and one or two villages, re-established among ruins, stood prettily embowered among trees. The semi-civilised border tribes seem to trade occasionally in the province. They wore coloured embroidered garments, and presented other peculiarities which I had not time to notice in passing.

The road on the 5th has outdone everything hitherto encountered in utter badness. In addition to its natural imperfections, I believe the retreating Mahomedans purposely destroyed the pavement in order to throw difficulties in the way of the Imperial troops. There is scarcely any level ground in the whole length of this tedious stage of 75 li to Lu-fêng Hsien. It is full of steep passes, the chief of which rises to 3500 feet (by my aneroid), and the track by which it is surmounted is simply a chaos of deep ruts and broken stones, offering the acme of dangerous footing to animals as well as carriers. On arriving at Lu-fêng Hsien, I was greeted outside the city by the magistrate's card-bearer, who knelt, according to custom, holding up his master's card, and politely informed me that the official travelling quarters were ready for my reception.

On the 6th we started at an early hour, the thermometer at 46°. The stage was the longest we have yet accomplished, being 90 li,

and much of it over steep passes. The mountains were thickly covered with pine. All the villages were in ruins, and the valleys, of which we crossed three or four, are sparsely inhabited. One very heavy pass, involving several li of a severe incline, intervenes in the long march, and by a steep descent leads to the town of Shê-tzu.

The temperature was 42° at starting next morning, but before very long the sun shone out strong, and by sunset the thermometer had risen 20 degrees. The road was still full of difficult passes and deserted villages. If only an easy road lay ready between Yun-nan Fu and Bhamo a perfect flood of British goods would be swallowed up at once for the Kwei-Chou and Ssü-Ch'uan markets. The merchants of the latter province would naturally prefer to buy at Yun-Nan, and float their goods down the Yang-tsze, to the risk and expense of the difficult ascent from Hankow up the I-ch'ang gorge. Native cloth is so dear in Kwei-Chou and Yun-Nan that the people cannot afford to buy it, and their ragged appearance is due not so much to poverty as to the price of cloth being beyond their means. There would be an immense sale if only Manchester goods could be cheaply conveyed. Watches are wanted badly by the rich classes, and there is a great eagerness to know the price of most of my foreign productions. Cutlery and ordinary crockery excite admiration, and almost anything foreign would speedily entice buyers, if I may judge by the high appreciation and unfeigned coveting displayed by the few who examined my possessions. Kuang-t'ung Hsien, our destination, lay in a fine valley, which sadly wanted inhabitants to recultivate its broad acres. I was well received by the magistrate, who was a young Kwei-Chou man, and before leaving we became great friends.

December 8th.—Left Kuang-t'ung. The road was far better to-day and only two insignificant passes had to be crossed. I lunched at a town called Yao-chan, which lies in a fine valley watered by a good-sized stream, and contains some inns. The road followed the banks of this river for the latter half of the stage almost up to the prefectural city of Ch'u-hsiung, where we stopped.

December 9th.—We started early this morning in order to accomplish a very long stage to reach the city of Chên-nar Chou. The road was good, and the bearers were able to keep up a fast pace throughout.

Next day we reached the town of Sha-ch'iao, and on December 11th had to rise early in the morning, as 95 li lay between us and the next resting-place, a town called Pü-p'êng by the natives, but which is entered in the Chinese map as Lien-p'êng.

