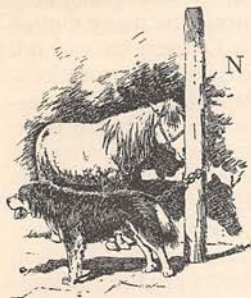


DRAWN BY W. TABER.

STARTING A DONKEY PACK-TRAIN (KOKO NOR).

DRIVEN OUT OF TIBET.

AN ATTEMPT TO PASS FROM CHINA THROUGH TIBET INTO INDIA.



KOKO NOR PONY AND TIBETAN MASTIFF.

IN 1888-89 I wandered in China, Mongolia, and Tibet; I dressed and lived like a Chinese frontiersman, and ate all the dirty messes of Chinamen, Mongols, and Tibetans; I used fingers instead of fork or chop-sticks; I licked my platter instead of washing it; and I con-

formed to every other social dictate of the countries through which I passed. I nearly starved to death; time and again I was snow-blind; I had to run for my life before the hostile lamas of eastern Tibet; and I vowed I would never go on another such fool's errand. Yet a year had not gone over my head before I was making arrangements once more to try my luck in the wilds of Tibet, to see if I could not cross the country to the west of Lh'asa and reach some point on the Indian frontier.

The Chinese are as thorough snobs as the most civilized whites; they judge a traveler's respectability and social standing by his dress and equipage, his food, the number of his servants, and the prices he pays. So, to travel respectably in the eighteen provinces, visible signs of one's social standing are indispensable. In Mongolia and Tibet, though I am fain to admit that snobbism is not unknown, it is of an unsophisticated kind; a pony with plaited tail and mane, a saddle not too dilapidated, a tent not too patched, two kettles on the fire instead of

one, a silver-lined cup out of which to drink one's tea, a pretty rug on which to sit, and a couple of noisy and officious retainers, entitle one to be looked upon as a prince traveling incog., or a foreign envoy returning from a visit to his suzerain, the Emperor of China. Though these considerations were not uppermost in my mind when on leaving Peking I determined to travel to Tibet through Mongolia, I derived considerable advantage from this condition of things; for the smallness of my party, and the simplicity of my outfit, fell short of what is expected by the Chinese of a *ta-jen* (an "excellency"), even though he be a "foreign barbarian."

I left Peking December, 1891, with a solitary attendant, a rather clever boy who some years before had been with me to the imperial hunting-park north of the great wall, and who thought himself a finished traveler, having been once to Urga, and picked up a few words of Russian, English, and Mongol, and learned to scramble eggs, make hash, and boil potatoes. But his chief recommendation consisted in his being the trusted guardian of two great family secrets, a sovereign eye-medicine, and a wonderful cure for wounds and bruises in which bear's gall, powdered deer's-horn, and tiger's bone were, I believe, the principal ingredients. These medicines he administered freely, even recklessly, along our route, refusing any remuneration; being desirous, as he said, only of doing good works. He thus gained for himself and master not a little consideration, inasmuch as we never remained long enough in any one place for the medicine to take effect.

We set out for Kalgan on leaving Peking, and passed on the way through the city of Hsuan-hua Fu, famous for its tanneries, and for the fair held once a year in the grove of gnarled poplars outside its western gate, and known as the *liang chuo hwei* ("airing-the-feet festival"). Kalgan is a large and bustling town on the Chinese border, where Mongols, Chinese, and foreigners live cheek by jowl. More than one traveler has written of its busy and dirty streets, its horse-markets, and its pony-races, but no one has mentioned its most popular deity, the god of wine. I lived in front of his little temple on the market street, and used to watch the stream of devotees, with happy, rubicund faces, coming daily to the shrine to burn joss-sticks and to kotow.

After a few days spent in Kalgan in making purchases of all kinds of nicknacks, in which

Converts to Christianity were also plentiful, which is another indisputable sign of famine; whole villages offered to become Christians, being ready to sell their birthright, abjure their faith, break their idols, let their girls' feet go unbound, and do every other abomination in the eyes of their people for a mess of porridge.¹ In some villages through which I passed the people were threshing out the seed of weeds they had gathered to feed to their cattle. They cooked, then dried, and finally ground the seed, and, mixing it with a very little wheat-flour, made a filling but most unsavory mush on which they managed to subsist. In every hamlet we heard the sounds of the funeral drum and trumpet, or saw a little convoy moving to the family graveyard with a great, unwieldy wooden coffin carried by four men. In the miserable little hovels some of the old people stopped the cravings of hunger by swallowing small balls of clay, while the younger folk wandered about trying to trap the sand-grouse with horse-hair nooses. One day we stopped to make our tea at a little hovel where I saw in a conspicuous place near the household shrine, among the many mottos on red paper of which the Chinese are so fond, one touching appeal to heaven, asking for "happiness and water" (*fushui*). The only conversation of the poor people was about the price of meal, and their only inquiry concerning my country was whether it ever happened with us that rain did not fall for two years.

Leaving Kuei-hua Ch'eng, a month's journey through the desert separated us from Lan-chou Fu in Kan-su, and we had to make preparations accordingly; for though some miserable villages of poverty-stricken Chinese are passed on the way, but little can be found in any of them save vermin and dirt, which everywhere abound. I had boiled two sheep, and the frozen meat was packed in bags; several hundred little dumplings stuffed with mutton and cabbage were also frozen and stored away, together with bread, which the Mohammedans of north China make very well. Rice, vermicelli, a few pounds of brick-tea, and a sheep's paunch full of butter, formed the bulk of our stores. When one has become sufficiently hungry, a most palatable article of diet is what is called by the Chinese *chao-mien* ("parched meal"). A little mutton or beef suet is mixed with wheat-flour, and when the meal has been browned over the fire, finely hashed meat and a little salt are added, and the preparation is ready for use. Boiling water is poured over a cup of it, and at once you have a good and very filling gruel. This *chao-mien* I used throughout the journey, alternating it with Tibetan *tsamba* ("parched barley-meal"),

