The Chinese quotation on the outer cover of "Travel in China" reads:

She  = To wade through.
Tsze  = Water (lakes, rivers).
Pei  = To struggle through.
Chen  = Thorns and brambles.

This quotation was supplied by Principal Hwang Tao of the Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College and might be freely rendered as meaning:

"In overcoming
"The difficulties of travel,
"Our characters are strengthened."

The author is indebted to Dean C. H. B. Longman of the Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College for help rendered to secure this.
ERRATA:

AT THE FOOT OF PAGE 206:
See pages 309 and 310, "AUTOMOBILE TRANS-PORT" for distances of the Burma Route and not on page 169.

ON PAGE 110:
Emperor YUNG CHENG who ruled from 1722 to 1736 is meant (not Yung Chi); during this reign military expeditions were sent into Kokonor in order to subdue the Lama Revolt of Tibet.

ADDITIONAL:
ONE COLORED MAP of THE EIGHTEEN PROVINCES OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM, "Fundamentally taken from the Postal Map of China", on which the dotted southern continental Transport Route leads from the Burma Border in the West to Shanghai in the East.
(This Map is to be found in the pocket at the back of this book.)
Prelude.

Referring to Volume I

This description is extracted from observations which were written while en route over rarely travelled tracks in Western-China. They were communicated, mostly on Postal cards, to Mrs. Viola Stein-Canman in Chicago, who in 1921 became Mrs. Emil S. Fischer; she lived in Tientsin from that time to 1932 when she passed into the Great Beyond. Mrs. Canman-Fischer preserved these communications, as they were addressed to her along this Journey. As they give a clear picture of observations made during nine months of voyaging through Inner-China, they are herewith presented in print.
INTRODUCTION.

FOR half a century now, since 1889, I have lived abroad, i.e. outside Europe, and during this time I have travelled in many lands! However, it is the Far East which, for forty five years, has engaged my deepest attention, and where I have been collecting information concerning economic conditions and culture and making ethnographic and geographic observations. When I first had arrived from America in Shanghai, in the Spring of 1894, immediately on descending the gangplank of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer which had brought me from Japan, I went to leave visiting cards at the Austro-Hungarian Consulate General in front of our Steamer’s Jetty. The Consul General, the late Joseph von Haas, sent word that he would not hear of my going away to a Hotel. Haas knew of me and of my expected arrival; he made me stay, although a Consular party was just sitting down to Tiffin. Mr. and Mrs. von Haas had on that occasion an elderly Doctor at table, who that morning had returned from a Great Journey into the largest and westernmost of all Provinces of China, Szechwan. This Province has an area of two hundred thousand square miles and a population of sixty millions. I wished to know about this section of China from personal experience. From 1894 to the end of 1898, while I lived in Shanghai, this was not possible, nor from 1906 to 1916 while I lived in Tientsin. However in 1917, immediately on landing in China again in January, this aim of mine was realized.

EMIL S. FISCHER.
OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN in January 1917 I had returned from San Francisco, California to Shanghai, I took the necessary steps to get special pass-port permission to travel and penetrate into Western China. His Excellency Yang Cheng, my old friend, who was Shanghai’s Foreign Office Commissioner and ex-Minister of China to Austria, assisted me, to overcome great difficulties in that respect. Yang Cheng while on a visit to Peking after the Great War, was kidnapped and taken into the Western Hills from whence he never came back alive. While crossing the Pacific I had made my plans and had studied the means of making a journey from Shanghai, up the Yangtsze-kiang, visiting Nanking, Hankow and Wuchang, the capital of Hupeh. From Hankow, the six hundred miles inland Treaty-Port of the lower Yangtsze, I proceeded by steamer up to Ichang, which is four hundred miles further up the Great River, where the mountainous barriers of the Great Yangtsze River, the famous Yang Tsze Gorges, stretch for a couple of hundred miles to the west. Here begins this present description in print, further leading me from Ichang deeper inland into seldom-visited sections of Western China.—E.S.F.
VOLUME ONE.

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TRAVELS IN CHINA

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There are furthermore incorporated in "Travels in China" the MAPS as reproduced from the POSTAL ATLAS, indicating E.S.F.'s Transcontinental Routes

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VOLUME I

A JOURNEY INTO CENTRAL-WESTERN AND
NORTH-WESTERN CHINA
EXTENDING INTO THE TIBETAN MARCHES
VOLUME ONE.

FIRST CHAPTER.
AT THE GATES OF WESTERN CHINA.

ETAPES THROUGH THE FAMOUS GORGES OF THE
UPPER YANG TSZE KIANG.*

Sailing and Tracking up river from Ichang in Hupeh.

It was at the end of February, having started in January from Shanghai, when, along the River front of the City of Ichang with its high, protective crenelated Walls and Bastions, I embarked on my boat journey. Large River steamers, though able to ascend the rapids were at anchor before Ichang, but they could not be availed of at this Season of low water when the height of the water-gauge at Ichang was forty feet lower than during the Summer’s high-water season. Therefore we set off in the old way, in a strong Junk, built for crossing the Rapids. In this we passed the first night at the Customs Barrier of Ping Shan Pa fifteen miles above Ichang and the entrance into the picturesque Yang-Tsze Gorges. We had left Ichang at 3 p.m. on Saturday and reached Ping Shan Pa in the Center of the Ichang Gorge at 7:30 p.m. Part of the time we had been under sail when an up-river wind was blowing, and part of the time the trackers tugged the boats along when there was no wind. At one section Mr. Knaepel and myself followed the trackers afoot for an hour, but we gave it up, as these tracking Coolies have the habit of running up and down embankments and hills, as well as steep paths cut into the almost perpendicular slopes of the hills, which are situated along-side the river. This section of China is the best I have ever seen; the Scenery is

* As this description of a journey into Western China leads us through sections far beyond the Gorges, therefore the work “Glimpses of the Yangtsze Gorges” by the late Captain Cornell Plant, the “Pilot”, with a prefatory note to the second edition by Ivon A. Donnelly of Tientsin, gives fuller detailed information, particularly of such points as the Hsin Tan or New Rapid, and the Yeh Tan or Wild Rapid, through all of which our boats had to pass.
indescribably grand. We are sailing in four junks; Mr. Knaepel has a big one, called Kwa-tze, which when tracked, has twelve trackers; I have only a Hwa-tze, which is tracked by five men. There is a second Hwa-tze with us, for the Chinese Secretary, and another Hwa-tze with twelve trackers, for the company of Chinese Soldiers, who are travelling along as our Escort to protect us. To-day we stopped for the night at the barrier of Ping Shan Pa, where Mr. Knaepel to-morrow will make an office inspection of the Salt Gabelle. While here Mr. Schuetz of the Chinese Customs took me for a fine sight seeing walk, into the lateral mountain gulleys of Ping Shan Pa. During our stay here the Commissioner of Customs of Ichang Mr. Gilchrist, with his wife and daughter, came up to this barrier for a visit. We tiffined and dined in the home of Mr. Schuetz, but slept on our boats at night with the company of boat people. I am enjoying my passenger junk.

Small Junks used as House-boats, passing through the Gorges of the Upper Yang Tsze Kiang.
Along the "Great River" Harbour of Ichang in Western-Hupeh.
In the Heart of the Scenic Beauties of the Yang Tsze Gorges.
SECOND HALT AT SAN TU PING.

This was a most interesting day. We made an early start. At 6:30. Mr. Schuetz of the Customs Barrier of Ping Shan Pa came to take us part of the way up the river. Schuetz has been stationed for three years in this spot. He likes his barrier-post, as he is his own master there. His work consists in the dispatch of junks after collecting Customs and Inland dues. In 1916 about nineteen thousand upper river junks came through this barrier. Mr. Knaepel, while at Ping Shan Pa, was busy with his duties of inspecting this Station of the Salt Gabelle. We had tiffin and dinner in Schuetz' home on Sunday. As Mr. Gilchrist had recommended us to visit the Dragon Cave, we went there up-river in boats early on Monday morning. At a point along the right bed of the Yangtsze we had to climb a dangerous, almost perpendicular Rock until we reached the entrance into the Cave. An enormous catacomb filled the hollow inside of the mountain with many large, sectional caves. A Dragon was stretched out on the floor of the cave. The dragon looked to me like a mass of clay, but the native visitors believe it is a real dragon and a symbol of "good luck". When we returned to the cave entrance, we climbed up hundreds of steps hewn into the Rock for the use of the Trackers of Junks. We reached a point which was well over three hundred and fifty feet above the water level of the Yangtsze. One false step meant a drop down into the rapid of the Great River over the perpendicular sandstone rock. During the ages thousands of tracker-coolies have in this way lost their lives. When safely back at the water level, Schuetz left us. Now we went on our way through a passage of the Gorges between the Palisades, which Sir Harry Parkes, former Minister of Great Britain to China, says is equal in beauty to the finest Fjords of Norway.
Mountain peaks towered above our passage. Many rapids and dangerous whirlpools were crossed. Once my boat bumped with violence into a low-lying Boulder, while we crossed a rapid. I really thought my boat would break in pieces. In a whirlpool, the current simply turned us around like a match box; we calmly looked on. After an hour’s delay in crossing this first obstruction and dangerous section of the river we continued upwards through the Gorges.

By Steamer through the hundred and fifty miles of Gorges of the Upper Yang Tsze Kiang.
CROSSING OF FIERCE RAPIDS.

The scenery we passed through to-day is hard to describe with the pen. We ascended a number of Rapids all morning; at 2 p.m. we came to a section filled with wreckage. Many junks were simply smashed to pieces by being driven on to the rocks at the moment of gliding over the Cascades which were nearly five feet high. Upward-going junks were towed up by three bamboo-ropes, stretched out at a length of from three to five hundred feet; along these ropes hundreds of tracking coolies, locally engaged, worked hard, to get us over the obstructions lying under the water in this rapid. We had left our boats and walked alongside the fierce dangers often only a half mile away; at these points our Baggage also was sent ahead on the shoulders of coolies, so as to be reloaded and join our boats again when they had safely reached the upper end of the obstructions under-water. One of our boats dropped loose, when an unfortunate break of one bamboo rope had occurred, yet the second rope held the boat safely, until a fresh line was thrown out. The scenery here in the gorges is grander and wilder then at the Königssee in the Bavarian Alps. Commissioner Gilchrist had said to me, that in no other Country would it be possible to proceed by water-transport along a course such as the Gorges of the Upper Yang Tsze Kiang present. It is a wonderful spectacle and experience.
We spent another very interesting day, on March seventh; we had started at 7 a.m. and soon afterwards reached the river passage called the “Lower Stone”, but meaning also the Iron Gate. At this point I left the Boat and walked with the Boat-Compradore and a Soldier-Escort up to the City of Kweichow in Hupeh. This walled city is situated half an hour’s walk inland from the River. During the Summer this wide inland section is entirely flooded. The City is picturesquely situated on a hill, about two hundred feet above the low level of the river. The background of the city consists of high-rising mountains of two thousand to four thousand feet in height above the water line. Our compradore bought ropes for board ship and other needed articles. Later when walking back to the boat the soldier carried vegetables, eggs and other purchases. When at the market place, I was asked to buy eggs; I bought two, which I ate raw; I handed the men three copper cents for my purchase; to my astonishment the seller gave me an additional egg, for a hundred and fifty coppers here were worth one Silver Dollar. Eggs so far inland are very much cheaper than along the China Coast. The purchaser of our provisions charged on board afterwards a good deal more for eggs and everything, as is usual in China. During the day we crossed six Rapids, surrounded by most beautiful scenery. We are due at Patung to-morrow, which township is the last in the Province of Hupeh, before crossing over into Szechwan. We will pay off our junks at Patung and will travel in Chairs overland into the North Eastern section of Szechwan which is the westernmost province of China.
It took us six days to cover the distance from Ichang to Patung. Before leaving the boats, I give herewith a short account of them. As said before our boat-caravan was composed of four ships such as are in use travelling through the Gorges; all are very strongly built, yet they possess a variety of names according to their size;

There was first, one “Kwatze” for Mr. Knaepel, and second one large “Hwatze” for myself, besides, there was one “Shen Po Tze” for the ten soldiers, the last boat was one “small Hwatze” for the Chinese Secretary.

The first of these boats carried a large number of boatmen. They were the Junk-owner, who was called Lao Pan—or old master; two men for steering the rudder, or wheel; one old man was at the helm, always on the look-out, to avoid collisions with under-water obstructions. One man attended to the sail, always being assisted by some of the twelve oarsmen; one of these oarsmen did the cooking for the crew; the others did the tracking-work, tugging the junk when no wind prevailed. Now, as to the passengers, on the Kwatze travelled Mr. Knaepel, the Inspector of the Salt Gazelle, accompanied by his compadrre, or rather Knaepel’s Head Boy. This man had brought along from Shanghai his No. 1 wife and also a cook for attending to foreign meals, besides a coolie. When we left Ichang the junk’s Lao Pan promised to leave behind his “Potze”, a distinctive expression for the wife of a man, who holds a post like a junk-owner. But while the No. 1 wife was left behind, a young silk-dressed woman i.e. “a number two wife”, appeared and always showed up on deck when we approached a most dangerous rapid; she had joined this ship in the capacity of the Head Boy’s No. 2. I was told that this No. 2 is the
one who generally stays in the far off Szechwan. Therefore
the No. 1 from Shanghai was from Ichang onward joined by
No. 2 from Szech'wan. Considering the No. 2 was nicely dressed
in silk, and of a pleasant appearance, our Head-Boy with a
monthly wage of only twenty silver dollars obviously belonged
to that class of servants who could afford to have two wives.
Naturally, without making money on the side, he would be
unable to keep two wives. All these people were occupying
the first boat. In my boat, which was much smaller, there
were, all told, nine or ten men; I had my fine little cabin to
myself.

Along the Rapids of the Gorges of the
Upper Yang Tsze Kiang where hundreds
of local boat trackers are pulling a
Szechwan Junk over the dangerous
obstructions.
OVER MOUNTAIN PASSSES
FROM THE HUPEH SIDE OF THE YANG TSZE KIANG TO
THE SALT WELLS OF N.E. SZECHWAN.

We have been already two days on our overland caravan journey; it was not easy to make a start, as we could not hire enough coolie-carriers at Patung. Finally we got about thirty Baggage-Carriers to carry our tent and provisions, as well as our luggage, including that of the soldiers and servants. Each coolie, on this overland section, can take on a pole carried on his shoulder two packages, one in front and the other on the back of the pole; but in weight, the coolie can only carry sixty-four catties in two separate loads, or eighty-five pounds; this is the limit when passes and mountains must be crossed. We left the Yangtsze Gorges just at the entrance of the western-most, longest section, the Wu Shan Gorge, which has a beautiful aspect and is twenty-four miles long. During our week of overland travel, we are marching through a beautiful part of the country, just as pretty as in Switzerland. At first, being carried in a Chinese Sedan-Chair on the shoulders of three coolies, I was somewhat afraid my conveyance with me inside it, would drop hundreds of feet down if the coolie-carriers should make a false step, for the tracks are only a few feet wide. But these human coolies are sure on their sandal-shod feet, and I got accustomed to it and was never again afraid of such, or other dangers en route.
AT THE MOUNTAIN ENCLOSED DISTRICT OF TA NING.

After four days of very hard travel we reached a small place on the 13th March at evening. All the time since Pa-tung we have had a wonderful journey, except to-day, when bad weather was our lot. Right after leaving Patung we followed the Yangtsze upwards to the Wushan Gorge; that means Wu—Witch and Shan—Mountain, therefore the Gorge of “Mountain Witches”. Here at its entrance we turned in a north-western Direction, climbing all the time over most beautiful mountain ranges. The Wushan Range with its six thousand feet of altitude was snow-covered. Over this chain of snow-covered mountains we proceeded up and down, crossing also fine mountain streams day after day. We were in a country section where Tea Gardens prevailed on the lower mountain slopes. These tea plantations, together with those of the Wood oil tree and Rice as well as fruit Orchards along cultivated slopes and Valleys, were a delight to our eyes. We passed while en route many Chinese temples and houses. A quite peculiar thing came to my knowledge yesterday night, when we stopped in a “T’ao family village.” Everybody’s family name was T’ao here, on a high plateau; there were about two hundred homes, all inhabited by people of the same family and name, that is, all had the same character of a Chinese written name. And therefore, as in China none should marry into a family of the same name, the T’ao boys must get their wives from other sections of the country. There is an old Confucian law which forbids intermarriage when of the same written family name. The Elder of the T’ao village, in whose compound we were most hospitably entertained and, stayed as guests over night, told me that never before had their home been visited by foreigners.
IN THE PICTURESQUELY SITUATED DISTRICT TOWN OF TA NING HSIEN,
WITH ITS SQUARE OF CRENELATED CITY-WALL; ALL AROUND THE BASIN ARE THE HIGH PEAKS OF THE MOUNTAIN CHAIN.

Finally at noon to-day we reached the postal station of Ta Ning Hsien. To reach here from Patung we were assured it would take us four days; but weather conditions caused delays. It took us a whole week to reach this District-town, situated in a very pretty mountain basin. From here to the actual Salt District takes half a day. There we will make observations for two days. Afterwards the route will lead us south-west, by River downstream for two days to Kwei Chow Fu in Szechwan, which is a large Prefecture and which must not be confused with the already visited district town of Kwei Chow in Hupeh, where we stopped about a week ago. This Fu City is at least a hundred miles further up the Yangtsze River; the first was in Hupeh, the one yet to be reached is in Szechwan. As to the journey of these last few days, it was just as interesting as before. I have never traveled through such scenically beautiful mountain districts, which are at the same time thickly inhabited from olden times, with highly cultured people. The day of our departure from Patung we went north-westwards sixty Li, or twenty miles, and stopped for the night at Chang Chi Ho, along the River of the same name; we enjoyed the sight of that countryside and its cultivation, which bordered the River passage, flanked on each side with high mountain ranges. In Chang Chi Ho we stopped for the night in its Main Temple called: “Yü Wang Kung” which means the “Jade King Temple”. Our soldiers and servants occupied the main Temple, where also our meals were
prepared. Our first meal was a fine wild Duck shot by Knaepel who had made a fine bag during the day. For the night K's and my sleeping quarter was the tent which was put up on the open and elevated theatre Stage, such as is seen in so many places, even in Villages and market towns all over China; the plays are generally given under the open heaven in the Court Yard of a temple! Multitudes of spectators are below and around the elevated square stage, on which the performance is given. Also rich temples and Yamens (public offices), often possess a theatre-stage, where, at times, theatre-troupes, while passing through, perform. The stage-terrace is one storey above the ground, while the public-seats and stands are below, filling every nook and corner of such a theatre Court-Yard. But, now, I might say that Knaepel and I actually performed, for when we dressed and made our toilette in the morning, at 6 a.m. the men, women and children of the place were watching these monsters of Foreigners, to catch a glimpse of our habits.
AT TA NING CHANG.*

A half day's gondola boat-journey from the basin of the District, where the Hsien City, is, brought us to the "Chang" place, by which is meant a Manufacturing section. Hence the name Ta Ning Chang, or the Ta Ning Factory, where Salt is produced from the brine which flows out of a granite mountain well. This brine is conducted in long bamboo—tubes to numerous brine-evaporating establishments; by this process, the salt contained in the natural fluid, is obtained. Thousands of coolies are engaged at this spot for the salt production and the shipment thereof by boats and carriers goes into western Hupeh and even to far distant spots along the Yangtsze Kiang in the Western alluvial section of China. The Inspector of the Salt Gabelle of China, Mr. Knaepel, came here on Official duty. Some of the officials of the place honoured me by entertaining me at a feast at which were served the famous gold feather Ducks and Gold-Pheasants, which had been shot in the mountainous districts of this frontier country which leads into South Eastern Shensi over the mountain passes of the "Nine Dragon Mountains" = (Kiu Lung Shan).

* On the left hand River section of the Wushan Gorge, going north to Ta Ning Chang, the means of transport and conveyance prevalent on that river are low going gondolas, in form almost like those in use in Venice; whether Marco Polo seven centuries ago transplanted these style of boats from Italy, is hard to say. Our Gondola was fifty-seven feet long and five and a quarter feet wide amidship drawing two and half feet deep. Boulders filled the length of this River with its alpine green waters everywhere.
TOWARDS THE YANG TSZE KIANG IN S.W. DIRECTION.

We have just put up our tent on a high plateau outside a small village and right in the center of beautiful mountain scenery. Nearby runs the mountain stream with its torrent-like noise. We arrived early, right after Knaepel had shot another wild Duck. The bird fell at the first shot, yet dipped into the water; it was sport to get it. Wild fowl were plentiful here; we made a fine bag. When yesterday at 1 p.m. we had finished all our business in Ta Ning Chang, we engaged seven Gondolas and went down-river to Chang Chi Ho, all along and through these beautiful side-gorges of North Eastern Szechwan. A section of the upwards trip which had taken a whole day, we covered on the downward in four and a half hours. Our gondolas simply flew down a hundred rapids. It is wonderful how the Chinese boatmen manage to go through the rapids and cross over big stones and boulders. It simply can't be helped when a boat smashes, while shooting downwards. However, we all got safely through, carrying along, in addition, a bag of nine wild Ducks, and a fine specimen of a Falcon, as well as a wild cormorant which Knaepel bagged while going through this chain of gorges and rapids. We again spent the night on the theater platform of Chang Chi Ho.
In order to gain a day or two we decided to take the overland route by crossing a pass. So yesterday, our journey made us very tired. Yet, it brought us quicker down overland westwards to the Yang Tsze from Chang Chi Ho. Even so, if we would have gone from Patung straight through the Wushan Gorge to Kweifu in Szechwan, it would have taken us ten to twelve days. However, our overland side trip through regions which foreigners hardly ever visit took us much longer. Neither in Shanghai, nor in Hankow could foreigners give me information of conditions in these country sections away from the beaten track. From the River valley at Chang Chi Ho we climbed a mountain five thousand three hundred feet high and in descending, we turned from our former North-Western course, down to the South West, so as to reach the Yang Tsze again. On the uphill trip we mostly walked, while downhill we were carried by four coolies in a sedan chair on their shoulders. Kweichowfu is also named Kweifu, and is called too Fungchie. It is picturesquely situated in terraces along the left bank of the Yang Tsze Kiang over a hundred feet above the river. A crenelated stone city wall, square in form, with bastions and Gates surrounds this huge township. It is my hope to go ahead to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, when I shall leave for Wan Hsien, and further on for Chungking, situated one hundred and fifty miles west from Kwei Fu, along the Great Gold Sand River, under which name the upper section of the Yang Tsze Kiang is known.

* The Postal map of China gives the name now of Feng Kien for Kwei Chow Fu in Szechwan.
We arrived here in the town from our overland journey, at 2:30 p.m. Being in an official’s Company we were received before the land-gate of the town in the general Chinese Official Style. Soldiers were drawn up, presenting arms; welcoming Mandarins made repeated bows. There were fanfares, trumpets and klim-bim. After the exchange of greetings, we entered the city with a large escort. We were put up in the Yamen of the Salt Magistrate. This official Yamen had in a long line many Court Yards for office doings and further back were the residential sections. It was my aim to go ahead the following morning, if I could engage a good boat; but this was not possible. No boats along the river front were available. Yet, I had to travel more quickly from point to point; while in Knaepel’s company with his official duties, it meant a long journey up river. Therefore it was better to submit to local conditions in this section of the World. I had become experienced by travelling together with Mr. Knaepel, who had already resided three years in Szechwan. Knaepel is a fine fellow and, as such, has helped me to set off so soon. This took place in the afternoon, when the Water Police officials put a “Red Boat” at my disposal. By this is meant an official Life Saving Boat, like the ones stationed throughout the two hundred and fifty mile long main Gorges. Before I left for the west I made yet another excursion ten miles down the River, in order to witness the wildest spectacle at the western end of the Gorges, the so called “Fung Hsiang Hsia”. This mountainous spot, by which the river is semi-encircled, is an awe-inspiring passage which is known as the “Wind Box Gorge”. Here high mountains lean towards each other from both banks. They form a panorama of unparallelled singularity. There are caves and openings framing this wild picture of nature, while the Yang Tsze water-course is full of whirlpools. My boat’s crew held
me in safe hands, and yet I was somewhat afraid while sailing through this passage, even in a life-saving-boat. One of the seven hundred feet high perpendicular palisades of the Wind Box Gorge has a famous cave; one wonders how nature produced such a stupendous sight, where, between the mountain openings of the western section of this famous Gorge, a high rock projecting out of the water, makes two channels in the Great River. At the river's low water in the winter season, this so-called "Goose Tail Rock", stands forty feet above the Yangtsze waters, while at the high water season this Rock is most dangerously submerged.

When my Red-Boat returned from the Wind Box Gorge towards Kwei Fu, we could, at this low water season, for a time stop at a half-way point, where a strong brine-well exists on the river bottom which serves to produce Salt during about six months of the year. Red-coated coolies carried away the brine from the well. The Brine is brought to the right bank, where the evaporation and production of the Salt is carried out. Of course the brine flows off into the Yang Tsze Kiang during the high water season.
TOWARDS WAN HSIEN,

BY TRANSLATION THE MYRIAD DISTRICT CITY.

This is the third day that I am travelling alone, only accompanied by my Boy servant. I had left friend Knaepel on March 20 after tiffin. In his Tsze Liu Ching Salt District of the Salt Gabelle, in 1913 the Government collected in taxes, three and half million silver dollars; but since he took charge over three years ago the collection in Salt Taxes has increased to twelve million dollars per annum. This shows what corruption or as we call it “Squeeze”, went on. Now all goes into the Government Treasury which is much in need of such funds. The River-officials of Kweifu put a nice “Red-Boat” at my disposal for the distance of the three hundred Li, or a hundred miles to Wan Hsien. These red painted Life-saving Boats are not very big. They are managed by only one “Ta Pan” who works the steering rudder; in addition there are four Boatmen who work from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. and even in case of necessity they do the trackers work, or stand by at the Yu Lo, which is the rudder. At times the boat must be pushed up along the shore with a long Bamboo Stick. When good winds prevail the sails are put up. As to the additional sixth man, he hardly ever has a rest, as he has to cook for all of us and he must help with the tracking over dangerous passages; besides he works at the Rudder and with the Bamboo Stick also. The two middle sections of our “Red Boat” are covered with Bamboo sheet-roofings, on which one can stand up. They took a number of Bamboo roof sheets along which are put up at night over the open section of the boat. That open section was used as the sleeping quarters of five or six Boatmen. These Bamboo roof sheets also protected us against rain. The cook has brought along his cooking arrangements, of the most simple kind; he keeps them under the deck, which is very low, so that his body appears above the opening of the cooking hole.
The arched Bridge at Wan Hsien in Eastern Szechwan connecting two town sites over the torrent which discharges its water into the Yang Tsze Kiang.
There he carries on his work. My own provisions consisted of a bottle of Extract of Horlick's Malted Milk and Biscuits. Otherwise I took tea, eggs, chicken and Rice, just as it was prepared on the boat for the crew. Certainly the life is very simple as I travel farther west into the Central part of Asia; Yet I feel quite comfortable and happy to be so far away from all news concerning the doings of the World at large during this critical period of the Great War. We passed over a dozen Rapids yesterday; one was very dangerous. We had started at 6 a.m. and we stopped before evening. I have to retire at 8 p.m., when on the Boat's wooden deck everyone has fallen asleep. During our day's journey we stopped off at Yün Yang, a big river town with a high crenelated wall. We walked up to the town-ship from the River bank. The town is built on a slope and is laid out in elongated rows one above the other.
THE HSIN LUNG TAN,

OR THE NEW DRAGON RAPID.

On our advance towards the City of Wan Hsien, our Red Life-Saving Boat in which I travelled covered daily some twenty miles. We came one afternoon to the upper Yangtsze Kiang obstruction, through which, along the left-hand channel, we made every effort, by hiring an additional fifty boat trackers, to get our boat safely upwards, after which we stopped for the night. A big Salt junk engaged for this purpose four hundred men, who took four hours to carry out the task. At that upper part of the river, the stream was probably a thousand yards wide; the water was flowing calmly to the edge of the narrows and the rapid where the thunderous noise was immense. Boats from upstream went into the middle of this whirlpool. I saw, among other safely carried-out attempts, a big Salt carrying junk, with a hundred hands firmly on the rudders. The ship jumped from the upper level of the river down the cascade into the whirlpool, while trumpets were blowing on this ship and drums were beaten with full force and in rapid tempo to encourage the men to hold on steadily, so that the boatmen would stand furiously by or lose their lives. This big ship turned around many times in the whirlpool, yet it was not sucked in, and, by frantically holding the wheel both in front and at the back the master got out of this stormy current and sailed on downstream calmly. I observed many a boat, small and big, doing likewise, happily without loss.
**WAN HSIEN,**

A CITY THIRD IN IMPORTANCE IN SZECHWAN.

Here I am in a city the name of which means “District of Myriads” as the famous Woman Geographer Mrs. J. F. Bishop (Bird) called this town with its over two hundred thousand inhabitants. Mrs. Bishop visited Western China and the Tibetan borderland about which she has written in her most interesting work: “The Yangtsze Valley and Beyond” (London, John Murray 1899). Mrs. Bishop describes Wan Hsien very well. The Japanese say this is the city of “Ten Thousand Banzai” whereby good health and luck is meant.

Wan Hsien is situated on the left bank of the Yang Tsze Kiang which is lined on both sides with mountain peaks. The town is built in tiers high up to the crest of the hills. A small side stream divides the lower commercial section into two parts, which are connected by a high semicircular stone span bridge; this bridge-passage is lined with shops. Among the bulk of articles and products which arrive from inland in Wan Hsien, is the wood oil nut; the bulk of this Szechwan Export trade centres here. The refined substance of this nut serves as the superior product of the so called Ningpo-Varnish as I used to hear it called during my first stay in China from 1894 to 1898 in Shanghai. Millions of Gold Dollars worth of wood-oil is exported annually to the U.S.A., where in the South this Wood Oil plant now has been successfully transplanted.
BY STEAM-LAUNCH

PROCEEDING WESTWARDS ALONG THE GOLD SAND RIVER.

The Gold Sand River is the name of the upper section of the Yangtsze Kiang beyond the Gorges. The French name this great water artery the Blue River.* On this stream I now continued my journey in a steam Launch. We are off for Chungking, a distance of eight hundred and seventy-five Li or say three hundred English miles. Unless the Authorities there stop me, I intend to proceed overland on a trip thousands of miles long to Peking. Our steam Launch is about eighty feet long and about twenty-five feet wide amidships. My boat the “Yuan Chi” was jokingly considered a Super Dreadnought of the Upper Yangtsze by the fourteen Europeans and Americans residing in Wanhsien. The ship has on its upper deck, a cabin with one small dining table and on its other three sides there are both an upper and a lower Berth, each being six feet long and two and half feet wide. The height of this compartment is a little over six feet. The fare is rather expensive, but one should get to Chungking in four days instead of fourteen days by junk, or by travelling in a Chinese houseboat. Yesterday I called on the wife of the manager of the Standard Oil Company of Wan Hsien; she is an American and was studying Chinese when I called. In this task she is assisted by a Chinese Lettré, or scholar. I asked her if she does not dislike her solitude here, but she said no. I also called, before leaving the town, on the three Ladies of the China Inland Mission. I have enjoyed

* The Red and the White Rivers flow through northern Tonking, while the Blue River (or Yangtsze Kiang) and the Yellow River (or Hwang Ho) are the famous water arteries of China, in addition to the West River in the South at Canton, and the Pei Ho, or North River at Tientsin.
my stay here very much, having been the guest of an Official of the Chinese Customs while in Wan Hsien. The acting Commissioner of the Customs was Mr. Suzuki, who knew me in Tientsin, where he had been stationed before; he, and the few other Foreigners, gave me the privilege of their hospitality and good fellowship.

Sailing through the Yang Tsze Gorges.
ON BOARD THE YUAN—CHI.

In as much as the "Yuan Chi" was in winter the only vessel under steam in this region, I must say of her, that she was no "Super Dreadnought", but really a most dirty ship crowded to capacity. This ship carried over eighty passengers on our trip, while the regulation, as publicly visible and framed, said her certificate entitled her to carry only fourteen passengers on Deck and forty four passengers below-Deck, or a total of fifty-eight passengers. As things in this western part of China are, one had to accept the inevitable. The railway trip from Ichang to Wan Hsien, which Railway never was built, could be covered in twenty-four hours, while in junks upriver it takes four weeks, or down only three days. The steam Launch will only sail by daylight to Chungking. A house boat, or a junk will cover the distance from Wan Hsien in ten to fourteen days according to weather, needing numerous boat—trackers in order to get upstream. Along the stream I admired indeed these fearless trackers, doing their hard work from dawn to dark, jumping at low water into the river, dragging, wading almost naked over cliffs, rocks and boulders, or along a high and very narrow pathway which leads along a perpendicular precipice often seven hundred to eight hundred feet high above the waterline, along the Great River's palisades. What a danger to the lives of these men is in store when at the least tension, the Bamboo-rope snaps. They are not only engaged in hard work on the stony ground, but down in the water where it means, so often, unavoidable death by drowning.

When I secured my ticket to travel with the Yuan Chi, I was told that I was getting the Dining room on board, expecting to be alone; but as there are three adjoining double sections i.e. six Bunks, one of which is mine, I saw the irony of not having understood the booking clerk. One of the six fellow passengers in the Dining room was a Chinese General, whose three soldier-attendants at night were sleeping right on the
floor of our overcrowded space. That meant three plus six, or nine persons, are housed in this small room. I have ordered the doors to be open at night! In the day time I sit near the pilot of the ship, in its open air Bow, in order to have a fine view. The scenery is grand indeed.

Near Li Chang in the Yang Tsze Gorges.
OUR STEAM BOAT CALLS AT FUCHOW,

WHICH INLAND TOWN IN THE POSTAL MAP IS CALLED FOWLING.

Apart from our misfortune in being packed on board like sardines, the trip was ideally pretty in the day time. The "Great River" is full of life; all along its enormous length, we passed junks of all sizes. At one time we observed a quaint marriage procession, in river boats. Also we saw fishermen, and townships as well as trade-marts. Truly the interesting river-scenery changed all the time. Now the water is begining to rise; freshets are already appearing. That means the trip might extend to twice the time. Yet, it is less dangerous now, for the reason that the huge boulders, besides rocks and reefs, are now mostly visible. Also, many of the most dangerous rapids do not exist at low water. The water may rise now from twelve to fifteen feet over night, at any time. I was up at 5:30 a.m. when the ship’s people started to yell and get busy; without that sort of going-on, nothing starts in China. Yet it is nerve-racking to get steel-hawsera and ropes in from the shore, where we made fast in the midst of junks and boats all around us. Also the soldier-attendants to the General now came back in a sampan to our ship, as they had spent the night on a small river craft. There they had found it more possible to pass the night in the nude, as they are accustomed to do. We are now approaching Fuchow where, from Kweichow Province, the river Kung Tan Kiang joins the Yangtsze on its right bank. The waters of this tortuous side stream are flanked by continuous rocky ridges and mountains, so much so that only boats of a very peculiar kind connect here with the south towards the Province of Kweichow. These so called "crooked stern and twisted boats," are able to pass most dangerous narrows and rapids, for a length of two hundred miles on this tributary of the Yangtsze.
Fuchow is now in sight. It is a most picturesque and large city, built in tier above tier up the mountain slope along the Great River.

Porters in the Tung-Oil Districts carrying empty Wood-Oil Baskets.
CHUNGKING

THE GREAT WESTERN EMPORIUM AND METROPOLIS
OF SZECHWAN.

To-day at 1 p.m. the "Yuan Chi" approached this treaty port situated on a picturesque rock on the left bank of the Yangtsze where, to the left of the city, the Kia Ling River, after a thousand miles on its north-south course, joins the Great River. The combined waters now go down to the estuary, for a distance of one thousand four hundred miles, into the Yellow Sea. Chungking is also called Pa Hsien and is composed of the city proper and a city which lies to the east, at the mouth of the Kia Ling Kiang. Besides, there are to the south along the right of the Yangtsze the bungalows and residences, or Tai-Pan Homes, situated along the mountain slopes. Chungking is in the west the most commercial metropolis of the Yangtze with over eight hundred thousand inhabitants. The city reveals an enormously busy life. The place is built up in tier after tier and was surrounded by a big crenelated stone-wall. The wall rises a hundred and fifty feet above the line of the present low river waters.* I was carried around in a sedan chair while climbing up and down the lanes of the town. I visited the Red Cross Hospital of Dr. Assmy whose Bungalow is situated on the opposite right slope of the River bank. Probably after about a week's stay, I will continue to proceed overland to Chengtu, the Capital in the North West of Szechwan. It is three hundred and fifty English miles to Chengtu.

Chungking is indeed a bustling City with fine shops. A new modern section of the town is now being erected in another section on the pattern of Shanghai. When traversing the river to visit the Estate of Doctor Assmy, we mounted on the right

* In Summer at the high water season the annual rise of the Yang Tsze Kiang at Chungking, is normally ninety feet above the low river level in Winter.
VIEWS IN AND AROUND CHUNG-KING. Waterfront along the Yang Tsze Kiang and the Kia Ling River, entering the "Great River".

Main Street in the modern section of Chungking.

The new auto-road winding for 350 Miles north-west to Chengtu, the Capital of Szechwan.

The Banyan Tree-Pass, leading towards the Province of Kweichow to Kweiyang, the Capital, 350 Miles South of Chungking.
At Chungking’s River Bed. Steps along the "Ta Kiang" leading to the high-up Metropolis.
river bank, fine but fierce Szechwan Ponies, which galloped with us up a couple of thousand stone steps which led up to the Doctor's Bungalow near the Banyan-tree along the transport route, which for three hundred and fifty miles, leads south to Kweiyang, the Capital of Kweichow.

Mr. Stamm and two Tibetan Lama-Priests at Chungking.
TO THE CAPITAL OF SZECHWAN.

MY OVERLAND CARAVAN TO CHENGTU.

To-morrow at 6 a.m. my overland caravan starts for Chengtu, the Capital of Szechwan; the road lies in the centre of transport connections into Tibet. The director of the Foreign Office in Chungking put an escort of four Szechwan soldiers at my disposal. The night before my departure I dined in the home of an American old-timer, Dr. McCarthy who has resided in Chungking for a quarter of a Century; the party was very pleasant indeed. Mr. Carl Neprud of the Chinese Customs, a Wisconsin graduate, was also present. Subsequently I stayed at his Customs quarters until mid-night. This morning I called on Mr. Myers, the United States Consul of Chungking, who made the overland journey from Sianfu to this town, not long ago; he gave me much useful information. While I was at the American Consulate some shooting was heard nearby. Mr. Myers said that an execution was going on outside the Land Gate near his official residence. So I took leave and rushed out in order to witness this event. Just outside the Land City Gate, ten Tou-Fei, or highway robbers, were shot by order of the Governor. The soldier appointed to carry out this order made short work of these lawless criminals. Thousands of spectators looked on, while one by one the condemned were put to death. The unfortunates were blindfolded. They knelt down and were drawn up in a line. A revolver shot into their brain from behind brought them dropping at once to the ground. The sad affair was over in no time.

My overland journey from here will take about ten or eleven days, to reach Chengtu the Capital, in a north-westerly direction from here.
My caravan consists of three chair coolies who carry my "Overland Pullman" chair. One coolie carries my Rattan-couch used as a bed for my night's rest, which couch I procured in Ichang, as no camp bed could be bought there, but only in Chengtu. Other coolies carry my essential luggage and one man carries in two large Rattan Baskets all sorts of Hams and Sausages which I promised to transmit to Family A. Bolte who are old North China friends in Chengtu.

A Chinese Lady riding on a Szechwan Pony which animals climb thousands of steps at a gallop.
FAREWELL AND OFF FROM CHUNGKING.

Before I left Chungking I was given a fine farewell in the City home of Dr. Assmy. With the Surgeon also were Engineer Glaubitz, and Mr. Schuchardt, as well as a Chungking merchant-pioneer, Wilshusen, and myself. The Doctor played music for us.

Since we were ready at 6 a.m. this morning, at 7 a.m. my expedition left with the Escort of the Magistrate. There were for this purpose four soldiers, who were placed at my disposal for my protection by the Chief-Magistrate of Chungking, in accordance with treaties and by the request of the Foreign Office. Mr. Glaubitz came along and accompanied me in his chair for fifteen Li, i.e. five miles; en route he took pictures of my caravan. I was riding a Szechwan Pony, which Mr. Schuchardt had provided. This animal rode up and down with me over the endless stone roads of stone steps such as prevail in Szechwan. It is indeed fine sport to sit in the saddle of these small, yet very strong ponies of Western China, which can take at a gallop thousands of these steps along the roads, leading up and down mountain passes and hills, as well as covering the plain. At first I felt rather insecure while galloping up the steps, but Dr. Assmy had showed me the trick, to let the reins loose and hold on by gripping the lower mane of your pony.*

* Dr. Assmy died in 1935 and Mr. Schuchardt in 1937; both of these old Szechwan friends were very good to me in 1933 when I arrived seriously ill in Chungking from Kwei-Yang in Kweichow, after a relief operation had been carried out there by Dr. E. S. Fish who had saved my life. I had been carried right after the relief operation in a Chinese Hua Kan (stretcher) over three hundred fifty miles over the mountains to Chungking where, by Dr. Assmy's arrangement, I was put up in the Syracuse-in-China Hospital, in care of Dr. Gentry and his nurse, Miss Munsell; two weeks later Dr. Gentry put
me into the Amphibian which brought me in seven hours to Hankow. From there I went by rail to Peking where I went to the German Hospital in May 1933. On September 4th, 1933 the now U.S. Army Colonel, Dr. Harold V. Raycroft made the needed Major Operation on me in the Italian Hospital in Tientsin, which operation was most successful and which gave me back my health by being treated for a long time after the operation by the present U.S. Army Colonel O. T. Kirksay.

Terraced Rice Cultivation in Szechwan.
EN ROUTE TO NEI KIANG,

THE HALF WAY POINT TOWARDS THE CAPITAL.