The first 30 li of the way skirted the well-cultivated valley of Sha-ch'iao; then followed 20 li of steep climbing up a narrow ravine, which was full of trees and shrubs, and contained a brook of clear mountain water tumbling down at a great velocity. It was a beautiful piece of natural scenery, but the dangers of the rough and tortuous track by which we had to thread our way marred the pleasure which it excited. It was disturbing to be hung over a precipice at an angle of about 30°, while the bearers were turning a sharp corner, and to feel the slips which they could scarcely avoid on the loose red sand which thinly covered the rock underfoot. It was one long ascent every inch of the way, until we reached a village at the summit, which was the halfway rest. The remainder of the road was tolerably good. It first descended a ravine slightly, and then followed a high level, overhanging a deep precipice well veiled with trees. This debouched at length on to an arid, uncultivable plateau of red sandstone, undulating, and sparsely covered with shrubs and a few stunted trees. Along this desert we were on a level with the tops of a mass of hills stretching away before us as far as the eye could see. A little cultivation was carried on in terraces, but otherwise it seemed to be a red sand waste far and wide. I was surprised to see quite a large town in the midst of this wild plateau, and still more to find that it contained a yamén, in which we were soon very comfortably settled and fed by the hospitality of the Prefect of Yao-chou, in whose jurisdiction the town lay, and who had actually sent down his servants a distance of 180 li, or two days' journey, from the city to provide for us. Such incomparable civility proves how thoroughly the Viceroy is to be relied on. His career has been marked by "thoroughness." I listen daily to stories of his remarkable campaigns against the Miau-tzū in Kwei-Chou, and the Mahomedans in Yun-Nan, which the old soldier Yang loves to dilate upon after dinner. But as his accent is provokingly provincial, I unfortunately cannot keep pace with his rapid utterance, but I hope to know all about this hero before returning to Yun-nan Fu, where I have been promised the honour of an interview. The Ta-li Fu people are troublesome and dangerous. I was told so by the Chén-nan magistrate, and it was for this reason that the Viceroy sent two mandarins with me. We are four stages from that city, and I am to remain a whole day at the previous stage, while Chou and Yang go ahead to ensure arrangements for my comfort and safety.

Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK said the Journal, from which extracts had been read, was one of the greatest interest, not, perhaps, geographically—although

it did not lack interest even in that sense—but as throwing light upon the relations existing between the Central Government in China and the provinces, a subject on which there had been very various opinions. Mr. Margary, who was a student when he (Sir Rutherford) was in China, reflected the greatest credit upon the Service to which he belonged, and upon his country generally, for he had passed from the sea-coast to the Irawaddy, right through the centre and south-west of China, into Burmah; a feat which, as Colonel Yule had truly observed, had baffled so many gallant spirits. When it was remembered that he was stricken down with fever and dysentery almost at the beginning of his journey; that he persevered, through summer heat and winter cold, for upwards of four months; that he never blenched, was never discouraged, or failed in his duty, but went on with a buoyant spirit through the whole, too much honour could not be done him, or too much regret expressed at the loss of so promising an officer. He was a young man of singular powers of observation, and he had used them well in the Journal. The Geographical features of the country that he was travelling through, the products that were cultivated, the character of the people, the conduct of the officers—everything passed under his observation, and everything found its note in the Diary. There was one unfortunate gap of twenty days, which, probably, was owing to his extreme prostration and sickness; and there was also a large gap between the time when he reached Tali-fu and his arrival at Bhamo. Dr. Anderson, however, met him at Bhamo; and, from his letters and conversation, would be able to supply some interesting particulars of that part of the journey about which the Journal was silent, more especially concerning the disposition of the Burmese towards the Expedition. In the course of his life, he (Sir Rutherford) had had, on more than one occasion, to say some very hard things of the Chinese Government; but he could not read that Journal without feeling that, so far as the Government was concerned, their intention had been to give Mr. Margary a *bonâ fide* safe-conduct, so that he might pass through the country in security. He drew this inference from some very striking facts. The second day after leaving Hankow, Mr. Margary met with great rudeness and jostling from a crowd of junk-men—the most turbulent class of people in China, after the soldiers—and on the fourth day he encountered a good deal of mob-violence, and was in some danger. At Chên-yuen-fu, which he reached about the twenty-third day, he was treated disgracefully, both by the people and by the officials; and when he forced his way into the presence of the magistrate, that functionary met his representations with a horse-laugh. Yet when Mr. Margary produced his passport and special authorisation from Peking, he lowered his tone, and afforded him, however grudgingly, a certain amount of attention. It was to be hoped that this Hsien would not escape the attention of Sir Thomas Wade, but would meet with his reward. After that, Mr. Margary met with nothing but the greatest possible civility and courtesy, with one or two slight exceptions; and this treatment was more marked, the higher the rank of the official with whom he had to deal, until the Prefect of Kwei Chow not only sent him all kinds of courteous messages, but directed his servants to go two days' journey to meet him, and provided for him with the same care that would have been bestowed upon the most honoured guest. The conclusion to be drawn from all this was, I think, that the higher authorities, who knew best the secret wishes and instructions of the Government, if there had been any, were ready to protect him and show him kindness. It was only when he came in contact with subordinate officers that he met with rudeness and violence, and he considered that the Chinese Government was entitled to the benefit of the inference. Again, so long as Mr. Margary was in Burmese territory he was perfectly safe; and when rumours of danger arrived, the Burmese authorities resolutely refused to allow the Expedition to go on until they could

