

break the bottle of lavender-water." Having delivered his present to the Grand Lama, he took off his hat, and "humbly gave his clean-shaved head to lay his hands upon."

This ceremony over, he sat on a cushion, not far from the Lama's throne, and had suché brought them. But "the Lama's beautiful and interesting face and manner engrossed almost all his attention." His face was, he thought, poetically and affectingly beautiful. He was at that time about seven years old, and had the simple and unaffected manners of a well-educated, princely child. Sometimes, particularly when he looked at Manning, his smile almost approached to a gentle laugh. "No doubt," naïvely remarks Manning, "my grim beard and spectacles somewhat excited his risibility."

The little Grand Lama addressed a few remarks to Manning, speaking in Tibetan to the Chinese interpreter, the interpreter in Chinese to Manning's Chinese Munshi, and the Munshi in Latin to Manning. "I was extremely affected by this interview with the Lama," says Manning. "I could have wept through strangeness of sensation."

Here in Lhasa, as at Gyantse, Manning had many applications made to him for medicine, and he treated both Chinese and Tibetans. But spies also came, and "certainly," says Manning, "my bile used to rise when the hounds looked into my room." The Tartar General detested Europeans. They were the cause, he said, of all his misfortunes. Sometimes he said Manning was a missionary, and at other times a spy. "These Europeans are very formidable; now one man has come to spy the country he will inform others. Numbers will come, and at last they will be for taking the country from us." So argued the Mandarins, and, indeed, there were rumours that the Chinese meant to execute Manning. He had always fully expected this possibility, and writes: "I never could, even in idea, make up my mind to submit to an execution with firmness and manliness."

Yet, on the whole, he was not badly treated. He