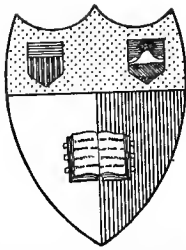


LETTERS OF

SIR THOMAS HANBURY



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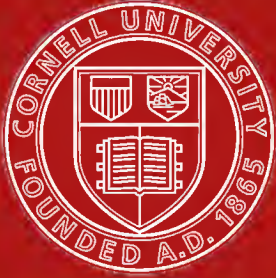
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LETTERS OF SIR THOMAS HANBURY

LONDON

PRINTED BY WEST, NEWMAN AND CO.,

HATTON GARDEN, E.C.





*Sir Thomas Munby, K.C.J., Q., F.R.S.*







LETTERS OF  
SIR THOMAS HANBURY

LONDON

WEST, NEWMAN & CO., 54, HATTON GARDEN

—

1913



We turn the pages that they read,  
    Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
    No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust  
(Since He who knows our need is just),  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas! for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
    The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
    And Love can never lose its own!

—J. G. WHITTIER.



MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Since your dear father left us I have spent many quiet hours in the room where he wrote and where his presence has seemed specially to linger, and I have often wished to share with you the memories of the past, which his old letters and papers recalled.

The recollection of all that he was to you in your childhood and youth, and until the sad day that he was called away from us, will ever live in your hearts, and cannot be effaced. But the story of the long years he passed in China, from the time of his going, at the age of twenty-one, to what was then, indeed, a far-away land, can be best learnt from his letters, and I have selected extracts from these, and am having them printed, so that they may be easily read, wherever you may be, and amid the many occupations and claims of your lives to-day. In looking through them I think you will discern more clearly how bravely your father faced life amid new and strange surroundings, holding firmly to his sense of right, and winning the confidence and esteem of those among whom his lot was cast.

Alas! the handwriting, which adds so much to the individuality and charm of the originals, cannot be reproduced; and it has seemed best to omit allusions to family incidents at home which were of transient interest.

I have added some letters written during the early days at La Mortola, which show your father's delight in the place, and pleasure in the thought of making a home here. Unfortunately,

the one describing his first visit to the Palazzo Orengo\* is not forthcoming, nor those telling of his purchase of the place, and early plans for restoring the house.

I think that the account of our journey together across America to Shanghai, and some incidents of our life there, may interest you, and also some extracts from letters written by your Uncle Dan, during the time of our absence.

Your father's lecture on "China as I Knew it" seems a fitting introduction to his letters, and I have to thank Sir George Newman for very kindly allowing his "Appreciation," which appeared in the 'Friends' Quarterly Examiner,' soon after your father's death, to be reproduced in this volume.

K. A. H.

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\* The Palazzo Orengo was a favourite place for picnics in those days, among the few English residents at Mentone. My husband's first excursion there was made by boat with a party of friends, and at the suggestion of Anna Maria and Caroline Fox, of Falmouth, who, with their father, were staying at the same hotel, the 'Grande Bretagne.'



## SIR THOMAS HANBURY OF LA MORTOLA.

(REPRINTED, BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, SIR GEORGE  
NEWMAN, FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE 'FRIENDS' QUARTERLY  
EXAMINER' FOR APRIL, 1907.)

---

*Yea, thou shalt learn how salt his food who fares  
Upon another's bread, how steep his path  
Who treadeth up and down another's stairs.*

—DANTE.

That bread how salt, how steep that path can be  
I too have learned, who learned it long ago,  
Ere yet it was my happier lot to know  
La Mortola the Blest, beside the sea.

For there, from taint of pride and rancour free,  
Life smoothly flows upon its tranquil way,  
Toned to the restful hue that tints with gray  
The peaceful branches of the olive tree.

A ready hand to succour the opprest,  
A willing sympathy his grief to share,  
A gentle touch his smarting wound to heal—  
These are the Master's countersigns, that seal  
The two who rule, with tender, loving care,  
The kingdom of La Mortola the Blest.\*

---

\* These lines, which appeared in 'Modern Society' (March 30th), were written by one who had spent several months in Sir Thomas Hanbury's family as tutor to one of his sons.

THE fruit of Quakerism is a living Quaker, that is, one who lives the "Inward Light." For that great conception of truth is not commended alone by word or precept. Its justification is a life. The paths of Thomas Hanbury lay, on the whole, in pleasant places, but wherever they led him he represented in a marked degree the sterling worth of character, the simple and honourable line of conduct, the strict integrity, the love of peace, the tender sympathy and unselfish consideration for others that should be the traits of character of the Christian gentleman.

Thomas Hanbury, third son of Daniel Bell Hanbury, of Clapham, was born June 21st, 1832, at his father's house in Bedford Road, Clapham. He was sent at nine years of age to a school at Croydon (afterwards at Epping), where the majority of the boys were members of the Society of Friends. After a few months with a tutor (Josiah Richardson), Thomas Hanbury was placed with the firm of William James Thompson and Sons, of 38, Mincing Lane, tea brokers, being then seventeen years of age. Here he distinguished himself by his assiduity, industry, and the accuracy of his work in the counting-house, so that at the age of twenty-one he was considered capable of joining Messrs. Crampton, Pullan, and Christy, in forming a firm at Shanghai.

In 1853 the firm of Hanbury and Co. started at Shanghai, as China at that time was beginning to loom large in the public eye, and the growing trade of that vast Empire attracted the young men. From 1853 to 1872 Thomas Hanbury led the active life of a merchant in China, with two short breaks in 1858-9 and 1866-9, when he returned to England for rest and change.

In a letter written in his early days in Shanghai (1853), he says:—

"The greater part of the people out here do not understand Chinamen at all, and treat them ill; but it is the easiest thing in the world to gain their friendship, and they are delighted with any little condescension shown them by a foreigner. I sometimes carry a bright penny or two in my pocket when out walking, and it tickles a poor villager's fancy more than anything to give it to his child; indeed, one can plainly see that all the Chinese prejudice against foreigners is completely gone in this

part of the country, and all the surrounding peasantry seem to look up to us as quite superior beings, particularly at this time, when we are protecting so many and such a large amount of their property in the Foreign Settlement. I could but notice it yesterday when, passing through a country village, the children ran after us, calling out Chin Chin, for which there is no word in English, but it means respect or good feeling."

And again in a letter to his mother :—

"Thou wants to know what we do on First days ; well, I generally go to the Independent Chapel directly after breakfast, say 9.30, the service is over at 11 o'clock. I then read or write till tiffin time, 1 o'clock ; after tiffin often a walk into the city with Dr. Medhurst or Dr. Lockhart, in the evening to Dr. Medhurst's, where evening service is held."

But those were stirring times in China, for the great Taiping rebellion, which began in 1850, was still raging, and was not finally put down till 1864 by the aid of "Chinese Gordon." Shanghai did not escape the devastating march of the rebels, but the interests of Europeans were protected by the armed forces of volunteers raised among the clerks and employees of the merchant houses, and by troops landed from ships in port. Thomas Hanbury especially distinguished himself at this period by his continued friendship for the native merchants, and by his protection of their interests in various ways. At the time of the Shanghai disturbances, when both French and English were pursuing a "policy of grab" in respect of the land composing the city of Shanghai, with but little regard to the rights of the Chinese, many of the wealthy Chinese conveyed and made over their land, houses, and property to Thomas Hanbury, so that he was *absolute* owner for the time being of a large part of Shanghai. Such was the reliance the Chinese placed in his honesty and integrity, that they neither imposed any deed of trust on him nor even required any receipt or acknowledgment of the property so acquired. The result was, that this property, being absolutely vested in a British subject, could not be appropriated by either French or English, who in time, becoming

more reasonable, saw the wisdom of allowing the just rights of the Chinese, to whom their properties were then conveyed back by Thomas Hanbury. He served on the municipal council of Shanghai, and was instrumental in laying out the growing Foreign Settlement and in planting the public gardens and Bund with an excellent selection of trees. More than any Englishman of his time, however, he gained the confidence and affection of the Chinese merchant community, and he always treasured pleasant memories of their undoubted honesty and uprightness of dealing in trade, and indeed in the hitherto little cultivated social relationships of Treaty Port life.

No doubt much of the confidence which he inspired in those troublous times was due to his own calmness and his reliance upon the strength of peaceful measures. "Some gentlemen," he writes, "called the other day to ask us to belong to the volunteer corps, and afterwards sent round a paper with a request that we would fill in the amount of arms we wanted out from England. I sent it back with the name of our firm, and written against it, 'None.'" In 1854, when replying to anxious enquiries from home as to his safety, he was able to say, "I can assure thee that we enjoy the most perfect immunity from danger, and are not at all afraid of being assaulted in any way."

In March, 1867, disgusted with the cold and gloom of a long English winter, Thomas Hanbury sought a change of climate in the South of France, where his brother Daniel had travelled and sketched before. It was while staying at Mentone that he made an excursion to the promontory of La Mortola, two miles over the Italian frontier, with its ruined Palazzo Orengo standing among olive groves and vine terraces. Charmed with its wonderful beauty of position and possibilities for gardening, he bought the house and a certain amount of ground round it in May, 1867. His intention was to make a botanical garden in conjunction with his brother Daniel, whose special inclination in scientific research lay in the direction of medicinal plants, and led him soon after to publish, in collaboration with Professor Flückiger, of Strassburg, the well-known book 'Pharmacographia,' besides numerous scientific papers and monographs

from his own pen. Thus began Thomas Hanbury's connection with Italy and La Mortola, which has proved so beautiful a home, and of which the ever-growing garden has acquired such world-wide fame, and given pleasure and instruction to countless visitors. Referring to several visits which he paid to Thomas Hanbury at La Mortola, Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, wrote in the 'Times':—

“The note of accuracy, arising from close observation and wide experience, was to be observed in all he said; and, while striving after perfection in his beautiful garden, he never imagined he had reached it. There were in it, if I remember rightly, some 70 different kinds of what most people call Mimosa, but which he liked to tell them were not Mimosas, but Acacias; and one passed, in a few moments, from the primroses of the north to the palms of the tropics. On awaking of a morning, I could see, westward, the castellated promontory of Monaco, and to the east the jutting headland of Bordighera.

“But all this feast for the eye was, if possible, outdone by the helpful kindness of his disposition, and the refined, unostentatious hospitality in which Lady Hanbury assisted him with such quiet and simple graciousness. Nothing could deter him from driving one to Ventimiglia, if one was going on to Italy, and facilitating one's journey to the south. His gifts of gardens, trees, and shrubs extended for miles along the Riviera; and his promotion of elementary education in the nearer neighbourhood of La Mortola is enduring evidence of his beneficent action. At every humble threshold he was greeted with grateful smiles; and, more than once, I had the opportunity of witnessing, with him, the pathetic patience and pious resignation of the Italian poor under physical distress, which he did his utmost to alleviate. It is by them, outside his own home, he will most be missed.”

In March, 1868, Thomas Hanbury married Katharine Aldam Pease, daughter of Thomas Pease, of Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol. After two years of their early married life spent at Shanghai, where their eldest son was born, Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury settled down to a winter life at La Mortola, their

summers being generally spent at Addiscombe, near Croydon (where they rented a charming old place from Lady Ashburton, the well-known philanthropist), or in the mountains of the Alpes Maritimes, or Switzerland, or in Scotland.

Education in Liguria was in a very backward state when Thomas Hanbury first went to live there, and one of his first thoughts, on becoming possessor of the Palazzo Orengo, was to start a school for the village girls, who had, till then, received no instruction, even in reading and writing. In 1880 he erected a school building for the boys and girls of La Mortola, Ciotti, and Grimaldi (three neighbouring villages), and in 1892, another, at Latte, for the children of that valley and its hamlets. The teachers at these schools were at first appointed and salaried by Thomas Hanbury, but as education is now compulsory in Italy, the schools subsequently came under the management of the municipality of Ventimiglia, though the buildings remained in the hands of the founder. For these services to education Thomas Hanbury was in 1868 created *Cavaliere*, and, later, *Commendatore* of the order of *SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro*, and in 1885 and 1888, *Cavaliere* and *Commendatore* of the Cross of the Crown of Italy; while in 1892 he was awarded the Gold Medal as a benefactor of public instruction.