¹ This famine is not yet over. Latest accounts report untold distress in the region which comprises the provinces of Shan-hsi, Shen-hsi, and northeastern Kan-su.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

WATER-WHEEL (SHUILUM) ON YELLOW RIVER
ABOVE LAN-CHOU FU.

mirrors, buttons, and rouge-pads occupied a prominent place, with which to buy from Mongols and Tibetans the few luxuries, such as butter, milk, or cheese, that they have to sell, I left for Kuei-hua Ch'eng, a town in Mongolia some ten days to the west, and of quite as great commercial importance as Kalgan itself. The country through which we traveled as far as Alashan, some three hundred and odd miles, was parched and famine-stricken, and the vast flocks of sand-grouse which swept over the fields were an ominous portent to the poor Chinese settlers of these wide plains that the famine was not yet at its worst, for they have a saying, "When the sand-grouse fly by, wives will have to be sold."

or with such similar delicacies as the countries through which we passed afforded. Two small blue cotton tents such as Mongols use, an iron grate in which to burn *argols* ("dry dung"), two kettles, and a few other indispensable articles made up our camping outfit. A sheet of felt to lie on, a saddle to rest one's head on, completed each one's bedding; for, as we wore heavy sheepskin gowns, buckskin breeches, and felt stockings inside our long leather boots, and only unloosed our belts and took off our boots when about to go to sleep, we did not require much additional cover.

It is astonishing how easily civilized men can revert to savagery—its primitive methods, its diet, its coarse and very often scanty food, and its general discomfort. When the initiatory period is over, one's body can adapt itself to all the inequalities of the soil; the stomach is proof against any food, and one views washing as a bad habit in a dry, dusty country, and regards a coating of dirt or grease on the face and hands as an indispensable protection against the alkaline dust which, without it, would crack the skin and make it bleed. I hired two carts to travel in, as there were no hills to cross, and the road we had to follow was easy, though heavy here and there. The head carter was called Li Loch'ü ("Li the mule colt"); why, neither he nor any one else could tell. The Chinese of the lower classes like such names, and rather pride themselves upon them. The Mohammedans of western China have names given to their children by the *ahons*, or priests, which do little credit to their imaginations. Nine times out of ten the child receives such a name as "Good luck," "Perfect happiness," or even the number of years of one of its parents at the time of its birth, as "Ma Thirty-three," "Yeh Sixty-two," etc. One man I knew was called Ma Shuang-hsi, or "Ma Double-luck," for the simple reason that on the day of his birth his father's only cow had dropped a calf.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

RIPA BOY TURNING PRAYER-WHEEL.

Leaving Kuei-hua Ch'eng, for twenty days we traveled westward through the Ordos and the Alashan country, over sandy wastes or through dense willow-brush. Now and then we saw a dingy Mongol tent, a little flock of sheep, a string of camels, or a horseman followed by a couple of greyhounds. The trail made endless detours to cross the big irrigation-ditches dug by the Chinese colonists, or to get round some tract of land riddled with holes from which licorice, the most valuable product of the country, had been dug. Sometimes we put up for the night in a dirty hut, which afforded a little more protection against the piercing cold than our small cotton tents. Very little snow fell, but the wind was piercing, and every night the thermometer fell to 15°, or thereabout, below zero.

One night, having wandered longer than usual in the brush trying to find where we could get fodder for the mules, it was long after dark

when we came to a cluster of mud hovels, and asked admittance. At first we were refused, but, pushing my way into the common room of the largest house, where a dozen men, women, and children were cooking their evening meal of mush over a smoldering fire of briars and manure, I found the landlady, a fat, asthmatic old dame, seated on a *kang* (an oven-like structure of brick on which one sleeps), and propped up with cushions, wheezing and groaning with an acute attack of bronchitis. After much persuasion, and the promise of medicine (a bit of porous plaster), she induced the most ragged of her disreputable lot of retainers, a blind, opium-smoking beggar, to vacate with his wife, two boys, and a few lambs the den he occupied, and to let me have it for the night. It was warm inside, but dirty beyond comparison, the vilest hole I had ever been in. When I had finished eating my evening meal, the beggar's son told me that his father was a noted minstrel, and wished to regale me with one of his songs. Having received leave, he tuned a dilapidated banjo, and broke out in a wild screech, accompanied by many grunts, much sniffing, and the most horrible grimaces, rolling his sightless eyes about. In a nearly unintelligible jargon he told of the life and exploits of a great, good, and honest official—a mythical personage of whom one often hears in China. It was long, very long, and very painful to listen to. When he had finally brought his song to an end, and the good official had received from the emperor a coral button of office, a yellow riding-jacket, and a patent of nobility with retroactive effect, ennobling his parents and his grandparents to the third and fourth generations, he asked leave to sing another ditty; but I bribed him to desist, and he went to another hovel, and charmed the inmates with his songs far into the night.

Two months after leaving Peking we reached the northwestern border of China, and I rested for a while at the famous lamasery of Kumbum, where I had lived in 1889 for more than a month,¹ and made necessary preparations for the journey into Tibet. Six weeks were passed in this frontier country buying ponies, mules, provisions, clothing, etc., engaging men to accompany me, and making excursions among the neighboring tribes of Tibetan, Mongol, or Turki stock (among the latter the Salar was the most noteworthy), an admixture of races that makes this region one of the most interesting in China for an ethnologist; so it was the middle of March, 1892, before I was ready to start for Tibet.

I had five Chinese with me; four had traveled with me in 1889, and the fifth was a Pekinese I had picked up at Kuei-hua Ch'eng to replace the man who had come with me from

Peking, and who, on hearing of the length of my proposed journey and the hardships to be encountered, had become suddenly ill, and had gone home.

