

Kalgan is — 132 miles from Peking. ^{FF}
We spent $4\frac{1}{2}$ days on the journey.

The rate of speed was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. packing and the slowness of the
Cart and pack mules lessened the speed.

The mule litter is the fastest.

We cost 100 taels for the entire horse
mules and men and a small present
was due to each man, by custom, upon
reaching Kalgan.

47.25
141.75
72
283.50
99.22.5
102.06.00

^{72 = 100}
We crossed from the Pito valley
over the Mountains by the Naukan
pass into the Yungko valley.

The valley of
along which ~~the~~ stream, or our path, opens
we passed to the base of the Mountains at
Kalgan.

The Caravan trail through the Nautan Gorge - ascends along
from the watershed at Puta Ling, a stream descends between
the high hills down to the plains at Nautan. ~~along the~~
~~gorge has been made~~ which, at this season, was dry
the side of the stream, - formerly it was a well
constructed road and in places the granite pav-
ment is still intact - but as washouts oc-
curred, or landslides obstructed, the pro-
ceeding caravans sought the easiest route; which
in many instances was the ~~dry~~ bed of the
stream, or between the boulders and over
the rubble, making the passage of carts & dif-
ficult and often a dangerous flat event, occur-
rence -) and causing many blockades among
the ~~passing~~ caravans that go up and down
in almost uninterrupted procession all day
long. Herds of sheep - long lines of pack
mules - ~~also~~ laden camels, or bunches of
shaggy ponies, now and then a mule bot-
tle and in rare instances a mule cart -
~~this latter~~ It is impossible to compute the
amount of the trade that comes and goes over

This rough road through the Hankow port.
Early and late, sometimes by night, the
bundles and bales of Wool and hides & fur
go Eastward. Tea, silk and manufactured
goods go towards the west - and only the
Winter storms and deep snows permanently
block the pass. Temporary blockades oc-
cur doubly - a Camel goes down in a
narrow place, a packman slips and tangles
the long train into an almost inextricable
knot. Or a fight gives way and bundles
and sacks strew the highway - but the
^{score or more of} ~~hundred~~ drivers, mule teams and packers,
within call will lend a helping hand,
or wait in patient ^{silence} or goodhumored colloquy
until the way is once more open. } See Reed's ar-
ticle on "good
nature" of the
mule team!
The mountains are mostly ~~barren~~ ^{thin} and two thirds
mugged and bare. By the roadsides are oc-
casional watering troughs where beggars sit to
take advantage of the enforced luxury of the man.
~~Wherever a small bit of land makes cultivation~~

^{1/2 Column 700 words 2 lines}
~~possible~~ there is a bit of buckwheat or maize
and all along the roadside we saw familiar
flowers. Poppy, carnation, aster of several
kinds. forget me not and the equally blue,
and modest, dog-flowers.

All the way from Hankan, ^{15 miles} one ascends gradually
up to Patalung, when it is near 2000 feet
above the sea level. down by the plains the
heat was oppressive up by the summit of
the pass it was cool and the wind blew

Strong and we got out to walk down to the
inn at Phao Tao. which we reached after
about four hours from Hankan. making
in all this second day but 25 miles.

If one is used to China and forgets the deplora-
tion, the lack of sanitation and the ad-
vanced and civilized conditions of other lands,
these Chinese Towns are interesting, and are
sufficiently well adapted to the needs of the
people. There are streets quite wide enough
for the Caravans to pass each other without
always disturbing the loungers on the doorsteps.

There are shops where food can be bought. 4
or harness and gear can be replenished or
mended. There are restaurants where the
militiamen can rest and gossip while they
eat their food, or can lay down a few
couch and snatch up a morsel of some sort
and over-haul the donkey whose back
they have just slid down from - without causing
any delay to the procession.

~~There are runs too where~~ The children play
in these streets too, and seldom come to
grief. The women sit on their doorsteps
and sewing cloth shoes or mending garments
of blue cotton - and there are always the runs
where most of the life centers - where men
and peck animals are constantly entering or
going forth from the courtyard through the
narrow doorway -

We nearly always walked about the villages
while we waited for our meals to be prepared
and by climbing to the top of the main
of always were nearly always repaid for our

Effrons - The big walls of Mosony, or
Mud, encloses the closely packed, one stor-
ied houses. Straight through the town a
wide central street leads from gate to gate,
while the interlocking, crooked and narrower
side streets form such a network that to
the uninitiated they are as difficult to find
as a maze. ~~On either side the walls~~
~~lead away over the mountains until they are~~
~~lost in the distance - back up the pass it~~
~~is barren & rugged but towards the plains~~
from these gateways too one can see for over
the surrounding country to other towns
and villages all walled & gatewayed - for there
are no isolated farm houses and all the
tillers of the soil live in villages for mutual
protection -

