

town, presumably for fear of being given pork. The amiable old fellow sent me fodder, coal and even a delicious dinner conveyed in 6 cups on a curious tray that kept the cups hot. The dinner, reported to have been prepared by the old man personally, deserves mention in view of a dish of sharks' fins and cabbage, which I found excellent. He told me that the district, inhabited at present by the Shera Yögurs, had previously been populated by the Hung mouza (red-haired) or Huang Fan, whose reputation for robbery was bad. They had been exterminated by order of the Bogdykhan. As the land remained uninhabited and the number of wild animals increased rapidly, the Dzian Dziun at Ili had, at the request of the Titai at Kanchow, despatched 6 tchi of Huang Fan there from the neighbourhood of Urumchi. These 6 tchi, now reduced to about 1,000 inhabitants, were governed by a senior thumu, 6 thumus and 6 futhumus (inferior thumus) and were under the supervision of the tusy in Li Yuan. These people had immigrated during the reign of the Emperor Yun djyng. They still formed 6 tchi and could, in case of need, be employed for military service. They paid taxes, because they had been given cattle gratis when they immigrated.

Li Yuan, which means »pear orchard» and apparently justifies its name, is surrounded by small cultivated plots between the mountains which had withdrawn from the bed of the river. There were said to be about 100 houses in the place. Wheat, tchinkho, tchumiza, millet, peas, beans, huma (an oil plant) and opium are grown. Wheat yields a 6—7 fold crop.

*January 4th.*      Exceptional politeness seems to be a characteristic of the mandarins at Li Yuan. Potanin  
*Kanchow.* was struck by it when he passed this place about 20 years ago, and I was quite overcome by it during my visit. As I was about to mount my horse at 7.30 a.m. yesterday, an officer came running up to me and announced that the tusy was on his way. There was nothing for it but to receive the amiable, but stone-deaf old fellow. After a hearty farewell from my new »peng ju» (friend) I started rather late to the accompaniment of guns fired by some soldiers in uniform.

The road, which follows the left bank of the river, goes in a W and WSW direction across a tilled area towards a gateway formed by the mountains which had again become steep and beautiful and had drawn closer to each other. About 2 miles from the town we passed a picturesque little temple on the left, situated on a ledge high up on the wall of rock. About  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile beyond we came to the foot of the mountain, approximately at the place where it juts out towards the river, which we crossed. The Longsor gol flows in 3 arms here, their width being respectively 2, 2 and 3 fathoms. The greatest depth was about 0.3 m. The flat, stony bottom of the river lies deep between steep ledges of ground and is about 200 fathoms wide. On the opposite side we came to a small temple and continued in a westerly direction to the top of the mountain, a mile distant. The river seemed to form a curve round the foot of the mountain we had left and was soon hidden from view by the slope of the bank. We proceeded in a SW direction and after riding  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles we reached the familiar village of Kan-chun-pao. For the whole distance the road passed through a cultivated and sparsely populated neighbourhood.

From this place we took the same road as on the way from Kanchow. On reaching the barren strip, we took a slightly different course and crossed the river slightly further