My head man was the same devoted Yeh Chich'eng who had accompanied me in that capacity in 1888-89. I shall ever consider myself under deep obligations to him for his boundless fidelity, and for the ability he showed in every matter given him to manage. He was the most companionable of Chinese; we lived in the same tent, slept under the same sheet of felt, ate out of the same bowl, yet he never presumed upon our relations to show undue familiarity, or to omit any mark of respect recognized by Chinese custom. His cheerfulness never forsook him, even when everything looked blackest and our luck was at its worst. The faults of the cook of whom I have spoken were many, but Allah will be merciful to him, for he was learned in his trade, and helped not a little to the success of the expedition. Though for a long while he had only flour and wild onions with which to feed us, he made savory messes which buoyed up our spirits (though they laid heavy on our stomachs), and kept a little strength in our worn-out bodies. The third member of the party was old Ma Double-luck, a queer, wizened old Chinaman who had passed half his life in a Mongol village, and was more Mongol than Chinese. He and the cook gave me much trouble by pilfering my scanty supplies of food when we should have practised the strictest economy in the use of them. More than once I had to threaten them with condign punishment. The old fellow was useful in his way, and he followed me till I reached Ta-chien-lu in China. There he left me, and turned his face northward; but though he then had plenty of money in his pocket, he was not happy. He yearned for his Mongol village and his old Mongol wife, and he could reach them only by passing through his native place, near Hsi-ning, where he had another wife and several children, and he feared he could not give them the slip. There were also two Mongol brothers in my party who acted as guides. The elder, Samtan Jalang by name, was a head man (*jalang*) of a district in Taichinär T's'aidam, and was most pompous and overbearing. To his many accomplishments—among which I will only mention that he was a rain-dispeller, and a member of the church (*gényen*)—he added the more lucrative profession of guide to Lh'asa for parties of Mongols, and he claimed to know every trail leading thither from the north. In consideration of a considerable sum of money, he agreed to take me, by a route known only to himself, around the Tengri nor to Shigatsé, whence I hoped to reach Sikkim or Nepal. Bitcheren Panti, his brother, was of a different type, with less guile, a good specimen of the

¹ See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1890.

western Mongol, and of the civilization of this wild region. Until a few years ago, Panti and his wife had lived on the Naichi gol with a few ponies, camels, and sheep, just enough of this world's goods to keep them both alive. He tinkered and he cobbled betimes, and he was also a smith and a tailor; in short, the jack-of-all-trades one so often meets among frontiersmen. One day Panti's wife tired of her lord, and left him to go to live with another man. Marriage in his country is a bargain, and if it turns out that either of the parties interested in it finds the bargain bad, it is broken without more ado, and no one is much the worse for it. But Panti was of a different make; he felt aggrieved by his wife's desertion, and sought revenge. Packing up his few belongings, he sold what he could not take with him, and gave out that he was going on a pilgrimage to Lh'asa. He actually started, in

company with another man, but the following night they stole back, and carried off all the lucky rival's ponies into the mountains. Though he had thus got much more than the value of what he had lost, Panti could not be satisfied till all the riches of the land were his. He now turned his steps toward the country of the Golok, with the intention of leading a band of those dreaded brigands against his native land, to carry thence all the flocks and herds, and to sow destruction everywhere. He had not gone many days on his way when he fell in with a party of Mongol hunters from Shang. To them he told his story and his plan of revenge. They dissuaded him from carrying it out,—their country was too near

Panti's, and he might take it in on his way to spoil the Taichinär—and induced him to follow them to Shang. He there gave in his allegiance to the Tibetan lama who rules the country

by presenting him tribute of a pony, secured a half interest in a house and a wife, and settled down to the exercise of the various trades to which he was able to turn his hand. I met him in Shang, and it did not require much persuasion to induce him to follow me; he hoped thereby to make enough money to start once more in life in the beloved swamps of his native Taichinär, and to try again his luck in married life with a new partner of his choice.

Seven mules carried my belongings—food for six months, goods for barter, tents, bedding, and camping outfit; each man had a pony, and in his saddle-bags carried all his private kit, besides extra shoes for his horse. In order to keep my own mules in good condition for the

long journey, I hired wherever I could either donkeys, camels, or yaks to carry the loads, sometimes for a week, sometimes for a fortnight or so; but notwithstanding all my care, not one of my mules or ponies reached the journey's end.

Although the Chinese are a hard-working, long-suffering people, accustomed to few of the comforts of life, and able and willing to endure patiently, even in silence, great hardships, they do not like to be forced to face them; unlike us, they see no fun in "roughing it." Two days after our departure from Kumbum, one of my men pleaded illness, and insisted on going home; and a month later, when about to enter Tibet, two others discovered that they had



W. W. ROCKHILL AT LUSAR (KUMBUM), FEBRUARY, 1892.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

TIBETANS.

pressing business at home, that I was too unlucky, and that the fates were against me. So they deserted me, and set out to return to China on foot. A letter had come to me while at Kumbum from the Chinese official who had protected and assisted me in 1889 when the Tibetans of Kanzé had tried to kill me. In it he related that a price had been set on my head, and that the servants I had left behind had been seized and tortured to extort from them my whereabouts, the reason given for opposing me being that I was a spy of the Lh'asa government, which was trying to gain possession of their country. The people everywhere throughout eastern Tibet, the letter went on to say, were roused against me, and should I show myself again in the country, the chiefs, even those like my former friend Namtso Purdung, would be unable to protect me, and would perhaps be overturned. My men had heard this letter read, and they very naturally felt disinclined to thrust their heads into the lion's mouth. Then there were bad omens. When about to leave Shang to explore the Tosunor, my pony was suddenly taken ill, and another was drowned under me while crossing a river on the rotten ice. Not

only these two Chinese deserted me, but no Mongol could be found in the eastern part of the Ts'aidam to take their places. Fortunately, the Mongol Panti was willing to go with me, and old Ma Double-luck also joined his fortunes to mine, and these two replaced the deserters quite advantageously.

