

At Newchwang our party broke up; Mr. James went off to Port Arthur and thence to Japan, while Mr. Fulford and I proceeded to Peking. After these years I feel strongly how much I owe to Mr. James. It was through him that I had thus gained my first experience of real travelling, and, though I did not appreciate it at the time, afterwards, when I had myself to head an expedition, I realized what sterling qualities of steady, dogged perseverance he must have possessed to lead our party successfully through the forests to the mysterious Ever-White Mountain. I have always wondered that a man, who had held high offices in India and been accustomed to the luxurious style of camp life of an Indian civil officer, should in his holiday-time choose to rough it as Mr. James did. As I used to see him marching sturdily along through the forest, the marshes, and especially when he had to carry his kit on his back, I used to marvel. To a young subaltern the thing was natural, but when a high Indian official of more than twenty years' standing did it, there must have been in him a wonderful amount of "go" and pluck, and this Mr. James undoubtedly possessed.

The Manchurian journey was completed, but some general words about the country may be interesting. Those who wish for full information can find it in Mr. James's "Long White Mountain." In the first place, it will have been gathered from the narrative that the country is one of extraordinary fertility. Both in this respect and in its climate it seems to resemble the best parts of Canada. It is mostly land formerly covered with forest, and consequently the soil has all the richness which the accumulation of decaying vegetation through many ages gives. A very large proportion of the country is, indeed, even now under forest, though every year the Chinese colonists eat further into it. The climate is severe in winter. At Newchwang, on the coast, the thermometer falls to 10° or 12° below zero Fahrenheit;