

looks back to on a journey, but few things cheered me so much in my more dejected moments as the vivid recollection I used to keep of what I felt were the sincerely meant good wishes of the friends I was just leaving.

Then I rode out of the gateway and beyond the walls of Peking, and was fairly launched on my journey. Just a few pangs of depression and a few spectres of difficulties appeared at first, and then they vanished for good; and, as the hard realities of the journey began to make themselves felt, I braced myself up and prepared to face whatever might occur without thinking of what was behind.

With me at starting was one Chinese servant who had accompanied Mr. James through Manchuria, and who was to act as interpreter, but who afterwards gave up when we came to the edge of the desert; and a second, Liu-san, who eventually travelled with me the whole way to India, acting in turn as interpreter, cook, table-servant, groom, and carter. He served me well and faithfully, and he was always hard-working and willing to face the difficulties of the road. And when I think of all that depended on this, my single servant and companion, I cannot feel too grateful for the fidelity he showed in accompanying me.

For the first two weeks, as far as Kwei-hwa-cheng, the baggage was carried in carts, while I rode. The day after leaving Peking we passed through the inner branch of the Great Wall at the Nankon gate, and a couple of days later at Kalgan I saw the outer branch. It is a wonderful sight, this Great Wall of China. I had previously seen it at its commencement in the sea at Shan-hai-kuan,* and I passed through it again a march or two west of Kalgan. When I passed through it at this spot, it had dwindled down to very insignificant proportions. I describe it in my diary as a "miserable structure, bearing no resemblance to the gigantic

* See above, p. 51.