In 1882 Queen Victoria paid two visits for an afternoon to La Mortola during her stay at Mentone, and sketched the beautiful views from the windows, while in March, 1898, the King, then Prince of Wales, went over to lunch in company with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and members of his suite. The Empress Frederick honoured La Mortola with visits several times during her sojourn at Bordighera in 1898, and Thomas Hanbury was able to show her some service in taking her excursions through the beautiful country of the Riviera.

In appreciation of his distinguished career in foreign lands the King honoured Thomas Hanbury in 1901 by creating him a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

Among other gifts to the locality may be noted the building of a botanical institute at Genoa, which Thomas Hanbury presented to the University in commemoration of the Columbus

fêtes in 1892, a drinking fountain in Mentone in 1897 to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, a library at Ventimiglia to hold the books of the ancient Aprosian library, which had been much neglected for years, and a hall at Alassio for the English community which winters there. Eager to seize an opportunity to promote the study of botany and horticulture, Thomas Hanbury in 1903 bought the garden, sixty acres in extent, which had belonged to the late Mr. G. F. Wilson, at Wisley, in Surrey, and presented it to the Royal Horticultural Society, who have since removed there from Chiswick, and have expressed themselves as very grateful for the munificence which enabled them to make the change. In this connection it is also interesting to note that the present members of the Veitch family presented Thomas Hanbury with the Veitch Memorial Medal in recognition of this encouragement of horticulture.

In 1892 he presented the museum of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain with a valuable collection of ancient and modern *materia medica* made by his brother Daniel, as well as a collection of medicinal plants collected in various parts of the world. He also gave a number of valuable books on *materia medica* and botany to the library, and established a prize to accompany the Hanbury Medal biennially awarded at the School of Pharmacy.

Throughout his life Thomas Hanbury was warmly attached to the Society of Friends, and shared in some of its labours. When in London he frequently attended the meetings at St. Martin's Lane. He was one of the founders of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, and liberally supported it, and helped it by his advice. During the past winter [1906-7] he was at La Mortola, where he died on March 9th. Next to his family and kindred his loss will perhaps be felt most by the simple folk who dwelt around his beautiful home on the Riviera. "Nous avons perdu notre père" were words uttered by some of these at the little memorial service which was held prior to the removal of the remains to San Remo, and they are words which fitly express the feeling of thousands of persons in Italy who mourn his death.

## FAMILY HISTORY.

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THE following particulars of his early life were given by Daniel Bell Hanbury to his son Thomas Hanbury, who took them down from his lips as he was leaving La Mortola on June 1st, 1881, for Hollywood, Clapham Common:—

“I do not recollect my grandfather, *Capel Hanbury*, who was, I believe, a Virginian merchant, and lived on Clapham Common. His firm was John and Capel Hanbury, in (I think) Hammet Street, Minories. His wife (my grandmother) survived him some years, and lived with her daughters Anna and Charlotte in Church Street, Stoke Newington; her maiden name was Mary Lunn. Charlotte married William Allen as his second wife in April, 1806.

“My father, *Capel Hanbury*, was born in 1764, and was married (at church) in 1793 to *Charlotte*, third daughter of *Daniel Bell*, coal merchant, residing at Stamford Hill, where also was his business. The house is still standing on the east side of the hill, three or four houses higher up the hill than where Thomas and Anna lately lived. I was born in that house on the 8th February, 1794. *My father*, after his marriage, lived first at Bishop Stortford, then at Ware; he afterwards took a house on Stamford Hill, on the opposite side of the way to which his father-in-law, Daniel Bell, lived. The house is still standing, and nearly opposite to the above-mentioned house in which Thos. and Anna lately lived.

“My father inherited a good property from his father, which he lost through being in partnership with a man named Benjamin Bovill, against whom he had been warned by his cousin Sampson Hanbury; the firm, which was in the corn



trade, failed about the year 1809. My father afterwards was in business as a dealer in malt, which he supplied to both St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals. Owing to his reverse in business, he had to give up his house on Stamford Hill, and went to live at 7, Grove Place, Tottenham, where he died in 1835, at the age of seventy-one. His death was very sudden, from a stroke of apoplexy or paralysis, to which he succumbed the day after.

"*My mother* died in 1838, also at 7, Grove Place, Tottenham, after a long illness.

"I went, as a boy of eight or nine years of age, as a weekly boarder to the school kept by Thomas Coar, at Tottenham Green; I was afterwards taught for a time by Thomas Hodgkin, father of the late Dr. Hodgkin and of John Hodgkin; also by the late Josiah Forster, uncle to the present [1881] Chief Secretary for Ireland.

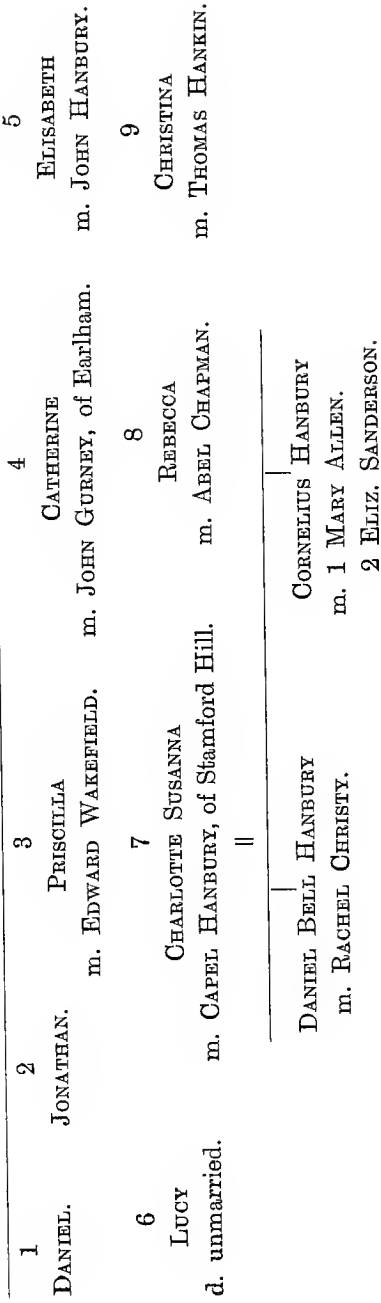
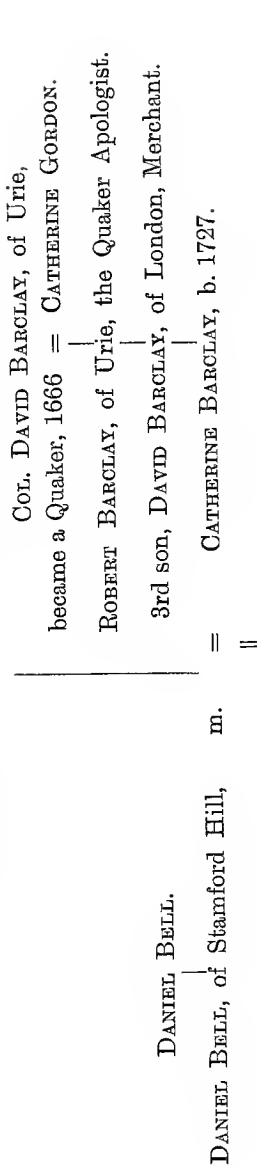
"I was taken into the establishment at Plough Court, Lombard Street, by William Allen (who had married my aunt), and began business when a little over fourteen years of age; the actual date being 30th March, 1808.\*

"I was married at the Friends' Meeting House at Wandsworth to Rachel, eldest daughter of Thomas Christy, of Bedford Road, Clapham, on the 7th October, 1824. About that time I was taken into partnership by William Allen."

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\* He retired from business, after sixty years of conscientious and strenuous work, in 1868.—(K. A. H.)

DESCENT OF D. B. HANBURY.







# CHINA AS I KNEW IT.

LECTURE BY SIR THOMAS HANBURY.

---

IN venturing to speak to you this afternoon on China, it occurs to me that many of my auditors, who have known me only as a more or less successful botanist and gardener living for the last thirty-seven years at La Mortola, may question my right and ability to address you on so different a subject.

To such I would present my credentials by informing them that as long ago as the year 1853 I went to China, that I resided there for thirteen years during the great Taiping rebellion, and that I revisited that country eleven years ago. I was a Director of the first railway made in China, and from my premises was sent, by the Great Northern Telegraph Company, the first submarine telegraphic message between Shanghai and Hongkong.

All that concerns that great Empire has a particular interest for me. 'The Travels of Marco Polo,' by the late Colonel Yule, is, in my opinion, the most fascinating book of adventure in the Middle Ages, so much so that the portrait of the celebrated Venetian, who was born in 1254 and died 1324, and the implements of his voyage worked out in mosaic, adorn the porch of my house at La Mortola.

How different was the voyage to China in 1853 from what it is at present! Embarking on a P. & O. steamer at Southampton, it was necessary to proceed from Alexandria to Cairo by the narrow Mahmoudieh Canal. From Cairo to Suez the journey of eighty miles was accomplished in sixteen hours in two-wheel omnibuses drawn by four horses, which went at a smart gallop across the desert.

My experience of the voyage from Suez to Ceylon was of the worst description; not only was the P. & O. steamer 'Bombay'

dirty and swarming with cockroaches and red ants, waging a constant warfare with each other, but the vessel rolled to that degree in the Indian Ocean as often to render it unsafe to stand on deck without support.

At Singapore, by staying too long on shore investigating a scientific matter for my late brother, I had the misfortune to be left there for three weeks, yet so uncertain and casual was the communication up the coast of China in those days, that I was still in time at Hongkong to catch the steamer which once a month took passengers going north.

Before proceeding further, let us glance at this map of China showing the eighteen provinces, the names of which sound uncouth and strange to European ears, but are admirably descriptive of the configuration of the country; bearing in mind that the four quarters N., S., E., and W. are represented by *pe*, *nan*, *tung*, and *se*; that *ho* means river, *shan*, mountain, and *hu* means lake, we have Shantung and Shanse, east and west of the mountains; Honan, south of the river; Hupeh, north of the lake; Quangsi and Quantung, broad west and broad east; Yunnan, cloud south, as showing how the lofty mountains in that semi-tropical part are often enveloped in mist. Szechuen, meaning the four streams which there uniting form the mighty river known as the Yangtze-kiang, is the largest and most fertile of the provinces. The population is variously estimated at between forty and fifty millions. The people are well disposed towards Europeans, perhaps because they are far inland and see but little of them, and do not suffer from the disagreeable incidents that sometimes occur on the coast.

I have cousins living in the Province of Szechuen, who, in addition to the ordinary missionary work, have established a hospital and a room for teaching Western science, such as chemistry and electricity; by this latter they attract the higher classes of Chinese who are so difficult of approach.

At the time of the Boxer outbreak in 1900-1, my relatives received an urgent dispatch from the nearest British Consul directing them to come down the river to a place of safety; they declined on the plea that they feared nothing, having established

a bond of sympathy and trust between themselves and their Chinese neighbours. A more urgent command from the Consul caused them, however, to lock up their house, and the keys were taken to the local Mandarin, with an intimation that the missionaries intended to return when the trouble in China was passed. This they did, after an interval of two years, to find all their belongings intact, and to receive an abundant and overflowing welcome from the townsfolk, their neighbours. It is pleasant to record this good treatment experienced in Szechuen in contrast to the barbarous conduct of the people of Shansi where so many missionaries were brutally murdered.

A few days before I landed at Shanghai, in September, 1853, the native walled city which adjoins the Foreign Settlements had been taken by a band of so-called rebels, unconnected, however, with the great Taiping rebellion, but consisting chiefly of the riffraff and malcontents of the place, who managed for fifteen months to resist the Imperial forces sent to subdue them.

In seeking to understand the Chinese, it is necessary constantly to bear in mind that they are not a warlike race, and that the soldier's profession has always been placed low in the scale; and whilst in Europe nothing is commoner than statues to commemorate military men, or patriots, who by their personal prowess have freed their country from the yoke of tyrants, in China nothing of the kind is to be seen. Monuments there are in abundance in the shape of elaborate gateways of carved granite, the inscriptions on which record the virtues of particular widow ladies who resolutely declined offers of second marriage, or of daughters who sacrificed their lives in attempting to save their parents.

