

ings which represent a people's faith, and were violating by their presence a people's rights, he was errant on the plains; where, we do not know. Then came his deposition from temporal power by Chinese edict; the arm that reaches from London to Lhasa swings heavily round to Peking.¹ The Pantchen Lama is set up by British force, because somebody must sign the treaty they have drafted, something must be done to give basis for further action next year.

The season draws on apace, and it would be a fearsome thing to be shut up in Lhasa all the long winter. Even these unarmed people might find a way of deliverance during the months when no more cartridges could come from the land of Bibles. And food is scarce, of course; while the fear is upon them, the Tibetans let the grain come in, but even their fear or their good-will cannot grow another crop to feed the unusual mouths. If all these be fed, Tibetans must starve. Starving men are desperate. Nay, we must go down the hill, having gaily marched up its steeps. But somebody must sign something; so the poor recluse from Teshalumbo is brought to Lhasa; clothed, by the British, with authority which amounts to a revolution in Tibetan administration; signs a paper drawn by the British, and they go away. The work is done, or well begun. Next year, when the impossible indemnity shall still hang over the land, we shall be in Chumbi Valley, and does not Clause IX. make us suzerains in fact though (now) we hypocritically declare that we have not disturbed the peace of China, and though we

¹ But the Peking authorities were canny enough to call this only a "temporary" deposition. The play is not yet ended.