For the two days after leaving Chungking on our overland journey we had fine weather. But last night it rained and so our road became slippery to-day. The road to Chengtu is one of the best I have ever encountered in China. The roadway is about five feet wide and made everywhere, either of sandstone steps, or actually of large stone slabs.* There is a continual coming and going of travellers, who are mostly carried in Sedan Chairs. But multitudes of coolies also carry freight on their back, or on poles over their shoulder. At times only, coal and hides, as well as Salt, is carried by cattle, or on ponies. The water buffalo is seen all along the fields in great numbers. These animals, in ten thousands, plough the Rice paddy fields; the cultivation of rice is extensively carried out in millions of small fields standing under water as far as the eyes can see in this country. Grain and beans were already giving their first crops of the season. Millions of wood-oil trees stood on lower and higher ranges of hills, planted in such a way that the sun cannot throw its shadow from one individual tree on to another. Now, in their pretty pinkish white blossom with millions of blossoms on each tree, these wood-oil trees are most attractive; they bloom long before the tree spreads out its big foliage. Fruit orchards too present a colourful sight in the plain and along the Hills. I spent the first night of rest while

* Since that time many automobile roads were perfected in Szechwan; that from Chungking to Chengtu can now be covered in one to two days.
en route in a Buddhist Temple. Last night and to-night I found room in a Confucian Temple Hall. This morning we halted along the route in a District City where an exchange of the escort took place, and where in a Native Protestant Church we breakfasted. This three hundred and fifty miles long route from Chungking to Chengtu proves to be one of the richest overland transport routes in China, because one District City at a short interval follows another, and each of them represents riches, wealth and learning.

The fleet of small salt junks carrying salt from Tsze Liu Ching in Western Szechwan down the Lu Ho to the Yang Tsze where strong River Junks carry the salt towards Ichang and Shasi in Hupeh.
At Nei-Kiang, also known as Lui Kiang, I called on the Magistrate of the town who acceded to my request and gave me special facilities to make from here a detour westwards to the most important Salt-Wells of China. To get there I covered in one day the longest possible distance, viz: one hundred and twenty Li, or forty miles, starting before day-break, and continuing till evening, when we reached Tsze Liu Ching. I walked very little and was most of the time carried in my bamboo-sedan-Chair, which gives protection against the inclemencies of the weather. The chair was carried on the shoulders of two coolies in front and two in the rear; the two long bamboo-poles rest one to the right, and the other to the left, on the shoulders of the coolies. These carrying poles are each about three and a half inches in diameter and about fourteen feet long. The carriers must march on the undulating narrow road; they go up and down hills, and also often mount hundreds of stone-steps. When we had reached the West-Gate of Nei Kiang, by order of the Magistrate the huge city gate, under the high city wall, was opened for us. So also the gates of three suburbs gave us passage before we had reached the open country. Thereafter we often passed through big and small villages in the early morning and during the day. We reached Tze Liu Ching after 4 p.m. It was an exceptionally quick chair trip; without the Magistrate's help it would have been impossible, nor would it have been possible with less than four carrying coolies, besides whom another pair for relay carrying had been engaged; all told it was rather expensive, but my aim had been carried out. Only five times during the day we had made a short rest for frugal meals and tea. In Tze Liu Ching I was put up in the home of the District Inspector of the Salt Gabelle, Mr. Chang Yin Hwa, a real character, who had published volumes on the Salt Gabelle. The Chinese Government collected in 1917 about
A view of the surroundings of Tsze Liu Ching in Szechwan, the oldest and biggest brine basin of Western China.
The ovens in the brine district of Tze Liu Ching, where evaporation leaves the salt product.
ninety-six million dollars all over China for Salt dues. From the Salt Inspector’s home, on the top of a hill in the town, a fine panorama over the picturesque place was revealed, with the River along the Valley-bottom and a glimpse of the famous Tsze Liu Ching Salt works with its thousands of derricks over its tens of square miles of area. Here in this territory, the industry of the producing of Salt has been carried on for thousands of years. The brine is brought up from a deep sea level under the soil to where wells have been driven in a primitive way to a depth of two thousand feet. Through these wells, from the derricks, long stretched-out bamboos are let down to the brine basin and when filled up, these containers are driven up by a chain of bamboo ropes which are wound around huge drums by the power of living water buffaloes, animals which are used at Tsze Liu Ching in enormous numbers. When the brine, carried in bamboo tubes to the evaporating establishments, has produced the Salt, the same is transported not only by human salt-carriers to the west and south, but also by a fleet of small river boats to the Yang Tsze Kiang. There the Salt is transhipped in big Junks which are going down the Great River as far as Ichang and Shasi in the East, providing there Salt to the inhabitants of the western section of the great alluvial plain.
BACK EAST TO NEI KIANG.

AFTERWARDS NORTHWEST TO CHENGTU.

The great Salt Industry of Tsze Liu Tsing has impressed me greatly. There eight hundred thousand people are occupied at the wells and in the establishments where the process is carried on which produces the Salt from the Brine by heating, boiling and vaporation. My host there, the Chinese Salt Inspector, Mr. Chang Yin Hwa, is a native of Tientsin. His foreign colleague, Mr. Knaepel is still on his journey of inspection through other salt districts of Szechwan. My return to Nei Kiang, over the forty miles of distance, went off quickly and without a hitch in one day. It had rained all the night before leaving, so we started only at 6 a.m. but we reached our destination at 6 p.m. For the first ninety Li, I was carried all the time in my sedan chair because of the road which was too slippery for me. The chair carrying coolies used some iron heel-protection on their sandals, against accidents.

We re-started northwards from Nei Kiang the morning after my return, in order to get to Tzechow, now called Tsze Chung, to-night, which is over sixty Li, or twenty miles of distance. The country side, with thousands of wood-oil trees in bloom, as far as one could see, looked beautiful. Here at Tzechow I called at the American Methodist Mission, and found there hospitable shelter. From the Mission Compound there was a view over the extended town and hills, one of which made with its crest the peculiar form of a Chinese brush, or penholder rest. Here it was, in a temple at the foot of that hill, that the once great Viceroy Tuan Fang and his younger Brother Tuan Chi lost their lives during the revolution of 1911 and 1912 by the treachery of their own soldiers' units. I knew them both well and in 1910 I had travelled with Tuan Chi from China via Siberia to the former St. Petersburg, now Leningrad.
STAYING EN ROUTE OVER NIGHT IN THE "SAN SHEN KUNG"
OR THE PALACE OF THE THREE GODS.

When I wrote and mailed a letter this afternoon, I was passing through the District City of Tze Yang. District cities have a so-called Chief-Magistrate among whose functions is to provide an escort, or protection, particularly to Foreigners who are travelling in Western China. Therefore here the old escort had to be discharged, and some cumshaw (a tip) had to be given to these men. Subsequently, after I had paid my respects to the Magistrate, a new escort, called Fu Sung, would turn up. The temple here, the Liang Chiang Si, where I stopped for the night, was in use for the Higher College of the District-Town. About forty Boys, all between nine to fourteen years old, came to see me and chat with the foreigner. The Boys looked clean, bright and intelligent. They stood observing a respectful silence while I conversed with the two teachers. I really felt joyful about this sign of real progress in Western China. It is not always so, as only yesterday night, I was staying in another village Temple, where a grammar school was installed, and where the sanitary conditions looked pitiful. No doubt in the course of time improvements will be made.

We have again fine weather and I am in the best of trim. In three days we shall have reached Chengtu, the Capital of the Province, where I will stay for a short time.
INDUSTRIAL OBSERVATIONS ALONG THE ROUTE.

Vegetable oil is one of the chief products which the natives along the overland route produce in the old primitive way. One day I saw at a distance from our route a sort of a chimney which attracted my attention; so I went over there and found myself in a small factory where oil was extracted from earth-nuts (or so called Monkey Nuts). Cattle were being used to get the greatest possible high pressure. I saw how, from a sort of a Pressing Machine, the liquid crude oil was collected, while the remainder in the cylinder, (looking like a big round compressed cake) was shipped away to be used for manure, so I was told.

Other products were hemp, from which the famous China yellowish and white Grass Cloth is woven, for which Szechwan is famous; these manufactured goods are shipped East where it is in great demand, particularly for the natives' long white coats worn during Summer, and for underwear.

Silk is spun from cocoons which are collected along this transport route where mulberry orchards are extensively found.
PAGODAS AS MILE STONES.

THE RED BASIN OF SZECHWAN.

With the advance of our caravan and its approach to the Capital of Szechwan, i.e. from Chungking* to Chengtu, we reached Chien Chow. This city, with its thirteen-storied Pagoda, in the last edition of the Postal Maps of China, is printed under the name of Kienyang. Speaking of Pagodas, it may here be pointed out that each District city and particularly those cities along the Szechwan overland transport routes as well as along the Great River's shipping routes, and especially those cities of old possessing a higher political status, has the approach to it marked by at least one Pagoda. This city Pagoda becomes visible, as one approaches, on the top of a nearby hill, or mountain. At times big cities would even have two Pagodas, i.e. one in the south and one along the approach from the north. I regarded these sacrificial symbols of "Good Wind and Water", as a kind of lighthouse or rather mile-stones.

After we had reached the last mountain pass at Chia Tien Si, early in the morning of April 17, we were on the top of the height from where I saw in the depth the wonderfully rich, and so famous Chengtu valley covering a hundred square miles in area, linked up by magnificent irrigation. This famous plain is known as the fertile Red Basin.

* Upon my second visit in 1933 to Chungking, I was taken in an auto along the fine automobile route which then already connected Chungking with Chengtu in the north over a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. This new auto road is a marvellous piece of Road Engineering. I was taken on the section over the first fifty miles from Chungking. Also another three hundred and fifty miles of automobile road now connects Chungking to the South with Kweiyang, the Capital of Kweichow.
ENTRY INTO CHENG TU.

We had safely reached our goal after completing the direct route from Chungking to Chengtu, one thousand and six Li in length, added to which are one hundred and twenty Li in going and also, one hundred and twenty Li in returning from Tsze Liu Ching all of which made up one thousand two hundred and forty-six Li, or about four hundred and fifteen English miles. We entered the Capital from the East. Outside the crenelated City Wall with its Bastions, our approach to the actual town involved avoiding running anybody down in the narrow street of the eastern suburb among the multitude of people, before we had entered the City Gate. When in the City we crossed wide and elegant main Streets until my Fu-T’uo, or Caravan leader, brought me before the Residence of the Bolte family who were old friends from Peking and Tientsin. They happened to be out; so I first paid off my Chair and luggage carriers as well as their leader with whatever was yet due to them, plus a nice extra, for their good-behaviour and faithful services as is customary and carried out by native travellers. Besides I naturally paid something to the Fu-Sung Escort who, on this last stage reached Chengtu with me.
TESTIMONIAL TO MY FU-T'AO.

As among convoys of the sort my caravan was composed of, it is customary to provide the leader with a document of good conduct, I therefore handed the following signed paper to Hsia Sun-Ting and added also a letter to the same effect to be taken to my friends in Chungking.

To whom it may Concern.

The undersigned herewith certifies, that upon arrival in Chungking, he made arrangements and agreed with the Fu-T'uo, or coolie-foreman by the name of Hsia Sun-ting to take charge of the transport of the undersigned's luggage, as well as the engagement of the necessary Fu-Tsze, or Chair Coolie-bearers for the undersigned himself. The overland expedition from Chungking to Chengtu, with a side trip to Tsze Liu Ching, consisted of twelve men, escort included. All these men did their hard work cheerfully and without cause of complaint. The Fu-T'uo, or coolie-foreman, had his men well in hand and directed the advance to the best of his ability and knowledge along the entire road, which so far as the direct road from Chungking to Chengtu is concerned, he knows well. He also carried out my instructions, to put me up only in the better inns, or especially in temples. While not abandoning my personal oversight over my own baggage, yet, as the luggage was in the care of the coolie leader, it is confirmed by the undersigned that he got all his luggage and belongings safely and carefully delivered in Chengtu, in spite of dangers from the highway robbers which infested the mountainous road during the time of this journey. Done and signed upon arrival at Chengtu, the 18th April, 1917.

(Signed)  EMIL S. FISCHER,
of Tientsin and Peking;
(resident of China since 1894).
CHENG TU AND OUTLOOK.

MILITARY AND POLITICAL EVENTS A MUTINY.

*Evening of 17 April, 1917.

When I got through with my caravan, a Boy i.e. the servant of the Bolte family took me to the Lawn-Tennis Ground where I met the Bolte couple and their two young sons. I was also introduced here to Messrs. Wacker, Ritterbusch and Eger, who were Chengtu residents. All of them were particularly interested about the political conditions along the route. When we subsequently went home and passed near the north gate into the street where the Bolte Residence was, we found there soldiers fully-armed, watching the entry, outside which we were for a few moments held up by them. And when we reached the Eastern end of this north side main street, we saw there machine guns and rifles as well as soldiers. That night a fatal revolt took place which made it impossible to leave our home for over two weeks. What luck that I had brought along from Chungking, all the provisions for the Boltes!

Chengtu at one time was an Imperial Residence. A Prince of the Ming Dynasty (1368—1644 A.D.) resided here. Even when I came to this Capital-City in 1917, there still existed in addition to the large extent of the business and residential part of the town, a separate Manchou Defence City with a formidable square enclosure which was surrounded by a forty feet high crenelated Defence-Wall, with Bastions and strong Entrance Gates. In this separate part of the town the Military Governor of the Province of Szechwan had his Residential Yamen. There were his Staff and the Military Forces of his contingents. The City possessed, visibly in the distance, as its northern and western background, the high chain of the Eastern

* A letter.
Himalayas. Thousand year old Routes lead west from Chengtu, over "the Roof of the World" to Lhasa in Tibet, and N.E. to Manchuria. Water routes down the Fu River, which geographically for us is called the Min River, gave Chengtu, via Suifu, Chungking and Ichang, access to Shanghai and the Sea. Chengtu for ages had possessed up to the end of the last century the so-called provincial Examination Halls, where the Literati graduated, by which procedure officials of the Empire received their rank and name. And as this Province is the richest in the Empire in products of the Soil, its wealth attracted the Military Leaders from adjoining southern provinces to station their soldier-hordes in Szechwan. These political events of the neighbouring provinces of Yünnan and Kweichow started upheavals and revolutions as the natives of Szechwan had suffered terribly by these invaders who wished to enrich themselves. How far such political power could reach, can be grasped from the revolutionary doings of General Tsai Ao, the Szechwan rebel, in 1915—1916, who strongly in his plans opposed the first and powerful President of the Republic of China, Yuan Shih Kai, in abandoning his post in order to make himself an Emperor of China. It was Yuan in 1912, who brought about the abdication Decree of the Manchou, or Ta Ching Dynasty (1644-1912). Yuan subsequently to Tsai Ao's opposition and success died in Peking.

Here now in 1917, the night after I had arrived in Chengtu, the shooting and wild firing with Howitzers and Machine-Guns went on unceasingly; big fires were raging in various sections of the town. Soldiers, looting in the rich mercantile parts of the town, with tremendous fear-inspiring noise, made Pandemonium; we did not leave our house for over two weeks, when at last, by the advice of the British and French Consuls General of Chengtu, the opposing Military Forces promised to retire from the town so as to fight to a finish their quarrels in the open country. That saved our lives. When an armistice was declared in town, from its southern end came an American
Baptist Missionary to visit the Boltes. And when this gentleman left to return home, he took me along, and showed me the Offices of the Foreign-Director of the Government, on whom we both called. This Official said, that there was no chance of passing through the City Gates to the North and South, nor to the East. He also added: The country is insecure as well as full of Bandits; he advised me to stay; further, no escort could now be provided. I did not reply, but made my plan at once to leave next day by the West Gate because he had not said anything about that direction. That the country was, no doubt, in a very disturbed condition I grasped from what I had seen a day or so before, when, at the ceasing of the shooting, my Chengtu friends, joined by me, made a journey of inspection through all sections of Chengtu. In a narrow street we suddenly had to make a stop alongside the closed artisans shops. There on a big stretcher, was carried, as we could observe, the Military Governor with a cavalcade around him of well-armed soldiers ready to shoot, all on horseback having soldiers in front and behind as well on all sides. The Governor by this ruse, from the Manchou, or so called Imperial City, into which we went subsequently, was taken away towards the Eastern City Gate. In this section of Chengtu the destruction and ruins were terrible.

When I had come home from interviewing the Foreign Office Director, I stated to the Boltes what I had been told, and added, I could not stay any longer, and that I would leave the town next morning at daybreak by the West Gate route. My friends helped me to get my bedding and a camp bed, in addition to a little luggage, to be carried out of town before I started to a point fifteen li, or five miles north-westwards. One of my friends accompanied me on pony-back to this point, from where he and his servant on my animal returned to the city. This servant had gone ahead to look after my luggage; he got the stuff safely through the West Gate.
Now, I followed the coolie with my luggage on his back along the fine road towards Kwan Hsien. The distance from Chengtu to that town was forty miles on a rising road. Chengtu is situated about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea and Kwan Hsien is over four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. That evening, I reached Pi-Hsien, the half-way point. I went there to a Buddhist Temple where I found hospitable shelter, but as there was no other place, I put my camp bed up in a place used as a repository for huge Chinese coffins, awaiting there the time when families would call for them so as to be taken to the actual last resting place. The Ho-Shan Priests let me have plenty of warm water to wash myself all over, a very necessary proceeding after the enforced march. I found that my uncomfortable shoes had caused a bad wound on my right foot. My Chengtu friends had provided me with a pair of footwear because my shoes had been looted in the shop where I had sent them to be repaired in Chengtu. From this time on to the end of my great journey I only used the ordinary Chinese straw sandals.

I reached Kwan Hsien the next afternoon. The forty miles of the route from Chengtu were a delight not only because of the fine crops to be seen along the way, but also the irrigation canals, laid out in all directions which we crossed over by fine bridges. The trip presented a variety of views which were enchanting. The nearer we came to Kwan Hsien, the more I admired the stupendious panorama of alpine heights in the western neighbourhood of the town.
THE IRRIGATION WORKS OF THE RED BASIN.

Here, at this border town of Kwan Hsien, at the foot of mountains rising in the North and West, where altitudes of over twenty thousand feet are reached, ends the rich Chengtu plain known as the Red Basin. The Tibetan Mountains with their snow and glacier covered peaks are now before us. A marvellous sight!

I was staying here on the top of an eastern entrance Hill dominating the view of the inrushing river streams, where my refuge, a temple, gave the eye-sight occasion to marvel at nature. Here, below this hill, a channel cut in two, starts the irrigation work by diverting the rivers. The water rushes here into side channels with numerous connections. Here is the start of the great Chengtu irrigation work, accomplished by the famous Li Ping over two thousand years ago. The hundred square miles of the Chengtu basin, the most richly fertile and most populous part of Szechwan and of Western China, has had no famine, ever since this irrigation work existed. Our temple where I was staying, had been erected in honor of this benefactor, who is canonized as a god. The waters of this irrigation pertain to the Min River. It is on the section above Kwan Hsien, when, through a narrow transport gorge, the waters of the Min rush down to Kwan Hsien from the upper level, where the Chinese-Tibetan Fortress town of Sung Pan Ting is situated, from where a hard, mountainous road leads to the Lamaserie of Labrang* in Kansu. This point is at an

* See picture.
At Kwan Hsien where the waters of the Min-River drop from the Sun Pan Ting height down into Chengtu's Red Basin; the original divide of the irrigation system of the Chengtu plain; the bamboo rope-bridge in the center, leading to the Temple of the Originator and canonized King. It was Li Ping, three centuries before Christ, who originally cut the hill by which the waters are distributed into a network of canals all over this most fertile plain.
Water flow. The main irrigation canals between Kwan Hsien and Chenzhiu show how its olden maintenance alongside the
altitude of over nine thousand feet above sea level, while Kwan Hsien, the town where the Red basin begins, is only four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The Gorge between the two towns is only two hundred and thirty miles long. I would have gone up, but I could not get permission from the magistrate, and therefore decided to start from here, towards the south, along the footlands of the Eastern Himalayas. While making promenades around Kwan Hsien I visited the large temple grounds built in tiers along the entrance rush of the Min Water situated on the left bank of the River, which temple is dedicated to the second King who continued the Irrigation work ages ago. At this inner opening section of the Sun Pan Gorge, I walked over the long rope hanging bridge which is a thousand feet long and eight feet wide. The bridge, which is firmly anchored at both ends, swayed when I walked over.
THE TIEN TSZE TUNG,

A TAOIST PILGRIMAGE AND SECLUSION.

We are just about to start, going South along the footlands of the Eastern Himalayan Chain, which close up the Chinese Hinterland in this most western part of the Middle Kingdom. As to the procedure of my travel, at first, it was not my intention to get into the Tibetan Borderland, but on account of the Military Mutiny in Chengtu, I had to change my route. Then I reached, in a North-Western direction, the District City of Kwan Hsien. However, here no permission was given to climb up to the frontier Sub-Prefecture Sung Pan Ting. My further intention was to go down the Min on a raft. But boats were few, and delay was to be considered. So, being informed of a beautiful spot along the south of the overland postal route I preferred the possibility of going ahead by chair; this chair which I had engaged here was carried by Futze, which is the name carriers are called here. Now, on our advance and marching route, we crossed several big arms of the irrigation-channel, with its thousands of side channels. The noisy sound of the water was caused by the tremendous current in the forward rush of the streams along the slopes and steep mountains. Towards noon we approached the western side route, which led to the Temple-Cave known as “Tien Tsze Tung”. This temple is situated in an upper depression of a wonderful site on the mountain frontier; it surpasses the scenic wonders and famous sights of Japan. Invisible from without, we penetrated into a section of the mountains, walking up a stone step
road of a thousand steps, hewn into the granite, conducting us upwards into the seclusion of an old forest with very high trees hundreds of years old. The Taoist Abbot-priest said later to me: these Red Trees date back two thousand years into Chinese history, a fable no doubt. But in climbing up to the famous cave I met an eighty years old Taoist-priest to whom I offered my sedan chair in order to let him be carried up to the supreme sight, the Heavenly, divine Ravine. We were, for a long time kept out of its sight by a mountain barrier. The cave, with an open front section, possesses, in its beautiful outstretched back part, compounds, which again are closed by a precipitous rock of hundreds of feet in height. I was satisfied with this exploration, more so as I was told, only a few Japanese and also a German, a Frenchman and an Englishman had ever visited it years ago; they too had been attracted to this cave-temple, well known to Chinese pilgrims. Many men in the later part of life I saw here; they came to this spot of beauty and priestly surrounding, to pass their days, here, in this attractive seclusion and quiet.
PREPARING TO ENTER THE TIBETAN MARCHES.

From Tien Tsze Tung, after reaching again the Main Route, we went to Chung Chow and then over a mountain range to Ya Chow Fu. Here I went to see the Prefect, a very fine, younger Mandarin. He happened to be sitting in Court. I saw, that no sooner was my card presented to him by the Yamen-Runner, than he ordered the Court to be suspended for the day. That happened while there were in his open-air Court-yard, a few hundred Chinese, intermixed with local Tribesmen and Tibetans. They all had to leave the Yamen, being told a Foreign personage had arrived and that the Court would reopen the next day. I was ushered in, and received by the high official. We had a very pleasant talk and the Prefect was willing to do anything possible to help me to proceed Westward over the mountain passes. This meant that now I could succeed in proceeding with one soldier escort, instead of four or five men, which would have meant spending more money for so many. I am leaving to-morrow en route to the terminus of my westward journey, Ta Tsien Lu. I will write more while en route. We must cross over two mountain passes, each of a height of about ten thousand feet above sea level. One of these is known as the Ta Hsiang Ling, the other as the Fei Yün Ling. While at Ya Chow Fu, which is the Frontier Prefecture, from where the thousand mile long route leads to the Tibetan Capital, Lhasa, I was most hospitably received by the foreign members of the American Baptist Mission. Among them were a staff of Teachers, a medical Doctor and those doing evangelistic work at this secluded spot in China, situated in a beautiful mountain site on the upper part of the Ya River.
CLIMBING THE TA LU,

ON THE BIG, THOUSAND YEARS OLD ROUTE, LEADING OVER MOUNTAINS INTO THE HEART OF TIBET.

This is our third day en route towards Ta Tsien Lu, a hundred miles west. It means at least eight days of a mountainous journey to reach this destination. On account of my now painful wound on my right foot, I never left my chair these last two days. Dr. Davitt of the American Baptist Mission treated the wound, just below my right toe, which was caused by my shoes while walking from Chengtu to Kwan Hsien. The fault was, that I went off with too small an outfit, when I saw no other means of getting away from Chengtu. After yesterday’s storm, to-day we have fine weather. The road we have already been climbing up for three days, called the Ta Lu, leads to the Ta Hsiang Ling, or as I was told the Minister-pass. There is a lower section of the pass over which we will get to-day, but the top we will reach sometime to-morrow. The defile over this mountain route is very attractive and full of interest. Products from the inner mountainous valleys are carried by coolies towards Ya Chow, which the Postal Atlas now names Ya An. Advancing quicker on our way, we passed masses of tea carriers who bring a particular kind of Tea to Ta Tsien Lu, which tea-leaves are widely in demand in Tibet.

In the upper reaches of the “Ta Lu” crossing the Ta Hsiang Ling to get into the Tibetan Border Land. A Bridge over the gully.
THE HEIGHT OF THE PASS.

OBSERVATIONS ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

We went along through beautiful mountain scenery all day. Fine sunshine and animated view-points are plentiful while climbing up the high Ta Lu mountain road. But now, along the top-crest, before dawn, atmospheric clouds hide the giants in the distance. It is shiveringly cold. I was glad that I had my heavy winter coat. We stopped over night in a small temple. The Gorge, up which we had climbed, became narrower and narrower, and the higher we rose the nearer we approached the height of the pass. Since this morning, we have climbed up a good distance. The River Ya, which we followed here in its upper reaches, carried its roaring waters down over high precipices and along a wild river bed. The mountain flora presented a most enchanting picture of nature all day along. Most interesting, among the thousands of transport coolies whom we passed, and women carrying heavy loads eastwards on their backs, were those carriers, who each carried on their backs two light baskets with air-openings, containing little bags. These bags contained insect Larvae of the famous Tibetan Wax Worm! They are brought over this pass from higher inland mountain basins down to the hotter plain, along the O’Mei mountain in the East, by a ten days’ carrying journey. There these larvae develop on the La Shu, or wax tree, producing great quantities of Candle wax. While the Coolies carry these Baskets with Larvae, they stop and sleep in coolie inns in the day time, but travel fast during evenings and the cool night, in order to get their Larvae-load to its destination before it opens.

When we reached the top of the pass road and halted for a little while in the rest house, the coolies, in their thin garb, warmed their fingers and faces over a charcoal fire.
Outside was snow and ice. It was bitterly cold. We soon followed the road down on the west of the pass to the valley-town of Ting Ki Hsien at the western foot of the Ta Hsiang Ling, which place had a stone defence wall around it; but inside there the town was almost deserted.
CROSSING THE FEI YÜN LING.

From Ting Ki Hsien extends a southward route over a hundred miles long via the rich valley of the Chien Chang, towards Yünnan. Quite a few explorers who had been debarred from entering Western Tibet via Ta Tsien Lu and Batang, came back over this southern route to make the circuit towards Bhamo into Burma. While we stopped at the mountain-enclosed District Town of Ting Ki Hsien, I observed transports of heavy zinc and copper ingots which arrived from the Chien Chang valley, carried on the back of strong mules, which metals were taken up the Ta Hsiang Ling, to be transported eastwards. We, however, followed north west the route which means to climb up the next stupendous pass, the Fei Yün Ling. My chair coolies moved slowly over the height of the Fei Yün Ling, or the pass “Flying with Clouds over the mountain”. There was on the pass-crest a sort of an out-look-gate, over nine thousand feet above the sea, from which we, in the evening sun, admired in the distance the glacier-covered Tibetan giants of over twenty thousand feet. Then, we went down to the valley and city of Hwa Lien Ping. The road yesterday and to-day was pretty as far as the surrounding scenery was concerned. But there was no longer much human life there, such as prevailed along the previous pass-road over the Ta Hsiang Ling, which mountain is crossed daily by thousands of coolies. This is because the Tea-carrying transport coolies now take shorter side pass-ways. We overtook in the lower part of the pass probably a hundred and fifty coolies with their heavy Brick Tea-loads on their backs, but none in the upper
reaches. There were very few other travellers to be seen, both up and down. Also there were only a few Tea houses along the road, and those seen were of the poorest class. All morning now we had to the west of us the most picturesque views of giant alps covered with snow and glaciers. In another three days we are due in Ta Tsien Lu, which place in Tibetan is known as Dar-Tsendo. There I expect to stay about a week.

Lu Ting Chiao looking towards the left bank where the town is situated and the Chen Hwa Temple is terraced.
ALONG THE TUNG HO TORRENT.

NEARING MY CENTRAL ASIAN TERMINUS.

The last few days presented very impressive scenery along this secluded caravan route in the Chinese-Tibetan Borderland. The beauty of the Fei Yün Ling, about ten thousand feet above sea level, over which I was carried in my sedan chair, is surpassed from the moment of getting down into the Eastern Tibetan mountain valley, along the Tibetan Marches, through which the waters of the river Tung Ho rush in a wilderness composed of Gorges and canons. Here on the river Tung Ho no ship, except where coracles can be used as ferries, can navigate; it is an amazing torrent. The Tung Ho with the Ya Ho are affluents of the Min, and the Min runs at Suifu into the Yangtsze. The water channel winds itself thousands of times between the foothills of colossal mountain-ranges. Here along this route I proceeded for three full days. This Grand Canon is unsurpassed in the depth of its beauty and nowhere alike. This majestic sight, all along this natural frontier between Tibet and China, has no equal! At Lu Ting Chiao in the early morning, after having spent a night's rest there, I went up to the top-terrace, outside the temple where I had spent the night. The morning-sun threw its rays west on the Minya Konka chain with its over twenty thousand feet of altitude among the Tibetan mountain giants. What an exceptional beauty did not these snow and glacier-covered mountains present with their most fantastic and wild Ravines! To the North and South and to the West around Ta Tsien Lu, such glacier-covered giants are seen in the distance.

Yesterday on the road down from the Fei Yün Ling towards the Tung Ho, when passing through a small Border-town, I saw a shield with the sign in Chinese “Tien Chu Tang”, meaning Catholic Church. I said to myself, I must pay my
In the Tibetan Borderland.
The rushing Tung River.
Along the Tung Torrent in the Tibetan Marches. The Caravan Road is faintly discernible on the right bank.

The Root of the Tibetan Home shows the stone protection against storms.
respects to the French Priest who may be stationed there. Reverend Father Léard, who had been living along the Border-land for over fifty years, was sent into this "Land of the Lamas" when he was twenty-two years old by the French "Mission Dans l'Est du Tibet". The Reverend Father could hardly believe his ears and eyes, when I unexpectedly entered his compound and addressed him: "Bonjour Mon Père", adding as I was an Austrian, "I am an enemy". But the Father earnestly replied in French "Come in, you are welcome; they are fighting on the battle field, but not here."* I spent a couple of happy hours in the secluded home of the old missionary, who offered me coffee and a glass of strengthening wine "de Cotes".

During our marching we met transports of Tibetan mountain-wool being carried eastwards. This evening at 5 p.m. we reached the Defence Sub-Prefecture of Lu Ting Chiao, where in the top section of its Chen Hwa Miao Temple, I had put up my camp-bed, by permission of the adjutant of the Military contingent stationed there.

Later at Wa-Se Kou, at the junction of the Tung Ho with the Dar Tsendo mountain torrent, in the temple-hall wherein I put up my camp-bed there, I had as my night's companions four coffins which had been stored here until they should be transported to the family grave-yard farther eastward in China, as is customary among the Chinese.

* Regarding the citizenship of Emil S. Fischer, it is stated here, that as he had lived for years at a time with his parents and family in New York, who had left Austria for America over half a century ago and as he had been back and forth to his home many times, no wonder therefore, his great political friends over there started proceedings in order to make him become an American citizen. The plea got in 1920 in a Joint Bill into the U.S. Congress. In two Congresses of 1920 and 1921 this "Emil S. Fischer Bill" got an unanimous vote in favour in the U.S. Senate; but this vote was not completed in the House and was deferred sine die! Subsequently the process before the U.S. Federal Court brought Fischer the wished—for citizenship in 1924.
MEMORABLE SCENIC SIGHTS.

THE RAVINE FROM WA-SE-K'OU TO TA TSIEEN LU.

What panoramic sights there are on the last stage to my Central Asian terminus! We were off early. Wa Se Kou lies at an altitude of five thousand five hundred and sixty feet above the sea and the city of Ta Tsien Lu, only twenty miles distant, has an altitude of eight thousand four hundred feet above the sea. Before our start I gave a last look back from my point of observation towards the Lu-Ho at its junction with the Tung Ho. What a disturbance in the waters, with its whirlpools and cascades over which the current simply leapt in its haste to get further downwards. It looked in this mountain seclusion as an Alpine-like green water with white foam on top, in substance like boiling water. At night I was disturbed by the roaring of the river's thunder-like noise. But the advance towards Ta Tsien Lu was still more marvellous. We were all day passing through the defile of the narrow gorge above the water channel, which gorge allows the stream to break through. Just at the edge of this channel a footpath exists, and this is the road. Thousands of feet of mountain-walls, palisade-like, line the road on both sides. There are seen alongside steep precipices with numerous water cascades, where one only observes a long string of white foam, which drops downward into the channel of the Lu Ho. It is an unique passage, where all this can be seen in actual beauty of natural scenery, here two thousand eight hundred miles west from Shanghai, right in the Tibetan Marches. It was a memorable journey, lasting one full day. This, not only on account of the stupendous, indescribable sights, but also in an entirely different direction, in its economic aspect. There was in this gorge through which we now passed a congregation of Transport Coolies, carrying each upwards of a hundred pounds of loads on their individual backs which loads almost
The Bridge at Lu Ting Chiao.
Seen from below, showing how the nine iron chains, on which the boards are laid, are anchored to the shore.
Along the Eastern Himalayas. Yaks, the transport cattle over high Asian Alpine passes from Western China to Lhasa.

Porters carrying tea loads weighing 250 pounds from the footlands of the Eastern Himalayas towards Ta Tsien Lu, the Tibetan - Chinese Trading Mart.

In the main Courtyard of a Buddhist Temple; the ordination of a Priest.
entirely consisted of Tibetan Brick Tea, being a quality which is liked as far as Lhasa and over all Tibet. This Tea is brought to Ta Tsien Lu by the coolies, or human carriers, from the Eastern Himalayan footlands around Ya Chow and Chiung Chow. Every day thousands of men are en route with tea-loads on their backs, which they bring to Ta Tsien Lu. The coolies came here after having crossed the Bridge at Lu Ting Chiao, which point is four thousand eight hundred and fifty feet above the sea. The carriers advance slowly covering a three week's passage on narrow side-paths ever since they had left the foothills of the Eastern Himalayas, either by taking the short routes from Chiung Chow, or Ya Chow Fu, or through other preferred points. The Carriers deliver their cargo to the Tea Godowns in Ta Tsien Lu which means a hundred thousand pounds daily during the carrying season. Here a re-packing is made mostly in leather pouches which are carried further, at times by human transport now mostly Tibetan coolies; among them I have seen a number of strong women carrying heavy tea pouches on their backs. Yet the main quantity is loaded for the long transport from Ta Tsien Lu to Lhasa on both sides of the saddle on the back of the Yak, that fine, very short but very strong Tibetan Cattle, with its bushy tail and its lower hair falling down almost to the ground. I saw outside of Ta Tsien Lu thousands of these Yaks with their loads, starting on the thousand mile long road to Lhasa.

Isolated Mountain Home in the Tibetan Marches, The Flat Roofs are weighed with Stones so as not to be blown away.
TA TSIEN LU, KNOWN IN TIBETAN AS DAR-TSENDO,*

THE GREAT CHINESE-TIBETAN TRADING MART.

We ultimately in the afternoon, reached the opening of the narrow gorge through which, at a height of eight thousand four hundred feet above the sea, we discerned in the wide mountain basin a stone-walled town and the confluence of two rivers, one coming from the north-west, the other from the south. One of these rivers in Tibetan is called the Dar, the other the Tsendo giving the town the name Dar Tsendo. The Chinese name for the combined two rivers is the Lu Ho, which flows into the Tung Ho. The name of the town is changed in Chinese and known as Ta Tsien Lu. We now came in sight of the walls to the east and to the north of Ta Tsien Lu. Soon, upon entering the East Gate, we were asked about passports by the Chinese soldiers watching the gate. This being found in order, we went inside the walls to a nearby Temple situated a little to the East above, on a terrace which gave a full perspec-

* The official Chinese name for is KAN TING. Here is about TA TSIEN LU (also written Ta Chien Lu) some extract of the work of PAUL SHERAP, Tachienlu (DORJE Zödba, or thunderbolt Zödba) in "A TIBETAN ON TIBET" by G. A. COMBE, one of H. Majesty's Consuls in China (Fisher Unwin, Ltd. London) with Foreword by Sir Charles Bell, Indian Civil Service, retired political representative in Tibet, Bhutan & Sikkim; author of "Tibet: Past & Present."

"TACHIENLU, or Dartsendo, to call it by the Tibetan name of which the Chinese form is a corruption, is a small township nestling at the junction of two mountain torrents in the SINO-TIBETAN Border country 8400 feet above sea level. Surrounded by snow capped peaks, it is the last predominantly Chinese town on the road westward from Szechwan, and is regarded as the MAIN GATEWAY TO TIBET from the East. Here the traveller from the Chengtu plain enters a new and strange country, for the domestic animals grazing by the stream are yaks, the party of bold, dirty, gipsy-looking fellows squatting near them are Tibetans, and the white covering on the mountain overhead is there all the year round. Some few centuries ago this region was politically, as well as ethnographically, part of Tibet; ... and in spite of the fact that the peaceful penetration, following military conquest, has given Chinese the ascendancy in the town, its flat, prayer—flagged roofs and the crowds of Tibetans always wandering through the streets (narrow streets) markedly differentiate it from the ordinary town in China."
tive over the city and its wide river valley. In the north-western distance the basin was closed up by formidable giants with their eternal snow and glaciers rising to an altitude of well over twenty thousand feet above the sea. Now during a week's stay in and around Ta Tsien Lu I noticed the peculiar life of this town with its strong mixture of rustic Tibetans of both sexes. Their sheepskin furs in which they were dressed, with high boots, were not of the cleanest; yet the women, especially the younger ones, looked healthier and prettier. Even, it might be said, they did not mind flirting with a foreigner, when passing them on my errands in all directions. Among the thirty to forty thousands of inhabitants of this trading mart there are, I was told, about half Chinese and half Tibetans. The Tibetans pertain to the so called Chala Tribe. The Chala dominion is spread extensively over this Tibetan mountain region, but is very sparsely populated. The Chala Tribe may number two hundred thousand. They were during my visit ruled by a Chieftain, who is known as the King of Chala.

It was my fortune to meet this personage at a reception in the home of the Missionaries Teodor and Cisi Sorenson in Ta Tsien Lu. Subsequently Mr. A. J. Clements took me to the King's residence to Tea. At Ta Tsien Lu I paid my respects to the Apostolic Bishop of Eastern Tibet and his clergy; in the hospital of the Catholic nuns, my foot was treated. When being received by the King of Chala in his residential compound, one of the chieftain's Tibetan dogs, a sort of fierce animal who was chained, almost broke loose when it would no doubt have made short work of me; but the King himself came to take care of his beast. This kind of Tibetan dogs of the size of police dogs, on various occasions in that section of my journey, made me really frightened. The King of Chala was dressed like a high

† Some years after my visit to Ta Tsien Lu I read a report in the North China Daily News that for political reasons the Chinese authorities put the King of Chala into prison. His people were about to get him away when on this flight the King was drowned.
official in China; we sat all three, the King, Clements and myself in a cheerful way together, sipping tea and chatting without any ceremony. The home of the Chieftain was nicely furnished in part in Tibetan-style, but decorated with many Chinese objects d'art. By making a request of the King for his support in being able to pay a visit to any of the Lamaseries around Ta Tsien Lu, the King of Chala gave directions to the Abbot of the largest of all Lamaseries in the neighbourhood, that I should be well received there and be allowed to see the interiors of the Sanctuaries and witness sights of the Tibetan service. Mr. Clements accompanied me to this Lamaserie which was about five miles distant on the Southern route. When we reached the outer slope of this Lamaserie, there were a couple of hundred Lama-Priests sitting around on the stones of the slope; they were turning their prayer-wheels, and their thunderbolt-symbols, and doing other such ritual things, including the counting in murmurs of the strings of beads of the rosary. But these Lama Priests otherwise paid no attention to us and were not looking at us, nor among themselves, nor talking to each other. This strange appearance was due to some ritual, which like fasting, was going on just then, as I was told by my companion, who knew several of the functionaries among those sitting in the open, who, upon our passing disregarded us. And, when we came near to the inner and main temple, we saw in front of the entrance the menagerie of badly-stuffed wild animals and also grotesque masks of all sorts, which are here exhibited. The idea of such an exhibition is to watch and safeguard against the possible appearance of devils which they frighten and drive away. Subsequently we were well received by the Abbot. The Prior afterwards took us around from building to building; we entered smaller and larger sanctuaries and also saw numerous stone buildings in which the Lama-Priests reside. The Lamas here pertain to the so called Yellow-Sect, which to-day is the strongest and most important of all sects in Tibet; the next in importance is the Red-Sect, which
A water-driven Praying Wheel, inside of which is a prayer parchment, which by the force of nature prays. On the metal outer wheel is the Tibetan formula: OM MANI PADME HUM, a charm to ward off evil influences. Generally translated: 'The Jewel in the Lotus', signifying a number of religious things to Tibetans and Mongols.
Wall composed of stones with religious inscriptions found along mountain passes in Tibet and Mongolia.

(A Chorten Monument, like an Indian Stupa, is closed by an Obo.)
is followed by the Black and other sects, or Church Associations. In appearance the regular daily costume of all Lama-Priests is a reddish-brown sort of an outer long coat, but when they put on their festival dress for great services, they appear in a queer official hat with yellow plumage and with a long coat of yellow brocade; this constitutes apparently the yellow doctrine which was founded in Kumbun in Koko-nor by Tsong Kapa, seven Centuries ago.*

In one of the smaller sanctuaries of the Lamaserie there happened to be a religious service, for which a good number of women had arrived from Ta Tsien Lu. They first went around the four square outerwalls of the upper terrace of the Temple building where the service took place; each woman turned probably a hundred large drums, or so called Praying wheels, of medium large sizes, each containing some Tibetan prayer parchment; the turning meant to have prayed what was inscribed as a prayer on the Parchment. Then the women reached the sanctuary's main entrance. Before the women entered, all took their boots off and loosened their hair by letting the hair-braids hang down. Thereafter the women entered one by one, each, upon entering, making a kowtow by falling down at full length on the ground and touching the floor with their foreheads. Inside of the well-lit sanctuary, there stood, in front of the entrance, the altar with many burning butter-oil lamps and all sorts of paraphernalia on it, while at the back of the altar was a huge and fine gilded-over life-size figure of a Buddhistic God. On the floor of this inner sanctuary were spread out small cushions on which the Lamas sat with legs crossed. A Head Lama, during the lengthy choir, presided over the service. There was chanting and striking of instru-

* I saw the Monastery and the Gold Roof Temples of Kumbum in 1935 when the late Pontiff, the PANCHEN ERDENI RINPOCHE was a visitor from Shigatze where his Monastery in S. TIBET is. KUMBUM'S Monastery congregates now 3000 LAMA PRIESTS. THE DALAI-LAMA who in 1940 became installed as the fourteenth reincarnation is a native boy of the vicinity of KUMBUM.
ments going on, on the wooden fish and on other kinds of praying objects such as are used in the Tibetan and Mongol Buddhist Temples. We returned to town in the dark after this service, which without the Tibetan Chieftain's introduction I never could have witnessed; I felt greatly impressed with all that I had seen.