Life in the central Asian deserts is rough indeed. Nature is without attractions of any kind; it is bleak and repelling; never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a month or two in the year. Probably the arctic regions alone offer a more meager flora. One sees only coarse grass, or bare, gravel-strewn ground of a reddish tinge. In the most favored valleys, and near some brackish lakelet, are occasionally seen bunches of long black-haired yaks, antelopes, or wild asses. A stray hare or wolf runs across the trail; a sheldrake or eagle flies slowly off at one's approach. Were it not for the wild yaks, travel across this great plateau would be impossible, for dry yak-dung is the only fuel to be found. Should a murrain destroy the yaks, as recently it destroyed the lyre-horned antelope, traveling, except along two frequented trails, would become unfeasible. Violent winds sweep the

country daily, carrying with them dense clouds of alkaline dust, which parch and crack the skin and blind the eyes. When it is not blowing, it is snowing, hailing, or raining. Bogs, marshes, and sandy wastes, cut at short distances by low ranges of mountains rarely rising above the line of perpetual snow (though, be it remembered, the lowest valleys are at a greater elevation above the sea than the summit of Mont Blanc), are the characteristics of the bleak country which we had to cross before the inhabited regions of Tibet could be reached.

two months before. Storms and an imperfect knowledge of the road had kept them on the way longer than they had expected; their very scanty supply of food had been exhausted a fortnight before they fell in with us, and they had seen no living creatures on the road, except a few bears, at the approach of which they had hidden in fright. They had softened in water and chewed the rawhide soles of their boots, and had made soup of the bones of dead animals. In less than an hour after reaching my camp, they devoured five or six pounds of mutton apiece, two or three pounds of butter, a bag of



DRAWN BY O. TOASPERN.

OLD SALAR WOMEN.

For two and a half months after leaving Kumbum we journeyed in a general southwesterly direction, passing to the south of the great Koko nor Lake, discovering several large rivers and important chains of mountains, and traversing the country of the wild and lawless Tibetan tribes living on the rich pasture-lands to the south of the Azure Lake, from which they have expelled the Mongol owners within the last century, driving them back by actual violence or bluster to the deserts and marshes of the Ts'aidam. Leaving these Tibetans behind, we crossed the country of the Ts'aidam Mongols, and finally, in June, left the last inhabited spot we were destined to see for nearly two months, and entered the great desert of the north of Tibet.

We had traveled only a few days, following up the course of the little Naichi gol River, which empties into the central morass of the Ts'aidam, and were camping by the stream in the thick brush which lines the bank, when we saw limping toward us three miserable beings, clothed in ragged garments, and emaciated beyond description. They were eastern Mongol pilgrims coming from Lh'asa, which city they had left

meal, and two caldrons full of tea. I gave them some clothing, boots, and food enough to take them to the nearest Mongol camp, and the next day they left us in great spirits. This should have been a good lesson for my men; it showed what would certainly befall us if we did not husband our supplies on the journey. With any other people than the Chinese or Mongols, the remembrance of meeting these dying travelers would have long endured; but not so with them: they never think of the morrow; they eat, drink, and make merry whenever they can, and let the morrow take care of itself.

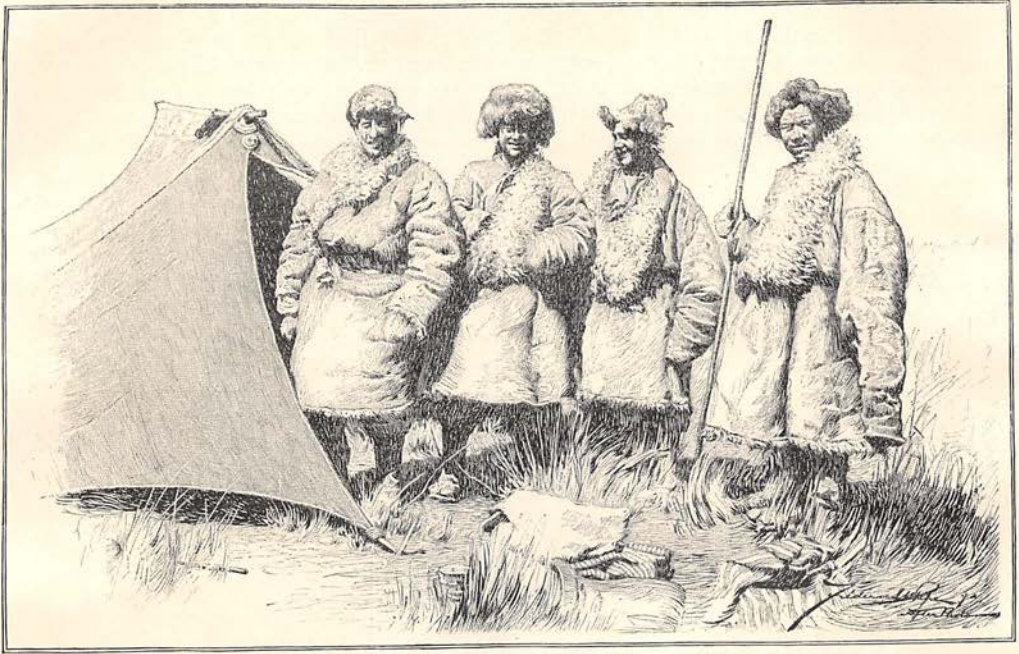
The elder of my two Mongol guides was, I



SHANG CHID MONGOLS — MAN AND WOMAN.

