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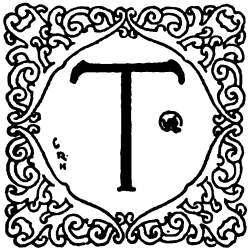
NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 1.

AN AMERICAN IN TIBET.

AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



TIBET, separated as it is from India and China by the highest range of mountains in the world, and from Mongolia by broad and desert steppes the altitude of which renders them uninhabitable for man, has naturally remained the most inaccessible and least known country of Asia. But besides these natural barriers, the ignorance of the people; the monopolist tendencies of the sacerdotal class, the Lamas; the jealous apprehension of Tibet's real masters, the Chinese, that foreign influence and trade may displace them — these are obstacles no less serious to overcome before foreigners can enter the country.

A learned French missionary who for thirty years has been living on the Tibetan borderland, writing some years ago of Tibet, said :

What is known of the great plateau which stretches out from the valley of the Tsang-po to the Kuen-lun range? The same may be asked of the form of government, the civil and military organization, the rights of ownership, the civil and religious condition of the people, their virtues and vices, their morals and their customs. Who can speak of the geology, the mineralogy, the mines of Tibet? What is the value of its commerce, both domestic and foreign?

Instead of applying themselves to throw some light on these and many other questions, people generally, and even *savants*, have only this to say: Tibet is the poorest country in the world; it has nothing to sell, there is nothing to be gotten out of it. A convenient answer, in truth, but one which only proves that Tibet is a perfect *terra incognita*. A big volume might be written on what we do not know about Tibet; and if such a book was ever written and had the good fortune to be read, it would dispel many of our illusions.

Thus said Abbé Desgodins in 1881, and ten years have added but little to our knowledge.

Of the many attempts made within the last fifty years to penetrate Tibet none have been really successful save that of Huc in 1845, whose charming work has but little scientific or geographical value. Other travelers have gone as far as Bat'ang, on the high road between China and Lh'asa, but have invariably been stopped at that point. Prjevalsky's explorations never extended to Tibet proper, unless we apply that name to the desert and uninhabitable tablelands on the north of that country.

In northeastern Tibet foreign travelers had not been more successful. In 1884-85 Colonel Prjevalsky, with an escort of fourteen Cossacks and sixty-five camels, was unable to enter it, and a few years previously Count Szechenyi and his expedition had not been allowed by the Chinese authorities to advance in this direction.

Of the great value of exploration in this part of the country it may be noted that Prjevalsky in his last work speaks of it as among the *spolia opima* of future travelers, and it is said that Stanley was so alive to it that he expressed at one time a strong desire to attempt a journey there.

Besides the attraction which travelers would naturally feel for an entirely unexplored region, this one was known, from Chinese sources, to present many features of peculiar interest. A primitive political organization; nomadic tribes, among them the Golok, the most lawless and most feared throughout the country; old and quaint customs which had disappeared from the more civilized parts of Tibet — all pointed to it as showing Tibetan culture in its early and primitive form. It was said to be a well-watered land, traversed by a number of important rivers, presenting many varieties of climate and vegetation, rich in mineral wealth, and the habitat of a great variety of wild animals, many of them unknown to naturalists.

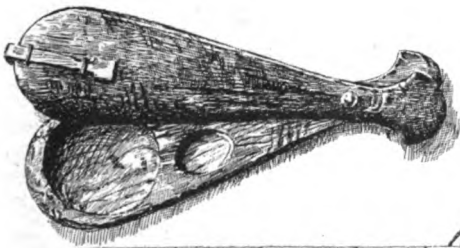
For years I had wished to visit Tibet, especially this part of it. From the time I was a boy I was much interested in Tibetan Buddhism, and I early acquired a fairly good knowledge of the literary language. So when, in 1884, I was attached to the United States Legation in Peking, it seemed as though I might be able to carry out my plans of exploration if I could learn the spoken language, a knowledge of which, from the first, I held to be an absolute requisite for success. No foreigner spoke the language, and none of the natives whom I first met would consent to teach me, being suspicious of the use I might make of my learning. I finally gained the friendship of an intelligent Lama from Lh'asa, and with him for the next four years I studied Tibetan, giving also much of my time to the study of Chinese.

In the autumn of 1888, having resigned my position in the diplomatic service, I started on my travels to this strange land.

My whole journey from Peking through Tibet to Shanghai occupied nine months. From where I left the Ts'aidam till I reached Ta-chien-lu had never before been trodden by a white man. All this country I was able to survey, besides correcting some errors of previous travelers in the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam, and adding something to our knowledge of those little-known regions.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THROUGH NORTHERN CHINA TO THE KOKO-NOR.



Tibet was. "No," he answered; "but it makes no difference. I'll do what I said."

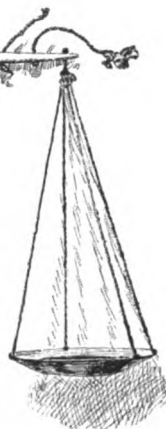
What better illustration could I give of the ignorance in which we are concerning Tibet? The minister of the United States to China did not know that it was an integral part of the empire to the court of which he was accredited!

Seeing that there was no possibility of my retaining my connection with our legation and accomplishing the work of exploration on which I had set my heart years ago, I resigned my post, and in the latter part of 1888 was ready for the journey which would take me through Northern China, the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam countries, and thence whitherward, as Carlyle would say, but certainly into some part of Tibet; and so long as it was an inhabited one, it mattered little: it would be unexplored, and could not fail to prove interesting.

Travel in Northern China is accomplished in a cart, a mule litter, or the saddle. The first method is the most uncomfortable but the most rapid, the second the most comfortable but the slowest, the third the most independent but the most uncertain. The cart used



ONE day in 1886, while I was secretary of the United States Legation at Peking, I took to the minister a despatch for the Secretary of State, requesting him to indorse it favorably. It was to ask for an eight months' leave of absence, without pay, to travel in Western China and Tibet. The minister read it over, and turning to me said: "I cannot give my approval to this. If you absent yourself from the legation I must have some one to take your place and do your work. But I tell you what I will do: since you are so anxious to see Tibet, I will use all my influence at Washington to have you appointed minister resident and consul-general there." I timidly asked him if he knew where



SILVER SCALES AND CASE.



THE COURTYARD OF AN INN.

in Northern China has two heavy wheels, with wooden axle, no springs, and a body about four feet long and three broad, over which is a light framework top covered with blue cotton. Two mules driven tandem by a carter seated on the left shaft take it along at a rate of about three miles an hour, and one can make in it an average of thirty-five miles a day, even over the roughest country. It will carry about three hundred pounds of goods, and one or even two passengers; and the tighter one is squeezed in the more comfortable it will prove, for that, and that alone, will be a protection from the terrible jolting over the rough country roads. It is told in some old book of travel, in the narrative of the mission of Lord Amherst to the court of Peking, if I remember rightly, that one of his attendants died from the effects of the jolting he received during a short journey in one of these carts. But this mode of travel being the most rapid, I adopted it. Several years of experience of cart travel in China had made me bold, so that I did not fear the fate which had overtaken the Amherst mission man. Comfortably wrapped in my wadded Chinese clothes, I squeezed myself into my cart, feeling like a delicate piece of china ware packed in cotton, and after a hearty farewell to the friends with whom I was staying at Peking, the carters cracked their whips, and with a shout to the mules we were off.

I had made a contract with a cart firm to supply me with two carts to take me to Lan-chou Fu, the capital of Kan-su, a distance of over thirteen hundred miles, in thirty-four days. For every day over the stipulated time I was to receive two ounces of silver (two taels), and for every day gained on the schedule time I was to pay them a bonus of the same amount. This arrangement worked perfectly. I experienced no delays on the route, and reached my destination two days ahead of time.

One of the most troublesome questions to contend with in traveling in China is that of money. As is well known, the Chinese have no other currency than the copper cash, about fifteen hundred of which are worth at Peking a Chinese ounce of pure silver, called by foreigners a "tael of sycee." Silver is naturally used in commercial transactions, but as bullion only, and by weight, so every one has to have a set of small scales. The inconvenience that this weighing entails would be comparatively small were all the scales throughout the empire uniform, but such is not the case. They differ considerably from one town to another, and even in the same locality. Thus at Peking there is a government standard, a maritime customs standard, and a commercial standard. The same diversity is found over all the empire, and the consequent complications and even serious loss in exchange are a continual

vexation. Nor is it possible to escape this loss by carrying copper cash with one; for, putting aside their excessive weight, there is not even a standard cash in China. Those used at T'ien-tsin are not used at Peking; those at Peking are not current, except at a discount, at T'ai-yuan. Here I bought a very debased kind of cash, giving one "large cash" for four of them; a hundred miles farther south these small cash were at par, and even, in a few cases, at a slight premium over the intrinsically more valuable large one.

One would be inclined to think that the Chinese, a clever and profoundly commercial people, would remedy this state of things by having a single standard for cash throughout the empire, and dispose of the silver question by following in the wake of all civilized and even barbarous races in adopting a silver currency. The reason for not doing so is at once found in the profit which officials and brokers find in the existence of these various standards. Take, for example, the case of a governor of a province remitting silver to Peking. He levies the taxes, or the special tax, according to a certain standard of weight obtaining in his jurisdiction, but he has to remit it to Peking according to the standard adopted by the Treasury (*Hu-pu*); the difference — and it is often a very considerable one — will usually be found to be to the credit of the governor, and goes to improve his rather inadequate salary. Such cases could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but the above suffices to show that those who could bring about the change are not, and probably never will be, disposed to advocate it. While on the question of the Chinese monetary system it is in order to note that the Mongols, Tibetans, and Turkestanese have never consented to use the Chinese copper cash, although it is the standard money of the realm. The first-named people use silver ingots or brick tea, the others have a silver currency of their own, of which I shall speak farther on.

I took with me about sixty pounds of silver *shoes*¹ and twenty ounces of gold sewed in my clothes, besides a small assortment of articles for trading and presents. The importance of making suitable presents to persons whose assistance or friendship one may have to seek cannot be too carefully considered when traveling in China and Central Asia. They need not be of such a valuable nature that one's conscience feels troubled with the thought that one has resorted to bribery; but their effect on the official mind is very marked, and

on two or three occasions, when great difficulties sprang up in my way, I had proof of their mollifying effect when bestowed, with suitable compliments, in the right quarter.

In the first stage of my journey, which took me across the western border of Northern China to the Koko-nor country, I was accompanied by one Chinese servant, a young rascal who prior to this had made a journey with Lieutenant Younghusband of the British army through Mongolia and Turkestan and thence across the Mustagh pass to India. He was of scanty assistance to me, as I lived on what food I could purchase at the inns, and, speaking Chinese myself, I did not require his services as interpreter, in which capacity he may have rendered some aid to his former master, although the "pigeon English" jargon he spoke would have required more study to understand than the most difficult dialect in China.

The route we followed between Peking and Hsi-an Fu is the great highway and artery of commerce between northeastern, central, and southwestern China, and travel over it presents no hardships: every few miles along the road one passes inns and eating-houses, and large towns are met with daily.

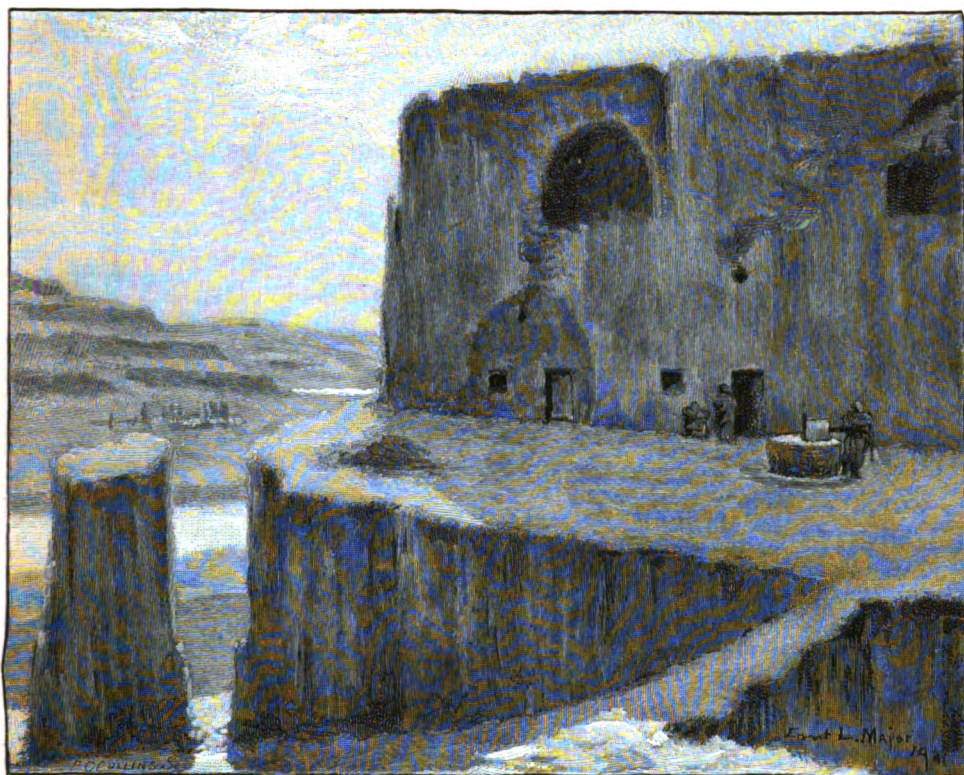
For the first three days I traveled through the fertile plain which stretches over the greater part of the province of Chih-li, stopping only a few hours for meals and to rest in the big straggling villages which line the way, taking advantage of the bright moonlight to push on as fast as possible to Pao-ting, the capital of the province. I found it at first somewhat difficult to accustom myself to the Chinese mode of starting in the middle of the night, — or rather as soon as the moon rises, — but after a few days I recognized the advantage of doing so, for the next stage is reached early and there are good rooms and meals to be had; while if, as most foreigners do, one leaves only at daylight, one arrives at the inn too late to get even a tolerable room and bad food. The invariable rule with Chinese travelers is to leave early without eating; after four hours' going they stop for two hours to breakfast and to feed the teams, then on again till about three in the afternoon, when the stage is reached.

Every one we passed in the night our drivers insisted were brigands, and they asked me to keep my revolver handy. To judge from the number of watch-houses and patrolmen we saw, their fears did not seem ill founded, but we were never molested. Brigandage is a popular winter occupation in Northern China; not of the "stand and deliver" or "hands up" kind, but of the sneak thief in rags and tatters and armed with a pike or old sword description. Even in the immediate vicinity of Peking, and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of

¹ Thus called by Europeans on account of the shape of the ingots, which resemble a Chinese shoe or boat (in Dutch *schuyt*). The Chinese call those weighing fifty taels *yuan-pao*, which word becomes in Turkestan and Tibet *yambu*.

the high officials and the frequent executions, highway robbery and brigandage break out afresh every year. Poverty pushes the peasants in many cases to adopt this means of livelihood, which must present great difficulties in such a

portion of the room raised about two feet and a half above the floor. It is about six feet broad and is covered with coarse mats; the interior is hollow and receives heat from a fire built in it through a hole on the outside, or in



CAVE-DWELLINGS IN LOESS COUNTRY (FEN HO VALLEY).

thickly inhabited country with no Sherwood forests to retire to.

Pao-ting Fu is a densely populated town and an important commercial center, but it does not give one the impression of a large city, especially as the suburbs are not very extensive. The shops, though small, are well stocked with every kind of goods, both domestic and foreign, the latter being brought from T'ien-tsin by boat.

I staid at Pao-ting only a night and hurried on towards T'ai-yuan, the capital of Shan-hsi, some two hundred miles to the west. Our road at first lay through a level country, densely populated, and with every spot of arable soil under cultivation. At this season of the year (late December) it was, however, painfully bare; every blade of dry grass had been carefully scraped up to supply fuel to the *k'ang*.

The *k'ang* is such an important feature in the domestic economy of Northern China that it merits a few words of description. It is a

the front when coal is used. The heat of the fire rapidly warms the whole structure, and as very little draft is required for the small fire built under it,—generally a bundle of straw,—the *k'ang* remains warm for a considerable length of time. On it the family sit in the daytime and sleep at night, and, thanks to the genial heat which radiates from it, they do not require more than a light coverlet during the coldest nights; when one side gets cold they only have to turn over and warm it. This, however, is precisely what foreigners cannot get used to in the *k'ang*, one side roasting and the other freezing and no possibility of striking the happy medium. In parts of Kan-su the *k'ang* is nothing more than a big wooden box without any hole communicating with the outside air. In it is put a lot of dry powdered manure with a few live coals; this smolders for hours and warms the upper planks thoroughly, without any danger of breaking into a flame and igniting them.

Some sixty-five miles to the west of Pao-ting we left the plain and entered a hilly region chiefly interesting on account of its coal measures and the deposits of loess which cover it. Loess is a yellowish earth, extremely porous, not require to be manured, and three thousand years of cultivation of the Shan-hsi and Shen-hsi loess has not exhausted it in the least. Loess beds, where they are compact and have a vertical face, are used by the people to make



PILGRIM ON THE ROAD TO LH'ASA.

and when dry easily reduced to an impalpable powder. One of its peculiar features is the perpendicular splitting of its mass under the action of the rains, forming chasms or *arroyos*, many of which are hundreds of feet deep. Its porosity has also the effect of rendering it highly suitable for cultivation as long as the subsoil is sufficiently wet to supply moisture to the roots of the plants by the tubes of the loess. Furthermore, crops planted in the loess do

cave habitations. These dwellings are frequently lined with brick, have an arched ceiling, and are sometimes two storied. The front is formed of brick, or else a sufficient thickness of loess is left to take the place of a wall. These houses are warm in winter and cool in summer, and naturally require no repairing. I once asked an inn-keeper who lived in one of them if these cave-dwellings had any particular name to distinguish them from ordinary houses. He

answered in the negative, but said they are known as houses which stand a myriad years.

Baron von Richthofen was the first geologist to propound the theory, now universally adopted, that the loess of China owes its origin to the action of wind sweeping over the treeless steppes of Central Asia, removing the sand and dust eastward, the latter finally settling in the grass-covered districts of North-western China, the Koko-nor, and even Eastern Tibet. New vegetation was at once nourished, while its roots were raised by the constantly arriving deposit; the decay of old roots produced the lime-lined canals which impart to this material its peculiar characteristics.¹

Through these loess beds I traveled with but few interruptions until I left China proper to enter the Koko-nor region, a distance of about 1200 miles. Generally speaking the traveling was most uninteresting, for the roads lay at the bottom of deep cuts and all view of the surrounding country was hidden from us.

Between Pao-ting and T'ai-yuan we passed through a number of towns, but they presented absolutely no feature of interest, nor, for that matter, do any towns I have visited in Northern China; in all are found the same tumble-down official buildings, the same small dark shops on crowded narrow streets, the same mangy dogs and lank pigs. The people differ only slightly in their language, and in some peculiarity of dress; never, however, in their longing to make the most out of you they can.

We reached T'ai-yuan Fu on the seventh day after leaving Pao-ting. It is a rather small city, its walls being about two and a half miles long by a mile and three-quarters broad, but the ground within them is closely built over, and the excellence of the houses and the general cleanliness bear witness to the well-known prosperity of its inhabitants. The people of the province of Shan-hsi, and of its capital T'ai-yuan especially, are famous throughout China as bankers, traders, and merchants. The largest banking-houses at Peking, T'ientsin, Hsi-an, and even farther north, are kept by Shan-hsi men, and traders from this province may be found all over Mongolia, at Tachien-lu on the Tibetan border, and in many other localities farther west.

The province produces little for exportation save iron and salt, and the northern portion of it is decidedly poor. There the people live principally on potatoes, which they boil and eat without so much as a little salt. In the central and southern parts cabbages, wheat bread, vermicelli, pork, and mutton constitute their food.

¹ See Richthofen's "China," Vol. I., p. 74, and Wells Williams, "Middle Kingdom," Second Edition, Vol. I., p. 303.

To the foreign traveler perhaps the most interesting spot in Shan-hsi is the great Buddhist sanctuary of Wu-t'ai shan, "The Five Table-mountains," a few days' journey north of the capital. In 1887 I visited this place and found it quite as attractive as it had been pictured to me by natives who had lived there. On a low hill in a narrow valley surrounded by high peaks, on one at least of which lies perpetual snow, and down which flows a clear mountain brook, stands a Buddhist sanctuary sacred to Wen-shu P'usa, the Indian Manjusri. From afar its bright green-tiled roof, on which rise golden spires, its red walls, and the dark evergreens growing around it, attract the eye. Near this most sacred shrine, but lower down the hill, are other temples, in one of which rises a great white pagoda with golden spire. Under this monument are said to be body relics of the Buddha Sakyamuni, brought there in the first century of our era by the Indian missionary who introduced Buddhism into China. In another of the temples there stands a chapel some thirty feet square and over fifty feet high, entirely made of the finest bronze exquisitely chased and once gilded. Near by are large incense-burners in form like the familiar Chinese pagodas, but all of bronze covered with the most beautiful designs. These are gifts of some of China's emperors. Most of the temples have been built through their munificence, and the numerous priests who inhabit the houses which surround them are in receipt of salaries in money and food from the government. The interiors of the temples are most gorgeous. Images of the gods, of all sizes and made of different materials,—gold, silver, bronze, and clay,—smile, frown, or make hideous faces at one from every side, while the altars before them are covered with offerings of fruit, confectionery, and bowls of clear water, the darkness made bright by innumerable little brass lamps filled with butter and arranged in rows along the altar edge. In one temple I saw a number of large cloisonné incense-burners dating from the seventeenth century, exquisite in color and design. In another were stored all the divers implements used in church worship,—drums, conch shells, trumpets (some eight feet long and in shape like the alpine horn),—and on shelves arranged along the walls were copies of the sacred books, in Tibetan and Mongol, written in gold and most wonderfully illuminated. A little lower down the hill, in one of the temples, I was shown a footprint of the Buddha, one foot six inches long and six inches broad.

The priests who live here number about five thousand and are mostly Tibetans and Mongols, and the form of worship is the Lama-

ist or that prevailing in Tibet. There are sixty-five temples or shrines in the valley, and it is said that there used to be three hundred and sixty, so that a man could perform his devotions at a different one nearly every day of the year.

The name of this most sacred place, "Five Table-mountains," is due to there being round about it five high peaks with level tops. The highest one, called the Northern Peak, is 10,050 feet high, and in clear weather one can see the China Sea from it — at least, so it is said; but when I was on it, in the middle of October, I could not see two hundred yards away, on account of the heavy snow which was falling.

The Wu-t'ai shan is visited yearly by tens of thousands of Mongols and by many Tibetans. It is no uncommon sight, when traveling over one of the roads leading there, to see devout Mongols journeying thither on foot and making a full-length prostration every two steps, measuring the whole distance with their bodies. Months are frequently taken in performing this highly meritorious deed, for three or four miles a day when gone over in this fashion are enough to exhaust the strongest man. This reminds me that one day when traveling through Ssu-ch'uan, over the mountains between Ta-chien-lu and Ya-chou, I met a *ho-shang*, a Chinese Buddhist priest, from the famous P'u-t'o shan convent in the Chusan Archipelago, not far from Ning-po. He was on his way to Lh'asa, and was making a prostration every two steps. He had traveled about 1600 miles in four years, making these prostrations all the way. He carried in his hands a little altar on which burned some joss-sticks, and this he placed before him, in the supposed direction of Lh'asa, before making his prostration. He was very cheerful, and told me that he hoped to be able to reach Lh'asa in about two years, as he had only some 1100 miles more to cover. He carried with him certificates from abbots of different temples where he had rested his wearied limbs for a while, attesting the truth of his story and recommending him to the charity of all whom he might meet.