The soldiers of the Imperial army who came to lay siege to Shanghai were a sorry looking lot of tatterdemalions, variously armed, from those who carried a long bamboo with a large rusty nail at the end, to those who wielded swords and matchlocks. Every second man carried a flag, there were no uniforms, but many men had a rude representation of a ferocious tiger or dragon depicted on the breast, and this was supposed to strike terror into the hearts of the foe. The officers wore rick silk

dresses and had strings of beads round their neck ; their insignia of rank were a peacock's feather pointing downward instead of a plume turning upward, and a knob or button on the top of their sugar-loaf caps instead of a star on the breast, or epaulettes on the shoulders. The country being flat it was easy to watch the battles and manœuvres from the top of the tower of the English church. There were a few cannon on either side, of antiquated type, nearly as dangerous, from their liability to burst, to friend as to foe. Cannon balls were scarce, and it was most amusing to see how this fact was realised by native boys, who with strong commercial instincts placed themselves in sheltered positions between the combatants. Marking where a ball had buried itself in the soft earth, they would rush to the spot, and digging it out would, with complete impartiality, sell the projectile to whichever side offered the better price.

On rainy days those soldiers who had matchlocks were provided with umbrellas, the powder was carefully weighed out to them in the morning, together with an allowance of scraps of iron to serve in lieu of bullets ; this had to be used up before returning to camp in the evening. Tins filled with stones and mud that had formerly served for the conveyance of preserved provisions were used in lieu of shells.

In 1855, however, notwithstanding these inadequate appliances, the Imperialists succeeded in capturing the city, the commander of a French frigate then in port having afforded them material aid.

The day after the taking of the city, a Chinese tea merchant, my next-door neighbour, applied to me for help and advice. Two years before, the country being menaced by the rebellion, he had thought it prudent to convert a large portion of his fortune into the most portable form and to secrete it by burying it in the courtyard of his town house within the walled city ; would I accompany him in a search for this hidden treasure ?

In youth what foolhardy things are undertaken, especially if tinged with a halo of adventure and romance !

Taking with us a trusty coolie, we walked boldly into the Imperialist camp and entered the city, where threading our



way through many narrow streets and alleyways, we came at last to the house of my friend; it was empty and uninjured; after barricading the door we proceeded to dig at the place he indicated, having only a broken spear-head in lieu of spade or pick. A foot and a half under the surface was a jar filled with gold bracelets and rings, which we proceeded to stow in our pockets. Again digging, a second jar was discovered, filled with ornaments and ingots of silver; these were wrapped in a mat and placed on the back of our coolie. A thundering at the door and demand for admittance now told us too plainly that some of the soldiers intent on loot had half guessed what we were at; it was a critical moment, but resolutely confronting the intruders and reminding them that it was by the aid of Europeans that the city had just been recovered, sufficed to save us from actual violence, and we safely gained the haven of the English Settlement without molestation. My grateful Chinese friend presented me with a gold ring set with a cat's-eye stone and two pearls.

Shanghai as I knew it fifty-one years ago was a comparatively small port, placed by the Chinese in the third category of cities claiming importance. Admirably placed on the great plain forming the delta of the Yangtzekiang, and in communication by river or canal with all the chief cities and towns of that district, it has grown to be a mighty commercial emporium second to none in the Far East. It has a population of nearly 400,000 souls, and in this respect may be likened to the city of Lyons, in France, both places having a common bond of union through the trade in silk, which is of supreme importance to each. Ninety-five per cent. of the inhabitants of Shanghai are, of course, Chinese; the rest form a cosmopolitan colony of English, Americans, French, Germans, and natives of India, with a few of almost every other nationality. One would suppose that those coming to trade at such a place would at once commence to study the language; such, however, is not the case; the ordinary resident after five years knows no more of the Chinese language than he did on landing, he communicates with the natives by means of a ridiculous jargon which may be described as English baby-talk, interspersed with an occasional

Portuguese or bastard Chinese word. To convey a small idea of this degrading language I will give you the well-known lines in "Excelsior" done into pidgeon English:—

"TOPSIDE GALAH."

That nightee teem begin chop-chop,  
 One young man walkee, no can stop—  
 Maskee colo, maskee icee,  
 He cally that flag, wid chop so nicee,  
 "Topside Galah!"

He too muchey solly, one piecie eye  
 Look-see sharpo—so—allo same my—  
 He talkee largee, talkee stlong  
 Too muchee culio, allo same gong,  
 "Topside Galah!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Olo man talkee, "No can walkee!  
 Bimeby lain come—welly darkee—  
 Hab got water too muchee wide!"  
 "Maskee! my mus' go topside!"  
 "Topside Galah!"

In the category of those who living in China do not pick up even an elementary knowledge of the language I, of course, exclude the missionaries and those in the Consular and Customs services, to whom such knowledge is indispensable.

Fifty years ago all the tea used in England came from China; now only five per cent. comes from that country, the other ninety-five per cent. being provided by India and Ceylon. In 1853-4 I became acquainted with Robert Fortune, who was then busily engaged in collecting tea seeds in the interior; these were sown in Wardeian cases, and by such means thousands of healthy young plants were landed at Calcutta, and formed the nucleus of the immense plantations that now exist in Northern India.

Fortune as gardener, botanist, explorer, and author, was a remarkable character, and to him we are indebted for many valuable additions to plants suitable for culture in European gardens. He travelled alone without fear, and was content with the humble fare afforded by the Chinese inns. "What do you

pay at such places for supper, bed and breakfast ? ” I once asked him. “ The bill rarely exceeds 2*d.*, all included,” was his reply. I have similar moderate prices recently quoted from friends in Western China. Carpenters, joiners, stone masons, tailors, and press-makers, excellent, steady fellows, do not get over 3*d.* to 4*d.* per day. Travellers requiring supper and bed pay, according to accommodation, 1½*d.*, 1½*d.*, and 1*d.* for first, second, and third class. Of course I give these prices in strict confidence, and do not wish them quoted on my authority, as affording the smallest criterion of what it is right to pay on the Riviera!

The Chinese word for tea is *Tcha*, which is what it was originally called on its introduction into Britain about the year 1615. *Tcha* was corrupted into *chay*, then *tay*, and ultimately *tea* became the word adopted. Tea at the first was only known to the wealthiest inhabitants of London, and small quantities were given as presents, the price paid being from £5 to £10 sterling per lb. weight.

In 1657 a rather large consignment was received in London and secured by Mr. Thos. Garraway, who established a house for selling the prepared beverage under the name of “ Garraway’s Coffee House.” The duty levied was 8*d.* per gallon on the liquor, the Excise Officer coming twice daily to verify the quantities drunk. This was afterwards changed to 5*s.* per lb. on the leaf, and then reduced to 2*s.* 1½*d.* per lb., at which it stood fifty years ago. The great success of tea-planting, both in India and Ceylon, has caused the over-production which now prevails; the price has gradually declined, so that about 7*d.* per lb. is the average wholesale price received by the importer. The duty is 8*d.* per lb. or one hundred per cent., the consumption 256 millions, or 6 lb. per head. It is instructive to compare this 6 lb. per head consumed in Great Britain with the figures for other countries; thus in Holland, 1½ lb. are consumed per head of the population; in the United States just over 1 lb.; in Russia just under 1 lb.; in Germany, 2 oz.; and in France only 1 oz. per head. Australia used to have a consumption of 12 lb. to 14 lb. per head. I regret to have no recent statistics to show what it is now.

There are often violent fluctuations in such important products as cotton, corn, coffee, and wine, caused by frost or disease; but tea seems to yield a most unfailing crop.

One of the active principles found in tea is *theine*, otherwise called *caffeine*; the same substance is found in coffee, *Maté* (the Paraguay tea), the *Kola* nut, and in *Kat*, which is chewed by the Arabs. Theine has the remarkable effect of diminishing the daily waste or disintegration of the bodily tissues. Tea, besides being a mild stimulant, maintains the health and strength of the body, in an equal degree, on a smaller supply of ordinary food.

The thing *not* to take in tea is *tannin*, which exists to the extent of thirteen to eighteen per cent., and is easily avoided by pouring off the infusion, after allowing it to stand three or at most five minutes; where a large number of persons have to be served, let the tea be all made beforehand, the same rule being observed. The practice of keeping the teapot on the hob at the side of the fire for hours, with the leaves brewing, is, in my opinion, leading to results disastrous to the health of the working classes in many parts of the United Kingdom and our Colonies. Tea grown in India and Ceylon is stronger and contains more tannin than that grown in China, therefore I prefer the latter pure and unmixed.

The detestable practice of binding the feet of the women is of great antiquity, and is said to have originated by an order of the Emperor Hau Chu in the year 583, and to have continued ever since. Friar Odoric who travelled in China early in the fourteenth century mentions it as existing then.

It is generally at the age of five that the compressing of the feet of girls is begun with tight ligaments of cotton cloth, the small toes are forced under the foot, the great toe alone being left free. The bandages are never removed, and the unfortunate victim becomes club-footed, and unable to walk except with a hobbling gait.

The practice of shaving the front part of the head and braiding the hair in a long queue dates from 1644, when Shunchi, the first of the Manchu Emperors, imposed it upon every Chinaman as a visible and outward sign of subjection.

For a like reason the cuffs of the robes or long coats were to be shaped like the hoofs of a horse. But the custom thus imposed soon became the fashion, as you may see by this dress of the former Emperor taken from his palace at Yuen ming yuen, near Peking, in 1860, the silk of the Imperial yellow, and the design that of the five-clawed dragon.

Some years ago I received a call from an American, who invited me to purchase what he described as the history of every nation in the world, shown pictorially, from the earliest times down to the present day, and all depicted on a single sheet; the idea was magnificent and did not err for want of boldness and originality.

I bought one of these extraordinary maps, where the life of each nation is depicted as a river; but what is particularly noticeable in it is that the stream representing China is stronger, longer, and with fewer variations in its course than that of any of the other nations. It is right that a nation having a population of 400 millions, and which can trace back its history for the past 5000 years, should be depicted by such a river; but is this grand river to continue to flow or is it to be divided into a number of minor streams; in other words, is the integrity of China to be respected? This is not a political lecture, so the question is one I will not attempt to answer. I can but depict (we will say from the Chinese point of view) what this great country has suffered and is still suffering from the determination of Europeans to break down all barriers in forcing her to enter the comity of nations, and to receive what are known as the blessings of civilization.

As an Englishman who loves his country and is jealous of her fair reputation, I wish I could pass over the opium question in silence, or, having to speak of it, could give you as my opinion that the harrowing accounts of the misery and ruin caused by the vice of opium smoking have been grossly exaggerated. Alas! I can do nothing of the kind, but am compelled to agree with a recent speaker who said: "*Opium indeed is eating out the heart of China.*" When I lived in that country I knew many opium smokers, but I never met a Chinaman who would defend the

practice, or look on the drug as anything but a curse to his country.

[Here the lecturer quoted various writers on the reprehensible policy of England in forcing the opium trade upon China.]

The protracted convulsion known as the great Taiping rebellion owed much of its duration as well to the exposure of the Government's internal rottenness, as to the weakness evinced by its inability to resist the English in the war of 1839-42. Beginning in 1850, it swept over the fairest part of China in an incredibly short time, Nankin being taken in 1853, and thirteen out of the eighteen provinces occupied in a few years. I well recollect the burst of enthusiasm evinced in England when the news arrived that the rebels were printing portions of the Scriptures in Nankin, and how a fund was at once raised to send them a million of Testaments. Some missionaries who went to help this movement were, however, soon convinced of its utter worthlessness, and found it impossible to remain at Nankin owing to the impious pretensions of its chiefs, and equally futile was any attempt made by the rebels to establish a permanent government in any part of China that they conquered.

The once peaceful and populous parts of the nine great provinces, through which the hordes passed, have not yet been restored to their previous condition. Ruined cities, desolate towns, and heaps of rubbish marked for many years their course from Kwangsi to the city of Tientsin in the north, a distance of 2000 miles. Their presence was an unmitigated scourge, attended by nothing but disaster from beginning to end, without the least effort on their part to rebuild what had been destroyed, to protect what was left, or to repay what had been stolen.

