

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

THROUGH THE SZCHUEN PROVINCE.



KWEICHOWFU, the next city of importance on my route, was forty-two miles away, so I hired two fresh coolies to carry the wheel. At nine o'clock next morning we left Wusan, and followed the path along the Yangtsi. The coolies kept on for two hours without rest, until we reached a small river hamlet, Shamatan, eight miles from Wusan, where the path started inland up another high mountain range.

After we had eaten dinner at Chowyangdung, half-way up, the innkeeper brought forth his small sick boy. At first sight I thought the child a consumptive, but they quickly removed his clothing and some plaster, and showed me ugly running sores on his hip. It was not the first time the sick had been brought before me. The natives seem to think that every foreigner is a doctor of sure cure. Once I was led to an old man in the last stages of consumption. I only shook my head. No doubt he has long since given up the ghost. Wherever I stopped on the road or at the inns people would bare their arms and show me sores to cure. With all their uncleanness it is surprising that they are alive.

The reached an inn at Tiensha early in the evening, where we stopped for the night, as it was too late to complete the six miles to the top of the range. We made the summit in two hours next morning, and were then about two thousand five hundred feet above the Yangtsi Kiang. The bad footing made it hard work to carry the bicycle. Once a heavy gust of wind almost carried the coolies over the edge of a huge rock.

From time to time I passed small Chinese schools. A babel of voices would issue from within, but at sight of me all ceased. The scholars are nearly all boys, as the education of girls is not considered necessary. In studying, the Chinese sing out in a loud voice whatever they are committing. This system

is calculated to make the teacher deaf, but it insures him personal freedom. He sits in a corner of the schoolroom with his back to the boys; or he may be in the next room, but for all that he knows they are studying.

Four hours of good walking brought us down to the wide bed of an almost dried up stream and to Chintiengho. This bed we followed to Sowkiangwachi, and thence up a small knoll to Bidiechien, on the Yangtsi. The path was well worn along the river to the walled city of Kweichowfu. Again we helped the coolies up a steep bank to the cast gate. The crowd following was very peaceful, but as the people had never seen a foreigner they were naturally very curious. Their opinion of foreigners and their dress was undoubtedly a poor one, as my long traveling had played the deuce with both me and my garments. Two of the four telegraph clerks accidentally met me on the street. They escorted me to their office and assigned me a cosy little room. Four clerks composed the staff, and they all made haste to get in some practice in the English language, which they were forgetting from lack of use.

Kweichowfu has a population of about twenty-five thousand. The wall is made of the ancient gray brick, and is almost five miles in circumference. Dried beef and salt are the leading products. On the bank of the Yangtsi are hundreds of small salt springs bubbling out of the sand, and scores of salt works are clustered about. When the river rises in summer the buildings are removed to higher ground and the salt industry is suspended for about three months.

A mandarin's son called to see me in the evening. He had never seen a foreigner before, and made a close scrutiny of my face and clothes, and wanted to know how far I could see with my strange-colored blue-gray eyes. He invited me to take the wheel to his Yamen. His father was at Chungking, and he was the first in authority in his absence. His home proved to be a large and substantial building, containing much handsome furniture, and surrounded by an

artistic garden. It was the finest thing of the kind I had seen. A large, smoothly-paved court-yard furnished a fine wheeling surface, so I circled about for the benefit of the Indies of the household and sonic friends, while servants and soldiers illumined the place with hand-lamps and lanterns. The son of the mandarin was delighted with the wheel, and after I had rolled him and several of his friends around the garden he declared he must have one if it cost four hundred taels. He wished to purchase mine at once.

After tea I was requested to play on my wonderful small piano, as they called

clined with thanks, but others soon had the pipes going, as such a chance is seldom let slip. Then tables were set, and meats and rice were served, with strong rice wine. They started a gambling game later and many became deeply interested. The stakes finally amounted to 50,000 cash (\$35.00). I hinted to the telegraph clerk that I wanted to get out. This was easily managed, and bidding them good-bye, I left the assemblage of silks and satins.

