

three paddles, and went two or three miles towards On Ling Jao, exploring a fine lagoon, and returning by another route, approaching the Quarry from the north side.

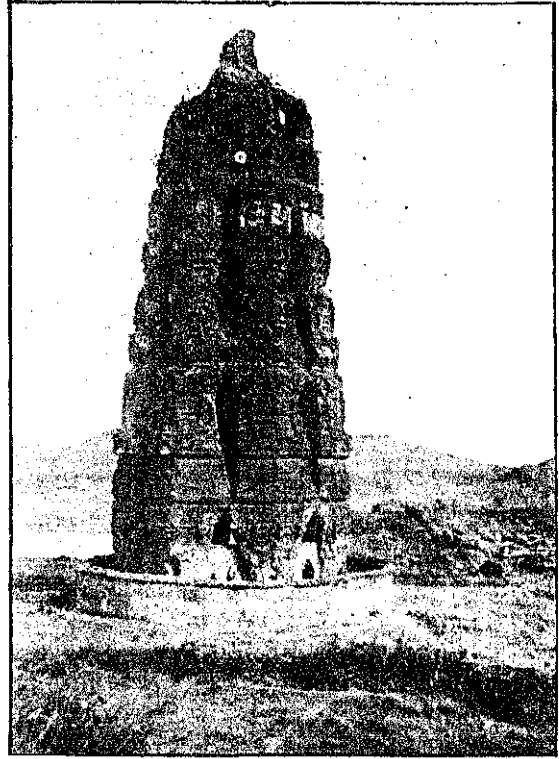
After tea and another scramble up the hill, we made ourselves ready to receive Mr. and Mrs. L—— and W——, who had accepted an invitation to dinner.

Owing, we believe, to their clock being some half-an-hour faster than ours, our guests put in an appearance rather before they were expected, and our arrangements, including decorations, had to be completed rather hurriedly. Such trifles as this, however, did not interfere either with the high spirits of the company, or the success of the dinner.

TUESDAY 19TH.—This was the day of an expedition to the Bing Jas Mountain. It is the highest peak visible from the Quarry Hills, and lies in a westerly direction from them at a distance of eight or nine miles. We carried out our undertaking, but the last part of the ascent was by no means easy, and at the end of the day we felt we could congratulate ourselves, certainly on being the first white men to reach the top of this peak, even if others (but very few, I think) have explored the more accessible country in the neighbourhood.

Starting at nine o'clock with our guns, and taking tiffin in our bags, we took a boat as far as the big creek, and from here climbed the nearest hill, and two or three smaller ones, finding the slopes mostly terraced for the cultivation of the bamboo, which grows particularly well in this district.

Further on we struck a paved pathway, gradually winding up the valley beside a running stream as far as a small joss-house. Here the real climb commenced, but after some half hour's hard work, through thick and



RUINED PAGODA.

tangled bamboo-scrub, growing higher than one's head from very rough, rocky ground, we reached a clearing, and were amply repaid by the superb view which our position afforded.

Here we halted for tiffin, and had a rest whilst S—— worked his way further along the ridge to the actual summit. We were particularly struck by the absolute silence, and the remarkably fine echoes given from the surrounding hills.

We returned by a much easier route, making a straight line for the Quarry Hill, commencing with a steep descent, and following a winding path between fir-clad hills and through several villages, then across some flat country till we struck the big creek.

We soon reached the spot where our canoe was waiting for us, and so back to Mountside Cottage shortly after six o'clock.

WEDNESDAY, 20TH.—Took a short walk before breakfast, and then went over to