One day I took advantage of the second privilege which the King of Chala had offered me. This was a trip of some fifteen miles to his summer country home, to which my own coolies in my sedan chair carried me. It was situated along the southwestward route which leads a thousand miles over the high Tibetan plateau, known as the "Roof of the World", towards Lhasa. Our route led towards the sixteen thousand feet high mountain-pass on slopes hard to climb. Here I once had to climb up to safety when we approached a long Yak caravan of loaded Yak animals. This carrying cattle left no passage in the defile, so we went higher up and gave them the right of way in order ourselves to escape damage. We reached the Summer village of the King of Chala and, upon my chair being put to the ground by my coolies, the foreman said: Here is the Foreigner! I was astonished to hear of another foreigner, than those to whom I had already paid my respects in Ta Tsien Lu. So I went up to the well-dressed Chinese whom my coolies had pointed out to be the Foreigner. I said to him, that my coolies had stated, he was a Foreigner. He replied "No, I am a Chinese" and he added that he was the secretary of the Travelling British Consul L. M. King, who with his wife, a Tibetan Lady, and authoress on Tibetan Life,* were just preparing to leave the King's villa, where they had

* "We TIBETANS", an intimate picture, by a woman of TIBET, of an interesting and distinctive people, in which it is shown how they live, their beliefs, their outlook, their work and play and how they regard themselves and others, by RIN-CHEN LHA-MO (Mrs. Louis King) with a historical introduction by LOUIS MAGRATH KING, formerly H. M. CONSUL at TACHIENLU, CHINESE FRONTIER of TIBET.—LONDON, SEELEY SERVICE & CO. 1926.
been guests. Soon a column of Sedan Chairs left from here with this party. Then I took advantage of the opportunity to bathe in the fine sulphur thermal spring which is a part of the King's Summer villa. I had already taken the opportunity of bathing in a similar open river spring in the north-western direction, outside of Ta Tsien Lu, where along the right shore of the ice cold river water, the hot pool of the thermal bath existed. Here in the Villa I took, besides a bath, a little rest and returned, as I had come.

I paid attention, while in Ta Tsien Lu, to visiting various Tea Godowns, and informed myself of the Tea Trade. I looked at Chö-Hsiang or the Musk substance for which Ta Tsien Lu is the congregating centre, which substance is obtained from the Musk-Deer, possessing a powerful and enduring odour which is used for the manufacture of high grade perfumes abroad. Of other products, such as Tibetan furs, wool and Borax, I had samples before my eyes.

One afternoon I went to the Yamen of the Chinese Chief-Official of this town who rules over the extended Tibetan Marches. This was the Tao-Yin Hsiang Ting Chwan, who hailed from Kun Ming Hsien in Yünnan; he received me kindly and we discussed the state of political affairs in the Tibetan Marches, as well as of what I had been a witness of, the recent Mutiny in Chengtu. The Tao-Yin offered to help me, in case I should wish to have the needed animals, by his Ula Powers* and an escort for a journey to Davo, along the northern Gila-Jarara chain of mountains, or by going to Li Tang and Batang. But with my not yet healed wound on my foot, this was out of the question, considering the much more strenuous and elevated pass road ahead. Nor would I avail myself of the other facility he offered me, to travel south into Yünnan Province. Dar-Tsendo, known under the present name of Kan-

* Ula, also Ulag, means the commandering of animals needed for travel in the Tibetan Borderland.
Ting, by which is meant Ta Tsien Lu, was all my ambition wished of travel in this Tibetan Territory; it made me content and proud. To reach now the suzerain states of Western-Tibet, along the Inner-Asian flow North to South of the Drecho, or Yang Tsze Kiang, was not possible. Therefore the return journey to the East was now to be undertaken by taking the route back via Yachow Fu, and from there down on the River Ya, to the sacred Mount O'Mei and into the Chengtu Valley.

For myself I found it immensely interesting to have learned of conditions by personal observations and contact with matters concerning the fate of Eastern Tibet. Also now there became more familiar to me, the Tibetan Formula: “O'Mani Padme Hum” which by its meaning “The Lord, in the Lotus Flower”, I often hereafter used as a greeting towards Tibetans and Mongols, who always, in a cheerful manner gave me the reply in the same friendly spirit, when I encountered them. I might have gone deeper yet to explain strange Tibetan habits, such as Polyandry (or one Tibetan wife having a number of husbands i.e. brothers) which is still found to prevail in the grasslands of the “Roof of the World,” by which name the fourteen thousand feet high plateau of northern Tibet is known; nor did I give any explanation of “Obo”, or other monuments seen along the pass-Routes, of which, before 1900, the famous American Explorer W. W. Rockhill, whom I personally knew, had written about in detail in his: “Land of the Lamas”. 
A Tibetan of the Chala Tribe in his costume of fur coat, felt Boots and Head dress (By Luther Knight).
LAMAIST PILGRIMAGE. Mongolian Female Pilgrims to the Lamaery of Labrang, in their Fur finery with their silver ornaments in front and hanging down behind.

A view of the monastery and living quarters of the Lama Priests of Labrang at Hsia-Ho Hsien, in Southern Kansu. (Bespoken as Labrang-Tashikyl, of Ambo, in N. E. Tibet, by Alexandra David-Neel.)
JOURNEY BACK TO YA CHOW FU,
FROM WHERE THE ROUTE WENT DOWN THE YA TORRENT
TOWARDS MOUNT O'MEI, KNOWN AS THE MOST SACRED
BUDDHIST PILGRIMAGE IN CHINA.

The return journey towards civilization and back to
cultivation gave us an opportunity to refresh our eyes in passing
through the scenic sections of the high mountains of the Tibetan
marches. There were all along the western route Lamaistic
monuments within sight, such as Chorten and shrines, while
stone Obo monuments indicated mountain and pass heights. I
could have taken a shorter route, but this involved the risk of
travelling through some of the Lolo inhabited tribal sections
with less secure defiles, where these people of immigration and
not of Chinese origin live in higher mountain seclusions.

Upon reaching Lu Ting Chiao I went over to the enclosure
and compounds of the Catholic Mission and was hospitably
asked to dinner by Reverend Père Garret. I spent an excellent
evening there. The father even accompanied me late in the even-
ing to the Western Bridge-head at Lu Ting Chiao, as the weather
was stormy, because he wanted to see me safely across. I
thanked him for his kindness and took leave of him, continuing
my journey next day. That day while passing through Leng
Chi I again called on the old Reverend Père Leard who was
happy to hear of my experiences, since I had seen him last.
He sent me off with Man-Tzo—"Walk Slow" as a general
advice to travelers. Thereafter I crossed again the two high
passes, viz: the Fei Yün Ling and the Ta Hsiang Ling, by the
latter is meant the Minister's Pass and not the Elephant Pass.
Here on these heights and points of vantage once more I
satisfied my joy to see in the western distance the Tibetan
Giants with the glaciers and panoramic spectacles around Ta
Tsien Lu. When at the northern end of the rich Chien Chang Valley, from whereon pagodas came again in sight, it seemed quite natural to deviate my route towards Yünnan, and from there west and south-west crossing the great North to South flowing rivers, like the Mekong which is discharging its waters into the Southern part of the China-sea, or the Salween and the Irrawady the waters of which are entering into the Gulf of Bengal. However, this was out of the question. My plan was, after reaching Ya Chow Fu, to engage one of the peculiar Ya bamboo-rafts and shoot down the Ya through its wild torrents towards a point west of Kia Ting Fu, where I would get nearest to the ascent to the height of Mount O'Mei. This is the most sacred of all Buddhistic mountain resorts in China, arousing wonder by its rim at an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the sea, with the mile deep precipice, being renowned as a most impressive spectacle.

When at Yachow, I visited, before leaving, the New School and residential compound of the American Baptist Mission situated on a hill in a fork of the Ya River, where each window, looking in various directions from the buildings, gave at its outlook a view of another picture of actual mountainous nature landscapes which were immensely attractive.

And after this came the exciting water journey of six hours, shooting down the rapids in innumerable windings for a distance of sixty miles through the Ya River gorge, until we reached Hung Ya Hsien. This is a prosperous District Town, where silk and wax-candle industries exist. I had succeeded in this, by engaging a raft of sixty feet in length and of ten feet in width and built of particularly thick and strong Bamboo logs, each log of a length of ten feet and a diameter of four inches. The pilot, a fearless local navigator, had the raft in hand, even when sections amid-ship, or at the ends were under water, when we got an inspiring bath. It was a boisterous impressive journey and an exciting, thrilling sport.
ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON THE TOP OF THE SACRED MOUNT O’MEI.

We had stayed for the night at Hung Ya Hsien on our raft, which took us before sunrise further down the quieter Ya River, to a point in front of the footlands of Mount O’Mei. I engaged a man to lead me across the fertile fields from the right bed of the Ya River towards the District City of O’Mei Hsien. Along miles of this crossing of cultivated valley lands, we observed millions of grafted Wax-Trees, known as the La Shu, to which were attached Larvae in leaf-made packs. This larvae, developing in the sunshine, brings the insects to crawl out and by their creeping around propagates the leaving of wax on these trees. The wax is subsequently collected together when scraped off. It brings a large Harvest for the making of Candles and for other needs. I heard later at the nearby market of Kia Ting Fu that there are annually eight million pounds of wax produced around the O’Mei footland plain.

From the town of O’Mei Hsien to the top of the O’mei Shan is a distance of hundred and twenty Li, or forty miles. That is to say, in our figuring, O’Mei Shan has an altitude of about eleven thousand feet above the Sea. The massif of the O’Mei Shan is the most eastwards appearing mountain height, pushed forward from the Eastern Himalayas towards the Chengtu plain at the western end of Szechwan. O’Mei Shan, for ages, has been the supreme Buddhistic pilgrimage in China. Along the road from the footlands to the crest, at short distances, follow Temple seclusions, one after the other, offering hospitality to
pilgrims and visitors. When we got above the line, where trees no longer were appearing, we came through snow and ice. We saw Edelweiss and glacier Flora on the O'Mei crest. It was shivering cold up there; in spite of the charcoal fire and my heavy Siberian coat, I felt bitterly cold in my temple room with its small glass-window looking out into the dreary fog which for a week prevailed there. On the first of June, I was still sleeping in the open court yard of the main sanctuary of the temple at the foot of this spectacular mountain, while up here it is freezing. On my upward journey I camped at first in a lower section, at the Wan Nien Si, which temple preserves a most artistic monument of Buddhistic art. It is a life-size Bronze Elephant, on the back of which, on an estrade, the godly statue of Pu-Hsien Pu Sa sits on the Elephant; the Buddha came over the Himalayas from India to Mount O'Mei, so the legend says. At the Wan Nien Si I engaged a coolie who carried me on his back, on a peculiar wooden arrangement, from here to the top of O'Mei Shan. My arrangement with this carrier was that he had to bring me up and down to the foot of the O'Mei. Both for the upgrade and downward carrying, he was only to be paid two silver dollars. In the upper section we came through a terrible mountain storm; still the good man carried me on, in spite of difficulties, and the danger of slipping. We made a second night's rest higher up, in one of the Buddhist temples where I observed the fine after-midnight service with its Chants and the exercises of the O'Mei To Fu prayer. Ultimately when fine weather came, we could see from this most eastward mountain along the Tibetan Borderland, the sight of the Giants to the West, while to the East, as well as to the south, there was the rich Chengtu Basin as far as the Yangtze at the point where the Min River reaches the junction with the Great River, at Suifu. For fine weather we had to wait patiently almost a week. It was on a Sunday about noon when I peeped out from my small Temple room on the top of O'Mei Shan and believed myself to have observed a spot
of blue sky. Indeed in a few moments my carrier came to see me and said: Master, the elements are fighting; if the wind is stronger, we will have a fine panorama, but if the clouds retain their power, we still will have to wait. Indeed the wind got the upperhand and pierced the clouds. This gave us the joyful opportunity all afternoon to admire the immense plain right in the depths before us. Therein we observed in the east the joining of the Tung and Ya Rivers nearer to us, while further away we saw Kia Ting Fu, where the water of these two Rivers merges into the Min.

Mount O’Mei. The Mile Deep Precipice, known as the Ten Thousand Suicides.
ONWARDS TO KIA TING FU AND TO CHENGTU.

When we had reached again the foot of Mount O'Mei at the District town of O'Mei Hsien, which is situated in the fork between the two rivers, the Tung to the South, and the Ya to the North, I paid off my mountain coolie who had safely carried me down in one long day. We had stopped while descending, for a little while, at the Temple of Wan Nien Si.

From O'Mei Hsien we took the southern course to a ferry point, along the Tung River, which no longer had the appearance of a wild torrent, as in its upper reaches in the mountain frontier barriers of the Tibetan Marches. In fact, while now being carried in the boat, for a good couple of hours down river, I treated my foot-wound by keeping my right leg all the time in the water. This did help, as my ailment had healed at Kia Ting. We reached the junction of the Tung with the Ya from where onwards we went east, until the waters of both these affluents (seven miles farther on) entered the Min River at its right bed before the crenelated wall of the rich town of Kia Ting Fu. And just opposite the City, along the river junction in the Min, we saw the huge monumental and godly figures looking toward the west, which ages ago were sculptured above and into the high slope along the Min. We found our luggage, which with my Ya-boat had gone ahead to Kia Ting, and soon thereafter I was off in a sedan chair and carried to the North-East straight through the Red-Basin until, on the sixth day, we reached again the Capital of Chengtu.
PREPARING TO LEAVE CHENGTU NORTH EASTWARDS.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE GOVERNOR OF SZECHWAN.*

Now on my second visit to the Capital of Szechwan I was preparing for the continuation of my overland journey towards Peking. I had expected to accomplish such a journey in about two months. But this was not possible on account of the rainy season which had set in. In the Foreign office of the Szechwan Government I received the assurance that I would be accompanied by an Escort; this had been denied to me two months ago. During my stay at Chengtu the German and American residents have been very kind to me; I was again the guest of the Bolte family. As to my onward journey, the wages of the coolie-carriers had risen a great deal, about half as much as had been the price before the recent mutiny.

On the sixteenth of June I asked for and was received that afternoon in audience by the then Governor of Szechwan at his Governor's Yamen. Governor Tai Kan had taken over the reins of Government from the Yünnan General Lo, whom I had seen being carried out of Chengtu at the end of the Mutiny, on a Red Cross stretcher. On this occasion I had taken along Mr. Kuo as interpreter. Excellency Tai Kan was a person of about forty. I asked the Governor, after I had told him that I had seen the country to the west up to Ta Tsien Lu in a peaceful condition, what the outlook here is since the recent mutiny came to an end. The Governor was serious; he obviously felt confident in me; he pointed out that since the mutiny, the country is overrun by Banditry. Anarchy reigned between the Yünnan Troops and those of Szechwan. The Governor said that at the moment there was only control of the military forces stationed at Chungking and at Pao Ning Fu as well as at Tung Chwan Fu, by which are meant the fifth and

* A letter.
the third Division. In these districts the Prefects (Tao Yin) keep order. But on the other side, the danger of clashes between the Division Generals Liu, a Szechwan Leader, and Lo, the Yünnan adversary meant that one would push the other out of his province, with the result that looting and unrest would be going on in these country sections. Liu’s Army is like one to three and not strong enough against the Yünnan invaders to give a decisive blow. Yet the Yünnanese are drawing together and congregate at Suifu on the Yang Tsze, where the waters of the Min River join the Great River. At Suifu runs the old transport route south into Yünnan, where reinforcements can be awaited by the Yünnanese which further would be enlarged by those of their troops arriving there from the Tibetan Marches and from Eastern Szechwan. I said to the Governor that under the Manchus the appointment of Governors and Vice-roys was always made by persons who hailed from other provinces. Yes, Tai Kan replied, but when the Yünnan General Tsai Ao in 1916 successfully prevented President Yuan Shih Kai from making himself the new Emperor of China, by Tsai Ao making an opposing blockade with the forces of Yünnan, Kweichow and Szechwan, this act of Tsai Ao brought peace and suppression of Banditry. But the result of the military blockade afterwards meant, that the Yünnanese took advantage of the situation and considered Szechwan their possession, ruling over Szechwan. Against this the Szechwanese policy was to throw the Yünnanese and their political burden off, so as to clear out the great dangers of the now more and more prevailing Banditry which the Yünnanese apparently supported. The Governor asked me to give on my part such information to the present Central Government in Peking and to make it clear that, without definite instructions given to him, he could not succeed in any result to bring about peace again in his now much disturbed province.
And as to the start of the troubles two months ago, the then Military Governor of Yünnan, Lo Pei Chun, had at that moment only four Battalions of Yünnanese at hand, while his opponent Liu Tsun Ho brought up fifteen Battalions; and when the Yünnanese evacuated Chengtu, the place where the first clash had happened was at Chiang Yang Hsien, and the second battle was fought at Hsin Tien Tsze.

It was already dark when I myself with Mr. Kuo left the Yamen of the Governor General of Szechwan.

Arriving in the Bolte Compound, all my German friends in Chengtu had congregated there for a farewell dinner given to me that evening.

Early next morning I went off accompanied by my friends, who marched me out of Chengtu, through its North gate. They gave me their escort for a number of miles on that North-East route, the well known Richthofen-Route.

Tibetan Pilgrims looking over the Temple-Balustrads.
VOLUME ONE
SECOND CHAPTER.
TOWARDS MIEN-CHOW.

Unpleasant weather is now the feature of my journey which means additional delays; we cannot get as far onward on our daily marches as was planned. During the three days since we left Chengtu we covered only half the distance of what would necessarily bring me, as I thought, to Han Chung Fu in S.W. Shensi, before the eighth of July. But on the other hand, just while talking last night where we stopped with a Buddhist Priest, a man came in and said it rains! The Priest at once uttered "O Mi To Fu" repeatedly so as to express his joy that the rice fields will now get the needed water. During the last three days we crossed, along its edge, the northern part of the wonderful Chengtu plain, which is known as the Red Basin, being so called by the well-known German Geologue Von Richthofen who explored Szechwan in the late Eighties of last century. The probability is that along the so-called "Golden Road" from Szechwan into Shensi over a succession of mountain passes, we will also cross the road which the expedition of Count Szechenyi and his companions, Consul General Kreitner and Geologue Loszy, had taken in the early Eighties. In order to lighten my luggage, I have forwarded from Chengtu to Tientsin all my winter clothes. This made it possible to reduce the number of my Coolie carriers. Also I discharged my servant Boy in Chengtu when he reported that he had a letter from Ichang in which he was told his "Father had died". I knew this simply meant he did not care to travel northwards with me; it related to lots of excuses, particularly
as the servant was not prepared to go on with me. After paying him off, he left me. One of my coolies, after having received, as is customary, an advance of several thousand copper cash, did not report when we started. This meant inconvenience on account of the deserter, yet we got well under way.

Instead of continuing from Mien Chow north-east towards the central northern pass-route into the south-western part of the province of Shensi, my route went East from Mien Chow over the narrow trail to the prominent Silk-producing Prefecture of Pao Ning Fu which town lies on the Kia Ling River, i.e. that thousand mile long water artery which rises in the north in Kansu and flows into the Yang Tsze at Chungking.

A Mulberry-Orchard along the Route from Chungking to Chengtu.
FROM MIEN-CHOW EAST TO PAO NING FU.

We ought to arrive to-morrow in Pao Ning, but, in fact, we are again several days behind schedule time because the rainy season greatly delays our advance. Against this emergency there exists nothing in this part of the world in order to get over the difficulties; no vehicles exist in this mountainous section. In the Chengtu plain there was in use a kind of wheel barrow, which in rain sinks into the mud. It takes time to travel with these vehicles which likewise transport grain and pigs as well as human beings. To use a pony would be all right, but this would mean twice as many and also more expensive pack-animals than the coolie carrier provides along the transport route, who carries on his shoulders, in front and at the back twice the load of a pack animal, loaded on both sides of the saddle. Our delay is deplorable, but I am yet in hope that better weather will soon set in, in spite of the saying that Szechwan is always clouded and rainy. On all the journey so far I had, until I reached Mount O'Mei, mostly fine, spring-like weather. But since then the season has changed for the worse. The peasants have a saying, in a prayer, which is the Buddhistic formula “O Mi To Fu”, for rain for the Paddy fields, while the traveller prays for fine weather and also exclaims “O Mi To Fu”.

As to Pao Ning my next report will give some details.
OVER THE MOUNTAIN CRESTS INTO THE BASIN OF KWAN YUAN.

We made a forced march over the high mountains in the depth of which the Kia Ling River had its southward course, while we were on the northward leading overland route from Pao Ning Fu. We had engaged “Pei-Tsze” carriers, whose loads are on their backs so as to climb up and down a little faster. We have covered since Pao Ning Fu

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On the Fourth of July, when arriving ........ 50 ,,  

which total corresponds to about a hundred and thirty miles. We cannot possibly reach Han Chung Fu before July tenth or twelfth, nor Sianfu, the Capital of Shensi, before August.

In Pao Ning Fu I was the guest at dinner of Doctor Elliot who is in charge of the Hospital of the China Inland Mission, a memorial to Henrietta Bird, donated by her sister, the famous Western China Lady-Explorer and traveller, Mrs. Isabella Bishop, whom I had met in Shanghai in 1898. When I left Pao Ning the doctor gave me a loaf of bread and potatoes to take along, as well as a tin of marmalade which I am now enjoying. Elliot is a Canadian, who gave me some of the latest news of the Great World War; the doctor’s family was away for the Summer somewhere in the mountains through which my road had led me northward, since leaving Pao Ning Fu. This part of my journey covered a panoramic, Switzerland-like country, going all the time up and down over slopes of a height of three thousand to five thousand feet above sea level. On the crest of these mountains always were seen scenic spectacles and views over an endless mass of peaks towards the North East. My caravan now is composed of excellently strong, all tall mountain
coolies; the head coolie is a man of six feet six; he has an abnormality in having a sixth, i.e. an additional toe on his left foot. Such kind of Szechwan abnormalities are spoken of in books. The men carrying my sedan chair and my luggage wear straw sandals made of the straw gained from rice cultivation; I wear them too. Since Chengtu I use a mosquito net over my camp bed to protect myself from the swarm of mosquitoes at night. The town of Kwan Yuan is prettily situated in the bottom of an enormous circular basin, enclosed by high mountains, through the midst of which valley the Kia Ling River winds itself, on which a large number of small boats carry loads from Eastern Kansu down south.
ABOUT A TELEGRAM SENT HOME FROM KWAN YUAN.

Economic problems are a matter of no account in this part of the World; this can be judged from the conditions which I had to face here. One example relates to a telegram which was sent from here, which, when I inquired a day after dispatch, had not yet left over the wires. It meant that one must content one's self with such a problem as was encountered in this far away section off the beaten track. I had rushed the journey from Pao Ning Fu as there was no Telegraph-Station there. I had lightened the small extra burdens of my sedan chair, so that the chair-coolies should be able to advance quicker. Also I had engaged stronger and more expensive mountain coolies, in order to carry the loads; I marched three and half days over endless chains of mountains and climbing through valleys which are situated in the mountain depressions. This meant up and down numerous times while en route along the Kia Ling River towards its upper course. My aim had been to give by a cable "an all well" news to "Canfischer" in Chicago. The cable was accepted and paid for at Kwan Yuan, but as I found out later the message never reached its destination.

Another of the queer experiences which I had at Kwan Yuan was my questioning the Magistrate of the District, on whom I called and by whom I was nicely received. But he knew nothing of the prospected railway which was intended to connect with Szechwan over from Han Chung Fu through the Mountain defiles between the provincial frontiers north of Kwan Yuan. However the venerable official, a good fellow, was obviously an opium addict, therefore a Railway Project was a dream to him! Meanwhile the American Surveying Engineer of this Railway, Mr. C. J. Carrol, had gone over this proposed route, as this Engineer told me later himself, and he had surely been in Kwan Yuan. I traced Mr. Carrol later in Ku Lu Pa, south of Han Chung Fu, in the Italian Catholic Mission there, where he also had been a guest.
REACHING THE CENTRAL NORTHERN FRONTIER-POINT OF SZECHWAN

LEADING OVER INTO S.W. SHENSI PROVINCE

To-morrow morning we shall pass the last postal agency of Szechwan, and there I am bidding good bye to this rich and so far interesting Western Chinese Province, wherein I spent several months of travel and observations. On my last day at Kwan Yuan I went to the Post Office, sending mail off from there. On that occasion the Chinese Postmaster told me that there were three English lady teachers in town. I therefore, called in the afternoon, as I habitually did, to see foreigners in any town where I stopped, and the ladies invited me for dinner. I spent an exceedingly nice evening with them sitting on that full-moon evening on their veranda in their garden. Before I started my onward journey early next morning, the ladies sent their servant Boy and provided me with a present of a large loaf of bread and also two tins of home made biscuits, in addition to a parcel containing fresh potatoes. So, at 4 a.m., I left a letter of deep thanks for the Ladies and I was off at sunrise. From Kwan Yuan to Sianfu, the historical capital of the Province of Shensi, means on the direct transport route via Han Chung Fu ordinarily three weeks. We were travelling for miles, ever since we entered the defile of the mountain passage north of Kwan Yuan, along the Kialing. On both sides of this River are high mountain walls. Miles and miles of beautiful Gorges follow one after the other along the swift waters of the upper Kia Ling, the waters of which are carried into the Yang-tsze at Chungking. In a small Rapid of a side mountain-stream I took a Bath, and the force of the water almost carried me away.
THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN PASSAGE FROM SZECHWAN INTO SHENSI.

On our route northward the defile was less used by overland traffic than along the passes in the West of Szechwan; and here and there we observed small coal mines. Also there were hewn and sculptured into the sandstone of the Palisades, impressive, huge figures of the Buddhistic Pantheon. This very road had been in use centuries ago to lead the Chinese Armies from the North into Tibet. We saw already on the first late afternoon, on the top of a pass known as Chao Tien Kwan (83 Li north of Kwan Yuan = 28 miles), a real old fort with huge entrance and exit Gates; there was also a Bastion Tower wherein stood three old monolites, one bearing an inscription said to have been set in the twenty-sixth year of Chien Lung's reign (1762 A.D.); another monument was set in Tao Kwang's twenty-eighth year of reign (1849 A.D.). There also stood here an older monument set by Yung Chi; however I could not make out any further details. From this point of vantage there was a good view in a north-eastern direction over the crest of the Ta Pa Shan, which chain of mountains closed up to the South the province of Szechwan. During the day one of my coolies drank too often, instead of boiled tea, the water directly from the river Kia Ling. The man suffered for this on the following day when he had painful cramps. A few drops of my Laudanum in warm tea brought the man around again, but we lost many hours of delay.
OVER THE WU TING SHAN TOWARDS HAN CHUNG FU.

Here in this most northern section of Szechwan, as elsewhere all over the province, we passed by thousands the Wood oil trees, the large outspread leaves of which gave a fine shadow. The wood oil trees in this section were just in time for the ripe nuts to drop to the ground and then to be harvested. Inside the soft shell sits the product which after extraction is refined and taken for use in the manufacture of varnish. The harvest of wood-oil nuts from this part of the country is brought to the market of Han Chung Fu and subsequently shipped down the Han River to Hankow over a distance of a thousand miles.

We got over a second height with an old fort, called Chi Pan Kwan; here also stood three monuments, one of which showed the name of Emperor Chien Lung in his fifty-third year of reign (1789 A.D.); another stone dated Tung Chih's reign (1862-1875) and the third showed the name of Emperor Kwang Hsü set up in 1877. Soon after reaching Chiao Chang Pak, we reached the point of the frontier of Szechwan, from where we crossed into the South western part of Shensi Province, by going over a frontier stream. There was plenty of rain during the last few days.

On our farther advance several days later, we reached now the height of the watershed of the mountain called Wu Ting Shan (4500 feet above the sea) which brought us soon, on the Northern descent to the Spring which gives the original waters to the upper section of the Han River. This river, a thousand miles in length, passes Han Chung Fu and later, on its north-south flow, enters the Yang Tsze Kiang at Hankow, being one of the great water arteries of China.
ENTERING HAN CHUNG FU,

(NOW CALLED: NAN-CHENG).

On our approach along the Han River to get down into the Han Chung Valley, we came to a point where there was, in the mountainous section of our descent from the Wu Ting Pass, a wide side Gulley leading from the East along the Han, over to the West into the section of the Kia Ling waters. My information subsequently brought me to the belief that from here, one day the railway will lead over from the waters of the Han to those of the Kia Ling, in order to make it feasible to transport goods down by rail into the heart of Szechwan.

We passed the town of Mien Hsien at the base of the mountain where we visited the temple. It was from the site of Mien that in historic times, Chinese armies were sent over into the mountains to suppress the tribal people there. Also during the Manchu rule the famous second Emperor K’ang Hsi (1662-1723) sent his troops over this passage to Tibet to pacify conditions there.

The wide east-west stretching valley along the Han, enclosed by high mountains to the north and south, led us into Han Chung, the second town of importance of Shensi Province where my caravan arrived on the evening of July 11th. After searching around, I put up near the Drum-Tower of the town, in a temple room. No better place could be secured; no longer, as in Szechwan, could pleasant Temple spots be found.
LIFE AND VISITS IN HAN CHUNG FU.

I found Life here on the northern side of the Szechwan mountains quite different from that to the south of the dividing chain.* There millions of human carriers do the transport service, while here over the mountains, there are Pack animals in use, such as mules, ponies and donkeys, besides here the springless North-China travelling cart was in strong demand for travel. And yet, also the Sedan Chair was in use, so I kept to it now as heretofore, only it meant paying off the good Pao Ning Men, subsequently engaging a new outfit, which en route was inclined to make trouble.

My first morning promenade, the day after I had arrived, was to look up the spot, which I had observed when first entering into the town, when I had seen a sign which read: Yi—Yi Yuan. The last two Chinese Characters meant Hospital, the first Yi meant Italian. So after I had found the place, I entered the compound and looked around the Mission, when a Padre came to me and I introduced myself. And later the Padre took me to the Monseigneur, the Bishop. Both of them were most kind to me; in fact, the Bishop himself replenished my bottle of Laudanum and, on three occasions, during my stay in town, I had the honor and privilege to be the guest at tiffin at the table of the Bishop. More so, as in particular from an economic point of view, it meant to observe the actual outspread Mission-work of this Italian Mission, at their station at Ku Lu Pa. I made a one day's Sedan-chair trip going, and one day back, staying as guest in the Mission two nights and the day between at Ku Lu Pa.

* The water buffalo, which was used in millions of places for ploughing rice and other fields in Szechwan, disappeared now, with the general use of ordinary Cattle north of the dividing mountains.
CATHOLIC MISSION WORK AT KU LU PA.

At this spot, in an agricultural center, were occupied thousands of people who made their living by their work; besides there were Schools for boys, and also, under the care of Religious Sisters, there were some for girls. I saw the infirmaries and also hundreds of old men and women, who are living here and are cared for at Ku Lu Pa. Orphans were doing embroidery work. Beside of course, there were at this spot a Catholic Cathedral and other buildings. A number of supervising Priests under the leadership of a Vicar were in charge of all this mission work. Also there was a Catholic Priest—a Geographer who unrolled for me his large map of the valley and mountains around this great south western prefecture of Han Chung. All this was of great interest to me, as well as what this learned priest pointed out to me, and how he standardized China in six upward-leading steps.

The first step covered the Yangtsze plain from the Yellow Sea up to Hankow and beyond.

The second step means the lower mountains through the Province of Hupeh.
The third step covers the next higher mountains of Eastern Szechwan and Shensi.

The fourth step means the rise up of the mountains through Kansu.
The fifth step brings one up to the Tibetan Mountain passes.
The sixth step means the Tsao Ti, or grass Lands of the highest Asian plateau, the so-called "Roof of the World".

I was greatly satisfied to have made this study so far off the beaten track. And, I was more gratified, when it was impossible to get money transferred by the Bank of China from Tientsin to Han Chung Fu, as a wire told me, that by the goodness of the Bishop I was helped out with what I needed, to proceed on my journey.
During my visits around the town, I passed the Yamen of the Tao Yin who is the highest official of the Prefecture. I requested the Sentinel to allow me to send my card by the Kan Men Te, or gate keeper, to the Secretary. This so-called Mi Mi Shu official came and took my card to the Governor who received me most kindly. He was surprised to hear from me that I came from Ta Tsien Lu via Chengtu, where Governor Tai Kan had received me. The Tao Yin informed me of a new political trouble that had happened there since my departure from the Capital of Szechwan, and the Tao Yin said, seriously, that Governor Tai Kan had become a scapegoat during this last struggle, and was dead.

Being in front of the compound of the China Inland Mission I sent my card in, upon which the old Mr. George Frederick Easton came at once to the gate and took me into his house and introduced me to Mrs. Easton. They gave me a very hearty welcome and gave me much needed information. The old gentleman came first to China in 1876 and was right away sent to Lanchow, which is the Capital of the Province of Kansu, from where he proceeded further and stayed at Si Ning Fu.* It was there that Easton became friendly with Count Szechenyi, who with his companions, Consul General von Kreitner and the Geologue Loszy, was provided with a special Pass from the most powerful Viceroy Li Hung Chang to enter Tibet via Kokonor. But the Military Governor of Sining refused to escort this mission of Explorers. Therefore Szechenyi had to turn back to S.E. Kansu from where they crossed the mountains into Szechwan and over to Kwan Yuan.

* Si Ning Fu now is the Capital of Kokonor; it is the North-Eastern Entrance Gate towards the twelve hundred miles off Capital of Western Tibet, Lhasa, where the Dalai Lama rules. I was in Sining in 1935, the guest of the Mohammedan Governor of Kokonor. E.S.F.
PROCEEDING WEST INTO THE PROVINCE OF KANSU.*

At Han Chung Fu I had to take a vital decision as to how to continue my journey.† I was so near the border of the south-east part of the most north-western province of China, that while this presented the hardest and longest route to get ultimately to Sian Fu, I chose this overland advance. If I would take the direct northward route from here to Sian Fu, crossing in ups and downs over the serrated chain of the Tsing Ling Shan of this thousand miles long west-east running Asian divide, it would take at least two weeks.

As to the Tsing Ling Shan which starts west at the Pamir Plateau, and which is continued by the well known Kuen Lun Massif, I use the words of George Babcock Cressy in his “China’s Geographic Foundation”, (printed at McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York and London.) He says in his First Edition, page 38, “Greatest of all mountains of China is the eastward extension of the Kuen Lun, known in China collectively as the Tsing Ling Shan, which reach eastwards from Tibet nearly to the Pacific. These mountains divide China into two major geographic regions which are characterized by striking contrasts in climate, agriculture, and human activities. The Kuen Lun system continues eastward into Japan and westward through Tibet, an aggregate distance of over thirty-five hundred miles . . . . . . . . . . . Looking at this chain of the Tsing Ling Shan over the mountains to the north, beyond the plain of Sian Fu, as against here in the south, we are in the valley of Han Chung Fu, there was only one difficulty about my route into Kansu. At Shanghai last January I never dreamed of getting into Kansu; therefore I had not applied for the incorporation of that Province into my pass-port, for the reason

* A letter.
† Via the route along the southern slopes of the Tsing Ling Shan and later returning north of this chain, but then en route to Sianfu.
that only a small number of Provinces can be chosen. Yet, now I left this difficulty to chance.

When I left Han Chung Fu on July 18, early in the morning, I was accompanied by the Escort placed at my disposal by the Magistrate of this Prefectural City. My route lay in a north-western direction. First we crossed thirty-seven miles along the valley route of this rich district. The temperature registered 101 degrees Fahrenheit, while stopping under a shady tree at two p.m. where my coolies took tea from the street vendors there. It was suffocating on account of the humidity of the air. Happily soon afterwards it became agreeable, when a thunderstorm set in, with rains all night, which cooled the air. On that day we reached in time our ninety Li, or thirty miles, stopping-place for the night. This brought me into the mountainous part of my journey during the rainy season, with its obstacles to procedure. On the second day the road was wet and my coolies had to carry me most of the time in my sedan-chair. My outfit of men was not as good now as my last, but there was nothing else to select in the Transport-inns, or Coolie-Hongs, where these men wait to be engaged, in Han Chung Fu. My present men were not as robust as those on the preceding part of the journey, also they were more stupid, besides being less clean in appearance. But all this one must take into account when travelling in far away parts of China. One rarely can engage men beyond points from where they know they can get engaged on the return passage to their families. However, there was one advantage with my men, they knew the paths and tracks over the mountains into Kansu. My arrangement with my outfit of men was, to pay half of the contract money in advance, to cover their expenditures in Han Chung Fu, and to pay for their needs en route. One of the men engaged had not turned up when we left the town.
When we arrived, the second day en route, at the District City of Mien Hsien at 9 a.m., which town is at the western end of the Han Chung valley, the Magistrate sent me word, that according to instructions received he had to put a new escort at my disposal, but as he had no soldiers, therefore I had to accept a "Yamen-Runner". These sort of men are full of tricks for trying to get money out of you. Yet I got along all right with this official observer. The man was with me for thirty-six hours and left in the usual way with a gratuity, without anything happening to me. When it started to rain, I took shelter in a rather dirty-looking peasant home on the top of a mountain pass.

On our advance we crossed the curves and bends of a small river a dozen times before it rained, when the water was a foot deep. Then we reached, for our night's rest, a village by the name of Cha Tien Se at half past five in the afternoon. I gave orders to start at 5 a.m. But this was absolutely impossible; a cloudburst brought the rising waters of the river overnight to the brim of the village elevation, to some twelve feet or more, carrying down from upper levels peasant houses, trees and other things in this torrent. There was no way to get out of the place where this had happened for several days. I had found shelter in the small peasant boys' school with a simple teacher, who expected that his boys should memorize well. And most of the boys did. Only one little fellow generally started well at the beginning of his theme, but in the midst he stopped and could not finish. When during these days of rain the elder of the village came to the school, the teacher told about this boy to the elder, and the poor boy cried. I tried to console him. One day when the water subsided, a tall fellow over six feet took me on his shoulders through the water, so that I could proceed on my journey.
FROM LIO YANG TO THE UPPER KIA LING RIVER

WHICH IS THE FRONTIER BETWEEN S.E. KANSU AND S.W. SHENSI.

On our onward push over the continuing chain of the Tsing Ling Shan, we climbed wild mountain passages, crossing, at times, fierce torrents in this rainy season. My heavy woollen travel cover, which once I bought along the eastern footlands of the Urals at a market place where Tartars and other Asiatics congregated, did me great service now at nights when resting. Yet, in the day time, the thinnest Szechwan Grasscloth material which I had procured, felt rather hot. This change of temperature was rather severe, yet I withstood it all right. I am now much better off in matters of food supply as we are getting en route vegetables and chicken, which at the end of the day’s travel are prepared for me by my No. 1, or Head Coolie. A young chicken costs about fifteen cents or a nickel in U.S. currency. I bought eggs to-day for less than one cent local currency. But that does not mean one could ship them from here to England, for there is no railway near here to carry merchandise eastwards. The same applies to wheat which grows in great abundance in this part of China, it could feed the starving populace of Europe during the Great War there going on. But the daily accumulating coolie transport charges make such transports prohibitive, not to mention, what so often happens, robbing and banditry. Besides such methods of transport are too slow and unsafe, and for the present out of the question.

† The London and China Express to whose late Editor-friend MR. A. GORTON ANCIER I had written about this economic problem and the abundance of wheat seen, printed it in his paper at the time.
My previous figuring meant I should arrive in Sian Fu to-morrow the 24th July, however I will be very happy if I can arrive there before the end of August. There is no news to be got here of what is going on all over the world.

Before us now is a big climb over a pass about six thousand feet high, which we hope to cover during the next two days, while travelling over a very narrow passage, through the gully of which a torrent runs. However this is child’s play beside those formidable passes along the Tibetan Borderland. Yet in Kansu, the large area of which is very mountainous, there are more strenuous pass-routes to overcome, as for instance to get into Ching Hai, (Kokonor) where it is my aim, some day to arrive.*

* Yes, in 1935.
AT HWEI HSIEN, PROVINCE OF KANSU.

On July 24, we came to cross-roads on our route.

(a) we had arrived over the Tung Lu, or the East-Road.
(b) here was the crossing over the Pai Shui Kiang.
(c) here was the Pei Lu, or Northern route, and
(d) the Nan Lu, or southern route was the one leading from the upper reaches of the Pai Shui Kiang continuing over the 1,000 miles long route by water down the Kia Ling to Chungking, a difficult passage in the mountains.

Since I started my detour via Kansu the climbing of mountains had no end. A few days ago we climbed up a narrow gully road which all the time was laid through the bed of a fierce stream. To get upwards was a very hard proposition for the coolies; in fact it was in this narrow gully that my carrying “Pullman” got damaged. This was right in the frontier section between Shensi and Kansu. The best of my chair-coolies got sick and I doctored him as well as I could. He became better however, but I had to engage, from that time on, a donkey to carry my fieldbed and my bedding, besides my suit-case, in which my linen outfit was. All these packages are opened every night and repacked in the morning; they are enclosed in strong oil cloth, so as not to get wet inside in times of rain. Bedding is only handled by myself to ensure its cleanliness. It was not easy to get a donkey driver while en route. But my official escort prevailed on the elder of the village where this had happened. The Elder brought pressure to bear and our difficulty of relay was overcome. Here the mountain temperature is pleasant indeed.
BEFORE REACHING TSIN CHOW IN KANSU.

In the mountains, where we were held up in one of the depressions, in a village, a delegation of the local Mohammedans came to call on me to ask me about my voyage and how I felt. They were a rustic sort of men with a quite different physique from the Chinese. Kansu has a very strong population of Moslems.