When I awoke next morning and found a steady rain falling I was not sorry. After tramping over the mountains two hundred and twelve miles from



BREAKFAST IN A MOUNTAIN HAMLET.

my mouth organ. I played the poor old tin till my lips felt like a chestnut burr, but my new friends were charmed. A two-string violin, with the bow between the strings, was played in turn by one of the company. Then two connected brass revolving cylinders, with a whistle slot cut in each, were very cleverly spun by a string on two sticks. They made a low whistling sound, which appeared to be considered very fine music.

While all this was going on, servants were darting hither and thither, making some extensive preparations. Soon one of them came in with a tray of expensive opium-smoking paraphernalia. I de-

clined with thanks, but others soon had the pipes going, as such a chance is seldom let slip.

I hired three new coolies at Kweichowfu to carry the bicycle to Wanshien, one hundred and thirteen miles. The telegraph people gave the third coolie a soldier's coat to wear, and he was to officiate as spare man in case either of the others gave out. A lineman was added to the company. He was quite a dude, wearing a black silk coat, blue silk sash and white trousers. He astonished me by wearing a large, ancient sword swung across his back. He said it was his hobby to carry it when inspecting the line—he could cut branches off trees so easily.

And then it made him courageous. While he carried it I could not, of course, doubt his bravery. He brought enough of his possessions along for a trip of a thousand miles. About twenty-five pounds of brass cash for expenses, extra shoes, clothes, and odds and ends tied to the bicycle, gave the poor coolies over two hundred pounds to carry.

We left Kweichowfu about nine o'clock on April fifth. After passing through the west gate we crossed wheat fields on the bank of the river. The mountains near at hand were much less formidable than the ranges we had crossed, and the Yangtsi flowed in an almost straight course for twenty miles. Junks were always in view, and the voices of the trackers grew quite musical as crew after crew passed either way. We followed the path up moderate ascents for seventeen miles, to the small hamlet of Ertang, where we put up at an inn for the night. The most remarkable features of these inns are

Chinese inns is styled the "Glad to Come," perhaps done with that fine sarcasm which prompts the display of the colored motto, "Prepare to meet thy God," in the dining-room of a cheap boarding-house.

About nine o'clock at night we were roused by a furious barking of dogs, and in rushed a Chinaman with messages from the telegraph clerk and the mandarin's son at Kweichowfu. The latter and many of his friends wished me to return and spend two or three days with them—no doubt for exhibition purposes. But traveling in China was too difficult, so I sent my would-be entertainers a polite refusal.

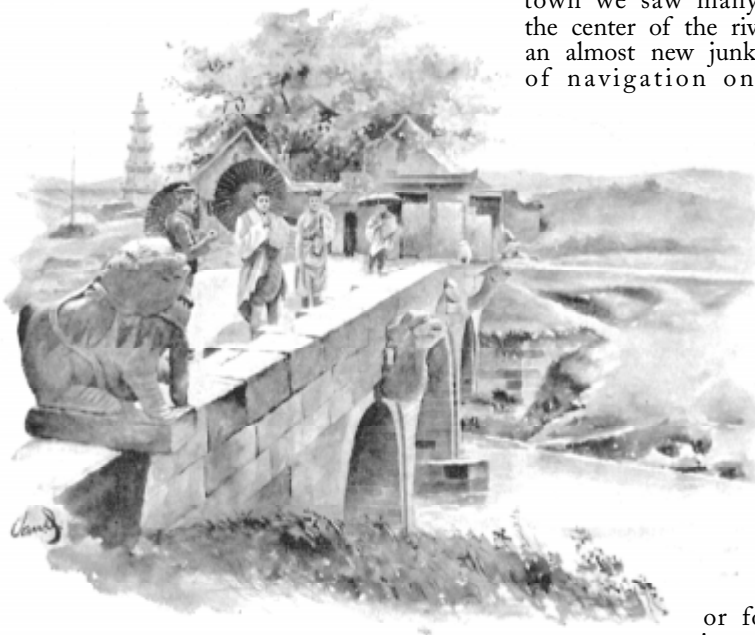
The path next morning led along the sandy beach and among the rocks by the river. It was necessary more than once to cut niches to assist us in scaling large rocks. At Santang, opposite the small town of Ghanping, were some very swift rapids. Near another little town we saw many rocks and reefs in the center of the river, and the wreck of an almost new junk showed the dangers of navigation on the Yangtsi. My