It was about six o'clock in the morning, of August 26
When we filed out of the inn at Chatas — passed
the through the city gate and descended toward
the valley — The two mountain ranges ^{are} about
eight miles apart; rugged and bare, they resemble
the Rocky mountains of Wyoming — and midway
between them the mists hung close to the ground
resembling a lake, until the sun, which at starting
was behind the hills, rose and dissolved them away,
~~hiding the~~ ^{hiding the} checkerboard fields of millet and buckwheat
and flocks of sheep grazing on the untilled lands.
The air was crisp and chill. The wind rustled ⁱⁿ the
dried corn with the sound of autumn — and we
there walked down the broad sandy trail for
the sake of the warmth which the exercise caused.
But as the sun rose above the Eastern hills, the
mists dissolved away or ~~rose~~ ^{slowly floated} slowly up
the ravines until they reached the peaks.
When they hung ⁱⁿ great white clouds, casting
deep shadows ^{of their} on the yellow and gray mountain ^{sides}.

(4) ~~At~~ along the ^{top} ~~ridge~~ of the wroten range. 7
as far as ~~the eye could see~~, ~~ran the~~ ⁽³⁾ ~~ap~~
pland, at intervals, as for long distances, the
Numerous line and towers of the Great wall.
Bathed in the bright light of the morning sun.
While down at the base of the hills ~~after~~ there
were other towers, but the mud walls be-
tween them had almost crumbled away
and ^{and} all the little villages ^{were} likewise walled with
mud ~~and~~ ^{but} the ~~brakes~~ made by the chang-
ing seasons had ~~there not been~~ repaired.
~~Perhaps~~ made brakes in those walls that
had withstood the assault of the enemy and
now that peace reigned were left unpaired.
~~Along the course of the stream, that runs through~~
~~this valley, there are many villages and better~~
~~fields and eventually.~~

The sun gradually took the chill from the
atmosphere, the dust of the passing caravans
rose in the air and we climbed into the better
noon - passing many little villages
with their surroundings fields. for down by

the river, that runs through the valley, the
soil is more fertile. and, at length, we come
to a mud and brick wall, with a red por-
do rising above it, which enclosed the
~~populous town~~ ^{large district city} of Hwai, Lai, Hsien.

We passed through the dilapidated gates - traversed
the crowded main street through the city emerging
by the Western gate beyond which are haltdata
small in - The pack train was 3/4 of an hour late
and we had to wait for them to come up & before the
Cook could prepare our luncheon - We had some
fifty lbs in a little over four hours -

By 12.30 P.M. we were again under enroute - ~~passing~~
~~through the underwall by night~~ We could see the
Landy trail ~~leading~~ stretching its crooked course
down the valley of the Yang Ho river - ~~here and~~
~~there~~ bordered by trees in places, or lost to view
where it descended to the bed of a dry water course -
There were spots of green contrasting with the
fallow land and gray rocks where small fields
of sorghum, Corn, Millet and buckwheat were
cultivated - There were small villages and people
passing to and fro and huge clouds of dust raised by

the pack-trains - The run was hot as we pressed slowly over the distance to Fu-Mu.

We did not stop at this latter village but trailed in and out its gateways and kept steadily on to Sha-Cheng - making 100 li or 33 miles in this

The Englishman ^{Read} made quite a picture of a "Punch-Englishman" as he strode along with helmet,

Norfolk jacket, blue goggles, a handkerchief tied round his neck, and his trousers tucked into his stockings - no wonder that the natives seemed a bit amused, though they offered no insult.

At Sha Cheng Thomson turned in to bed early with a high fever and raging headache and I was soon what concerned for a Chinese inn is not adapted for the care of invalids - Fortunately, the next morning he was much better and we were not compelled to delay - All along the course of this stream we

have seen groups of women washing clothing -

The stream itself has a struggle to keep from drying up but I can well imagine that, when the snows are melting on the mountains, that the Corcorans would find the ~~fording~~ roads washed out in many places and ~~making~~ the river a dangerous feat.

We have also met ~~gangs~~ ^{droves} of shaggy
Mongolian ^{being} ~~pained~~ ^{driven} ~~along~~ on their
way to the Peking market - and pack trains
of all sorts and ^{men} women on donkeys - and
~~Chinamen in letters~~ ^{carrying a pet bird, squirrel or cicade in}
^{a little wooden cage,} In this passing show
I opened the white turban of an Arab ^{toji}
~~riding on horse back.~~ ^{from whence?} for what
purpose? I did not find out, but as we
passed I asked in Malay - just as a chance

"Maua pergi?" and quick enough came back
the reply, "Takeh. Mau - pergi Peking -"
"Jalan baik" ^{I called} and my fellow exile disap-
peared in the dust of his own train -

The third morning - Aug 27. we were still traver-
sing the valley of the Yangtze, or Saunking as
they call it locally. after two hours we came
to Hsi-pao-an - which was a little bit
different from the other towns of the valley -
There was a lively market scene with fruit and veg-
etables scattered about - there were also an unnum-
bered number of forges and ~~many~~ ^{many} ~~carriage~~ ^{carriage} ~~were~~ ^{were} being