The weather had become so bad that the roads were quite impossible to travel on. One can do nothing against this state of affairs owing to the inclemency of the weather. However while the roads are now unfit for any carriage, yet at least one can hire ponies, donkeys, mules and muleteers. Officials mostly travel in sedan-chairs. I also prefer this sort of carriage as I can depend better on my coolies. We now have to cross daily one or two passes. When rain sets in, this brings such an obstacle that one must find refuge and patiently wait for better weather.

In Hwei Hsien, from where my last Postal card was mailed, I had a pleasant visit from the only foreigner living in that town, the Reverend Father Calbrecht, a Belgian Catholic Priest, who had lived for fifteen years in various spots in Kansu. The Reverend Father gave me much information about the route ahead of me. At Hwei Hsien I saw the District Magistrate, who offered, and I accepted, escort in spite of my not having a clear Pass-Port.

My detour leads me soon into the upper parts of the Wei River valley, which river traverses, in a west to east direction, Kansu and Shensi Provinces. Soon after passing Sian Fu this river emerges north of Tung Kwan Ting into the Yellow River, at the big last eastern bend of the Hwang Ho.
Sheep's Wool from the Alpine Sections of Western China carried East.
Mohammedan Government Couriers in Kansu on their strong ponies.
AT TSIN CHOW, KANSU,

ALONG THE LEFT BED OF THE UPPER WEI RIVER.

This is a very large city surrounded by a valley in the basin of the mountains. The city has a very influential Mohammedan population. Here in Tsin Chow the authorities stopped my going ahead, on account of pass-port irregularities which necessitated an enquiry from the Governor of the Province in Lanchow, the capital of the Province. As all the telegraph wires were down during the storms of recent times, the Prefect sent two couriers on strong Kansu ponies to the Capital. They were expected back in less than a week. The Magistrate of the town told me verbally that my arrest solely means my not being allowed to leave the town until I heard further from him. He was in every respect very nice to me; yet, in order to make me understand better, the Magistrate went in official style to the Missionaries to ask them to impress upon me that I could not leave the town. Lanchow is one hundred and eighty miles distant from Tsin Chow over the mountains.

While at Tsin Chow I called on the Belgian Catholic Priest, who, when he later heard I was detained, sent to me to inquire. When I called again on him we spent some time in happy discussion together. Also I was daily at Tsin Chow together with the members of the China Inland Mission who were represented here by the families Ritz (Canadians) and Willer (Americans), besides some lady teachers. One of them was engaged to the son of the Parrys in Chungking and soon had to leave by boat over the Pai Shui Kiang leading south
over the Kia Ling water route. I was happy to give her my own personal experience of coming up along these rivers from Szechwan. I had met the old Dr. Parry in the Tibetan Borderland, one evening on the top of the Fei Yün Ling. He travelled west to where I came from, accompanied I think by Mr. Chester Fritz, of Seattle, Washington.

Along the route which we had crossed through Kansu, we passed many transport caravans coming from Chinese Turkistan, carrying wool, tobacco and medical herbs. These caravans are composed of mules and ponies and are mostly in charge of rustic looking Mohammedans. A sort of a turban is worn here by almost everybody. But we had also seen such head-gear widely used in Szechwan. Transports from Szechwan into Kansu are few and mostly on mules, consisting of sugar, packed in bales; one bale is carried on each side of the animal’s saddle.
OBSERVATIONS OF TSIN CHOW, KANSU.

We reached Tsin Chow on the morning of August 13. The evening before we stopped in a village on the right Bank of the Wei River. I waded through the waters in the morning and we reached the town early. I found it possible to put up in the Tu Ti Miao, or City temple in the central section of the town. My abode was closed by the Yamen of the Magistrature of the Prefecture.

Whilst here I went to see the Mosque grounds which are situated near the North Gate of the town. In the main building the faithful kneel with face west towards Mecca.* The main weekly services are held on Friday. A loft on the ground with three stories, in appearance only a little smaller than a City's Drum or Bell Tower, was the Minaret from where the Mohammedans of the town were called to service in the morning and before sun-set. Arabic inscriptions appeared inside the main hall and outside at the entrance into the Mosque. A school building was in a section of the grounds, for the boys of the Mohammedan population. In these grounds I saw a monolith bearing the inscription, that this memorial stone had been set up by Emperor Chia Ching of the Ming Dynasty between 1522 and 1567. Hui Hui is the name in Chinese for the Mohammedans. Their Mosques are called: Ching Cheng Si.

* About Mohammedans in Kansu: In China, the Mohammedans are a strong part of the population, in particular in the North Western territory of Sinkiang, which means the New Province; Sinkiang is often spoken of as Chinese Turkistan. Also Kansu the Chinese Province in the North-West and Yiinnan in the far South-West possess very strong populations of Moslems; next come, South of the divide, the province of Szechwan, and on the other side, north of the mountains, Shensi Province. Both the North-West and the South-West felt deeply, between 1861 and 1878, the Moslem rising which led to brutal butcheries and retaliations. Mohammedans are different in race and religion from the Chinese, yet they dress like pure Chinese in Western China, who carry mostly white bands, turned Turban-like around their heads. Mohammedans are great fighters. Since the Mohammedan Revolution Kansu is very thinly populated.
While at Tsin Chow, which town has a population of 18,000 families which means a 100,000 people, the Magistrate of the town gave a big feast in his Yamen for the graduation of 30 students of the town's college. All Elders of the town were there; all the women of the prominent families also. An excellent Chinese dinner, generally eight at a table, women entirely apart, with dozens of courses was a feature of it. The other was a great theater performance in the open grounds of the Yamen where all this happened; this was along the back or residential part of the family at the Yamen; there, Excellency Kung came to each of the tables to bow and to drink a small container of rice wine with his guests, of whom I was one, as invited by Magistrate Kung. It was a most interesting affair.

When calling on Reverend Father Daems, the Belgian Catholic Priest, he informed me, that the famous travellers, who on their overland journey from Mongolia to Lhasa between 1842-1844, came through Tsin Chow, were Father Huc and Brother Gabet.
EASTWARD DEPARTURE FROM TSIN CHOW;

JOURNEY TO TSING SHUI AND LUNG CHOW, THE FRONTIER TOWN OF WESTERN SHENSI.

The Couriers came back from Lanchow to Tsin Chow, Kansu, on August 10; by noon I knew that I had to turn back and was not allowed to proceed to the Provincial Capital. I took the shortest route, which is known as the southern route and which leads to Tsin Shui, or the clear Water town. I was ready to leave when I heard of this decision in regard to myself, but it was not easy to get en route as my coolie-outfit intended to leave only next morning. However I made them go, by forcing the chair coolies with the sedan chair to go and lead ahead, and I with the rest of the carriers walked as well as it was possible on a declining bad road eastwards from the town of our last stay. As to the Northern route from Tsin Chow, Kansu, this leads to the town of Ping Liang, along the main route from Sian Fu, the Capital of Shensi Province, to Lanchow Fu, the Capital of Kansu. The main route to Lanchow has the ascent over the formidable massif, known as Liu Pan Shan. I reached Tsing Shui in the late afternoon, the day after my departure. I put up in a fine temple of this town, and right after went to call on the sole foreigner in the place, the Catholic Father Van Esser, a Dutchman. This person did not let me go back to my own abode, but simply removed my whole caravan to his own compound; it is that of the Tien Chu Tang, under which name the Catholic Church is known in China. As next day was
Sunday I had to make a twenty four hours rest, so as to be better prepared, more so as the Padre said that the formidable pass, leading from Tsing Shui to Lung Chow, meant days of very hard climbing. And this said, the next day, after Mass with his small community and myself, after breakfast the Reverend Father took me on a long day’s mule-ride to a some 2,000 years old, (as I call it) Monolith, and to a gully, where there was the sanctuary of a Buddhist temple with a Pagoda, in the Tsing Shui Valley.
LUNG CHOW THE FRONTIER FORTRESS.

ARRIVAL IN CENTRAL WESTERN SHENSI.

Yesterday we stopped in Kansu along a Mountain Pass 7,300 feet above sea level leading to Lung Chow. This western Shensi Frontier town is situated 3,000 feet above the sea. The actual frontier was at a small hamlet 6,500 feet above the sea, where we had stopped over night. It was very cold and stormy there. It was still raining in the morning, which made it hard to proceed through the defile. Already in Kansu we had to follow frequently Loess Gullies where dug-out villages and houses existed. Now before us was a whole country filled with the dust deposits of thousands of years, which settle down in this part of Shensi Province on the blow from Central Asia, and later also through Western Honan Province.

From Lung Chow onwards we travelled along the northern edge of the Footlands of the serrated chain of mountains, the Tsing Ling Shan. I had expected some money in Lungchow, at the China Inland Mission. So after having called in the early morning of our arrival upon the City-Magistrate, who with his little son and his Secretary asked me to partake with them of breakfast, which I did, I made for the Mission. As they could not treat me now to breakfast, I had to accept hospitality for noon. And when, by asking, I found out that so far no money had arrived, I knew in what a difficulty I was towards my men, yet I did not ask for anything and proceeded on my way in the afternoon, so as to get quicker into Sian Fu. The Missionaries were Swedes, who had a couple of daughters at the American Girls’ School in Tungchow, outside of Peking-East. I promised to visit them and later did so.
Because I was very short of cash, I tried to force our onward march. By evening, after leaving the gates of the Fortress City of Lung Chow with its strong crenelated walls, we had covered seventeen miles. At that point, we reached a village at night and found shelter in a school building. I could not retire at once, in spite of my fatigue, as the carrier with the bulky bedding had remained in the rear. When this man finally arrived, he brought a message from a foreigner who had been riding at a gallop on a pony and, upon reaching my man, he put a package in the bedding, telling my carrier to be careful and deliver it at once to me, when he reached me. Thereupon the foreigner rode back from where he came at a gallop, in order to reach the City gates before they would shut for the night; it was young Nilson of the C.I.M. who was charged to bring to me the silver which had arrived from Sian the afternoon after we had left the Mission. This fixed my needs to pay my men daily until reaching our combined destination at the Capital of the Province of Shensi. A day after, we passed a small place just after I had my frugal lunch, when a Chinese, connected with a Mission, saw me walking in the main street from west to east. He begged me and I finally consented to call on a Scandinavian Missionary lady who was thankful in her expression that I did not let her lose face, by my not dropping in. After taking in her company a cup of coffee, I continued my eastward journey. That night our resting place was in a dug-out home of the natives in a small
place. Happily I had around my camp-bed my mosquito net, as there were scorpions seen on the dug-out earth wall.

We then reached Fung Hsiang Fu with its imposing crenelated wall around. This is a central point of transport communication from far off Peking to still farther away Kokonor and Chinese Turkistan in the North-West, as well as to Szechwan and Tibet in the South-West. Here at this place there was already to be observed more life, in the sense of seeing women and girls dressed more fashionably in silk garments. From this place over the crests of the Tsing Ling Shan southward, the road leads in its zigzags via Paoki to Nancheng, which is known better by its more popular name, Hanchung Fu, covering a distance of 233 miles.

I telegraphed from Fung Hsiang Fu to Tientsin that I would reach Sianfu about August 22.
ESCAPING BANDITS' HANDS JUST BEFORE ARRIVAL IN SIAN FU.

The onward march from Fung Hsian Fu to Sian covered a distance of one hundred and twenty English miles. This brought us through the rich cultivated plain, which starts right from the footlands of the Tsing Ling Shan, stretching out in a northerly direction of this long west-east journey, and even stretching farther east along the Wei River to its confluence with the Yellow River, a little space above the City of Tung Kwan Ting, in Central Eastern Shensi. All along this route we stood a great deal of heat, with little shady spots here and there, where my men bought water melons to refresh themselves. I abstained myself and kept to boiled tea. At Mao Yi Pu I visited the Mausoleum of the Yang Consort of one of the Rulers of the Tang Dynasty (618-907 A.D.) where in the Court Yards were 32 antique stone memorials with historic inscriptions. Among them were two of Emperor Chien Lung of the early Manchus, who had ruled from 1736 to 1796. The Emperor's consort, Yang Kwei Fei, is much bespoken in Chinese history as a highly recognized person of state. In the plain of Sian there are numerous historical burial places and monuments of this kind.

On August 21 in the afternoon we reached the well known City of Hsien Yang, from where the distance to the capital is only seventeen miles. The town is situated along the left bed of the Wei River which, even when there is low water, allows barges with coal to approach it from the East. In Hsien Yang I put up near the South East gate of the town which is nearest to the river-front. We stopped in a temple which was much enriched by travellers and pilgrims, where we got good meals and where we were received with great hospitality. The morning after, at 5:30, we left our Temple and had just passed outside the Southgate of the town, when there
reached us a file of finely-dressed Soldiers with rifles and bayonets. They marched into the Gate, while another similar contingent just disembarked from a boat and marched to enter the gate of the town. My head coolie failed to engage a boat, as the boatmen had received orders from those soldiers that none were allowed to move, which I found out afterwards. I, at the moment, wished to go back to the town to straighten out matters, when I found the Gate shut, and looking through a small opening, I saw along the inner southern main street people running back and forth. As at that moment I observed on the top of the Wall a Sentinel with his rifle shoulder strapped, I spoke to the sentinel, who called for one who joined him, looking like an officer. By this, one of the boats was allowed to ferry me across under strict instructions that nobody was allowed to be ferried back from there, otherwise they would shoot. I crossed, and waded the last section through the low water, in order to prevent anybody from taking the ferry back. I may add here, that afternoon walking with my host in Sian, Architect Harold Fairburn and the Foreign Postal Commissioner along the Main street of the capital, the latter told the former the news, which I overheard, that Hsien Yang, from where I had arrived about noon in town, had been sacked by brigands in the morning, this by smart-looking soldiers (i.e. actually disguised brigands) who in that way surprised a populous city. No wonder that I had a glimpse of the populace of that town in pandemonium in my ignorance.

Thus I had arrived on August 22 in the former Imperial Capital of North Western China, Sian Fu, which among various names is also best known as Chang An. In 1900 the Empress Dowager of China with His Majesty Kwang Hsü, the son of Heaven, accompanied by the whole Imperial Court, fled from Peking to Sian in consequence of the Boxer Troubles.
ARRIVAL IN SIAN FU.

Upon arrival at the outer West-gate of the Kwan, or western Suburb of the Capital, we marched through the suburb, until we reached the actual West gate of the huge-sized City wall. We went onwards to the almost central section of the town, where there is the Bell and Drum Tower. These buildings are olden Chinese Skyscrapers with Pagoda-like roofs, allowing one from the top-floor to have a fine view of the surrounding country and more so to the south to observe the hilly sight of the Tsing Ling Shan. We did not make any inspection of these lofts, but went farther east until we were directed to the English Baptist Mission Hospital, where, for the Women’s Division, Dr. Paula Fairburn was the attending physician. The Fairburns had been fully informed about me by my sister Olga in Tientsin, and it was through them that money had been forwarded to me to Lung Chow. I gladly accepted the kindness of the Fairburns to have me stay with them in their house, where soon after my arrival, a Secretary of the Foreign Office presented his card, in order to see me, and inspect my luggage to see if I had any arms. Also, through this official, I heard that special arrangements would be provided for me, by instruction of the Governor of the Province, to travel eastward.

No sooner had I come to the home of the Fairburns then I met their charming young daughters, Misses Helen and Florence, to whom I soon enough became a new uncle by adoption.
My plans are, no longer to leave from here by sedan chair, but in a springless so-called Peking-cart, which could bring me, in over a week's journey to the present western terminus of the Lung Hai Railway, under construction and at present built up to Kwan Yin Tang in western Honan, but later in 1935 getting extended to Sian Fu.*

* When the Railway terminus in Sian Fu in 1935 was opened I was there as a guest of the Railway Administration; the Civil Governor of the Province of Shensi received us. I travelled in the Company of the sectional Builder of the line, Monsieur Henri Metz and the much travelled Lady, Madame Marcel Roucaud (wife of the later Superior General of Madagascar), as well as the once Director of the Lung Hai Railway, Houa Nan Kwai Esquire. E.S.F.

The Pagoda-roofed Minaret of the Mosque in Sian Fu, from the upper storey of which the Mohammedans are called to Prayer, morning and evenings.
A LETTER FROM SIAN-FU,

THE HISTORIC ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CHINA.

Earlier in August, but since I had been in Tsin Chow (Kansu), China had declared War on Austria; therefore my political status at that time had changed. Before I left Sian I was considered a civilian prisoner of war and consequently the authorities prepared in that sense to send me East, but let me have a benevolent freedom while visiting the Capital. This allowed me to stroll around into all sections of the town and around the outer South Gate so as to see famous sights and spots of this historical and interesting township.

There was, in the North-eastern part of Sian, a particular section having its own forty feet high strong Brick-wall to the four sides of the huge square, covering over half a mile at each angle, but possessing one entrance only to the South, which gate gave access from the Inner-City, which closed off city-part was called the Imperial Manchu-town. Upon entering through the huge gate into the strong wall, there appeared before the eyes, a huge deserted piece of ground, where there were no buildings, but in some extreme corner, there was a raised terrace, with a stair approach, before which could be seen a peculiar looking monument. To see this, I went there. It presented a large sort of a filegran of a Chinese stone Monument with an over-life-sized hand which was worn smooth upon the surface. Some legend tells that this monument has some relation to the once famous Empress Wu Tsze-tien. This woman ruler was of ordinary origin and had pertained, as a Lady-Consort, to Emperor Cheng Kwan of the Tang Dynasty, which ruled from 618 to 907 A.D. This Consort became the Empress after Cheng Kwan had died, and after she had, (subsequent to his death), for a time joined a nunnery. But from there—in her seclusion—she played no small role in Court-intrigues.
Her plot succeeded and the ex-Concubine took the throne and rule of China in hand by emerging from her nunnery. Wu Tsze-tien's rule was marked by vigour and firmness. This Empress-ship can be pointed out as the sole comparison with China's rule in more recent times, by the famous Empress Dowager Tszu-Hsi (Yehonala, also mentioned as the Old Buddha), who after the death in Jehol of Emperor Hsien-Fung in 1862 took the rulership in hand for her little son who was proclaimed as Emperor Tung Chi, who died in 1875. From that time onwards Empress-Dowager Tszu Hsi ruled to 1896 during the minority of the succeeding Emperor Kwang Hsü. But subsequently, already in 1898, Empress Dowager Tszu Hsi became dissatisfied with the acts of modernization of the new ruler, when she put Kwang Hsü in a sort of prison or retirement in the Forbidden City of Peking and started then up to her death Her Third Regency. Kwang Hsü with the whole Imperial Court travelled to Sian-Fu when the Empress Dowager fled there, in consequence of the Allies' approach on Peking during the Boxer Troubles of 1900. At that period the Pearl Kwei Fei, i.e. the favoured Consort of Kwang Hsü passed away; she is said to have been thrown into a well, through the dislike of the Empress Dowager. Kwang Hsü remained in retirement after the return to Peking, where the Empress Dowager at one time received the Ladies of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps of Peking. The rule of the Empress Dowager and of Kwang Hsü ended in the autumn of 1908 when both passed away. Princess der Ling in her "Old Buddha," which name she gives to the Empress Dowager, gives a fine account of the end of this rule. But I in 1909 was an officially invited guest at the great funeral procession when the coffin of the Empress Dowager was carried to the Tung Ling, where a hundred miles north-east of Peking she was laid to rest in one of the Twin-Dowager Mausolea on which she had lavished millions for the construction. Subsequently in December 1913,
when the Mausoleum in the Hsi Ling mountains (about a hundred miles south-west of Peking) was completed, Emperor Kwang Hsü was there put to rest, which funeral procession started there at two in the morning and ended at four in the afternoon. 6000 Grandees and Officials of China came for this event to the Hsi Ling, where only three foreigners were present, i.e. the Chief and the Assistant Chief Engineer of the Pei-Han Railway, Messieurs Bouillard and De Retrou and myself. The Funeral cortege was composed first of the Catafalque of the Emperor, second of that of the late Empress of Kwang Hsü, and the third Catafalque was that wherein there was the coffin of the famous Pearl-Consort of Kwang Hsü, who had died at Sian Fu after the events of 1900.

And, having said all this about, or in connection with, the Manchu City of Sian, it has yet to be pointed out, that when the Revolution in October 1911 broke out at Wuchang, the Capital of the Provinces of the former Vice-Royalty of Hunan and Hupeh, with its consequence of the downfall and the abdication of the Manchu-Dynasty, that this brought with it the onslaught of the population of Sian on the Manchus in their City reservation. Every Manchu, man or boy, was killed, and as to the women, they were allowed to leave the Manchu City, when upon reaching the outer part, there—as I was told—the Mohammedans of the City took them into their households.

And this last act of terrible slaughter brought the people of Sian to think that the foreigners were to blame; so they went outside the South Gate where some Swedish Missionaries had their home, a number of whom also fell at that time; others by the warnings received, could leave in time. Nearby this, stand two old fine Landmarks, Pagodas of olden times, which could—if so possible—say more than I could about Sian's history.
Outside the South Gate of Sian-Fu one of the historic Pagodas.
中國流行大秦教

流行大秦教
From the outer South Gate of Sian, I came back and went near the inner western section of the town where the Confucian Temple is, in the Compound and Court-yards back of which is the most attractive collection of the Pei Lin, or the Forest of Memorial Stones. In the buildings of this place there are preserved a great number of historical Monuments, perhaps a thousand or more; these monuments and slabs with historic inscriptions or other works of sculptured art, came from and pertained to past Dynasties. These stones are much admired, so much so that rubbings of them are taken and brought back home from Sian. I myself took along a good many of these rubbings, partly for my own recollection and partly to present to friends hereafter. To us, the moment of greatest importance is observed when standing before the big Monolith which on its top sculpture-work shows a Cross, which stone, by the Chinese is called Ching Chiao Pei, by which the famous Nestorian Monument is meant. This most prominent stone presents to our times olden relations between China and Europe at the beginning of the Christian era. I spent hours in seeing, among these historic monuments, those of particular interest in design, or expressive meanings. Much of this is not easily grasped by the foreigner who visits the Pei Lin, because it is not easy for us to trace or find out the background of the historic data. However, the Nestorian Stone, by its huge size and its Roman Papal Cross on the top in front, and the Assyric inscriptions elsewhere, brings forth admiration. To get an idea of its size, the stone has a height of over 75 inches and a width of 37 inches; the thickness is 11 and a half inches, or almost a foot thick. The Nestorian stone with its Biblical inscriptions, dates from the Sixth Century, i.e. during the Tang Dynasty; it has a theological significance, and when a replica of this stone was made in 1908, the same was accepted for

the Vatican Garden in Rome. The original was found in the Province of Shensi during a Loess excavation in 1625 A.D.

My next visit in Sian was to the big Mosque grounds of the town, at the entrance of which stands a honorific Pai-Lou, or honorary arch, set up officially, which signifies the reverence for the religion of Mohammed in China. Moslems entered into China from Turkistan and Central Asia in the West, during the Seventh Century A.D. In the Mosque grounds there stand many Imperial Chinese dedications, such as monuments, one of which dates from 742 A.D. The Main Mosque, in these grounds, has a capacity of over a thousand to kneel and pray.

The time came to prepare to leave Sian, going East through the Eastern section of the great plain of Shensi in the centre of which this historic Capital stands. This agricultural plain covers an area of two hundred miles from east to west, and ninety miles in width, just straight north from the foot-lands of the Tsing Ling Shan, the wild mountain barrier to the south of the Capital. On this vast plain are found still to-day a number of historic tumuli of Rulers of China, dating back thousands of years before the Christian era.

When I started to leave from the home of the Fairburns I no longer had my Sedan-Chair, but was in a springless cart on two wheels, between the shafts a mule, and in front a horse pulling. It was decided by the authorities of various Departments to send along with me some Ma Tui, or Horse Guards, who should bring me from Sian to the frontier Fortress of Tung Kwan Ting, with two particular stops, as requested by myself, one at Lin Tung and the other to climb the Hua Shan pilgrimage of the eastern extension of the Tsing Ling Shan.

My departure from my hosts in Sian was a spectacular one, and not only this, my host and friend for ever, Architect Harold Fairburn went along not only to the main eastern city gate of the Capital, but from there onward through the thickly
populated eastern Kwan of the town, by which a suburb is meant. We both walked the long distance together and took farewell from each other, with my thanks for the hospitality received, when we had reached the extreme east entrance into this historical place.
From the time I had left Architect Fairburn, our route followed the right bank of the Wei River. Since travelling alone, yet accompanied by my Horsemen Guards, we made fifteen English miles, when we reached the Spa of Lin Tung. Here I put up, as well as my four Ma Tui sent by the Governor, and two more of these Horse Guards who were sent by the Magistrate of Sian, while also the head of Police of the Capital had sent (as my guards) two horsemen. We stayed inside the Imperial enclosure which is directly along the footland of the Tsing Ling Shan at a probable elevation of twelve hundred feet above sea level. It did not take me long to have a fine invigorating sulphur bath, in the stone cave where this spring exists. And next morning I took another of these strengthening baths before we all left towards the east as we had come.

I almost forgot to say that, before my expedition started from Sian, the two young Fairburn ladies brought me bunches of flowers as a farewell gift, which touched me deeply. Also I forgot to say that not only a loaf of bread, but also a fine roastbeef, cake and other such vital things in a too abundant way, were showered upon me by Dr. Paula Fairburn before my springless cart went off from Sian Fu. Besides this, Architect Fairburn gave me some brandy.

As to the Lin Tung, I must add that this was a much liked resort of the famous Yang Kwei Fei (Yang Consort) who enjoyed such great fame during the Tang Dynasty. (618 to 935 A.D.)*

The water of this bath is as clear as crystal.

* YANG KWEI FEI became a concubine of Hsüan Tsung 738 A.D. being taken from his son's concubines.
IN THE EASTERN TSING LING SHAN.

CLIMBING THE FANTASTIC HWA SHAN.

Just a short distance before reaching the defile of the natural Fortress Town of Tung Kwan Ting, standing as eastern defence of the Province of Shensi, through which place we have to get along the great south-eastern bend of the Yellow River, we made a detour. It was from the Temple town of Hwa Yin Miao that we started to take the upward path. The object was to climb the famous Taoist pilgrimage along the Hwa Shan elevations of the Five Peaks. The Taoist belief in China existed long before Buddhism was introduced.* The two Religions run along very smoothly side by side. Taoists have selected the "Famous Five" of sacred mountainous seclusions in China, of which the Hwa Shan is the most celebrated. While climbing the Hwa Shan, I passed a night in a lower section in a Taoist Sanctuary at an altitude of four thousand feet. To get there was not an easy climb, in particular the very last upward-leading cave, or gullyhole, which, when closed up on the top, prevents robbers from getting to the higher situated, richly endowed temples. The upwards climb on the following morning also was not an easy matter, through narrow canons, alongside of which, here and there, Taoist-Havens offer shelter. In all these places there are Taoist Priests who offer steamed bread and hot tea. These Priests have a peculiar kind of head appearance, something in the form of a

* Many accounts exist by which the introduction of Buddhism from India into China put as far back as B.C. 217. Rémusat states B.C. 122; Giles states 58-76 A.D.
shaved forehead, while the crown of the actual head is covered with long hair twisted into a lump, or knot in the centre. When we reached the points of almost perpendicular ascent, where steps are hewn into the granite face of the slopes, along which steps there are old iron chains alongside, so as to assist in the climb and have security in hand, there I felt I ought to wait and let three pilgrims pass, who looked small and female-like in pilgrim gowns, exactly like those worn by men. They told me that they had made their overland journey, which meant not less than a thousand English miles, on foot from Canton in the extreme south east of China. These women walked on their small, so called Lotus feet; they were of good middle age.
The old cast iron chains alongside the perpendicular granite steps hewn in the slope up to the top of the Five Peaks of the fantastic Hwa Shan, the Taoist pilgrimage in Central-Eastern Shensi.
Central Asian Divide, the Temple Ling Shan, starting at the Pamirs.
ON THE TOP OF THE FIVE PINNACLES OF THE HWASAN.

What an attraction for the eyes the spires of the Hwasan present, which by translation are known as the Peaks to the East and to the West, as well as the Peaks to the North and South, in addition to which according to Chinese ideas, there is a fifth, the Peak of the Center (of the Earth). Each of these peaks presents an individual spiral section of the elevation of the Hwasan, each being a massive rock of peculiar shape and individuality, but all the huge rocks show fine grey granite, though here and there pine trees have grown out. In each of these peaks, in some sort of a niche in the cliffs, there is, right on the top, a Taoist sanctuary and shelter for the Pilgrims. Also, in some way around, there exist narrow path-ways connecting the individual five peaks from one to another. Without those heavy metal chains along the dangerous climbs, it would be impossible for the best of mountain climbers to get along. It is said that the heavy metal chains were made during the Ming Dynasty (1368 to 1642 A.D.) From the sanctuary at the height of four thousand feet above the sea, two of my horse guards climbed upwards with me; one of them was, by the Governor's instruction, ordered to come along, because I was told, not long ago this good soldier accompanied the wife and members of the Family of the Governor to the Hwasan, and they climbed the whole of the Five Peaks. This military guide was of course of great advantage to me; anyhow this man remained with me from the start below till the descent, while the second of the two, who went along on duty, returned without ever having reached the top of the Peaks.

When I had reached again the sanctuary where we had spent the first night, I thanked the "Lao-Shi", i.e. the venerable Priest, whose information had made this mountain trip so agreeable to me.
At the footland of the Hwa Shan, my complete outfit was awaiting me, and we started on the following morning to proceed farther East. That day we reached the south-easternmost bend of the Yellow River.
THE FORTRESS OF TUNG KWAN TING,
FROM WHERE WE ENTERED THE PROVINCE OF HONAN.

Tung Kwan dominates three Provinces along the great eastward bend of the Hwang Ho. Situated on Shensi soil, when standing on the fortified, crenelated, high wall of masonry of this place, along its northern wide-stretching square, we are along the right bank of China’s Sorrow; looking over to the left bank of this River, there is the south-westernmost point of the Province of Shansi. And yet, when looking from the Eastern Wall of the town, towards the East, one looks into the Loess-covered sections to the West of the Province of Honan. Many a battle for domination has been fought at Tung Kwan Ting, and this even during the present century, at times of troubles, such as the political conditions and state of affairs of China, since the establishment of the Chinese Republic in 1911/1912 had brought with it. Humorously it is said, if standing along the N.E. corner of the City Wall (and I had passed all around), one would be able to listen there to the chanting of cocks in three Provinces. The Wei River, of which mention is made since Kansu, merges into the Hwang Ho a short distance north of Tung Kwan Ting.

Tung Kwan Ting by translation means “Eastern Close-up Fortress”. The political status of a Ting, means a sub-Prefecture. The distance from Sian to Tung Kwan is about ninety miles. The sense that Tung Kwan is a natural fortress, can be felt from the point also that the East Gate from Honan into Tung Kwan is situated directly on the Loess-slope of the
hill, as pertaining to the Tsing Ling Shan. That is an undeniable natural strategic point of entry into the Province of Shensi.

Our procedure from here eastwards was through the extremely dusty passages of Loess, which by the continuous traffic of carts runs deep down through Loess-gullies, with little or no outlook at all, except a small spot visible above, towards the blue sky. And when heavy rain prevails, one will not look towards the sky, but try not to sink deep into the morass and holes along such narrow Loess traffic roads, or say ravines. And what troubles are not there in store when in these dry passages, or more difficulty not dry, carts must pass each other in opposite directions. Our advance east followed, in some not far distance south, the Yellow River. We came through Cities and we stayed overnight in some mule caravan-serai. However I went on with my new guards, from the time when we had got into Honan. They were military men, at times led by an officer, who always in the evening took me to the barracks where I was the guest of the officers, which of course made the needs of supplying eatables so much easier. For days, while we crossed this Loess-Country, happily we had no rain; therefore our advance was not impeded. Only on the morning, when reaching that day at noon Kwan Yin Tang, the road was wet; yet we reached our cart destination with not too much difficulty. Under the name Kwan Yin Tang, there is understood: The Goddess of Mercy, or Lord Buddha. Pressed by time, I did not look for the temple where this Goddess was held supreme in the main sanctuary. What I did look out for was to get, from this then-existing terminus of the so-called Pien Lo Railway, the first train going east. This railway, when the divisional built sections are once completed, will be known
as the Lung Hai Railway, by which is meant the Railway from the China Coast, a short distance south of Tsingtao, where the terminus is at the City of Hai-Chow, and from where the railway, in continuation from Kwan Yin Tang, one day will go to Tung Kwan and to Sian Fu,† as well as to the capital of Kansu beyond. An early train took us from Kwan Ying Tang to the next stopping center, Honan Fu, which town is better known as the famous Loyang, once a Central Capital of China. Also Loyang is in the immediate vicinity of the famous Sculpture work of ancient times, the granite caves of the Lung Men, a visit to which I took into consideration for a future time. (This did happen in 1935). We reached Honan Fu before it was dark.

† In May 1935 through-Traffic from the coast to Sian Fu was opened.

The Natural Fortress of Tung Kwan Ting at the Great Eastward Bend of the Hwang Ho overlooking the Provinces of Honan, Shansi and Shensi.
FROM HONAN FU VIA TSENG CHOW TO KAIFENG FU.*

When my Escort-Officer, accompanied by me, called on the Commanding Officer at Kwan Yin Tang, I received a new Escort-Exchange of two Officers and several soldiers to take me by train to the historical old time State-Capital of Lo Yang. But the name of this town at present was Honan-Fu, where our train reached late in the afternoon. Near the station there was an almost new one-storey inn, where we put up for the night. Right after that, accompanied by one of the officers, we walked the long distance into town to the Yamen of the District Magistrate. There the Chief Secretary received us, as the Magistrate was at a Conference. I told the Secretary that I would leave by the early train in the morning for Kaifeng Fu, Capital of the Province, where I intended to stay a day. Kai-feng Fu also is a historical Capital of China.

We returned to the inn and had dinner, when news later came that the Magistrate of the Prefecture was returning my call. This happened after 10 p.m. I awaited the personage at the gate of the inn, seeing the approach of the Cavalcade. In front were big round lamps lit up, and carried, to lead the way, all these lamps showing the red sign of the insignia of the Magistrate’s office. There were in line Tam-Tam Beaters and other such runners as well as flag-bearers of course, so as to announce the approach of high officialdom, such as Chinese Etiquette provided in olden times, being now abolished in the East, yet a good deal in vogue in the West. In this procession a fine official Sedan Chair was carried by numerous Sedan Chair Bearers, inside of which Palanquin, there sat His Honor the City Magistrate, the supreme legal authority and Judge. I ushered His Honor to the reception room of my inn, where along the opposite wall at the door and in its centre, we sat down. Between us two was a small table on which soon tea

* A letter.
was served, of which, however, we both sipped a drop, just before the visitor retired after more than half an hour. The whole of the retinue of the Magistrate had been left in the Court Yard, but some of them stood at the door of the reception hall, so as to prevent others from entering, but otherwise listening to the inside conversation. The Magistrate was a nice, kindly-looking middle-aged man from Tientsin, for which town I was bound. He informed himself about my doings on so long a "Yu Li" voyage, which I had undertaken in accordance with the official document which he had read, but which was issued by the Governor of the Province of Shensi. While the "pour parler" went on, it came to the point that I could get at what the object of the visit was. The Magistrate said that my wish to go to Kaifeng direct was not in line with proceedings of his Province, that the next Magistrate en route is the one in Tseng Chow, and that he asked me to stop over in Tseng Chow, so that I would follow the ordinary routine. When I finally consented, he said that upon arriving at the station next morning, his men would present myself and the escort with the railway tickets, for which I thanked him and the nightly visit came to a very friendly end. I accompanied His Honor until he was in his sedan chair in the Court Yard, and taking him in his conveyance, as was customary, to the outer gate, where we each made to the other big bows of friendship, and there was my new itinerary. As conditions were, I gave up any idea of seeing the famous caves of the Lung Men, so near to the city where I now was. (I saw these remarkable stone caves in 1935.)

We left Honan Fu early in the morning in accordance with the arrangements made with the City Magistrate. Before ten, in the morning we had reached the station of Tseng Chow, where the City Chief of Police awaited the arrival of the train, in order to be well-received on my part. We went first to the little foreign hotel, where my escort and myself took a hearty breakfast. Tseng Chow (also written Cheng Chow) is now a
most important place, being situated, so to say, at the half-way point between Peking and Hankow along the Pei-Han Railway, and by the crossing here, of the east to west leading Pien-Lo, or better, Lung-Hai Railway. Besides this meeting of two lines, also another economic transportation point relating to this town is seventeen miles north, where there is the two miles of railway-bridge over the Yellow River; the crossing of the Pei-Han Railway gives to Tseng Chow a great future. Many foreigners, mostly French, Belgian and Italian Railway Engineers with their families, had their homes in Tseng Chow along this point of railway crossing, and since the railway made its central point here, Tseng Chow has become a very busy trans-continental trade passage. Every time I had come through this point on my many journeys through China, I could observe the rising and aggrandisement of this town.

At Tseng Chow my plan to stop at Kaifeng almost vanished. I called with my Officer on the Magistrate of the town, who had prepared for my reception sweets and tea; his little grandson was present and followed every move of the foreigner. The old Magistrate told me that, by order of the Division General, I was not allowed to stop at the Capital of the Province of Honan. Thereupon, I prayed if I could call on the Division General and later the Magistrate sent me word that the Division General would receive me at 2 p.m. sharp.

When I entered with my Officer the reception room of the Divisioneer, an elderly stern-looking personage, he politely asked me to sit down with him; I pleaded, and when I saw he would not change his mind, thereupon I asked him if I would be allowed to leave by the first train for the east, which train was due to leave at about four. He consented, yet in my presence his orderly had to send a second telegraphic message about me, all done without much to do, and I bowed deeply and left the Military Head of the Prefecture.
The Two Miles Long Pei-Han Railway Bridge over the Yellow River about half way between Peking and Hankow.

(This picture was taken by the author in 1906 when he was present at the Autumn Manoeuvres at Changtefu in Honan as a guest of Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai).
The Old Pagoda of Honan's Capital, Kai Feng Fu.
My train took me away, when I suddenly observed I had somewhere left my carrying lamp of kerosene which became a sort of Mascot to me during my long journey. We reached Kai-feng late in the evening, with a reception by the police of course, because this very train stopped for the night at the capital. So here I was, and here I wished to find out where my Mascot had remained. But first, from the station, I was taken to a nearby inn, which, for that night, was reserved solely for myself, my escort and the Police Officials of Kaifeng. The distance to the station was not far; my Officer of Escort helped me; he phoned for me to the station of Honan Fu; he found out, I had left my Lamp (in my commotion) at Tseng Chow in the morning. That lamp could get in next morning, but subsequently to my departure, if I left. That was inconvenient, I remonstrated; I told those who were with me that on all my eight months of overland travel I was treated everywhere with the greatest amount of consideration, only Honan-Officials seemed to think of treating me badly. That had its first effect, and the subsequent result was that I was allowed to stay for the next train, which would go through and also have my Mascot. This gave me time to reflect and to send my Officer-Escort to the Foreign Office with a letter, in which I explained what I had said, and asked for a Doctor to see me. One of the Head Officials of the Foreign Office was Dr. Sia, a foreign-trained Doctor, and cousin of the one Doctor who was with the Prince Ching Mission to the Coronation of King George VI in London in 1911, of which Mission I had been the Confidential Secretary and only Foreign participant en suite. That coincidence helped greatly. He reported to the Director of the Foreign Office, which brought about my being allowed to stay a day in Kaifeng Fu and, after report at higher Quarters had been made, I was led by the Doorkeeper of the Foreign Office in company with my Escort-Officer, visiting in Jin-rickshaws the City of Kai Feng.
Our promenade started by entering Kai Feng by its huge South Gate, inside of which, nearby, stands an old Pagoda different in shape from the usual. This Pagoda, on its high tower walls, has thousands of small niches where little Buddhas in relief are seen. We crossed from here very lively streets with nice shops and stores of all kind. I was taken to the Chiao Ching Chiao Hu Tung, in which district, it is said, once there was a Jewish Colony, who originally had arrived from Arabia, long before the Sea Route via the Cape of Good Hope had been discovered by the famous Vasco da Gama in 1498 A.D. But I could not see any Pai Lou, or Honorific Arch to indicate the site, nor portals nor a temple. But the surrounding of this section of the town was like a morass, and buildings, at a distance, were all of the poorest kind in loam. The late Dr. Chas D. Tenney, Chinese Secretary of the American Legation of Peking, in Millard’s Review, stated that he was disappointed at the few traces he could find here of a former Jewish centre in China. When later, during this visit of mine in Kai Feng, we reached the east section of the town and entered the Compound of the Canadian Methodist Mission, there I saw, to the right and to the left of the entrance into the Church on each side, a monolith of olden origin. On the dark granite slab of the one was inscribed in Chinese the episode of Adam, as the first Ancestor of the Jews, giving the history thereafter also. This stone was executed during the Ming Dynasty under Emperor Hung Chih in 1489 A.D. The other stone was executed in 1513 by Emperor Cheng Te of the Ming. The monument to the right of the entrance was quite readable, whilst that to the left was illegible. The two monuments were probably seven feet high, and two and a half feet wide. The thickness was a little less than a foot. As the Chinese Consul, Suez, in New York wrote me, the two Jewish monoliths became
the possession of the Canadian Mission when the site of the Synagogue was sold to them.†

We left the following morning, on September 9th, by train, after I had received my lamp. We proceeded east from the point where over half a century ago,* the Hwang Ho took, during the floods, a new bed, running from that time till now north-Eastward through the Province of Shantung, and carrying the waters into the north-west of the Yellow-Sea, while before that breach, the Yellow River went from Kai Feng south-east emerging half way between Shanghai and Tsingtao into the Yellow Sea. The old and the new River discharges into the ocean are hundreds of miles apart. Our destination was the crossing point of the Lung-Hai Railway, with that of the Tsing-Pu, or Tientsin-Pukow Railway, with its run from South to North. We reached this crossing point, at Hsü Chow, in the evening and stayed there over-night.

† Jews came to China during the Han Dynasty probably A.D. 34, when they were terribly persecuted in Babylon.

* In 1853.
HOMEWARDS TO TIENTSIN.

On our train ride northwards from Hsü Chow Fu, we soon entered thereafter into the Province of Shantung. We came through the station of Kū Fu, from where the distance of a few miles brings pilgrims and visitors to China’s most venerable spot of highest admiration, the place where Kung Fu Tsze (Confucius), was born in 551 B.C. and where his burial place is, which sacred Temples and Cemetery I had visited in December 1913. Later in the day we came into the beautiful valley before the climb up to the sacred Taoist Pilgrimage, the Tai Shan, up to which over 6,600 steps lead to spots where Emperors and Empresses of China for ages have pilgrimaged, and which mountain climb I had made in the easy way, by being carried up in a particular kind of a mountain chair on the shoulders of Coolies in 1913. By late afternoon we arrived, for a stop-over, at the Capital of Shantung, Tsi Nan Fu. Here I visited my Hackmack friends and others, before I left the town; they all gave me the warmest of receptions.

