

Next day Pereira called on the Kalon Lama. He was in a little sanctuary with Buddhas. He appeared to be a good man without vice, and cautioned him not to let his men squeeze. He told Pereira that a foreigner travelling in Tibet had got a bad name owing to the squeezing of his interpreter. Afterwards there was a dance in the courtyard of Pereira's house, four men whirling round and five women beating tambourines fixed on short poles with hooked sticks. Two diminutive girls occasionally joined in, while an old dame directed with a tambourine. Some of the men in single dances whirled round with great impetus.

Pereira himself took great trouble about his interpreters. He warned them that when he got to Lhasa he would ask the officials in English if there had been any misdoings, and if there were he would give the culprit a warm time.

Owing to the Kalon Lama leaving on the 20th there was not enough ula for Pereira and he had to wait another day. Shobando is probably the same as it was five hundred years ago, with its narrow, winding filthy streets, partly paved with big uneven cobbles. The houses were of mud and generally two-storied. The upper part of the little town appeared to be deserted. Beyond it, higher up on the south-east, is the old Chinese crumbling mud wall enclosing an empty space. There are one big and two small temples, and at the north-east end of the town three big chortens in which big Lamas are buried.

On September 21 Pereira marched $24\frac{1}{4}$ miles to Pa-ri-nang, the Barilung of Huc. The first