From T'ai-yuan our road led south down the valley of the Fen ho, which drains the greater part of the province and finally empties into the Yellow River near its great and final bend eastward. Everywhere the country was thickly populated, and every available inch of soil was under cultivation. To one who passes quickly through Northern China without paying any special attention to the question the country would not seem so thickly settled, for detached farms are nearly unknown, the people congregating in villages, probably as affording better protection from robbers and not

infrequently from rebels. So one sees broad stretches of country without a habitation, but then towns of 10,000 or 20,000 inhabitants are found every ten or fifteen miles along the road, and similar ones are seen no matter which way one goes. In Ssu-ch'uan only does the density of the population strike one; for there, and as far as I know there alone, do the people live in detached cottages and far from villages.

The largest, though not the most important, town we passed through before reaching the Yellow River was P'ing-yang. Richthofen tells a story of it in his letter on the province of Shan-hsi, which is typical of official customs, and hence worth repeating.

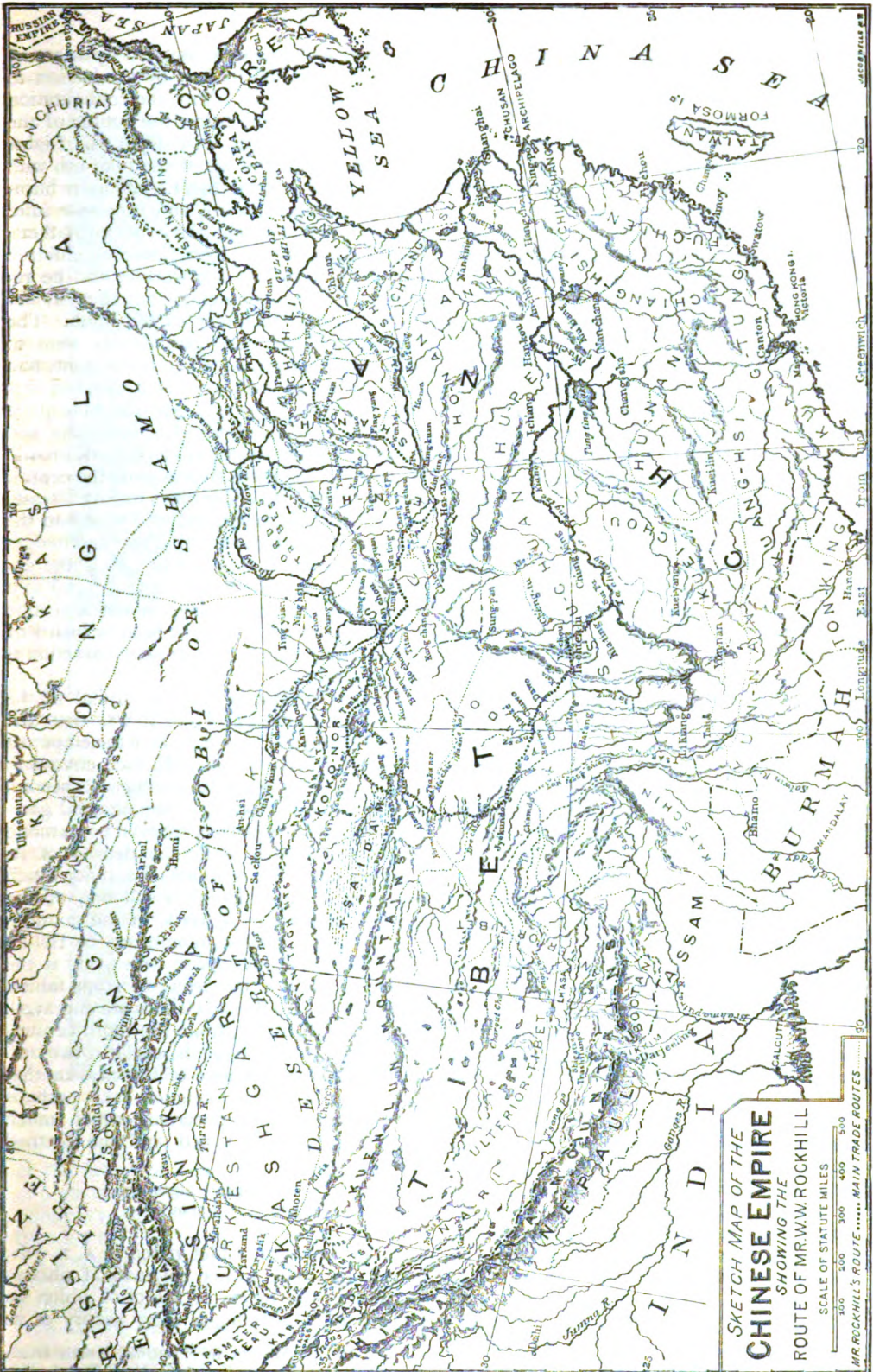
Towards 1869 a band of rebels coming from Ho-nan entered the city quite unexpectedly, but left again after a slight pillage. When they were at some distance the mandarins, in order to give some substance to their projected report to the emperor of having saved the city by martial defense, ordered some shots to be fired after them from the wall. The rebels, considering this an ungrateful treatment, turned back and destroyed the whole city, killing a great many people.

So completely did they destroy the town that it is still in a ruinous condition, and only a small portion of it is inhabited.

In the lower part of the province cotton is very extensively cultivated, and, from what was shown me of it, I believe it to be superior to that raised in Chih-li. Jujube and persimmon trees grow all over the fields, and the former are frequently made into hedgerows. The jujube fruit is, when preserved, a most excellent substitute for dates, and the dried persimmon I prefer to the best figs. Brandied jujubes are also much liked, and from the persimmons a kind of whisky, resembling poor Scotch whisky, connoisseurs say, is distilled.¹

We came to the bank of the Yellow River in front of the great customs station of T'ung-kuan early on the morning of January 5. The river is here between five hundred and six hundred yards wide, a muddy and rather sluggish stream, flowing between high banks of loess, behind which rise to the east ranges of dark, jagged mountains, while to the west and northwest spreads out a vast loess plain, the basin of the river Wei, from of old the granary of China. It is its yellow color, due to the loess, called "yellow earth" by the Chinese, which suggested the use of yellow as the color sacred in China to imperial majesty. This point of the river is called by the Chinese "the head of the Yellow River," for it is near here that

¹ See Rev. Chester Holcombe in "Journal North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," New Series, Vol. X., p. 64.



SKETCH MAP OF THE
CHINESE EMPIRE
 SHOWING THE
 ROUTE OF MR. W. W. ROCKHILL

SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
 0 100 200 300 400 500

MR. ROCKHILL'S ROUTE MAIN TRADE ROUTES

it receives its three principal affluents. To the east of this, when the mountain range to which we have referred has been passed and the stream enters the great alluvial plain of Eastern China, it becomes terrible as year after year it breaks through the levees which for miles in uninterrupted lines along its course protect the surrounding country, and carries death to millions of people and destruction to thousands of square miles of fertile land, thus justly meriting the name, given it by the Emperor Tao-Kuang, of "China's Sorrow."

But the Yellow River at T'ung-kuan showed no signs of ever rising much above the level at which I found it, and its depth was considerable, perhaps eight feet, in the main channel. We experienced no difficulty in crossing it in a flat-bottomed skiff, with our mules and carts and some forty or fifty passengers, except for the floating ice which covered the stream and through which the boatmen had to clear a channel.

T'ung-kuan has been from of old a position of great importance, strategically and fiscally speaking: there converge the roads from nearly every part of the empire, from far Turkestan and Tibet, from Yun-nan and Kan-su. Through its walls pass all tribute missions to the court of Peking from the remote dependencies of the empire, from Burmah, from Nepal and Tibet. Here *octroi* dues or *likin* are levied on all merchandise save on that carried by tribute missions, whose members avail themselves of this privilege to do a considerable business: not only is their merchandise allowed to pass through China free of duties, but it is transported for them at government charge.

From T'ung-kuan to Hsi-an, the capital of the province of Shen-hsi, the road lay along the foot of the hills which bound the basin of the Wei to the south. When some sixteen miles from the capital we passed through the town of Lin-t'ung. About a mile to the south, in a hill called Li shan, is said to be buried the famous She Huang-ti, the founder of the Empire of China, the reputed builder of the Great Wall, the destroyer of books and book men. China's Herodotus tells us that "an army of more than seventy thousand laborers was employed in excavating the bowels of the earth at this spot down to 'threefold depth'; and in the heart of the cavern thus formed 'palatial edifices' were constructed, with partitions duly allotted to each rank of the official hierarchy, and these buildings were filled with marvelous inventions and rare treasures of every kind. Artificers were set to work to construct arbalists ready strung, with arrows so set that they would be shot off and would transfix any one who should penetrate within their reach. Riv-

ers, lakes, and seas were imitated by means of quicksilver, caused to flow by mechanism in constant circulation. Above the configuration of the heavens, and below the outline of the countries of the earth, were depicted. Lights were made with the fat of the man-fish with the design of keeping them continually burning. The emperor's son and successor said. 'It behooves not that those of my father's female consorts who have borne no children should go forth into the world'; and he required of them, thereupon, that they should follow the dead emperor to the tomb. The number of those who consequently went to death was very great. When the remains had been placed beneath ground it chanced that some one said, 'The artificers who have made the enginery know all that has been done, and the secret of the treasure will be noised abroad.' When the great ceremony was over, the central gate of the avenue of approach having already been closed, the lower gate was shut, and the artificers came out no more. Trees and hedges were planted over the spot to give it the appearance of an ordinary mountain,"¹ and so it remains to the present day, for not a vestige of all these wonders is to be seen or heard of at Lin-t'ung, whose only present attraction is its hot springs.

The city of Hsi-an was the capital of the empire for centuries. Here it was that She Huang-ti reigned, and from here the emperors of the Han dynasty sent forth their envoys to the Roman Empire. Its imposing walls, second only to those of Peking, its monumental gateways and imperial palace, are even now among the first in China, while the density of its population and the commercial activity which reigns in it show that it is still one of the greatest emporiums of trade in the country.

Among the ancient monuments of Hsi-an of which the people speak with pride is the Forest of Tablets, consisting of stone tablets on which the Confucian classics are engraved, and dating, it is said, from the ninth century of our era. But there stands, a mile or two outside of the western gate of the city, another monument in which foreigners take perhaps more interest, and concerning which much paper has been blackened and the learned world have

heard great argument
About it and about —

It is the Nestorian tablet raised in A. D. 781, containing some rather enigmatical phrases concerning the tenets of a sect of which we know hardly anything, a short history of its

¹ See W. F. Mayers in "Journal North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," New Series, Vol. XII., p. 14.



MENDICANT TAOIST MONK.

life in China down to the date of the erection of the tablet, and winding up with a number of poor verses mostly containing fulsome compliments to the various emperors who had befriended the teachers of the creed.

I was struck while in Hsi-an with the number of Taoist priests I saw on the streets, while Buddhists were met but rarely. Although both belong to mendicant orders, the former resort to stranger artifices to obtain alms than do the latter. Thus it is no uncommon sight to meet one going about begging with four or

five long iron skewers run through his forearm and little ribbons hanging therefrom. Two I have met had long iron rods running through their cheeks, and they had made oath to remove them only when they had collected a certain sum of money sufficient to repair their temples. The one whose picture is here given had had the iron rod through his face for over four months, living the while on soup and tea only. Another way of raising money is for a priest to take his seat in a little brick sentry-box and let himself be walled in, leaving only



CARD AND CARD-BLOCK OF THE AUTHOR.

a small window through which he can see and can pull a rope by which a big bell is sounded and the attention of passers-by attracted. Here he will sit for months. I have known one to remain in his box for nearly a year without being able to lie down or stand up, but apparently perfectly happy and always ready to have a bit of gossip.

I stopped at Hsi-an only a day and a half, as I was most anxious to reach Lan-chou, and, if possible, Hsi-ning, before the Chinese New Year (January 31). The distance between Hsi-an and the capital of Kan-su is about five hundred miles. The country gradually but steadily rises, the road lying over loess-covered hills and through loess-lined valleys. The population grew thinner as we advanced westward, and the ruins of towns and villages, sad mementos of the late Mohammedan rebellion, became more numerous and more complete. From the moment we entered the province of Kan-su the aspect of the road changed, for from there all the way to the capital rows of willow trees have been planted on both sides of it. It was told me that Tso Tsung-t'ang, late governor-general of Kan-su and the conqueror of Kashgaria, having heard that it was customary in western lands to plant trees along the highways, had the road leading from Hsi-an through Lan-chou and as far as Liang-chou planted with those I saw, and, strangely enough, they have now been growing for years in a country where no other trees are to be seen, all having been cut down long since; but these have not been too badly treated by the people, who have contented themselves with lopping off the lower boughs.

Not very far from the border of Shen-hsi, and

a little to the west of the city of P'ing-chou, we passed the Ta Fo ssu, "the temple of the big Buddha." The valley in which we were traveling is bounded for over six hundred feet on the south side by a bed of sandstone rising vertically for over a hundred feet. In this soft stone a number of cave-temples have been cut, only one of which is now in repair. The temple is entered by a narrow passageway, passing under a high brick structure built against the face of the rock, and in the top of which is a large aperture corresponding to a hole made in the rock by which light enters the temple. The temple is dome shaped; the interior rock has not all been removed, but shaped into a huge statue of the Buddha seated cross-legged. On each side of him is a smaller image of a standing demiurge. The principal figure is about forty-five feet high and richly gilt, as are also the two smaller ones. The work is not of a high order, and cannot compare with what I saw in the cave-temple of Yung-Kan, near Ta-t'ung in Shan-hsi, on a former journey. This latter temple, I feel very sure, was made in the fifth or the sixth century of our era, and it is probable that the Ta Fo ssu was excavated at about the same time.

Kan-su is a sparsely peopled province which has had much to suffer during the late Mohammedan rebellion. Its towns and villages have been pillaged and burned, first by rebels then by the imperial troops, and its people have been killed by myriads; but the spirit of the Mohammedan has not been crushed, and though nearly twenty years have elapsed since the rebellion was quelled, the officials in the western and southwestern parts of the province are in constant dread of a fresh uprising. The people are poor, and they lack that energy and push which is so striking a characteristic of most of their countrymen. The villages through which I passed were mostly composed of miserable mud hovels, not over twelve feet square, a *k'ang*, lighted from the outside, and in which grass or dried manure served as fuel, occupying more than half of the hut. A mud stand with a hole for a fire, kept burning by a box-bellows, and over which is placed a shallow iron pan, the only cooking utensil in the house, is the next most important article of furniture. A small hand-mill or quern, a few earthenware pots, and some bits of dirty felt and cotton complete the *ameublement* of these dens, in which frequently three generations live huddled together. Around the mouth of the *k'ang* lie a few lank pigs trying to get a little warmth from the fire within, while a half-dozen skinny children, clothed only in too-short and much-tattered jackets, gambol about and romp in the mud with some asthmatic chickens and mangy

dogs. The food of this people is *mien* or vermicelli, and cakes of wheat flour called *mo-kui* or *mo-mo*, varying only in size and thickness, but never in their sodden indigestibility. Once in twelve months, at New Year's, the natives, if they are Mohammedans, indulge in meat, pork or mutton, not wisely but too well, for frequently they die from gorging themselves with it. Their only pleasure in life is opium-smoking, and I never had the heart to begrudge it them, for I do not believe that it affects the mass of those who use it as perniciously as has generally been said. Take, for example, the Ssu-ch'uanese: they do work of the heaviest kind, as porters over the rough mountain roads or as boat-trackers up the swift eddying rivers of their province,—work which only strong and healthy men could do,—and nearly every one of them is a confirmed opium-smoker. Nor does opium-smoking dull the mind and produce somnolence; its effects are just the reverse. The brain under its influence becomes more active, there is but little inclination to sleep, and labor of any kind seems to become easier. Its use, however, destroys all taste for food and for any sensual indulgence, hence the emaciated condition of those who have been inveterate smokers for a long time. When, however, the smoker uses the foreign drug, Indian or Persian, the effects are more deleterious and rapid; but as it is not within the reach of the mass of the people on account of its very high price, they smoke only the native *T'u-yen*, with consequences, as I believe, less injurious than what is seen elsewhere resulting from drinking gin or whisky.

When about six miles before reaching Lan-chou we again came on the Yellow River where, issuing out of a deep gorge of granite

rock in which it has worn a narrow channel, it bends northward and flows through a broad level country till it has passed Ning-hsia. Here the stream is clear and swift, some 175 yards wide, and resembled nowise the sluggish, muddy river we had crossed at T'ung-kuan. It only becomes muddy after passing Ning-hsia, where it flows through a sandy waste. The winds which are always blowing there carry great masses of dust into the river; to this silt the three great affluents which empty into it near T'ung-kuan add the loess carried down in their waters. The Yellow River down to Ning-hsia is navigated on rafts made of inflated ox-hides, and in this way large quantities of goods are brought down country at a nominal cost, the skins composing the rafts being readily disposed of.

Lan-chou is situated on the right bank of the Yellow River and has a population of from 70,000 to 80,000, a large percentage of whom are Mohammedans. There is a bridge of boats across the river; but in winter this is removed, and the ice is usually sufficiently strong for carts to cross over. The city offers little of interest for the sightseer, and the only important industry is the manufacture of water-pipe tobacco, the annual sale of which amounts to about six hundred thousand dol-

lars. Some years ago the governor-general established a factory outside the city for the manufacture of woolen goods, and several foreigners were employed in it; but, like most foreign-



ROSARY BEADS CUT TO REPRESENT THE EIGHTEEN L-HAN (ARHATS).

equipped industries in Chinese hands, it proved abortive, and to-day the factory is used as a small-arms repair shop and governmental godown, its high brick chimney a landmark seen for miles away.

At Lan-chou my cart journey was at an end.

mountains to the east of it gold washing is extensively carried on, although the profit derived therefrom seems to be very small. It is a common saying among the people that when a man has tried in vain to make a livelihood by all conceivable methods he finally takes to washing gold.



TRONGK'APA, BORN AT KUMBUM. PAN-CH'EN RINPOCH'E' OF TRASHIL'UNPO.
THE TALE'LAMA OF LH'ABA. THE INCARNATE GODS OF TIBET. (FROM A TIBETAN PAINTING.)

I hired three mules to carry my luggage, and having bought a pony for myself to ride, I left the city after a sojourn of ten days, during which I enjoyed the hospitality of Father de Meester of the Belgian Catholic Mission. I would like to speak here of the work of this mission in Mongolia, Kan-su, and Turkestan, and of the lives and privations of these devoted men, but I must hurry on.

We followed up the course of the Yellow River for a day and a half, and then, crossing the stream on a small ferryboat, entered the valley of the Hsi-ning River, up which we journeyed for four days more, passing only one town on the way, the prefectural city of Nien-pei. In the

When some ten miles from Hsi-ning we crossed a wooden bridge to the right bank of the river, after which our road led through a narrow gorge in a range of granitic and schistose rocks which cuts the valley at right angles. The road here presented no more difficulty than is usually met with in such gorges, in fact not nearly so much as in those near Lao-ya-p'u. But listen to what Abbé Huc says of it in his charming "Souvenirs of a Journey in Tartary and Tibet."

A day before reaching Si Ning we traveled over a most difficult and dangerous piece of road, where we often had to recommend ourselves to the protection of Divine Providence. We went amidst great

boulders and beside a deep torrent where seething waters leaped at our feet. The abyss yawned beneath us and a slip would have sufficed to precipitate us into it. But chiefly did we tremble for our camels, so awkward and so heavy when walking in dangerous places. But in the end, thanks to God's bounty, we reached Si Ning without accident.

A clear case of distance lending enchantment to the view; for not only is the gorge a short one, but there is absolutely no danger in it, and the most awkward camel in the world could go through it on a run.

We reached Hsi-ning Fu on the afternoon of February 6, and took up our quarters in a large inn in the suburbs; but we had hardly alighted when I was requested by the police to report to the authorities, show my passport, and tell them my plans, none of which did I in the least care to do. So at daylight next morning, having shaved my head and

face and changed my Chinese gown for a big red cloth one like that worn by Mongols and Tibetans, and having made a few minor alterations in my dress, I left Hsi-ning with a party of K'alk'a Mongols with whom I had traveled for the last few days, and went to the famous lamasery of Kumbum, called by the Chinese T'ar-ssu, about twenty miles away, where there were no bothersome officials asking embarrassing questions and prying into one's affairs.

The road thither was crowded with pilgrims, Mongols, Tibetans, and Sifans, all hurrying to witness the feast of the 15th of the first moon and the display of wonderful butter bas-reliefs, when the temple and the adjacent villages are filled with people from all the country round and from far-off Tibet, from Lh'asa, Trashil'unpo, and K'amdo, from Eastern Mongolia and from Turkestan.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

TWO FRENCH SCULPTORS.¹

RODIN—DALOU.



IDE by side with the academic current in French art has moved of recent years a naturalist and romantic impulse whose manifestations have been always vigorous though occasionally exaggerated. In any of the great departments of activity nationally pursued—as art has been pursued in France since Francis I.—there are always these rival currents of which now one and now the other constantly affects the ebb and flow of the tide of thought and feeling. The classic and romantic duel of 1830, the rise of the naturalist opposition to Hugo and romanticism in our own day, are familiar instances of this phenomenon in literature. The revolt of Géricault and Delacroix against David and Ingres are equally well known in the field of painting. Of recent years the foundation of the periodical "L'Art" and its rivalry with the conservative "Gazette des Beaux Arts" mark with the same definiteness, and an articulate precision, the same conflict between truth, as new eyes see it, and tradition. Never, perhaps, since the early Renaissance, however, has nature asserted her supremacy over convention in such un-

mistakable, such insistent, and, one may say, I think, such intolerant fashion as she is doing at the present moment. Sculpture, in virtue of the defiant palpability of its material, is the most impalpable of the plastic arts, and therefore it feels less quickly than the rest, perhaps, the impress of the influences of the epoch and their classifying canons. Natural imitation shows first in sculpture and subsists in it longest. But convention once its conqueror the return to nature is here most tardy, because, owing to the impalpable, the elusive quality of sculpture, though natural standards may everywhere else be in vogue, no one thinks of applying them to so specialized an expression. Its variation depends therefore more completely on the individual artist himself. Niccolò Pisano, for example, died when Giotto was two years old, but, at the other end of the historic line of modern art, it has taken years since Delacroix to furnish recognition for Auguste Rodin. The stronghold of the Institute had been mined many times by revolutionary painters before Dalou took the grand medal of the Salon.

Owing to the relative and in fact polemic position which these two artists occupy the movement which they represent, and of which as yet they themselves form a chief part, a little obscures their respective personalities, which are nevertheless, in sculpture, by far the most positive and puissant of the present epoch. M.

¹ To explain the absence of reference to some of Rodin's latest work it should be said that this article was written some years ago, and has been delayed on account of the preparation of suitable illustrations.—EDITOR.

THE BORDER-LAND OF CHINA.

A JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.



● DRUM MADE OF HUMAN SKULLS.