satisfy themselves that their doing so would be safe. It was bad enough to have English officers murdered, by the disgraceful turpitude of the provincial officials, and in consequence of the bad feelings of the population, and their indisposition to have anything to say to foreigners; but it would be infinitely worse to have to charge Governments with bad faith, for such a charge must lead to international action, and perhaps to war. Geographically, there was not very much for Mr. Margary to tell that was not known before, though he had travelled for some distance over a route apparently untraversed by any European, except the Jesuits in the beginning of the last century. In 1869, just before he (Sir Rutherford) left China, an Expedition had been sent at his desire up the Yang-tse-Kiang, accompanied by some delegates from the Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai, to ascertain whether the navigation of the river could not be carried on further up than was usually believed? Mr. Consul Swinhoe—who, he was sorry to say, was now thoroughly broken-down in health, after a long residence in China—led the Expedition; and, in a little steam-vessel which Messrs. Jardine kindly placed at his disposal, went nine miles further up than the *Opossum* gunboat had reached. Beyond that, he sailed in river-boats 322 miles, or 750 miles above Hankow. For more than 100 miles of the intervening space, however, he found continuous rapids, with high mountain-gorges, which rendered the stream utterly unnavigable for steamers, even with all the facilities that the Americans have discovered for passing rapids. But beyond the point which the Expedition reached in boats, they learned a good deal from Mr. Margary's Journal of the state of the country and the utter want of roads; confirming his previous impression, that the time had not yet come when any attempt could successfully be made for opening-up trade with the interior. If an officer of Mr. Margary's exceptional qualifications and knowledge of the language could not traverse the country in safety, with a special safe-conduct from Peking, and even with that, eventually lost his life, it was impossible to understand how merchants could hope to reside there, and carry on a profitable trade. He considered the time had not yet come when traffic could be carried on there with any advantage, especially from Bhamo, from which place 120 miles of mountain-passes had to be traversed, inhabited by savage tribes, and with nothing like practicable roads. He therefore thought any Government would be justified in hesitating before incurring any serious risk of war and complications by urging the opening of trade-routes from Burmah into China under such conditions.

Dr. ANDERSON, in commencing his remarks, said that it would no doubt be acceptable to the Meeting if he continued the narrative of Mr. Margary's journey, by reading extracts from the letters which his unfortunate colleague had written from various places, between the point four marches from Tali-fu, where his Diary abruptly ends, and Bhamo. The first letter described his reception at the town of Tali-fu.

1. Dated "18th December, near Tali-fu:—"

"On reaching the city of Chao-chow, which is one stage short of Tali-fu, my mandarins begged me to rest a day, while one of them went on ahead to prepare the local authorities for my arrival. They represented, with grave faces, that the city populace was unruly and pugnacious, and that I might come to grief unless they concerted measures for my proper escort, and proclamations were first issued to the people describing my position and errand. As these ominous words echoed the Viceroy's previous statements, and I had been seriously warned about the turbulent Tali-fu people, there was no alternative but to acquiesce. I did so the more readily as we were in a neat *Kung-kwan*, or official travelling quarters; and above all, there were marshes hard by full of duck. So next morning early, I took Bombazine and Lula, my two servants, and we trotted off on our ponies, with a yamên runner for