Then, on September 12th, in the morning, I took the train northwards which brought me late in the afternoon, with the Escort-Officer, to Tientsin. This latter officer had been a most pleasing acquaintance in so far as he happened to hail from one of the most prominent families of China, in particular being the Grand Son of the old Viceroy of the Provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. This highest satrap of China along the Yangtsze Valley was Chang Chi Tung, who ruled at Wuchang, opposite Hankow, as his Capital, during the Empress Dowager’s time; he saw to the preservation of peace along this enormous stream, on which I had entered Szechwan-Province at the beginning of the year and made from there my overland trans-continental journey covering so many of thousands of miles, touching Tibetan sections under
Chinese authority, and also leading me into the far North-West.

It was Officer Chang’s duty to hand me over at Tientsin to the President of Police, His Excellency Yang Yi-Teh, who some years later became the Governor of our Province. His Excellency and myself were old friends, so when Officer Chang had carried out his duty, we took or sipped some tea all three together, and my freedom was given back to me from this moment. I had been absent from Tientsin since Christmas 1914. I had sailed from Shanghai at that time to America. In San Francisco I was attached as Adviser to the Commissioner of China to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915, which occupation, and visit to my home in New York, had kept me to X’mas 1916 in America. I had sailed then from San Francisco, California, via Honolulu to Shanghai and upon arrival in January 1917, I started for my research and observations into sections of China which led me into Central Asia.

As to Tientsin upon my arrival, my sister Miss Olga Fischer, who had looked after my Tientsin home during my absence, and friends were glad to see me again. But Tientsin was at that time in a most terrible plight. All the country around was under water by the breach of the Dykes and Tientsin was flooded. Myself, living right next to the Bridge Tung Fu Chiao, where the Hai Ho River with fierce strength showed its dangerous whirlpools and actions which might lead to a breach in my neighbourhood, gave cause to enough worry. Happily this was averted, yet it is brought to record in this description of my 1917 Overland Journey into the Far West and North West of the Middle Kingdom.
CLOSING REMARKS.

To Volume I.

This travel-log, describing one of the many journeys which the author has undertaken in China since he first arrived in the Middle Kingdom early in 1894, is now for the first time given to the Press. In doing so, a few remarks should be added.

The description herewith given of research into very remote sections of Central-Western and North-Western China and into the Tibetan Borderland, had as its fundamental idea, to become personally acquainted with travel methods at a time when communication and methods of travel were extremely backward. Yet, in spite of all difficulties, it was done, because the author wished to get the best possible insight into economic problems in the Far West of China. Along the coast he had resided many years. Even as far inland as Hankow on the lower Yang Tsze Kiang, it was impossible from natives or foreigners to get first hand information, except from a few China Inland travellers. Missionaries, who are generally well informed of their surroundings, go to one section of the country, or to an other, so that their views, valuable as they are, do not provide wider experience covering all sections of China. Of course quite a number of great men who have travelled have accomplished this purpose; some of them were in the diplomatic, or in the Consular Service. Numerous accounts of their journeys and reports of great instructive value, exist in print of which the author made use before he went from one section of China into another; yet most of the reports of officials were made and are found only in the archives of their Government. During a half century of my life I was engaged over-seas in Commerce, Accounts and Finance; therefore, economic problems interested me mostly throughout my journeys, and this induced me from time to time to publish something about it. Recently a Publisher said to me: ‘Fischer,
write a Bible instead of your geographical pamphlets as you so often do". My accustomed plan was mostly to produce leaflets and smaller brochures of issues of travellogues of which there exist many in some of the American and European libraries. The present description has its basic account mostly from postal-cards which had been written by hand while en route, at times when my coolies stopped for meals along the coolie-tramping road in Western China; their hourly stops to take a cup of tea gave me the time to put down my observations from day to day in order to be mailed to Chicago to my Fiancée. Since these Post-cards and some letters have been preserved, I at last gave it a thought and have now put them in print.

Inasmuch as, during frequent China voyages, I entered all the Provinces of China's former political status and visited the eighteen provincial capitals, it was my fortune to travel from East to West and from South to North, so also through the Provinces of Mukden (Feng Tien) and Kirin, as well as through Hei Lung Kiang, to which now is joined the Province of Jehol of Manchu-kuo. I have been through Inner Mongolia, as far as Paotow to the West, and in the North-east to Lama-Miao, called Dolonor in Chahar. My travels have brought me to Sining Fu the Capital of Kokonor; I rested my eyes nearby there on the huge gold-roofed Temples of the Lamasery of Kumbum. However I have not been able to accomplish a journey into Sinkiang, the New-Dominion, as Chinese Turkistan is called, nor into Outer Mongolia, as permissions to go there failed. Otherwise it was my privilege to travel everywhere through China and its Territories.

And having said this, it must be remarked that China from 1927 to 1937 has made enormous improvements in modern methods of communication. Automobile roads have been built to the furthest points of Szechwan, Kweichow and Yünnan particularly. When I came in 1933 into the Province of Kwangsi from its back-door over the mountains from Tonkin,
I could in 1933 travel in automobiles and buses. There also I flew by plane and stopped coming from Hanoi in Tonkin, at Lungchow, and at Nanning as well as at Wuchow en route to Canton in 1936. In 1933, as a very sick invalid, I was transported in a Hua-Kan 350 miles over mountain-chains right after a most serious relief operation had been carried out in Kweiyang by the Missionary Dr. E. S. Fish at the Capital of Kwei Chow, and was sent to the Syracuse in China Hospital in Chungking. It was after resting in Chungking that the Doctors sent me in an Amphibian over the seven hundred miles aero-route to Hankow. Without such enormous improvements in communication in China, it would not have been possible to save my life and to accomplish a re-print of a previous journey as described in this work.

It is now necessary to testify that this is a Memorial to Mrs. Viola Canman-Fischer of Chicago, to whom I had become engaged at the end of 1916 just before I started from America to return to China. Upon arrival in Shanghai in January 1917, this journey was started. Only in 1921 did I bring Mrs. Fischer to Tientsin, where she breathed her last in August 1932. She took great care of my 1917 Postal-cards and letters, so that now they can be put into print.

And in addition to presenting this Memorial to her, I would also wish to express here another feeling of gratitude which I have towards the late State Councillor of Austria, Hofrat Doctor Franz von Migerka. His way of encouraging me—a Viennese by Birth-in the Eighties of the last century to go abroad, to observe and learn something and take advantage of it, was what made a self-made man of me and what had kindled the enthusiasm which inspired me, as I did, to go abroad and travel beyond what I ever expected.

Emil S. Fischer.

Tientsin, China, 12th August, 1940.
Before the "Moon Gate of Happiness"; the author and his wife (before 1930).
TRAVELS IN CHINA

VOLUME II
VOLUME II

THROUGH

THE

SOUTH-WEST
VOLUME TWO

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JOURNEY THROUGH KWEICHOW,
THROUGH THE SOUTH-WEST.
PASSING EN ROUTE THROUGH FUKIEN, KWANGTUNG,
KWANGSI AND YUNNAN AS WELL AS THROUGH TONGKING
OF INDO-CHINA, SOUTH-WEST-BOUND.

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I planned my journey to the South and the South-West of China in such a way that I might stop at what seemed to me important points after leaving Tientsin, my hometown since 1906.

First came Nanking, the Central Southern Capital of China; there I could appreciate an enormous development. Subsequently, while in Shanghai, I took occasion to inquire from Miss A. Viola Smith, the present American Consul, designated Registrar of the China Trade Act, particulars about the possibilities of automobile travel in far-off sections of China. Miss Smith had for years made a valuable study on auto-roads covering China; in 1929 she had written a work called "Motor Highways in China". I had lived in Shanghai from 1894 to the end of 1898; now I observed the tremendous enlargement and the commercial expansion evidenced in this Metropolis by modern buildings, including Skyscrapers, for the business of this city with its several millions of people.

From Shanghai a coastal steamer took me to Foochow, Capital of Fukien Province.* This treaty port belongs to those five original trading centers which were opened to International Trade in China in 1842, after the Opium War. Our steamer stopped, as sea-going ships do, at Pagoda Anchorage in the

* While I came to Hongkong and Canton from Shanghai for the first time at the end of the year 1898, it was not until 1933 that I visited the Main Treaty Ports along the Southern China Coast.
scenic section of the mouth of the Min River. A steam-launch took the passengers and luggage from there several miles up the narrows of the Min to the landing place at Nantai where the International Settlement of Foochow is. By the kindness of the U.S. Consul and Mrs. G. L. Burke, I had the opportunity to visit the huge city of Foochow with its busy life, and also the distant, old former Arsenal. There, fighting between the French and Fukinese took place during the Tongking War from 1882 to 1885 when, with the signing of Peace in June 1885, French sovereignty over Tongking was established.

From Foochow I sailed to Amoy, known as Hsia Men, which Fukinese port is at present much in the ascendancy. This is also one of the first Five Treaty Ports opened to trade by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. The area of Fukien covers 46,000 square miles with a population of 14,000,000. Foochow, the capital, has a population of 700,000. Amoy, the next city in importance, has a population of 100,000. While in Fukien, much talk prevailed about the Communist movements and their strongholds in the western mountain division of this Province. This danger ultimately subsided after years of fighting.

My next port of call was at Swatow (Shan T’ou), which is near the north-eastern frontier of Kwantung Province. This port was opened to International Trade by the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858. Here too, I found a great number of modern roads and other new public works. The port-life showed its busy aspect with steamers loading and unloading for Singapore, Bangkok, Saigon, Java, as well as for Hongkong and Shanghai.

After reaching Hongkong I visited the newly-built City of Kowloon, situated on the mainland opposite the island of the British Crown Colony. Then by mail-steamboat I went to the old Portuguese Settlement of Macao. This port came into existence seventy years after the great navigator Vasco da
Pagoda Anchorage in the mouth of the Min River, which point sea-going ships can only reach, on the way to Foochow, the Capital of Fukien.
The wide bed of the Min River before the heart of Foochow city, to which the stone bridge from the Foreign settlement leads.
Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1498 and discovered the first sea route from Europe to the East Indies. Macao, at that time, was the great trading port through which foreign trade with China was carried on until, during the last century, Hongkong rose to its present commercial magnitude.

My next stop was at Canton, the Capital of Kwantung Province. I was astounded at the development of this historical City of Ram, since my first visit in 1898. Gone were its narrow lanes, leaving in their place a most modern town. The Cantonese have done wonders in embellishing their capital.

A view of the City of Wuchow at Kwangsi’s East-border, along the West River before entering the Province of Kwantung (Canton).
CHAPTER II

ON THE WAY TO INDO-CHINA.

KWANGSI, YUNNAN AND BEYOND.

A French steamship, the "Tonkin", brought me from Hongkong to Fort Bayard in the Bay of Kwan Chow Wan, which territory China has leased for ninety years to France in accordance with the convention of 1898. The area comprises three hundred and twenty-five miles with a Chinese population of almost two hundred thousand. This territory is near Hainan Island. At Fort Bayard, there exists now a connection by automobile road over to the Port of Pakhoi along the northern end of the Gulf of Tongking. We steamed from Kwan Chow Wan into the Straits of Hainan. Here we anchored outside of Hoihow, nearby which is the City of Kiung Chow, the capital of Hainan Island. Kiung Chow is situated at the northern end of this island which covers an area of almost fourteen thousand square miles with half a million of inhabitants. On this island numerous aboriginal tribes have their habitation. The day after, we lay at anchor in the open road-way of Pakhoi during a very stormy monsoon; a Chinese Lorcha brought me, after visiting the busy main street of the town, back to my steamer. Pakhoi was opened to foreign trade by the Chefoo convention of 1877.

A night's steaming brought us to the French port of Haiphong in Tongking, which is situated on the northern limits of the Union of Indo-China. This Union consists of Annam, Cambodia, parts of Laos and Tongking. The territory of this Union comprises an area which is almost one and a half times the size of France. Among its twenty millions of inhabitants are five millions of tribal population. The other fifteen are Annamites. There is also a European population of twenty-six
IN UPPER TONG-KING, INDO-CHINA. The Little Lake, in Hanoi, the Capital.

Tribal people at Market on the Frontier.

The valley between the Frontier Fortress at Langson and Dong Dang, where passports are inspected by the French frontier guard.
thousand French. The main water artery of Tongking is the Red River (Yuan Kiang). On Tongking territory the Red River has as tributaries, on its right the Black River and, on its left, the Clear (or White) River both of which have their sources in Yünnan Province.

Unfortunately we steamed at night through the scenic Bay d’Along just before reaching the harbour of Haiphong. This large shipping town is situated in the northern delta of the Red River, a water artery which traverses from west to east the alluvial plain of Tongking through hundreds of winding miles.

After visiting the business streets of Haiphong, a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, mostly Annamites, I went by train to Hanoi, the Capital and the principal town of Tongking and also the seat of the Government of Indo-China’s Union. Hanoi has a population of over one hundred and fifteen thousand Annamites, besides fifteen thousand French, and probably twenty-five thousand Chinese. I was much impressed by the enormous expansion of the picturesque capital, with its fashionable life, and with the colonial activities of the French. Not only was I impressed by the fine roads and elegant buildings as well as other improvements which Hanoi presents, but also there existed a wonderful school system, hospitals, and public works which give Hanoi a favorable comparison with the colonial life elsewhere to be seen over the world. Hanoi, indeed, is very attractive. Not only was I able to investigate the social conditions of Hanoi, but my friends took me up to the south western mountainous section, where I was shown extensive coffee culture and cattle breeding. I was particularly interested in the stables where sheep are kept in thousands, from the time of birth until the proper time for them to be slaughtered. The animals are never taken out of the barns, nor are allowed to graze on the mountain slopes. Experience has proved that this practice prevents great loss in the herds.
In the alluvial plain of the Red River Basin I saw an enormous area of thousands of square miles under the agricultural cultivation of rice, where Annamites were dragging through deep morass plows, hitched to their water buffaloes.

In the Capital of Kwangsi, Nanning Fu; the reception by the Chinese authorities of the Chieftain of the Yao aborigines and his suite of tribesmen and women.
CHAPTER III

VISIT TO THE CAPITAL OF KWANGSI.

From Hanoi I went by Railway towards the north-eastern mountain districts, where the frontier of Tongking meets the southern section of the Province of Kwangsi. In about six hours I had reached the French military frontier seat of Langson, adjacent to which are the towns of Nachem and Dong-Dang. Here I made preparation to proceed by auto into the Chinese frontier district of Lungchow. Langson is situated in the center of a tribal district of the Theo Tribe, who inhabit the upper mountain depressions, valleys and hamlets. All males of this mountainous tribe inside the border of the French territory are a part of the French frontier military service. These tribal people are of non-Chinese origin who, ages ago, emigrated from countries of the Indies into these mountainous sections, now the frontier districts of Tongking and Kwangsi. They have retained their original language and their old customs. The women still retain their peculiar tribal dress. The men I saw wore a sort of military uniform with cone-like hats. The period of service was indicated by the number of stripes which they wore on these hats. These tribes and others in South-Western China are of a different race from the Annamites of Tongking, or the Mongols of China. All the mountainous sections of Southern and South-Western China contain a great variety of numerous native populations. This subject absorbed my great attention during my trip through Kwangsi, Yünnan, and Kweichow, where, on this journey, I passed through their villages, or saw them on market-days in great numbers in towns through which I came. It was pointed out to me that they were the original inhabitants of the country, but through the ages and wars, had been driven from one place to another.
Early in the morning after I arrived at Langson, I rode in the automobile which took us first to Nan Kwan (Nam Kwan) †, or the southern gate of Kwangsi Province, where Passport examination took place. Nan Kwan is situated in the depth of a depression in the mountains, surrounded by peaks of alpine impressiveness. From here a scenic road, serpentine and winding, leads down through the massifs and elevations of South-Western Kwangsi. In fact along this road of supreme beauty, when about some fifteen miles yet away from Lungchow, hundreds and hundreds, if not thousands of peaks of peculiar conic formation gave a magnificent and stupendous impression. Here are seen strangely-shaped hills with round tops in forms of cones or in the shape of puddings. Other elevations of this region present lofty jagged mountains, in numerous individual hills. It was my pleasure to observe this wonderful spectacle when motoring to Lungchow, and a week later when returning on the land route from Nanning-Fu, the capital of Kwangsi, and again when returning from Lungchow to Langson and Hanoi.* This unique panorama greatly impressed me. Deeper down in the narrow gully, where the waters of the “Left River” flow, is the frontier town of Lungchow where the Chinese Customs is situated. Lungchow was opened to foreign trade by the Convention of 1887 with France. The Railway from Haiphong and Hanoi to Langson or Nan Kwan has diverted the business from Lungchow. No change in the situation can be hoped for until this

† The French call this entrance gate into South Western Kwangsi “LA PORTE DE CHINE.” E.S.F. considers this gate the “Back-Entrance into China.” At this alpine-point in the EIGHTIES during the War-troubles between the French and Chinese about Annam and Indo-China very great fighting took place. Also here subsequent to the September 1940 agreements between Japan and France fighting happened.

* Also in 1936 when I travelled by air from Bagdad to Bankok from where, after a visit to Angkor was made, I flew onward to the Laos and to Hanoi and from there to China, it was my privilege to see this thicket of peculiar cone-like mountains en route to LUNGCHOW from the air; along this aero journey we came to the ground at Nanning Fu, and also we stopped overnight at Wuchow City.
railway is extended another forty miles down from Langson to Lungchow. Customs Commissioner Chen Chao kindly offered his help to me, by which I was able to board the small forty-two ton steamboat "Leewai" for only five days of day travel to cover the two hundred and thirteen miles down the river to the capital of Kwangsi Province, Nanning Fu.

On the fifth day of our "Left River" (Tso Kiang) journey we reached the point of the junction with the "Right River" (Yu Kiang) which junction is called by the Chinese "San Kiang K’ou", or the Mouth of the Three Rivers. Here the Si Kiang, or West River begins. At its source in Yünnan, the Si Kiang is known as the "Pa Ta Ho". There it flows from north to south. Further on the river runs from west to east forming thereby, for one hundred fifty miles, the frontier between Kweichow and Kwangsi. Through the Province of Kwangtung its name is Si Kiang, but when it branches out into its delta, it is the Chu Kiang, or Pearl River, which, at Canton City flows to the sea, while the part of the delta, known as the Si Kiang or West River, empties into the Ocean near Macao. Along this great water artery—the West River—from Canton to Wuchow City at the east point of Kwangsi Province, large river steamers ply daily and also at night. Wuchow is the largest business city in Eastern Kwangsi. It was opened to foreign trade in 1897. Wuchow is the terminus of navigation on this river for Ocean-going ships. From there to Nanning-Fu, a distance of three hundred and sixty-eight miles through a wide fertile plain, one can only traverse the region by smaller river steamers. As to the affluents, the Left River and the Right River, from a western point of view, these rivers join at the Three River Mouth in just the opposite way, when looking upwards from the point of confluence as the Chinese do, because from our geographical point we look downwards; therefore, what we call "the right" the Chinese call "the left", and vice-versa. The mountain massifs which were passed divide
these Rivers to the right and left. Nanning-Fu, the Capital of Kwangsi was reached on the fifth day of the journey, a few hours after passing San Kiang K'ou. The whole journey on the upper part of the left river was through mountainous defiles of great beauty. I visited, en route, a number of towns, Tai Ping Fu and others. Several rapids were crossed. On such occasions the boat generally went through the rapids stern first. During these operations the passengers were put ashore. The scenery of the West River gorges compares favorably with the scenery in the Rocky Mountains of America. Near San Kiang K'ou the peaks and spires of the palisades disappear. The country to the east becomes sectionally more level. The West River, in reaching Nanning-Fu at an elevation of four hundred feet above the sea, makes a wide circle. We stopped at the Customs House Jetty of Nanning. This port was opened voluntarily by Imperial Decree in 1899. Here Commissioner of Customs Chang Pai Leh was very kind to me, and sent along with me one of the Ting Chai employees who spoke Mandarin. This was a great advantage to me as this enabled me to learn the economic developments of this political and governmental capital of the south-west of Kwangsi. Kwangsi already possesses over two thousand miles of a modern Highway and an auto-bus service under government control. Unfortunately I could not spend the time to take the three hundred and sixty mile-long auto trip to the north-east in order to enjoy mountain scenery leading to, in and around Kwei-Lin City, which is the historic old capital of Kwangsi; nor did I plan to reach the Province of Kweichow through Kwangsi, but I returned via the shortest auto road to Lungchow and from there back to Nan Kwan. While in the Capital of Kwangsi, comments were heard about the aboriginal Yao-Tribe whose Chieftain, or King, had descended from his tribal mountain and had visited the Governor and authorities of Nanning-Fu. This came through the Chinese official, who had resided among the Yao and who had been sent up by the Government to the mountainous territory of the Yao
in order to pacify them. This official fell in love with the Chieftain’s daughter and married her. After this event the family of the Chieftain, with wife, daughter and retinue, traveled to the Capital of Kwangsi. The Yao clan was well received at Nanning-Fu some little time before I came to visit this provincial capital. The Yao Tribe even to-day lives on the high plateaux, which in depressions are barricaded with bamboo walls and defences. They still defend themselves against opposing tribes with spears and ancient implements of war.

When I returned to the French Frontier market town of Dong-Dang, there were on that day in the market place a thousand Theo-Tribal men and women; the French Postal Inspector offered hospitality to me for tiffin. Soon after I took the Dong-Dang Railway train, which passed through Langson, and reached Hanoi.

I now made preparations to continue my journey into Yünnan. I left Hanoi by train for Lao-Kay, which is the western frontier post of Tongking and is reached after a day’s railway journey. The railway crosses the alluvial plain and the fertile cultivated fields of Tongking. The villages and cities through which we passed presented a picture of the life and wealth of the country. Good auto roads were seen everywhere, and connected the principal towns and villages of the district. I was told that this system of good auto roads covers all the rest of Tongking and connects its principal market towns. Indo-China has an aero passenger, postal and weekly Paris service which starts at Hanoi and connects with Saigon in the South. The coastal distance from Hanoi to Saigon, more than a thousand miles long, is covered by railway for two thirds of the distance. A railway to cover the remaining third was in course of construction. During this period of construction the unfinished part between the rail ends has an auto and boat service in order to keep up the regular express connections all over Indo-China.
CHAPTER IV
ALONG THE RAILWAY TO THE CAPITAL OF YÜNNAN.

I stopped a day and a half at Lao-Kay, and during this time I took occasion to pay my respects to the French authorities, who greatly assisted me in the tracing of information and facts relating to the history of French Colonial origins and work in Tongking. The Railway from Haiphong via Hanoi to its terminus in Lao-Kay has a length of about two hundred and sixty-five miles. At Lao-Kay the railway joins the railway-link into Yünnan, which was built by French engineers straight to the Provincial Capital of Yünnan-Fu. This railway is a French enterprise in accordance with its concession on Chinese territory. It has its starting point just over the Lao-Kay Bridge at Hokow, where a Chinese Sub-Station of the Maritime Chinese Customs Service watches over its Frontier. The distance from Hokow (Hokeou) to Yünnan-Fu is three hundred and nineteen miles, a stretch of sharply graded Alpine-type sections. In its southern upper mountain stretches near Lao-Kay, the French established, at Chapa, a sanatorium at an altitude of from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea. Hokow is three hundred feet above the sea, while, at the terminus of the Yünnan Railway at Yünnan-Fu, the altitude is 6400 feet above the sea. This railway, which was opened in 1910, rises immediately after leaving Lao-Kay and Hokow, taking the windings of mountain passages and gorges on all the length of its run, crossing the valleys inside of mountain basins, through which this railway was laid out by the French engineers on its course in a northern direction. But after passing Yi-Liang, on the last forty-five miles of its winding route, the railway turns westwards in order to reach the wide and famous mountain amphitheater of Yünnan-Fu. It is on this short stretch west of Yi-Liang that the railway reaches its highest point, the Col de Shui-Tang 6600 feet above the sea.
The outlook south from Shui-Tang towards the Lake Tang Cho Hu in its widespread beauty, with the blue-green water in its depth, is enchanting. One is here reminded of a similar view from the heights of Montreux, Switzerland, where one has Lake Geneva spread before him in its enchantment.

But I must not overlook giving some description of the intermediary points of this enormous engineering feat, which was accomplished by the French railway engineers even in spite of pestilence and fever during the years of the construction of the Yünnan railway line. The Railway-Concession, which covers a period of eighty years, was the outcome of agreements between the French and Chinese, closed in April 1898, but the regulations for the actual building of the line were signed in Peking only on October 29, 1903. By these regulations the route from Hokow (Hokeou) to the Mengtsz-Basin and Yünnan-Fu was chosen.

On leaving Hokow the railway enters the narrow rising gorge of the Frontier-river, the rushing, raging, panoramic Nam-Ti (Nan Hsi Ho) climbing upwards step by step, crossing narrow mountain depressions and passages over ingenious steel-bridges as well as through tunnels. These tunnels follow like a chain, one after the other. A lengthy, very narrow and precipitous gorge comes into view, where the railway climbs the lower eastern side through a series of tunnels. When the railway, going through a number of tunnels, reaches a central point in the upper height, it turns in a sharp curve out of a tunnel where it crosses a steel-bridge over the ravine almost two hundred feet below. The railway immediately enters a curved tunnel on the other side of the bridge and winds back and forth around the slopes of both of the hill-sides and the ravine, covering a distance of eight miles, although the width of the ravine is only about two miles. As to the steel bridge over which the railway leads from the tunnel on the right side of the gulley to that on the left side, this proved a very difficult engineering
project. At the height where the line crosses from one tunnel into the other, between the two banks of the precipitous mountain slopes, there the French erected along the slopes on each of the extremities, stone 'Arbaletriers' on which the support division of the bridge is anchored, as well as also the support of the bridge itself. This railway bridge is called "Le Pont En Arbaletriers". It is about three hundred and seventy feet long at the point of the most narrow and picturesque section. The anchor sections of the steel support of this bridge were set in, half and half, from the two anchor parts of the reinforced concrete construction by placing them, half and half, from each side of the tunnel opening towards the central point of the gulley, becoming thereby a united steel support for the bridge like outspread feet below the upper body. The torrent below is the 'Faux Namti' which joins the actual Namti. Along this river and mountain defile we had climbed from the point where we had started on Chinese territory, at Hokow and Lao-Kay at the frontier between Tongking and Yünnan, to proceed to Yünnan-Fu, the Capital of this south-westernmost province of China. Between Hokow and Yünnan-Fu about two hundred tunnels have been constructed. Many difficulties had to be overcome through the mountainous massifs and the steep slopes along the narrow gorges, due to the peculiar mountainous formations all through Yünnan Province. This range of mountainous giants begins far in the northwest, where from the high Tibetan elevation of over 20,000 feet these chains have a drift towards the South-East. Along the adjoining foothills is the alluvial plain of Tongking, as well as, in another direction, the rich eastern plain of Kwangsi and through Kwantung along the West River basin.

This rugged mountain chain changes its aspect towards its south-eastern regions through Yünnan and Kweichow Provinces, where a great number of circular mountain depressions bring forth numerous plateaux and agricultural basins of great expanse in the part traversed by great rivers. Among them there are,
in the drift from north to south, the Irrawadi, and to the east, parallel to it, divided by the Alpine range, the Salween and so also the Mekong. The Mekong, called in Chinese "Lan Tsang Kiang", like the others of these great rivers including the Yang Tsze Kiang and the Hwang Ho (Yellow River), rises in Tibet. The Mekong has a length of 2,800 miles; its water basin empties into Indo-China along its eastern sea. On another side, the source of the Red River, which traverses Tongking, is in northern-eastern Yünnan at an altitude of 6,500 feet; its length is nine hundred miles and its original name is the "Yuan Kiang". When the Yünnan Railway was built, this geographical perspective presented itself to the railway engineers from Hokow rising in a northern direction, crossing massif chains one after another. When traveling on this line, in the afternoon of the first day of the Yünnan journey, after descending into the Mengtsz-Basin and table land, with its lake and irrigated fields, the railway went on towards the city and railway center of Pi Shi Chai where there is a station of the Maritime Customs. Ultimately there was a stop for the night in the next basin in which Ami Chow City is situated, and where a Railway-Hotel offers good service. I did not go ahead next morning towards Yünnan-Fu, but took from Ami Chow the morning train back south in order to visit Pi Shi Chai. From this point there runs a narrow gauge line which connects with Mengtsz City, and which has its terminus at the famous tin mines and smelters of Ko kiu Chang, a distance of thirty-three miles. While Mengtsz, which is a Treaty port, opened by the Tientsin Treaty of 1886, is still surrounded by a stone wall forty feet high, its inner city with its forty thousand inhabitants still shows signs of suffering. These events were better known as the Panthay or Mohammedan troubles under which Yünnan suffered for seventeen years ending in 1873. The Mengtsz-Basin which lies at an altitude of 3,700 feet above the sea, is traversed by an affluent in the upper reaches of the Red River; it presented in its enormous basin, surrounded by mountains, a fine cultivated
area, where millions of small, individual rice paddy fields showed the richness of its fertile soil. If better connection had existed, I would also have inspected the Tin Smelters industry to the West of Mengtsz, but I did not wish to stay there overnight. From Ko Kiu Chang 8,000 tons of Tin are shipped annually via Pi Shi Chai to Haiphong and abroad. I was interested to see carloads of ingots of tin shipped through by rail†. In the evening I returned to the half-way railway point at Ami Chow. The mountain basin here is at an altitude of 3,750 feet.

The railway on the link northwards from Ami Chow towards its terminus at Yünnan-Fu, climbed upwards, to higher and higher elevations. The line followed mostly long winding gorges where mountain torrents rushed towards the south, while our direction most of the time was northwards. We passed, from time to time, through new mountain basins with city life and surrounding cultivated fields. There, in many sections, we also observed extensive Opium Poppy cultivation, the plants of which were not yet in bloom. Later I had opportunity to observe the white coloured opium flowers. Speaking of the opium traffic, at Lao-Kay I was told that not long ago the Chinese built at Ta Chu Tang Railway Station, about forty miles north of Hokow, a new mountain path running east, in order to transport Yünnan opium directly through to Canton. Years ago poppy cultivation was absolutely prohibited officially, but at present the peasants are at liberty to do so. Much of the arable soil, which could be used for grain, is now used extensively for opium, as I saw from day to day on my overland journey through Eastern Yünnan and Western Kweichow.

Early in the morning our train wound along the upper reaches of the Pa Ta Ho, an original water artery which takes its water into the Sikiang or West River by emerging into the

† The Maritime Customs official in charge at Pi Shi Chai, Mr. C. J. Basto helped greatly, so that I could get on the narrow gauge rail-line to Mengtsz, which place by the French is written as Mong Tzeu.
Along the Yünnan Railway at Pi Shi Chai, with ton-loads of Tin awaiting shipment to Haiphong, from where this metal is exported.

Physiognomies of Tribal women.
Aboriginal females in the South-West.

Lo-Lo women in their peculiar native mountain costume.
Kwantung (Canton) Delta. The mountain slopes on both sides of the picturesque narrow gorge along the Pa Ta Ho are very steep, and torrents of jade-like water dash onward. Here and there, small coal pits were seen along the line. When we reached the Railway Block House at the 265 Kilometer point, fruit orchards presented their white and pink blossoms in the midst of the mountain basin, where barley and sugar cane were also cultivated. Our train continued to climb from gorge to gorge. At times we had an outlook towards the peaks and mountainous massifs in the distance. We crossed steel railway bridges, we came along perpendicular palisades and mountain defiles, while in the depth of the torrent big boulders obstructed the rushing river waters from forming whirlpools and cascades. We saw school children in a mountain village through which we passed. It was near the noon hour. They were on their way to their homes. At times we saw long-legged herons with their fine plumage, searching for fish in the torrent.

In the afternoon we reached the town of Yi-Liang where the railway has a Station-Hotel and large repair shops. This city, at an altitude of 5,550 feet above the sea, is situated on the western slope of an enormous plateau, surrounded by a circular mountain-chain. Yi-Liang attracted my attention greatly, not only because of the wonderful panorama and the immensity of the finely cultivated land, most of which was opium poppy in bloom, but because of its economic aspect. On the straight line of railway from its eastern harbour point of Haiphong where ships unload their merchandise of all kinds, both foreign and Chinese, millions of packages are annually carried in bulk in railway carloads all through Tongking and up to Lao-Kay and straight on north into Yünnan until Yi-Liang is reached. Of course a large part of these shipments are carried further west from Yi-Liang to Yünnan-Fu, the Capital, as well as beyond, to the north and the west, into the country along the old transport roads. But it is at Yi-Liang that the shipments for the route north to Suifu, at the confluence of the Min River and
the Yang Tsze Kiang, and eastwards, into Kweichow Province, are now unloaded from the train. At Yi-Liang, year in, year out, all the numerous bales or cases of merchandise are packed on mules, ponies and donkeys to be transported by these pack-saddle animals towards their destination. The shortest overland route towards the frontier of Western Kweichow and to its Capital, Kweiyang, starts from Yi-Liang. Kweiyang is situated in the center of this buffer-like southwestern Province of China. In fact, while at Yünnan-Fu, a friend encouraged me to take the Yi-Liang—Kweichow route which, I found out, is mostly chosen by the Missionaries going into Western Kwei-chow; but when it was pointed out to me that this Yi-Liang route is not the main route, I dropped this itinerary.
CHAPTER V

YUNNAN-FU AND EASTWARD.

From Yi-Liang towards the Capital of Yunnan, which was in more recent times renamed Kunming, the railway journey was enchanting. Fruit orchards galore were in bloom in every direction. Life along the railway became more and more animated through village after village in the distant and nearer outskirts of the great city, as shown in the human as well as the animal carriers along the transport route from the east to the walls of Yunnan-Fu. It was the usual busy life with its stream of humanity moving to and from the Provincial Capital. Besides, along the route, we saw coal pits and the transport of this combustible to the nearby center of industrial and residential life of the inhabitants of the big town. Going from the highest point of the railway line down towards Yunnan-Fu, we had a fine outlook towards the immense circular wall of mountain chains, in the depth of which there is not only the Capital of the Province with its population of 150,000 inhabitants, but also there, in the mountain basin, is situated the pretty Kung Yang Hai, or Lake of Yunnan-Fu with its huge green water reservoir and its shipping. In addition there is in the Yunnan-Fu basin an area of intensive agricultural development. While we still hear of the devastation which the Mohammedan Revolt had left at Yunnan-Fu in 1873, to my observation I found that this capital town, despite all the military upheaval which China has had since the abdication of the Manchu dynasty in 1912, presented an aspect of modern expansion, with wide streets, automobile roads and buildings under construction of shops and residences all over the busy sections of the city. It astonished me to find all the modernisation going on here, and also the industrial and artisan life in sections of the older town and its narrow lanes. Modernisation is attributable to Governor Lun Yun, Chairman of the Yunnan
Provincial Government, who, for years, has ruled over this province and who is a descendant of the Lolo race. Indeed, I should have wished to stay here for weeks. It was my wish also to make a journey to Tali-Fu in the North-West, but all these projects were out of the question. Besides, travel from the Capital onward meant the old fashioned way of transport caravans mostly on old pathways and routes. These caravan trails have been used since early times in Yünnan Province with its 146,174 square miles and its population of but eleven millions. There are new wide automobile roads and others in course of construction leading out in various directions from the capital to other parts of the province. But the route to Tali-Fu as well as to the Burma Border at Teng Yueh with connection* to Bhamo, Lashio, Mandalay and Rangoon became a matter of enterprise not long after my present journey. The building of a railway, known as: “Yünnan, the Link between India and the Yangtsze” (about which project the famous traveler Major H. J. Davies, has printed his observations in 1909 in Cambridge at the University Press) is at the present time at a standstill. The old transport route northwards from Yünnan-Fu to Suifu situated on the Upper Yangtsze, known by the French as the Blue River, where the Min River joins the “Great River”, still takes at least three weeks of daily stages to travel by caravan in order to reach Szechwan Province. This route from Yünnan-Fu to Suifu was widened gradually for a new Highway on this main transport route. This fact was observed by my friend Carl Schuster, Harvard Graduate student, who had resided some years in Peking. Schuster, who hails from Milwaukee, Wisconsin in the U.S.A., made the journey from Peking via Sianfu (Shensi), to Chengtu and Suifu; he closed the first part of his China studies in 1932

* The Yünan Fu to Bhamo, or so called Burma Auto-Route was opened during the time of troubles and warfare subsequent to the Sino-Japan incident of 1937. The distance from Bhamo to the Gulf of Bengal along the IRRAWADI River is 900 miles (see distances in text on page 169).
by an overland journey through Szechwan, from where he pushed on to Yünnan-Fu. From there he travelled onwards to Hanoi and Haiphong and later continued via Persia to Europe.

However, as to traveling eastwards from Yünnan-Fu over the winding Postal-Route towards Kweiyang, I required counsel and assistance which were helpfully given to me by the American Consul, Charles S. Reed II, and by the French authorities who, due to their preponderant position here, were able to help me greatly in every respect, and also by R. H. Caudron, the Postal Commissioner, who laid out the whole route into Kweichow Province*; and last but not least, by Dr. Joseph F. Rock, the Central Asian explorer. The long exploration of this famous scientist in the Tibetan Borderland, at altitudes of 18,000 to 20,000 feet, brought many new discoveries to the fore in Geographical science. He placed on the map of the World the "Minya Konka", 24891 feet above sea level, with magnificent snow peaks and glaciers in the China-Tibetan Borderland as well as the territory of the Muli Kingdom, never before visited or described by anyone. My meeting at Yünnan-Fu with this celebrated traveler and seeing his wonderful photographs of his Sino-Tibetan geographical research was one of my luckiest moments on this last great journey of mine to the South-West of China.

* This Route was laid out and followed the Postal Courier Service from Yünnan Fu (= Kunming) via Tapankiao, Yanglin, ILUNG (Yun), MALUNG, Kū Tsing, PAI SHUI (Yün), PING Yl, (to here in Yünnan and onward in Kwe'chow)=Itzekung, PAN HSIEN, LIANG TOW HO, PU NAN HSI, NAN AN, YING NING TZO, HWANG KO SU, CHENNING, ANSHUN, ANPING (Kwei), TSING CHEN to Kwei Yang, the Capital of the Province of Kweichow; however from PAN HSIEN, we detoured to SAN PAN CHIAO, PU AN PEI, CHANG CHI PO, AN NAN, LIANG SHUI YI, HSIN PU, YU NING, KWAN NING, HWANG KO SU, and then over the above stated continuation to Kwei Yang.
CHAPTER VI

TOWARDS KWEIYANG, THE CAPITAL OF KWEICHOW.

At Yünnan-Fu I tried to engage passage on a passenger-and-luggage truck leading towards the east, and I succeeded. This convenience allowed me to cover the distance to Kü Tsing Fu in less than five hours of motoring, which would otherwise have required six daily stages of ordinary caravan travel. Kü Tsing Fu is over a hundred miles from the capital. There I visited the Magistrate in order to be provided by him with the so-called Fu-Sung, or military escort for my protection en route towards the District Frontier City of Pin-Yi, a distance of forty-five miles. My small caravan covered this distance in a two-day’s journey over the mountainous path extending from the end of the wide auto-road to the frontier. This auto-road, leading from the province of Yünnan into the province of Kweichow and through its whole west-east passage, was actually taken into use in the early part of 1937. Now I observed the sections of such a widened road being laid by peasants of the surrounding country; the road was not yet completed. At the approach to the frontier there was a surveyed strip of a wide auto-road on the Yünnan-side and a similar strip on the Kweichow-side, which, in course of time were connected for through traffic. As I had returned most of my unnecessary belongings by Post from Yünnan-Fu to Tientsin, I was able to engage a smaller number of coolies for my caravan than I should otherwise have needed. A Hwa-Kan was needed for my own travelling comfort. A Hwa-Kan is the name given both in Yünnan and in Kweichow for a peculiar carrying conveyance. This Hwa-Kan is composed of two long bamboo-poles each of which is put on the shoulders of one carrying coolie in front and one in the rear. And between these two poles, one to the right and one to the left on the shoulders of the carrying coolies, is fixed a very crude seating arrangement, on which the
passenger is carried. My luggage was so arranged that each of the additional coolies had a load of two parcels, carried on a pole on the shoulders of a coolie, one parcel in front and one at the back, and each of these parcels was limited to from thirty to forty pounds. I had enough tins along of all sorts: Australian Corned Beef, Milk, Vegetables, etc. to provide me with food to the end of my journey, if no fresh vegetables or other local food, such as chicken, could be procured. I took no Body-Guard servant along, as such men often are a nuisance in not knowing local conditions, while the coolie-carriers, acquainted with the route and its physical conditions, are all the help one needs, if one is able to speak to these men and give them directions. The physical condition of the whole route to the frontier was practically the same as I had observed before in the Yünنان Highlands. We crossed up and down dozens of very steep alpine passroads. So far as the altitude of Kū Tsing-Fu is concerned and the Market towns of Pai Shui and Pin Yi, where stops were made, their altitude coincided more or less with that of Yünنان’s Capital. The country in all directions along our Postal Route was fertile, and in a blooming state. The opium poppy presented the major share in the cultivation here. In part these fields were already in bloom which made a marvelous picture. There were large fields of say a hundred yards square where only the white flower of the poppy prevailed, adjoining other large blooming fields, all in pink. Others of the blooming poppy presented a deep-red variety. Best, however, I loved the fine fields of mauve or violet poppies. It was a picture of high beauty, all these varying colors of blooms. This scene is one unknown to us who live in sections of China where the poppy culture is prohibited. On my one month’s overland journey from the Capital of Yünنان, eastwards from Yünنان-Fu to the frontier of Kweichow, and over this frontier all through its western section up to Kweiyang on my eastern march, as well as from this Capital northward until I reached Chungking in Szechwan,
the landscape was astoundingly lovely. The densely pine-wooded
mountain crests and the fields terraced or below them were in
bloom everywhere. The palm trees daily seen round villages
along the mountain road, the pine woods in all their varieties, the
alders, the bamboo, the Tung-oil, or better, varnish trees, the
peach, the apricot, the plum, and the citrus-orchards of the hill-
sides near the habitations of the peasants, the millions of pinkish
blooming wood-oil trees all through this country, and many
more wonders of nature found in Eastern Yünnan and all
through Kweichow were high rewards for the travel inconveni-
ences. I also discovered Edelweiss which I picked in the higher
mountain passes. Azaleas and Alpine flora, hedges of roses
and other shrubs, rhododendrons—these were the joy of the
daily journey, and made me forget the unpleasant nights when
none other than the poorest of Chinese inns was available.