HARDLY had we lost sight of Hsi-ning on our way to the great Kumbum lamasery than we seemed to have suddenly left China and its people far behind, so great were the changes that everywhere met us. No longer were all the passers-by blue-gowned and long-queued Chinese, but people of different language and different dress. There were Mongols, some of them from Urga near Kiakhta or the remote Amoor provinces, dressed in greasy sheepskin gowns and big fur caps, or else in the yellow or red cloth ones of lamas. The women were hardly distinguishable from the men save those who, from coquetry, had put on their green satin gowns and head and neck ornaments of silver, so as to produce a sensation on entering Luser, the suburb of Kumbum. With them were long strings of camels, many of them bearing

gifts, sometimes of great value, for the temple. Then came parties of pilgrims tramping along in single file, each with a little load held by a light wooden frame fastened to his back. They belonged to some one of the Tibetan tribes that live in the mountains of the Hsi-ning circuit, and are known to the Chinese as Hsi-Fan, "Western barbarians or borderers," or simply Fantzu.¹ Many other queer people we saw as we rode along, T'u-ssu and K'amba, Panak'a and Salar, of all of whom I shall have to speak later.

Our road led up a valley, towards a high black range of nude and jagged peaks, rising like a wall across its southern extremity, and which figures on our maps as the South Koko-nor range. When about fifteen miles up we turned to the southwest, and crossing the low hills which here border it, we saw in the narrow valley of loess formation lying at our feet a straggling village built on the steep sides of a hill at the foot of which two small streams met. Here was a grove of slender poplars black with flocks of croaking ravens and small, yellow-billed crows, while shaggy, grunting yaks, camels with gurgling moans, and little rough ponies led by their queer, un-Chinese looking owners drank in the stream close by. On the flat roofs of the village houses sat men and women gossiping, spinning yarn, or spreading out manure to dry. This was Luser, the suburb, as it were, of Kumbum. As I stood on top of the hill leading down to the village I looked to my left and there were the golden roofs and spires of the temples with walls of green or red, and over the hillside roundabout were long, irregular lines of low, flat-roofed houses, partly hidden behind clean whitewashed walls, the homes of three thousand odd lamas who live in this great sanctuary of the Tibetan and Mongol faith. On the hill slope between the village and the lamasery was the fair-ground, where a motley crowd was moving to and fro, where droves of yaks and strings of camels were continually arriving, while scattered about farther away were the traveling tents of those who preferred their ordinary dwellings to the small, dingy rooms to be rented in the lamasery or at Luser.

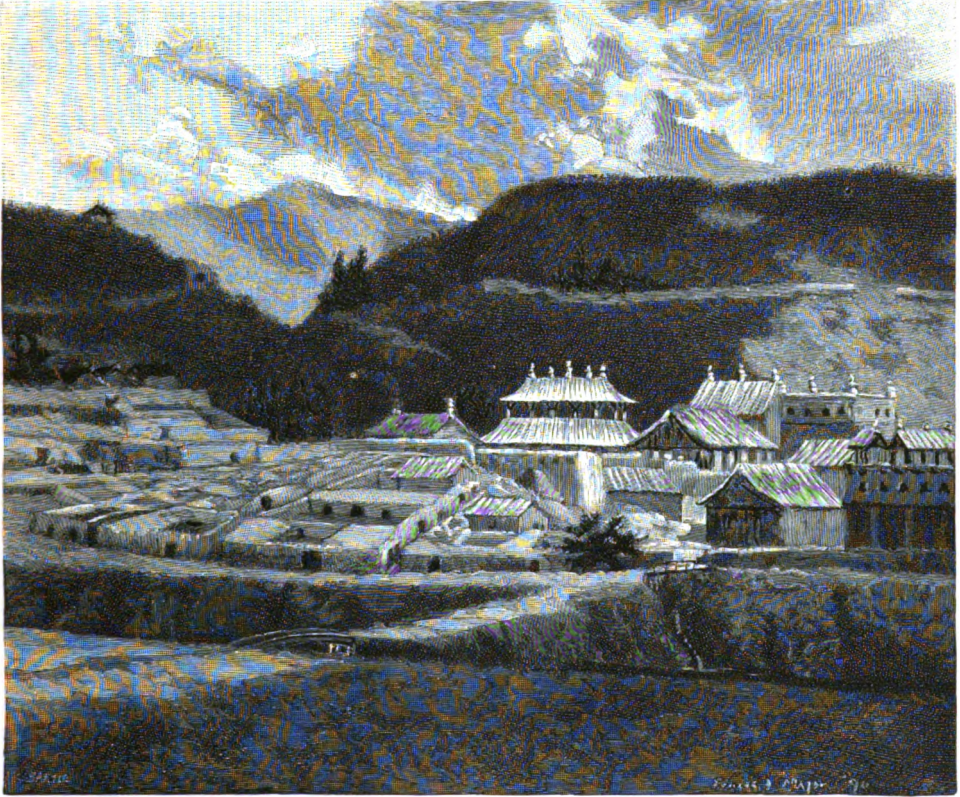
It was the day after my arrival at Luser,

¹ The Mongols call them Tangutu; but the name they give themselves is Bopa, a local pronunciation of the Tibetan word Bodpa, the generic name of all Tibetans, and pronounced in Central Tibet as if written Peu-ba.

the twelfth of the first moon, when the Chinese in every town and village all over the Empire celebrate the Dragon festival (*lung-tung hui*),¹ that I made my first acquaintance with the place. The streets of the village were crowded with people dressed in their holiday best, and all pressing on towards the Chinese temple at the foot of the hill where the feast was to begin. The theatrical representation was without interest, but the spectators were delightful. On one side were squatting a group

glass beads. The day was warm and the men and women had slipped their right arms out of their gowns, showing their bronzed and muscular forms undefiled by any acquaintance with water, to say nothing of soap.

Near them stood some T'u-ssu in dress closely resembling the Chinese, only they wore their gowns short and full in Tibetan fashion; the women with bright red handkerchiefs around their heads, and long violet gowns of Chinese pattern.



KUMBUM.

of Rongwa Tibetan men and women in high-collared sheepskin or cloth gowns trimmed with leopard skins. On their heads were little pointed red caps with lambskin borders, or dark red turbans draped in loose but graceful folds. The women dressed like the men except that their hair fell from under their little caps over their shoulders and backs in numberless small plaits like cloaks, the plaits held together by broad bands of ribbon on which were sewed cowries, pieces of money, coral, turquoise or

¹ Not to be confounded with the Dragon boat festival, celebrated on the fifth of the fifth moon. The Dragon festival or procession here referred to is a part of the New Year festivities.

Mongols of the Koko-nor and the Ts'aidam were not wanting. They have adopted to a great extent the dress of their Tibetan neighbors: like the ass in the lion's skin, they doubtless think themselves more formidable when thus arrayed. Their women, when not married, dress their hair in Tibetan fashion, but the married ones wear two heavy tresses, falling on each side of the face and incased in black embroidered satin. K'alk'a Mongols from Eastern Mongolia were there also, the richness of their dress and the softer tones of their speech distinguishing them from their poorer and harsher-spoken kinsmen of the West.

Beside me stood some tall, swarthy-looking

men with thin features and aquiline noses, dressed in dark violet gowns, and, unlike the Koko-nor Tibetan, with long queues and turquoise ear-rings in the left ear. They were traders from Lh'asa and Trashil'unpo, and had come from Tankar, where they had left their camels and goods, to see the festival.

But it would require a whole chapter to describe the various tribes represented at Lusar that day. One whose wild, fierce looks, and whose long swords, on which their hand always rested, fixed my attention from the first. They were K'ambas, or Hung-mao-tzu,—“Red-capped men,” as the Chinese of Kan-su call this people,—natives of Eastern Tibet. Their dress is a dirty sheepskin gown hanging in large folds below their waists and hardly reaching to their knees; their boots, with rawhide soles and tops of bright-colored cloth, are held by garters below the knee. They wear no head-dress. Their long, tangled hair, falling over their shoulders and cut in a fringe to their eyes, is so matted and thick that they do not feel the want of a better head-cover. The Chinese and Mongols fear them, and venture but rarely and with trembling into the wilds which they inhabit south of the source of the Yellow River and along the upper course of the Yang-tze-kiang, or Dré'ch'u, as it is called in their language.

Though the street scenes at Lusar were full of varied interest, I was impatient to see Kumbum and its temples; so we crossed over to the other side of the valley, and, pushing our way through the crowd of peddlers and people of every description who thronged the hill-side, passed under a high white monument—offering holder or receptacle—and entered the lamasery grounds. A broad road, now crowded with people buying and selling every variety of goods, led to a building with red walls and green-tiled roof, the convent treasure-house. Near it was another smaller building with a garden in front inclosed within high walls. It was the temple of the famous tree which grows on the spot where the hair of Tsongk'apa had fallen when he was shaved and consecrated to the church by his mother. On each of its leaves is an outline figure of the god. The lamas say that this tree is a white sandal-wood, but it is probably a lilac. This appeared to me the more likely, as I was told that it bears large bunches of violet flowers in the spring. The leaves which fall from the tree are carefully gathered up and sold to visitors, who keep them as charms or use them as medicine. Those I got were so broken that I could distinguish nothing on them; but I was assured by unbelieving Mohammedans that the picture is clearly discernible on the leaves, and that they are “valuable curios,” as they put it.

On this my first visit to the lamasery I could not visit the treasure-house, which was only opened on the 15th, when the Chinese ambassador, or Hsi-ning Amban, as he is commonly called, visited the place; but we were shown the chief temple, whose golden roofs had attracted my attention when I was approaching Lusar. It is in its main features built in Chinese style, and does not differ essentially from the Buddhist temples seen at Peking and



HOLY WATER VASE.

in other localities in Northern China. In front is a spacious courtyard, and the temple is raised some eight feet above its level. Those who wish to worship before the holy shrines stand on a broad plank walk in the courtyard at the base of the temple and there they make their prostrations. The deep grooves worn in the planks by the feet and hands of the devotees testify to the popularity of this gymnastic form of worship. In the dimly lighted temple we could distinguish only the three principal shrines, the central one that of Gautama

Buddha, that on his right Tsongk'apa, and that on his left Dipankara Buddha.

To the right of this gold-roofed temple is the temple of Tsongk'apa called the Jé k'ang. It has two superposed roofs, covered with green tiles and supported by red-lacquered pillars. The lower wall of the building is covered with green tiles and a narrow walk leads around it. In front of the temple, within a little wooden paling, is another "white sandal-wood tree," on the branches of which hang numbers of ceremonial scarfs offered by the faithful. My Chinese servant, who accompanied me in my walk, nearly got into trouble here. We had entered the temple inclosure on its left side, and started to walk around, keeping it on our right hand. He, not knowing or forgetting that to walk around a sacred building keeping it on one's left side is sacrilegious, began his walk in the wrong direction. He had not gone two steps when he was pulled up by a lot of lamas and visitors and started off in the right way, with some forcible remarks about his improper conduct in holy places.

Tsongk'apa, to whom Kumbum owes its origin, deserves more than a passing mention, for he is the founder of the form of Buddhist worship which prevails throughout Mongolia and the greater part of Tibet — in short, of modern lamaism. He was born A. D. 1360, near the place where Kumbum now stands, his parents belonging to the Amdo Tibetans, who still inhabit the country. At the age of sixteen he began his theological studies, but the following year, by the advice of his teacher, he went to Lh'asa, where he soon became a master in all the branches of Buddhist learning. Abbé Huc, struck by the many points of resemblance between the lamaist and Catholic churches, was convinced, when he heard that the first teacher of Tsongk'apa had a long nose, that he was one of the Catholic missionaries who at that time had penetrated Central Asia in large numbers.¹ The length of a nose is but a poor foundation for such an important theory, and, even if we accept noses as criterions, we would find that those of the people of Turkestan are quite as long, if not longer, than our own. We have, however, the authority of Marco Polo for it that in his time (latter part of the thirteenth century) there were some Christians at Hsi-ning (Sinju), and we know that in the fourteenth century Christianity flourished at Peking. But this is no proof that Tsongk'apa, who when only seventeen went to Lh'asa, where Christianity certainly was not to be found, had ever seen a Catholic church or heard the Gregorian chant, and the whole subject requires much

more study before we can draw any conclusion, and above all it requires unprejudiced students who have no preconceived theories to demonstrate.

Huc gives a long list of points of resemblance in the dress, habits, and ceremonies of the lamas and Catholic priests, comprising the use of the crozier, miter, dalmatic, censer held by five chains, holy water, chanting, exorcisms, worship of saints, celibacy, retreats, fasts, and litanies; but he omits one which I think very curious. When a person is dying a lama will frequently be called in, to administer to him the *dro män*, or "going medicine." With some of his spittle he anoints the forehead, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet of the dying person, to the end that he may have a rapid transmigration. Where did this idea of extreme unction come from? And where did they get that of drinking holy water as a cure for bodily pains, a habit frequently met with among uneducated Catholics?

If we can say nothing definite on this interesting subject, we have ample information concerning the origin and history of the lamaist church founded by Tsongk'apa. He, as we have seen, went to Lh'asa at an early age; there he studied, preached, reformed, and finally transmigrated into the person of Gédun drupa, who founded the Trashil'unpo lamasery in 1446 and became the first of the series of incarnated gods known as Panch'en rinpoché, although native works say that the first pontiff bearing this title was born in 1567. Becoming afterwards incarnate in Gédun jyats'o, he returned to Lh'asa and was made head of the great Drébung lamasery of that place. His successor was So-nam jyats'o, "the Sea of Charity," and all the succeeding incarnations have had the word *jya-ts'o* (*i. e.*, sea) as a portion of their style. This pontiff visited the Mongol conqueror Altan Khan, and he, imagining that *jya-ts'o* (in Mongol *talé*) was his name, addressed him as Talé lama, and the name has been used ever since by Chinese and Mongols to designate the head of the lamaist hierarchy; but the Tibetans speak of him as "The victorious ocean," or "The most excellent protector." He is held to be an incarnation of the Merciful God who watches over the world, Shenrézig with the thousand heads and thousand eyes. In China this god has become a goddess and is called Kuan-yin, and half of the representations one sees of her show her holding an infant in her arms, and looking for all the world like the conventional statue of the Virgin Mary. I once came across a Chinese book entitled "The Fifty Manifestations of Kuan-yin." One picture showed her likeness as she appeared to an old

¹ Huc, "Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie," etc., Tome II., p. 114.

man in Shan-hsi, another the form under which she had shown herself to a devout priest, and in one she had appeared to a poor laborer as Peter the Great of Russia, for there was the picture of the great emperor in breastplate and wig and with a marshal's baton in his hand. In what strange semblance will Kuan-yin make her next appearance? Will it be as Washington or as Gladstone, both of whose pictures I have seen in out-of-the-way places in China?

We were walking homeward from the temple when suddenly the crowd scattered to the

he was on his way with his lictors to put an end to the scandal. I followed in his wake and saw the peep-show — whose special attraction, I am sorry to say, were European (Belgian) obscene pictures — knocked down, Punch and Judy laid out mangled beside it, the owners whipped and put to flight, and the majesty of ecclesiastical law and morality duly vindicated.

On the morning of the fifteenth of the first moon (February 14) I went, in company with a lama friend, to see the treasure-house and the



BLACK LAMAS AT THE KUMBUM FAIR.

right and left, the lamas running for places of hiding with cries of "*Gékor lama, gékor lama!*" and we saw striding towards us six or eight lamas with a black stripe painted across their foreheads and another around their right arms, — "black lamas," the people call them, — and armed with heavy whips, with which they belabored any one who came within their reach. Behind them walked a stately lama in robes of finest cloth and with head clean shaved. He was a "*gékor*," a lama censor or provost, whose duty it was to see that the rules of the lamastery were strictly obeyed, and who, in conjunction with two colleagues, like him appointed by the abbot for a term of three years, tries all lamas for whatever crimes or breach of the rules they may have committed. This one had heard that there were peep-shows, Punch and Judy shows, roulette tables, and other prohibited amusements on the fair-grounds, and

other sights which I had been prevented from seeing on my first visit. On the panels of the gates opening into the yard of the building were painted human skins, the hands, feet, and head hanging to them and all reeking with blood — these to frighten all evil-doers, most likely, and make their flesh creep at the very thought of what might befall them if they tried to rob the place. Then on the walls of the yard, and protected by a broad roof, were painted numbers of the guardian angels in their hideous trappings of snakes, human skins, skulls, and bones, wallowing in blood and surrounded by flames, and escorted by imps more ghastly than they with heads of bulls, hogs, dogs, or eagles. The building was small and very dark, so only with great difficulty could we distinguish the curious things with which it was filled. Bowls of silver, ewers of gold, images of the gods in gold, silver, and bronze, pictures, beautifully



BUTTER BAS-RELIEFS AT KUMBUM.

illuminated manuscripts, carpets, satin hangings, cloisonné vases, and incense burners enough to fill a museum. One big silver bowl was pointed out to me with a bullet hole through it, made during the late Mohammedan rebellion, when the lamasery was attacked, and the lamas with gun and sword defended their temples and treasures, and were killed by hundreds on the steps of the sanctuary or beside their burning houses. The Mohammedans spared the temples and the sacred sandal-wood trees, not even taking the gold tiles from the chief temple; a most extraordinary piece of sentimentalism on their part, or rather a miraculous intervention of the gods to preserve their holy place.

A little later on the Hsi-ning Amban and the high Chinese authorities of this part of the province arrived to see the butter bas-reliefs to be exposed that evening. The lamas, squatting on the ground, lined the road for more than half a mile, and through the midst of them the Amban and his suite passed, his well-mounted escort carrying bright-colored pennants on the ends of their lances, with trumpet blasts echoed back by the deep-sounding convent conch-shells.

When it had grown dark we once more went to Kumbum. Outside the southern wall of the gold-roof temple were two large butter bas-reliefs, under a high scaffolding from which hung innumerable banners painted with pictures of gods and saints, while here and there were gaudy Chinese lanterns with pictured sides. The bas-reliefs were about thirty feet long and ten feet high, supported by a framework and lighted up by rows of little brass bowls filled with butter in which burned cotton wicks. The subjects were religious, representing gods in the usual lamaist style, with scenes in the various heavenly abodes or in the different halls. The central figure of each group was about four feet high, and in the background around it were long processions, battles, etc., each figure — and there were hundreds — not over eight or ten inches high. Every detail was most carefully worked out in this large slab of butter, and painted in the florid but painstaking style of lamaist illumination. Around each tableau had been worked an elaborate framework of flowers, birds, and Buddhist emblems, from among which a squirrel was peeping out or a dragon twisting its scaly body. Along the



A GUILT-OFFERING AT TANKAR.

walk which led around the temple were seven smaller bas-reliefs about ten feet long and five feet high, each representing scenes similar to those in the larger ones and all worthy of the greatest praise, not only on account of the labor bestowed on them, but for their artistic merit. It takes about three months' labor to finish one of these bas-reliefs, for which the only reward awaiting the makers is the praise of their fellow-lamas and a small sum of money given as a prize to the best piece of work. Every year there are new designs and new artists who bring their experience and skill to add to the beauty of the feast; for it is held in all lama-

series, though in none, not even in those of Lh'asa, is it so beautiful as at Kumbum. The lamas who are experts at modeling butter bas-reliefs travel about from lamasery to lamasery, the fame of their skill frequently preceding them, and they are sure of a hearty welcome, food, and lodging wherever they choose to stay.

It is possible, even probable, that this lamaist feast owes its origin to the Chinese, whose feast of lanterns, which has been celebrated since A. D. 700 at least, falls on the same day.

The next morning the bas-reliefs had dis-

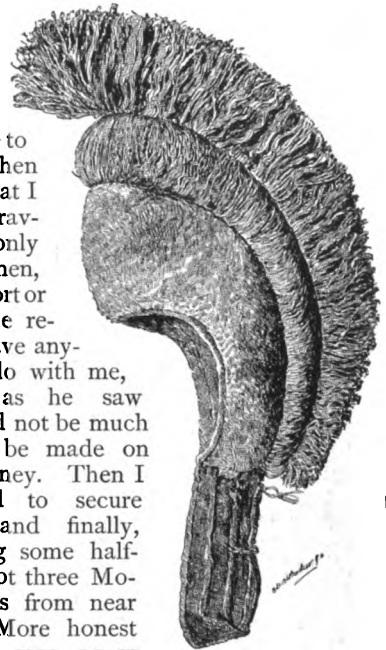
appeared, the lamasery had assumed its habitual quiet, and the people were returning to their homes in the mountains or on the steppe, the girls and women probably comparing notes on the feast and showing one another the presents they had received from their admirers; among them red silk scarfs, which they hang about their persons, hold a prominent place and are recognized "favors" among them. Though I had come to Kumbum to see the feast, I had also hoped to be able to organize with rapidity a little caravan of my own, or to join some large one and strike out towards Tibet. But I soon found out that this was not such an easy matter. I had come thus far with only one servant and a pony, and now I must have five or six more horses, four or five camels, and two or three men speaking Mongol and Tibetan. The horses were easy enough to buy, and I soon had four good strong ones hobbled in the courtyard of the inn; but camels were nowhere to be found, and men willing to risk themselves in the wilds of the Koko-nor and Tibet were undiscoverable. For six weeks I searched the country, assisted by several old friends whom I had known at Peking, chief among whom was the steward of the beautiful Kuo-mang ssu, or *Serkok* lamasery, north of Hsi-ning some thirty miles. I went to see him and to visit the lamasery, and he engaged first one lama, then another, to go with me, but each one abandoned me after a few days. Then a Mongol lama, called Tsairang-lama, who had been

with the Russian traveler Potanin for two years, came to me; but when he heard that I purposed traveling with only four or five men, with no escort or passport, he refused to have anything to do with me, especially as he saw there would not be much money to be made on such a journey. Then I endeavored to secure Chinese, and finally, after trying some half-dozen, I got three Mohammedans from near Tankar. More honest and better men never breathed; and had it not been for the rascal I had brought with me from Peking,—spoilt by having served and squeezed too many foreigners,—I should have been perfectly satisfied with my party.

Camels are not numerous in this part of China, nor are they in the Koko-nor and the Ts'aidam, and good ones were sold for tremendous prices—much too high for my slender purse. Finally I secured five of the vile brutes, and all my other supplies were gradually, but with great trouble, got together, so that towards the middle of March I was ready to leave China. Saying farewell to Lussar, I went to Tankar, a large frontier trading post some twenty odd miles to the west of Hsi-ning, which commands the route to the Koko-nor, the Ts'aidam, and Tibet, occupying the same position for the trade on the north-western border of China as Ta-chien-lu in Ssu-ch'uan does for the western and Li-kiang Fu for the southwestern.

Here I met Tibetans from all parts of their country, and men from Kashgar and Khoten, called "turbaned people," or black barbarians, selling Khoten prayer rugs, Hami raisins, and dried melons. Indian rupees, Russian rubles, Kashgar *tengas*, and Lh'asa *trankas* were in every money-changer's, Chinese cash was no longer in favor, and in every shop hung queer-looking goods, unknown to the Chinese or of entirely different shape when used by them.

Tankar was one of the strongholds of the Mohammedans when the rebellion broke out



YELLOW HAT WORN BY
LAMAS IN CHURCH
CEREMONIES.



LIBATION BOWL MADE OF A HUMAN SKULL.

some thirty years ago, and it was one of the towns which suffered most from that war. The imperial troops after its capture put to death over three thousand Mohammedan families, since which time no Mohammedan has been allowed to take up his residence within its walls unless one of the inhabitants stands his security. Then these years of warfare drove the greater part of the Tibetan trade, which used to come here, to Ta-chien-lu; and so Tankar,

mind a man ought not to undertake a journey in Central Asia unless he is in robust health; and if he is, he will surely be able to live on the same food which answers for the natives. Moreover, I believe that a traveler should share with his men his food and comforts, and not live like a sybarite on corned beef, baked beans, and such preserved delicacies when they have only tea, a little meal, and rancid butter. It is not very pleasant to follow these rules, but



INTERIOR OF A TIBETAN TENT.

although it is now looking up again, is no longer the great trading post it used to be.