To give an idea of the numbers that perished in this rebellion is almost impossible, as no statistics are available. Were I obliged to give some estimate, I should say: add to those who perished in the Napoleonic wars of one hundred years ago all who lost their lives in the Crimean War of 1854-5, in the American Civil War of the sixties, the Franco-German War, and the minor wars of the last century, then multiply the total by three, and you would not reach half the number that perished in the

great Taiping rebellion. In support of such an estimate, which you may think extravagant, I would cite the province of Chekiang, the population of which, according to the Government census, was 26 millions before the rebellion. Baron Richthofen, an eminent and accurate traveller, going through this province after the rebellion, gave it as his opinion that not more than 12 millions were left!

The Taiping rebellion was ultimately suppressed by the "ever victorious army" led with consummate skill and courage by Lieutenant-colonel Gordon, who impressed all who served under him with his high-toned uprightness of character and perfect disinterestedness of purpose.

During its existence of about four years, down to June, 1864, this army had taken nearly fifty places (twenty-three of them by Gordon).

I may here relate an incident that, falling under my personal observation, casts a strong light on the timid nature of the ordinary Chinaman, and shows how he is entirely without military spirit or the power of organizing for mutual defence.

In the early sixties, when predatory bands of rebels were roaming over the country round Shanghai, I received an urgent message from the chief people in Koon Wan, a thriving market town of 5000 to 10,000 inhabitants, about five miles distant, to the effect that the place had been entered and pillaged by the rebels. Knowing several of the Chinese there, and feeling sorry for the disaster that had overtaken them, I walked down to Koon Wan expecting to find a ruin. To my surprise I could see no change, and asked rather sharply what force attacked their town. "Were there a hundred Chung-miaou-jin rebels?" "No." "Were there fifty?" "No, not so many." "Were there ten or even five?" This close questioning was rather resented. However, I persevered and got at the truth, that only a single rebel had entered the town, and he being joined by the riff-raff of the place, the pawn-broker's establishment had been looted. "But," said I, "as there must be 1000 to 2000 good, strong men in Koon Wan, why did you not resist?" "Oh, we were too frightened, not knowing but that this one man might be the first of a large band, so as he

came in at one end of our town we went out at the other end. But *do*, we entreat you," they all exclaimed, "procure for us a European guard who will protect us and prevent any further visits from rebels." They engaged accordingly about twenty European sailors and loafers, and Koon Wan remained unmolested till the troubles were over.

The terrific war which has been waging during the past year between Russia and Japan at present eclipses all other topics when speaking of the Far East.

The cause of this war need not here be described at any length, as each nation has its particular theory. Thus there is a Japanese view, a Russian view, a Chinese view, and a Western view.

The absolute weakness of China and her inability to resist was, we have seen, made painfully apparent in the so-called opium war and the Taiping rebellion; since then this immense Empire with its teeming population has lain prostrate, and offered too tempting a bait to those who feel no scruples.

"For why? Because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

Such maxims were fit for the Middle Ages, but have we improved to the extent of admitting that a great nation should have a conscience?

When, in 1860, the English and French forces being in Peking, the Chinese Government in great trepidation solicited the good offices of the Russians to devise means for inducing the allies to quit their capital, the latter replied that they could manage it, but required as compensation the ceding to them of the territory stretching from the river Amur to Corea, including the port of Vladivostock. This in extent is about equal to the whole seaboard of France facing the Atlantic, which thus passed into the possession of Russia without payment.

The destiny of Manchuria, Liaotung, and Port Arthur still hangs in the balance; that the sympathies of the Chinese are with the Japanese in this awful struggle cannot be doubted, nor,



indeed, is it to be wondered at, when the deliberate massacre of thousands of unarmed Chinese by the Russians at Blagovestchensk and other places on the river Amur is remembered.

The cession of the fertile island of Formosa to Japan was the result of the war of 1895, but the forced relinquishment of Port Arthur under the menace of the three Powers, Russia, France, and Germany, aroused a bitter hatred and desire for revenge on the part of the Japanese, which has culminated in the present war.

We have all heard of the "*Yellow Peril*," and many people in California and Australia are very much frightened at this bogey, but the Chinese talk of the "*White Peril*" is infinitely more threatening to the integrity of their beloved country owing to the menaces, bullyings, and thrashings they have received at the hands of Europeans in consequence of their inability to defend themselves, leading to heavy indemnities and the filching away of territory under various pretexts.

Some years ago two German missionaries were murdered by a mob in the Province of Shantung. This was made the pretext for seizing the Port of Kiaochao and its magnificent bay, and for controlling the making of railways and the mining of coal in this division of China, which has a population equal to that of Britain. Confucius, the renowned sage, was born in the Province of Shantung, 551 years before Christ, about the date when Cyrus became King of Persia; his precepts and maxims for guidance in this life (he did not teach a religion) have been venerated for 2,400 years by the millions of China to the present day. It is not therefore difficult to understand why the interference of a European Power in the governance of this hallowed part of China should be particularly galling to the Chinese.

We English are proud of our old families, especially if resident at one spot for many generations. A friend of mine, an excellent Chinese scholar, visited the birthplace of Confucius, and was most courteously received by the lineal descendant of the great man, who taking him to the burial-place of the family, showed him the graves of the past seventy generations beginning with the mother of Confucius, who lived about the same time as the Prophet Isaiah.

The Boxer rising of 1900, when so many missionaries lost their lives in the interior, and the Chinese Government failed in the attempt on the Embassies at Peking, must be called an act of madness produced by crass ignorance of the power of Western nations. Sir Robert Hart, who has done more for China than any European who ever went to that country, suffered in the loss of valued possessions, and very nearly lost his life in that outbreak; nevertheless, he has placed on record his opinion that *Boxer* might be fairly translated *Patriot*, and that the rising was largely due to what the Chinese have suffered at the hands of foreigners.

I concur in Sir Robert's opinion, but in no way wish to palliate the insane Boxer rising and its attendant cruelties, or to do other than sincerely to deplore the loss of so many noble men and women workers in the Mission Field.

It is impossible in the limit of time allotted to this lecture to say much regarding the efforts of missionaries in China, but it is instructive to note the difficulties that were encountered at the outset, owing to the absence in the Chinese language of any word that is the equivalent of God. The Roman Catholics, who arrived in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, coined the word "Tien Chu," meaning "The Lord of Heaven," and it is perhaps a pity that this word was not adopted by all Europeans coming to China, especially as in 1700 the Emperor, in answer to a petition, had declared that "*Tien*" means the true God.

In 1843, a general conference of all Protestant missionaries took place in Hongkong, which reported on its inability to agree as to the proper words in Chinese for God, as also for Baptism.

The extreme reverence, amounting to veneration, shown by the Chinese towards their ancestors and to Confucius has been the occasion of endless disputes among Christian missionaries, beginning with the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, who considered these customs to be merely civil and secular, and such as might be tolerated in their converts, as against the Dominicans who opposed this view, and declared them to be idolatrous and sinful.

Let me try to summarise what the missionaries are doing at present in China.

The strength and general character of the Roman Catholic work may be estimated from the following statistics :—European priests in 1901 were 904, native priests 471, converts 720,540, schools 3,584, colleges (mainly theological), 60. Their chief congregations are :—

1. Dominicans (Spanish).
2. Augustinians (Spanish).
3. Franciscans (Italian).
4. Foreign Missions (Milan).
5. Steyl College Missions (German).
6. De Imitatione Cordis (Belgian).
7. Jesuits.
8. Lazarists.
9. Foreign Missions of Paris.

Their chief work is conveniently classed under four heads :—

1. The Evangelistic, carried on mainly by natives. The foreign priests never preach to the heathen in the open air or in the street.
2. Educational, which is mainly on ecclesiastical lines.
3. Literary.
4. Orphanages. They have large numbers of orphans brought up as children of the Church, and they serve the Church afterwards in various industries.

They have no Medical missionaries, but the Sisters of Mercy often dispense medicine to the sick.

#### WHAT THE PROTESTANTS DO.

They have only been at work for about sixty years. The strength and general character of the Protestants may be gathered from the following statistics :— Ordained and lay missionaries number 1,188, missionary wives 772, single lady workers 825, native workers of both sexes 6,388, communicants 112,808, Christian community about 500,000, high schools and colleges 170, day schools 1,819, with 40,000 pupils. Though Protestant missions are many, they are mainly only of five denominations, which may be classed as Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. In almost

every city where different missions work, these hold monthly or weekly united meetings, so that many of the barriers which divide Christians at home do not exist here at all.

Their chief work is conveniently classed under four heads:—

1. The Evangelistic, which is a general campaign over the country, to inform the Chinese, high and low, of the high value of enlightened Christianity to all nations; and the formation of churches to learn and practise this higher religion.
2. The Medical, which exhibits the philanthropic nature of Christianity.
3. Educational, which systematically teaches tens of thousands the elements of the best education in the world, and gives to thousands of students advanced education, such as is given in the high schools and the ordinary colleges of Christendom.
4. The Literary, which provides text-books for schools and colleges, and for the leading scholars of the Empire on all the most important departments of knowledge in Christendom.

No doubt some of my audience take an interest in one or more of these Societies. The particular one that I like to help is the "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese."

One of the London newspapers recently made the slight mistake of stating that I was about to lecture on "China fifty years hence." Needless to say, I disclaim the *rôle* of prophet, but I will close this, I fear, dull lecture by formulating what I hope that country may become a few years hence:

A non-aggressive nation, profiting by the example of the Japanese, and copying all that is best in the advanced civilization of that wonderful people, China takes the place in the comity of nations that belongs to her by right of her history, her ancient civilization, her immense population, the untiring industry of her sons, and their determination to maintain intact the great Empire that has been their heritage for so many centuries.





*Thomas Huntley ET. 21*







## LETTERS FROM SHANGHAI.

CHIEFLY ADDRESSED TO HIS BROTHER, DANIEL HANBURY.

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ON BOARD THE 'BOMBAY,'  
1st of 8th Month, 1853.

MY DEAR DAN,

We have made such a good passage in this vessel in consequence of having the Monsoon in our favour, that we expect to have to wait a couple of days at Ceylon for the China steamer. This stay I look forward to with great pleasure, after having endured a fortnight of such misery on board this ship as I never experienced anywhere else; indeed, nearly every one of us are worn out with fatigue and annoyances of one kind and another.

At Aden I enjoyed myself very much, though I was sorry afterwards that I did not go to the Arab town earlier in the day. It would be just the kind of place, I think, thou wouldst like to stay at for a day or two. There are so many kinds of curious fruits and seeds to be found in the shops.

I passed Mr. Vaughan's old house in my morning's ride. It stands on a sand-hill above the coaling place, and next to the Hospital. One would take it and, in fact, most of the houses seen from a distance, for a superior kind of cow-house or shed; but on nearer inspection they greatly improve, as crossed bamboo openwork gives them a nice light appearance, and they look clean, cool, and dark; which last is a great desideratum in a place where one is annoyed by flies.

I shall look out at Pointe de Galle for the Ensal Car-

damom thou wished me to get, and also endeavour to learn respecting the use of the old cinnamon by the natives.

POINTE DE GALLE,  
4th of 8th Month, 1853.

We arrived here yesterday morning before it was light, and so could not get into the harbour, but had to stand out again; we afterwards came in about six o'clock and cast anchor.

Cocoa-nut palms grow in great numbers about the place, and go down to the water's edge, giving it a tropical aspect. I have enquired of a chemist in the town, whom I found to be an intelligent man, respecting the Cardamom called "Ensal." He says it grows in the Candian district, but no kind of Cardamom grows in this part of Ceylon. The bark of the old branches of the cinnamon tree, he says, is largely used by the natives, and sold in bundles in the native shops. I went around, but could not see any, but perhaps was rather too late in the day.

We took a carriage in the morning and drove to the Cinnamon Gardens, where we enjoyed ourselves very much. The road to them leads through the most splendid woods of cocoa-nut palms.

The first officer says we are to leave at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. We noticed on this vessel a considerable amount of specie consigned to a firm in Shanghai; it will, no doubt, do remarkably well, as there is such a scarcity of dollars that nobody has any to pay even for his private accounts, and the Exchange has risen to 5s. 6d., which is 25% above this time last year, and the market for the new season's teas has opened at prices 40% above those paid at the opening of the market in 1852.

