

of wood with many roofs and bells fastened under their cornices and tinkling in the wind. It is supposed to have been built in honour of the god who protects the people from floods. At a short distance from the gateway we passed an old fortress wall falling to ruin, which crossed the road. Just beyond it was a bazaar street which led us past the Manchurian fortress, passing below its wall that faced the river. This was in the form of a regular square of 1,000 yds on each side. The gates were protected by semicircular bastions; between them and each corner there were two smaller, quadrilateral bastions. The wall was of baked bricks, 5 fathoms high including the crenellated parapet with its loopholes. Over the gateways and corners there were wooden pagodas, and small clay buildings on most of the other bastions. I did not notice any moat or protected area. The Manchurian fortress is dominated, like the town, by the mountains that are only slightly further off here. The distance from Ping fan to the fortress is about a mile and a half.

On the other side of the fortress there are many houses and the road runs through a village. The greater part of it is a couple of fathoms lower than the surrounding ground and it is the width of one or two arbahs. It is overshadowed at intervals by tall leaf-trees. The land on both sides is tilled and very densely populated. The mountains on the left had withdrawn slightly and the river kept close to the right bank. 15 li from the town we reached the village of Taljushupu with about 20 houses. 5 li beyond we passed Kheichentzu, of the same size, with a wall like an impanj. 10 li further on lay the village of Taitung with 100 houses, a bazaar and a number of ruins. Here the valley became flat and in parts low-lying. Bushes were growing in the actual bed of the river and further down we could see tilled land and trees. The valley also became considerably broader. We rested for a time after negotiating this narrow ravine, which seemed interminable. However, our joy was shortlived, for soon the road turned away from the river bed and we found ourselves once more in a deep and narrow corridor in the löss.

The weather had been cloudy, when we started, but cleared up slightly; it was chilly, but milder than on the Kulang—Ping fan stretch, where we felt the cold as soon as the sun was hidden by any clouds. Traffic on the road was very lively, partly, perhaps, owing to the approach of New Year. The dust was unbearable. It was difficult to do anything about it, because it was prevented from dispersing by the walls of earth on either side of the road that kept away every breath of wind. 10 li from the last village lay the villages of Kow Chengyi and Tching-sö at intervals of 10 li, the latter with a small bazaar. 5 li beyond we passed through a larger village, Vizia shedza, with 50 houses, and 10 li further on a smaller one, Shuitsogo. After another 5 li along the dusty road, crowded with arbahs, we reached an enormous village, Hung-cheng-tzu. The distance covered is considered to be 70 li. Hung-cheng with its long bazaar street, numerous gates and walls, though low and dilapidated, has the appearance more of a town than a village. Inside the wall it is said to contain about 200 tja and in the neighbourhood over 400. Trade seemed to be lively and there were a great many shops. Only 12 dealt in cloth and only 6 had a working capital of over 1,000 lan. — Snow between the 9th and 3rd Chinese months; it does not remain on the ground. Much rain from the 4th to the 8th month. No burans.