

sisting of a platoon of Chinese soldiers under the command of an officer, and the official from »Yang wu tu» in full dress. He evidently had some difficulty in hiding his wrath, when I told him that I had only obtained permission for two people to be received, myself and my interpreter. He had an angry, but futile, argument with two men of the Dalai Lama's entourage. As I entered, I caught sight of him making vain efforts to force his way in behind me.

The Dalai Lama was seated on a gilt, thronelike armchair placed on a dais, covered with carpets, along the back wall of a small room that was entered from the side. Under his feet there was a low, wide footstool roughly carved. On the right stood a brightly gilded, low chest of metal, or possibly of wood, embellished with heraldic figures, heads with open maws, paws with sharp claws etc. Two of the walls were decorated with a number of pictures drawn on rolls of paper in loud colours. Two elderly, coarsely built, unarmed Tibetans, with beards and hair sprinkled with grey, stood on either side of the throne below the dais. They were dressed in brownish-yellow costumes and wore round, yellow Chinese ceremonial headgear. The old lama Tuo kang pu (in Tibetan Lo sah ten si), on whom I had called yesterday, acted as interpreter from Chinese to Tibetan. He is at the head of the Pe kung sy monastery (= San-ta-sy), 20 li from Lhasa and about 4,000 li from Gumbum. It has 1,000 lamas. He was dressed in yellow and wore the same kind of yellow Chinese lama cap on his head. Whenever he translated my remarks, he did so bowing low, almost in a whisper and without raising his eyes to the Dalai Lama. The latter was dressed in so-called imperial yellow with light-blue linings to his sleeves and was draped in the traditional red toga of the lamas. His boots, of a Chinese cut, were of yellow felt with a light-blue cord along the seams. He wore no cap. He replied to my profound bow by nodding slightly. After accepting my light-blue »hatak» and presenting me with rather a lovely white one, he started our conversation by asking, what country I came from, how old I was and by what route I had travelled. There was a short pause, after which he asked, with one or two nervous jerks of his body, whether His Majesty had not instructed me to communicate something to him. He awaited the translation of my reply with obvious interest. I was able to say, however, that I had not had an opportunity of waiting upon His Majesty before I left. After a few commonplace questions he brought the talk back again to Russia and asked, if I knew the man who had brought him gifts from His Majesty the Emperor to Takulan. He said that he knew and appreciated the Russian Ambassador »Pu» in Peiping. I informed him that Pu was dead. He said he knew this and that M. Korostovets had been appointed as his successor. He was evidently anxious to know, when the latter could be expected to reach Peiping. He begged me to convey his greetings to him and to mention that I had been received at Yutai Shan. At a sign from him a beautiful piece of white silk with Tibetan letters woven into it was brought in and he gave it me with the request that I should present it to His Majesty on his behalf, when I returned. When I asked if I might also convey a message by word of mouth, he replied by enquiring about my rank. When the interpreter conveyed to him that I was a baron and he was told that I intended to leave on the following day, he asked me to stay another day. On the morrow he might, perhaps, be able to »ask me for something» (as it was translated). He said that