The vessel we are going on to China in from this place is a paddle-steamer, called the 'Malta.' She is about the same size as the 'Bombay,' but a much cleaner and nicer boat, and we have much more room, in consequence of the Calcutta passengers having left us. There is a disagreeable smell of opium, in consequence of there being a great deal in the hold which is going to China.

SINGAPORE,

21st of 8th Month, 1853.

What a stupid thing to do! I am afraid you will all exclaim when you read the account of my being left here for a fortnight. It was indeed very silly of me, but I thought I had enquired the time so well beforehand, and at the other places we were far from being punctual in starting to the time which was told the passengers. In fact, I know that they make a practice of telling them before they really intend to go, so that they and the letters may not come crowding on board at the same time. I do not know that I shall lose much by my stay here, but it is very annoying to be so suddenly stopped when so near the end of our journey.

Thou art the only person, I think, who will benefit by my stay here, and I am very glad to think I can be of some little use. I have succeeded in finding all the Cardamoms thou wished me to get. The *Cardamom rond de la Chine* I have found at several shops, and have bought some; it is very dear. I have also met the same at one shop with the husk removed, and have bought some in that state. My plan is to go to the shops before breakfast, as it is generally too hot to expose oneself in the middle of the day, and after dinner too dark. Yesterday I went to a great many, and in one I noticed a bottle, in which, to my great joy, I discovered what I took to be a "round or cluster Cardamom." There were only two little bunches, for which the man asked so much that I would not buy, but I have marked the place, and should I not be able to meet with them elsewhere, I shall buy these. I also found yesterday the Cardamom which resembles thy drawing of *Autre Cardamom rond de la Chine*, "of Guibourt." Unfortunately, the man had only three of these, and I have not, as yet, been able to find them elsewhere. I also found a man yesterday who had an abundance of the hairy Chinese Cardamom, which he sold at a reasonable price. I have seen it in one other shop, though I had to pay much more for it. The "great ovoid Cardamom of China" I have seen at several shops, and bought some. It is generally larger and longer than the specimen thou gave me. The *Kayu-garu*, or

real aloes wood, I have found, and bought some. It is very dear, but has the most delicious smell and quite scents my bedroom. I have only got a little of fine quality, but intend looking out for some more. The *Culit Sawang*, or clove bark, I find very difficult to identify. They bring me plenty of curious barks which they declare is it, but which do not look or taste the same. However, the other day I saw some which I bought, as it tasted the same, and which they tell me came from Papua. With the *Alyxia* bark I am in the same fix, partly as I have got so very small a sample, which must not be bitten to taste, as I have to return it. I had a yellow bark brought me by a Chinaman to look at the other day, which he said was *Pulassani*. It was very strong scented and thinner than sample. I bought a quarter of a dollar's worth as it was not dear. Besides this, I have bought a piece of bark which has an agreeable smell and which they tell me they use, either for scenting or flavouring medicines. I intend going a regular expedition to-morrow morning before breakfast, if I wake early enough, to obtain *Kayu-garu* wood, and, if possible, some of the "cluster Cardamoms." I never take an interpreter with me now, finding I do not get on nearly so well as alone, although about the only Malay word I know is "Broppa," "How much?" and if I do not agree to the price, which is almost always the case, I get the shopman's reckoner and count off as many knobs of wood as I choose to give cents for the article. This reckoner is like the little thing one sees in charity schools at home for teaching the simplest rules of arithmetic to children. I have been sketching a good deal more than I ever thought I should when I left home. When next you are sending anything, please buy and enclose for me a few sheets more drawing-paper, as I shall want to take some views of Shanghai to send you when I arrive there, which will be in about three weeks' time, I suppose. Will it not be very annoying to be going in the same vessel which is conveying your letters to me addressed to Shanghai, and yet to be unable to get them until my arrival there?

27th. This tedious fortnight has at last passed, and the next steamer to Singapore is expected here to-morrow or the

day following. I shall indeed be glad to see her anchor in the bay, and still more glad when she is off again.

Since I began this letter I have not been idle in hunting for drugs ; in fact, I have scoured the town in search of them, and am beginning to be known, both among the Chinese and Klings, as the natives of India are called. Not knowing the Malay name for *Massoy*, or *Sintoe* barks, and having no sample, I have been unable to procure them, which I regret, but do not know how to proceed, as nobody knows them by these names, and if I bought a tithe of the bark resembling *Culit Sawang* I should spend all my money and fill my box, so I fear I must give this up. I have met with the *Autre Cardamom rond de la Chine*, "of Guibourt," at another shop, and bought a good sample ; it seems very scarce here. I also bought to-day a bottle full of Cardamoms different from anything I had met before, and which I found, covered with dust and dirt, in a Kling shop. I think they will prove to be the great "winged Cardamom, *Amomum maximum*," though many are different from the sample thou gave me of it. I have not been able to find any more of the "round or cluster Cardamom," so have therefore bought the wretched sample alluded to before. I have also bought a few other things, which I daresay will prove of no value; if so, throw them away, they cost a mere trifle.

SHANGHAI,

29th of 9th Month, 1853.

I was so delighted to get all your letters last night by the 'Confucius,' Russell & Co.'s new steamer, which I saw and went on board of at Singapore, and which waited for the mail at Hongkong, and so brought our letters on immediately ; thus we had news from London exactly fifty days old.

I have seen Dr. Lockhart many times since I last wrote. He is an agreeable, pleasant man, with a quick, off-hand manner ; I should say more a man of business than a missionary. I find he has been sending thee a good many things, and as he said he was making up another box to send containing fossils, &c., I have enclosed all the drugs I bought at Singapore. When I came to open the box in which they came from the last-mentioned

place, I found that most of the Cardamoms which I took such trouble to collect had gone mouldy. I exposed them in the air for one day, all that I could give before the box must be closed, and then did them up in paper and packed them in wood shavings; I fear that a few of them will be good for nothing when they arrive, which is a great pity, for I think thou wouldst have valued some of them.

I am favourably impressed with Shanghai on the whole, though, to speak the truth, it is but a swamp. Looking from the top of the hotel where we are staying, the country is perfectly level; as far as the eye can reach, nothing but a succession of rice and cotton fields, with villages interspersed, round which grow willows and a few other kinds of trees, but the yellow fields of rice, now nearly ready to be cut, give to the country a pleasing effect. There is a pagoda about five miles distant, which we can see plainly from this house; looking towards Woosung the river enlivens the scene. The junks sailing up and down look quite picturesque. Nearer Shanghai twenty or thirty splendid vessels and two or three steamers ride at anchor, and at once show the immense business that is done here with almost every part of the world.

I am glad thou wilt still continue to attend to some of the vines at home. When we get our house built I shall plant some, as they will grow well here, though, from the dampness of the climate, they make a great deal too much wood. We had very fair grapes the other day for dinner, which are grown by the Chinese; the other fruits we get are apples and pears of very inferior kinds, and good walnuts; the peaches, which are the standard fruit here, were just over when we arrived.

William Crampton and T. C. went into the city this afternoon, as the 'Countess of Seafield,' not having arrived, places us in rather an awkward predicament, not having any beds to sleep on; I think we shall not buy any, but make shift for a time with some small couches they have got. There was a sale yesterday of the effects of a person who died a short time ago; everything except books and a few pieces of Chinese furniture went very high. Dr. Lockhart and Fortune were there. I have

not been introduced to the latter as yet, but intend calling at Mr. Beale's house to see him soon.

There is the finest chance here of making money with the Chinamen in various ways; only think, if we had brought out our money in specie, or silver, we could have made about 30% on it merely by buying bills and sending them home. Jewellery pays most splendidly with the Chinese. T. C. has brought out a large amount in watches, diamonds, &c., and he told me last night they seemed quite mad after them, and he is realizing 100% profit, and could easily get 150% if he had the conscience to take it. People at home have no idea of the wealth of the Chinese, and what capital merchants they are.

30th. After breakfast this morning we espied from our look-out on the top of the house long lines of troops coming from the direction of Souchou towards the city; at the same time the people within the walls sent up rockets, and there seemed a general commotion. T. C., C. P., and I walked out to see these troops as they were passing along a footpath about a quarter of a mile from the hotel. We got close up to them and learnt that they were a detachment of the Emperor's army going to make an attack on the city. First came Mandarins, or officers, dressed in splendid silks; then thirty or forty men bearing flags, of every colour and design, fixed on the end of long bamboos with spears at the end; then came the troops, a rough-looking set, without any order or discipline apparently, but still rather more respectable than those within the city; they were provided, too, with better arms. Some carried bamboos ten feet or fifteen feet long with spikes at the end; others, muskets with pieces of yellow rope, smouldering away, to fire them with. Others carried three or four rockets under their arms, made just like our old English ones. Others carried short swords and large round bamboo shields, which I am told will generally resist the strongest sword-cuts. Richly dressed officers riding on ponies passed every now and then; they would say something to animate their men, who would immediately respond with shouts and press forward with increased speed towards the city, at the same time brandishing their weapons with delight. Altogether, I hear, there were five

or six thousand passed. T. C. and I stood surrounded by about one hundred and fifty villagers, looking at them for some time, but C. P. got frightened with their yells and gestures and returned to the hotel. They did not seem to mind our looking at them; indeed, we laughed and joked at them when they passed along; but a Chinaman always laughs, no matter what he is about. After they had nearly all passed, we went to Dr. Lockhart's to speak about our circular, which we are going to have printed at the Missionary Press; but he said he had just got five or six men come in wounded from the attack, and he would have to close the gates leading to the Hospital, for the other party would very likely come and retaliate on these poor wounded creatures. Just like the Chinese character!

18th of 10th Month.

I wrote the above letter to send by the last mail, but was disappointed, as there was no opportunity to send it down to Hongkong. The news will not be stale, so I shall forward it by the steamer 'The Lady Mary Wood,' which I expect will be up here in a few days with your 20th August letters.

We moved into the house where I am now writing this, *viz.* "Mosquito Lodge," on the first of the month, on which day our firm was advertised in the 'North China Herald' as having commenced. I intend to send you some of the papers, so that you may see the advertisements, also the account of the Shanghai battles which are fought almost every day between the Imperial troops and the rebels in the city; it is a complete farce, as neither party has the courage to attack boldly. We have been out once or twice to see them, but it is rather dangerous if you go too near, as their ideas of taking correct aim are very crude.

I have shown Dr. Lockhart the sample of *Sumbul root*; he does not know it at all. He and I are going some day into the city to see if we can find out anything about it. At present it is impossible to do anything, as the gates are closed and all communication cut off.

The house we have now got into we like on the whole very well. A little more elbow-room would certainly be an advantage,



but we must put up with some inconveniences for the present, and think ourselves lucky that we have any house at all, for the commonest place is now snapped up at an extravagant rent by Chinamen, who are glad to pay well so that they can get into a place of safety.

Since I wrote the first part of this letter I have had a very bad cough and cold, and have been in bed for some days. I am now much better and in a fair way to get well, I hope, though I must take care.

Dated 9th Month, 29th, 1853.

Received 1st Month, 23rd, 1854.

SHANGHAI,

17th of 1st Month, 1854.

I yesterday received thine dated 2nd of 11th Month in answer to my second Shanghai letter.

I have now the pleasure to introduce Kiu Sue Ling, my teacher, by which thou wilt infer I have commenced the study of Chinese. This is a fact. Finding I had a good deal of spare time on my hands, as most people have who commence a new business, I thought I could not do better than begin. Dr. Lockhart was kind enough to procure me my teacher; he is a convert to Christianity, but can scarcely speak a word of English, so at present we are forced to be rather "mum." He comes from Tchong King, a large city in Szechuen, the most Westerly Province of China. I devote three hours a day to it, from six to nine p.m. I began on the 5th, and, as thou mayst judge, have made but little progress as yet. I have Medhurst's 'Dictionary and Dialogues,' besides two or three other books, such as 'Æsop's Fables,' translated into Chinese, Thoms's 'Speaker,' &c., but at present I have confined myself to Medhurst's 'Dialogues.' It is the Mandarin Dialect that I am attempting, as the "lingo" they speak here is very corrupt, and is only understood within a circuit of thirty or forty miles, while the "Mandarin" is spoken by the upper classes throughout the Empire.