watch pointed to seven o'clock when we reached the hamlet of Pambicnkia, after having walked twenty-five miles since morning. Next day we followed the river to Miowgitsu, Tungyanku and Yuenyangshien.

As we entered the town we met a procession of ragged men and small boys carrying brass gongs, banners and three

or four standards, bearing silver paper images of some gods. Then followed a dressed pig,

spread on two poles, carried by coolies. Underneath the pig walked a goat, followed by several natives in carrying-chairs. This queer procession, I was informed, was in honor of somebody's ancestors, and the offerings carried were to be burnt. No sooner had the procession passed than the



EXCELLENT STONE RIDGES.

the high-sounding names they bear. When translated they read: "The Breath of Autumn," "The Flowery Spring," "The Golden Gates," "The Bright Sunshine." These, it must be remembered, grace the portals of pigsties—with apologies to the pigs. One of the worst and probably dirtiest of

Chinese gave all their attention to me. In the crowd I noticed an albino, an elderly woman.

A room was prepared for me, that is, a space was partitioned off by a transparent bamboo screen. While I ate, the crowd kept peering through, pushing and jabbering. The line-man occasionally thrust his sword through, which kept the people at a respectful distance. All of these natives, though curious to see a foreigner, were more friendly than those east of Ichang. The wheel excited much wonderment, and the coolies and line-man were kept busy telling them to keep their hands off.

We found no towns along the river next day until we had completed the twenty-three miles to Shiaokiang. A few cooking huts and inns of bamboo poles and straw to accommodate the boatmen were scattered here and there. The Yangtsi forms a large lagoon near Shiaokiang. On the south bank is Panto. We passed a high cliff, under which was a temple. We noticed some excellent images of Buddha and other gods carved in the rocks. In a large gravel bed near here the natives were carrying on placer mining for gold. A basket of gravel and dirt is thrown into a bamboo strainer, and rocked while water is thrown over it. The sediment is carried underneath to a basin, from which it is taken and the gold extracted.

One of the coolies was badly played out, and the extra one, who wore the soldier's coat, was worthless. So every lonely native that came along was pressed into service and commanded to carry the wheel. The luckless mortal always expostulated, but the soldier's coat, the sword of the lineman, and, lastly, the "foreign devil" standing by, subdued the poor fellow and he would carry the wheel until exhausted. Once or twice my trio of rascals paid an unwilling helper fifteen or twenty cash, but, as a rule, brief thanks, couched in official tone, comprised the reward.

My coolies carried the bicycle to Sheigatsu next morning, and then secured others to carry it to Shaotuchi, eighteen miles from Wanshien. Here I offered three hundred cash extra for two new coolies. These worthies



WE REACHED THE SUMMIT.

walked the path at a four-mile-an-hour gait. As we rounded a bend in the river, ten miles from Wanshien, we saw two high pagodas on the south bank.