Continuing my travel east from the Capital of Yünnan
by auto-truck over the winding mountain road of the new
modern-type highway, which route was afterwards followed
by my Hwa-Kan conveyance, I reached, in the afternoon of the
fourth day after leaving the Capital, Pin-Yi (Hsien) an eastern
district frontier town of Yünnan. From this point to the actual
frontier gate was yet over five miles. When I passed the long
main terraced street of Pin-Yi to find shelter in one of its inns,
I found everything filled with soldiers of the frontier guard of
Yünnan. Suddenly I passed a front gate along this busy main
street with the name on it: “Je-Su Tang” (a church com-
pound) on a tablet. A woman looked out of a fruit shop
window adjoining this gate. She said: “Here are rooms.
Come in.” I intended to enter. But I had not observed at
the gate a Chinese soldier sentinel, who had orders not to allow
a stranger to enter; he gave me a hard blow on my chest with
his fist so that I stumbled over and over. All efforts afterwards
to get shelter there from the natives of this Mission-compound
were fruitless, as I knew I was helpless against these soldier-
coolies, and any further effort to get shelter there would only
make things worse. I was compelled to content myself with a room nearby, most humble, small and even dirty, without comforts, not to mention what else the place offered, insects inside, and packhorses and pigs in the courtyard; no better place in the town was available.

Next day at eleven in the forenoon I climbed up the town slope and went to the Magistrate’s Yamen. I sent my card to the Magistrate who received me in his reception room in which, besides table and seats, there was also an opium sofa on which a higher military frontier officer was lying next to the small table with the opium smoking lamp and its utensils. The officer had the pipe in his mouth and inhaled the opium over the little opium-smoking lamp. This alone seemed to occupy his attention.

The Magistrate very kindly asked me to sit down. He said to me that he had already received instructions from the Foreign Office of the Provincial Capital to allow me to pass the frontier, if everything was safe. The Magistrate added that I must know that Bandits over the Kweichow Border were plentiful. A woman, he said, had arrived the day before over that frontier. She had been robbed and also maltreated. The Magistrate strongly urged that I should not proceed eastwards. But, I said to him: “I have already travelled through Seventeen of the Provinces of China and am now standing before the gateway of the last of the historic provinces, the Eighteenth.” I appealed to him and I ultimately received a limping permission to proceed, but to return in case all the conditions could not be carried out. The Magistrate added that in such case he would give me a strong military escort which would bring me to Pin Yi So or the Pin Yi frontier post, five miles beyond the Kweichow frontier. If there the Military Delegate would write that he would see to my protection, the Magistrate had no objection to my proceeding. I thanked the Magistrate and left.
Next morning an officer with ten armed Yün.nan soldiers accompanied the Hwa-Kan, on which I was being conveyed and followed by my luggage-carriers, to the frontier where the Pai-Lou, or Honor-Arch indicates the joining frontier-point on the mountainous main Postal road between Yün.nan on its central east border and the Province of Kweichow on its central west border. The huge Frontier Pai-Lou stood on a slope facing the Province of Yün.nan. The west side of the Pai-Lou Gate, with its two marble lions at its front, faces Yün.nan while the east side of this Pai-Lou Arch, with a pair of stone lions also on its sides, faces Kweichow. This monument has fine gilded inscriptions on both of its frontal sides, indicating it to be the key to Yün.nan. Instead of Yün.nan the name there transcribed is the historic title “Tien”. On the other side there is also an old historic title “Chien” which is used in literature for Kweichow. On the Kweichow side there is an official seal and the date of the third month of the Sixteenth Year of the Republic (1928).

A steep incline from the Pai-Lou brought us up the pass to the frontier village of Cheng Ching Kwan on Kweichow territory. Soon we crossed a stretch of fort-like wall, the entrance gate into the wall of Kweichow, which with its crenellated defence runs over the crest of the circular mountain chain in a valley of splendid terraced cultivation. We continued from here over the old terrible road of stone steps, which ages ago may have served well, but since has hardly ever been repaired. On our ups and downs towards Pin Yi So, located at the height of the frontier defile, we came to some shops along the road and made a stop. I went with the leader of the Fu-Sung Escort to the place where the official of this natural defence lived. His home looked like an observation post. There were many soldiers outside and I believed also inside. Upon sending in my card the officer did not ask us in. Therefore my escort leader explained to the petty officer in charge
of the Sentinel the orders which the Magistrate of the Yünnan frontier in Pin Yi had given him to carry out at the Kweichow frontier post. Thereupon everything was reported to the Chief of this post, who is in charge of the key-position of the frontier. The word was brought back to me that the official in charge would personally, in a little while, take me down to the next District city, Yi Tsze Kung, so as to bring me safely to the Magistrate there for further protection. Going back to the Pass we waited patiently a couple of hours. Not wishing to reach Yi Tsze Kung too late, I went up again to the Military Official, who now came out to his outside platform and said to me that he would take me down to Yi Tsze Kung, but, not being a Magistrate, he could not return any document to the Magistrate on the Yünnan side. This complicated my progress somewhat as I was aware of the assurance which I had given to the Magistrate at the frontier of Yünnan. Diplomatically I surmounted this difficulty by treating my Yünnan escort in the customary fair way and in addition wrote an English letter which I handed to the leader of the escort which had brought me to Pin Yi So; I explained what the Military Official was going to do, that therefore I had official protection in Kweichow and that the Magistrate of Pin Yi in Yünnan might inform the Foreign Office in Yünnan-Fu as well as the American Consul there, what had taken place. For me it was natural: “Here I am, here I stay” in Kweichow. But I must add, too, that while I stood in front of the place where the Military Officer spoke to me from his front platform, I had a chance to take a good look into the square inner courtyard of his official place. To my mind the tall fine officer had there not so much a defence fort, but what I believed to be a harem.

Soon afterwards the Fanfares signal meant getting me started. The official appeared in civilian Chinese silk dress with a large black silk turban on his head. He mounted a fine mountain-pony. In front and behind him followed his
Body-Guard of nearly a hundred men, mostly with rifles, cartridge-bands over breasts, and shoulder-straps and bayonets. We were soon on our way over up and down roads for a couple of thousand feet, partly over steps hewn in the mountain slope of a wide circular alpine chain, in the depression of which, far down in the fertile valley, was Yi Tsze Kung. The road of stone steps was formidable and also washed out, so that while I could be carried on in my Hwa-Kan by my coolies, the official and others had to get off their ponies; the animals are generally able to climb and descend roads of stone steps. The officer had to walk a long distance on the uneven path. I had myself, on my journey in 1917, which brought me into the Tibetan Borderland, had a fine exciting experience climbing up at a gallop on a Szechwan pony several thousand steps from the Yangtsze River bed to the residence of Dr. Assmy who resided opposite Chungking.—Now we arrived before sunset at the town of Yi Tsze Kung. This town was also full of soldiers. There was no place of any sort where I could have a small room for the night, but only mass quarters with soldiers and other opium smokers. Fortunately the Postmaster of the place, after long pleadings, allowed me to put my camp bed up in the shipping room for mailing parcels, which at the time happened to be vacant. This was an exceptional favour. I went with the Postmaster afterwards to the Magistrate, who was an elderly and kindly man, who promised an escort for the next morning. In the Magistrate's reception room there were a number of visitors, most of whom took occasion to take a "pipe". I declined this great favour. My observation was that almost every man I met along the highway or transport road smoked "Yang Yen" by which Opium must be understood. In saying this I even make no exception of my own poor carrier-coolies and my Fu-Sung escort. Next morning, after the Postmaster had sent off his postal couriers, I thanked him for his accommodation and we were off. The road lay that day mostly upwards and downwards, over the eastern parallel chain of
high mountains. We had for a long time to follow up thousands of stone steps on this road until such steep onward march brought us to the top of the new pass. This day from Yi Tsze Kung eastwards, we climbed up and down half a dozen slopes. To my great astonishment we reached in the afternoon the new “Ta Lu”, which is the new wide auto-route, about twenty-two feet wide, with gaps intervening, which we now followed day by day for the next two weeks, until we reached the capital. But as to automobiles or buses, none were seen until about ten days later when I reached Chenning, near the Provincial Capital of Kweiyang, situated in the approximate center of Kweichow Province.

Through automobile traffic was started in 1937 from Changsha, the Capital of Hupeh,* to Kweiyang, the capital of Kweichow and onward from here to Yünnan-Fu, the capital of the Province of Yünnan. The distance from Changsha to Kweiyang is 800 miles and from Kweiyang to Yünnan-Fu also 800 miles, east to west along the new auto road, and Yünnan-Fu (or Kunming) to Bhamo is also about 800 miles.

From the time we had entered the Provincial territory of Kweichow we often encountered squads of armed soldiers. At one time, just while passing down a slope, there in the distance from the southern entrance, winding between the mountain slopes, a file of hundred armed infantry appeared, banner in front, its leading officer riding on a pony in the center of this file. At first I believed that I was about to encounter bandits as is so customary in Kweichow. But all went off quite well. Our advance from Yi Tsze Kung led via the valleys and villages, after crossing slope after slope, passing through Wan Lan Pu, Ta Wuo Pu, Hai Tsze Pu, Yuan Nan Tszao, Hsien Tang Miao, Shi Li Pai Lou, which latter place indicated ten Li or three miles to Pan Hsien. This comprises a distance of seventy-five li

* Shanghai to Changsha is 800 miles; this route was opened in December 1934 when E.S.F. covered this stretch.
or twenty-five miles for the day; but after travelling many thousand feet up and down, this brought us to a stop about five miles west of Pan Hsien, when sunset made it necessary to look for shelter for the night. Happily we encountered a Buddhist Temple, the Hsien Ta Miao, which was in the charge of nuns. My coolies appealed to them for me. I assured the Abbess that I would not give her any trouble, and in we went just before it grew dark. In the large main temple hall with its three huge front doors, just inside the central door opening, I put up my camp-bed, in front of the altar with its paraphernalia, behind which altar-table were the shrines of the big Buddahs and their satellites. At both ends of this large and wide temple-hall were large beds, which, in Chinese style, were occupied for the night by my men and my escort, not so much for actual sleeping, but for each of these men to take in turn a "pipe". First, after our arrival, they took a meal in the temple kitchen. They got good rice and vegetables. Afterwards they retired to these two beds to smoke opium. They continued their noise until midnight. Not only that, but they started to smoke again at an early hour of the morning before dawn. Anyhow this was a good chance for me to observe this class of poor humans given up to the opium evil. In fact, when I subsequently got a new coolie caravan, as the present one was only engaged to Pan Hsien and would go no further than this "Ting" or defence City, the leader or Fu-T'ou of the new carrier-outfit for several hundred miles carried the opium pipe with its box in his hands all the long distance up and down the daily mountain passes.

Soon after having thanked the nuns for their hospitality and having given a gift to the Temple, we were en route the next morning. Soon, too, we found ourselves on a pass right over the crest of a narrow strip of lengthy mountain formation which, on both its sides, disclosed slopes of almost a thousand feet in depth. If we had proceeded in the dark of the evening this might well have been fatal to our party. I was indeed happy
now, seeing this dangerous mountain passage, that we found shelter where we had. On our advance we met women and children on the upward climb from the nearby town to visit the temple where we had stayed for the night. When reaching the base of the mountain we followed the winding river in the valley, which was enclosed on both sides by mountain chains. This cultivated area, where villages followed one after another, opened suddenly upon the military defence town of Pan Hsien, which city formerly was called, and is found on geographical maps as, Pu An Hsi, or Western Pu-An.

Here we came first through a suburb where I passed the Post-Office. The Postmaster indicated a nearby Mission Compound. I went in and found mass-quarters and soldiers there. For this reason I declined to stay in this place. However, I directed my men to the Compound of the Catholic chapel, where for the two nights in Pan Hsien I found agreeable shelter in the quarters intended for the Priest, who from time to time comes from his distant parish to visit his flock in this town. Soon after I had installed myself in one of the few residential rooms, I left for a promenade through the streets of the place. Pan Hsien, a city with a crenelated wall, possesses over 20,000 inhabitants, besides a strong military force. It is about 4,800 feet above the sea, with mountains all round it, the peaks of which were two thousand feet above the valley, through which a mountain torrent flows. There were market streets and places in which thousands of people congregated. I went up a hill where the Magistrate's Yamen was. The gate-keeper took my visiting card, on which was stated in Chinese that I came from Tientsin. When this card was received, the Assistant Magistrate came down at once and asked me to come in, telling me that his wife was born in Tientsin and that her parents live on Hongkong Road (31st Road, British Concession) and that he had also resided there. He, at once, in a most friendly way, offered me welcome and promised to help me to get good local
men as carriers, in order to make up my new caravan to proceed east. He also gave me the names of those places along the highway to Kweiyang, on which recently he and his wife and four children and retinue had travelled overland from Chungking to Kweiyang and west from there to Pan Hsien. In fact, he carried out his promise. I paid only $1.20 per man for each stage on the journey, getting three men for the Hwa-Kan, two of whom were to carry the conveyance and the third as a relay in order to relieve the carriers from time to time. The other three carriers had to carry the luggage on poles over their shoulders, one package in front and one at the back. This sort of carriers are called “Tiao-Tsze” as against the “Pei-Tsze” who carry loads on their backs. I had to give an advance of twelve local dollars to my carriers which, as I was told, they needed to leave at home with the families of these men whose business, year in, year out, is to carry loads from place to place. In fact, I met hundreds of human carriers every day all the long way of the caravan road; in part they carried Pei-Tsze loads of salt; also cotton and cotton yarn and other products. Even machinery, in sectional iron pieces, have I seen carried by coolies from the Yangtsze basin at Chungking southwards towards Kweiyang covering a distance of 350 English miles.

When I left Pan Hsien I was carried off in my Hwa-Kan from the inner city towards the gate. From this point followed the new motor road. At that moment a seven or eight year old girl approached the carrier in front of my conveyance and said: “Mother has not enough money”. My front carrier thereupon gave to this child a fifty-cent piece and she went off. It is worth while to add here that I had to provide myself in Yunnan-Fu with silver dollars bearing the effigy of Yuan Shikai, which was the only big silver currency accepted in Kweichow. I paid a premium of eight per cent. for these silver dollars which I had to take along. Now, in addition to the actual big silver dollars, the Kweichow currency has a debased
provincial subsidiary half dollar coin for which the exchange
rate was: three pieces of such subsidiary debased money to
one full or big dollar.

Upon reaching the outskirts of Pan Hsien we saw again,
in veneration of the town's people, those two monuments in
pyramidal form. They were a Wen-Pi and a Wu-Pi for
achievements in literary and military science. Here we
climbed the wide serpentine auto road which leads up
and down around the mountain slope towards the east.
I saw no automobiles. Therefore I inquired of my men
and they said that they were expected soon. But this was
hardly true. It is true that the auto road runs snake-like almost
continuously onward; but along the higher mountain passes
there are gaps which are not completed. These gaps would not
permit the autos to proceed to Pan Hsien. The new highway is
a great innovation and is much liked by the transport-coolies who
find it a great convenience. Yet, when crossing steep passes,
I found the majority of coolies willing rather to take the short
cuts instead of the winding road. Since the mountains are
largely of granite, the road bed is laid either of solid rock, or
filled in with crushed stones with a binder of sand. I found
that no proper safety precautions had been taken on the winding
slopes and no protective balustrades had been erected at the
sharp curves for the safety of the travelling public.

After climbing the winding auto road, which along its
precipitous sections is supported by granite walls or embank-
ments, we came to a turn where we got our last view of the
city of Pan Hsien with its main wall in the distance. The
mountain slopes covered with their cultivated terraces, the trees
and orchards in bloom, the torrent in the valley, the high moun-
tains, all this was a marvellous spectacle. We followed the
winding route along agricultural fields. We had before us,
from day to day, villages surrounded by palm trees and the
hill slopes covered with pines. Poppy also could be seen
everywhere. The leader, or Fu-Tsze of my caravan, called me a "Yang-Kwan", or foreign official, which title I gained simply through their politeness, because I had stood in the good graces of the officials at Pan Hsien.

Along the highway there was quite some life. We often met soldiers on their way to the city. We passed wayside shrines. The typography of the country resembled that of the lower Swiss Alps. While we were directed towards a new massif, we first had to detour into a deep basin from the one side of the mountain, in order to climb up the other side to the new elevation. We reached a village in a depression after the last climb and there we found a regiment of soldiers, just starting on its march towards Pan Hsien. With the soldiers were some men with their hands bound behind their backs who were under armed guard. One of these men stepped up to a village elder who had his long peculiar bamboo pipe in his mouth, and asked him to let him have a smoke. The old man willingly put his pipe into the mouth of this bound soldier while I put some cash into his pocket and the man thanked me for it.

From this village we had to climb up and down over many hills on roads of stone steps. When later we found ourselves nearing the top of a pass, we saw in the distance a long line of red sand-stone mountains with pine trees. Below was a long narrow gully, following which we reached a point nearer to our day's destination. Along this section of the auto road I observed many washouts. Here the road had been constructed with pine logs as a base and with crushed rocks and sand as a surface.

Only occasionally the coolies took tea when such was possible along our long winding road and during our fatiguing eastward tramp. During this first day out of Pan Hsien we covered a distance of seventy li or twenty-three miles, having had on this stretch some eight climbs, each of an average of a thousand feet. This stretch of mountains extends onwards
from Yünnan-Fu through Kweichow towards the frontier of Kwangsi in the south-west, as well as towards Hunan in the east. By evening we were still four li from our destination for the night, when, on the short cut, we again reached the long winding highway. Half way to our destination, on this wide road a market was being held. The coolies stopped here to get their meal which they said was cheaper. So I had to wait and I looked round at the people among whom were numerous aboriginal types. I had taken a good vegetable breakfast in the morning prepared by the woman of the Catholic Compound of Pan Hsien. There I had seen her son weaving some cloth, and the sacristan, an elderly native man, who stayed at the compound, had helped me during my stay there. Since my breakfast I had had nothing but some boiled water, as the coolie who had carried my provisions had not shown up in that village where the soldiers had congregated and where we also had made a short stop. All day I had been carried in my Hwa-Kan on our ups and downs. We had encountered a number of similar conveyances during the day, in some of which army officers were carried. As I found out later, there had been some troop movements on this road, as the forces of the old Governor of Kweichow had been driven out westwards into Yünnan by the present Governor at Kweiyang. This troop movement had made the route safer against bandits which one inevitably meets in this mountainous country section.

When my caravan was ready, after their meal in the open market, we made another short cut of several hundred feet deep, down into the depression into which the auto road wound itself, and soon reached San Pan Chiao for the night. It was not a pleasant place, as in the peasant home where we stopped, and in which I found a small room to put my camp-bed, there was filth which was not to my taste. But we had had a long day's journey and, as in the darkness, while forced to walk over a slippery river embankment, I had almost met with an accident,
I stayed where I was. I must add however the Fu-Sung had jumped and helped me to recover myself. All this made me think it better to endure the inconvenience. I looked for my tins and got something to eat, including some cold chicken and biscuits which I had brought along. Afterwards I retired while my coolies had their “pipe” before an open fire outside my place.

Next morning (March 20th) at day-break, when leaving this unpleasant place, I saw the ravine in the depth of the gully into which I had escaped from falling the night before. We were that morning at a probable height of 4600 feet above the sea. We covered the five miles towards Pu An Pei, the district city north-east on our route. The auto-road wound through the center of San Pan Chiao which, like all other depressions from Yünnan onwards, presented a wide circular mountain chain, about two thousand feet above the sea level. Through this valley we travelled eastwards towards the capital and from here another eight days of stage journey was before us. It was on this onward march from San Pan Chiao that we first had a steep climb to get over the eastern pass along which many peasant villages were in sight. At the top of the pass was a temple Kiosk, the Chia Fung Si. Several of these places of worship we had passed the evening before on the pass. The new highway here showed wash outs all along the line. We passed, near the top of the crest, a large coal pit with plenty of mining life and pack animals as well as carriers to take the product away. Reaching the other mountain side, we had in front of us that massif over which we had to pass. Vegetation was superb; fine forests brightened our advance. The “Big-Road” again showed many wash outs; while, on the top of a hill, a spring had made its bed straight through the washed-out auto-road, the waters of which rushed downward as swiftly as a brook. We came along a Kwan Yin Grotto where people prayed before the
Goddess of Mercy. This Temple was called Ta Fo Si. From the Pass we also enjoyed seeing a tableland and high mountains beyond, with innumerable peaks as far as the eyes could see.

We came down the steep mountain road in its gayest mood with poppy much in evidence—a most pleasant picture. We soon were on the flank of a wide basin and followed the partly washed-out new road, until about nine in the morning we had reached Pu An Hsien, or the District city, which on the Postal Map of China is named Pu An Pei. I may add here, that on my numerous journeys through China I found the Postal Map the most convenient help to get my bearings. I used, in addition, maps in great detail too. The simple way in which the Postal Map indicates larger cities in Foreign and Chinese names and smaller places, where a Postal Station is, in Chinese letters, also indicating between these places the distance in Chinese li, which very easily can be converted into miles, 3:1 (or Kilometers 2:1), showed me in practice the easiest means of getting en route and to my destination from day to day. Pu An Hsien is probably 4300 feet above the sea. On its eastern and western approach there stand, on hill tops, a Wen Pi and a Wu Pi statute, monuments similar to those I also had observed outside of Pan Hsien. Wen Pi means a literary pencil, while Wu Pi stands for military recognition. Pu An Hsien was surrounded by a high granite wall. We passed through the town from its western to its eastern gates through a wide main thoroughfare. When we reached the Magistrate’s Yamen, I was told that the Official was still asleep. So I went to the Post Office where I received helpful information for our advance. Some little time before the noon hour I secured from the Magistrate a new official escort of two men, and off we went eastwards. All along the main street of Pu An I observed new, modern, one storey buildings. In fact, from now on to the Capital, even in villages, the main road was of the same width for auto traffic, and alongside new buildings of stone
prevailed. But inside these homes, the peasants still adhered to the old style of lack of sanitation. Yet I must admit that progress could be observed.

We now had before us four separate steep climbs up and down towards our night’s rest. We passed a number of coal pits. We saw several hill-fires where peasants burnt up not only the bushes and grass but also trees in their aim to get out of the ashes the needed potash for fertilisation. We had, in the evening sunlight, a wonderful view of the massif before us, when we stopped at Chang Chi Pu, where in one of the twenty peasant homes along the highway I passed an uncomfortable night. Upon leaving in the early morning of March 21st I observed on a hill to the south a Wen Pi monument. There were the eastern massifs, mountains in three ranges, one chain behind the other, which it was our purpose to cross on our day’s onward march. The highway ran upwards from the depression of Chang Chi Pu (Po) from which point, deep downwards we could see the fine surrounding agricultural land, as well as, on the upper reaches, the pine woods and the blooming fruit orchards in another direction. There also could be seen, off in the distance towards the north, a wave of mountain crests. We followed the level auto-road and passed on the sides of the slopes Yang Yen (Opium poppy) terraces. We left at one point the big road, which would have taken us in its windings too long a distance, and followed the old, short transport trail. It was a very steep descent lined partly with fine tall trees and partly with burnt-up shrubs, a much less picturesque sight. There were a great many terraced rice paddy-fields.

The telegraph lines ran along this path where we passed a small coal mine. We came down near the brook which crossed the depth of the depression and met again the highway. Soon after crossing the brook the incline started. Again we passed a coal shaft and we saw many men and women carrying
a bucket of coal on each end of their shoulder poles. As we climbed higher the scenery became even more beautiful than I had observed while riding in the open Hwa-Kan. On the top of the pass we found an Alms-house at the side of the auto-road and a village nearby where we got boiled drinking water. My attention was called here to the peculiarity of pipe smoking. They were smoking water pipes made entirely of bamboo, the water being contained in a single section, the joint forming the top and base of the pole. Here we also saw great fields of growing poppy with flowers of a deep red hue, which covered the whole side of the mountain with a gorgeous carpet. For a long distance we followed the auto-road, which was lined all along with flowering shrubs. On the top of this pass we came to the temple Wen Ching Kung Miao. Passing on to the next village we saw a dwarfed woman. We had seen a number of dwarfs during the journey. In this district we noticed particularly that the people were afflicted with goitres. We also had noticed this same affliction in the frontier districts between Eastern Yünnan and Western Kweichow. Our road led up to higher elevations. While stopping in a way-side place we met a traveller from Szechwan who was on his journey westwards to Pan Hsien. When I told the man I had been on the top of Mount O’mei (in 1917), a sacred mountain with an elevation of eleven thousand feet, being part of the most eastward Himalayan range, extending into the Red-Basin of Szechwan, the man to whom I had spoken had a very satisfying smile, for to him that meant a very wonderful pilgrimage. At that time the Fu-Tsze, or caravan leader, told me that in order to reach our day’s halting station at An Nan, we must still cross over three mountain passes called San Kuo Po. The auto-road which crossed over them was washed out in various sections. We had no trouble in making our way on all this long mountainous journey, disclosing memorable scenes all day long. We met men coming from the east carrying sugar cane which we had not seen growing since we had left Yünnan.
The great gully, through which we came in the afternoon, narrowed as we climbed farther up and, when reaching the height, a fine pyramidal mountain came in view. On this day's travel while following the winding auto-road, I noticed that the road was laid on a foundation of large blocks of granite in order to make it substantial. West of the formidable pass, called the Sha Tsze Ling, we again came to a temple known as the Pan Kwan Miao. And later, on the eastern pass, we saw on an isolated height the Nai-Nai-Miao. These temples are always the attraction of the native passer-by. After circling around this isolated hill along the Highway, we reached the half-closed entrance gate in the granite wall of the District City of An Nan Hsien. Here again we saw the two pyramidal monuments, the Wen Pi and the Wu Pi, both of which were built on bases of three squares of granite steps.

My carriers passed through the length of the main street of An Nan Hsien, a city of more than 10,000, which showed a busy market life. I was directed to the Fu Yin Tang, with which is combined the China Inland Mission. Two ladies were in charge of this mission. They, in their goodness, offered me a comfortable room for the night in a building in the compound, which had been used until shortly before my arrival to house soldiers. I was also their guest at dinner in the evening. Besides, I attended a gathering of native women who came in goodly numbers to the Mission Compound that evening. After breakfast, I went off, (on March 22). A fine luncheon package for the day en route was most kindly offered to me by the Ladies, which helped me to endure the difficulties so far as meals were concerned. We were soon again outside the city and observed, on our journey in this upland country, fine peach trees in their pink blossoms and also pear trees in white. The military forces that had congregated here had been in pursuit of those runaway soldiers, who recently had been driven over the frontier to the west into Yünnan, and also north into Szechwan.
As to the cultivation of opium, I had been told at An Nan that, while the crop takes away the changes of other cultivation such as maize and grain, yet the opium is about the only product which is in export demand and pays best. Huge quantities are sent from Kweichow via Kwangsi to Canton.

Our day's advance was somewhat similar to the preceding days, in the many ups and downs over mountain pass-roads and through the valleys. Many sections showed considerable wash-outs. In the forenoon we passed the village of Hai Ma Chwan and were astonished to find here a big semi-foreign building. We stopped for a while which gave an occasion to my coolies to disappear for a "pipe". Here I saw an amusing incident. A passing soldier observed a woman smoking a brass water-pipe. The soldier went over to the old lady and upon asking her, she gave him the pipe from which he puffed several puffs of the inhaled smoke and returned the pipe to her.

The short-cut roads and even the old Highway were particularly bad on our advance, but so much finer was the beautiful sight of opium poppy cultivation in all its coloured variations of bloom. On downward slopes I always walked a good deal, but while ascending the Hwa-Kan coolies had to do the needful carrying. As to the road on which we tramped, it was the real kind referred to in the Chinese proverb: "A stone road is a blessing for tens of years but a curse for a thousand", because stone roads will keep in good condition for only a short period and later are hardly ever repaired. In the villages, which Chinese peasants inhabited, we still saw a great deal of footbinding of the female. A fourteen or fifteen year old girl with bound feet tramped around with her younger sister on her back. That the elder was yet unmarried was indicated by the red ribbon points on her braid of hair. As to the grown up people in general, all the men and women wore turbans of some variety.
While we seldom saw pack animals along the route, that
day we encountered fine pack saddle horses in a caravan which
carried Tung Yu or Wood Oil. Asking if this perhaps was a
Szechwan product, the reply came: “No, from Kweichow”. Western Kweichow was full of individually planted Wood-Oil
trees, the bloom of which during spring time is marvelous. When, at about one in the afternoon, nearing a new massif
over the flanks of which our path lay, there stood one of those
fine, high, branched-out, shadow-giving Banyan trees, such as
often are found along the Highway, to give shelter to the weary
traveller and to the transport coolies. Here an official an-
nouncement indicated that this tree must be protected and must
not be destroyed! Nearby this tree was a wide open field
again with millions of coloured opium flowers. We passed
hedges full of fine wild roses. Soon we entered the gully on
the west side of the massif, the top of which gave us an outlook
towards the upper reaches of another eastern massif with a
view into the far distance. We stopped at the village of Hsün
Pu for the night. We were separated from our destination
by another deep depression, into which we had to push to its
deepest base, where a wild torrent, the Hwa Kiang, divided
the ravine in its lengthy windings: a panorama indeed, with a
wild forest on the western slope and with many villages show-
ing agricultural cultivation on the eastern slope. It took us
hours before we came down to cross the bridge over a torrent.
The peculiar bridge, hanging between anchor towers on each
side of the torrent, had its footpath over iron chains which
crossed from tower to tower the turbulent mountain river at a
width in the depth of the gully of three hundred feet. It was
an iron chain-bridge such as I had crossed, going and
coming back, at Lu Ting Chiao in the Tibetan Borderland.
It reminded me of my experience when crossing a similar bridge
during a storm at night at the said defence City of Lu Ting
Chiao. That bridge was worn out and had many big holes
large enough to fall through and disappear for ever in the Tung River, a Central Asian Alpine torrent which joins the Min.

On the lower western slopes nearing this bridge in Kweichow, we saw some interesting stone carvings hewn cave-like into the mountain wall. At the entrance there was a monument of the times of Chia Ling. It showed an inscription: “To be preserved for Ten Thousand Years.” There was also an inscription of the time of the first year of the reign of Chien Lung (1736 A.D.) And yet another Imperial carved inscription, of which part of the Chinese characters were no longer well visible; and in addition, there was a peculiar-looking stone image in the small grotto along this palisade. It had an altar filled with burning incense-sticks while the figure of this wild image was besmeared with fresh blood of a chicken, whose feathers were stuck on where the blood had been smeared over this apparent figure. I received no satisfactory enlightenment of what all these gruesome doings meant.*

Soon I stood in the western tower of the bridge, where a large number of travellers and carrying coolies had congregated, and took their turns one by one to pass over the bridge from the right side of the torrent to its left. Others came from time to time from the eastern point. Among the coolies who went eastwards towards the Capital there were thirty Tiao-Tsze who carried on their backs big baskets filled with delicious oranges. I had a chance to taste one.

The hanging iron-chain bridge, which I crossed three times, was situated at an altitude of about 2000 feet above the sea as

* "Live Chicken Blood must be smeared on the House Posts to make them "Live"; our ancestors must have the shrine in the house TEMPLE made sacred and ready to receive them. THE HIGH PRIESTLY OFFICIALS of the village performed the ceremony." From the American Museum of NATURAL SCIENCE, by one who lived several years among the Aborigines in: Men and Gods, by Margarete Mead, Bali, 1936.
shown by my altometer. The wooden boards over the bridge, over which I walked and which were in good repair, were laid over the heavy iron chains. There were eighteen chains, I think, which crossed the gorge from the Pagoda-like anchor-tower on the right of the torrent to the two anchor towers on the left of the river. These chains were at a probable height of a hundred feet above the wild torrent. On each side of this hanging bridge were, some feet above the flooring-chains, sideway chains, used as protection for those who walked across, when with each step the bridge made a sort of vibration like a jumping movement. The main span of the bridge measures from tower to tower a hundred and fifty feet, with an additional sixty feet from one double tower to the other, on the eastern side of the anchor base. The spectacle and the sounds of the roaring waters in the depth below the bridge were intense. In all there were sixteen Iron Chains (out of eighteen) to support the board Pathway.

When en route after the inspection of the bridge on the upper climb towards Hsün Pu, one of the bamboo shafts of my Hwa-Kan suddenly broke in two. As I was very tired and felt it better not to walk, the carriers went to a nearby bamboo grove and brought an exchange. It was late when we ultimately reached the plateau along the auto-road where Hsün Pu was. We stopped in one of the village-homes along the wide main street, lined with one storey buildings newly erected of granite, but inside, these modern homes were of the crudest kind.

We left at an early hour of the morning on March 23rd, but not before all the men had had their “pipe”. At our start we travelled again along the telegraph poles. The mountain slopes at that time presented a less cultivated aspect on the advance from Hsün Pu eastwards. Later however, we saw the same rich cultivation as had been in view the days before. The new auto-road stretched farther and farther in its windings around the mountains. We soon took a steep short-cut deep down into
The waterfall at Hwang Ko Su near Chenning-City in Kweichow.

The Tibetan-like Bridge en route to Hsün Pu and Chenning, laid over eighteen iron chains hanging above the torrent.
a gully and saw, towards the east, chain upon chain of mountains in what seemed parallel layers as we proceeded towards the massif. Towards the south-east also the landscape was magnificent. At a point of the upper height there stood a stone monument, a sort of a Tibetan sacrificial top of pass mountain Obo; we also had an excellent view of the western mountain-chain over which we already had climbed the day before. The Tibetan bridge over the Hwa Kiang and the Obo would appear to indicate that in times past this territory had been inhabited by Tibetan tribal people. But what gave me, on the height of our climb, a particular impression, was the view of numerous individual mountain peaks near to each other, possessing cone-like elevations, or spire-like granite forms, rising high up into the air. They were similar in appearance to those I had seen in a formidable outspreads on the journey along the Left-River in Kwangsi and also in less massif compacts in Tongking. At a point on our march where a fine Banyan tree gave refreshing shadow along the gully route, I left my Hwa-Kan and walked down into the valley. It might be well to add here one detail of my caravan-journey with its accompanying official escort. At Pan Hsien at the moment of our start, no doubt advised by the authorities, a man and woman followed our caravan, he, both from Shanghai. She was middle-aged while her brother was a youth of twenty, who traveled dressed like a military man; he was provided with an official travelling passport with which he appeared before the authorities in every District City, just like myself. The woman, with whom, except for daily greetings, I hardly ever spoke, was carried by two men on a Hwa-Kan which possessed a sort of bamboo shade protecting her from the sun and the inclemencies of the weather, while her brother went on foot as a pedestrian. These two people, who simply travelled back to their home in Shanghai, followed and attached themselves to my caravan from Pan Hsien to Kweiyang, without any asking. They even lay over almost a
week in the capital, following my men onwards up to Chung-k'ing, altogether a distance of over eight hundred miles. But from Hsün Pu on, another traveller in a shade-covered Hwa-Kan also followed my caravan. This time it was an elderly lady who was on her way to her family in the Provincial Capital. Including my official escort of four armed Fu Sung, my caravan now numbered fifteen all told, of which my Hwa-Kan was the leader. The elder and younger women smoked at times from the metal water-pipe which the old lady had among her belongings. Such sort of natives attaching themselves to a foreigner en route had happened frequently to me.

On our day's advance numerous cattle were seen grazing on the hill slopes. Poppies were in bloom. Trees again appeared and the blossoming fruit orchards. I counted over a hundred peaks along the mountain-chain in front of us and in the distance. Our route was much more lively to-day. For some time I could not grasp why people came from the upper mountain paths from the right and left and joined the Ta-Lu highway on which we travelled. They all went toward the east. The men all were dressed like Chinese, but not so the women, who wore jackets and skirts embroidered in a variety of colours and who were adorned with peculiar silver ornaments on their hair and in their ears and sometimes big silver rings over their necks. I knew, of course, these were tribal women and soon it dawned upon me that these people seemed to be on the onward march to the next market town, where a market was being held. While I visited the town of Mengtsz I saw aborigines. In Yünnan-Fu I asked Dr. Joseph Rock about a peculiar case, when I had seen two men, each wearing a kind of long shepherd, greyish felt-coat which reached from the neck to the feet. The learned Doctor said: "Lolo, no doubt", by which he indicated tribal people. In this regard, I may point out that I took a keen interest when I met aborigines in Yünnan, and in Kwangsi. But I had not paid much attention so far
to the great variety of non-Chinese people while en route, whose homes are found mostly in the upper mountains of south-western China. In fact, in Kweichow, I had already seen these aborigines when I traveled through villages on some ridges. In one case there, armed military men guarded the peasants’ homes and the neighbourhood. Now I had a good opportunity to study these people all this day and also for a couple of days thereafter, by passing through towns where markets were held. There I could mingle freely among the natives, and among the non-Chinese people, so as to make observations in relation to this most interesting ethnological question.

That same day, just after crossing a stone bridge, we were following the Highway automobile-road which showed deep wash-outs. In one of these ravines I feared that my carriers would slip and so I got out and walked. I had proceeded perhaps five minutes when I was greatly surprised to see at my left a group of women about six feet tall, young, apparently unmarried and of robust figures. They wore a peculiar head-gear and well seamed blue cotton jackets. Their skirts, which hung from their hips to their knees, were starched and pleated. They had pretty faces and figures and showed clearly that they were in festival dress en route to some special gathering. But the most surprising thing was that their jackets were cut in such a fashion in front as to leave, while en route, their breasts entirely free of cover. This startled me, so that I lost my foothold and stumbled. When these young women noticed this, they burst forth in laughter. This lack of restraint is usually found in women of this tribal people.

The sight of all these pretty breasts so exposed to the public view, reminded me of the published art-work:

“The Culture of the Nude in China”, by Heinz von Perckhammer, on the cover of which work appears in Chinese characters the inscription: “The hundred pretty breasts”.
When I asked my men what kind of women those were, their reply was: "Sui Ho". No doubt, this meant the place from which they came on their way to the market town. These women were accompanied by a number of men who carried hemp to the market. The men were dressed like Chinese. Their destination was the Prefectural City of Yi Ling Chow. Later, when I arrived at this market town, I was informed by the Magistrate of Yung Ning Hsien that the name of this city was formerly Yi Ling Chow. The Magistrate also told me that it would be useless now to proceed further for the day, as the three high passes, which we had yet to cross, would bring us over too late at night. I left the Magistrate and I received a nun's permission to instal myself in the big temple hall of Yung Ning. Then I spent the whole afternoon among the thousands of people in the main street of the place where the market was held.

In the market at Yung Ning at the noon hour there were to be seen not less than three thousand visitors, stall-owners, employees, sellers, peddlars, beggars, etc., etc. The wide auto-road, which ran through the center of the town, was simply packed. Horses, mules, donkeys were on sale. So also soft and anthracite coal and other heavy products. Fowls, pigs, vegetables, grain, fruit were sold in other sections, and there were stands where piece-goods were sold and smaller articles of household use in this part of China. From mountain sections skins and furs were brought here. Ginseng and other medical roots could be bought, so also paprika, pepper, vermicelli, opium and water pipes too; salt in blocks, indigo and other dyes, chimney-black for Chinese writing ink, cheap porcelain and tea jars, iron kettles, horse shoes, ploughs, also tobacco, yarn, silk goods, straw mattings, sandals, etc., etc. Cheap glass-pearls and trinkets for decorative work were also exhibited. I bought candles and food, all being native products, which were very cheap in price.
Among the masses in the market both men and women were wearing a sort of turban. Hand-knitted goods were seen in the market street. The tribal women wore their individual tribal dress. Among them some were more peculiar than others. Some women, like coolies, carried heavy and even bulky loads, mostly on their backs. People were seen coming, as we did, from the west, and others from the east. A sedan chair accompanied by an escort passed, which was carried on the shoulders of many coolies. In the chair sat an official wearing big glasses as an indication of literary distinction. He looked at me. When I greeted him, he returned the greetings with the customary polite smile. The young brother of the couple, who followed my caravan, was good enough to ask for me, in my presence, who the various tribal people were, or from whence they came. In this way I at least heard the names of their home villages in the mountains: Pen Chow, Shin Kwa Tsai, Hwang Pien, Sung Te, Lei Ta Ping, Chi Ta, Sa Yin, Shin Tsang, Kang Tsang, Su Tzu, La Mo Tien, Lung Chang Ping, Hsiao Chin, Sui Ho, etc. Not all would reply; in fact most women were very shy about answering questions.
CHAPTER VII

NOTES ABOUT TRIBAL ABORIGINES.

Perhaps it would be well at this point, to refer to the following books, giving details concerning the aboriginal people of this part of China.


Major H. R. Davies: "Yünnan, the Link between India and the Yangtsze", Cambridge University Press, 1909;

The "Encyclopedia Sinica" by Samuel Couling, M.A., Shanghai, Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., 1917;


Clarke points out that half of the population of Kweichow is made up of Chinese who inhabit the cities. The other half of the population is composed of tribes called: Chung Chia, Miao Chia, and a small number of I-Chia. The Chinese do not despise the Chung Chia who are the most numerous; but they do generally dislike the Miao Chia. The Chung Chia are by origin of the Shan Tribe. They have much Chinese blood in their veins. These tribal people are related to the Tai or Tho (Theo) of the Langson, Dong Dang and other districts of Upper Tongking and also to the tribal people of Lungchow and Nanning, in Kwangsi. In Kweichow the men dress like Chinese peasants, but may be distinguished by their flatter noses and more bushy eyebrows. The women dress differently from the Chinese. Their costumes have fine handmade embroideries. Chung Chia women have large feet. In Burma, the Chung Chia are called "Shan"; in Tongking and in Siam, "Tai"; in Southern China "Lao" or "Laos". The Miao Chia have many subsidiary names, or distinctions. Hence the Hei Miao because their
costumes are dark brown, Hei meaning blackish. There are Hua Miao or those who wear coloured costumes. Also, there are Pai Miao, or white dressed Miao; Ya Chio Miao by which black and white, or Magpie is meant, and others. The Hei Miao are the most numerous and are more intelligent. The amount of embroidery on the clothing of the Hei Miao women is astonishing. The Hei Miao and the Chung Chia speak a non-Chinese language among themselves. They are not savages or wild people.