Here we bought the provisions and camping outfit requisite for the journey westward—brick tea, parched barley meal (*tsamba*), vermicelli, and rice for ourselves, and barley for the horses and camels. Two small blue cotton tents and a few sheets of felt, a water cask, a copper kettle, a ladle, and a bellows completed our not too cumbersome outfit, which, with the things I had brought with me from Peking, did not weigh all told over 500 pounds. Each man had a pair of big saddle-bags in which he carried his personal belongings and a few extra articles of food. His saddle-cloth became his bed at night, his saddle his pillow, and the clothes on his back his bedclothes. The only article of foreign food I took with me was a five-pound can of Chollet's compressed vegetables, and I carried it back to Shanghai without ever opening it. To my

if one does he can ask and obtain more from his followers than he could otherwise, and where he goes they very probably will follow him; at least they will when privations are the only thing they have to fear.

While at Luser and at Tankar I met a number of men and women belonging to a curious tribe of Mohammedans living to the south of the Yellow River near Ho-chou, called Salar.¹ They are of Turki stock, having come from Turkestan some centuries ago, but though not forming a large tribe, and living in the midst of the Chinese, they have retained their language and to a great extent the peculiar features distinctive of their race, especially the thin aquiline nose. The traders who visit Tankar and the adjacent country from Kashgar and other parts of Turkestan have no difficulty in making themselves understood by

¹ They are also called "Black-capped Mohammedans" by the Chinese.

the Salar. They are also much more devout Mohammedans than their Chinese co-religionists, and greater fanatics, and Ho-chou, the principal city in their part of the province, where they are very numerous, is still a hotbed of rebellion where revolts against Chinese authority are of yearly occurrence. Near Tankar is another Mohammedan tribe, also possibly of Turki descent, but about which I could not obtain satisfactory information, as they are now confounded with the Mongols. They are the Tolmok or Tolmokun, of whom there are perhaps one thousand, and future travelers in this country should make inquiries concerning them. Chinese authors give the names of thirty-four different aboriginal or foreign tribes inhabiting the Kansu border-land, but the little they tell us of them is

only sufficient to excite our curiosity without satisfying it on any point. Huc speaks of the Dschiahours as of a tribe living south-east of Hsi-ning; but this name, which should be written Jya-hor, is a generic one for all Tibetans living along the border, and is not the name of any special tribe. Prjevalsky's Daldy or Doldy will, in all probability, turn out on further examination to be either an inaccurately transcribed expression or a Chinese nickname for some of the Mongols living to the north and northwest of Hsi-ning under the rule of Mori wang.¹ From this we may learn that the ethnography of this part of China is practically unknown, or, from having been inquired into by persons unacquainted with the language spoken there, is misunderstood and misrepresented.

While at Tankar I witnessed a religious ceremony of an interesting nature performed for the benefit of the Tibetan traders from Trashil'unpo stopping there, and known as a Ku-rim (*i. e.*, removal of bodily disease). A small pyramid made of *tsamba* and butter was placed on an ornamented wooden framework

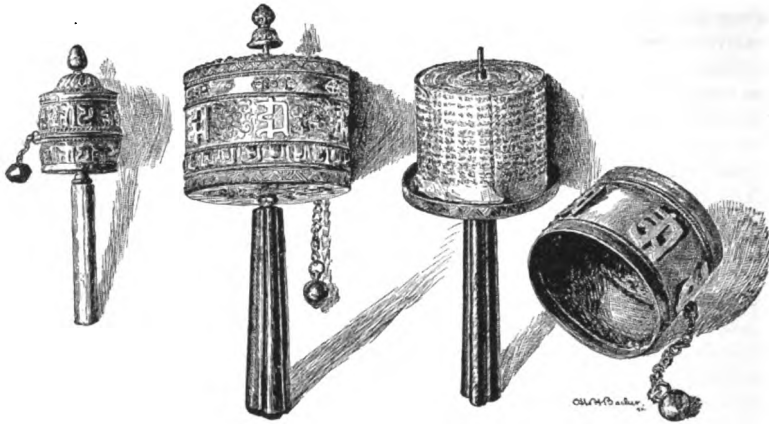
¹ The Chinese call the Mongols Ta-tzu, hardly ever Meng-ku. Ta-tzu is an abbreviation of Ta-ta-tzu or Ta-ta-ehr, whence our Tatar. The word in Chinese has no meaning, and is of foreign origin.



1. COPPER TEA-KETTLES. 2. WOODEN BOWLS LINED WITH SILVER. 3. BRICK OF TEA. 4. TEA-KETTLE. 5. COPPER KETTLE. 6. TSAMBA BAG. 7. WOODEN BUTTER-BOX. 8. WOODEN TEA-CHURN. 9. BAMBOO TEA-STRAINER.

in a room, and, after a church service, all those for whose benefit the ceremony was performed passed under it, by so doing diverting from their heads any impending disease, misfortune, or other evil. Then the lamas carrying the guilt-offering, followed by all the traders, dressed in their finest apparel and bearing guns and swords, issued out of the gate of the town and went to a place where a great pile of straw and brushwood had been made ready. The chief lama, after reading a few charms, exorcisms, and mystic sentences, had fire applied to the pile, and as the flames leaped up the offering was flung into them, while the assistants fired off their guns and the lamas chanted prayers and blew horns. When the fire had consumed the offering, and all the impending ill-luck, the procession formed again, and the laymen, in single file on each side of the monks, escorted them home with drawn swords, singing the while in deep bass voices supposed to be terrifying.

On the 25th of March we left Tankar and rode up the valley of the Hsi-ning River to its head. Passing the last Chinese village when ten miles from Tankar, we were suddenly in the midst of a country inhabited only by nomadic Tibetans and Mongols. The former live in black tents, which Huc likens most



COPPER AND SILVER PRAYER WHEELS.

feliculously to huge black spiders with long, thin legs, their bodies resting on the ground; for, unlike any other tents I have seen, the Tibetan tent has only two poles, supporting a ridgepole in the interior, while the corners and sides of the tent are held by ropes, on the outside, which pass over high poles and are fastened to the ground some distance from the tent. The top of the tent is open along the greater part of its length, and under this opening stands the furnace or range on which the cooking is done. It is made of stones and mud with a fireplace at one end, and is so arranged that the heat passes along its whole length and four or five kettles can be kept boiling at once. This furnace is practically the only article of furniture seen in a Tibetan tent, if furniture it can be called, since it is left standing when the owner moves to another place. Besides this, one sees in their tents only a quantity of leather bags in which their tea and meal are kept, pack-saddles, sheets of felt, and nondescript rags and odds and ends of which only the owner knows the use and value. In the spring a large portion of the tent is occupied by young lambs and kids hobbled by one leg to a rope stretched near the wall. The tents of the Mongols are of felt, and far superior to those of the Tibetans. A light wooden framework only six feet high, so made that it folds up into a convenient shape for packing, is placed so as to form a circle about twelve feet in diameter; then the roof, made of sticks arranged like the ribs of an umbrella, is placed on top of the framework, sheets of felt are tied over it and the sides, and a small two-paneled wooden door is fixed on the south side.¹ With this the tent is complete. In the middle, under

the large hole in the roof, a small iron grate is placed in which dried yak manure is used as fuel, the fire kept burning by a bellows made of goatskin, in one end of which an iron tube is inserted.

Mongols and Tibetans around the Koko-nor live alike, both equally wretched. Some tea leaves — or tea twigs rather — are pounded in a small stone mortar and then thrown into a kettle, and after boiling for a few minutes the pot is placed in the midst of the guests squatting around it on the ground. Each one draws from the bosom of his gown a little wooden bowl, also used on occasions as washbowl, and fills it with tea. Taking a chunk of butter, except in summer fearfully rancid, he lets it melt in his bowl and then adds a handful of tsamba from the bag set before him. Then he works tea, butter, and tsamba into a ball of brown dough which he eats, drinking as much tea as is necessary to wash down the sodden lumps. Such is the daily food of these people, only varied now and then by the addition of a little boiled mutton, sour milk, cheese, or *choma*, which is a small, sweet tubercle that grows in great profusion in the damper parts of Eastern Tibet and Kan-su and tastes something like a sweet potato.²

In dress and habits the Tibetans living outside the Chinese border and in the vicinity of the Koko-nor are hardly distinguishable from those inhabiting the mountains of the Hsi-ning circuit, only their tribal organization differing. These Tibetans living within the borders are called Amdowa, those outside of it Panak'a, and all of them are known to the Chinese as Fan-tzu, or "Barbarians." The Amdowa have a larger number of petty chieftains, but, as far as I could learn, no prince or chief ruler; but the Panak'a have two, the more influential — or rather the better known — of whom is the Konsa lama, who lives to the north of the Koko-nor. The present incumbent of this office, one he-

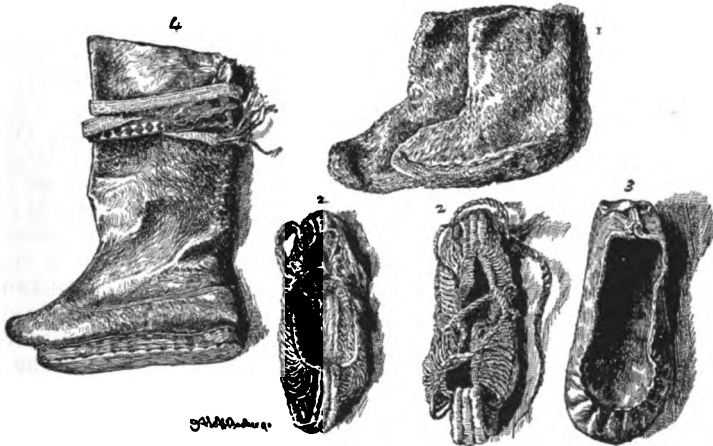
¹ The Mongols are particular to have their tents facing south; not so the Tibetans, whose only care is that they do not face in the direction of the prevailing winds.

² Botanists call it *Potentilla anserina*.

reditary in his family, is called Arabtan, and he is said to be the richest man among all his people. His fortune consists of 2000 sheep, 300 camels, and 300 ponies, worth altogether about \$12,000. When this chief's father had grown old the son killed him and took his place. To kill one's aged parents is a common practice among these Panak'a, and even among the Mongols; if the latter do not deliberately kill them, they hasten their death by all kinds of bad treatment.

When among these Tibetans a person is dying, a relative or friend will approach him and inquire if he purposes coming back again after death. If he says he does, he is smothered; but if he answers that he will not, he is permitted to die in peace. The exact meaning of this custom is not clear, but it may probably be found in the dread of the spirits of the dead haunting their former abodes. Dead bodies

no one ever dreams of cleaning the kettle afterwards, and every one has to mix his own tsamba and lick his bowl clean when he has finished. Every four or five years she may have to sew a new sheepskin gown for herself or for some one of her family, but certainly not oftener. She cannot herd the cattle or sheep; men must do that, as there is danger from marauders. She passes her time spinning yarn, weaving a coarse kind of cloth out of which bags are made, turning a prayer wheel, and—destroying too voracious vermin. Her toilet requires rearranging only four or five times a year—when she visits Kumbum or some other fair; she never washes herself or her garments, and her children cannot outgrow their clothes: they have only to let out a little the folds of the gown, their unique garment, tucked up around the waist, and it will fit them until they are grown up.



1. WOOLEN SOCKS. 2. HEMP SANDALS. 3. LEATHER MOCCASIN. 4. LEATHER BOOT.

are not buried but are exposed on the hillsides, where birds of prey devour them. If the body is rapidly devoured, it is held to be a proof of the righteousness of the deceased; but if the birds of the air, the wolves, and the foxes refuse to eat it, it is evidence of his wickedness. The bodies of lamas are burned, and the ashes deposited beneath a monument, or else they are disposed of as are those of laymen.

Among the Tibetans a man marries only one wife, whom he purchases from her parents, a belle often costing as much as ten ponies and thirty yaks. The price to be paid for the wife is arranged by a relative or a friend who acts as go-between, and the only marriage ceremony is a grand spree lasting as long as the bridegroom can afford to keep it up. The life of a Tibetan woman in this part of the country cannot be deemed a hard one. She makes the tea, it is true, but with that the housekeeping ends; for

The men are not much more occupied than the women; they herd their horses, yaks, and sheep without fatigue, and while smoking their pipes and gossiping with friends. They shear their sheep and twist the wool into loose ropes, in which shape they carry it to Tankar to sell to the Chinese, and this is the hardest work of the year. The price of the wool, to which should be added that from the sale of lamb-skins, yak hides, and a few furs, principally lynx and fox, suffices to purchase all the tea, tsamba, and vermicelli they require; and the few iron or copper implements they make use of are made for them by itinerant Chinese blacksmiths who visit them now and then. Just before leaving Tankar some one had suggested to me the advisability of taking a large stock of leather boots such as Mongols and Tibetans wear; so I bought 20 or 30 pairs for about \$10, and I found them of the greatest

use, for boots are a regular unit of value in the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam. A sheep is valued at a pair of boots, so is a yak's hide, four wild asses' skins, or eight pecks of barley. When boots were not in demand we were able to purchase whatever we might require with buttons, turquoise beads, needles, or tea. This last



STEEL AND TINDER BOX, MOUNTINGS IN SILVER.

article is sold at Tankar in bricks about 16 inches long 8 broad and $1\frac{1}{2}$ thick, weighing 6 pounds and costing \$1.85. Forty miles west of Tankar it is worth \$2.50, and in the Ts'aidam it has a fixed value of \$5, a brick. Money throughout the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam is but rarely used, all purchases being made by barter, and I found a great deal of amusement in trading off worn-out tooth-brushes, empty bottles, old socks, etc., to the best advantage for barley and butter, milk or cheese.

On the third day after leaving Tankar we reached the head of the Hsi-ning ho valley, and some miles away on our left we saw a glistening sheet of ice stretching as far westward as the eye could reach, while to the south of it rose a high snow-capped range of rugged mountains. It was the Koko-nor, the "Blue lake," the Ch'ing hai of the Chinese, with a circumference of some 250 miles and an altitude of about 10,900 feet above sea level. To the northeastern side of the lake the country stretched out in an undulating steppe, bordered by another range of mountains gradually receding from it as it trended westward till they were lost to sight in the haze which bounded the horizon. Here and there over the broad expanse were scattered the black tents of Panak'a, while large herds of antelopes and wild asses could be seen feeding in the more secluded hollows or scampering away in single file across the open. The soil was sandy, the grass thin and stiff, and water scarce, the streams which flow down from the distant range into the lake being many miles apart. No snow was anywhere to be seen save on the tops of the range to the south of the lake, and

had it not been for the strong northwest wind, — the Chinese call it "black wind," — which blew almost continually, it would have been pleasantly warm; even as it was, the thermometer marked 58° F. at noon at our first camp near the lake.

During all my journey through the Koko-nor steppe, the Ts'aidam, and Tibet the daily routine of our life was the same. At daylight we arose, and while two men fed the pack animals and saddle horses another lighted a fire of dry yak manure and made a kettleful of tea, which we drank with a few lumps of tsamba. Then the loads being put on the pack animals, camels, yaks, or ponies, we started and marched for five or six hours, when we halted to drink tea and to let the animals feed on what they could pick up, grass or brush. Three or four hours more of marching found us at a camping-ground, and in a little while the tents were pitched, the horses sidelined and hobbled and turned out to graze till night. Before dark we took our evening meal, consisting of vermicelli, boiled mutton, tea, and tsamba. Then the horses were driven in and tied by one foot to a long hair rope fastened to the ground in front of the tent, our two big Tibetan mastiffs let loose, and as night fell we all settled ourselves in our tents, I to work out my day's survey, write up my notes and take some observations, the men to fix their saddles and get ready for the next day's march, and all of us finally to sleep. Thanks to our dogs, we were never obliged to stand watch, for not a living creature could get within a quarter of a mile of our camp without the deep, angry barks of Largé and J'yamar giving us ample warning. These dogs had, in common with all their breed, a curious way of watching; they did not lie near the tents, but went each in an opposite direction some two or three hundred yards off and there lay down, and woe to any stranger who came near them. Several Mongols will carry all their lives the marks of the teeth of old J'yamar. A few balls of tsamba and some bones once a day was all the feeding they got while I owned them, and I suppose these short rations helped to ruin tempers not naturally sweet.

The Mongols who live near the northeastern side of Lake Koko-nor are not numerous or well to do; they are in constant dread of their predatory and bullying neighbors the Panak'a, and do not venture very far beyond the Chinese frontier. The greater part of them occupy the basin of the Ta-t'ung ho to the northwest of Hsi-ning, and they are governed by a prince known as Mori-wang,¹ who divides with the prince of Koko-nor (*Ch'ing-hai wang*), living to the southwest of the lake in the Ts'aidam ba-

¹ Prjevalsky calls him Murwang.

sin, the government of all the Mongol tribes in the vicinity of the Koko-nor. Every year these princes are bound to repair to Tankar to visit the emperor's legate, the Amban, who confers on them gifts in the name of his master, and then they renew their oaths of fealty by doing obeisance before an imperial throne. Every three years they are obliged to travel to the capital to bear tribute to the emperor, assist at a banquet, and receive some paltry presents — satin, embroideries, pouches, etc.

The Panak'a or Koko-nor Tibetans are not held to the accomplishment of any of these duties, and are practically independent, only paying the Chinese government a small poll tax. Those living to the south of the lake refuse even to do that, nor will they supply to Chinese officials traveling in their country horses, beasts of burden, and food without being duly paid for them, although these supplies, known as *ula*, are held to be compulsory on all tributary tribes without the border.

W. Woodville Rockhill.



SILVER COINS OF CHINESE TURKESTAN.

MIDWINTER STORM IN THE LAKE REGION.

RISES the wild, red dawn over the icicled edges
Of black, wet, cavernous rocks, sheeted and winter-scarred,
And heaving of gray-green waves, foaming the ice-blocks and ledges,
Into this region of death, sky-bounded, solitude-barred.

Turned to the cold kiss of dawn, gilding their weird dark faces,
Lift the cyclopean rocks, silent, motionless, bare;
Where high on each haggard front, in deep-plowed, passionate traces
The storm hath graven his madness, the night hath furrowed her care.

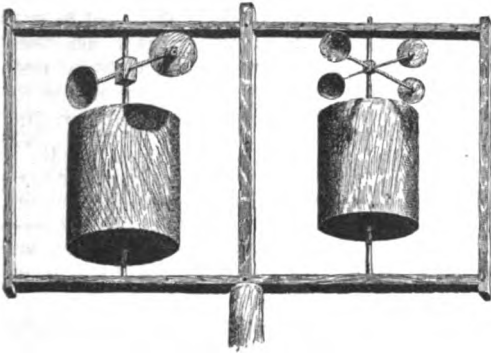
Out of the far, gray skies comes the dread north with his blowing
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate.
Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing,
Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

God pity the sad-fated vessels that over these waters are driven
To meet the rude shock of his strength and shudder at blast of his breath.
God pity the tempest-drave sailors, for here naught on wave or in heaven
Is heard but the hate of the night, the merciless grinding of death.

William Wilfred Campbell.



AMONG THE MONGOLS OF THE AZURE LAKE.



A WIND PRAYER WHEEL.



HERE is a legend among Mongols and Tibetans that when the saintly king of Tibet Srong-tsang-gambo, who reigned in the seventh century, attempted to build the great temple called Jo K'ang, which now stands in the center of Lh'asa, the ground sank under the weight of the walls. Again and again the work was begun, but always with the same result. So he sent out messengers who visited all the holy and wise men of eastern Asia to learn from them the cause of his failure. One of the messengers, worn out by years of travel and unavailing search, was on his way back to Lh'asa, following the road which caravans still take when journeying from Hsi-ning to that city, when the buckle of his saddle-girth broke. Seeing a tent near-by, he rode thither and asked an old blind man whom he found there to give him another so that he might continue his journey. While he was drinking a cup of tea the old man asked him whence he came, and he told him that he had been on a long pilgrimage to the great shrines of the Buddhist faith in the eastern country. "Many and beautiful are the shrines in the east," quoth the old man; "nowhere are there any to be compared with them. They have been trying to erect one at Lh'asa, but all their efforts will be of no avail, for under the ground at the spot they have chosen is a subterranean lake over which they cannot build. But should the secret, of which I am the sole depositary, ever reach the ears of a Lh'asa man, the waters will recede from their present bed and, bursting through the earth, bury this broad steppe beneath them." Then up jumped the king's messenger, and crying to the old man to flee, for he was a Lh'asa man, he dashed off at full speed.

The old man had but time to warn his people to flight and then sat praying, awaiting his doom. That same night the waters broke through the earth and rapidly spread over the country, forming what is at present the Koko-nor, "the Azure lake." To put an end to the deluge, which soon would have buried the whole broad steppe in its dark blue waves, one of the gods took the semblance of a crow, and bearing a great rock in its claws it flew over the waters and dropped it into the chasm whence rushed the flood. This rock is now known as the Lung-ch'ü tao ("the dragon colt's island") by the Chinese, and hereby hangs another tale. In olden times, when came the winter and the lake was covered with ice, the people who lived on its shores used to take their mares and drive them to the island. In the spring, just before the ice broke up,—for then, as now, there were no boats on the lake,—they went back to the island, and lo! with each mare there was a colt, and these were known as "dragon colts," and could travel three hundred miles a day. There are no more dragons or dragon colts on the island nowadays, but only a few ascetics, to whom the people carry food in the winter when they can cross over to them on the ice.

The Koko-nor is about two hundred and forty miles in circumference and is without any visible outlet.¹ Its waters are brackish and, according to Prjevalsky, of no great depth. My road lay along its northeast side over a well-watered steppe, and then through the Buha gol valley at its western extremity. We crossed a number of good-sized streams flowing into the lake, the beds of several over a quarter of a mile in width, and, though they were partly dry at that time, they showed that in the rainy season an immense quantity of water must be brought down to the lake. We saw but very few tents of either Mongols or Tibetans, certainly not fifty altogether. But no conclusion must be drawn from this as to the density of the population. The pasturage in the vicinity of the lake is necessarily poor on account of the caravans, which continually pass through, grazing on it, so that the people have to seek other spots which have the further advantage of being better protected from the wind than is the plain along the shores of the lake.

¹ Its altitude above the sea level has been calculated by different travelers at from 10,000 to 10,934 feet. My observations give it as 10,900 feet.

Although the Buha gol was not the largest stream we had to cross in this part of the journey, it was one in which I took a special interest. Huc's passage of this river when journeying to Lh'asa has been considered by more recent travelers as one of the most powerful pieces of romance in a book which is supposed — most unjustly, I think — to be full of inventions. He describes in his usual graphic style the crossing of the river by the great caravan in the darkness of a November night, how the heavily laden yak broke through the ice, and the general confusion and excitement that ensued. Where I crossed the river it was not over fifty feet wide and about three deep, but its bed was over a quarter of a mile in width. The stream was fortunately free from ice; but it frequently happens in this region, where the nights are very cold and the days hot, that ice forms over the river to a thickness of several feet, but it is so rotten that it will hardly bear the weight of a man, to say nothing of a yak or a camel. Thus was the Baléma gol when we crossed it, and so we found other streams in this region. It may well have been that Huc had the same experience; there is nothing incredible in his story. In fact I have had several persons who frequently traveled this road, traders from Hsi-ning and Tankar, tell me that they had been delayed two or three days on the bank of the Buha gol from the difficulty of getting their caravans across.