guide. . . . We reached the marshes, and after plunging into paddy-beds and squatting on banks, I succeeded in adding a wild duck and brace of teal to my larder. The sun was quite hot, and visions of a plunge and swim in the Tali Lake impelled me to remount and canter away some 5 miles further to the delightful spot. Just as we reached the north-west corner of the Chao-chow valley a glorious view burst on our sight through an opening in the hills leading to the Tali-fu plain. There lay the city, 20 miles away by road, but seeming so close over the calm blue waters of its splendid lake that half an hour might take me there. A backbone of black rocky heights guarded its rear, bathed in colour by the lights and shades of a bright sun's rays playing over its slopes. We rode into a large village. I was anxious to test the temperament of the country folk. Far from ill-will being shown, we were courteously welcomed and fed, without being able to prevail on our kind hosts to accept a single cash. I cannot describe the pleasing scene now. They got a boat for me, and I chased the wild duck in vain over the magnificent lake, which extends for 40 miles one way and 10 in breadth, cradled in glorious mountains. Tali-fu, with its white walls and white pagodas, glistened in the sun over against us. I rode back to Chao-chow well pleased with the day's excursion, and set myself to writing my journal and letters. Next day we started, full of anticipations about the famous city. But what was my surprise to find, on reaching the halfway town, that the Yung-chang-fu road branched off from there, and that the city lay 10 miles away off the track. They took advantage of this, to try and persuade me not to enter Tali-fu, as they were so apprehensive of the people. I was not going to be baulked out of so long wished-for a pleasure, and had quite a diplomatic battle with a civil and a military mandarin sent down by the Taotai and the Tartar General to keep me at arm's length. They had hired an inn for me, and had prepared a breakfast to delay me, and I was perforce obliged to remain that night (16th) at *Hsia-kwan*. But I gained my point, and sent the Magistrate and Captain back with a message that I was bound to pay my respects to the high authorities, and intended to proceed to the city next day for the purpose. I felt it all important to break the ice, and open Tali-fu for a visit from the Expedition. Missionaries had lately been driven back from the gates, and it seemed as though the Tali-fu people would have none of us inside their city. Well, they could not resist my demand; and next day I started, with mingled feelings of delight and curiosity, escorted by the selfsame Captain who so strenuously opposed my entrance yesterday, and with him a troop of soldiers. Four trained-band men kept by my chair; the result was, that I had quite a triumphant day's work. The people treated me with respect and courtesy, calling me Ta-jên (Excellency). I went first to the Hsien, or Magistrate, who was a Tartar, and spoke the pure accent of Peking. We were great friends already; indeed, my interview with him at Hsia-kwan had brought about the favourable sequel, for I had told him I did not fear the people, I could speak to them, and soon make friends. And when he went back, the high authorities received his report with a great deal of curiosity, and ended by writing down to invite me in. I went in turn to the Prefect, who treated me with a very friendly air, mingled with nervousness, for we were equals by treaty; then to the Tao-tai, who was my superior; and he showed it in his manner, although etiquette was strictly observed. I knew his style beforehand, for I had made my enquiries too, and knew exactly how to treat him. He had been most curious of all to know all about me, and privately expressed high approbation of my qualities, especially at being able to eat with the chopsticks. I went from him to his far greater superior, the Tartar General, and found myself in the presence of a perfect gentleman, who showed an enlightened understanding. He was an enormously big man for a Chinaman, and I felt quite small beside him. He insisted on my sitting in

the place of honour beside him on the divan—a courtesy the Taotai, a young man, had been too afraid to extend, for fear of damage to his dignity—and asked me innumerable questions about England and Burma. He said, that on my return, he would invite us to stay in the city a few days, at which I inwardly exulted. You may imagine how thoroughly pleased I was at the result of my campaign. Tali-fu understands me, and I have succeeded in brushing away their prejudices. On leaving the General's yamen, I was set down in the main street, while my bearers went to find two or three fresh men. The crowd came round me at once, and this dragon, which was set at me to keep me away, proved quite a tame animal. I leant forward, smoking a cigar, and chatted most agreeably with the most respectable members of this formidable body. We parted with bows and the most courtly adieux. I feel quite proud of the success of my diplomacy."

2. From "Yung-chang-fu, December 28th, 1874."

"We left Tali-fu on the 18th. The road has been glorious in scenery, and, though passing over high mountain-regions with many steep ascents and declivities, there was nothing so bad to encounter as those horrid passes further back. I cannot, in this letter, give you an account of much, for I am off again to-morrow, and have to engage baggage-animals, receive mandarin visits, and make my official report during the day; far too short for so much expenditure of thought and action. Not a breath of the approach of the Expedition can be caught anywhere, so I expect to arrive at our 'rendezvous' first. The city of Teng-yueh-chow lies only 4 stages away, and having spent Christmas on the road, I hope, at least, to eat a New Year's dinner at the end of my journey. I would have reached this place on Christmas night, but for the alarm of the mandarins at a daring robbery on the road, which they magnified into brigandage, and begged me to rest a day while their troops scoured the hills. I was at a pretty little town called Sha Yang, comfortably quartered in the yamen of a petty mandarin who ruled the valley."