Major Davies goes more deeply into the great number of varieties of aborigines who inhabit the Province of Yünnan over its 150,000 square miles. In its centrally situated sections there are more tribal people of the Min Chia than Chinese; among them is a mixture of Lolo. In the north-west of Yünnan are the Mo So race; along the Burmese border the Ka Chin and Palaung. Further west are the Li So. Davies says the Lolo are a fine race and are found everywhere in Yünnan. They are more numerous than any other hill-tribe. Davies divides the languages of Yünnan and Western Szechwan into four families:

(1) The Mon Khmer family,
(2) The Shan family,
(3) The Chinese family,
(4) The Tibeto-Burma family.

Davies, in addition, sub-divides each family group into its many tribal names and adherents, as here quoted:

**SINITIC LANGUAGES.**

|                     | II. Min-Chia Group. | 1. Min-Chia or Pe-Tsö 1. Wa; 2. La; 3. P’u-Man; 4. Palaung; 5. K’a-Mu; |
|                     | III. Wa-Palaung Group. | 1. Shan or Tai and its dialects; |
| II. SHAN FAMILY.    |                     | 1. Chinese; |
| III. CHINESE FAMILY. |                     | 1. Chinese; |
| IV. TIBETO-BURMAN FAMILY. | I. Tibetan Group. | 1. Tibetan or Pe or Po, including probably some Hsi-Fan dialects; |
|                     | II. Hsi-Fan Group. | 1. Hsi-Fan, 2. Mo-So or Na-Shi, 3. Lu-Tzu or A-nung; |
|                     | III. Lo-Lo Group. | 1. Lo-Lo or Nei-Su or Ngo-Su; 2. Li-So or Li-Su; 3. La-Hu or Lo-Hei, 4. Wo-Ni, under which Davies includes Ma-Hei, K’a-To, Pu-Tu, Pi-o, A-K’a, San-Su, K’u-Tsung, and other tribes of Southern Yünnan; |
|                     | IV. Burmese-Group. | 1. A-Chang or Nga-Ch’ang; 2. Ma-Ru; 3. La-Shi; 4. Zi or A-Si; |
|                     | V. Kachin-Group. | 1. Kachin or Ching-P’aw. |
Sir Alexander Hosie,* in speaking of the various aboriginal tribes in the north of Yünنان, especially the Hwa (Hua), or Flowery Miao, who inhabit the borders of Yünنان and Western Kweichow, says: "These people have no written language; they are not allowed to own land; they are tenants of hard task-masters, the No-Su, the aboriginal overlords of the soil. The great vices of the Hwa Miao, who are more open-hearted than the Chinese, are said to be drunkenness and immorality, vices by no means uncommon in other lands". Sir Alexander relates of the Miao-Tszu that they were driven away by the Chinese during the Miao-Tszu Rebellion which lasted from 1860 to 1869. . . . . . . . "The Miao-Tszu continue to inhabit the country, the men wearing black turbans and black clothes in Chinese fashion, the women retaining their turbans, black jackets and black pleated skirts or kilts, reaching to bare ankles and feet. Those of the women who can afford it adorn themselves with silver ear-rings, while the men content themselves with one ear-ring dangling from the left ear." It was a happy thing for me to have seen these exotically-garbed people.

An excellent extract, giving details about each individual tribe that inhabits Southern and South-Western China can be found under Aborigines in the *Encyclopedia Sinica*, where abstracts are printed from about twenty works of various well-known travellers. I also found an absorbing account of visits among Tribal people, which my old friend Hermann Norden of New York gives in his work: "A travers l'Indo-Chine" published by Payot, Paris, 1931. Norden, who also wrote of his journeys in Persia, in Abyssinia, and through the South Seas, recently died in his Paris home.

* The author was introduced to Sir Alexander Hosie by Mr. Theo Sörenson, who also is a celebrated traveller thro Western China and the Tibetan Borderland. It was at a time when both of these personalities were guests in the Barton Pavilion of the British Legation in Peking in 1919. In the Sörenson home in TA TSIEN LU=DARTSENDO Emil S. Fischer had been entertained when journeying in the TIBETAN BORDERLAND.
Upon leaving my Temple seclusion of Yung Ning on the morning of March 24th, we at once made a steep advance towards the east. We had an unforgettable sight in the six chains in front of us in the East with their uncountable peaks, which, with the mists in the deeper sections, looked like an ocean of islands on the top of the sea. We encountered many men with packs of merchandise carried from the Yung Ning market to another market place, which we reached about the noon hour, after following the valley-windings of the Ta Lu highway. On this journey we also went through the canyon of a granite massif chain. The highway through this passage must be admitted to be a feat of engineering. That morning we came through one of the Miao settlements. The mountain slopes were terraced and they were all covered with poppy. We halted under a Banyan tree at the top of a pass during the forenoon. We crossed over torrents, several valleys and villages and bridges in the depth of the mountain road. Always, it seemed now, there were steep inclines near brooks and rivers. There are, in Kweichow, rivers which disappear in holes of mountains. Near the river extensive rice-paddy cultivation always exists. Among the toiling peasants we saw tribal women wearing big silver ear-rings while at work in the muddy fields. When we had covered ten miles we reached the village of Pei Ku. Here we took breakfast. Here too, there were tribal women. After the high mountain pass on the Pei Ku Po, we saw on the west of the peak a stone Obo, which stone monument is sacred in Tibet and Mongolia. Then we had a slight descent on a road of stone steps, from which could be observed a marvelous panorama of cone-like mountains and peaks in most grotesque forms. Often these were standing as isolated hills. Sometimes there was an aggregate of such freaks. Turning into a valley, we found ourselves choked by these compacts of ominous mountains. There might have been some five hundred of these peaks visible along the highway presenting a magnificent view.
About noon-time we had crossed the third pass. At this time we reached the village of Shi Pao Ping. This place was only five Chinese li from our destination, Kwan Ling Hsien. When we reached the Kwan Ling District town I found a telegraph station from where I sent a telegram to my Tientsin friends to tell them the fact that I was perfectly well! The clerk did not send this message over the telegraph wire, but in my presence simply telephoned the same to his headquarters at Kweiyang, the Provincial Capital.

On this errand I saw twenty pack-horses carrying loads of sugar. Soon we found ourselves in the midst of the section of the long wide main street where a market was being held. It was similar to the one we had seen on previous days, but with a larger number of people. Here again we saw many primitive people. Here I had again received permission from the nun in charge of the Temple Hall, the Chu Su Tien, to put up there for the night. I went off to the Magistrate's Yamen. There I was received in most friendly manner by the Magistrate, who asked me into his room where friends were smoking opium. While in there, I heard a commotion in the courtyard, and, looking out of the door, I saw one of my own coolie-carriers and two other men, all shouting, and my man gesticulating, while some of the Yamen people were striking those two men with their fists and their feet. What was it all about? When I said: "There is one of my Tiao-Tsze", the Magistrate himself went out to see what it was. Soon I saw that, besides my coolie, two tribal men, dressed in Chinese fashion, were in chains. They were quickly sent into the dungeon. The Magistrate came back and put on the table two spurious half dollar coins,—coins of debased value—three make one dollar. The Magistrate told me that my man had given one dollar, received from me in daily part payment, to the two now incarcerated men in order to receive from them a small quantity of opium worth only one third of the dollar. In exchange they
had given him two spurious half-dollars. For this reason these men were beaten up and arrested. It was very evident, of course, and most unfortunate, that these prisoners had themselves been given the spurious coins and had simply passed them on, a daily occurrence anywhere in China. I found that my local Fu-Sung escort proved a good informant when we were at the market. He told me about the tribal women in their individualistic costumes. Those who had been at Kwang Ling were from Yang Tien Lu and Chung Cha Tsze. Others from Ha Po Si wore pretty dresses embroidered in colours. They appeared as if dressed in Rumanian national costumes with their fine hand work, red being the most predominant colour. Among them at least two dozen unmarried girls were pointed out to me. Other women, who carried bulky loads, I was told were Hei Miao, or Black Miao, women.

Next morning (on March 25th) we made a late start to cover the sixty li, or twenty miles, over mountain passes to Chenning City. Some of the men of my caravan must have eaten something distressing and they were ill. I treated two of them with Cholera-drops and Brandy which I had with me. They were all right again in the afternoon, but were unable to do much carrying in the morning and they, therefore, divided the loads among those who were well. The road of stone steps rose immediately outside of the Chu Su Tien, the Temple where I had spent the night. Here I had slept in the section where Mi Lo Fo, the God of Wealth was enshrined. Mi Lo Fo, also, is called the Laughing Buddha; another name is “Ta Tu Tsze” or the big belly god to signify riches.

When we reached the first mountain top for the day, I enjoyed the sight of the jungle of mountains from the north-east to the south-east. The height of the pass was about 3,000 feet. Chain followed chain in parallel order, while isolated peaks dotted the depression before us. I walked down over the terrible stone road, which led through a thicket of a forest
until we reached the base at Pa Len Chiao, where a mountain torrent was crossed by a large concrete bridge with four circular stone supports. Here my coolies took their meal. The height of Pa Len Chiao at its river base is about eight hundred feet above the sea. On this bridge some thirty Miao women, in their peculiar costumes, and wearing big silver ear-rings, sold sugar-cane to passersby. Their jackets and skirts were of indigo-blue cotton goods with white and fancy printed spots all over the cloth. Their head-gear was a black turban. From this fringes hung down. At the back of the turban some cotton bands dropped over the women’s shoulders.

On the bridge five Pei-Tsze coolies were carrying loads of cotton goods, which they were bringing from the Capital and were carrying westwards. In fact, on my later route from the Capital through Central-Northern Kweichow and through Southern Szechwan towards Chungking, hundreds of coolies with loads of cotton yarn and cloth, sent from Shanghai and Hankew in junks up the Yangtsze, and forwarded southwards from Chungking to Kweichow for distribution, plodded along the transport roads.

From Pa Len Chiao we had our next very steep climb over the stone steps to the pass of this massif, which extended in a north-eastern direction. We passed, about half way up the pass, tribal people of Pa Len Chiao. An elderly woman had her breast uncovered, while a younger one was fully covered with a jacket. Their two men-companions were handsome, well-built peasants. Subsequently, quite a number of coolies carrying blocks of salt passed us in western transport.

Looking back over the long chain of the western alpine crests towards the one which fronted us, there were probably over fifty peaks along this gorge between our climb and the opposite massif, which we had already crossed on our onward route, and that which we were approaching. We saw at times
the new Ta-Lu road but we did not follow it. However, when we reached the top of the pass we joined again this new highway, twenty feet wide, the grade of which was less disagreeable than the formidable short-cut of stone steps. The modern road was in good condition at its base, but the top was badly eroded. The coolies felt tired from the steep climb, so we stopped in the hamlet on the top of the pass. There we encountered a military contingent of a hundred and fifty armed men and a number of officers, the officers travelling in civilian clothes, in Hwa-Kan chairs like mine, while a martial looking elderly officer was riding in a handsome Sedan-Chair. Two of these officers came to me and politely asked all sorts of questions and demanded to see my passport. I, of course complied. I found out, when I saw them again in the evening at the city gate of Chenning, that the Chief of this military unit was no other than the Generalissimo of the Army who had been westwards, and who had driven the forces of the preceding Governor of Kweichow into Yunnan where they were disarmed. I waited until this military unit had left and I followed them while they journeyed downward into the alpine depression and again climbed up the next pass. When they had reached the top, they disappeared on the winding automobile road. There was, at the west of that pass, a monument which attracted my attention. When I reached that monument my coolies wished to proceed. But I stopped. I wanted to look at the monument. There was a mound with the monument in front of it. It looked like an actual tomb. There were also an Obelisk and a Kiosk. I took occasion to copy the Chinese inscription of the monolith in front of the tomb. It said:
THE WHOLE PEOPLE OF THE PROVINCE OF KWEICHOW
TO THE LATE GOVERNOR OF KWEICHOW
"WHO FORTUNATELY ONLY LEFT HIS UNIFORM HERE."

The date was given as the 20th year of the Republic of China, or March 1931.

That evening the French Pater of Chenning, Reverend Ange Lanco, gave me the needed enlightenment on this historical monument. It related to the late Governor Chow Hsi-Chen of Kweichow, who had built all over his province these good automobile highways. On the morning of May 24th, 1928, Governor Chow had called on the French Catholic Priest Ange Lanco and proceeded afterwards to that Pass where the monument now stands. On the opposite pass, where I had that day first encountered the Generalissimo, there was Governor Chow's adversary General Li Hsiao-Yen, now also dead. A crack shot from a rifle of the adversary's forces hit Governor Chow, when he had just reached the defences of the eastern pass, even before battle had commenced. Governor Chow was brought back to his home mortally wounded. His uniform had been left behind and was buried there in memory of this event. "He, Chow, was a good man", said the priest.

On our advance the scenery was marvelous indeed. We had before us a stupendous massif of mountains with cone-shaped alpine heights. These elevations were covered with pine trees, presenting a wonderful picture, as seldom seen in China. This beauty continued all the way this day and all the next towards Anshun City and even beyond, towards the Capital. When we came down from this last pass into the more and more undulated road of the plain, we followed the more levelled automobile road, which brought us at noon to Hwang Ko Shu. When we reached the western side of a sudden sheer drop into a wide gully, we saw, flanked by the eastern perpendicular side
of the gully, a roaring water current which brought to mind the Niagara Rapids here in a milder form. And at a turn, a little farther up the river, we saw the beautiful waterfall of Kweichow, the Pao Pu of Hwang Ko Shu. The spray of this kind of a Niagara, though smaller than the American Falls, was indeed a happy surprise. The waters met two narrow obstacles in their path at a certain point, round which they rushed in three streams over the granite strata of the deep perpendicular precipice. First the water rushed into a basin near the top; then came the greatest Fall down into the pool, about two hundred and fifty feet below the top, where the waters emerged in a sort of thick silvery foam. I was told that, during the rainy season, this waterfall may compare favourably with the American Niagara Falls. The three-divisional whirlpool streams, rushing from the upper granite level down, were about one hundred feet wide at one spot and tapered down to twenty feet in the smaller stream, while the smallest flow was only two to three feet wide. During the fall these streams became masses of thick foam.

We spent an hour in admiring the Falls, then I followed my carriers into the crowded main street of Hwang Ko Shu where I found those soldiers and their officers whom I had seen with the Generalissimo that morning on the pass, taking now their midday meals. I kept rather on the far side of the automobile road into Hwang Ko Shu, so as not to be too much disturbed by the ordinary soldier coolies. One of them did annoy me indeed with a carabine. But I took it in good part and finally he and his companions let me alone. I was glad when the bugler called them to their onward march.

While all this went on, I sat on a stone and had a good look at the head-gear of a tribal woman who sold sugar-cane in front of me. She often scratched her head, probably infested with vermin. Around her hair over her forehead she wore a turban, to which was attached over the head an elongated
triangular shaped board, covered with a piece of striped cloth, parts of which fell down on her back to the right and left. This head board stuck out pointedly over her back for about a foot. At the back of her jacket and skirt were small squares of blue print. She looked quite primitive and had bigger feet than mine. This woman was probably thirty years old. She sold her sugar-cane for five coppers a stick. As to her identity, she, no doubt, belongs to the Miao aborigines.

We soon covered more than a quarter of a mile of the wide main street of Hwang Ko Shu. I noticed there a Roman Catholic Church compound. Then we crossed a fine circular five-span stone bridge, just in front of the falls, and travelled eastwards.

On our way we soon came upon a long caravan of over two hundred pack-animals with their more than fifty attendants. At the head were two fine strong mules, bearing many red tassels as well as other decorations on their leather trappings, on their tails and between their ears. Bells on a leather chain over the neck drew the attention to these leading animals, which on each side of their saddles carried a big canister. There were quite a number of other mules in this long line, with more numerous ponies and donkeys too. Each animal carried, to the right and left of its pack-saddle, either a couple of marked wooden cases, bales or packages. Behind each five or six animals walked an overseer. This animal caravan proceeded leisurely along the open fields. But every time that a village was approached, I saw the man in the rear of the first five or six animals take from a saddle a sounding instrument, a brass gong, and with this make a few sounds. This was no sooner heard than the attendants in the rear jumped to their places, taking their gongs and repeating on their part the gong sound. At such times every attendant was at attention, so that nothing would
be lost. This caravan was one of the kind that I have mentioned as being made up in Yünnan. This one had been made up with transport goods, which had arrived by rail at Yi-Liang and which were destined to go to Kweiyang. Among the goods transported I could distinguish piece goods, window-glass and other articles.

After leaving Ti Pa Tsai there came in view a Pagoda built on the ridge of a mountain in the distance, which, as in Szechwan, showed us that we were nearing a big town. This picturesque Pagoda (a milestone in Szechwan) I consider to be a sort of a Light-House, guiding the traveller to a large town. From this point on, or in fact from the waterfall eastwards, we were on the thirty-feet wide Highway, which indeed is very much to the credit of Kweichow, even if there are so far only few auto conveyances. We then climbed a short pass, which brought us within six miles of the destination for the day, Chenning City. Upon arriving at the base east of the pass, we reached the plain of the rich, fertile valley, only to see from there the forty feet high granite wall of the large District town, and beyond that the surrounding mountain chains. While I was skirting round the outer wall along the main outer transport road, to my surprise I saw an Auto-Bus at the City Gate. At once I went up to its chauffeur hoping he might take me to the Capital. But he said he was commandeered. Just then as many soldiers and officers as the vehicle—a fragile "Tin Lizzie"—could possibly carry, with the Generalissimo of the last western troop-movement, entered the bus. This Generalissimo was His Excellency Pei Kien-Yü, whom I had seen at the height of the pass in the morning. He was soon off, while I strolled through the city-gate and directed my caravan to the Tien Chu Tang, by which is understood the Catholic Church Compound.
Inside Chenning City there were many soldiers. When I reached the Catholic Church, although it was almost dark, a vegetable market was still being held in the street outside. Soon I was received by Reverend Ange Lanco, who most kindly offered me much appreciated hospitality. After my luggage was put into my room, I went to the Yamen, where the officials promised that an escort would await me the next morning at the Church Compound to lead me onwards. That evening the French Priest and I had a long discussion. He told me that since Governor Chow, who was a good man, had died, nothing more had been done to the automobile road. As I had been over this road for hundreds of miles and had found it well preserved except for gaps heretofore mentioned, the condition of the road after so many years proved that it had been well built by Chinese road engineers. It is true that the American road engineer O. J. Todd, who now, was in charge of the building of modern highways in the Province of Shensi as carried out there by the China International Famine Relief Commission, when invited by Governor Chow in 1926 and in 1927, came to Chenning to inspect the modern wide road. Both times Todd was the guest of Reverend Father Ange Lanco. As Todd,—whom I know well—does not converse in French, he and the Priest made themselves fully understood by speaking to each other in Mandarin Chinese. The “Asia” Magazine of January 1929 published a fine article on Todd’s observations of Kwei-chow’s automobile roads, in which a picture of the late Governor Chow was incorporated. During our discussion we talked of the numerous bandits who were always active, and in consequence a number of missionaries had lost their lives in Kwei-chow. Of recent years things had improved, said the Padre. Yet, just a few nights before our discussion, the Postal Station
to the west of Chenning had been robbed just after the parcel mail had come in in the evening. The Priest had in that mail things from Hanoi, which he lost, and one of his confrères lost a pouch of tobacco which had been mailed to him.

Early the next morning I was on hand for the Sunday Service. There were at the service some fifty men and a hundred native women and children. From the pulpit the long-bearded French Pastor spoke to his flock in Chinese. After Mass the Reverend took me to breakfast and when I noticed that I was served an additional omelet, I politely asked the reason: “Because you will have a hard day of travel”, was the reply of the benevolent priest.

Now, four Fu-Sung escorts came. I thought two of them would do, but the Reverend Father told me that it would be better to take four armed men for more secure protection. Upon leaving I heartily thanked the priest for all his kindness and hospitality. Soon we were outside the city wall. There the fine wide highway continued all day along the defile of cone-like isolated mountain elevations. All through Kweichow we find such Swiss-like conditions with agricultural cultivations in the depressions and on the mountain slopes. They are seen between the many parallel ridges, which exist all through the province from N.N.W. to S.S.East, passing into Hunan Province in the East and into Kwangsi to the South. Here, nearing the central division of Kweichow, in which also the Capital of the Province is situated, there was some more of the transport and pedestrian activity, both east and west. We passed a file of young recruits about fifteen or sixteen years old, who under a non-commissioned officer were en route to the Capital. The wide road continued winding up and down, in and out, of numerous isolated mountains. At times they were treeless, at others, pine growth was plentiful on them. As to the peculiarity of these cols, we saw many like spires, others like hexagons and cones, even round ones and others with perpendicular
granite walls showing the strata. This panoramic picture of nature was marvelous. There were numerous villages which we passed that forenoon and in the afternoon too. At Ta Shan Suo an exchange of escorts took place before the noon hour. Being rather short of money by this time and considering that a balance was still due to my own caravan in Anshun City that evening, I would not pay as much as two dollars cumshaw to the Chenning boy soldiers who, four told, had only escorted me for three hours. The result was that the old escort left me and no new escort to Anshun turned up. I was in no way afraid, and proceeded unescorted.

The cultivation of poppy was evident here. The day grew suddenly windy and cooler. During the night before, there had been frost. In spite of the fact that I had enough covers along with me, I felt cold all night. Something seemed to be wrong with me.

One of the Generalissimo’s Staff Officers, who had questioned me on the pass west of Chenning, came along on horseback with a file of armed soldiers in front and behind him. We exchanged a friendly “How do you do”. At about noon I saw on the top of a hill a fortified place of refuge surrounded by a granite wall. Such a refuge almost every large city in Szechwan has, with which to protect itself against invading robber-bands. Soon also we encountered, on this half-way point along the route, a broken down auto-bus, probably the one which had taken the Generalissimo with an overload of his staff on the previous evening. All day we were en route on an elevation of over three thousand feet above the sea. Early in the afternoon we came to a prospect where, in the distance towards the south-east, we observed a formidable compact-chain presenting at least a thousand peaks of mostly cone-like shaped elevations. We passed blooming peach-trees on our way. At this place I spoke to the older lady in my group, who said in reply: “Hen lei”, or “I am very tired of travelling”. We
followed the auto road all day and reached Pei Chiao Tsang at about four in the afternoon. North of the road were several large foreign-styled buildings, now used as a Military School, I was told.

When there came in view a pagoda on a hill, we knew that we were approaching Anshun City. The town is situated in a fine valley, giving an outlook to a thousand cols in the distance to the South. We entered the western city gate and passed through the whole length of the main street. On a square and in its surrounding streets, a market was being held. Here again I saw a woman in a tribal costume.

We passed the Drum Tower of the town, where we saw some native girls dressed in modern city-style proving Anshun to be a more up-to-date city, with educational and social, as well as industrial city life. We soon turned into the narrower street which now led to the China Inland Mission. Here I sent word to Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Fish and asked if they had some place where I could stay and put up my camp-bed. I was thereupon most kindly received. They let me have a nice room with a good plain bed, the first which I had had a chance to use since Yünنان-Fü, and since I had been on the march these more than two weeks. If everything had gone well as scheduled I could have reached Kweiyang the next day by auto-bus. In fact, Dr. Fish said: “We also plan, my wife and junior, to go along with you to the Capital to-morrow”. But, when Dr. Fish and I went to find out about the delay of the auto buses, we soon found out they were commandeered by the military forces. We therefore had to postpone our leaving for a day. We planned to go by Hwa Kan on a three days stage journey, instead of a one day auto-bus trip.

During the day of delay it was rather cold. Unfortunately I took no precautions. So even before the long caravan with the Hwa-Kan and the carrying coolies was made up, I began to feel signs of approaching ill health, which on the route
eastward to the Capital became much worse. Fortunately I went en route together with the Medical Doctor E. S. Fish, who was then the only foreign practitioner in this large Province of Kweichow with over an area of 67,000 square miles and with a population of about eleven million people, of which, it is said, half are Chinese and the other half are Aborigines of various non-Chinese races by origin. I was fortunate too, that, while I had been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Fish, we had become very good friends. The night of our first day's journey, we put up at the Mission compound of An Ping, where Miss Kretzer was in charge. There I suddenly had to consult Dr. Fish as I felt very ill. During that day, most of the time I had been alone in the rear of our caravan. I told Dr. Fish of my inner troubles and of course he attended me. Yet we had to go on. The next night we stopped at a place called, I believe, Tsing-Chen, where we met Mr. Windsor whose wife and baby girl I had seen in Anshun. Dr. Fish and Mr. Windsor looked after me during the night. On the third day we all reached Kweiyang in the afternoon. Here at the City Gate Mr. Cecil Smith, an old time Missionary in Kweichow, awaited us with other members of the China Inland Mission. Arriving at the Mission compound, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith also offered me welcome and extended their hospitality to me, a sick man. I remember very well how, at the end of the march, I rode into town in my Hwa-Kan, passing the first big Gate from whence we advanced through wide and large thorough-fares lined with shops and official Government Buildings, as well as residences. Later from the window of my room in the Mission, I had a marvelous view over the town and its outskirts. In the distance was the range of a circular chain of mountains, which surround- ed the wide depth of the valley of Kweiyang, where is the Capital of the Province of Kweichow. This capital contains a city of over a hundred thousand. In the early evening I joined the dinner table. All members of the Mission were there: Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith, who have resided forty years in Kwei-
chow; Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Fish and their youngest son, of Anshun; Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland; and Mr. Gordon Smith, who was a more recent arrival from Australia, but no relative of the head of this Mission. Even before the dinner started I had to admit that I felt seriously ill and needed to retire, and of course, I was permitted by the host and hostess and their associates. Complications of my illness made things worse from day to day, until on April 3rd. Doctor Fish had no alternative but to operate, in order to save my life. Mrs. Fish assisted in administering the anaesthetic. And immediately thereafter—as must be done always when any serious illness happens among the Missionaries of Kweichow, there being yet no foreign Hospital in Kweiyang—when I showed sufficient strength, the transport started post-haste on April 5th under escort of Mr. Gordon Smith, overland northward on a very hard, mountainous route of almost three hundred and fifty miles to Chungking. This time, by the kind arrangements which were made at the Mission, I was provided with a large, more elegant Hwa-Kan, which served as a handy stretcher by having attached to its pair of strong bamboo poles a flat lower board for my support. To add to my comfort Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland lent me their Pu-Kao, a cotton wadded mattress, but after the first few days of tiresome travelling I felt the need of a thicker mattress support, to which at Tsun Yi, where we had one of our night's stops in the Fu Yin Tang, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson kindly gave their attention and got one made for me. When I had safely arrived at Chungking, I made a present of this Pu-Kao to my friend who had done so much for me during those ten days of overland journey. I am pleased to state here my appreciation of the efficient manner in which Dr. and Mrs. Fish and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith had planned for the comfort of a very sick man, actually an invalid, who had to make a long difficult journey over the mountainous road from Kweiyang to Chungking, requiring only ten days, whereas usually fifteen to twenty days are needed. The inns where we slept at night during our journey were of the most
miserable kind, such as Chinese transport coolies generally occupy in mass-quarters. These were especially bad after entering Central Southern Szechwan. In fact, the last night before reaching Chungking, Gordon Smith, who usually simply slept on a wooden door which he removed for that purpose, since he took no camp-bed along, but only his bedding, was bitten on his cheek by a scorpion. Later his swollen face was operated on by Dr. Gentry of the “Syracuse in China” Hospital in Chungking in order to relieve him of his infection. There I gave him also my own American Army camp-bed in order that he might get back to Kweiyang in better comfort.

Although I was in a very weakened condition all the way from Kweiyang to the Hospital base at Chungking, I was able to notice all that went on about me and to “enjoy” the scene while I was being carried on my Chinese stretcher, marked on its right and its left with the insignia of the Red-Cross. As to the highway, the mountain drifts stretching north-south, it presented itself somewhat differently than on the east-west roadway.
CHAPTER IX

THE ROUTE FROM KWEIYANG TO CHUNGKING.

From Kweiyang we followed the northern automobile road, which at first was easy to travel. We stopped for the first night in the village of Tsa Tso. No great obstacles were encountered the second day of our journey. We slept that night in the Market town of Yung Lang Chang. The third day was much more difficult. In the early part of the day we came down into the wild gorge of the Wu Kiang, a lengthy river basin winding its way from north-western to north-eastern Kweichow. The eastern section of the Wu Kiang is navigable in parts through the narrow mountain defiles of Kweichow and through Southern Szechwan, where it, under the name of Kung Tan Kiang, empties into the right bed of the Upper Yangtsze Kiang at the City of Fuchow. In 1917, when I had been in Fuchow I saw the peculiar type of river-craft which are used to navigate on the Wu Kiang for cargo and passengers. These large wooden boats had a peculiar twisted bow and stern in order to navigate the swift, tortuous stream which flows through the narrow, difficult mountain-ravines. These peculiar boats navigate the stream with the concave side towards the inner bank and with the convex side towards the outer bank, in order to avoid collision, when passing sharp corners in the river. We now crossed the Wu Kiang in an ordinary ferry; the torrent is too shallow in the dry winter season for larger means of navigation. When we were ferried across, I noticed dozens of pack-horses and coolies waiting with their heavy loads to be taken across from one side of the green torrent-waters to the other. On the northern side of the gorge we had to go up a steep incline in continuing our journey. We saw a small number of automobiles going north and south that day. That evening we reached the City of Tsun Yi, which is about three thousand feet above the sea, and stopped as guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Robinson.
at the China Inland Mission. Need I mention my deep appreciation of their kindness? It was already quite dark when we entered the walled city, inside of which there was plenty of light and life and, in addition, a great contingent of soldiers. Our hero, General Pei Kien Yü, whom I last had seen at Chennings, is a native of Tsun-Yi, and had recently returned there. When, next morning, my Hwa-Kan left this city, I saw one of the officers of his staff, whom I had met on the top of the Western Pass, now promenading in Tsun-Yi. Two of the younger Missionaries stationed at Tsun-Yi went some ten or fifteen li along with us on our advance to give us their farewell.

The auto road still continued northwards from Tsun-Yi City towards Tung-Tze, a town too far away to be reached that evening. But we came through a very lively mountainous passage that afternoon and rested in a hamlet for the night. On the fifth morning of our advance, we climbed a formidable mount on our route and met one auto bus going down from Tung-Tsze to Tsun-Yi. That afternoon we reached Tung-Tsze, the home town of the late Governor Chow Hsi-Cheng, who was responsible for the construction of the big highway roads through Western Kweichow along which I had proceeded, and which main highway started in the east at the western border of Hupeh Province and continued here north to the frontier of Szechwan. Engineer O. J. Todd in 'Asia', January 1929 says:

"A thousand schoolgirls had been marched to the "Road Bureau for the short exercises that were to precede "their initiation into activities such as no schoolgirls the "world over, perhaps, had ever dreamed of. There they "stood, this throng of girls, in the open air in front of the "temple, while the Governor, his staff and I, as the guest "of honor, mounted an improvised platform. The "Assembly joined with Governor Chow in bowing three "times to the flag of China, draped behind the stage, while
"slow-burning incense repelled intruding evil spirits. Then
the Governor gave a patriotic address. He told the girls
that their province was isolated from the rest of the
world, but that they had the capacity to help overcome
the natural obstacles to outside communication. They
could be one of the strongest and most esteemed groups
in China by putting that capacity to work. ROAD-
BUILDING—actual hoe and basket work on the new
road—was for them the way to freedom. Then he
turned to me, telling the girls I had travelled far to help
them, and asked me to speak. This, mind you, was at
a time when, in many parts of China, foreigners were
far from popular!"

"I shall not forget the faces of those thousand or
more Chinese girls. In the foreground were girls from
the normal school, sixteen to eighteen years old, more or
less bashful in the presence of the Governor, his staff and
a foreigner. One or two of the older girls seemed to be
studying me—assessing this foreigner who had come in
to help advise the Governor in so radical a departure.
They were by no means unfriendly. In fact, their highly
intelligent faces showed marked approval of the program.
The younger girls, some as young as twelve, had less
understanding of what was going on, but were just as
interested. The girls came from aristocratic families,
from families of middle-class merchants and from those
of lesser means. I picked out individual faces of parti-
cular attraction. They represented the best culture that
is to be found in Interior-China."

"I complimented the girls on their pluck and told
them that team-work of this sort would challenge the
admiration of the World. Then, after a talk by the
Minister of Education, the girls were marched about a
mile to the end of the completed work on the road, where
"they were given hoes and baskets. On the way out, "they had acted much as American children would have, "when on a picnic. They were curious and interested. "There was a spirit of jollity, but everywhere I could see "the girls trying to repress the giggles and smiles lest the "Governor might be offended. None realized better than "they that the Governor took the whole matter very "seriously. They were good actors and good sports; "they welcomed the chance to enter into a field from "which their mothers and all their female ancestors had "been excluded." Todd goes on speaking of the teachers and how the girls were to tear down an embankment. He said:

"The teachers were more excited than the girls "lest their scholars should fail to show up properly "as workers on this parade day." He furthermore adds: "These girls did not have the strength of their brothers "or fathers, and the loads they carried were light. But "what they were doing was a revelation to me."

I thought it well to add this interesting description of how part of the road building was done.

We did not make a long stop in Tung-Tsze in order to advance more quickly, but we stopped that night at Tsa Ming Po in a small inn.

On the sixth morning, after the coolies had taken a substantial bowl of rice and some soup, we climbed the steep "Po" some fifteen hundred feet upwards. Afterwards, on the way down, we passed coolies carrying a coffin, on the top of which, tightly bound with a cord and crowing, was a white rooster, which gave "the spirits of the deceased a good send off to heaven." About noon we crossed a gully many miles long, along the slopes of which poppy was ready for the harvest. The auto road to-day was in need of repair; at spots we saw
workmen doing the repair work. Our caravan, consisting of fifteen transport-coolies, besides a cook and my faithful friend Gordon Smith, as well as myself, reached our destination for the night when it was quite dark, after a strenuous day of climbing.

Advancing on the seventh day of our northwards journey, in the early morning at a place called Hsin Shui, we met two young colleagues of Gordon Smith on their way south, and we exchanged greetings of good fellowship. A couple of hours later we reached, along the river, the last town on Kweichow territory, called Sun Kan. This place is flanked on its northern side by a stupendous mountain, beyond which lies the frontier point into Szechwan Province. I had crossed almost all of western and northern Kweichow, which is a very mountainous Province throughout more than seven-tenths of its whole area.
CHAPTER X

TRaversing central-southern szechwan.

We were now in the political division between two provinces, where prevail, as it is so often the case under similar conditions in China, greater dangers from bandits along the Highway. My carriers had heard at Sun Kan City of some incidents which had happened during the last few days. Therefore, Gordon Smith went up to the District Magistrate’s Yamen where a unit of fourteen alert soldiers, fully equipped with rifles and ammunition, were secured in order to take us up the stupendous pass and through the bandit-infested section. When leaving Sun Kan we followed one winding path after another of the long road, which for a stretch was in good condition. But higher up on the steep pass my coolies started to follow the old short-cut path as there the building of the new highway had been stopped, or what existed of it was in a deplorable state. We came through gully after gully. Sometimes the slippery narrow pathway led along deep precipices which had sheer falls of many hundred feet. Yet my strong Hwa-Kan carriers took all possible precautions so as not to meet with any accident. Gorges, ravines with turbulent mountain-rivers, ghastly slopes downwards, all these had my attention while for hours we crossed the Sun Kan mountain-massif. We came through hamlets, the few inhabitants of which worked on small narrow strips of terraced mountain sections, thereby earning only a meagre living. When we reached the summit of the Sun Kan Pass there was a magnificent view over an immense range of mountains towards the Kweichow side. Ridge upon ridge was seen till these ridges lost themselves in the distant clouds on the horizon. And, below us, was tier above tier over which we had climbed upwards to the summit. It was a wearisome climb, but most charming to me from my outlook in the Hwa-Kan which was carried on the shoulders of coolies. We
were still on the northern descent of the Sun Kan in Kweichow, but we had before us an immense valley with its undulated path towards which we proceeded. At this place in the central section of a wide open, yet finely cultivated valley, suddenly the fourteen Fu-Sung stopped. They said that they were not supposed to go any farther, for up to this point there was no fear of banditry, while in the following free zone peasants often took advantage of the traveller and got what they could. However, the leader of the Fu-Sung said that the escort could accompany us another fifteen li when we would reach a point outside the danger zone. But this meant they must be compensated nicely, for they must have a good meal at the point of their subsequent discharge. It was on the following onward march, when suddenly we passed a hill, that I saw at the footland an ancient burial ground of some official; and just close to it a stone slab of considerable size. This monolith indicated the frontier of Szechwan at its central southern extremity, with the Chinese indication of ‘Nan Chieh’ or Southern Frontier. Here we were no longer under the jurisdiction of the Kweichow Province. We passed onward and, within a short while, we were in a busy village where I saw our fourteen Fu-Sung taking a big bowl of fine boiled rice, as well as spices and tea. Our men too took refreshment and then we went on. There was no longer in sight any automobile road. We followed a narrow road of stone steps over which masses of coolies, carriers and travellers, as well as pack animals, travelled south into Kweichow day after day, or north towards Chungking, such as had been done from earliest times. There was some poppy cultivation here, but it was not very profuse. But I did have, along this way, the opportunity of seeing the poppy-pod which, after it is slit, produces the juice or opium extract. For the purpose of trade and transport the Government of Kweichow have given a new name to the Opium Traffic. They call it: “Mountain Goods” and under this name in 1933 Opium was transported in thousands of loads by caravans of coolies, pack animals and
autobuses. By far the bulk of the opium was sent towards the south by the routes via Kwangsi into Kwantung towards its capital, Canton.

When I had travelled in Kwangsi, I had heard of the completion of the auto-road which was to connect western Kwangsi with the closed Buffer-Province of Kweichow, which, no doubt will hasten the transportation of opium and other products by automobile-trucks. I read subsequently, in a report from Nanning, by the correspondent of the "North China Daily News," "that the Government continues to carry on a thriving business in the drug and uses her trained troops merrily to escort large caravans of this "Special Merchandise" through the mountains of eastern Yünan to the bustling opium mart of Poseh in Western Kwangsi, where it is shipped under military escort on motor launches to Wuchow and thence transferred in Government gunboats down to the coast for local sale and for shipment to foreign countries." The correspondent who wrote this at about the end of 1933 adds: "Just recently a caravan composed of 1000 pack-mules and horses carrying over 1,500,000 Taels (weight) of this 'special goods' arrived at Poseh and is now being brought down the river as fast as launches can carry it, all heavily escorted by well armed Government soldiers". This shipment meant simply: about 57 tons of opium.

Continuing our journey northwards, every time that there was a chance to take a boat down the winding river, we took advantage of it. This river flows into the Yangtsze west of Chungking. Except for these few short river stretches, mostly along slopes of mountain passages, we took the course of the highway and overland route, which brought us much nearer to Chungking, the second largest city of the Szechwan Province, which has a population of over eight hundred thousand. Along the onward road we spent three nights in most miserable Szechwan inns before we reached Chungking, our destination. The first night was spent at Tai Kong, the next at Hsia Pa Ho, and
the worst was the last night at Pei Ya Miao, about thirty miles south of Chungking. There we spent the night in a low room of a dirty inn, not more than seven by seven feet, and here, no doubt, friend Gordon Smith got his scorpion bite, while I, sleeping on my camp bed in the same room, was not bitten. We had reached Pei Ya Miao about five in the afternoon, still daylight. As it had been raining in the afternoon, the travelling caravans from Chungking going south had reached Pei Ya Miao completing their first stage. The caravans from the south had also reached Pei Ya Miao, for their last night. When we came into Pei Ya Miao, the village street, with its stalls of soup kitchens, was so crowded that we knew at once that there would be no individual quarters to be had, but sleeping quarters for masses only. The crowds consisted mostly of coolies, carrying loads, including those who carried chairs, or Hwa-Kan stretchers. The smaller number of people were those being carried, including officials, soldiers, merchants and travellers like myself, who had to make the best of the situation. High up over the main thoroughfare were shelves of bamboo; these places were there to hold the empty sedan chairs of all travellers coming in for the night. That evening several hundred chairs were stored up there, while the next morning, when my caravan of fifteen left, as we were the last to leave, the shelves were all empty. In spite of the fact that Pei Ya Miao meant the Northern Tooth-Temple, there was no temple there, so at least Gordon Smith was told. If there was a temple, perhaps we might have found better accommodation for the night. (In 1924 while visiting Kandy in Ceylon, I saw there the famous Buddhistic “Tooth of Buddha” Temple.)

As we came nearer to the Yangtsze, life became busier along the highway. Not only coolies and pack animals carrying loads, but also pedestrians were travelling both north and south along the transport road. All the villages and market places were more crowded. The life was particularly active
in market places. My Hwa-Kan could often advance only with
difficulty. Sedan chairs were in evidence everywhere. All
this bustling activity proved that we were nearing Chungking.
We finally reached a high point where there were hundreds of
shops and eating places. At the northern end of this market
street we came upon a marvelous sight. There were seen
there the wide bed of the Upper Yangtsze Kiang on its west-
eastern course, and also the joining large river, which came
from the north, the Chia Ling Ho (Kia Ling River). In 1917
I had crossed this river near its entrance into the Yangtsze and
also up north far off in South-Western Shensi, as well as after-
wards in South-Eastern Kansu. In Kansu, the upper reaches
of the Chia Ling are known as the Pai Shui Kiang, or the White
Water River. Now my attention was drawn to Chungking,
the large city which crowned the hill on the opposite bank of
the great river, the Upper Yangtsze Kiang. Chungking, also
known as Pa Hsien, has a dense population of over 800,000;
and across the river from Chungking, but along the left banks
of the Chia Ling Ho, emerging into the Yangtsze, there was
before my eyes, in the distance, the city of Kiang Pei.

When we advanced along the wide road of stone steps
which led us down into the great river basin, we soon came
to a place where a fine old Banyan Tree with its wide branches
and leaves brought shaded relief to the weary traveller along
this pass. It is this tree which gives this road its name Hwang
Ko Ya, or Yellow-Tree-Pass, by which the Banyan Tree Pass
is meant. At this moment when I saw that Banyan Tree I knew
we were quite near the bungalows and residences where
many a Tai-Pan of Chungking has his abode. I thought
that here, too, must be that residence which I had called a
“Princely Estate”, for there in 1917 I had been so hospitably
received by my friend, Doctor Assmy, who for years had been
the head of the Red-Cross Society in Szechwan. The insignia
of the Red Cross was on my own Hwa-Kan, and I was being
carried, under its protection, to reach the Hospital-base in Chungking.