And we saw many mules laden with
bags of coal - There were too an unma-
nual number of women ^(Prostitutes) more gaudily dressed
than is generally the case with the ^{village} ~~town~~ people
And the explanation of these various dif-
ferences (?) was made apparent when we came
to the next town - Chi Ming-i - for there we
could see situated near here - and the
train ~~from~~ lies close to the base of the western
range - An hour after passing this latter
town we climbed up to the top of a ~~spare~~ ^{hill}
from the top of which could be seen ^{valley of the} Yangtze from Chatao to Kuning-i
Far away on an isolated spur the white wall
of a Buddhist monastery - at the base of
the mountain Ching-i - then the wide stretch
of the valley - with the trail over which we had
just passed and, on the opposite range,
we saw there a tower of the walls -
In front of us the river turned through the
hills - and the trail now follows its
course - ~~Now~~ sometimes across the

Sand bars often stretching winding up the steep banks or along the rocky Chiffs where the road has been cut ~~into~~ ~~solid~~ ~~rocks~~. The river is but a few yards wide but in flood season it spreads out for half a mile. Where the river passes through a gorge the trail must mount high ^{above} ~~over~~ the bed of the stream by a narrow cutting and when we met the ~~band~~ herds of ponies and great flocks of foot-toiled sheep our mule litters would be jammed over against the ~~rock~~ Chiffs to allow them to proceed by. Malways met these herds at such narrow and dangerous places. High up on the hillside we saw the mouths of the Coal mines. The donkeys laden with Coal bags coming down by the zigzag trails and at frequent intervals there were other Coal blossoms ~~anywhere~~. where the miners have not tried to operate.

Beyond Chang-hua-Yan we climbed over a spur where the road was cut through the solid rock for a long ways - the narrow

Trail was deep cut by the wheels of Carts ¹³
that have passed and repassed during
the centuries since the "Short Cut" was
made and our Cart had its difficult task
not only in getting up the ascent but in
passing the Corrales ~~en route~~ & it met.
From here we could ~~now~~ see the rolling
hills to the westward and beyond them
the peaks of a Mountain range - down
~~the course of the stream was~~ and down
the trail leading down into the valley again
towards the City of St Juan - hua - fu -
a big prefectural City of 100,000, the
second largest city of Chili and once the
summer residence of the Mongol Emperors.
As we descended towards this City we
met many men carrying baskets of grain
There were fruit vendors by the roadside
from whom our men bought melons
and apples. There were villages at which
we sometimes stopped to water our horses -
and many groves and stone orchards and ruins
of a city with a broad level roadway -

And a short distance farther on we came to¹⁴
the walls and watch towers of the city - a
thoroughly fortified place - ~~entering the wall~~ ^{we skirted the wall}
~~through a suburb and~~ ^{not that we} crossed on to an inn - a
shabby one, and a fat Chinaman who
had arrived ahead of us had secured the
best rooms. So we had to take rooms us-
ually used by servants and waiters -
The city stands midway between the mountains
and the river its walls were about 2 1/2
miles long and had been recently repaired
but we did not go into the city
at all could not judge of its condition.
The mules & baggage came up by 6 P.M.
We had been traveling about ten hours and
another 100 li were all we had made -
for the going was very slow over those
rocky cuts - and along the cliffs.
After such a long time in the hot sun
and dust we were very tired and found the
city inn - a very disagreeable place but the
men seemed cheerful and all day long they

Keep up their good natured Chattering - is
answering the queries of the people who
wish to know who we are or where going
or singing to themselves in an execrable
nasal falsetto - "Music" it may be but
never to a Western ear -

The people too seem friendly disposed -
they show a natural curiosity as to our
destination and why we are there - but
when our salutations and never of
fer any abuse or insults - In the cities
the servants are courteous - and the
other travelers generally give us preference -
but here at Huan-hua-fu we found our
first real discomfort and that was ^{probably} due
to our men not selecting a better inn -

Leaving Hsuan-hua-fu about six thirty 16
On the morning of Aug 21st we reached
Kalgan by 1³⁰ ^{pm} of the same day

We traversed the valley - Crossed a low range
of hills into another valley more fertile than the
one just left behind - Then climbed up a
second range to an elevation of 2000 feet,
from which we could see the Outer Great Wall
stretching along the line of hills and mountains,
and now, directing our course toward
these foothills, we came at length to the end
of the first stage of our journey ^{4 1/2 days.} 400 li = 133 miles
There were many family parties in ornate
carts and gay garments coming out of
Chang Chia Kou - there were beggars in plenty
all along the road and foot passengers and
travellers, always increasing ~~as one nears~~ a
big city or big town. There are no steamers
or railway trains carrying the people to and fro in
masses and along every artery one notices the
continuous stream of life and trade that enters
and leaves these ^{populous} centers. ~~of life - where dwell the people~~