Along the south bank of the river runs a chain of mountains of porphyritic rock, forming the watershed of the Koko-nor. It is a continuation of the range which skirts the great lake along its southern edge, but is less elevated, being little over a thousand feet in altitude. It was called, where I crossed it, Dagar-té-ch'en, but there is no name applicable to the whole range.

The day I passed the Buha gol I had hoped to be able to reach Dulan-kuo, the residence of the Mongol prince of the Koko-nor, on the south side of the Dagar-té-ch'en; but I had counted without my camels. Hardly had we begun the ascent of the mountain when two of them gave out, and, refusing to go a step farther, lay down. If any other animal gives out it is still possible to make it travel a few miles by a judicious use of patience and a club; but not so with a camel. When he lies down he will get up only when he feels like doing so; you may drag at the string which is fastened to the stick through his nostrils till you tear it out, he will only groan and spit. It was my first experience with camels, and I vowed that it should be my last; for, taking them altogether, they are the most tiresome and troublesome animals I have ever seen, and are suited only to Asiatics, the most patient and long-

suffering of human beings. Besides their infirmities of temper, resulting, I believe, from hereditary dyspepsia, as evidenced by such coated tongues, offensive breaths, and gurgling stomachs as I have seen with no other ruminants, they are delicate in the extreme. They can work only in the winter months, for as soon as their wool begins to fall, Samson like their strength abandons them. They can travel only over a country where there are no stones, for the pads of their feet wear out and then they have to be patched, a most troublesome operation. The camel is thrown and a piece of leather stitched on over the foot, the stitches being taken through the soft part of it: in this condition it may travel till the skin has thickened again; or, what is more likely, until it refuses to take a step.

The next day we pushed on a few miles, the loads of the camels having been transferred to the backs of our saddle ponies, but we only reached Dulan-kuo on the third day after crossing the Buha gol. On the road we met a small party of Tibetans and Mongols going to Tankar. They had come from Lh'asa, which they had left in November. We stopped to have a chat with them and to hear the latest Lh'asa gossip. They said that war was still waging between the Tibetans and the English, and that all central Tibet was in arms. It appeared that the lamas had got a large body of troops from eastern Tibet and had sent them to the front, assuring them that they had nothing to fear from the English, for they would accompany them, and from a safe place recite prayers and incantations which would make them invulnerable. In the first fight a large number of these men were killed or wounded; and disgusted with the inefficacy of their employers' prayers the remainder had marched home again, leaving the Lh'asa people to fight their own quarrels. They congratulated us on having traversed the Koko-nor steppes without having been waylaid and pillaged, and trusted that they might have as good luck and reach Tankar in safety.

Dulan-kuo (meaning "Hot place") is a miserable village of adobe hovels and one wooden house built by Chinese carpenters and belonging to the Prince of the Koko-nor (Ch'ing-hai Wang). Here live some two hundred Mongols, thirty lamas, and a minor incarnate saint known as a *Gégen*. This village, like those which I saw later in the Ts'aidam, was built some forty or fifty years ago by the Mongols as a means of protecting themselves against their bullying and thieving neighbors the Tibetan Panak'a. The greater part of the inhabitants of these villages do not live in houses, but in the yards adjoining the hovels, and which are surrounded by adobe brick

walls about eight feet high. Here they pitch their felt tents, and thus have all the enjoyments of camp life with the additional security afforded by strong inclosures and the proximity of neighbors. Dulan-kuo is in a narrow valley, on each side of which the mountains rise precipitously some 1200 feet, those facing south covered in places with cedar and juniper trees. Through the valley flows the Dulan (or Hulan) gol, which a few miles below the village empties into a small lake bearing the same name as the river. These Mongols, and also those of the Ts'aidam, cultivate the soil, but just sufficiently to procure what barley is necessary to them for their daily food. They are very poor: the Prince of Koko-nor owns only one thousand sheep, forty camels, and about the same number of horses. A man who has eight or nine camels, from ten to fifteen horses, and a few hundred sheep is considered well to do; and as his wants are very few, and easily and inexpensively satisfied, I suppose he really is. The greatest luxury among Mongols is snuff, of which they use enormous quantities. They powder the dry tobacco leaves bought from the Chinese, and as without the addition of some other substance it would be too strong, they add a quantity of yak dung ashes, which makes a mild and probably aromatic mixture. Like the Tibetans, they are not very fond of smoking tobacco, but of snuff they never can get too much.

Medicines also are much sought after by them. While I was at Dulan-kuo nearly every one in the village came to see me, and most of the people asked for medicines whether they were suffering from any complaint or no. Plasters were in great demand, as all the villagers had rheumatism, and the tighter the plasters stuck the better they were held to be. I had with me a bottle of Eno's fruit salts and tried to give some to the people, but when they saw the salts boiling and fizzing they thought there must be some magic about the medicine and would have none of it. Most of their troubles, sores, and eye diseases come from dirty habits, but one can never persuade them of the necessity for keeping clean. A friend of mine was once traveling among the Mongols and an old crone came to him and begged some medicine to put on a sore. He told her that before applying the salve it would be necessary to wash herself. She gave it back to him, saying, "I am sixty-seven years old and have never washed in my life; do you suppose I am going to begin now?"

One man came to me and asked for elephant's milk, and lost all faith in my ability as a physician when I told him that this remedy had not been recognized by the profession in my country. He said that it was passing

strange, for at Lh'asa, where he had twice been, it was a remedy in constant use, and that it was brought there from India.

Mongol physicians feel the patient's pulse on both wrists at the same time, and never ask any questions; or at least none concerning the origin and progress of the complaint, for if they did it would be held that they had shown ignorance in their profession. All the remedies I saw used in the Ts'aidam had been brought from Lh'asa, and were administered in the form of powders.

I remained at Dulan-kuo three days, during which time I was most hospitably entertained by the people, who invited me to their tents to dine, while the women sang choruses and some of the men played the guitar (*pi-wang*). They were all at my service while I staid there, ready to do any work for me or give me any information I might ask. Nearly all of them here and throughout the Ts'aidam could speak Tibetan, so I was able to get on without the assistance of an interpreter.

I have dwelt on the kind and cheerful disposition of these Mongols, because former travelers do not appear to have found them as genial as I did. Prjevalsky says of them that "Their eyes were dull and heavy, and their disposition morose and melancholy"; and that "The Prince of Koko-nor, a man of some intelligence, spoke of his subjects to us as only externally resembling human beings," being in all other respects absolutely beasts. "Knock out a few of their upper front teeth, set them on four legs, and you have regular cows," added he. I do not attach too much importance to the opinion of this "man of some intelligence," for a little farther on Prjevalsky states that he was twelve years old; but that of the colonel himself deserves more attention, and I am glad to say that my experience of these people — which lasted, it is true, only two months — does not bear out his very unfavorable opinion of them.

I was rather worried on the morning after my arrival at Dulan-kuo on hearing that one of the agents (*T'ung-shih*) from the Hsi-ning Amban's yamen had just arrived and was on his way to Tibet. I feared he had been sent, if not after me, at least to watch my movements, and have the roads to Tibet closed to me; so I sent one of my servants to speak to him and make him a few presents in my name, asking him to call as soon as he was rested. My man soon came back and told me that the T'ung-shih was on his way to eastern Tibet, there to collect the poll tax which the natives have to pay yearly to the Chinese in lieu of a former horse tax or tribute. Soon the T'ung-shih came to my camp. He was a handsome young man about six feet in height, with an extremely pleasing and open face. I told him



CAMPING ON THE KOKO-NOR.

that I was going first to southern Ts'aidam, then northward to Sa-Chou, and from that point to Hotien, and probably to India. Incidentally I regretted that the wars and rumors of wars in Tibet made it impossible for me to take the direct road to India (through Tibet), but that, as I had some years before been to Lh'asa, I was not sorry to have to take another route, although a much longer one. He said that he had never been to Lh'asa, though he had traveled all through eastern Tibet several times. He had many colleagues in the yamen, who had, however, gone there by the northern route (*i. e.*, the one from the Ts'aidam); and though they had only from fifteen to twenty in their parties, they had been able successfully to repel the attacks made on them by brigands and to reach their destination in safety. He believed I could do likewise if I had as large a party. As we should have to travel the same road between Dulan-kuo and the southern Ts'aidam, we decided to do so together. We soon became fast friends, and he eventually rendered me, on two occasions, important services, although I never saw him again after reaching southern Ts'aidam.

A little west of Dulan-kuo we came to the mouth of the valley and crossed a plain, some ten miles broad, in which are two small, brackish lakes, the Dulan-nor and Dabesu-nor. We camped near the mouth of a gorge which runs through the range of hills along its southern edge and marks the northern frontier of the

Ts'aidam. I had hired two Mongols with three camels to go with me to southern Ts'aidam, not only to serve as guides, but for the information I could gather from their conversations around the camp-fire: one of them was a Mongol Chinese, the other the steward of the Prince of Koko-nor. I was much interested, while camping near the Dulan-nor, watching one of these men butcher a sheep. With his short sheath-knife he first skinned it, and then, spreading the skin on the ground, cut open the carcass and disjointed it. In a few minutes the head with the backbone attached was all that was left on the ground, and half a dozen pieces of meat were already in the kettle. Among this people the sheep's tail and the brisket are considered the best pieces; but nothing is rejected, not even the intestines. They are always careful to remove every particle of flesh from the bones, and if it is a marrow-bone they crack it and eat the contents. A Mongol or a Tibetan nomad would never dream of leaving the smallest particle of food put before him, and in the case of cleaning bones of the flesh it is even looked upon by the latter people as a test of a man's ability. They say that by the care a man gives to this work one can judge what he would give to other and weightier matters in life. The shoulder-blades of sheep are much valued by these peoples for divination, and when I was wandering through the deserts of northern Tibet my Mongol guides used to divine



TIBETAN IDOL.

by them every day to see what fortune was in store for us. When the bone is dry they hold it in both hands to their foreheads while they mutter a short prayer, then put it into the fire, where it remains until thoroughly charred. Examining the cracks and crevices made on it by the fire, from their direction and location they learn what will befall both themselves and their animals. They also ascertain by this means what the weather will be, and experts can even cast a horoscope. So great is the Mongol's belief in this mode of divination, which our learned men have seen fit to call by no less formidable names than "scapulimancy" or "omoplatoscopy," that they will not undertake any work or journey if the shoulder-blade is against it. They have a number of other divinatory methods, of some of which I shall have occasion to speak later; but none of them is more popular than this one.

Having crossed the Timurté range we entered the waste of the Ts'aidam, in its northern part a sandy desert on which only a little brush grows, and farther south nearly everywhere a shaking bog covered with a crust of saline efflorescence and traversed by a few streams which are finally lost in the swamp in the center of this broad plain, some four hundred miles from east to west. The Mongols live chiefly near the mountains that border it to the north and south, where the heat is less great, and where there are no mosquitos. The average altitude of the Ts'aidam is a little over 10,000 feet above the sea level, consequently much lower than the Koko-nor and

the country to the south of it, the desert tableland of north Tibet, which has an altitude of over 14,000 feet.

We were six days crossing this desert, in which we saw only a few herds of antelope and wild asses. The Mongols now and then manage to shoot some of the latter, the hides of which they sell to the Chinese, who use them to make saddle-flaps.

The village of Baron Ts'aidam, near which the road to Tibet begins to ascend to the great tableland, was finally reached, but I found it a miserable, tumble-down place of only twenty or thirty hovels, where nothing could be bought for either men or animals. I staid there only a day, and saying good-by to my friend, the T'ung-shih, pushed on to Shang, a large village some thirty miles to the east, which had been represented to me as a land flowing with milk and butter, where horses, camels, and yaks were plentiful and cheap.

The district of Shang, which comprises the southeast corner of the Ts'aidam, is a fief of the Talé lama, to whom it was ceded by the Mongol chiefs of this country, probably towards the end of the seventeenth century, when they transferred their allegiance from Tibet to China. Although the population is entirely Mongol, the ruler is a Tibetan lama, whom I should like to dignify with the title of Lord Abbot of Shang, but I cannot bring myself to dub with a name so fine sounding the dirty old monk filling this office whom I found living in a corner of his kitchen and eating with his fingers. The people call him *K'ampo*, or Abbot, and his rule is not, they told me, an oppressive one, save that he insists rather too much on their observance of conjugal fidelity, a virtue held in as light esteem among Mongols as is cleanliness. The village has some seventy-five or eighty hovels in it, and the people live as they do at Dulan-



IDOL WITH DRESS OF YELLOW SATIN.

kuo, some in tents in their yards, some in the houses. The country around Shang, which is several hundred feet higher than Baron and no longer an open alkaline plain, but shut in on each side by high mountains, is well cultivated, and flocks of sheep, goats, and bunches of camels and ponies graze on the hillsides.

On the tops of all the houses were little prayer wheels turned by the force of the wind, a simple arrangement like an anemometer placed on them catching the air and so keeping them

a few other delicacies, among which were several pieces of brown sugar from India. Two or three days later, my camels and luggage having arrived from Baron, I made him some presents, and he invited me to dine with him. I found him seated on a pile of rugs in a corner of his kitchen and surrounded by his habitual cronies, his steward, his cook,—an old Mongol who had traveled in China and who now acted as his minister of foreign affairs,—and a number of village loafers, who could always get tea and tsamba in his house. I, and



A TIBETAN CAMP.

in motion. In the hands of most of the old men and women were bronze or brass prayer wheels, which they kept continually turning, while, not satisfied with this mechanical way of acquiring merit, they mumbled the popular formula "*Om mani pénié hum*," the well-known invocation to Avalokiteshwara, the would-be savior of the world.

The abbot was very gracious at first, and I thought for a while that he would help me in organizing a party to travel southward or towards Lh'asa, and possibly give me a pass. He sent me a large Mongol tent to live in, as there were no good or large rooms to be found in the village; and his cook, who was also his prime minister, brought me from him a huge lump of deliciously rancid butter and

two of my men who accompanied me, sat down on his right with a long narrow stool or table before us, and taking our cups out of our gowns handed them to the cook, who filled them with buttered tea. After we had talked for a while, large wooden platters with chunks of boiled mutton piled upon them were put before us, and we set about devouring this Homeric meal, eating only the best part on each piece and then passing it to one of the bystanders, who finished it. After this dishes of rice, with *choma*, butter, and brown sugar, were given us, and the feast ended with vermicelli and hashed mutton, a concession to our Chinese tastes. When we had eaten as much as we could a great jug of Tibetan wine, called *néchéang*, was brought in. In taste it is

something like small beer, or Chinese *samshu* mixed with water, and is a cheering but not inebriating drink. Tibetans have, however, a stronger liquor called *arak*,¹ on which they get royally drunk, and the abbot told me that he loved it, though any kind of liquor was good. He certainly showed his fondness for it that afternoon. Seeing him in such a happy frame of mind, I broached the subject of my journey to Tibet and asked him if he would allow some of his people to accompany me, and hire or sell me pack-animals. Then he told me the same yarns I had heard already so often about the dangers of the roads leading thither, of the brigands who infested them, of the pestilential emanations which killed both men and beasts, and gave many other reasons for my not attempting the journey. I told him that I was on my way home to India, and that I could not turn back, but must go on. Then he advised me to go to Sa-Chou, and thence by Khoten to Ladak; but I explained to him that I had not money enough to afford such a long and roundabout journey, and that, speaking Tibetan, I preferred to travel in Tibetan country. He then said that he could not help me; that none of his people had ever been over the deserts of northern Tibet, and that he would not let them risk their lives in the attempt. He added that the Mongols of Baron often went that way with caravans, and that if I asked their chief to help me I might perhaps find him willing and able to do so.

In the evening his cook and foreign secretary came to my tent and repeated to my men all the abbot's stories with embellishments of



JAMBYANG.

in the village some Chinese traders from a place between Hsi-ning and Tankar, and they had been most kind and friendly to me. They came to my assistance when they saw my men dependent and afraid to stay with me,—for they had more than half believed all the stories told them,—and gave them another version of travel in Tibet; and so successfully did the traders persuade them that there was in reality very little to fear, that they one and all told me of their firm determination to accompany me anywhere. I decided at once to give them a taste of desert life, and to prove to them that the much dreaded “pestilential emanations” were only the rarefied atmosphere at high altitudes, and that the sickness was due to diminished pressure on the vascular system. I did not make them the above learned explanation, as my Chinese would not have carried me through the “vascular system” part of it, but managed to make them understand it in simple language. My plan was to follow to its source beyond the great range of mountains to the south of us the course of the river which passes at Shang, the principal one of the Ts'aidam, and then come back to the camp of the chief of Baron, a trip which probably would occupy me a week, and during which I should have to cross passes at least 16,000 feet above the sea level.

Many of the people of Shang spoke to me of Prjevalsky and his Cossacks, whom they had twice seen in the Ts'aidam. The foreign costume of the Russians had struck them very much, especially the flat forage caps of the soldiers; but of all their customs that of making the sign of the cross had appeared to them

consumption was a disease not unknown to the Mongols. They were amazed at the idea of our drinking kumiss to cure this malady.



JAMBYANG.



their own, hoping thereby to deter them from accompanying me farther. There were then

¹ Mongols give this name to a drink distilled from fermented mare's milk which we call kumiss. I asked if it had any curative properties, but was assured that it had none, and further inquiry elicited the fact that

the most extraordinary and inexplicable. They told me that Prjevalsky had visited Shang, but I can find no corroboration of this statement in his works, nor have I been able to learn of any foreigner having been to this place before me. They said that on his last journey to the Ts'aidam he was accompanied by at least forty men, and that he had gone south into eastern Tibet in the hope of reaching Lit'ang. He had never been heard of since, and had most likely been killed by the wild Golok or suffocated by pestilential emanations.

While among the Mongols I was much struck

sociable, they are without any of the polite manners which characterize the Chinese and even the Tibetans. Among them there is even no expression which corresponds to our "Thank you"; so on receiving a present they cannot thank the giver, although they will sometimes with both hands raise the gift to their forehead. Their form of salutation consists in holding out both hands, palms uppermost, bowing slightly, and saying, "*Amour sambéné.*"

While at Shang I exchanged my camels for ponies, which are much more serviceable pack-animals, and require less attention and care. The Ts'aidam ponies are of a very poor breed,



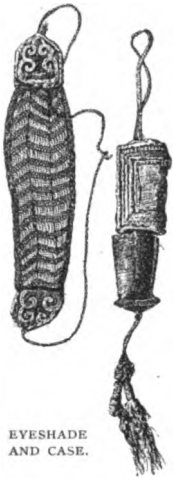
BY THE VILLAGE OF BARON TS' AidAM.

with the perfect equality of all classes. The poorest man in a tribe will enter his chief's tent, sit down, drink tea, and chat with him, and receive the same welcome as would the chief's relatives or most intimate friends, except that he will not occupy a seat beside his host, but will squat down near the door, while the host sits nearly opposite the door and a little to the right. In like manner the chief of a tribe will visit any of his people, sitting in their tents like their equal, possibly trying to beat them in a horse trade, or arranging with them some business venture on part profits.

Although the Mongols are kind-hearted and

mostly sway-backed and with such long hoofs that they are bad mountain animals; but anything was better than camels, and had I not been able to find horses I should have done as many of the Mongols and Tibetans do—ridden yaks. As it was, when ready to leave Shang I found myself the owner of fourteen ponies, eleven of which were as miserable-looking jades as ever lived.

Having secured the services of a guide to go to the source of the Bayan gol, I sent two of my men with the packhorses by the direct route to the camp of the chief of Baron, and with the other two I started out with the

EYESHADE
AND CASE.

lightest possible outfit on the 24th of April, to give them a taste of life in the desert and incidentally to try to shoot some of the bears, wild yaks, or asses with which the country to the south of the mountains was said to be alive.

After following the course of the river through a picturesque cañon for some thirty miles, we left it when half through the range, and, going up a side gorge, crossed the mountains by a steep and difficult pass, the top of which was covered with several feet of snow. In this we floundered about holding on to the tails of our horses till it was nearly dark, and only managed to get to the lower edge of the snow line late in the night, when we threw ourselves down among some rocks, and supperless awaited the dawn. This pass is called the Amnyé-k'or, and is about 16,200 feet high. On the north side of it we saw several large herds of wild yaks, also bears and wolves; but as the march was a long one and I was kept busy surveying its endless zigzags, I had not time to go after them.

The next day we once more struck the river in a fine open valley some twenty miles west of the Tosun-nor ("Butter lake"), its principal source. Here again the country was alive with game of every description, and the ground was so thickly covered with yak and wild ass droppings that it looked like a vast barnyard. While the men were getting our tea ready I saw a herd of about fifty yaks coming down to the river, half a mile away from us; so, picking up my Winchester, I crawled up to within about two hundred yards of them and let fly at the biggest one I could pick out. At the report of my rifle the herd made a rush in the direction from which the noise had come; but, as I was lying down behind some stones, they could see nothing and soon stopped. When I wished to reload my rifle I found the magazine empty, and I had no cartridges about me. Then, like the hero of "Happy Thoughts," I remembered all that had been said about the danger of this kind of sport — how the bull when wounded charges his assailant, that one's safety lies in keeping on firing at him, etc.; so I slunk away by a circuitous route as fast as I could without ever again looking at the yak. What was my amazement, an hour or two later, when riding by this spot with my men, to find the yak lying dead on the ice and the vultures already pecking it.

Shooting wild asses is a much more exciting sport, for these handsome beasts are extremely wild and their sight and hearing wonderfully acute; hence it is very difficult to stalk them. In size they resemble the domestic ass. Their color is invariably a bright fawn, running into white on the neck, belly, and legs. The head, which they carry very erect, is too heavy for the body, and the tail is short, with little hair. The flesh is coarse and tough, but not so bad as that of the yak, in comparison with which bull beef is a delicacy.

I spent four days in this valley, which is about seventy miles long, tracing the two branches of the river to their sources in the Tosun-nor and the Alang-nor; and then, turning northward again, I recrossed the range by another difficult pass called the Nomoran Pass, and found my men and luggage at the camp of the chief or Dsassak of Baron, on the north side of the pass, in the pretty little cañon of Narim.

I found the Dsassak a good-natured, fat fellow, about twenty-eight years old, whom I had met several times in Peking two years before, when he was there on his triennial visit or tribute mission to the emperor. He showed himself most kindly disposed and ready to assist me; although my lacking a pass from the Amban at Hsi-ning, a document that every traveler has to carry in these parts, made him at first fear that he might get himself into trouble with the Chinese authorities if he did anything for me. His steward, when he heard where I wanted to go, volunteered his services. He had been three times to Lh'asa and once through eastern Tibet, spoke Tibetan like a native, and was considered the most energetic man in his tribe. This was a good beginning, but when I tried to get seven or eight more men to go with me — without whom Dowé, the steward, declared that it was impossible to attempt to reach Lh'asa — I found neither the men, nor the money in my pocket to pay them if they had offered. The only man who tendered his services wanted forty ounces of silver, a very moderate



A TIBETAN CAP.

sum in reality, but at that rate I should have been left penniless before starting. It was not to be thought of. Another reason which made me relinquish with less chagrin the attempt to reach Lh'asa was the news of the arrival there, in January of that year, of a Russian expedition. The Dsassak assured me of the truth of this story, which he said he heard from a party

expedition to Tibet under Colman Macaulay tended to prove that so large a party as that of Prjevalsky would meet with strenuous opposition at every step of its progress through the country.