3. From "Teng-yueh-chow, January 4th, 1875."

"The Indian Mission does not start till the middle of this month, and they wish me to join them at Bhamô. I sat up till 3 A.M. the night before last meditating my proper course, maturing my plans, and writing my despatches. . . . Yesterday I visited the mandarins, and arranged all sorts of business. To-day I engage baggage-animals, write my letters amid many interruptions from visitors and business. To-morrow I start again, *en avant*, for Bhamô. My messenger, whom I despatched yesterday, is to return and meet me on the savage borders with instructions where to meet the party. I cannot explain all the ins and outs, but it requires a good deal of planning to ensure co-operation at a distance. I am perfectly delighted at going farther, and seeing something of these wild regions ahead. . . . I sent my last letter six days ago from the city of Yung-chang; four stages brought us on here, but I spent the New Year's Day, *en route*, at a lovely spot in the mountains. . . .

"Bhamô is seven stages from this; but whereas I follow the nearest route to join the Expedition, we shall pursue a wider track in returning, of which I know nothing yet. . . .

"The mandarins here are delightfully civil, and my business with them exceeded my best hopes. The Yung-chang ones were the brutes who gave me trouble."

4. From "Manwyne, January 13th, 1875."

"Since writing my last letter of the 4th, from Teng-yueh, or Momien, a frontier Chinese city, I have travelled on five stages through a most interesting

country, of which I must give you a hasty sketch. But first I must tell you that my plans succeeded without a hitch. My messenger arrived at Bhamô just in time, and has returned with despatches requesting me to proceed. They have sent a Burmese guard of forty men, under two officials, to escort me back. . . . They are footsore, and want to rest for two days. Yesterday they arrived about 4 P.M., and came into my room, squatting down silently to smoke in the most undignified manner. They spoke neither Chinese nor English, and so I took them all over to the Chinese commander, who is a famous man, named Li-Hsieh-tai, once a brigand, now a Chinese general, in reward for services against the Mahomedan rebels. Arrived at his yamêu, we had quite a conclave. There were savage chieftains from the mountains, with whom the General was negotiating a treaty, and notable townsmen interested in the proceedings, besides a crowd of idlers who cannot be got rid of at official interviews in China. We sat round in a large circle, the Burmese squatting on their haunches. A long discussion was carried on through an interpreter, which ended in my finding it impossible to get them to move sooner, and had to submit to the delay. To-day, however, I have visited Li early, to induce him to give me a guard to-morrow morning, so that I may hurry on and leave my baggage and servants to the care of the Burmese for the following day. I cannot yet feel certain that I shall not be foiled after all. There are wheels within wheels innumerable, and intrigues going on which require my most careful watchfulness. . . . Li himself, some seven years ago, attacked our last Expedition, and may not be entirely free from enmity. But I have a very powerful engine in the will and commands of the great Viceroy at Yun-Nan, who has been an almost unexpected friend and ally throughout. Our journey to this interesting town has lain through a lovely valley full of villages, embowered in groves of plantain and bamboo. High mountain ranges towered right and left. The people are subject to China, but are governed by their native hereditary chiefs. They are sociable and amiable, while their striking costumes quite delight the eye with their novelty. The women wear the most marvellous turbans of black crape. When I first saw them, I could not help staring right and left at such magnificent beings as their majestic head-dress made them appear. A grenadier guardsman would pale beside one of them." . . .

"*January 14th.* . . . After spending much energy in trying to 'double' on my dusky guard by persuading the redoubtable *Li* to give me a few men for to-day, I am brought to a full stop by rain. The climbing road is impassable in wet, and the Celestial will not attempt anything in a shower. The family of my host came round and examined all my things. We got very sociable, and I profited by the occasion to study their language a little. I got one young scion of the reigning house, who was a pleasant young fellow, to write me down several sentences in their own characters, and we subjoined sounds and meaning in Chinese and English. . . . As it is now clear, I intend to seek exercise with my gun. I come and go without meeting with the slightest rudeness among this charming people; and they address me with the greatest respect." . . .