A paved road now ran alongside the hill, and rice, wheat, bean and opium fields suggested a fruitful soil. The opium plant, with large white and purple flowers, looked very beautiful. We pushed briskly on, as the town was visible on a bend of the river six miles away. We passed the best Chinese graveyard I had seen. Large tablets and monuments were erected over the graves in an orderly manner. In the

suburbs of Wanshien we crossed a stone bridge, and climbed up stone steps past a well-preserved temple. Then it seemed to be stone steps everywhere, to the east gate and the telegraph office, which we reached at dusk. Wanshien is a walled town, with a population of about six thousand. The buildings,

and nineteen out of the three hundred and twenty-five miles from Ichang to Wanshien, I asked anxiously about the great paved road to Chungking, two hundred and fourteen miles. Both the telegraph people and Mr. Gill told me that at every rise, knoll or hill, there were stone steps up and down.



IMAGES OF BUDDHA AND OTHER GODS. (p. 435.)

stonework and bridges are all kept in good condition, which gives the place a thrifty appearance. Hundreds of machines weave cotton, spun by women, on the crudest of spinning wheels. The cotton used is mostly shipped from Bombay to Shanghai and brought up the Yangtsi in junks, although some is sent by way of Bhamo through Yunnan Province. The clerk in the telegraph office informed me there was but one missionary in Wanshien, Rev. W. Hope Gill, of the China Inland Mission of England.

After supper there was a display of artistic fireworks. It was long after nine o'clock that night when I tramped the dark streets following a servant with a lantern to the Mission. Many poor beggars were lying sleeping on the cold stones. Mr. Gill was astonished at my appearance in Wanshien, as he had heard nothing of my journey through China. Having walked three hundred

I procured three excellent coolies to carry the wheel through to Chungking. The Wanshien telegraph lineman also accompanied me. He could keep the crowds away, as he was well known through the mountains. Most of my lump silver was packed in my baggage, and it was necessary to keep a strict watch on all I had, clothes, wheel and camera. Mr. Gill accompanied us about two miles next morning out on the road. The flat stones used on this road were from eight inches to two feet wide, and from five to ten feet long, laid crosswise. In many places they were uneven. There were stone steps almost every hundred yards. The old arched stone bridges were well built. In some places I found now, straight, stone bridges. Stone piers are built, upon which cut stones two feet square and twelve to fifteen feet long are nicely fitted. Three of these are side by side. The large stones are all handled by coolies. The

traffic is something tremendous. Cotton, rice, coal, stone, wood and all articles of food and wear are packed by the coolies, who carry fearful loads. A string of villages extended from Wanshien to Futsapu, a distance of twelve miles. Everything was bustle and confusion. The valley was charming, showing green fields everywhere, and many large trees had been left unmolested on the road and hillside. The coolies worked famously, walking four miles an hour, until we reached Finshuwei, and making twenty-eight miles for the day. My feet were becoming quite hard from walking in the sandals. The natives wondered at my going a-foot, as foreign missionaries have so much silver, and nearly always travel in China by boat or carrying-chair.

We made an early start next morning towards a high mountain range, following a winding stone roadway with many steps. On the way up we passed a wayside shrine with four large wooden idols, gold lacquered. Hundreds of smoldering incense sticks were burning in front of it. I was quite surprised to see the lineman also light some sticks, burn paper, bow down and pray for a safe journey. In places the roads and steps were cut in the solid rock, above a rushing torrent. A steady stream of burdened coolies kept going both ways. A Chinese merchant in a carrying-chair passed us. He had two extra coolies laden with about twenty thousand brass cash, and although the value of the treasure was but fourteen dollars gold, yet the coolies were chained together, the wrist of one being locked to the other's neck. The road along the top of the range was almost level to

Sinchachow. The main street in this village was roofed over to keep the sun out, and as the morning was cloudy, was very dark. The general aspect of the country was pleasing. Well-grown timber was abundant and lent picturesque-

ness to the countless hills. At four o'clock we reached the walled town of Liangshan, in the valley, having covered twenty-seven miles for the day.