We came lower and lower until we reached the stony river bed at the wintry low-water mark. The high water mark during the summer floods at Chungking averages at least ninety feet above its winter level. Now my caravan went to the hulk of the Chinese Maritime Customs. Here a large, strongly built sampan was engaged, which quickly carried us across the 'Big River' to one of the approaches of the water gates of Chungking. Chungking is the second largest city in Szechwan, and commercially, the most important of this large Hinterland province with its population of sixty million. Szechwan covers an area of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles. At Chungking we were just half way between Kweiyang City in the south, (i.e. the capital of Kweichow), and Chengtu, the capital of Szechwan in the north-west of the province. I had been in Chengtu in 1917, when there was serious fighting between various military fractions to secure the control of this rich province.

When we landed, my chair bearers carried me up the road of wide stone steps where the water carriers of Chungking, by the thousands, have for ages carried up buckets of river water, to supply the city's daily need. However, this slave-like service of water supply for such a huge town was now to be abandoned, as the new Chungking Water Works, with pumps and reservoir, was just about to be opened. We soon entered the Gate-way on the upper steps of the river embankment and passed through street after street of the old town with its narrow lanes, until we reached the modernized section of Chungking. Through this we now advanced. Here we followed wide automobile-roads and saw fine nice-looking six storied arcade-buildings, where fine business shops are found in great number. All this modern display over fourteen hundred miles up the Yangtsze from Shanghai was a great
surprise to me. Suddenly, while being carried through a wide, busy thoroughfare, we observed the sign of a foreign firm, the Szechwan Trading Company, where Gordon Smith inquired for direction. I did not know at this moment that it was the firm of my old friend Schuchardt, where I also might find Mr. Bahnson of the China Inland Motors. Bahnson had been in Kweichow, and had warned me shortly before I started on this journey of the difficulty of travel through this territory, and also of the bandits there. Soon we arrived at the Polyclinic of Dr. Assmy, but as it was a holiday, the whole clinic was locked up. I insisted on being taken in. The Doctor's assistant, Hwang, was hunted up. When he arrived he put me on the operating table and gave me a most needed first aid after my strenous journey. Gordon Smith communicated with the China Inland Mission at Chungking, which had received telegrams from Kweiyang concerning my condition and my request for the services of Dr. Assmy. Soon it was dark. By this time Smith brought me the news that Dr. Assmy, who was far away on the other side of the river, had made all needed arrangements for me to be put up in the ‘Syracuse in China’ Mission Hospital. I was informed by the attending Nurse, Miss Munsell, that everything was ready for me there. Accompanied by Assistant Hwang, I was now carried on the fine and comfortable hospital stretcher by my coolies to the American Hospital. As I was lifted on the shoulders of men and carried for more than twenty minutes through masses of humanity along the narrow streets in view of the Chia Ling River, beyond which the other town lies, and seeing millions of dim street lights, it seemed to me that I was in a fantastic dream of emerging from death in Kweiyang into all this life of Chungking.

After I reached the ‘Syracuse in China’ and was carried through court-yard after court-yard into—at last—a cheery hospital room, well heated by an open fire and with a pretty Head Nurse dressed in American style to attend me, and
was laid on a comfortable bed, I was captivated by this new life. Doctor Gentry, a very fine and skilful American fellow, soon came and said: "Mr. Fischer, to-night I can’t do any more for you as everything has been done already by Assistant Hwang. Tomorrow, Dr. Assmy, your old friend, and I will have a consultation." The next morning the first words of Dr. Assmy, when he saw me with Dr. Gentry, were of course a most hearty "How do you do", and in addition he gave me also a severe scolding because I had not been cautious and had made him keep the wires busy, because of his fear that in my condition, I could not stand the strain of such a hard journey to Chungking. After the Doctors had looked me over, Dr. Assmy said, that it would be best for me not to remain too long in Chungking, but to be transferred by the quickest means to a larger hospital base. My request that it should be Peking was agreed to. In just over a week the doctors were able to put me on my feet and, while very weak, yet strong enough to use the aero-route, this means of a transportation was decided upon as the best and the fastest to get me on my way to Hankow. This journey I undertook ten days after my arrival in Chungking. While there, I had many visitors. Everybody knew what a journey of hardships I had endured in order to come from Yünnan-Fu through all the western mountainous sections of Kweichow and so also from its capital on the northern route into Szechwan. For three or four days before leaving Chungking I had to try to be carried around town, so as to prove that I would not be too weak for the aeroflight before me. Two China research travellers from Shanghai came to see me in the Hospital. They were the American William Gilman of the "Shanghai Times" and Dr. Orlandini, an Italian Explorer of Venice.

Two days before my big flight eastwards, Dr. Gentry, the Head-Surgeon of the 'Syracuse in China' took me, together with Gilman and Orlandini, for a lengthy automobile trip to
the far outskirts of Chungking along the newly opened auto-
road from the Yangtsze to the capital of this province, Chengtu. This road is over 300 miles long and extends from Chungking through the hilly countryside northwards. My automobile excursion was carried out in order to test my strength and resistance for the air trip. My trip on the automobile-route covered one hundred li going and coming. It was a most pleasing experience to me, indeed not so much I admit for the shaking up, but because I was again on this old over three-hundred-mile-long overland route from Chungking to Chengtu. I had followed this route, or rather the old tramping road, in 1917, starting along the mouth of the Chia Ling Ho and leading northwards via Nei-Kiang (Lui Kiang), from where I had made the side journey into the interesting and fabulously rich brine basin of Tsze-Liu Ching, and subsequently reached Chengtu, the capital of the province. It must be pointed out that Tsze Liu Ching is one of the oldest and largest Salt basins in the world. The new automobile road winds over hills and mountains and along valleys, through many rich district-towns. For two or three decades the Chinese Government has intended to build a railway over this very highway of olden days, but because of the World-War the financing of it became impossible, so nothing has been done in Szechwan to this day, so far as railway construction is concerned. This section was part of the great railway program of the late Sun Yat Sen, the idolized martyr of present-day China. His program was to construct sixty thousand miles of railway extending to the very frontiers of Western and North-Western China. Very little of all this was carried out. However, from my own observation of today's highways and automobile roads through the South-West, and the mileage of these roads already constructed, it seems to me, that Sun Yat Sen's program, if applied to automobile roads, will, when China's political incidents are pacified, equal the mileage of his proposed railway construction. A further
extension of these automobile roads will be of inestimable value to the people of China who live and grow up in the interior and know so little of their country beyond their own horizon. Due to a better system of communication, China is gradually awakening to a larger outlook. This has been brought about partly by the return of students who have been educated abroad and also by the extension of the Chinese Consular service to all parts of the World. But, before the goal can be reached, it is essential that the internal and external strife shall cease in order that the economic position of the country can be fully promoted. It is not within the province of this narrative to go deeply into the question of the military upheavals, which prevailed at the time of this journey, particularly in Kweichow, after the old Governor was hastened out of his province, and in Szechwan where Communistic troubles were widespread. Nor can I now recall the terrible bombardment which happened in Chengtu when I was there in 1917.
CHAPTER XI

RETURNING EAST AND HOMEWARDS.

The time for my departure by aero-flight from Chungking came. That day, as early as six in the morning, Dr. Gentry and Miss Munsell were at my bedside in order to bandage me up for my journey. I was first placed in an ordinary sedan-chair, which was to take me from the hospital to where Dr. Gentry's automobile waited. I was escorted by Messrs. Gilman, Orlandini and Gordon Smith. Dr. Gentry took us through Chungking over the road where once the crenelated wall of this big town had stood with its only land-gate, then the Tai Ping Men, which opened towards the Chengtu overland route. We passed the Chorten, a large Tibetan Monument, which stands on a high city elevation near the completed waterworks of Chungking. We went over the road, which skirts along the crest of hills and in full sight of the bed of the Great River below. At a point, some miles westwards of the city, the automobile stopped. There an open sedan chair with two coolies in front and two in the rear, arranged by Dr. Gentry, awaited us. Into this conveyance I was placed, while the accompanying trio and Dr. Gentry walked down the slope and crossed the foot of the mile-wide dry river bed with its stony obstructions. We ultimately reached the stream. There at anchor was the Amphibian of the China National Aviation Corporation which offered semi-weekly connection with Hankow. Soon a steam-launch from Chungking brought Pilot Vaughn and Mechanic Sharp to the amphibian. When Dr. Gentry introduced me, I said: "Mr. Vaughn, I am a very sick man; may I have seat number three?" The prompt reply was: "No, Mr. Fischer, you will get the best seat in the plane". This gave me a chance during the next seven hours of flight and stops to occupy myself over this journey of almost a thousand miles with the marvelous scenery in the depth
with the view as seen from the air. This wonderful panorama, spreading out before me, caused me to forget my own troubles. For the purpose of my narrative I have divided the distance flown into three main sections. The first stage was from Chungking to the prefectural city of Kweichow in Szechwan. The second section from the city of Kweichow at the western entrance into the famous Gorges, to Ichang in Hupeh; and the last part from the city of Ichang onward the eastern flight through the alluvial plain to Hankow. Ichang is situated at the eastern entrance into the most wonderful scenic barrier, the Yangtsze Gorges, a thousand miles upwards on the Yangtsze River from its mouth at the Yellow Sea. As to Hankow, this is the great industrial center of China, known as the Chicago of China. On our flight we made our first stop of only fifteen minutes at Wan Hsien, in order to take an additional supply of gasoline. Wan Hsien is the third of the leading towns in Szechwan. Here I observed the enormous improvements which had been made in this great commercial center of Wood-Oil trade, since my visit in 1917.

At Ichang, in western Hupeh, we took again a supply of gasoline. At Shasi we made a short stop for passengers and then flew directly to Hankow over the wide alluvial plain of the Lower Yang Tsze Kiang. At our start we flew down alongside Chungking and Kiang-Pei cities as well as along the suburb to the south of the Great River. Soon afterwards we reached and flew over Fuchow in Szechwan, where the turbulent Kun Tan Ho, known in the Province of Kweichow as Wu Kiang, empties into the Upper Yang Tsze Kiang on the right. On our flight we passed a great number of cities along the Great River, and subsequently over the one hundred and fifty miles of the famous Yang Tsze Gorges with their wild rapids and whirlpools. Just before we reached the western end of the wonderful Gorges and before passing the entrance into the Windbox-Gorge, east
of Kweichow City on Szechwan soil, I observed in the fork of the river base the great salt industry carried on by red-coated coolies, who collect the brine which can be secured only during the low water period of the Yang Tsze. It is a historic fact, too, that for ages past, coolies working in this particular industry here have always worn Red-Coats. During high water, this mineral-spring is submerged and all its valuable product flows away with the waters of the Great River. We flew over the Wushan Gorge, which has a length of twenty miles, to the right and left, with mountain palisades on the river passage. Here and elsewhere I observed the wonderful outspread of terraces of cultivated lands, which lead up from the foothills to the crest of the spires of these palisades and mounts. Here, deep in the gorges and on the river, we saw Chinese Junks which, for ages past, have been drawn upstream against the mighty current, through whirlpools and rapids, by hundreds of boat-trackers, ranging from fifty to several hundreds for each vessel, depending on the size and the cargo of the boats.

I also saw steamers, which at that time the Yangtsze Rapid Steamship Company, as well as Butterfields and Jardines have put into service on this most dangerous section of the river. I could not, however, discern the struggles of shipping at the points where the wild Ye Tan Rapid is, nor at the Hsin Tan Rapid, nor other details of this supreme beauty. There were, spread out beneath me over the upper Great River, the surrounding mountainous peaks, and the alluvial plain from Ichang eastwards to Hankow. Before, it took from two to three months by river to make the journey from Shanghai to Chungking over a river distance of fourteen hundred miles. Now, the steamer trip from Shanghai to Chungking can be accomplished on the up river trip in about two weeks, and on the downstream journey in less than ten days, while by aero-service the journey can now be covered in one or two days.
At about four o'clock in the afternoon we passed the Capital of Hupeh, Wuchang, on the right of the Yangtsze, opposite which, on the left bank of the river, we saw the industrial city of Hanyang, east of which and along the confluence of the Han River into the Yangtsze, we were above Hankow City and its settlements as well as its Special Areas. Here our Amphibian descended along the left river bank just after this seven hours' flight; here we tied up and landed. An automobile brought me from here along the Bund to the French Concession of Hankow, where I put up in the Finnie-Hotel. No sooner was I installed there, than I made arrangements for my reservation from Hankow to Peking by the next morning's express. Old friends in the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank, in which institution in Shanghai I had been from 1894 to 1899 as Accountant, gave me their kind assistance, by relieving me of all troubles. They even secured, through their Compradore, the much needed solitary compartment in the train. The distance of seven hundred miles to Peking was covered by this express train in forty five hours. At Shi Chia Chwang, where there is the Shansi Provincial connection from Tai Yuan Fu, in our train came my old friend O. A. Sixt, who in Peking did everything necessary to have me transported to the German Hospital in the Legation Quarter, where Dr. Stickford gave me excellent treatment. After a two weeks' treatment and repose there, I moved on to my home in Tientsin. Here Dr. Junkel for months took me in charge. Ultimately, after many months of lingering, a successful major operation restored me to health. I feel it only due in gratitude to record here, in conclusion, that Major, now Colonel Harold V. Raycroft, of the United States Army Medical Corps, carried the operation out to perfection. This was done in the Italian Hospital of Tientsin, which is in charge of Dr. A. Baldi who was present during this "cut-up"; so also the following medical personages, U.S.A. Majors—now Colonels: Dr. Oscar T. Kirksey, Francis J. Clune and Clarence R. Benney
of the American Army Medical Corps, and Madre Aurelia Piuri with the American Army Nurse, Lieutenant Mary Galli. Dr. Kirksey took me in hand subsequently for many weeks to get me healed up, while the Catholic Religious Sister Maria Carmelita and Sister Hanna Feld nursed me until I had recovered and my health was restored.

FINIS.
An interesting address, illustrated with slides, was delivered before a large Tientsin audience at the Literary Guild of the Union Church on Tuesday, November 19, 1935.

The following is the substance of Mr. Fischer’s address:

“Let me thank you first for having given me the privilege of speaking to you of my recent journey to a very remote section of China, the far North-West, which I might term the culmination of my travels during forty years in all the provinces of this Empire and to the capitals of all of its so-called “Eighteen Provinces”. I have not been to several of those capitals which, in accordance with the present political status of China, have been raised to such importance; for instance, I never had a chance to visit Ninghsiafu. Ninghsia is situated along the Yellow River, opposite the Ordos, half way between Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, and Suiyuan, which latter capital is along the line of the Peking-Paotow-Chen Railway through the Chinese and Inner Mongolian Borderland. Ninghsia is famous for its carpet industry, and was known as such long before Tientsin took the lead in this Chinese industry. Recently we heard of Ninghsia when, on an eight-hundred-mile river journey on goat-skin rafts, a number of missionaries evacuated Kansu.

“It gives me particular pleasure to see in this audience a personality who was born on the very western-most neck of Kansu, at Suchow, where the Great Wall has its western..."
terminus, Mr. Jean B. Splinggaerd. His father, General Splinggaerd, was mentioned for his great services rendered to the well-known German explorer, von Richthofen, who travelled between 1868 to 1872 in 13 of the 18 Provinces of China, and similar mention is made in the accounts of W. W. Rockhill's "Journey through Mongolia and Tibet". Mr. Rockhill was U.S. Ambassador at Peking when the Peace Protocol was signed after the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.

"In speaking of the culmination of my journeys I must say that I started to travel in 1889 when I left Wien, my native city. I came in Spring, 1894, to Shanghai, and was there during five summers. I did not seclude myself in Shanghai. This is proved by the announcement in an 'Express' of the Shanghai Mercury, dated 24th December, 1896, which was sent out by my mess-mates of that time, stating: "E. Fischer and M. Forest, starting this afternoon, for unknown and dangerous parts. . . ." This was when I was starting on a journey to the "Snowy Valley",* which Lord Elgin described in his travel-works of 1860. Another journey to remote parts along the coast of China in the nineties was by "house-boat express", Chinese fashion, overland from Shanghai to Hangchow and from there crossing the Tsien Tang River, to Shaoshing and Yüyao overland to Ningpo. A similar journey, but this time in an automobile, was made by me in company with Miss Viola Smith, in order to get along the new motor highway routes through the four Provinces of Southern Kiangsu, and the heart from East to West of Chekiang and through Kiangsi, as well as through eastern Hupeh until we reached Changsha in December, 1934.

Travel Along the Tibetan Border.

"On my almost year-long trip of over two thousand miles from Shanghai into the Tibetan marches, in 1917, I reached

* West of NINGPO inland, called in Chinese: Hsüeh To Shan.
Tsinghai means the Blue Lake of Kokonor.
A deep water-well in the Mohammedan Quarter of Kokonor’s Capital, Sining-fu.

The author along his cart journey and on a blown-up Goat-bag raft along the Yellow River at Lanchow, in Kansu (on the Tigris, in Iraq, the Author
Ta Tsien Lu, the great trading mart in the Eastern Himalayas, the most-used old route to Lh'asa, over the "Roof of the World;" there are still a thousand miles from Ta Tsien Lu to Lh'asa. This journey was preceded by one toward Tibet, when I reached Darjiling in N.E. India at the end of 1898, from where there are only 250 miles to Lh'asa. And now, being at the third of the gateways to Lh'asa from the North West, there is some 1,200 miles of the most difficult passes imaginable in order to reach Lh'asa. Many explorers have been along this route at Kumbum, but few ever came through to Lh'asa. The accounts which came in print of the French Priests, Huc and Gabet, who went from Mongolia to Lh'asa in 1842 to 1844, are most fascinating. They reached Lh'asa via Kumbum over the northern route, but the Chinese Amban, or Ambassador in Tibet dictated their return to Canton instead of completing their journey to Calcutta. The only white traveller who succeeded in ever getting from Peking to Lh'asa and who afterwards continued to Calcutta, was Brigadier-General George Pereira, to whom I spoke after his return to Shanghai in May 1923.* Pereira succumbed when on his second journey in the Tibetan Borderland in 1923. Sir Francis Younghusband, the renowned leader of the British Forces from Darjiling to Lh'asa in 1904, who himself went from Manchuria via the Karakorum through the heart of Asia to Kashmir, published Pereira's diaries.

"Before concluding these few opening remarks may I be allowed not only to refer to the famous Russian explorer, Prejewalski, who made four journeys via Chinese Turkistan into Kokonor and beyond, but also to what I was told by the Reverend Easton, of the China Inland Mission at Hanchungfu, in the far South West of Shensi Province. He said that he arrived in Siningfu in 1880. There was at that time the Austro-Hungarian Mission of Count Bela von Szechenyi, later

* See additional notes in: Final observations.
Ambassador to Berlin, with the geographer, Consul-General von Kreitner, and Loszy, the Geologue. They were provided with passports by the powerful Viceroy Li Hung-chang, of Tientsin. They were allowed to journey from Sining to Lh’asa, but the Military Governor at Siningfu told these travellers that they would only be permitted to proceed on this route if the most powerful Satrap, the Viceroy of Chili, Li Hung-chang himself, was going to lead them. The route was too infested with brigands to allow him to vouch for their safety, and Szechenyi and his companions were forced to return one thousand miles to Lao Ho Kao, along the middle of the Han River, from where they crossed the heart of China and reached Ta Tsien Lu and Batang but not Lh’asa.

“The pictures of this journey show the nine hundred miles of direct railway route from the China Coast to its only recently opened section to Sianfu, over the Lung-Hai Railway Route. This route starts about 120 miles south of Tsingtao, at Tapu, east of Haichow City, leading first to the crossing of the Peking-Shanghai Railway-line at Hsüchowfu, continuing from here farther westwards via Kaifengfu, the capital of Honan, to Chengchow, where it crosses the Peiping-Hankow Railway. Nearby to the north is the two mile long Yellow River Railway Bridge. The Lunghai line continues on its westward course, reaching, after Chengchow, the old Capital of Lo-Yang, nearby which are found the famous caves of the Lung-Men defile, with its gorgeous cut-stone work, carried out about the Seventh Century A.D. From Loyang the route leads for hundreds of miles along the west-east course of the Hwang Ho, through the Loess territory, until Tungkwan Ting is reached. Here at this natural fortress, fronting the last Yellow River bend from its north-south link towards the east, where the Wei-Ho enters the Hwang Ho, the Province of Shensi is reached, with its nearby point of pilgrimage, the Hwa Shan on the eastern end of the Tsing Ling Shan, which starts at the
The Monolith and its Grand Inscription, inside the main grotto of the Loyang sculptures at the Lung Men, ten miles south of Honan-Fu. The Emperor Che Tsung, of the Wei Dynasty (500-515 a.D.) started these famous sculptures in honor of his father and the Empress Dowager.

From left to right: Mr. Houa Nan-Kwei, Madame Marcelle Roucaud, the author and Chief Engineer Henri Metz.
Pamir Plateau and runs via the Karakorum and the Kuen-Lung chains, along the southern frontiers between Sinkiang and Tibet right into Kansu, Shensi and Honan." The olden Imperial Capital, Sianfu, the present terminus of the Lung-Hai Railway, is then reached.

Through the Heart of Kansu Toward Kokonor.

Mr. Fischer then spoke of his air trip to Lanchow, the capital of Kansu. The route was described with pictures taken over the passes of the Liu Pan Shan 8240 feet a.s.—in a gale, which forced the pilot of the plane to climb to an altitude of 12,000 feet a.s. The barren Kansu mountains with alpine lakes of admirable beauty, and the descent into the cauldron of the mountains which encircle Lanchow Fu, in the midst of which, toward the northern end of the valley, the Hwang-Ho has its wide west-east running bed, showed the difficulty of travel in this part of China. Now new highways have been constructed in order to facilitate transport and travel. At Lanchow there is the steel bridge, which in 1907-1909 was built over the Yellow River as a modern advancement for the thousands of caravans coming and going to and from Sinkiang and into Mongolia, as well as to the Mohammedan pilgrimage through the heart of Asia to Mecca. Engineer Robert Coltman of Tientsin carried out the building of this bridge.

Obtaining permission from Dr. Sun Fo, Minister of the Judicial Yuan in Nanking, a son of Sun Ya-tsen, who happened to be travelling at the same time to Sining, Mr. Fischer was enabled to continue his journey to Sining and Kumbum, situated in the Chinghai, or Kokonor mountains 9000 feet above sea level. There is the most famous Lama-Monastery town at the eastern end of the Nan Shan range and in the vicinity of Lake Kokonor. Here at Kumbum he saw the golden-roofed supreme sanctuary of the yellow sect of Lamas which is the highest
Lamaist order, and which seven centuries ago had been founded by the Saint Tsong Kapa.

When in 1935 the Panchen Lama went to Kumbum, which monastery is said to have a gathering of now 3000 Lama Priests, thousands of far away pilgrims had assembled there from Tibet, Mongolia, Turkistan and China to witness the festivities for the arrival of the Panchen Erdeni Ta Lama. This Lamaist Pontiff of the Tibetan Church has his seat at Ta Shi-Lumpo, near Shigaze in S.W. Tibet.*

At Sining Mr. Fischer was the guest of the Mohammedan Governor, Ma Lin, and General Ma Pu-feng. He related an incident that occurred there which illustrated the generosity and thoughtfulness of his hosts. After being regaled at dinner, the guests were treated to an open air theatrical performance, during the course of which Mr. Fischer was freezing as the altitude of Sining Fu is 7500 above sea level. After a couple of hours of listening to political speeches and theater play in the open air, he went back to his apartment in the Governor's Yamen and tried to sleep under yellow silken bed covers. Someone knocked at his door and when he opened it, he found a representative of the Governor accompanied by a member of Sun Fo's party, who presented him with a Kokonor black sheep fur robe which added considerably to his comfort and pleasure.

* The Panchen, whose title also is Rimpoche and Tashi Lama, while from Kumbum on his way homeward died on January 1938 in Yakundo along the "Roof of the World"; his body awaits yet its reincarnation in a newborn Tibetan Boy, whose body will give new life to this successor to be.
The Westernmost Gate of the Great Wall of China at Cha Yi Kwan near Suchow-Kansu, Chinese passing through the gate throw a stone on the heaps.

Chinese Emigrants en route to the Outer Dominions.

Trucks now used for transport in Western Kansu.
Count Court Marshal at Shing-Fu, in 1935.

Erdene Rimpoché, Photograph taken by
the late Tsetan Ponsin. He, the Panchen
Yellow Tuncis, awaiting the arrival of
Kumbum's Lama Priests in their Festival
FINAL OBSERVATIONS.

Travel has occupied the major portion of my life. I began my travels in 1890, when I went, after a year's residence in Paris, to South-America and resided in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro for almost three years. From there, at the end of 1892, by way of the West Indies, I went to the U.S.A. to visit my folks, all of whom, parents included, had settled in New York. In 1894, I travelled from the U.S.A. to Mexico and crossed the Pacific to Honolulu. I afterwards reached Japan. Subsequently I went to China, and settled in Shanghai. During five summers there, I studied the economic complexities of the Middle Kingdom, making frequent trips along the Grand Canal into Kiangsu and Chekiang, as well as up the mouth of the Yangtsze Kiang to Chinkiang and Nanking. From 1899 onwards I again lived with my family in New York. But in 1906 I returned to China and settled now in Tientsin, yet making from 1907 to 1912 annual visits to Europe and several to the U.S.A., via the Trans-Siberian Railway. There came successively also my journeys into the Interior of China, which covered all the so-called Eighteen Provinces of the Middle Kingdom and the Outer-Territories of China, except Sinkiang, called Chinese Turkistan. It was in 1906, during a military pageant in Chang Teh Fu, in the province of Honan, which the then Viceroy of the Province of Chihli, His Excellency Yuan Shih Kai, held, that I became acquainted with two eminent travellers in China: Dr. G. E. Morrison, and the later Brigadier General George Pereira. General Pereira accomplished in 1923-1924 an unique and magnificent Tibetan overland journey, direct from Peking to Lhasa and Calcutta. A similar attempt was before, in 1844, carried out from Mongolia to Lhasa and, on the way back, to Canton, by the Catholic Priests Huc and Gabet.* The Chinese

Amban, as Representative of the Emperor of China in Lhasa, would not permit the priests to proceed to Calcutta.

Dr. Morrison often conversed with me, in his formerly well-known library in Peking, of his journeys through the historic Eighteen Provinces of China. This experience gave me the ambition to emulate his feat. Only in 1935 was this realized. I had traversed not only the Eighteen Provinces of China under its historic status, but also I had visited all the Provincial capitals.

I am indebted to Major O. J. Todd, former Chief Engineer of the China International Famine Relief Commission in Peking, for his assistance with photographs taken by him for the China International Famine Relief Commission. Also I am gratefully acknowledging these gifts to other friends. Similarly I am indebted for the use of some provincial Maps of China taken from the Postal Atlas, having asked years ago for this from the Director General of Posts of the Ministry of Communications of China.

It is well also to relate here of an auto-journey, the first of its kind, carried out in December 1934, which Miss A. Viola Smith, American Consul and Registrar of the China Trade Act in Shanghai, undertook, when I made observations along the new highway through four provinces, covering from Shanghai the route to Hangchow and to Nanchang as well as to Changsha, the Capital of Hunan, which automobile voyage covered a distance of eight hundred miles going west and was carried out in four days. The return journey, through the Provinces of Hunan and Kiangsi as well as through Chekiang, besides the stretch through Kiangsu till Shanghai was reached again, only took three days. Since that time China has completed thousands of miles of Automobile-roads in all its Provinces, even in Szechwan where before vehicles, on account of the mountainous conditions, were not in use, thereby connecting now with Burma along the South-Western frontier and Soviet Russia
along the north-western Boundaries of Mongolia and Turkistan, by which a new modern approach is opened into China, hitherto unheard of.

In conclusion, thanks is expressed to Mrs. Orin de Motte Walker and Miss Perle Longman, as well as to my sister Miss Ida E. Fischer, who corrected my manuscripts.

This work was completed upon return before Xmas 1940 from Chengte, the Capital of Jehol to where the undersigned went the sixth time to make further observations of the Lamaseries which during the early Manchu-reign had been erected there by Emperors K’ang Hsi and Chien Lung.

EMIL S. FISCHER.
INDEX

DIVIDED IN FOUR SECTIONS:

A = GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX.
B = ECONOMIC INDEX.
C = PERSONAL INDEX.
D = EMPERORS OF THE MANCHU—KNOWN AS THE T'A CHING—DYNASTY.

INDEX "A"

GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX

COMPRISING THE NAMES AS BESPOKEN IN VOLUMES I & II AS WELL AS IN THE ADJOINED SEPARATA.

AD NOTAM:

The names as stated in this work are written as nearly as possible as in common use (like PEKING and not PEI-CHING), or as given by the WADE MANDARIN SYSTEM. Also the POSTAL ATLAS has been used for this purpose, so as to state these names as much as possible by the most used description of the Chinese phonetical spelling. The author has for a long time used the Postal-Maps for his guidance in travel through China, as POSTAL-ROUTES are therein given with the indications of Chinese mileage from place to place. There is also to be found in the Index of the Postal-Atlas the reference of the Longitude and Latitude of City-Names of China. The Director General of Posts of China has last issued a Postal-Atlas in 1933.
Regarding names of Villages, Market-Towns, etc., where no written characters could be ascertained, such as given in this Geographical Index, they are printed such as heard phonetically at the respective locality in the respective local dialect.

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* Footnote:—The Chungking to Rangoon through route by auto was opened in the later part of 1939. One of the first travellers by auto was the American Ambassador, Mr. Nelson T. Johnson who left Chungking for New York via the new Yünnan-Burma Route. There is a distance from Chungking via Kweiyang to Kunming of about a thousand miles plus from Kunming to the Western Yünnan Border 600 miles, then from this Border to Lashio and Rangoon there are about 500 miles of distance. It took Ambassador Johnson twelve days daytime travel to get from Chungking over the new highway to Rangoon, from where the Ambassador flew to Marseilles.
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SINITIC LANGUAGES, "a name used for the group of languages spoken "by races inhabiting Indo-China and West China. It was suggested "by Captain C. J. Forbes and adopted by Major H. R. Davies. "Davies divided them in four families (I) MON KHMER; "(II) SHAN; (III) CHINESE; (IV) TIBETO-BURMAN. "All languages of Yunnan and W. Szechwan are grouped under "these four titles. Other names used for this whole group are: "HIMALAIC, INDO - CHINESE, POLITONIC and "MONOSYLLABIC".

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Tin mining and smelters at Ko Kiu Chang, also written Ko Chiu Chang, near Mengtsz in Yunnan; one fifth of the World's Tin production is shipped by rail from Pi Shih Chai to Haiphong and loaded there mostly to America 200, 201, 220

Tonkin (Tongking)’s Railway connecting with the French—built Yunnan Railway and by auto—highway feeders from stations into Kweichow and to North Eastern, as well as to Western and North Western parts of Yunnan, to the Yang Tsze Kiang along its Szechwan flow 187, 189, 193, 194, 197, 198, 199, 200, 203, 205

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Transportation point by Chinese overland methods from Yi Liang along the Northern point of the Yunnan Railway (before turning west into the Yunnan Fu Basin). The Railway brings the cases and packages from the disembarking harbour, as they arrive in over-sea ships at Haiphong along the Gulf of Tonkin, straight to Yi Liang from where, in large caravans, in great part on animals backs the goods are transported over hundreds of miles for distribution as far as Kweiyang and even Chungking, also towards the North-western regions of Yunnan, besides to Suifu where the Min River joins the Gold Sand River (Yang Tsze Kiang) 203
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TRIBAL PEOPLE of Non-Chinese origin, as found particularly along the frontiers of the South-West and in the Central West, as well as in the North West of China and all over the Yünnan and Kweichow Provinces 91, 176, 184, 186, 188, 189, 192, 193, 201, 202, 235, 236, 237, 239, 240, 241, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 256

TRIBAL PEOPLE of varied origin and race found over Kwangsi, Yünnan, Kweichow and Szechwan, besides in North Western China and south in Indo-China. (See Preceeding).

TRIBESMEN. Among them are a great number of variations of races and individual names, such as Tibetans, Hsi-Fan, Lolo, Theo, No Su, Miao Tsze, Chung Chia, Miao Chia, I Chia, Hei Miao, Hua Miao, Pai Miao, Shan, Tai, To, Lao, Moso, Min Chia, Ka Chin, Palaung, Li So, etcetera, etcetera 66

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WAN HSIEN, third richest town of Szechwan where the main market & shipping of Wood Oil takes place along the Yang Tsze 24, 25, 26, 29

WAX-TREE (LA SHU) and Wax products as derived from an insect which is bred in the Chien Chang (Kienchang) Valley in the Eastern Himalaya Mountain surrounded section of Western Szechwan. These insects are carried from there into the valleys around Mount O’mei where greater sun-heat develops the breeding of the insect-eggs; their worms produce the white wax on this La-Shu, which is a tree of the Ash-variety. The production, in years of a good “WAX HARVEST”, is as much as 13 Million pounds of White Wax, brought on the market in Western China; in great part this wax is used for candle-making. Similar production of White wax the author has observed along the frontier section of Western Chekiang when travelling by auto overland from Shanghai to Changsha (Capital of Hunan) 68, 93

WATER BUFFALO used extensively in Szechwan, as well as in Indo-China and South China for ploughing of muddy rice paddy fields; also in great quantities these Water Buffaloes are taken in use for the great extension of Salt production, around Tsze Liu Ching in Western Szechwan, i.e. for their animal strength to lift out of wells, around enormous drums, the brine contained in bamboo tubes, which are lifted with Bamboo ropes from a depth of over 2000 feet. (These animals which are used for the brine-lift, must get their daily bath. Water buffaloes disappear north of the Mountain divide of Szechwan) 44, 49, 115

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WOOD OIL TREE—the TUNG SHU, its planting, its blooming, their leaves, and fruit gathering; extensively found in Szechwan and Kweichow and along the borders of South Western Shensi. Also the author has seen, in the mountainous western section of the Province of Chekiang, great expanses planted with Wood Oil trees and he remembers that during his Shanghai time (1894-1899) the WOOD OIL PRODUCT in Shanghai was generally designated NINGPO VARNISH. Ningpo is one of the Five first opened Treaty Ports of China in 1842 and is the main shipping-point of products to and from the Province of Chekiang 16, 29, 35, 44, 50, 113, 230, 276
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YUNNAN the link between India and the Yangtsze 206

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YUNNAN FU now called Kun Ming, Capital of the Province of Yünnan, situated about 6,200 feet above sea-level in an outspread valley surrounded by mountains rising up several thousands of feet above the basin of this fertile valley, in the southern part of which there is the wide lake, known as Kung Yang Hai, with junks and shipping of great volume. The climate of the Capital is mild and health-giving 200, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207

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AMERICAN ASIATIC SOCIETY of New York, founded by the late John Ford who was the Secretary for a score of years; the author of this work: "Travels through China", soon after the foundation of this Society, joined it in New York and is still a member.

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AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY of New York (of which the Author is a fellow). see List of previous Publications of the Author.

AMERICAN GIRLS SCHOOL 133

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ANGIER, A. Gorton of the London and China Express 121

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CONSULATE GENERAL, Shanghai II 92

AMERICAN METHODIST MISSION, visited in Szechwan 50

ASIA, Magazine of New York, founded in 1917 by Willard Straight 253, 261

ASSMY, Surgeon, arrived during the 1900 Boxer Relief with the German Army in Peking; made later a journey into the Tibetan Marches and toward the Gulf of Bengal; was President of the Chinese Red Cross in Szechwan during the Great War; founder of the Polyclinic of Chungking, where he resided, 36, 42, 216, 269, 271, 272
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CAUDRON, R. H., Postal Commissioner of Yunnan at Kun Ming at the time 207

CHANG CHI TUNG, Powerful Satrap of the lower Yangtsze, Viceroy of Hunan and Hupeh, who founded in the nineties a Cotton Mill with one million spindles in Eastern China and other big industrial establishments, among which were the Han-Yang Steel, Powder and Rifle works opposite the Han River of Hankow; his Vice-regal seat was at the Hupeh Capital, Wuchang on the right bank of the Yang Tsze Kiang, opposite to Hankow and Hanyang 166

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CHANG PEI-LEH, Commissioner of the Chinese Maritime Customs, at Nanning Fu, the Capital of Kwangsi 192

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CHENG TE, Ming Emperor 164

CHINA BRANCH (or North China Branch) of the Royal Asiatic Society in Shanghai, which the author of “TRAVELS IN CHINA” E. S. F. joined in Spring, 1894. (see previous publications of E.S.F.)

CHINA INLAND MISSION, where Emil S. Fischer made visits at many stations in the western provinces, having been received everywhere most hospitably, and when broken down and almost about to die during a journey, he was operated on by the Mission Dr. E. S. Fish in Kweiyang, the Capital of Kweichow, and was sent under the escort of Missionary Gordon Smith, right after the serious operation, to Chungking, the next Hospital base, or a distance of 350 miles in 1933, 30, 106, 117, 127, 133, 228, 256, 257, 261, 271, 285

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CHOW HSI-CHENG, Governor of Kweichow, who instituted throughout Kweichow Province, the automobile roads through this very mountainous section of South-Western China 248, 249, 253, 261

CHOW Tszu Chi, see above re Prince Ching; First Secretary of the Wai Chiao Pu or Foreign Office, Governor of Shantung Province, Minister of Finance, also of Commerce and Agriculture.

CLARKE, Samuel R., author of "Among the Tribes of South West China" 240

CLEMENTS, Mr. A. J., Commissioner of the Salt Gabelle of China, formerly of Ta Tsien Lu in the Tibetan Marches 81, 82

CLUNE, Colonel Dr. Francis J., of the U.S. Army Medical Corps, stationed with the U.S. 15th Infantry in Tientsin, China 278

COLTMAN, Robert, Bridge Engineer, who completed the construction of the bridge over the Yellow River at the Capital of Kansu, west of Lanchow, where the old transport road leads into Sinkiang and over the Pamirs towards Asia Minor 289

COMBE, G. A., H.B.M. Consul in China, author of "A Tibetan on China" 80

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Tai Ping Rebels. Li Hung Chang was the Ambassador of China at the Peace Conference at Shimoneseki in Japan, to conclude peace after the Sino-Japanese War of 1894/95, at which conference he was attacked and wounded by a Japanese fanatic and survived. He was the Representative of the Crown of China at the Coronation of the last Czar of Russia in Moscow and he visited on his journey the Heads of European Governments and the President of the U.S.A. 117, 286

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</table>

Emperor Kwang Hsü was succeeded by Emperor Hsüan Tung whose reign ended with the abdication of the T'a Ching Dynasty in February 1912, when the New Republic of China became established. Emperor Hsüan Tung thereupon became Mr. Pu Yi and retired later from the Forbidden City in Peking to Tientsin. Subsequent to the events of September 18/19, 1931 in Mukden, Pu Yi went to Manchuria and was there proclaimed Emperor Kang Te of Manchou-Kuo.

THE MING DYNASTY which had preceded the Manchu Dynasty, has had its rule from 1368 to 1644, and was known as the T'A MING DYNASTY. As to the individual rulers of the Ming and also of the preceding Dynasties of China, the work of S. W. BUSHELL, C.M.G., B.Sc., M.D., Volume I. on “Chinese Art” gives complete details, also other such reference works. No previous Dynastic names nor individual Potentates were incorporated in Index “D”.

SOME PREVIOUS PUBLICATIONS.
BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Monnaies et Métaux Précieux en Chine, Shanghai, 1898.

Through the Silk and Tea Districts of Kiangnan and Chekiang.
(Bulletin American Geographical Society, New York, Vo. XXXII 1900.)


Overland from the Far East to Europe.—The Trans-Siberian Route (1908.)

Trip into Anhui, (Province of China), (1909.)

The Guide to Peking, written under his nom-de-plume: Fei-Shi, (1909.)

The Guide to Peking, revised and improved (1923.)

The Sacred Wu Tai Shan, (overland from Tai Yuan to Tatung) in Journal LIV. 1923 of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society and at Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., Shanghai 1925.

Travels through Japan, Korea and China, (1925.)

A visit to the Desecrated Eastern Mausolea of the Taching Dynasty in 1929, (Printed in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, China Branch LXI—1930.)

Tai Miao, a description of the Supreme Hall of Sacrifices of the Forbidden City (1933 in the Journal N.C.H.B.R.A.S.)

From Shanghai to Changsha, Capital of Hunan Province (1934), By Auto.

The Toyo Bunko or the Oriental Library of Japan (1934.)

Oriental Culture Academy, the Toho Bunka in Tokio (1936.)

The Sacred Omei Shan, (Tibetan Mountain Pilgrimage in the Eastern Himalayas of China), (1937.)

Emil S. Fischer’s Seventh Tour Round the World, (1936.)

IN ADDITION THERE TO ARE NUMEROUS GEOGRAPHICAL REPORTS, WRITTEN TO THE AUSTRIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF VIENNA-AUSTRIA AS CORRESPONDING MEMBER.
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

have appeared

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTIONS ON THE CAPITAL

of

JEHOL

in the

SHANGHAI ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY TIMES

in 1936 “Souvenir of the Sights of Jehol.”
in 1937 “Jehol, the Summer Residence of the Manchu Emperors.”
in 1938 “About Jehol, the City of Emperors”.
in 1939 “Jehol’s Palaces and Temples” re-visited.

The “SHANGHAI TIMES” also printed an extract of:

“Lecture on Jehol with its Tibeto-Chinese Architecture.”

about which E.S.F. held a lecture with stereopticon views before the NORTH CHINA BRANCH ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY in SHANGHAI on November 30th, 1939. In the annual Journal of this Society for the year 1940, an Essay with illustrations is to appear, in support of the lecture there held to cover the observations before stated, as a record in the Society’s Journal.

With reference thereto and relating to Jehol’s Capital, there is facing the end-page of “Travels in China” by E.S.F., here reproduced a picture taken by the U.S. Colonel C. C. Demmer, of the U.S. Medical Corps during the annual Lamaist Festivals two weeks after the Lunar New Year in 1937, when this snap-shot showed the Demon or Ghost walking in the large procession towards the T’A FO SI LAMASERY during the “MONLOM” or “GREAT PRAYER” celebration. This festival closed the Lunar New-Year of the Lama Yellow Church which together with the artist photographer were witnessed by Colonel J. P. Lake of the U.S.A. and E.S.F. The Yenching University 1940 Journal Vol. III, No. 1 gives further information about the Lamaist Festival called “MONLOM” as described by M. J. Griebenow, who for years was a resident of Labrang where the Lama Monastery along the Kansu-Amdo frontier is, (see also picture page 90.)