5. From Bhamô, Mr. Margary describes, in a letter, his journey across the Kakhyen Hills.

"I had a very novel journey of two days across the mountains which lie between the Shan Valleys, on the China side, and the wide plains of Burma. They are inhabited by the wild Kakhyen tribes, and my rabble guard of forty Burmese was no idle precaution on the part of Captain Cooke. We passed through eight or nine of their curious villages, and experienced one or two examples of their bold impudence. My servant, Lin, was menaced by one of these semi-savage brutes with a large stone, which he raised to strike him with,

and another drew his dâh—a rough weapon, sheathed only on one side, which they all carry—and made a daring attempt to rob one of my men of his bag. Their long thatched cabins of rattan, peeping out of the still forest here and there, had a strange and exciting interest for us, and the little, scowling, vicious-looking women, eyed us with the unchanged countenance of savages. We had a strange lodging that night in the hills. We merely travelled on till the sinking sun warned us to halt, and on reaching an open clearing the brave captain of the dusky tattooed army slid off his pony, and pointed me to a low hovel of twigs and dry leaves which some recent occupants had left for the next comers. There were three or four ready made, and I enjoyed the look of amazement on Goggle's face when I told him to look sharp and appropriate one for himself before the Burmese anticipated him. We crept in on all-fours and spread our beds, adding fresh twigs outside to keep off the heavy dew. 'The forty thieves' set to work to build themselves huts, and before long a whole cordon of camp-fires surrounded the gipsy-like lodgings. We were astir again by daylight, pursuing our difficult track through dense forest and tangled vegetation, which required both hands to protect the eyes, and both feet drawn up to avoid projecting rocks, whilst one's pony slid down a slippery path, 10 feet at a time. The transition from China to Burma, with a bit of savagery between, was most striking. . . . We descended on the second day, after a long, tedious march, to the jungle-plains of Burma, and trotted off with delighted feelings some 6 miles on the pleasant level to the first Burmese village, where we were put up in a bamboo-house. . . . The third day took us to Bhamô. . . .

"And now I have wrung the hands of fellow-countrymen again! It was so delightful to come down from the hills to the Burmese plain and see the semi-Indian civilisation all around. Colonel Browne and a string of distinguished officers gave me a hearty welcome, with congratulations on my splendid journey. *I am the first European who has traversed the trade-route of the future.*"*

From these letters it was easy to understand the spirit in which Mr. Margary set out on his return journey. He had accomplished a feat which no European had ever accomplished before, with the exception, perhaps, of one of the Jesuits. It was the original intention of the Government that the Expedition under Colonel Horace Browne should proceed to China by one of the three routes which start from Bhamô. Those three routes are, first, the Northern, which starts from the village of Tsit-kaw on an affluent of the Irawaddy, named the Tapeng. Thence it goes over the Kakhien Hills, usually in two or three stages, depending upon the road selected, because there are two ways which may be followed—one which strikes down directly upon the small stream flowing from the north-east to the Tapeng, the other, a little further to the south, more along the banks of the Tapeng itself. The second or middle route is the Embassy route direct from Bhamô, crossing the Tapeng River, and making for a little village in the hills called Mattin. This is the route by which all the Burmese Embassies proceed to China. There are, perhaps, not so many physical difficulties to be overcome as on the southern branch of the previous route; but the Government deemed it inexpedient that a British Mission should traverse it, from the very circumstance that it was used by the Burmese Embassies, as the Burmese and Chinese might be apt to attach an importance to it which was never contemplated, seeing they might regard the British Mission as carrying tribute to China. The most southern or Sawady route was selected as the most feasible; moreover, it was entirely unknown geographically, whereas the northern and the Mattin routes had been

* Other letters of Mr. Margary, relating to the same part of his journey, are printed in the 'Proceedings,' vol. xix., p. 288.