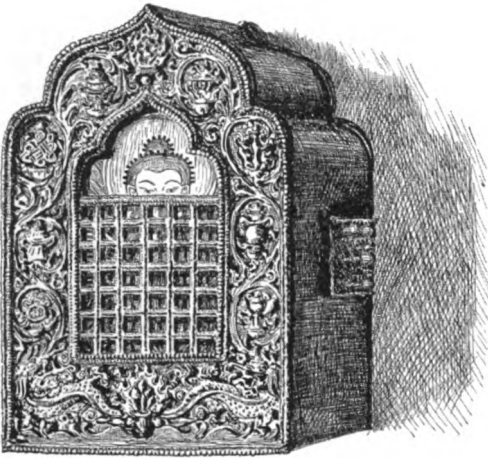
Finding that I could not possibly undertake this journey, I resolved to try to go through eastern Tibet and reach either Assam or Ssu-



IN A MONGOL TENT.

of traders who had recently passed through on their way to Tankar. At Shang the same story had been told me, so it was not an invention of this chief, and later I heard it again from a Tibetan chief south of the sources of the Yellow River. How this report had been spread through the country I cannot conceive even now, unless it was that the Chinese authorities had informed the Tibetan government of the start of Prjevalsky's last expedition for Tibet, and of the permission they had given him to visit Lh'asa, if he could. The rumor had probably been noised about the country and had finally become the tale told to me. At all events I was inclined to believe it, although the recent fiasco of the great British

ch'uan in China. All this country was unexplored, and I knew from Chinese works that it was full of interest both to the geographer and to the ethnologist. The Dsassak did his best to dissuade me from attempting it, for he declared this to be quite as dangerous a journey as that to Lh'asa. Especially did he dwell on the nearly insurmountable difficulty I would experience in crossing the Dré ch'u, as the Yang-tze-kiang is called in Tibet. He said that in 1884 Prjevalsky — he called him the Russian Amban — had attempted to do so, and had gone with about eighteen men and some fifty camels as far as the bank of the river. But the lamas who lived in a convent on the farther shore had, by their prayers and incan-



SILVER CHARM BOX FROM LH'ASA.

tations, raised the wind and the waves so that he could not effect a passage, and he had had to turn back. Then he was attacked by the wild Golok who roam over these desert steppes in search of caravans to pillage, and in a nearly destitute condition he returned to the Ts'aidam.

In a tent near that of the Dsassak dwelt a living Buddha, a man whom all the Mongols held to be a most wonderfully endowed saint. He was a native of eastern Tibet, and was known as the Lab jyal-sé-ré. He passed his time in prayer, thus warding off all calamities from the country, the people, and their flocks and herds. Especially was his wonderful foreknowledge of use to all those who were about to start on journeys or to undertake perilous expeditions, for he could foretell all that was to befall them. Taking a few presents, and accompanied by the two Mongols who had offered me their services, I went to the Gégén's tent, and having given him a long blue silk scarf called a *kata*,—the indispensable accompaniment of any present or request,—together with the other presents, which comprised a convex and concave looking-glass, a razor, and a piece of soap, I begged that he would deign to disclose to me the fate of my expedition; should I be able to cross the terrible Dré ch'u and eastern Tibet, or should I be obliged to retrace my steps and fail in my attempt? He took up from beside him a little gold box in which were dice, held it up to his forehead while he muttered a prayer, opened it, and looked at the dice. Then he took a book, and turning over the leaves till he reached one whose number corresponded with that turned up on the dice, he conned it for a while and then delivered himself of this remarkable prophecy: "You want to go through Ch'amdo? Well, between this place and the Dré ch'u you will perhaps have trouble and fall in with brigands, or per-

haps you will not. As to the Dré ch'u, it is a terrible stream to cross, and you may cross it, or you may not. But as to traversing all eastern Tibet and reaching Jyagar [India] or Ssusch'uan, I cannot tell; it is beyond my ken. Be careful, be careful."

My Mongols listened with bated breath and awed and reverent silence while he thus foretold the fate of my undertaking; and when the lama had spoken they declared that nothing could be more satisfactory than this; they were ready to go anywhere with me; my luck would evidently be good.

Then the Gégén, who was a youth of not over nineteen, very handsome, and, wonderful to relate, quite clean (he was not a Mongol), turned his attention to the presents I had brought him. But all his science, accumulated through his many incarnations, was not enough to disclose to him the use of the piece of soap. He did not like to confess his ignorance, but finally he had to pocket his pride and ask me what that queer stuff was.

The next day we were occupied in buying food for our journey,—mutton, butter, and tsamba,—in arranging the pack-saddles and loads for the ponies, and in overhauling our slender kits. In the tents of the two Mongols who were to accompany me lamas were busy reciting prayers with beat of drum and ring of bell, in writing out charms for them to carry on their persons, and in examining charred shoulder-blades of sheep. Nearly every man in the valley came to my camp and gave me some advice about the journey; among others the Dsassak and his brother, who told me that it would be prudent for me to say wherever I went that I was a T'ung-shih from Hsi-ning or Peking, as they were the only men who could travel through these wild parts of Tibet without let or hindrance, and that, though I had no pass from the Amban, the simple fact of my being employed in his or in a similar office would greatly facilitate my progress. A little later on in the day the Buddha sent one of his lamas to tell me the same thing. I followed their advice with the most happy results. My men clung with such persistency to this fiction that I never had to tell the lie direct myself; they took that trouble



WOODEN CHARM BOX FROM EAST MONGOL.

off my shoulders. The fact was that they did not believe they were making any important misstatement, for though they knew that I had held an official position at Peking, they could not conceive that it was independent of the Chinese government; they simply thought that I and the other men employed with me in the legation were regular T'ung-shih, or agents in the pay of the Chinese to facilitate the transaction of business, the presentation of tribute from our people. This is the opinion of nearly all Chinese as regards foreigners; for them foreigners are but frontagers of the great empire, of the Chinese world, and tributaries of the emperor. I have often been questioned in China as to the form of government in my country, and when I replied that our sovereign was changed every four years, that his title was Pi-li-shih-tien-te (the best transcription our treaty makers have been able to coin for the word President), and that he had a council of about four hundred members, they expressed astonishment that there was still in the world a people sunk in such savagery.

But to return to the Mongols. We remained in the Narim Valley for five days, during which time snow fell heavily (we were then in the first days of May), so that they doubted whether we could cross the Nomoran Pass

again for some days to come, and Dowé, my new guide, proposed that we should try the Hato Pass, a little to the east of it. This road was very rocky, but a little snow was usually found on it at this season of the year. The Dsassak did his best to make me stop a few days longer with him, sending me every day a big bottle of *arak*, and *tarak*, or sour milk, by the bucketful; but even these luxuries had not the power to delay me, and on the 5th of May I broke up my camp and moved about fifteen miles in the direction of the Hato Pass, which we did not cross until the third day after leaving Narim, as snow had again fallen on our way up to it. I found this pass a great deal easier and lower than the two others I had crossed in this range; its altitude is 15,290 feet, and there was hardly any snow on it. The descent on the south side was extremely steep though short, and we soon found ourselves near my old camp, some ten miles east of the Alang-nor. And now began the most fatiguing portion of my whole journey, across the desert tableland to and far beyond the sources of the Yellow River, amid snow and piercingly cold winds, with starving horses, the sickening effects of the rarefied air, and the constant fear of falling in with some party of Golok, the Bedouins of northern Tibet.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.¹

INTRODUCTION BY THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.



TALLEYRAND has been dead fifty-two years. Within two months the first volumes of the memoirs he left are to be issued. He himself forbade their publication till thirty years after his death, and at that date his literary executors found a further postponement necessary. He was thought to be the depository of more secrets than any other man of his day, with greater power over the reputations of more men, living and dead. Naturally these memoirs were long awaited with a singular mixture of curiosity and alarm. Not the least element of the absorbing interest which still attaches to them arises from the desire to see how much of the piquancy and flavor of a famous man's recollections may evaporate in half a century.

The career these memoirs portray was and remains unparalleled in modern Europe for

length and variety of distinguished service. Beginning with Louis XVI., from whom he received his first appointment, and from whom he went later with a letter to the king of England, Talleyrand served in all eight known masters — besides a great number of others who were at one time or another said to have him secretly in their pay. He became President of the Constituent Assembly which organized the French Revolution. He was sent to London on a secret mission with a passport from Danton. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, under Louis XVIII., and under Louis Philippe. In diplomatic skill and success contemporary public opinion held him the first man of his period — that is to say, for half a century the first man in Europe. As to real influence on affairs, it is doubtful if any minister since can be said to have exerted as much, with the exceptions only of Bismarck and Cavour. Even they did not cover so wide

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The colonel's color rose.

"That this matter may be settled properly, suh. I insulted you publicly in my office. I wish to apologize in the same way. It is my right, suh."

"But I can't walk; look at that foot, big as a hatbox."

"My friends will assist you, suh. I will carry yo' crutches myself. Consider my situation. You surely, as a man of honor, will not refuse me this, Mr. Klutchem?"

The colonel's eyes began to snap, and Fitz edged round to pour oil when the wind freshened. Klutchem's temper was also on the move.

"Get out of this chair with that mush poul-

tice," pointing to his foot, "and have you cart me down to Wall street to tell me you are sorry you did not murder me! What do you take me for?"

The colonel's eyes now fairly blazed and his voice trembled with suppressed anger.

"I did take you, suh, for a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. And you refuse to go, and—"

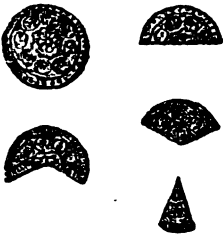
"Yes!" roared Klutchem, his voice splitting the air like a tomahawk.

"Then, suh, let me tell you right here that if you do not get up and get into my caarriage, whenever you *can* stand on yo' wuthless legs I will thresh you so, suh, that you will never get up any mo'."

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

NORTHERN TIBET AND THE YELLOW RIVER.



TIBETAN SILVER COINS.

THE caravan with which I left the Ts'aidam for the wilds of Tibet was indeed a sorry-looking one. Of seventeen ponies only three were fit for hard work; all the others were old swaybacked creatures that stumbled over a few miles daily and then sank under their small loads. But my men did not care; we had plenty to eat, and so, though the stages were short,

meals were numerous and long.

After crossing the Hato Pass (altitude 15,290 feet) and the valley of the Alang gol, we passed through a range of mountains when about eight or nine miles east of Lake Alang, and entered the land of desolation which stretches to the Yellow River, some sixty miles away, a country of sand and gravel crossed by numerous ranges of low hills only a few hundred feet high. Here and there was a little stiff grass, but no running water—only small pools covered with dirty ice. Even the wild animals, so numerous in the valley to the north, keep away from this bleak country, where a few bears and wolves, which slunk away at our approach, were the only living things we saw. The weather became worse and worse as we advanced, and squalls of snow or hail followed one another with such rapidity that we had no time to dry our clothes in the rare intervals of sunshine.

This plateau is about 14,500 feet above the sea level, and the rarefied atmosphere at this altitude told rapidly on my miserable horses; even the dogs showed signs of distress and limped dejectedly behind us. We felt no brighter than the animals; our wet clothing seemed to weigh tons, our guns loaded us down, we were dizzy and nauseated, and walking was so great an effort that perspiration poured down our faces.

On the 9th of May we came to a stream flowing southward, and followed its course till it finally emerged into a valley of sand and white quartz gravel, where it emptied into a little river some fifty feet broad and two feet deep which was slowly flowing eastward. This was the head waters of the Yellow River, the Ma ch'u of Tibetans, known to the Mongols as Soloma.

As I drew near I saw a large bear standing in the river feeding on the carcass of a yak. Taking a gun from one of my men I fired at it, breaking its shoulder. When my men saw what I had shot at they turned and beat a hasty retreat, shouting to me to run, that the "wild man" might not devour me. Another shot, better aimed, put an end to the bear, but not to the fright of my Mongols, who even then would not approach. Our failure to skin my prize nearly broke my Tientsin servant's heart, for by it he lost his chance to secure the gall, a much valued medicine in China, and worth eight or ten ounces of silver in any drug shop. Mongols and Tibetans attack a bear only when they are a strong, well-armed party. My having killed one of these dreaded monsters alone seemed a feat of great daring, and the story was told to every Tibetan we met afterwards as proof positive of my dauntless courage.

About a mile to the south of the Yellow River, and divided from it by low hills, is a vast swamp. This is Karma-t'ang, "The Starry Plain," a firmament of sedge the stars of which are pools and puddles of stagnant, iridescent water. On the bank of the Huang ho, a little to the west of where I crossed it, comes yearly an official to sacrifice in the name of the emperor to the river god, that he may spare the country through which it flows and not visit it with death-dealing floods. A white horse and

dreds of thousands (report says millions) of people.

In 1884 General Prjevalsky was attacked near Karma-t'ang by a large band of K'amba Golok, a great tribe of nomadic Tibetans who live chiefly by rapine and pillage, and whose country extends from east of the sources of the Yellow River to close by the border of north-western Ssu-ch'uan.

At Karma-t'ang animal life again appeared, and enormous herds of yaks were seen grazing

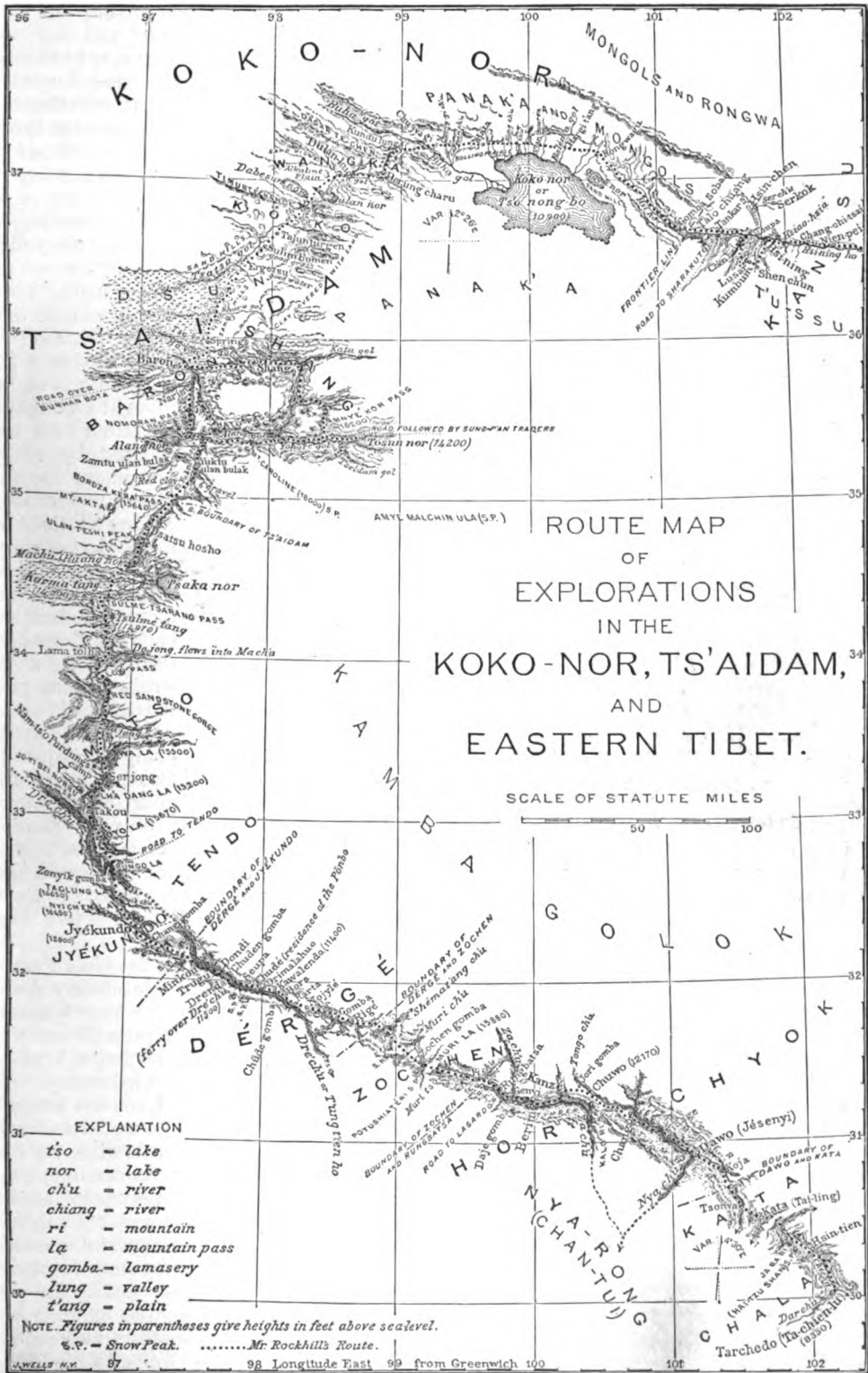


BEAR-SHOOTING AT THE SOURCE OF THE YELLOW RIVER.

seven sheep without spot or blemish are sacrificed, litanies recited, and incense burned. At least so says the report addressed to the emperor by the Amban at Hsi-ning, but I have reason to believe that the full sacrifice is not always made; and this is the more probable since the Amban's deputy is allowed only ten ounces of silver for the purchase of sacrificial animals, and nothing for traveling expenses. Evidently little faith is placed in this mode of restraining the fury and vagaries of the great river, which within the historical period has four times changed its lower course and yearly breaks through the immense levees along its banks. Its most recent change was in 1887, when it swept over more than a hundred thousand square miles of country in the provinces of Ho-nan and An-hui, obliterating innumerable towns and villages and dealing death to hun-

on every side. As we advanced beyond this point the land became higher, the hills loftier, the ground exceedingly rough, and covered everywhere with little grassy hummocks, mud-puddles, and swampy bottoms. Through these we had to twist and turn, the horses stumbling over hillocks or putting their feet into deep holes. Walking was an impossibility, and sleeping on such ground an agony. Storms were more frequent and violent, and so slow was our progress that our stock of provisions became so nearly exhausted that we were reduced to eating mutton tallow with our tsamba and tea, and even to rationing ourselves on this Spartan fare.

On the 13th of May we crossed the watershed between the Yellow River and the Dré ch'u, and entered the valley of one of its little affluents, the Ra jong. To the south rose





WOMEN'S ORNAMENTS.

a range of high mountains over which the guide said our route lay, and on the farther flank of which he thought to find tents. But snow was falling and dense masses of cloud hung down the mountain sides, so that he could with difficulty make out his landmarks. Slowly we crossed the valley and began the seemingly endless ascent of Mount Rawa. Our jaded horses could hardly advance; one after another fell, and it was only by abandoning some of my goods that we could get along. To add to our trouble Dowé, who had been riding some distance ahead, came back and said he could not find his way. When about four hundred feet from the summit¹ we saw some springs, and near by a deserted camp. Here we decided to rest for a day or two while the guide crossed the range, got his bearings, and secured, if possible, some food and pack-animals to take us on to the nearest camp.

After a day of anxious waiting he returned, and with him two wild-looking creatures in greasy sheepskin gowns, and four yaks with pack-saddles. These men were to lead us to

¹ This pass is 15,500 feet above the sea-level.

the camp of their chief and carry our baggage, but farther than that they could not go until the chief had seen us and given them permission.

The next day we crossed the pass, and, descending into a narrow valley, camped near our guides' tents. There was a man in their camp famous for his ability as a fortune-teller, so I thought I would put his talent to a crucial test by asking him about the fate of my undertaking. Taking a little book, to each leaf of which was fastened a short string, he twisted these together and bade me draw one; then looking at the writing on the page thus selected he said: "Wherever you are going travel quickly, lose no time; for on your rapid move-

ments hangs the fortune of your journey. This is your only means of success." More timely and sensible advice he could not have given me, nor any which I would have followed sooner if only I had been able.

The next day we reached the chief's camp, and it was with considerable anxiety that I awaited the return of Dowé, whom I sent at once to the chief's tent with presents and a request for food, for on my reception here depended the future of my whole journey. With horses no longer fit to travel, without food and without a guide, I could go no farther if he refused me help. After a little while my man returned and said the chief was coming to visit me, and soon he made his appearance, accompanied by two of his sons and a number of servants. Nam-ts'o Pur-dung was a fine-looking man of fifty, with clear-cut features and an expression of much dignity. Unlike the generality of his countrymen, who let their hair hang loosely over their shoulders, his head was shaved. His sheepskin gown had a broad border of otter fur, and on his head was a blue cloth cap with sable trimmings. The servants

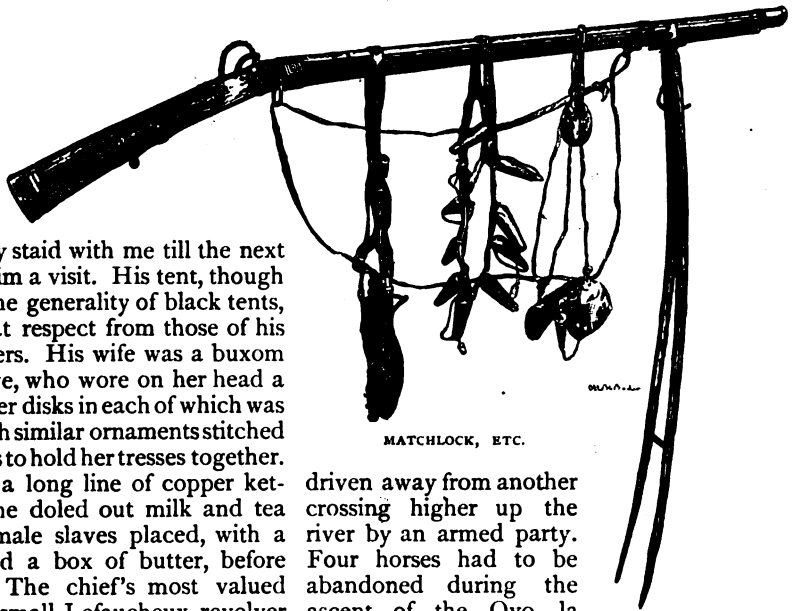
wore cotton-covered hats with wide rims and very high but narrow crowns — exaggerated Korean hats in common use in eastern Tibet and the Koko-nor in summer time. The chief brought me a bag of tsamba, another of cheese, and some butter, and said that the next day he would send me two sheep. This very kind reception astonished us, but it was soon explained. About a fortnight before, he told us, he had seen a T'ung-shih from Hsi-ning on his way south, who had said it was possible that an official from Peking would pass this way, and who had asked him, as a personal favor, to do all he could to assist the officer. This was truly an agreeable surprise, and proved that the protestations of friendship on the part of my late fellow-traveler had been sincere. His assistance was most timely, as the chief added that but for the T'ung-shih's request he would have done nothing for me.

He and his party staid with me till the next day, when I paid him a visit. His tent, though much larger than the generality of black tents, differed only in that respect from those of his less wealthy followers. His wife was a buxom woman of thirty-five, who wore on her head a crown of large amber disks in each of which was set a coral bead, with similar ornaments stitched on black satin bands to hold her tresses together. She presided over a long line of copper kettles, from which she doled out milk and tea that male and female slaves placed, with a bag of tsamba and a box of butter, before each new-comer. The chief's most valued belongings were a small Lefauchaux revolver he had bought from a Chinese, and a few fowls brought back as curiosities from a journey into Ssu-ch'uan.

He readily agreed to hire me a number of yaks to carry my luggage as far as Jyékundo, the first town south of the Dré ch'u, and exchanged three or four fresh horses for my worst ones. Besides a few presents of no great value, I promised to send him a revolver and a hundred cartridges on arriving at Jyékundo. This prize delighted him. He said that his peace was being continually broken by the Golok, who made raids on his lands; but now he would be able to sleep quietly, for when they learned, as he would take care they should learn, that he had a "six-shooter," they would be more wary how

they troubled him. We parted the best of friends, and his sons made me promise to return, agreeing to accompany me to Lh'asa then, if I wished it.