have said, a great medicine-man, by whose potent incantations storms were dispelled, and who disclosed the secrets of the future by inspecting a charred bone, or cast a horoscope by the aid of his prayer-beads. We had not traveled far into the desert south of the Ts'aidam before he had a good opportunity of showing his talents. The weather was so bad, snow and hail fell so frequently, the wind blew

so violently, that we could advance only a few miles a day, and I soon became fearful that our supplies would give out before we reached the inhabited regions of Tibet, still hundreds of miles away. I talked the matter over with the men, while we huddled around a little fire in my tent, on the sides of which the snow was piled. The Jalang sat portentously silent, passing his beads one by one between his fingers, and drink-



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

MY PARTY IN THE PANAKA COUNTRY.

ing bowl after bowl of tea. When it came his turn to speak, he said that for great evils great remedies were necessary; that as things were certainly as bad as they could be, he would intervene, and see if he could not dispel the storm. We all besought him to lose no time in setting to work, and hastily supplied him with such things as he required to perform the ceremony — barley-meal, butter, rock candy, raisins, incense, and tea. He first manufactured a number of little figures of bears, snakes, frogs, and what he was pleased to call “sea monsters” (*méléké*), and a quantity of pellets in which he incorporated rock candy and raisins with barley-meal and butter. He was now ready to begin. While a young lama who a few days before had joined my party, and was working his way to Lh’asa, read prayers, now in a weary monotone, now in a roaring bass, the Jalang burnt some juniper spines on an improvised altar, and, having by this means attracted the attention of all the gods in the thirty-three regions of space, scattered toward the four cardinal points a few of his pellets and a little tea. Then in a familiar but sufficiently commanding tone he addressed the gods, telling them of our plight: “Be pleased to accept these sweet offerings; stay the storm, and help us on our way. If it so be that you will not listen to me, and the storm continues, I will put you to shame; I will burn these images of bears, frogs, and other unclean beasts, the like of which you show yourselves to be.” And with that he took a dough bear, a snake, and a frog, and roasted

them to a crisp. He now took his seat in the tent, and joined the lama in reciting incantations. This mummery he kept up far into the night, much to our annoyance, going outside every little while to wave his rosary to the cardinal points, and to blow lustily to drive the clouds away. Though, notwithstanding his painstaking efforts, the storm lasted for two days, the Jalang was perfectly satisfied, when the weather finally became fine for a time, that he had worked the change.

These Taichinär Mongols are much given to all forms of magic. Storm-dispelling they appear to have learned from the K’amba Tibetans; but the origin of some of their other practices is not so clear. Certain among them, they claim, can cause a person to be stricken ill or can even compass his death. After having procured a few hairs, a nail paring, or something from the person of the intended victim, they make a little image of him in flour, and in this stick the relic. Then it suffices to prick the head, heart, lungs, or limbs of the effigy to cause acute pains to be felt by the original in the same portion of his body. Of course one must recite certain potent charms the while; in them lies the secret of success. I am not aware that this mode of bewitching a person, so well known in the Western world in ancient and medieval times, obtains to any great extent in Asia. Personally, I have never met it elsewhere. Among the lamas of Tibet and Mongolia there is a low class of monks called *Kurtamba*, who perform certain feats of which our

prestidigitators would not be ashamed. The Theosophists of Europe and America, for some reason best known to themselves, claim that the highest order of lamas performs magical feats; but it is well known to all students of Buddhism

Crossing first one range of mountains, then another, but always ascending till finally we attained altitudes of sixteen and seventeen thousand feet above the sea-level, we kept steadily on toward the great Tengri nor. We were daily



W. W. ROCKHILL ON MURI CH'U (PANAKA COUNTRY), MARCH 24, 1892.

that from the days of Gautama to the present such practices have been discountenanced, and those given to such practices are held in little or no esteem.

and hourly soaked by violent storms of hail, snow, or rain, which the wild west wind drove in our faces till we were nearly blinded; but all the time I had my compass and note-book in



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

STARVING PILGRIMS.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

my hand, recording bearings, the distances we traveled, the topography of the country. When, after having marched fifteen or eighteen miles, we discovered some sheltered nook or grassy slope, we scraped away the snow or made a bed of grass on the soaked ground, and pitched our tents. Then, while two or three of us wandered about picking up fuel, another lighted a fire, and soon we squatted around a smoldering heap of damp argols in the cook's tent, and waited till the caldron of tea boiled, when each one held out his little wooden bowl to be filled with the refreshing drink. This preliminary meal over, and while the one substantial repast we had in the day—boiled meat, vermicelli or a little rice—was being prepared, I took some sextant observations, if not too late, wrote down my notes on the day's work, and looked after the ponies and mules, which required constant care to keep their backs from galling, and their feet in working condition. Now and then I shot an antelope or a hare or two; with larger game I had little success, my rifle being too light, and only rarely did I secure the yaks or wild asses that I wounded. The country at the higher elevation was fortunately covered with wild onions (*Allium senescens*); we always kept a supply, and they finally became the staple of our diet, for our supplies vanished so fast that not more than

twenty days after our departure from the Naichigol river we had to ration ourselves, and less than a month later we had nothing left but a few handfuls of tea and meal to subsist on till we could reach the inhabited region of Tibet.

To add to my troubles, the guide could no longer find a trail leading southward. We plunged through morasses, we wandered over hills and along the banks of rivers, turning southward whenever we could. Though the Jalang would not admit that he was at fault, we put all our trust in my compass and my luck. Toward the latter part of June we saw near a large lake of brackish water, surrounded by rugged masses of red sandstone, some old fireplaces, stone altars, and other unmistakable signs of man's passage. This was one of the lakes whence the Tibetans draw their supply of salt, which they carry thence on sheep's backs to Lh'asa and the other markets of Tibet.