I have found out a chemist in a little village near here, and

I procured two catties (equal to two and a quarter pounds) of the *Hwa Tseaou*, or Japan Pepper, and since I have received thy letter have ordered two pounds more, as it is very cheap. On showing it to my teacher he recognised it immediately; he says it grows in the Provinces of Szechuen and Shensi. The shrub is about eight or ten feet high, and the pepper grows in bunches like grapes. The price in Szechuen is two thousand cash per picol, equal to one penny for one and a third pounds: here we pay two hundred and fifty cash per catti for it. My teacher, seeing I was so much interested about it, brought me a little wooden mortar which is used in Szechuen for pounding it; the neck of the mortar is so narrow that the pestle cannot be pulled out, and both are cut out of one piece of wood in a very ingenious manner. I am going to send it thee by the first opportunity which presents. The pepper is generally used for flavouring vegetables. I have several seeds which I much want to send thee, such as *Wistaria*, in their pods; *Gardenia Florida*, given me by Dr. Lockhart; and some seeds of a tree, the branches of which are used in this country for washing purposes instead of soap.

I called on Fortune some days ago; he received me very kindly, and showed and explained to me all the plants he is shipping to England and India; to the latter country he is sending many tea plants. He has discovered a plant growing on the hills near Ningpo that yields a fine green dye, specimens of which were sent to the French Government some time ago by Montigny, their Consul here at that time. Fortune says he wishes I would pursue the subject and find out all about it, as he thinks it will turn out something worth having; he himself intends proceeding to the South shortly, and from thence to India. I gave him thy paper on White Wax, with which he seems much pleased, and desires his very best remembrances to thee. Dr. Lockhart tells me he certainly should have got a supply of the White Wax insects and seeds of the tree by this time had not the country been in such a disturbed state; the flowers he quite despairs of collecting, as the tree grows probably in Szechuen, which is so far away; but wait until I know

a little more of the language, and see if I do not ferret out something more about it !

The weather here at present is extremely mild and genial, which surprises all the old residents, as by this time we ought to have the most piercing cold winds from the North, but instead we have a continuance of southerly breezes. The thermometer to-day stood at 67° in the shade.

30th of 1st Month, 1854.

Received 4th of 4th Month, per 'Nymph.'

Thine dated 18th of 11th Month reached me the day before yesterday. I am much interested in the pamphlet on 'Coffee Leaves,' which I have sent to Dr. Lockhart. He always enquires after thee every mail, and is much pleased to hear any of my news.

In my last I mentioned that I have several seeds I wish to send thee ; at the last moment I packed them up in a small box, and, as W. Crampton was going down to Hongkong, I asked him to entrust it to some of the homeward-bound passengers by the mail. I shall send a better collection in the pods by next opportunity. I have a quantity of tea seeds collected by Fortune near Ningpo. A storekeeper here has some of the seeds of the *Cupressus funebris* for sale, belonging to Fortune, I presume. I think I shall purchase some, if not too dear, and send them home with the rest.

The 'Saratoga,' an American sloop of war, has just left the port to join the Japanese Expedition at the Loochoo Islands. It is not at all known what are their intentions, but I do not suppose they intend to make a settlement. I have met with two or three officers who accompanied the former expedition, and have gleaned a good deal of information from them. The purser of the 'Saratoga' used very often to step in to see us of an evening ; he is a very well-informed man, and has travelled in almost every part of the world. As they were leaving Shanghai I addressed to him the following letter with reference to the *Aucuba Japonica* :—

SHANGHAI,

24th January, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

Hearing that you are likely to leave this port in a day or two, I take the liberty of troubling you with a small commission. I should feel much obliged by your laying the following information before any botanist or scientific person connected with the Japan Expedition with whom you may become acquainted. The *Aucuba Japonica*, or variegated laurel, was originally introduced from Japan, and is mentioned by Kaempfer in his work as indigenous to the country. The shrub has now become a universal favourite in all parts of England, and is to be met with in almost every garden, thousands being propagated from layers every year; the plant, however, has never been known to fruit, all specimens being females. The flowers appear and wither without swelling; it is, therefore, a great desideratum to obtain some fresh seeds from Japan. Some eminent botanists in England are much interested in the subject, and would greatly prize any seeds received in a sound condition. Should any seeds be obtained, I should have no objection to bearing the expenses and trouble of their transmission to me, and would send them in the name of the person collecting them, and he would then be known as the first to make such an important addition to botanical collections.

Wishing you success and a pleasant voyage, &c.

To — HARRIS, Esq.

P.S.—There are two or three of the shrubs growing in Mr. Beale's garden. They have been imported from England.

I do not know if I have exaggerated the point. I wished to make an impression, if possible, and have succeeded, as thou wilt see by his answer, copy of which I enclose.

U.S.S. 'SARATOGA,'

25th January, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

It will afford me pleasure to call the attention of the botanists of the Japan Expedition to your communication of to-day, and I may assure you that they will be thankful for the

suggestion which it contains with reference to the *Aucuba Japonica*, and if successful in obtaining seeds you may undoubtedly depend upon some of them for transmission to England. For myself, I shall take special interest in your wishes upon this subject, and will endeavour to write to you before our departure from Japan to cross the Pacific.

With many thanks for your good wishes,

I am, Sir, very truly and sincerely your friend,

J. GEORGE HARRIS.

SHANGHAI,

2nd of 3rd Month, 1854.

Your long letter dated 19th of 12th Month I was much pleased to receive, and will now proceed to answer. We are careful to keep out of danger in our walks. The surrounding country is entirely cultivated with cotton, rice, and corn, through which there are innumerable little footpaths in every direction; these are rather intricate, and were it not that the country is perfectly flat, and that you can see the Consular flagstuffs for miles around, it would be puzzling to find one's way about. There are one or two military and other high roads about the country; these are made with granite for miles and miles, and there are good granite bridges over the canals and dykes, but the road itself is not wider than the garden path of our back garden at home, whilst the paths about the country are only just wide enough to walk on, so if you are with a party you have all to follow one another in single file, which is not very pleasant, particularly for ladies.

The Chinese dogs are a nuisance; each cottager keeps one, and they rush out if you approach near them, and commence barking violently, snarling and showing their teeth. In appearance they are between a fox and a wolf; the hair is a light sandy colour. Their bite is terrible, and they more often than not take the piece right out; no English dog is able to cope with them. We have just had a fine fat sheep that was made a present to us destroyed by one.

Having no boxes nor apparatus, I have done nothing as yet in insect catching, and it being winter time there is not much to be found ; however, in the autumn, as I think I told you before, I collected some splendid caterpillars, which I am in hopes will turn out something good.

I have not been able to find out anything about the *Sumbul* root as yet.

The account of the rhubarb grown in Siberia is very curious. Talking about Siberia, hast thou heard of the wonderful expedition about to be undertaken by three of the officers connected with the Japan Expedition ? They are actually going to walk right across Asia to St. Petersburg ! I believe their starting place is somewhere on the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk ; I have no atlas, however, to find the place. The U.S. ship 'Vandalia' is appointed to take them to their starting place. One of the party is quite a scientific character, and another is a good draughtsman. It is a very bold, nay, a mad, undertaking. See what Huc and Gabet suffered much further to the south. They may accomplish it, but I do not think I should like to join them, even were I at liberty.

I progress very slowly in Chinese, though I still keep it up every day with my teacher, and generally get up before breakfast and study with him for about an hour and a half.

TO HIS FATHER.

SHANGHAI,  
4th April, 1854.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The two past days have been eventful ones in the history of this place, and I take the earliest opportunity of noting down the principal facts that have come to my knowledge while they are still fresh in my memory.

For some time past, the Imperialist army, who have been attempting to retake the city for the last six months, have shown an increasing dislike to foreigners, and have not hesitated openly to manifest it in various ways, an instance of which occurred

on Sunday the 27th ult., during a service conducted by one of the American missionaries; an Imperialist soldier suddenly drew his sword and became most violent, declaring that foreigners were aiding the rebels, and saying that the Imperialists would be revenged on them.

On Monday the 3rd April some Imperialist thieves (soldiers) entered the premises of James Bowman & Co., adjoining our property, and commenced robbing and ill-treating the workmen who were building a house; some ran and told Mr. Bowman, who shortly appeared armed with a revolver, and his friend, Mr. Warden, with a thick stick. On approaching the soldiers they showed fight, and one made a cut with his sword at Mr. Warden, which, however, he parried with his stick. Mr. Bowman then fired on them with his revolver, and severely wounded two of them in the head; upon this the others fled, but the wounded men were secured and conveyed to the British Consulate. The news of this affray seemed quickly to exasperate the soldiers at the camp near the road which has recently been made for equestrians, and extends for a mile or so into the country, in a circle.

The first who were attacked were a Mr. and Mrs. Aspinall, who were riding on horseback round this course, when five or six Imperialists, who had secreted themselves, suddenly rushed out and attempted to seize their horses. Mr. A., being a good rider, frustrated their design, but as they galloped off brickbats were hurled at them, and matchlocks discharged both from the camp close at hand and the attacking party, who followed them for some distance with their swords drawn. This happened early in the afternoon, and therefore there were but few persons out walking. The wife of W. S. Brown, one of our most influential merchants, was riding in a sedan chair, escorted by her husband's partner, an old Canton merchant, who had just come up for the benefit of his health; these were spied out by a party of Imperialists, who came rushing down on them with long spears, swords, &c. The coolies who were carrying Mrs. B. immediately left the chair and ran, leaving Mr. Smith to defend her, with only a walking-stick as a weapon; however, he succeeded in knocking one man down, and others coming up, the

villains fled, and Mrs. B. was enabled to escape without any injury. Smith received seven dreadful wounds in different parts of his body, none of which, however, proved mortal. The news soon spread like wildfire that foreigners had been attacked; everyone rushed for his revolver and rifle, while the small guard at the church turned out and commenced skirmishing with those who had entered the Settlement, and thus kept them at bay. The Shanghai volunteers, too, were soon on the spot, and almost everybody was armed either with sword or revolver. I walked up the course near the camp, but all had retreated within the mud walls; on the right, however, among the fields, were several parties of Imperialists waving their flags and firing their matchlocks at the marines, who, however, were snugly ensconced behind graves, and from their position kept firing on any who came within reach. I was standing with a party of about six, watching the movements of these fellows, when we espied an Imperialist at about a hundred yards' distance, standing on the top of a grave, apparently directing some others who were hidden. A young man of the name of Brine said, "I shall take a shot at him." He raised his rifle and fired. We saw the bullet strike the earth at the man's feet; he waved his hand at us in defiance, and immediately went behind the grave, and in about two minutes, bang! whew! and a bullet whistled close to our ears. Fortunately nobody was hit, and we lost no time in changing our position and obtaining shelter behind graves. In a short time the marines and Jacks from H.M.S. 'Encounter' and 'Grecian' came on shore, and marched right up to a small camp recently made on the banks of the Souchow creek; they jumped over the mud walls, and in the twinkling of an eye the tents were on fire. As it was just then getting dark they returned, satisfied with what they had done; the camp continued to burn brightly, and in a few minutes a considerable quantity of powder blew off, making a grand explosion. Later on in the evening two howitzers were brought up the course, and five or six shells were thrown into the near camps, but no shots were returned, and many imagined that all had fled. It was too dark to see anything, although we were not more than three



hundred yards distant, so everything was left till the morning. Besides Mr. Smith, there was no foreigner wounded on this day, but Captain O'Callaghan, of the 'Encounter,' was very nearly cut down while in the camp by some men who secreted themselves and rushed out on him. During the night all was still, but we afterwards heard that it was with the utmost difficulty that the Taotai prevented a large number of soldiers from attacking us.

