

quantities of stones to the stone bed. Further up the gorge at a considerable distance from each other there were some small red groups of Chinese temples. 2 or 3 tall stone towers, resembling lighthouses, could be seen at a distance from each other along the road, either high up on a mountain ridge or in the bed of stone.

At the last northward bend of the road the traveller or pilgrim catches sight in a small valley of the Mongolian holy of holies, Yutai Shan, which we reached very shortly. After riding through a stinking little bazaar street at the bottom of the valley, we reached the foot of the monastery, built on the lowest gentle slope of the mountain, lying to the E. Towering over the surrounding buildings stands a mound, on the top of which a group of temple-like buildings, led up to by broad stone stairs, protrude from the green of the trees. The sun had broken through the clouds, and the yellowish-golden and turquoise-blue tiled roofs of the mound sparkled in its rays. An enormous pure white suburgan tower in the S part of the monastery caught my attention. All the buildings were placed close together and looked highly picturesque, with clumps of shady trees here and there. The surrounding mountains are long, grassy ridges with a couple of small peaks. A group of temples stands S of the monastery, very picturesquely situated on the crest of a hill, where it divides and makes way for the valley at the foot of the monastery.

My guide, a brisk police soldier from Yutai hsien, led me up a short and steep lane. We crossed a little square that ended in an old »peilu« of trees. Beyond this there was a row of buildings, or rather, elegant roofs, dominated at the far end by the hill with its group of temples — the object of a new arrival's thoughts as much as of his gaze, for it is the present abode, not to say prison, of the Buddhists' pope, the Dalai Lama. A couple of enterprising Chinese with their panorama cases attracted Mongolian pilgrims, who crowded round the peep-holes in their picturesque garments. A Mongolian, evidently of high standing on account of his dignity or wealth, strode through the gateway down the square surrounded by numerous attendants. He wore a curious hat with a very low round crown and wide brim fastened to the crown of his head, where it was held by ribbons tied under his chin. 2 or 3 women followed the group of men, wearing massive headgear of silver ornaments threaded on to one or two ribbons, made of chased silver, like those worn by Mongolians and Tibetans, with medicines or images on their breasts. The whole crown of the head and the neck are seemingly enveloped in a hood of chased silver and corals. One of the women fell back and passed in her heavy high boots between two rows of kneeling beggars and cripples. Each one received his cash from the kind old woman.

In the afternoon I called on one of the Dalai Lama's principal lamas on the hill. Two Chinese sentinels were stationed at the foot of the long stone stairs; above, at the door to the outer courtyard of the temple, there were two Tibetans, in turbans and a kind of dark waistcoat over their chests with a tongue-like point. They carried rifles with cocks, weapons that may, perhaps, still be considered modern in Tibet. Inside the courtyard the entrance to the private courtyard of the Dalai Lama is guarded by two other swarthy fellows. His suite and other attendants, numbering about 300, are lodged in a couple of large buildings, each with a courtyard in the centre. These are very dilapidated, built in two storeys with long, very unreliable looking wooden galleries outside the rooms of the