

in the summer, though this can scarcely refer to any except the slopes close to Hochow, as further north-east there is not the slightest trace of grass.

In about 6 miles we reached the village of Liushihwan with 17 houses, two-thirds of the population being Chinese and one-third Dungan. A mile or two beyond it the descent became very abrupt, though not quite so steep as at the village of Tang wang chuen. The broad valley of the river Takiasa ho lay at the foot of the hill. A few miles to the south it appeared to be cut in two by a hill of soft earth which divided it into two arms. The outline of the dark fortress wall of Hochow stood out at about the level of this fork. The river describes a wide curve and after approaching to about  $30^\circ$ , it was seen to disappear at  $148^\circ$ . The snow-clad mountains make a curve E, S and SW of Hochow. They kept on growing lower and seemed to merge into the horizon in a direction of approximately  $40^\circ$ . Their name was given as Teidz shan in the east and Tivo shan further to the SW. In a direction of  $137^\circ$  another snow-capped mountain was visible apparently in a SE—NW direction. It was faintly discernible in the distance. A large and very steep slope ascended the other side of the valley. The whole area between these mountains was cultivated and there were well tilled and cleared fields as far as one could see. There were quite 20 small villages down in the valley. After a violent descent and after crossing two small rivers coming from the SE with reddish-brown water like rust owing to its being impregnated with particles of the red soil, we reached the river and crossed a wooden bridge built in the shape of an archer's bow. A few more miles across the plain, where sowing and ploughing were in full swing, and we found ourselves inside the dilapidated walls of Hochow. The distance covered to-day was about 14—15 miles.

*March 21st.* The Chinese town is quite  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile from N to S and half a mile from E to W. It lies about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile from the very high slope that bounds the valley in the N. The old and very dilapidated wall is of brick, about 6 fathoms in height and has many bastions. The gates are protected in the usual manner and face W, S and E. The space within the wall is sparsely populated. There are no old temples or other picturesque buildings, only a short piece of the main street making a livelier impression, though even there the shops are very poorly stocked. The S wall and SW corner of the town wall are surrounded by the Dungan suburb, where there is much more life and movement. It is reached by crossing a wooden bridge over a canal of decent width, dug from the river. A couple of evil-smelling restaurants housed in box-like wooden pagodas are half-suspended over the brown water. The bazaar street is thickly strewn with small stands on tables, trays or simply on a bit of rough cloth spread out on the ground. A forest of square white sunshades stretched over long poles almost closes the road to horsemen, as they are thrust at a sharp angle into holes, but willing hands lift them out of the way without waiting to be asked to do so. You see about as many Chinese as Dungsans in their characteristic black and white caps. Occasionally you see a lama in red and yellow garb.

A person of no little importance, the Tungling Ma-ga-lian, occupies a modest house in the middle of the suburb. He has the rank of a Chinese general and gained it under the command of the celebrated Boxer leader Tung fusien on the field of battle. In suppressing