On Tuesday the 4th all were up in our house at daylight; indeed, we kept watches by turns throughout the night. About six o'clock a.m. I went on to the church-tower with T. C. and C. P.; from this elevated position one obtains a complete bird's-eye view of the country for miles. We could plainly see the rebels issuing out of the city in large numbers; they ran forward to the attack with more than usual alacrity, but were met by the Imperialists, and a good deal of skirmishing ensued. While we were watching this we suddenly heard bang! bang! close in the Settlement, and soon observed the cause. The piratical junks and English vessels bought by the Taotai had been ordered the first thing in the morning to come and anchor close under the 'Encounter' guns; they set sail and pretended to do this, but two or three steered for the Souchou creek, hoping to escape. The 'Encounter' immediately fired a volley of grape among them, and the greater part were forced to submit; three, however, succeeded in their design and escaped, which was a great pity, as will afterwards appear. In the morning we heard that the English and American Consuls had come to the conclusion to attack and destroy the camps nearest the Settlement, if they did not leave them before three or four o'clock that afternoon. A note to this effect was sent to "Keih," the chief judge or commander of the force, who, however, took no notice of it; so about two o'clock p.m. there was a great mustering throughout the Settlement, not only of the English and American marines and Jacks, but of the sailors from all the ships in the harbour, the volunteers and many irregulars, with every kind of weapon. At three o'clock they all marched up the course with drums beating and flags flying, and bringing two small field-

pieces with them ; they all made a halt at about five or six hundred yards from the camps, and the Consuls and officers went forward and examined the position of the enemy from the top of a grave. Not one had moved, and they were going out and in just as usual ; the force were therefore ordered to advance. The Americans took up a position in front of the camp, while the English moved off to the right and approached within three hundred yards of the principal camp. The howitzer was loaded with shell, and they were about commencing operations when an express arrived from the Taotai. Vice-Consul Wade read it over, and informed the Consul it was merely a frivolous excuse to endeavour to put it off till the next day. They therefore commenced firing at the camp simultaneously with the Americans. Many shells burst right among the tents, while others exploded in the air, or fell short ; they seemed to produce but little effect on the Imperialists ; a few certainly left the camps, but not a shot was fired for the greater part of an hour. At last we heard the return shots whistle over our heads ; the English Jacks and the volunteers were then ordered to advance and take the camps ; they moved forward, passed over the creek near the camp and advanced upon it ; when about twenty or thirty yards distant the Jacks made a rush and would have been over the wall in another minute, but we suddenly saw a volume of smoke pour from a cannon that had been until then concealed, and the foremost man fell dead. They then retreated behind some graves in the vicinity, lying down flat to avoid the shower of bullets that was directed against them, but in a few minutes they charged again, when the Chinamen gave way, and thousands poured out of the camps in the greatest confusion ; many were killed by the fire of the Jacks and volunteers, and young Brine was shot by the carelessness of the former, who fired in the direction of the volunteers. The camp was soon taken and in flames ; the Imperialists attempted to rally, but another volley from the volunteers threw them into confusion, and they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Americans fared rather badly in the engagement ; they advanced, after having thrown their shell, to within thirty yards

of the camp, from which, however, they were separated by a small creek. They fired several volleys, to which the Imperialists did not reply, but at last fired a long heavy gun loaded with slugs, &c. This one shot did dreadful work; a marine was killed on the spot, a captain of an American ship just arrived was shot in the head, and poor G. G. Gray, the young man who came out with us, and who is in Russell Co.'s house, was wounded in both legs. Great blame is attributed to Captain Kelly, who commanded on this occasion, as he exposed them without any shelter when they could plainly see this large cannon pointing at them; had it been worked by Europeans numbers more would have been swept away, but fortunately it was only fired once. The Americans were prevented having any share in the taking of the camps by the intervening creek which they could not wade, and to cross which they had brought no board. The English Jacks plundered the camps of anything that took their fancy; even while the tents were burning they entered them. I saw a lot of them ransacking one, when suddenly a quantity of powder exploded; one young midddy came out, his face streaming with blood, but I believe he was not seriously injured.

After the camps were taken the rebels came out of the city in considerable numbers; they seemed delighted, and immediately began to plunder. Others attacked the Imperialists in their fortifications more to the westward, and, I believe, took some.

The camps continued to burn all the evening, and by the following morning were nearly destroyed.

Poor Gray had to have his leg amputated by Dr. Lockhart that same evening; it was a sore trial to them all, but it was impossible to save it, as the ball had entered the knee and carried away some of the small bones; the other leg was not so much injured. It is a very sad thing for him, poor fellow. He is about my age, and just commencing life with the most brilliant prospects, for I suppose he would soon have been made the managing partner in Russell Co.'s house at this port; now he will return to his native land crippled for life. The captain of the 'Rose Standish' is in a very bad way, and I doubt if he

recovers ; they fear lockjaw will ensue from the wound. Brine still lives, but nobody imagines he can recover ; he had only arrived here a week or two.

The following morning I was up at the camp by about six ; it presented a dreadful sight, which I will not attempt to describe. Several Imperialists appeared, waving flags and making towards their former position ; the brass cannon was loaded with round shot, and pointed at three men who stood at the top of a grave about three hundred yards distant. Bang ! it went, and we saw the shot strike the top where they were standing, covering them with a shower of dirt. They seemed not a little astonished, and rapidly retreated ; two more shots were fired, which hopped along the plain and completed their discomfiture.

The largest stronghold still remains untouched, by the edge of the Souchou creek, where the junks that escaped are also stationed. It was settled that these should be attacked on the 5th, but the Taotai came to the English Consulate on the morning of the day, and begged that the English would not fight them. We are, therefore, in a great state of suspense, not knowing but that we may be attacked at any time of the day or night.

The rebels have sent letters to the Consuls thanking them for taking the camps, and saying that if we liked they would place four thousand men at our disposal. I believe there was no reply given to this. It is reported to-day that three thousand of the soldiers are determined to attack us, and that they will not obey the orders of the Mandarins to the contrary. Several houses have placed their specie and valuables on board the ships in the harbour. Many people are much alarmed, and the Consul has sent to Amoy for more ships of war to come.

I remain thy affectionate son,

THOMAS HANBURY.

SHANGHAI, 27th of 4th Month, 1854.

Received 7th of 8th Month, 1854.

MY DEAR DAN,

I am interested in the explanation thou givest of the Fossil *Orthoceratites* sent by Dr. Lockhart . . . I generally dine with him now on First-day; his garden is looking splendid; so many flowers in bloom. He has several Wax Insect trees in his garden; they are just coming into leaf; he says it is a *Fraxinus*. I think it would flourish perfectly well in the open air in England.

A short time ago some new upstart Missionary Society at home (I think it is the "Chinese Evangelisation Society") sent out here a young man of the name of Taylor; he came out in a sailing vessel from Liverpool. The missionaries "found him," to use their expression, one afternoon in their portion of the Settlement. No one knew anything about him; he had no letters, and the Society appear to have rushed him out without any consideration, as he had no house to live in. Dr. Lockhart had to take him in and he is exceedingly annoyed at it, for Taylor is a mere boy who seems to have had scarcely any education, and was, in fact, taken right from behind the counter of a chemist in Yorkshire, and sent out here when the mania for the "Million of Testaments" was just at its height. The idea of putting such a bit of a boy by the side of old Dr. Medhurst is quite laughable.

I am glad thou art pleased with the drugs I have purchased at Singapore.

I notice what Dr. Bowring says about learning Chinese, and thou wilt see I am following it out in a measure. I get on very slowly indeed; nobody encourages me and it is very uphill work. However, I begin to talk a little and have struck several excellent bargains with Chinamen, with whom we should not have been able to do business had I not possessed the little knowledge I do. This cheers me a little in my studies. I am now taking writing lessons every day and begin to form the characters very well. My pen is made of cat's hair, and in my

copy book I write from end to beginning. In writing Chinese the hand does not rest at all on the paper, so it takes some time to learn to hold one's arm sufficiently steady to make the character.

I hope thou wilt go and see the Abbé Huc, at Montpellier. Several of the Imperialist soldiers here have told the missionaries that they remember seeing him and his companion, Gabet, when they passed through Szechuen.

J. Crampton has just arrived from Foo-Chow-Foo. He says there will be a large business done there next year. I presume thou art aware that the port has been open to trade this season, and that about nine millions of pounds of tea have gone to England from it, principally on the Chinese account. Being so much nearer the Black Tea District, the tea comes down in a much fresher condition. We hear that which has arrived at home is making about 30% to 40% profit. J. Crampton says people have not an idea what China is; he says it is a four-mile walk to go through the town. The surrounding scenery is magnificent. Fortune is there at present. There is one of Russell & Co.'s servants down there who was a common China-boy three years ago; he is now said to be worth six hundred thousand dollars, and has, I believe, recently paid two hundred thousand for a Mandarin's Button. Foo-Chow-Foo is quite ready for a revolt; great numbers of the Tai-Ping-Wang party are said to be in the place as spies. The authorities do not seem to keep a very good watch, for the other day all the cannon on the City walls were found to be spiked; nobody could tell by whom. There is information of an outbreak in Formosa also.

Of course, thou wilt hear all about the splendid success of the Japan Expedition. Do not miss reading the account in the 'China Mail.' I have heard nothing about the *Acuba* seeds and fear they must be forgotten.

Some parties here are talking of chartering the 'Confucius' steamer for a trip to the newly opened land; subscription, two hundred dollars each. They would go in three days from here, the tug being so fast a boat, particularly in smooth water. What thou sayest about prosecuting parties for supplying arms

to the rebels is very just, and a notice has been circulated by the three Consuls to the effect that any person acting in such a way will lose all claim to protection and be punished as well.

Thou asks to have an account of my everyday proceedings. Well, they are rather monotonous, I must acknowledge. I generally get up about 6.30 or 7 o'clock, as the weather is generally fine now, and the air pure and the sky unclouded. Sometimes I read with my teacher for an hour before breakfast, but have discontinued this lately, as I find it the best time for exercise now the weather is becoming warmer, so I either go for a walk or garden a little; at half-past eight we breakfast; from nine to half-past I taste tea, for, although Pullen does the buying, I do not wish to lose my knowledge, for I may soon have to take his place, or rush to Foo-Chow-Foo or Canton; from ten till one o'clock I am in the office writing letters, settling accounts with tea-men, or posting the book; one o'clock, tiffin (my dinner); half-past one till four o'clock probably the same occupations, varied sometimes by driving a bargain with a Chinaman for Gold Bars, Mexican Dollars, or whatever he may want to sell; at four o'clock we shut up our books and go for a walk, perhaps to our godowns half a mile distant to see how our new house is progressing. At present we dare not walk out into the country for fear of being shot by Imperialists. At 6.30 *they* have dinner; at 7 o'clock I sit down with my teacher, generally for about two hours, taking some tea and toast in the office. This practically finishes up the day, and I must confess that I get through very little reading of any kind. Of course, when a mail is leaving, or one has just come in, the scene is quite changed, and all is hurry-scurry, and we often sit writing our letters until midnight, as I am doing now.

Now Japan is opened, I wish particularly to have old Kaempfer's work, and should be much obliged if thou wilt buy me a copy if thou meet with one. I should like also to have Du Halde's 'China' and Huc and Gabet's work in English.

25th of 6th Month, 1854.

Received 29th of 8th Month, 1854.

“Mosquito Lodge” we find well deserves the name, for the thousands of these troublesome insects which infest the house at present is truly astonishing; fortunately they do not annoy us during the daytime, but sit on the walls and ceilings; as soon, however, as it grows dusk they commence their attacks, and one continual hum is heard the entire evening. They are easily driven off, but soon return and buzz about your ears in a manner anything but agreeable. It is an immense satisfaction to get safely within your mosquito curtains in your bed, and very pleasant to read, safe from their annoyance.

To ALFRED FOX, ESQ.

SHANGHAI,

8th of 8th Month, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ALFRED FOX,

Thy interesting and acceptable letter, dated 11th of 5th month, 1854, reached me on the 4th inst. I am obliged by your kind wishes for my return to Old England in the position of a wealthy merchant. Certainly the chances for making a fortune out here are numerous, and with common prudence and foresight it is not difficult to avoid disasters. It is quite my opinion that our trade with China is only just in its infancy, and I think there is scarcely a doubt that when the country is again settled, a very extensive demand will spring up for Manchester goods, and that a large and flourishing import trade will be the result. At present the rebellion puts a stop to everything except the growth of tea and silk; these are scarcely interfered with, and the supply of both is not likely to fall off. Last year we sent sixty thousand bales of silk to England; fifty thousand of which were shipped from this Port. This immense export, nearly double any previous year, has had the effect of depressing prices at home to a considerable extent. By last advices from London the deliveries were four thousand bales a month, notwithstanding the war, and the commoner kinds, owing to the extraordinary



cheapness, were being used in various manufactures never before attempted.