The inns in the towns and along the paved roads were much better than those east of Wanshien, although they were yet far from being clean and fit for a foreigner. Paint was used on the woodwork in some places, and chimneys of brick and mud were built to carry off the smoke. The road next day was partly level and rolling, but the stones were uneven, and in many places badly broken. My outlook for a ride was poor indeed. The coolies traveled along the road stripped to the waist, although



PAVED WITH ANCIENT STONES. (p. 439.)

the sun was not yet hot. When we reached Pingchingpu, the main street was packed with natives. The coolies carrying the wheel shouted and we rushed through the awed crowd, and were well out on the road before the

villagers could determine what the procession was. One who grew too curious was pounded on the back with a parasol by the lineman. This quieted his friends. The stone paving was in a bad state to the next town, called Wheinungtsang. The rice fields on all sides were being plowed by a rude wooden plow, with an iron blade fastened to the end, and drawn by the clumsy Asiatic or water buffalo. The rice fields are always covered with water brought from some stream by small irrigating ditches or bucket pumps. The first or highest field, when full, overflows to the next lower one, and so on. When the soil is thus sufficiently soaked to make a soft mud about a foot deep, it is plowed and raked. Rice is then thrown into the water to grow, and afterwards transplanted and separated into bunches when partly grown.

We reached Siapangwan by six o'clock, having covered thirty-seven miles in twelve hours, the longest walk I ever made in China or elsewhere. When I had left Wanshien, an ordinary looking Chinaman had followed us. Mr. Gill questioned him, and found that he was one of the Yamen's runners. The telegraph people had copied my passport and had taken it to the Yamen, who had sent along a runner to Liangshan. Here the runner had reported and returned, and another had taken his place for two days more; and thus these runners went quietly along all the way to Chungking. The lineman gave them fifty cash a day for pocket money, which small amount made them very happy.

Although the Government affairs in China seem to be in a sleepy condition, yet beyond doubt, everything is known and reported at the proper places. My passport, under the provisions of the Tientsin treaty with the United States, called for all lawful aid if needed. Yet in the entire distance I traveled from Shanghai to here, 1,412 miles, I never reported to a Taotai, Mandarin or Yamen office. In all probability had I done so, in the first half of my journey through China, the officials, knowing the anti-foreign feeling through some sections of the country, might have turned me back, or compelled me to go by water. So I traveled at my own risk through the country.

The road next morning continued over the rolling valley, through Shin-

tang to the walled town of Tienkiang. The arches and temples seen along the roadside were works of beauty, with figures and scenes enameled in all colors.

The wayside shrines are also looked to with care. The natives of Szchuen Province are far more religious than those of the eastern half of China. The fact of the province bordering on Thibet, where the grand Llama is surrounded by about four thousand Buddhist priests, may in a measure account for this.

The road was quite well paved from Tienkiang down the valley. The coolies were pleased when I told them I could ride out of Tienkiang. So were the suburban residents, and they chased us vigorously, yelling at every jump.

The Yamen runner, lineman and coolies were strung along two or three miles in my rear. At Taipingpu and Tienchipu the people stopped me. Though the sudden appearance of a foreigner on a wonderful vehicle threw them into the greatest excitement, they were quite friendly. To the town of Yuentaipu the road became almost unridable, and the lineman and Yamen runner having both hired donkeys, raced after me and overtook me. We reached Yuentaipu not more than half an hour apart. All were well tired out, having covered seventy miles in the last two days. The Chinese arose next morning at six o'clock with heavy yawns and left the town, carrying the wheel, for the paved road was in a miserable condition. We passed two men pumping water on some rice fields by a bucket pump which they worked with their feet. They both leaned on a frame crate, their feet pressing on four spokes, on the axle of which was fastened a wood sprocket wheel which drew the buckets. Large gilded idols of wood and stone were frequent along the road to Szyuentsu and Gowanchow. Cows and oxen shod with straw sandals and with burdens on their backs passed in long caravans. We found many beggars; some appeared strong and able to work, but are lazy and prefer begging, others are crippled and blind. We overtook a beggar and his wife traveling pick-a-pack along the stone road. Whether she was crippled or not I could not see, but I suspected a clever fake. Their clothes were in tatters, and their bodies probably had touched no water for months. Yet she considered herself respectable, for her feet were compressed.