fully explored by the Expedition under Major Sladen, in 1868. After Mr. Margary's arrival an attempt was made to follow the route by Sawady, but certain difficulties arose which the leader of the Expedition considered sufficient to entitle him to abandon it, and select the Ponline route, which had been pursued by Major Sladen in 1868. From the very first arrival of the Expedition in Bhamô, reports were flying about of opposition to be expected on the other side of the frontier; but little credence was attached to them, because the source from which they emanated was unknown, and, besides, such reports always spring up in similar expeditions. The Mission started for the little village of Tsit-kaw, which they left on the 16th of February. They halted one night at one of the guard-houses erected by the Burmese. In 1868 there were no guard-houses existing; but since the revival of trade, the Burmese have, for its protection, erected a series of guard-houses from the plains to the banks of the Nampoung, which forms the frontier between the Burmese and Chinese territories. Five such guard-houses have been erected at regular intervals. The trade is solely in the hands of the Chinese at Bhamô and Mandalay. Some difficulty arose at this guard-house as to proceeding further, because reports again came in that a body of 400 men had collected to oppose them. The Burmese officer in charge of the guard was strongly averse to going further, but at last was prevailed upon to proceed to the last guard-house on the banks of the Nampoung, where the Burmese territory ceased. The Expedition reached that stream on the following day, and there again heard reports of armed opposition, until, at last, the Burmese officers steadily refused to proceed further until some one had gone forward to ascertain the truth of the rumours. Mr. Margary, who had recently crossed China with such success, and had been received so well at Manwyne and at Teng-yueh-chow, scouted these rumours, and thought that if there was a body of armed men in front, it could only be a party sent down to assist in taking the Expedition on as far as Teng-yueh-chow. It was therefore resolved that some officer should go forward, and as Mr. Margary was the best Chinese scholar attached to the Mission, he was deputed to undertake the task, after expressing his willingness to do so. He left the Mission on the morning of the 19th, and arrived the same evening at Manwyne, having written a note from Seray, stating that all along the route so far was perfectly quiet, and that the people had been most civil. After receiving his letter, the Expedition crossed the Nampoung into China, ascended the mountain range, and encamped on Shitee-Meru. The following morning they attempted to proceed, but were frustrated by the Burmese officer. They remained there the next day, when they made another attempt to start, and went on by themselves, without the Burmese, for six miles, but returned at the entreaty of the Burmese officer. They were warned that they were about to be attacked, and that a number of men were collected on the heights above for that purpose. The Burmese officer informed them that perhaps they would be attacked that very evening. They did not attach any very great importance to the statement. The night passed off quietly. The following morning they were again prepared to start, when two letters were brought to them from the Burmese agent of the King at Manwyne, informing them that Mr. Margary had been murdered, and that the Mission was to be attacked at once; and that if the Burmese wished to save themselves they had better sever from the Expedition at once, and put many miles betwixt themselves and the English. About half-an-hour after this, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, a general fire was opened upon the Expedition by the enemy all round the heights. This lasted for eight hours, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy were compelled to retreat, but only after the jungle, under the cover of which they were, had been set on fire; so that they were burned out. About 5 o'clock the Expedition managed to beat a retreat through the expiring fire along the road which

they had come, and they escaped safely into the Burmese territory. The Sikh escort which accompanied them, of course, behaved admirably, but the part which the Burmese played had, Dr. Anderson considered, been somewhat overlooked. There was a body of a hundred men attached to the Expedition by the Burmese authorities at Bhamò, and they conducted themselves most creditably. They drew a cordon around the Expedition, and threw up earth-works, and, during the whole of the fighting, comported themselves quite as well as the Sikhs.

