



*The ascent to the temples at Hwai shan.*

sible to pass through this neighbourhood on a clear day without casting an admiring glance at this little group of mountains, which is called Hwai shan. On its crest stand several Taoist temples, to which thousands of Chinese make an annual pilgrimage. I was loth to leave the neighbourhood without having visited this sacred spot. Having ridden about 15 li southward across the plain, covered with large groves of trees, we reached a small village, Yu chuan yuan, at the very foot of the mountain. A larger village, Turshan, with 500 houses, lies a couple of li further N. A young wood of bamboos grows at the foot of the mountain and at Yu chuan yuan a narrow gorge opens up, at the end of which the peaks of Hwai shan seem to rise up.

Porters were available to carry our belongings. This is evidently a source of income, on which the villagers reckon, for there are whole gangs under the leadership of a foreman. Our instruments, cartridges, food-sacks, blankets and warm clothing were soon packed in baskets similar to knapsacks that held a good deal in spite of their small size. The inhabitants declared unanimously that the way was long (70 li) and exhausting, even breakneck in some places. To be on the safe side and to be sure of doing the trip in a day, I hired a litter carried by two apparently feeble, 20 year old Chinese, and to escape the ignominy of being the only one to be carried, I hired another for the cook and Tchao, in which they were to take turns. Altogether I engaged 7 Chinese at 400 cash a day each. The litter was a light little Chinese armchair tied to two springy boards. Lukanin, whom