The tired coolies told me there was now a level road fairly well paved to Pakutsang. I was only too well pleased to ride, and also to lighten their burden for ten miles. I bumped along over the uneven stones to Fuhosang. Opium plants predominated everywhere in the fields. The large, four-leaved flowers looked like great roses. I noticed pink and red blossoms in addition to the common white and purple ones. When I reached Pakutsang I waited an hour for the lineman and the Yamen runner.

On the following morning we set forth at half-past five. Many of the people were up to see me ride away, but they were doomed to disappointment, as the great stone road from Wanshien had dwindled down to a poorly paved path. In many places the stones were gone entirely. At Sachitsang the old road turned due west and led up the mountain. It was paved in parts with ancient stones. We found about five hundred stone steps and a winding path, leading down the west side of the mountain, and to Beichitsang, situated on the bank of a large stream. This stream was crossed by a curious long straight bridge, built of immense oblong stones laid from pier to pier. The piers were also of stone. Opium fields were everywhere, although the rice fields were not entirely neglected for this deadly drug.

We tramped over a rolling valley through Szwhang, reaching the foot of the west mountain range, at Nowatsu, a place thirty-three miles from Chungking.

The coolies were as anxious as I to reach Chungking, and although exceedingly weary we began our ascent of the mountain side. In one hour we arrived at the village of Kwanshin. We walked ten miles further along a winding path and reached the west side of the range. About eight hundred well-made stone steps and a fairly good path brought us to Lungmenchow, a quiet hamlet. Rounding the last hilltop we saw the welcome Yangtsi Kiang, forming a sweeping bend far below our position. A high pagoda on a hill seven miles away on the north bank told us that we were nearing Chungking. We reached the banks of the river (the first time since leaving Wanshien) at Akasutsu, a small river hamlet. We followed the path over sand and

rocks along the shore to Kiangpeh, the wall of which runs along the top of a high cliff. Two massive three-arched stone bridges spanning deep ravines near here are each twenty feet wide and a hundred feet high. They were built about two hundred years ago, and are excellent examples of good Chinese masonry.

The coolies now increased their speed, and we quickly passed through the bamboo working district of Kiangpeh along the river outside the walled town. Coke made from the brittle Chinese coal was sold and also stored in large quantities. It was just six o'clock when we crossed the Seow-Ho river to the large flight of stone steps leading up to the walled city of Chungking. The many beggars and idlers followed, wondering, no doubt, what our party meant. Stone steps upon the outside and inside the wall enabled us to enter the town, and we finally reached the telegraph office. Here I was placed in charge of a servant who escorted me through the business portion of Chungking. Silks and satins, embroidery, and shops of all kinds of wares, with well-dressed and intelligent natives everywhere, made one's mind run back to the graphic description of the flourishing times of Marco Polo's visit, six hundred years ago. The wheel and my travel-stained riding suit were great attractions.

After a long walk through the city, along the wall and up many steps, we finally reached the comfortably arranged house of Mr. W. Nelson Lovatt. He kindly welcomed me to his home, which seemed an earthly Eden after my long walk over the mountains.

Ichang was now five hundred and thirty-nine miles away. In all of that distance I had only ridden the wheel thirty-four miles. Although the usual time to walk from Wanshien to Chungking is eight to ten days, yet by riding two stretches and having the extra coolie to carry the luggage, we made the two hundred and fourteen miles in seven days. In all I paid three coolies nine thousand Cash, or about six dollars for their excellent work. The junks running from Ichang to Chungking make the trip in from thirty to forty days through the rapids and against a strong current. Walking is slow, but I made the trip over the mountains in twenty-three days.