The next day we set out for Jyékundo with the addition to my party of two Tibetans riding yaks, and six yaks carrying my baggage. The chief had instructed our guide not to follow the highway, which would take us through several large villages, but to take a more direct, though a more rugged, trail. I cannot here dwell on the incidents of this part of the journey, during which we ascended six passes, five of them considerably over 15,000 feet above the sea level, crossed the Dré ch'u, our horses and cattle swimming, after having been



MATCHLOCK, ETC.

driven away from another crossing higher up the river by an armed party. Four horses had to be abandoned during the ascent of the Oyo la (altitude 15,670 feet), and after seven days of excessive fatigue and hunger, during which three of us, notwithstanding the horsehair blinkers we wore, became snow-blind, we finally reached our destination, but ill prepared for the reception that awaited us.

The generic name for eastern Tibet is K'ams, or K'amdo. It is divided into eighteen principalities ruled by semi-independent chiefs, some of whom are styled *Jyabo*, or "king," others *Déba*, or "prefect." Some districts are subject to Lh'asa,¹ paying tribute to and receiving officials from that country; others, chief among which is Dérge, have preserved their perfect independence, admitting no interference on the part of China or Lh'asa. The people are called K'amba, but more generally they are designated by their tribal names, Horba, Dér-géwa, Lit'angwa, etc. They are divided into two classes, highland nomads and lowland

¹ Among these Mä-nya (in Chinese, Chan-tui) has, within the year, driven out the officers from Lh'asa and declared its independence of that kingdom. (From a letter from Mgr. Biet of February 26, 1890.)

husbandmen. The first live in tents in the smaller valleys, the second dwell in several-storied houses of stone in the larger and warmer valleys, where alone cultivation of the soil is possible. But the most marked distinction between these two classes is found in

exalted position they hold, they appear to be physically entitled to it, for they are, in this respect, greatly the superiors of the men. Chinese authors have not failed to assign to the finer physique of Tibetan women the prevalence of polyandry among them. Whatever may be



EVENING PRAYERS ON THE HOUSETOPS.

their marriage relations. Among the nomads, where property is easily divided and where existence is not dependent on the produce of the soil, monogamy is the general and probably universal rule. In the agricultural districts, on the contrary, where arable soil is very limited and houses are not so built that they can accommodate several families, polyandry is common, and among the wealthy polygamy is frequently found. In Dér-gé, more than in any other principality, is polyandry met with; and I was everywhere assured that it was because it was preëminently an agricultural district, or, as Baber puts it, a country of husbandmen. Both systems work satisfactorily. Women play the most important rôle in every household; no buying or selling is done in any family except with the wife's consent and approval. Without considering the mental qualifications of the women of this country to the

cause of this custom, its existence and the influential position assigned to women in Tibet date back to remote periods. As early as the seventh century of the Christian era one of the principalities of eastern Tibet was ruled over by a queen, and men had nothing to do with the government of this state, but only fought the country's wars and cultivated the soil. This was the Nü Kuo, "the country of women," and corresponded approximately to the present Nya-rong, which I traversed on my journey.¹

I cannot drop this subject without quoting a passage from E. C. Baber's "Journey of Exploration in Western Ssu-ch'uan"; for, though we differ radically on the subject, the

¹ At the present day the Tibetan principality of So-mo (or Po-mo), south-southwest of Sung-p'an, is governed by a woman, perhaps the lineal descendant of the Su-pi of the Nü Kuo. Possibly even So-mo is the modern equivalent of the ancient Su-pi.

concluding phrase of his argument appears to open a new field of research; besides, any statement of his is worth consideration.

In Tibetan countries the distinction between lowlands and highlands, plowland and pasture, is very strongly marked. Wheat is as grand a luxury in the latter as beef and mutton in the former; and many other antitheses might be cited, the most remarkable of which is that polygamy obtains in valleys, while polyandry prevails in the uplands. In the valley farms, I am told, the work is light and suitable for women, but the rough life and hard fare of a shepherd on pastures 13,000 feet or more above sea-level is too severe for the sex. This explanation has been given me by a European of great experience and long residence in these countries, whose personal conviction, though adverse to marriage in his own case, is strictly monogamous; nevertheless, he feels compelled to admit that the two systems, working side by side, mutually compensate the evils of each, and that both are reasonable under the circumstances and probably requisite. The subject raises many curious and by no means frivolous questions, but I cannot help thinking it singular that the conduct of courtship and matrimony should be regulated by barometrical pressure.¹

The people of eastern Tibet do not differ materially in appearance or stature from those near the Koko-nor, though their features are perhaps more clear-cut, the nose thinner and more prominent, and the eyes larger. I saw among them not a few with hazel eyes and curly or wavy hair. The women are as tall as the men, much more fully developed, and frequently quite good-looking. But the iron rule of fashion forces them to hide their rosy cheeks under a thick coating of *teu-ja*, a black, sticky paste made of catechu. This is to preserve their complexion from the cutting wind — so say those who are matter-of-fact, but others tell a different tale. More than a hundred years ago there lived at Lh'asa a great saint named Démo Rinpoché, who did much to restore the purity of monastic life, which had greatly suffered under the licentious rule of the sixth pontiff of Lh'asa, Ts'ang-yang jyats'o. Canon law says that when a monk goes abroad he must keep his eyes fixed on the ground some little distance ahead of him, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the women caused the lamas to forget this law, and great disorders ensued. Démo Rinpoché then commanded that no woman should go abroad unless her face was well besmeared with black, and soon this became a fashion throughout the whole country.

Time and again I tried to induce girls in

¹ Andrew Wilson, in his "Abode of Snow," p. 193, says that a Moravian missionary in western Tibet defended polyandry, not as a good thing in the abstract, or one to be tolerated among Christians, but as good

the houses where I was stopping to wash their faces clean, promising them beads and other ornaments; but in vain. They said they washed only when the feasts came around, some four or five times a year. This suggests that the story of Démo Rinpoché is not true, and that the origin of this custom may be found in the Tibetans' well-known abhorrence of washing.

Like the women of India, those of Tibet have made into ornaments for their persons all the silver or gold they can get — plates of repoussé work for the head, earrings, buckles, buttons, rings, chatelaines from which hang their needle-cases and keys, charm boxes, etc. The mode of using head ornaments varies in different localities. At Lit'ang they wear a repoussé disk on each side, while in the Horba country they have only one — on the front of their heads if they are married to natives, or on the back if they have Chinese husbands. The men wear nearly as much jewelry as the women, ornamenting with silver their sword hilts and scabbards, their saddles, guns, tinder-boxes, and wooden bowls, besides wearing earrings, rings, and charm boxes made of that metal and set with coral and turquoise beads.

Though the Tibetans make less show of their religion than the Mongols, all observe a few ceremonies, some of which are very pleasing — none more so than the chanting of evening prayers. A little before dark lamps are lighted on the altars in the temples, and a number of lamas play a weird, plaintive hymn on horns and clarinets. Then every housewife ascends to the roof of her dwelling and lights a bundle of juniper boughs in furnaces specially made for that purpose; and while the fragrant smoke ascends she and the other members of the household chant a hymn or litany, the fine deep tones of the men and the higher notes of the women blending most agreeably with the distant music in the lamasery. In the early morning juniper boughs are again burned on the housetops, but no prayers are recited. Walking around temples and incising on slabs of stone the mystic formula *Om mani padme hūm* are other modes of manifesting religious feeling. Along all the roads in the country one sees piles of stones, in many cases fifty to a hundred feet long and ten to fifteen high, in which each stone has carved on it this or some other mystic sentence, or sometimes even long passages from the sacred books. These are called "mani walls," and their erection is held to be a most meritorious work, beneficial to all mankind. Several times on my journey,

for the heathen in so sterile a country, where an increasing population would provoke eternal warfare or eternal want. Samuel Turner made similar remarks nearly a century ago.

in localities where shaly stones were plentiful I passed camps of people who were laboriously sculpturing slabs and slowly building a *mani* wall.

The funeral customs are peculiar. Among the nomads the dead are disposed of by exposure on the hillsides, as among the tribes of the Koko-nor. In the agricultural districts three modes are in vogue, but in no case does the funeral take place while the crops are yet standing; pending that season the corpses are well salted and kept in large covered baskets. The bodies of the rich and of lamas are fed to vultures or to dogs, and in a few cases are burned; those of the poor are thrown into the river. For this reason fish are never eaten.

In eastern Tibet, as in other parts of the country, the lamas constitute the most powerful, wealthy, and influential class. Among the nomads they rarely dwell and lamaseries naturally are never seen, but in the lowlands they swarm.¹ But though the lamas do not live among the nomads, the lamas visit the latter frequently, and also to some purpose. One meets parties of lamas on every road with large droves of yaks bending under heavy loads of every product of the land, the gifts of the laity, the price paid for prayers and exorcisms. Every lamasery owns large estates, and its tenantry and slaves are no more amenable to the laws of the country than are the lamas. The abbots of all the principal lamaseries are appointed by the Lh'asa Government, which for years has been endeavoring to annex this part of the country and has occasioned through its intrigues a number of wars.

The gentle and humane teachings of the Buddha Shakyamuni are not often present to the minds of these unruly monks, who, like the Templars, join in their persons the characters of soldier, priest, and trader. The chief lamaseries of the country are but fortresses, and the well-armed and well-mounted lamas are always ready for the fray. Feuds between rival lamaseries are continual, and their mode of declaring war is unique. The lamas wear no breeches, only a long kilt, a waistcoat, and a shawl. When they are about to set out on a military expedition and expect to be in the saddle for days the necessity for nether garments becomes imperative, and the order goes forth, "Make your shawls into trousers." It

frequently occurs that this beginning of hostilities is enough to bring the weaker party to its senses, and without waiting to be attacked it sues for peace.

Fortunately lamas are tolerant, and religious wars of very rare occurrence. The lamas are divided into four sects, by the Chinese called Yellow, Red, Black, and White, and there is also the non-Buddhist sect of Beunbo. This last religion is identified by the Chinese with Taoism, but for convenience of comparison only, for it closely resembles Lamaism. In two ceremonies only do the priests of this faith offend Lamaist convictions—they walk around sacred buildings and monuments keeping them on their left hand, and they sacrifice live animals to their gods. These Beunbo are looked down upon by lamas and laity; but as they read prayers cheaper than the lamas, their services are in constant demand among the people. Strange as it may seem among so religious a race as the Tibetans, the people do not appear to belong to any one of the above sects or schools of religion, but call in the services of lamas of any of them. While at Ta-chien-lu I lived in the house of a wealthy and devout Tibetan who every day had a lama reading prayers; one day it was a Yellow lama, the next a Red or a Black one, or possibly even a Beunbo. An explanation of this may be found in the fact that these sects differ more in the gods they revere than in any dogma or ceremony.

Among the curious customs of the Tibetans I must not omit to mention their modes of salutation. Those near the Dré ch'u salute one another by holding out both hands, palms uppermost, sticking out the tongue, and then saying "*Oji, oji*." Farther south they omit putting out the tongue, and say "*Ka-é*" ("How fares it?"), to which the other answers, "*Ka ma-té*" ("It fares not badly"). To a person of high rank they bow low and take off their hats. A Lh'asa man is easily recognized by his salute: he sticks out his tongue and pulls his right ear, rubbing the while his left hip. The Chinese bow tends, however, to displace this national one, which is now confined to the lower classes. A visitor on leaving says to his host, "*Kalé ju*," literally "Remain slowly"; to which the other responds, "*Kalé pé*" ("Go slowly"; or, as we might put it, "Look out for yourself").

W. Woodville Rockhill.

¹ The population of eastern Tibet is approximately 150,000, of which from 20,000 to 35,000 are lamas. Between Jyé-kundo and Ta-chien-lu, a distance of about six hundred miles, I passed thirty-six large lamaseries,

five of which had from 2000 to 4000 inmates, and in the smallest of which there was over a hundred. Chinese authors estimate that a third of the male population of Tibet enters the church.

THROUGH EASTERN TIBET AND CENTRAL CHINA.



JYÉKUNDO is a small town on an affluent of the Dré ch'u, and was the first place of any importance we had yet seen in Tibet. The town contains about a hundred and fifty houses, and a fine lamasery is built on a steep hill behind it. Here converge several important trade routes leading to all parts of the country. I purposed taking the one to Ch'amdo, and, as I had friends there among the lamas, I hoped to be able to push on southward towards Assam, or, if prevented and forced to return to China, I should at all events be able to add considerably to our geographical knowledge. From Jyékundo to Ch'amdo the country was unexplored, and the only Europeans who had gone from Bat'ang to Ch'amdo had not surveyed the route.¹ But fate and the lamas had something else in store for me. The first day of my stay in Jyékundo the yard in which I was camping was crowded with people of all ages and conditions, eager to see what goods I had for sale and to know what I wished to purchase; for, as I was not traveling on official business, trade was the only reason they could assign for my presence among them. Fortunately I bought enough tsamba and butter to last for a day or two, for on the morrow the courtyard was deserted, and I learned that the Déba, who was also abbot of the lamasery, considered me a suspicious character, because I was without the pass from the Amban at Hsi-ning with which all persons coming from the north are provided, and had issued orders forbidding trade with me. Any one disobeying was to be severely beaten, or, if a lama, his nose and ears were to be slit; and a reward of ten packages of tea was offered to informers. The people were told that these measures were taken for their protection, for it had been ascertained beyond a doubt that I was a man deeply versed in the black art, with power to make my money or other belongings return to me in three days after giving them in exchange for goods; to trade with me was therefore a sure means of bringing loss to traders and a great gain to me. This notice was duly posted all over the town, and lamas were sent to supply the people with verbal commentaries on the text. Just before the publication of this taboo I had bought a tur-

¹ Mgr. Tomine Desmazures and Abbé Desgodins, in 1861. Huc also traveled over this route on his way to China, but his narrative has no geographical value. Since writing the above I have learned, from a letter

quise ring from the girl who owned the place where I was staying, and it was amusing to see her anxiety for the next three days. Each time I met her she clutched the little leather purse she carried at her belt and felt if the money was safe, and great was her relief when the dreaded time had elapsed and the rupees were still hers.

Fortunately for me there were in the town a number of Chinese traders from Ssu-ch'uan, and also a man from Hsi-ning who had been sent here by my friend the T'ung-shih to make ready a home for him and to await his arrival from Tendo, a town some four days' ride to the north of Jyékundo. These men did all in their power for me, and tried to dispel the suspicions of the lamas and the people. The man from Hsi-ning said I was a well-known T'ung-shih from Peking, as his chief, who would be here in a few days, would certify, and that any impoliteness to or ill treatment of me would be deeply resented by him and by the Chinese Government. This disturbed the Déba so much that he decided to go at once and consult with some other chiefs. As soon as he had gone my Chinese friends came and advised me to leave the town at once if I wished to cross Tibet, for as long as the Déba was away no new measures would be taken against me, and even his former orders would not be strictly obeyed. If I awaited his return it was possible that I would be forbidden to advance southward. My horses were so weak they could hardly stand and nobody would sell or hire me any. What was to be done? To leave two of my men here with all the goods, and to take the three best ponies and go as fast as they could carry me, was my only chance of getting through the country: the Chinese traders would try to send the other men and my traps back to China at the first opportunity. This was the conclusion we arrived at, and I decided to carry it out if my friends could get me a guide. After long *pourparlers*, and only on paying a large sum of money, did they finally secure the services of a man from Kanzé, a blear-eyed, drunken, wasted little fellow, who, besides his long, matted, grizzly locks, had a huge cue of different colored silks plaited with his hair, a concession to Chinese ideas frequently made by the Tibetans. He was to accompany me to his

from Ta-chien-lu, dated May 24, 1890, that a party of thirteen foreigners (Gabriel Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans?) had reached Larego, five hundred miles west of Ch'amdo, and was making its way to Ta-chien-lu.



A NATIVE.

native town, a thirteen days' ride to the south of Jyékundo. I tried to get him to take me to Ch'amdo, which was three days nearer; but he said he had never traveled that road, and with so few men he was afraid to try it as the country was full of brigands. I offered him double the sum he had asked to take me to Kanzé, but to no avail. The buxom woman accompanying him — whom he apologetically introduced as his Jyékundo wife, not nearly as good-looking as his *po-niang* at Kanzé — insisted on his refusing the tempting offer, and I had to resign myself to the inevitable.

So far on my journey I had been able to use silver bullion, but at Jyékundo Indian rupees alone were current, and when coins of smaller value were wanted they were chopped into halves or quarters. My gold was marketable only at such a heavy loss that I could not afford to sell it,¹ and my silver was reluctantly changed for coin by the Chinese as a personal favor, for they said they could do nothing with it. The old Tibetan guide had a diminutive mule which we loaded with a bag of feed for the horses and a few odds and ends for ourselves, and having, by the advice of my friends, changed my Chinese felt hat for the red turban worn throughout Tibet, and put on my horsehair blinkers, which hid my obnoxious blue eyes and half my face, I was ready to start.

The two men I left behind me I never saw

¹ Gold is worth twenty times its weight in silver at Peking, eighteen at Hsi-ning, and from twelve to thirteen in Tibet. It never exceeds 850 fine.

again, but from letters I have received since my return home I have learned of their adventures. The Déba on his return to Jyékundo brought orders to prevent by any and every means my journey southward — to kill me, if necessary. Finding the bird flown, he gratified his animosity by seizing my men, chaining them, and throwing them into prison. It was only after great trouble on the part of my friend the T'ung-shih that he got them released a fortnight later, and my goods and horses returned to them. They then set out to follow me; but the country was now aroused, and soon they were seized again by a party of lamas, carried off in chains, and their horses and goods abandoned. This time they recovered their liberty by paying their captors a ransom: on returning to their camp they found that two of their horses had been eaten by wolves. Finally, after many tribulations, they reached Kanzé, and eventually Tachien-lu, where they were most kindly received by the bishop and the fathers of the Tibetan mission, and in due time sent back to their homes.

The adventures of these men show how providential had been my hasty departure from Jyékundo; for if Chinese, who can travel about this country with perfect freedom, were submitted to such treatment simply because they were in the service of a suspect, what would have been my fate if the lamas had caught me?

As far as Jyékundo I had found the country desolate and stony, with only here and there a little brush growing in the more sheltered





TEA PORTERS ON THE ROAD.

nooks among the hills, but on the morning of the second day after leaving the town we entered a small cañon which opened on the Dré ch'u, and the scene changed as if by magic. Cypress and juniper, pine and birch, covered the mountain sides, and along the brook, flowing between banks of velvety grass powdered with little pink and white flowers, grew plum trees and wild gooseberry bushes; honeysuckle and other shrubs, all in full bloom, filled the air with the fragrance of their blossoms. From the cavities in the tufa rocks hung ferns and creepers, from which the water dripped in glistening drops. The change was so sudden and so delightful that even my stolid Chinese grew enthusiastic over the beauty of the surroundings, or availed themselves of my admiration for the scenery to suggest breakfast in order that we might enjoy it the longer, for

soon we should surely leave this dreamland behind. But their fears were groundless. For miles the country remained the same, becoming even grander along the Dré ch'u. There the road was high up on the steep mountain, 600 or 700 feet above the broad, blue river, and on each side in the background were dazzling peaks of snow. Villages and lamaseries were numerous, and large droves of yaks carrying tea from Ta-chien-lu followed one another in endless succession.¹ This continual movement made surveying extremely difficult, as I had to use much care to keep this work secret, for knowledge of it would have helped to confirm what the lamas had said, that I was searching for hidden treasures, to find which I employed means unknown to them. Now that I had not even a tent in which I could quietly draw at night, I had to resort to all kinds of expedients

¹ During the journey to Kanzé we met daily from 200 to 500 yaks, each carrying two or three boxes of tea, or from 115 to 175 pounds. I was told that for three-fourths of the year this road was thus filled with them.

Consequently four or five million pounds of tea are brought into the country over this road, or half the general trade of Tibet with China in this commodity.

during the day to get half an hour or so of undisturbed quiet in which rapidly to work up my notes.

We rarely stopped in villages or in tents, but always some distance from them, the guide going to the nearest habitation to buy food for us and the horses. Usually I and my Chinese were taken for Mongols; only once did a man say as he passed by, "Why, there goes a *p'iling* [foreigner]!" But the guide stopped to chat with him, and set him right. Old Kando, our guide, who was a musk trader, was a great

a pipe as our only solace. When we had nearly reached the eastern border of Dérégé we and our horses were so utterly worn out that a day's rest was imperative. I rode up to a little camp on the hillside above the Yi ch'u and asked the people to let us rest in their tent for a day. They agreed to give us a small one where they stored pack-saddles, and we were soon seated around a big fire, emptying pot after pot of tea and milk with which they kept us freely supplied.

It is not possible to describe here all the



CROSSING THE DRÉ CH'U.

traveler; he had been to China and to India and had lived for two years at Darjeeling, so it naturally did not take him long to find out where I was from; but he stood by me faithfully, and, though drunk every evening, he never told any one that I was a foreigner, but invented with wonderful promptitude *à propos* lies to suit every occasion.

We rode on rapidly, first crossing the Dré ch'u when three days distant from Jyékundo, and later one of its large affluents, the Za ch'u, our horses swimming, while we were ferried over in the little skin tubs used throughout Tibet. Rain fell every day and often for whole days, and our life was most miserable. Without fire or the possibility of preparing food, we wrapped ourselves in our felt cloaks and beguiled away the long hours of the night with

country I traveled through, which was frequently extremely beautiful, and where the people, customs, and language presented many interesting peculiarities. After leaving the rich and populous kingdom of Dérégé we entered the no less important Horba states, and finally reached the town of Kanzé. Here I was glad to find a Chinese officer and a small detachment of troops, for to their friendly assistance I and my men probably owe our lives. The people, led by the lamas, assaulted the house of the Chinese trader where I had put up and tried to drag us out, but the lieutenant promptly sent a detachment of men to our rescue, who managed to get the house closed and barred and who remained with us to keep off the mob which crowded the streets and the housetops. He notified the Déba that I was a Chinese official,

a native of Turkestan, where, he said, light complexions and blue eyes were common.

I had arrived at Kanzé in an evil hour, in the midst of the festivities of the 15th of the fourth moon,¹ when the people from far and near congregate there and the chiefs review their men, and when drinking and fighting are the order of the day. In Tibet nearly every crime is punished by the imposition of a fine, and murder is by no means an expensive luxury. The fine varies according to the social standing of the victim, 120 bricks of tea (worth a rupee a brick) for one of the "upper ten," 80 bricks for a person of the middle classes, 40 bricks for a woman, and so on down to two or three for a pauper or a wandering foreigner, as Lieutenant Lu Ming-yang kindly informed me. He said that there was hardly a grown-up man in the country who had not a murder or two to his credit; and later on Mgr. Biet, the Bishop of Tibet, corroborated this statement.

The Horba have finer features and lighter complexions than any other people I saw in Tibet, and their fondness for bright colors in dressing and for much finery adds not a little to their picturesque beauty. They are divided into five tribes, governed by hereditary chiefs, who are practically independent of both China and Lh'asa. The Déba appoint district magistrates (*Shelngo*), whose term of office is three years, and under them are war chiefs, or *Ma-pön*.² Each village has a *Bésé*, or "head man," who levies the taxes in his locality and is personally responsible for the payment of the full amount assessed. Other officers watch over the chief's granaries and crops, his herds and flocks, fix the date of the harvest, levy duties on salt and all other commodities. Tibetan officials never receive a money compensation for the per-

formance of their duties, but are given certain prerogatives, such as the exclusive right to lodge caravans, and tracts of land are assigned to them the crops of which constitute their emolument.