Colonel YULE said the route pursued by Mr. Margary was almost new to Europeans. Although the Yang-tsze-Kiang had been repeatedly explored since 1860, when Captain Blakiston and his party first went up as far as Siuchow, Mr. Margary's only predecessor through the interior of Kwei-chou and Yun-Nan was the late Francis Garnier, of the French Navy, who in 1873, a few months before his death, wrote a letter to him (Colonel Yule), describing his journey. He spoke of an extraordinary limestone country which he had traversed, in which the rivers vanished and appeared again. A stream would sometimes bifurcate, and by help of the caverns would absolutely change from one basin to another. He had seen some ten varieties of this phenomenon; rivers even passing one over another (just like railways in the suburbs of London). Nothing could be more difficult to lay down geographically than the network of the River Oo-kiang, which passed near Kwei Yang, the capital of Kwei-chou. Yunnan-fu, the capital of Yun-Nan, was visited by Mr. Margary as the first Englishman; but he had been preceded by M. Garnier, with the French Expedition, which ascended the Cambodia in 1867-8. The French were very anxious to proceed to Tali-fu; but that town was then in the possession of the Mohammedans, who were at open war with the Imperialists, who occupied Yunnan-fu. The application by the French to be allowed to pass over to the rebel outposts was received with great astonishment and laughter by the Chinamen. However, Garnier made a most extraordinary flank-march upon Tali, and reached it. It was one of the most daring expeditions ever heard of; the only one to be compared with it in modern times being that which Sir Lewis Pelly made to the Wahabee capital. Garnier had thrust his head into the lion's mouth at Tali, and the lion was so much astonished that his jaws remained immovable that day; but next morning the tail began to wag, and Garnier took the hint and withdrew, successfully reaching his headquarters at Tong Chuan. Tali-fu stood on a naked plain on the banks of a great lake, with snowy mountains rising behind it, the lake communicating by a short stream with the River Mekong. The natives had a tradition that boats had ascended from the ocean to Tali-fu; but probably that was mythical. Tali-fu was the natural centre of nearly all the trade-routes of Western China. In the oldest European map of any scientific pretension, that of Fra Mauro, preserved in the Doge's palace at Venice, dating from 1459, there was a rubric inscribed upon the river in a position corresponding to Bhamo: "Here goods are transported from one river to another to proceed into Cathay." That appeared to be the very route by which the Chinese caravans came down to the Irawady, and so to the capital of Burma, until recently. Another route led direct from Tali to Ava and Mandalay, through Thein-nee, and he believed it was originally intended that the British Mission should follow that route; but the King of Burma set his face against it. That route had never been explored. There was no other place like that remarkable region in the whole map of the world, with such a congeries of enormous rivers running down within two or three degrees of one another. One route from Tali through Yun-Nan struck the upper waters of the Canton River; another led from Tali to the capital of Sze-chuan, perhaps the most civilised part of China. That route, as Baron Richthofen had shown, was the one which Marco Polo followed from Chin-tu through a part of what was then Thibet, but which had now become

almost Chinese, and then descending upon the great River Yang-tsze, and so to Yunnan-fu, which he called the city of Yachi; and to Tali-fu, which he called the city of Karajang—Karajang being the name which the Mongols at that time gave to the great province of Yun-Nan. Tali-fu was formerly the capital of a great Shan monarchy, and in the time of Marco Polo was not inhabited by Chinese, but by Shans, though it had shortly before been captured by Kublai Khan. From Tali-fu Marco Polo went on to Yun-Chang, which he called Vochan, where there was a remarkable people, who greatly excited his curiosity. He called them by a name (*Zardandan*), which signified in Persian “Gold-teeth.” In fact, both sexes wore a case of gold upon their teeth. They were also mentioned in Chinese history under a similar name. The practice now seemed to be extinct, and therefore the people could not be identified. He also mentioned another curious custom, practised by them, that called by modern ethnologists the *couvade*. A similar custom was referred to by Strabo as prevailing among some of the Spanish tribes, and by Apollonius Rhodius as among a people on the Black Sea. In many parts of the New World the same practice was known. The Indo-Chinese country, to which Yun-Nan essentially belonged, appeared dull and uninteresting to those who had not been there; but somehow those who had, became strangely fascinated by its scenery, its customs, and its extraordinary archaeology. Many things seemed to indicate that great events were centering about that region.

The PRESIDENT stated that an interesting paper had been recently received from Mr. Ney Elias, one of Colonel Horace Browne's party, who was sent to survey the southern route to which Dr. Anderson had referred. He proceeded along that route for a considerable distance, and was on the Shueli River at the time of Mr. Margary's death; and, in fact, was received by the Chinese General, Li-si-tahi (Li-hsih-tai), who was said to be the instigator of that deed. The Paper would be read at one of the Meetings of the Society during the present Session.

ADDITIONAL NOTICES.

(Printed by order of Council.)

1. *Marco Polo's Six Kingdoms or Cities in Java Minor, identified in translations from the ancient Malay Annals.* By J. T. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Commissioner of Crown Lands, Otago, 1875.

[Translation from the ‘*Salalat al Salatin pertaturan segala raja-raja,*’ or *Malay Annals.*]

MOREOVER, coming to the traditions regarding the Rajas of Pasé (فاسى), such is the history. It is related that there were two brothers called Mara, who dwelt near Pasangan (فسافى), and they were originally from the hill of Sangong (سنگ). The elder was named Mara Chaka, and the younger Mara Silu. Now Mara Silu engaged himself in striking the kalang-kalang