A little beyond the lake we saw a broad, well-beaten trail stretching out before us. Unfortunately, it trended southeastward, and I felt greatly disinclined to follow it, for I feared it would carry me too near the inhabited regions north of the Tengri nor. To succeed in my plan as originally considered, I should have continued in a southwesterly direction. The guide insisted that we were on the right path, that he saw fami-



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

SUB-CHIEF OF NAGCHUKA DRUPA (LH'ASA TERRITORY).

liar landmarks. In three or four days, he said, we should see the waters of the Tengri nor, and in ten days be in Shigatsé, whence Jyagar (British India) is distant only a few hundred miles. In an evil hour, and listening to the calls of my stomach rather than to the voice of reason, I kept to the road. One day I saw a wild ass grazing some distance from the road, and a shot from my Winchester brought it to the ground. But the men could not hold the famished dogs; they broke away, and made for the still struggling ass, which, to my dismay, got to its feet with a mighty effort, ran off, and managed to keep

out of range, though I followed it for two hours. I returned to my men rather crestfallen, for we had all felt sure of feasting for days on the succulent meat. They behaved better than I had a right to expect; with true Moslem stoicism they said only, "T'ien ming" ("It is the will of heaven"), and walked on.

After three days of hard work, marching through mud and sand, drenched by a cold, incessant rain, and after fording several large rivers filled with quicksands, we saw a few black tents in a nook in some low hills before us, with yaks and sheep and goats grazing near by. We rode along to within a mile of them and pitched our tents, and it was with mingled feelings of relief and apprehension that I awaited the return of the Jalang and Yeh Chich'eng, who went to try to buy some food and to learn where we were. After a while they came back, the Hsien-sheng with a sheep slung across his saddle, and the Jalang with the disquieting information that we were in Lh'asa-governed territory, in the district of Namru, which lies at the northwest corner of the Tengri nor. It was that easterly bend of the road which had caused my plans to miscarry; had we

been able to keep steadily to the southwest we should probably have got much farther on our way to India. Again we all said, "T'ien ming" ("It is the will of heaven"), and prepared for the worst; for we knew only too well the stringent orders in this country against travelers, the close scrutiny to which all those arriving from no matter what locality are submitted, and the impossibility of our evading detection. In our forlorn and destitute condition we were at the mercy of the first petty chief who chose to stop us.

The next morning we pushed on, and, crossing some low mountains, entered a broad val-

ley dotted all over with black tents. On the way we passed a number of natives; they stopped for a few minutes to talk with us, and then hurried off to spread the news. That night we camped near some tents where we hoped to be able to buy provisions, but the people refused to sell us anything until their chief had given his consent, and he lived a day's ride to the east; but he had already been sent for, and would be there on the morrow. My only visitor was a beggar, who brought me a little milk, and agreed to take me to Shigatsé in six days (of course, subject to the consent of *his* chief) for ten rupees and a pony. By daylight on the morrow I was awakened by the sound of many voices just outside my tent, and, on looking out, found we were surrounded by some fifty Tibetan soldiers, and across the valley I could see more riding swiftly toward us by twos and threes, some driving packhorses before them, and themselves bristling with guns, spears, and swords. Tents were soon pitched near mine, and, shortly after, two head men came and asked to see me. When they were seated I offered them tea, but, to my astonishment, they refused; they feared, as I learned later, being

poisoned. To judge from the precautions that all chiefs throughout Lh'asa-governed territory take against poisoning, neither eating nor drinking with any but intimate friends, nor even using tinder from one another's pouches with which to light their pipes, these people must be veritable Borgias. As for myself, I drank and ate whenever and wherever I could, and never had reason to regret it; indeed, having been for so long on very short commons, everything seemed delicious.

The important business of tea-drinking being thus summarily disposed of, the head men proceeded to question me. What was my object in coming here? Where was I going? Who was I? I did not try to conceal my plans or personality, though I might easily, at least for a while, have passed myself off for a Chinaman. Though I have always worn native dress when traveling in Mongolia and Tibet, I have never worn it to disguise myself or to deceive the people, but only as a convenience, and so as not to attract undue attention by wearing foreign clothing. Now I said that my only wish was to reach India; that beyond traversing their country I had no desire to visit it if



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

TIBETAN CORACLES CROSSING NYA CH'U.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

W. W. ROCKHILL AT RATI (BAT'ANG), SEPTEMBER 20, 1892.

I were not welcome. Having come so far, and being now travel-worn and in a nearly destitute condition, it was impossible for me to retrace my steps as they suggested. All my arguments proved of no avail; they were obdurate, though our discussion was carried on in the most amicable way. After two hours we broke it off to wait for the arrival of other officials who had been sent for, and who would not arrive until the morrow. The chiefs and all their followers had now no thought beyond seeing the strange things they said they knew my boxes contained.

"Tä-mo, tä-mo ta, pönbo la" ("Show us the sights, sir"), was in every one's mouth. I satisfied them as best I could, showing them all my clothing, and the various odds and ends I had with me, explaining the use of each. My photographic camera they took for some kind of telescope, and while one of them looked in the finder at another standing in front of the apparatus, I found it easy to press the button, and thus to secure, without exciting any suspicion, a number of good pictures.

The next day, and for three days following, we discussed the question of the route I should take. I soon gave up all hope of carrying out my original plan, and turned all my efforts toward obtaining permission to travel eastward by some interesting route. At last they agreed to take me to the highroad from northwest China to Lh'asa, where I would find high officials who would settle my ulterior movements. An escort of ten soldiers, food, and packhorses were furnished me gratuitously, nor would the chiefs accept even a scarf (*kátang*) in acknowledgment, for fear of the displeasure of the Lh'asan authorities, of whom they all stood in mortal dread.

For ten days we traveled along the muddy banks of streams flowing down from a range of high snow-clad mountains of which we occasionally caught sight to the north. The rain fell almost continuously, but we pushed steadily on, huddling together at night in my little worn-out tent, through the thin walls of which the rain trickled down on us. With no dry dung for a fire,

we had to burn first the packing-boxes, then our pack-saddles, to boil our tea and to dry, at least once a day, our soaked clothing. The horses and mules were as worn out and bedraggled as the men. Though it was the middle of July, the cold was piercing, and in the morning our clothing was frozen so stiff that we could hardly get into it.