Kanzé is the most important commercial center of this part of K'amdo. Easily and rapidly reached from Ta-chien-lu in Ssu-ch'uan, it is connected with the capital of Dér-gé by a fairly good road. This latter place is famous for the beauty, excellence, and variety of its manufactures; its swords, guns, copperware,



AN EASTERN TIBETAN.

bells, and saddles command exceptionally high prices and are deservedly prized. I have seen specimens of work done in this locality which are highly creditable to the artistic sense and mechanical ability of the people. Art, like every other branch of the civilization of this country, has been affected by India and China to an equal extent, and the blending of the styles obtaining in these two countries as found in Tibetan metal work produces a most harmonious result. The Nepalese (*Peurbu*) are esteemed the best silversmiths in the country; and their work, which shows the Indian filigree and the Chinese repoussé combined, is imitated everywhere, and is a decided improvement on either of these styles of ornamentation used alone.

After three days of anxiety spent at Kanzé, during which I tried in vain to persuade the lieutenant to give me a guide to Lit'ang, I left with an escort of four Chinese soldiers for Dawo, another large town of the Horba six days' ride to the southeast. The day before my departure the lieutenant sent an express along the road I was to follow, bearing a notice in Chinese and Tibetan tied to an arrow, — meaning that it must be sent from station to station as quickly as the arrow shot from the bow,—and informing all the chiefs of my pas-

¹ According to the Tibetan calendar. Unlike the other dependencies of China, Tibet has preserved its own mode of reckoning time. It is principally used to determine lucky and unlucky days. All unlucky days are dropped. *E. g.*, if the 13th of the third moon is unlucky, they omit that date and count the 14th twice.

² It is interesting to find the principle of subordina-

tion of the military to the civil authorities, so strongly marked in China, also existing in Tibet. The Chinese have a saying, "*Wen-kuan ti i pi, Wu-kuan pa pu-chi*" ("When a civil official raises his pen the military officials are unable to move"). The organization of all eastern Tibetan states is similar to that of the Horba, except where ruled by Lh'asa.

sage, to the end that post-horses and food might be prepared for us. Every night we stopped in the official post-station (*Jya-tsu k'ang*), where we were provided with the best the country afforded. Day by day the scenery grew more enchanting, the forest growth thicker and higher, the fields larger and more numerous. The people had about finished sowing their crops and were enjoying a season of rest and amusement. We passed many parties of girls and young men picnicking under the shade of the great trees along the Nya ch'u. The girls were dancing to the song of some of their number. They formed in two groups, and while one stood still, the other danced forward and back, holding hands, bending and swaying their bodies, and taking short, high steps. Then the other group had its turn, and so the dance went on to the apparent delight of the young men who, lying on the grass, watched them.

We rode through several towns and by numerous villages till we finally reached our destination, Dawo, called Jésenyi by the people. It is quite an important place, with some eight hundred inhabitants, of which over a hundred are Chinese, and it has a large lamasery (*Nyi-chung gomba*) where live two to three thousand monks, held to be a churlish, riotous lot even by the people about them. Here I very nearly had a repetition of the scenes at Kanzé; but I was becoming hardened to anything short of actual assault, and as the mob did not go that far, I awaited quietly the arrival of the Chinese sergeant stationed here, who was rusticated some distance off in the mountains. When he finally came I got from him two guides, and we started for Kata (also called Tailing), and from that village off again to Ta-chien-lu, where I arrived on the 24th of June, having ridden nearly six hundred miles since leaving Jyé-kundo on the 29th of May. Here I found myself in the midst of friends; for the best could not have received me with more kindness and have done more to make me comfortable than did Mgr. Felix Biet, the noble Bishop of Diana and Apostolic Vicar of Tibet.

He was very much surprised that I had been able to traverse eastern Tibet, in view of the



A, TINDER-BOX, SILVER AND CORAL MOUNTING; B, LEATHER MONEY BAG; C, RED LEATHER MONEY BAG, WORN ON THE BELT; D, SILVER INK BOTTLE AND PEN CASE; E, ROSARY MADE OF DISKS CUT FROM HUMAN SKULL; F, HORN (KAN-DUNG) MADE FROM HUMAN TIBIA, LEASH AND COVERING MADE OF HUMAN SKIN, USED IN EXORCISMS.

lawlessness of the people and of the opposition of the Chinese Government to any one's attempting to enter it, as was shown in the case of Count Béla Szechenyi's expedition. He said that for the last twenty years the members of his mission had been trying to reach Dér-gé, but that their endeavors had been ineffectual; the Chinese, insisting that there was no practicable road through that region, had refused them permission. Even the Chinese of Ta-chien-lu would not for several days believe that I had crossed K'amdo, as they said there were none of their people who would venture in that country without being well known to the natives. The most noteworthy attempt to enter eastern Tibet from the north was made by Colonel Prjevalsky in 1884; but he was able to get only as far as the Dré ch'u and then had to return to the Ts'aidam. From the Ts'aidam

to the sources of the Yellow River our routes, if not the same, at least frequently crossed each other. From the latter point to Ta-chien-lu, a distance of over seven hundred miles, I had traveled in a country where no European had ever put his foot. The richness and fertility of many of the districts I saw, the excellence of the roads, the absence of high or difficult passes between Jyékundo and Ta-chien-lu, the density and variety of the population, were subjects of continual surprise. These features alone explain the preference



BRONZE CHURCH BELL.

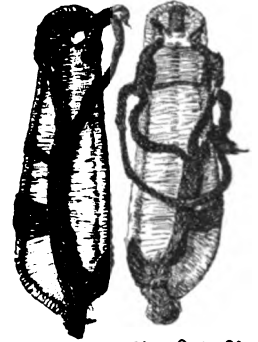
shown for this route by traders from central Tibet over the highroad *via* Lit'ang and Ba't'ang. On the latter one has to cross no fewer than fourteen passes—several of them extremely difficult and very high—between Ta-chien-lu and Ba't'ang, a distance of 225 miles, and the road lies nearly all the way to Ch'amdo (where the one I had followed meets it) through a desolate, thinly inhabited country, where it is difficult for a part of the year to find pasture for cattle.

It is only within the last few years that the Chinese have been able to implant themselves in the country I traveled through, so hostile and lawless have the natives always shown themselves, but already an important trade has sprung up in musk, gold, hides, etc. *Rheum palmatum* of the finest quality is found in enormous quantities, but as its use is confined to the foreign market, there is no demand for it at present. It is highly probable that when the country is better known there will be found a number of products of the soil of considerable value to foreign merchants. The remoteness of this country will always be a great obstacle in the way of establishing direct commercial relations with it, and for long years to come it will probably be of interest to us only from a scientific point of view, a field of research of indeed wonderful interest to the student of anthropology, of linguistics, of geology, and especially of botany.

AFTER passing a fortnight most agreeably at Ta-chien-lu waiting for the men I had left behind at Jyékundo, nothing being heard of them I made up my mind to go on to Shang-hai. Comfortably ensconced in a sedan chair carried by four lusty coolies, I was off once more on the 10th of July for Ya-chou, which was the terminus of my wanderings by land.

We stopped the first night at Wa-ssu-k'ou,

at the mouth of the Ta-chien-lu River (Lu ho) where it empties into the T'ung, the road running down a rocky gorge on each side of which the mountains rise almost perpendicularly to a height of over two thousand feet. Here and there huge boulders, detached from the cliffs, had been precipitated into the stream below, which tumbled over them in a mass of silvery spray. Wherever possible the soil was cultivated, maize and potatoes being the principal crops. Willows, poplars, and widespread walnut trees were growing around the little villages and tea-houses with which the narrow, rocky path was lined. The road was covered with long files of heavily loaded porters trudging slowly on to Ta-chien-lu, and in every tea-house their huge loads were placed on benches while the frugal coolies refreshed themselves with a cup of tea or a bowl of bean-curd and a chunk of corn-bread. Most of them were carrying tea from Ya-chou or some neighboring town, about one hundred and fifty miles away, to be taken later, on yaks or mules, into Tibet. They were of all ages, and I was surprised to see among them not a few women and small children. The packages of tea, each about four feet long, six inches broad, and three to four thick, and weighing from seventeen to twenty-three pounds, are placed horizontally one above the other, the upper ones projecting so as to come over the porter's head. They are held tightly together by coir ropes and little bamboo stakes; straps, also of plaited coir ropes, pass over the porter's shoulders, while a little string fastened to the top of the load helps to balance the huge structure, which it requires more knack than strength to carry, for its weight must bear on all the back and only slightly on the shoulders.



SANDALS WORN IN SSSU-CH'UAN.

In their hands the porters carry a short crutch which they place under the load when they wish to rest without removing it from their backs. The average load is nine packages, or from 190 to 200 pounds, but I passed a number of men carrying seventeen packages, and one had twenty-one. A man, I was told, had a few years ago brought an iron safe weighing four hundred pounds for Mgr. Biet from Ya-chou to Ta-chien-lu in twenty-two days. Old or decrepit people commonly travel along this road borne on the backs of porters. Many of the women porters carried seven packages of tea, nearly two hundred pounds, and



TIBETAN BOOTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

children of five and six trudged on behind their parents with one or two. The price paid for this work is twenty tael cents (about twenty-five cents) a package, and it takes about seventeen days to make the trip from Ya-chou. So far as my knowledge goes there are no porters in any other part of the world who carry such weights as these Ya-chou tea-coolies; and, strange as it may appear, they are not very muscular, and over half of them are confirmed opium smokers.

Irish potatoes, I have said, are one of the principal articles of diet at and around Ta-chien-lu, but in 1889 the crop was nearly a total failure; the potatoes rotted in the ground, and the poor people were greatly distressed over this inexplicable and unprecedented calamity. A day or two before I left town the mystery was explained. A peasant, while resting from his work in his little potato patch, heard the voice of the "chief of the potatoes" (*Yang-yao wa-wa*) as he spoke to his people, saying: "My children, this people of Ta-chien-lu are a stiff-necked, wicked lot, and I have felt it my duty to punish them, and not to leave you exposed to their contaminating influence, so we will all leave this country and seek another home. But as I don't wish the death of these sinners, but rather that they may repent and live, I have ordered our cousins the beans to remain behind, and so they will not starve."

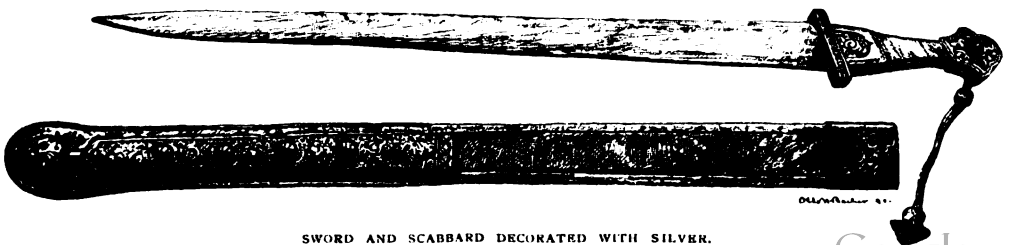
The peasant came at once to town and repeated his story, which partly consoled the

people for their loss, for they then knew that if the potato crop was to be a complete failure they would at least have an abundance of beans.

Some fifteen miles below Wa-ssü-k'ou is the famous suspension bridge across the T'ung River, the Lu-ting ch'iao. It was built in 1701, and is 370 feet long, 10 feet broad, and is, I should think, about 150 feet above the stream. Nine chains, which form the bed of the bridge, are wound around large windlasses placed in towers at each end, and by this simple method the bridge is kept taut and the swinging reduced to a minimum. Two other chains on each side form a rather frail fender, and two loose planks placed on the lower chains constitute the roadway, over which mules and horses can travel with ease if not with a sense of perfect security.

Ssu-ch'uan and Yun-nan are famous for their suspension bridges, most of them similar to the Lu-ting bridge; one, however, that I saw near Huang-ni P'u is made of two round bars of iron and is about seventy-five feet long. How it was manufactured or put in place is a mystery to me, but it is a splendid piece of ironwork. The extremities of the rods are anchored behind large rocks.

About half a mile below the village of Lu-ting ch'iao the Catholic Tibetan mission has a station in the village of Sha-pa, and here I passed the night in the neat little vicarage surrounded by peach and pomelo,



SWORD AND SCABBARD DECORATED WITH SILVER.



SILVER CHATELAINE,
SILVER-MOUNTED
KNIFE, SEAL AND
SEALING-WAX.

lemon¹ and plum trees laden with fruit, and a garden filled with salad plants and other vegetables dear to all good Frenchmen.

The following day we left the valley of the T'ung ho and by rough and steep paths reached the top of the Fei-yüeh ling (altitude 9400 feet), and on the 13th the pretty little town of Ni-t'ou. The people were in a state of excitement over the marriage of the belle of the place and the high price her prospective husband had had to pay for her: fifty taels to purchase a "number two wife" was highly creditable to the town which had given birth to such a treasure. The Ssu-ch'uanese are much given to selling girls, and large numbers are exported yearly from Ch'ung-ch'ing for Han-kou and Shanghai and other eastern cities. The price usually paid for one of six or seven years is from seven to ten taels. They are kindly reared by the stock farmer who buys them, receive a "liberal education with all modern accomplish-

ments," and when they have attained the age of sixteen are easily disposed of at high prices. The trade has nothing cruel about it, and many of these girls are respected members of society in after life, and certainly enjoy many more material comforts than if they had been left in their poor villages. I have lived in homes of highly respectable Chinese where the wife had four or five little girls purchased with her savings, and they were treated with as much kindness and love as her own children.

At Yung-ching Hsien (altitude 3100 feet) tea culture begins, but unless particular inquiries on the subject are made one would not be likely to recognize the tea shrub of China in the trees, fifteen or twenty feet high, which bordered the fields, or in the heaps of big leaves and twigs drying in the sun the components of the brick tea of Tibet.

In a little village some ten miles be-

¹ Pomeloes (or *shaddock*s, as they are called in the West Indies) and lemons do not, however, reach maturity at this altitude (4500 feet).

low this town, and where I stopped for the night, my rest was much disturbed until nearly dawn by some one reciting in the peculiarly exasperating monotone in which all Chinese schoolboys are wont to indulge. On inquiry I learned that it was the innkeeper's son, preparing to go up to town for his examination for the degree of B. A.; and the innkeeper said that he and all the men of his family for the last three generations had passed this examination. This is a little village lost in the remote mountains of western Ssu-ch'uan: I doubt if such a thing could be heard of outside of China, Korea, and Japan; but in these countries it is common enough. On July 18 I reached Ya-chou, a pretty city on the right bank of the broad Ya River, which empties into the Fu ho (or, as we call it, the Min) at Chia-ting Fu. Besides being the greatest manufactory of brick tea in Ssu-ch'uan, Ya-chou is also the rainiest place in the province, while Yung-ching, not forty miles from it, is said to be the driest. The summer of 1889 had been exceptionally rainy, even for Ya-chou, and the authorities had been forced to take drastic measures to stop the deluge. They had had the north gate of the city closed! This was known to be an infallible means of putting a stop to the rain, and the people were delighted with the energy and determination of their chief magistrate in dealing with the rain gods.

At Ya-chou I hired a raft to take me down to Chia-ting, seventy miles. This is the only kind of craft which can navigate the shallow but swift and dangerous Ya ho. It is about thirty feet long and six wide, and is built of two sets of bamboo poles, the forward set bent up into a bow. A mat awning covers the middle of the raft, and two men row in the bow while one steers with a long sweep in the stern. It is a tolerably safe, rapid, but wet mode of travel. As cooking and sleeping on board are



A RAFT ON THE YA HO.

impossible, it is not to be recommended when ascending the river.

The swift current carried us rapidly down through a country of great natural beauty. On each side the red sandstone of the mountains cropped out in numerous places among the vivid greens of the semi-tropical vegetation which covers the soil, while in the background rose the dark cloud-capped mountains I had recently been traveling across. The lowlands along the river were, wherever irrigation was possible, covered with paddy-fields; near every little white and black cottage a bunch of tall bamboo waved its long, graceful plumes, and banana, white-wax, and tea trees, with fields of sorghum and maize, nearly hid them from our view.

Some fifteen miles below the town we passed through a gorge about two miles long; creepers and ferns grew in every crevice of the high red sandstone cliffs rising on each side, and two torrents fell in dazzling mist from a height of several hundred feet over their perpendicular sides, and at their base the river swept over the rocks, spinning our frail craft in the whirlpools which covered its turbid surface.

The next morning we could see some thirty miles away to the west the dark, rugged mass of sacred O-mi shan, rising ten thousand feet above the plain, and a few miles ahead were the vine-covered walls of Chia-ting and its suburbs of thatched cottages hid in groves of bamboo and banana trees.

Here I staid only a day, the necessary time to hire a small boat to take me to Ch'ung-ch'ing (287 miles), where I arrived in two days, simply drifting with the current. The country between Chia-ting and Ch'ung-ch'ing was similar to that along the Ya ho, the valleys a little broader, the hills lower and less angular. From Sui Fu — where we entered the Yang-tzu — eastward the country has already been carefully described by former travelers, and the pace at which I was swept through it was not suited to collecting further details concerning it. But what struck me everywhere in Ssu-ch'uan was the prosperous appearance of the people in this the most densely populated province of the empire. It is said that there are 71,000,000 inhabitants in Ssu-ch'uan,¹ and I have seen less misery and less beggary in it than in any other province. The people are well dressed, well fed, happy, and hard-working, and famines in this garden-land are unheard-of calamities. Notwithstanding its teeming population it not only produces enough

¹ Memorandum of the Board of Works (*Hu-pu*), giving the population of the empire in 1885. Manuscript note to the author.

² I have seen recently in a paper that the Chinese ignore charity, that they have no charitable institutions, etc. Such ignorance is unpardonable even among

to supply its people with food, but its foreign trade in tea, silk, opium, medicines, etc. enriches its merchants and brings it all the products of other provinces and distant countries.

After staying at Ch'ung-ch'ing for ten days, the river being so high that no boatman would risk going down it, I left on August 4 for I-ch'ang (415 miles). Below Kuei-Chou (the border town of Ssu-ch'uan, and about 290 miles east of it) we entered the famous gorges of the Yang-tzu, where the great river is hemmed in in a narrow passage by masses of rock rising perpendicularly to over a thousand feet along each bank for miles at a time, and dashes along seething and eddying, hurrying eastward to be free. Here the skill of the helmsman came into play as he steered with unerring precision our cockleshell of a boat around the whirlpools, and by the rocks whose jagged points now and then jutted out of the river as when in the vortex of some larger eddy they could be seen for an instant. Once only did his hand err, and we at once were flying around helplessly like Jules Verne's *Nautilus* in the Malestrom. Dazed and sick from the rapidity of the motion, we crouched down in the bottom of the boat, which creaked and cracked and rolled as if about to capsize. After a minute or so the whirling slackened a little, and the men, seeing the whirlpool receding, bent their oars with a great shout and safely got us out. Had the bow of the boat got into the vortex and not across it, as it fortunately did, it certainly would have been swamped.

We passed heavily laden junks slowly working their way upstream amidst what to any but the Chinese would have appeared insurmountable difficulties. A hundred naked, shouting, and arm-swinging trackers dragged each one slowly along, now straining every muscle at the long tow-line, now slacking up as a man seated at the bow of the boat directed them with the beat of a small drum held between his knees. Below the rapids other junks were preparing to enter them with much burning of joss-paper and firing of crackers, and near by was a little lifeboat station, with two or three "red boats" ready to pick up any one in case of accident. Below all of the rapids on the Yang-tzu are lifeboat stations, which, like many other charities in China, are kept up solely by private subscription and render the greatest service to the enormous population employed on the river.²

And so I traveled rapidly on, stopping at night at some town or village to buy food and a people as grossly prejudiced against the Chinese as we are. A volume could be written about the charitable institutions of China, of the soup-houses, orphanages, schools, refuges, etc. in every town and village of the empire, but *cui bono*? Something else would be found with which to reproach the "Mongolian."

to wait for daylight in order to continue my journey. Between the different gorges (there are five principal ones) the country was very beautiful; here and there some little valley opened on the river and far away I could see high, pine clad hills. Villages hid in the foliage of bastard banyans and other widespreading shade trees occupied every level bit of land, many even built against the steep face of the hills overhanging the river. Frequently we saw the wreck of some unfortunate boat, or one less unlucky beached, its crew busily occupied in removing the cargo or repairing its battered hull.

The rapidity of the current when the river is in flood can be conceived from the fact that my boat reached I-ch'ang in fifty-seven hours, the total distance, as before stated, being 415

miles. The question of steam navigation on this mill-race is one interesting a large proportion of the foreign community in China, and I have read and heard a great deal about its feasibility. That a small steamer might, after great labor, be got up to Ch'ung-ch'ing, I believe is possible, but that regular remunerative steam navigation could be established is another question; and if only boats similar to the one built a few years ago to attempt the ascent are used, I believe it will be a very long time before Ch'ung-ch'ing will hear the lively steamer's whistle.

At I-ch'ang my boat journey was at an end, and here also, as far as my readers are concerned, ceases all interest in my wanderings of over 4500 odd miles in the Chinese Empire.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THE UTOPIAN POINTER.



COLONEL CLACK, Pompey Clack, the tavern-keeper at Sparty, or, as the learned called it, Sparta, belonged to that well-distributed type of individuals the chief, almost the sole, aim of whose life seems to be to impress the world with the sense of their own importance, and who somehow never advance one iota towards the desired end. With this purpose he invariably opposed everybody in everything; was always going against the current. What had been said of a worthier man was repeated of him, that if he were drowned it would be necessary to dredge upstream to find his body. Not even the ninth commandment, nor, as to that, a whole decalogue, could bar him from surpassing his neighbors in all things, from the size of a pumpkin or turnip to the width of his reputation as a landlord, or the number of his aristocratic friends. Doubtless some part of our worthy's unpopularity sprang from a more venial sin — the habit of advice-giving; for when was the giver of advice, especially if it be good advice, ever popular?

At any rate, not even his title — and that was before the day in which colonels cut the figure in the census that they now do, but when a title, even if acquired in the militia, threw a kind of halo around a man — could in any measure give him either the respect or the esteem of his fellow-men.

A ripple, almost a wave, ran through the quiet life of the place — for next to practical jokes dullness was the chief product of Sparta — when it was known one day that General Lark, an immensely wealthy friend of Colonel Clack's, had sent on a fine dog, intending him-

self to follow in a few weeks for the fall shooting. The dust of the departing stage was hardly laid before the colonel had apprised the whole town of the event down to the minutest particular.

When a new rope had been secured and the dog made fast to the big aspen in the tavern back yard the town was invited around to look at a rich man's dog and see him eat. The bill of fare had been rigidly prescribed by the general, and there was to be no stint of it. For that breed of pointers, it was explained, were liberal, very liberal feeders, and to stint one in the least was to spoil his hunting qualities forever.

Colonel Clack was a close, an exceedingly close man, but this guest at least never knew it. The mountains of saleratus biscuit, fried ham and eggs, and chicken pie which that small animal caused to vanish were worthy of a place in history. It looked like magic.

"Blessed if his hide would hold half of it," muttered a bystander.

"Where do Utopian pointers come f'om, anyhow?" asked another.

"Oh, from Utopia, of course," was the colonel's patronizing reply.

"But where 's Utopia?" "Tain't in no geography I studied," went on the inquisitor.

"Utopia! Why, Utopia 's in — ahem — why, Utopia, you know, 's in the old country. There must have been a leaf out of your geography. My friend General Lark's estates are all in Utopia. In fact, I reckon he owns about half the country, from what I can hear, though he ain't none of your bragging men."

All of the dog's fine points, his length and sharpness of nose, his wealth of ears, tail, and