This was the roughest part of the whole journey; the snows, the winds, and the cold of the desert we had crossed before reaching the Namru country were forgotten in the intense



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

CROSSING THE SU CH'U.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

discomforts of every sort to which we were now subjected. But never a word of complaint from either the Tibetans or my Chinese (my Mongols had gone home on my leaving Namru). They were always alert, always good-tempered, always attentive to me, and anxious to contribute to my comfort in every way in their power. The Tibetans brought me daily, from the little stock of provisions they carried

in their saddle-bags, the tidbits they thought I would like,—clotted cream, a little butter, a wheaten cake, or a piece of dried mutton,—and my Chinese vied with each other in hunting onions and mushrooms, and in getting information from our escort as to their country, customs, and such other details as they knew I was anxious to possess. And so I have ever found these peoples, with whom, I am glad to



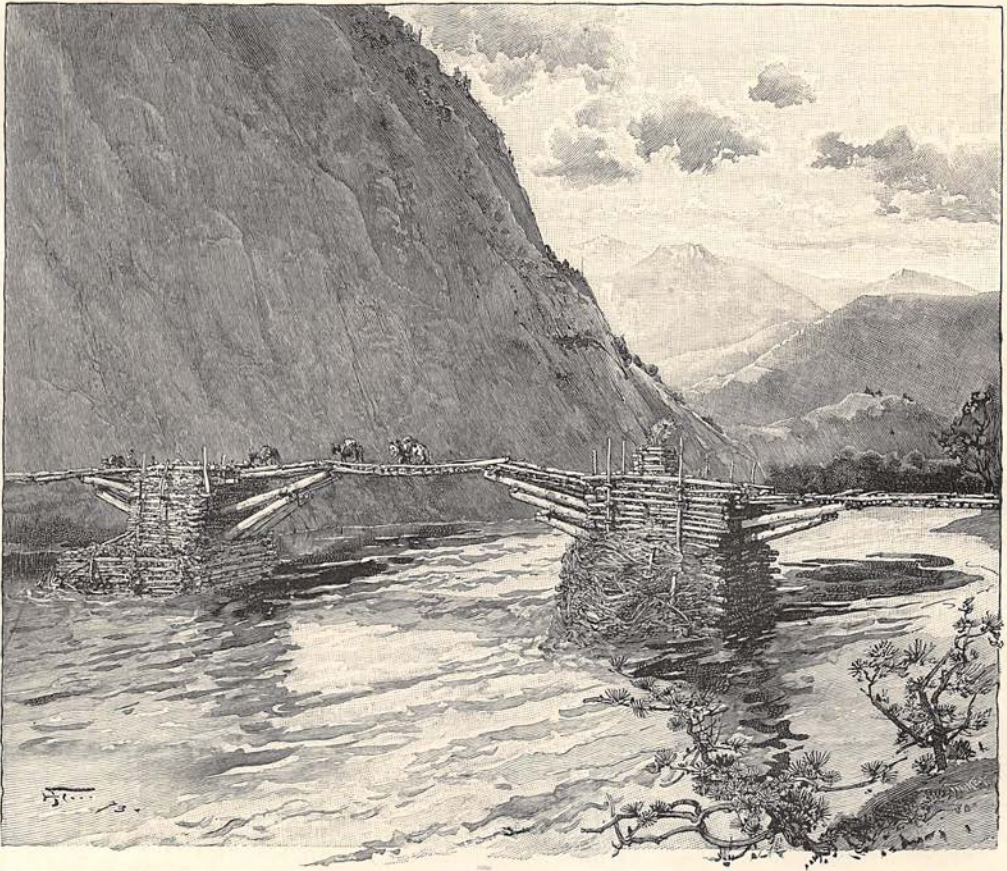
JVADÉ TIBETAN WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS.

say, after traveling over twenty thousand miles in their countries, I have never exchanged a rough word, and among whom, I think, I have left not one enemy, and not a few friends.

On reaching the highroad to Lh'asa, my escort left me, but I had not traveled twenty miles before I was again stopped, and once more told to go back whence I had come — to the deserts north of Tibet, or the Chang'T'ang. Fortunately, it turned out that I was on the western border of a large province not under the rule of Lh'asa, and where, in fact, that country was detested. Here I found the chiefs and people most friendly, and thenceforth I met every-

where with the rough but hearty kindness I had learned to expect from Tibetans not lama-ridden, as they are in Lh'asa and the more civilized parts of the country. The discomforts of travel were henceforth very bearable, though for several months we had almost daily to cross mountains, many rising 16,000 feet and more above sea-level, and had always to travel over the roughest of bridle-paths; yet food was plentiful, and shelter at hand every night, though I usually preferred to sleep in my tent, where I could work in quiet, and sleep in peace.

In other numbers of THE CENTURY (Dec., 1890; Feb., 1891), I have described the mode



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

BRIDGE OVER TSÉ CH'U.

ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

of living and the dress of the K'amba of eastern Tibet. Those among whom I was now wandering differed little from them in such respects. The head-dresses of the women were more ornate than any I had previously seen, but were of the same type, consisting of innumerable little plaits forming a mantilla hanging over the shoulders and reaching to the knees. Innumerable pieces of coral, turquoise, amber, and silver jewelry covered them, and, on the whole, they were highly ornamental. In another part of the country the head-ornaments were two large silver plaques, sometimes as big as a plate, on each side of the head, often covering the ears, and meeting above the crown.

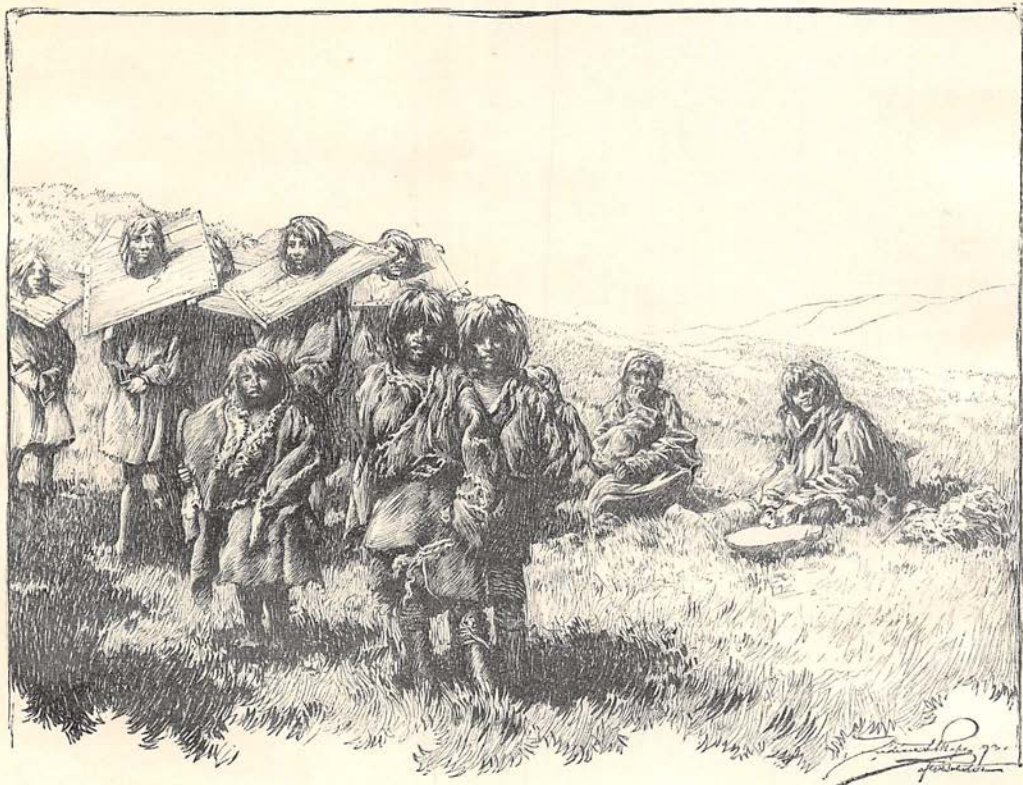
For a fortnight after leaving the Lh'asa road we saw no houses, only black tents; but after that we reached the timber-line,— at about 13,500 feet above sea-level,— and for the first time since leaving Kumbum we saw stone houses, trees, and fields of barley. Traveling was almost enjoyable; instead of fording rivers, in which I always feared to see my boxes, books, and instruments disappear, we had bridges, which, though a nervous person might find them faulty, af-

forded us a good deal of pleasure. A rawhide cable was anchored to boulders on each side of the river and frequently a hundred feet above it. Along this we were hauled, in a most undignified position, it is true, with our feet higher than our heads, tied by the waist, the thongs which held us passing over a bit of horn sliding along the cable. Piece by piece our luggage followed us, and the horses and yaks swam across, often landing a half-mile lower down on the farther side of the river. Later on we came to bridges made of pine-logs, prototypes of our cantalivers. Such bridges are found throughout Tibet and the adjacent hill-country, wherever timber is easily obtainable. They have probably been in use for centuries.

I usually stopped at night in my tent, for not only, as I have said, was it quieter, but also quite as, or even more, comfortable than the best Tibetan house. Even the houses of the rich are devoid of nearly every comfort. A few cushions, a very small and low table, and a fire-pan, are the only articles of furniture, excepting a case or two in which the owner keeps his valuables— clothing, ornaments, and the like. At

night a few pitch-pine shavings are burned on a stone placed in the middle of the room, or a little brass or earthenware bowl filled with butter, in which a wick is stuck, sends a glimmer of light on the blackened and sooty rafters and rough stone walls. The kitchen is usually the most comfortable room. Huge kettles of tea are always on the fire, and no one enters

Many a valley down which we rode was as picturesque, and far wilder, of course, than anything I have seen in Switzerland or in the most beautiful spots in Japan. Fruit and vegetables were often plentiful. At the post-stations, where we were received with great politeness by the Chinese soldiers who garrison them, potatoes, cabbages, turnips, chickens, eggs, peaches,



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

CHAINED TIBETAN CRIMINALS WEARING THE CANGUE.

who is not at once regaled with a pot of that best of all drinks. To more prominent guests fruit, nuts, and barley wine are also offered, together with the inevitable barley-meal and butter.

The hospitality of the people is boundless; many a chief has told me that he fed daily from fifty to sixty persons. What with this, and their gifts to the lamas, the smaller chiefs are barely able to keep themselves shabbily genteel, for chiefs in this benighted land are not salaried, but live on the voluntary contributions of their people.

As we advanced toward China, the climate became more genial, the flora more varied, the forest-growth thicker and more inspiring, the people less primitive and more sophisticated.

pears, and raspberries were daily offered me. In some villages, pomegranates and grapes brought from the "warm countries" (*ts'a-rong*) south of our route were given me; other fruits grew wild on the steep sides of many of the valleys along which we with difficulty picked our way.

From the great pines and firs hung festoons, twenty or thirty feet long, of pale green webs of moss called "fairy scarfs" by the Chinese. Great snow-peaks rose beyond the forests, and at the bottom of each valley a torrent white with foam dashed down over its rocky bed.

On October 2 I reached the Chinese frontier at Ta-chien-lu, from which place to the seaboard I followed the same route I had taken three years before.

W. Woodville Rockhill.