The tea season is a most exciting time here, particularly if one is buying largely. The tea comes to Shanghai in boats, there existing the most perfect water connection by means of canals throughout the Empire, so much so that if you want to go to a town some miles distant, you simply step into your boat in the evening and by breakfast time you are there; the boatmen sculling all night. It is the most delightful way of travelling I think, that is to say, if you are not in a particular hurry. The Chinese propel their boats by a large oar at the stern; with the use of this they are very skilful, and it is well adapted for working up narrow canals and creeks where it is useless to attempt to row. I have seen a powerful Chinaman almost make his boat leap out of the water when sculling in a race; but I am now wandering from my subject, tea. We are just now commencing to be busy, and fifty thousand packages of green tea will arrive, it is expected, during the ensuing fortnight, but the merchants make very short work of them, and probably the whole will be packed up in a month at the outside, and the greater part on its way to England or the States. Tea does not grow in the immediate neighbourhood of Shanghai, but I have seen it both wild and cultivated in the island of Chusan and in the neighbourhood of Ningpo, which is one of the five Ports open to foreigners, and is about seventy miles to the south of Shanghai. In the month of June I took a three weeks' holiday, as that is the time of year when there is least doing; and joining a party of six we chartered a small schooner and visited some of the islands in the Chusan Archipelago, including Chusan itself, which, as you will probably remember, was taken by the English in the war, and held as security till the expenses of the said war were all paid by the Chinese Government. The scenery in the island is lovely, yet it proved a most unhealthy place for our soldiers, who sickened and died by hundreds while stationed there; this must be in part attributed to the injudicious situation chosen for them in a rice swamp surrounded by high hills, which would, of course, reflect the intense rays of the sun. All

foreigners resident in China are aware of the effect of the sun's rays, and would consider it madness to walk about in the middle of the day at present, even with the protection of an umbrella. After inspecting the "Lions" of Chusan, we bent our steps, or rather our sails, for Potoo; a picturesque little island more to the eastward, and which is resorted to by parties from Shanghai on account of the sea bathing which may here be enjoyed to advantage, as the sea is not tinged with the waters of the muddy Yangtze-kiang, which constantly pours an immense volume of water into the ocean, discolouring it for miles. Potoo (in English, "Paradise") is certainly a very remarkable place. The island, which is about six miles in circumference, has been devoted from remote ages solely to religious purposes. The population is made up of priests and peasants, who cultivate a little rice, &c. There is not a single woman on the island; in fact, they are forbidden to enter. There are many Buddhist temples scattered about, some on the summits of the hills, others in the valleys; they are generally built on the hillsides, one above the other, with fine flights of stone steps between. We invariably entered these "Joss-houses," as they are called, without the least hesitation, and were invariably well received by the priests, who came creeping out from the surrounding islands, looking more like ghosts than human beings. Most of the idols are extremely frightful, and some thirty or fifty feet high. Inside, the "Joss-houses" are like huge barns, and it is rather impressive, on entering one, to see thirty or forty immense gilt idols staring at you through the gloom. There can be little doubt, I think, that Potoo has been peopled, and its religion introduced, from either India or Cochin China, for I noticed in one place a stone tablet covered with an inscription in Sanscrit, and there are many carvings of elephants and other Indian animals. The junks generally stop at this island, before putting to sea, to pray for a prosperous voyage; of course, they bring presents and offerings, without which nothing can be done in China—as elsewhere. Ningpo is a fine old city, with a population of at least half a million; there is no trade with foreigners at present, but ere long something will be done.

The city of Shanghai is still held by the riff-raff (*rebels* is too good a name), and the Emperor's forces are totally unable to effect anything, and have almost left off trying, though they are still encamped around the walls. The whole Empire seems to be convulsed from one end to the other, and it now seems extremely probable that Canton will fall, as a formidable band of troops are attacking it. Unless foreign Powers interfere, I do not know where the rebellion is to stop. Our import trade is in the most desperate state at present, and all produce has to be paid for in specie.

29th of 10th Month, 1854.

Received 28th of 12th Month, 1854.

MY DEAR DAN,

We have had stirring events at Shanghai. Sir J. Bowring and the American Minister have gone by the coast to Tientsin, determined to push to Peking and see the Emperor. The coast about Tientsin, which is the Port of Peking, is miserable in the extreme, as the sea is rapidly receding and is consequently so shallow that I was told the 'Powhatan' would have to anchor out of sight of land; besides, it would be very cold, I should think, for people coming from Canton. Most people here think the expedition will be a complete failure, and that they will never see the Emperor. The Medhursts had the job of translating the Queen's letter to the Emperor. The English expedition to Japan has not yet returned; many think its true destination was Sidka, or "New Archangel." Dr. Medhurst is indeed a most accomplished Chinese scholar; he has just been for a trip into the interior to the Tai Lake, which, by reference to the map, thou wilt perceive is about one hundred miles from this place. He told me he travelled all the way in a boat in his European dress, and was not molested in any way.

*Imperialists.*—We dare not walk out into the country as formerly for fear of the rebel soldiers. I have been out twice lately a little way alone on my Shanghai pony; I met a soldier or two with their arms, but they did not offer to molest me in any way.

Our house progresses very slowly ; the timber is now shipped and we expect it here in a fortnight. On the 17th we moved all our goods and chattels from Mosquito Lodge, and settled in the rooms we have fitted up at the end of our godown ; they are very comfortable and convenient ; we are now close to our business and shall get on much better when we get things a little ship-shape. We each have a bedroom to ourselves, then there is a good large parlour, which serves also for a breakfast-room and *salle à manger* upstairs, and our office on the ground floor.

The settlement of Shanghai is spreading with the most wonderful rapidity ; the population must have been trebled since I came here.

SHANGHAI, 23rd of 8th Month, 1855.

Received 3rd of 11th Month, 1855.

I begin thus early in the month, as I want to write thee all about the expedition to the north while it is fresh in my mind. The accounts of the pirates in and about the Port of Shantung, which have reached us lately have become so alarming, and the Chinese Government having purchased the two steamers 'Paou-Shun,' and 'Confucius,' for the express purpose of releasing a large number of the junks held up there for ransom, the former vessel was despatched some weeks ago to try what she could do ; she arrived near a place called Wei-Ho on the Shantung promontory, and found the pirate fleet in such large numbers that it was thought prudent to return and seek further assistance. H.M.S. 'Bittern,' having just arrived here, was, therefore, despatched together with the 'Paou-Shun' and 'Confucius,' the steamers having men and guns to assist them from the U.S. frigate 'Macedonian.' They were accompanied by a vessel having a supply of coal ; this vessel, unfortunately, was in such bad condition that ere they got half way she went down bodily, everyone escaping however. The expedition proceeded until they arrived off the northern coast of the Shantung promontory, where, fearful lest they should fall short of coal, the 'Confucius' was forced to return, and has accordingly returned to Shanghai,

leaving the 'Bittern' and 'Paou-Shun' still there. Captain Deaborn, who commands the 'Confucius,' was here last night and gave us some interesting particulars of his trip. He describes the country in Shantung as hilly and extremely picturesque. At the first place where they cast anchor, there was a hill completely covered over with white specks, which at a distance they took to be gravestones, but which, on nearer inspection, proved to be men, women, and children cultivating the ground; this will give thee some idea of the population; they anchored quite close in shore, the steamer only drawing about eight feet of water, and soon the crowds of boats round the ship and of people on shore was prodigious; as soon, however, as the steam was let off they took to their heels with much fright, and the greatest scene of confusion arose, much to the amusement of those on board. The Mandarin of the place presently came on board, and it was really pitiable to see the dread he was in of the pirates; he immediately fell on his knees on deck and chin-chinned Captain Deaborn, who could with difficulty prevail on him to rise; he said the pirate fleet had only left three days before, but that he and his soldiers had made such a stout resistance, they were unable to take the place, but had fired several shots into the town, some of which he produced; they were, without doubt, thirty-two and twenty-four pounders. Captain Deaborn went on shore, where he was treated with the greatest kindness. He says there is a mountain some short distance from the town, which they told him was twelve thousand feet high, and he could see large patches of snow on the summit. The houses are all built of stone with large fireplaces, which proves how severe it is in the winter season. The peasants are a fine race, tall and strong, and much more cleanly than those about Shanghai; the women all have the feet bound as is the custom here. The day they landed no one was to be seen, but the following day, when confidence was restored and they understood who their visitors were, they appeared again. The Mandarin gave the officers a dinner on shore, and Captain Deaborn went about twenty miles inland, travelling in a sort of palanquin supported by two horses, which

he describes as very comfortable, and the horses being trained to keep in step the motion is by no means unpleasant. The Chinamen drew pictures on the sand to show Captain Deaborn what the pirate junks were like, and how many guns they mounted, by which they found out there were two square-rigged vessels among the fleet; they also told him there were several foreigners among the pirates, and as proof showed him the print of their shoes in the sand, which left no doubt at all that such was the case.

25th of 8th Month, 1855.

I was on board the 'Confucius' yesterday; I think they will leave again for the north to-day. Captain Deaborn wished particularly to have the large book of maps and plates (Macartney) which thou kindly sent me, so I lent it him for the trip. Thou wilt recollect it gives a map of the Shantung promontory on a large scale, also views of Cape Macartney and the passages among the island, some of which he said were very correct. The U.S. frigate 'Macedonian' has also left, but whether for the north or Japan is not known.

I had almost forgotten to give you a Shantung current price list of articles in use, the cheapness of some of which is quite laughable. Captain Deaborn told me they bought one hundred eggs for twenty cash, which is equivalent to one and one seventh of a penny; four quarts of new milk for six cash, equal to one third of a penny; a fine fat bullock for three and a half dollars; of coal they say there is any quantity in the country, but the Mandarin not being prepared for them, not more than seven tons could then be obtained, for which they paid three dollars per ton. The Mandarin said they would in future keep a regular stock of it on hand, and they are now going to the north relying upon this promise, without taking any craft with them to carry an extra supply. The coal mines are situated about sixty miles inland, and it is brought down slung in bags on the backs of horses. Mr. Floyd, the engineer of the steamer, has promised to save me samples of the coal, which I shall send thee when opportunity offers.

In Shantung there are much finer fruits than here, the climate being more temperate; apples, plums, peaches, &c., come to much greater perfection; some of the former which they brought down were really delicious, and reminded one of the English apple; grapes were not ripe, but are very fine in the proper season.

No rice is cultivated, it is all wheat and maize; the buck-wheat was just in flower and presented a beautiful sight, while the fields of maize stretched almost as far as the eye could reach. Thou wilt be surprised to find the book of plates and maps has come in so useful; I am much obliged to thee for it, as also for Kaempfer's 'Japan,' and Dornovan's 'Insects'; the latter is a well got-up work, the plates are exact, and we recognise the insects without difficulty; many which are figured we see almost every day in our compound.

21st of 1st Month, 1856.

Received 2nd of 4th Month, 1856.

I am interested in hearing of thy second trip to Paris, which must have been very pleasant, as you had a settled object in going. It was a pity there was nothing from China in the *Exposition*, as it would have been so easy to show a collection. Montigny, the French Consul here, took home a splendid lot of curiosities—china-ware, bronzes, &c.—which I believe were purchased by the French Government, so I scarcely understand why they were not exhibited.

I wrote Papa last mail, just before the steamer left, to say that Fortune had at last discovered the wax insect, and sure enough it is found close to Ningpo. Perhaps I am giving Fortune too much credit in saying he found it, for the fact is he never noticed it, although he has travelled over that country time and again; it was Dr. Macartie, of Ningpo, who procured it for him. Dr. Macartie gave one subsequently to Dr. Lockhart, who has forwarded it to me to send to you by this mail. It is a good specimen, and I hope it will reach home safely; for fear it does not, I will describe it as well as I can. Here it is before me now on the table. A small piece of a branch of the

species of ash on which the insect feeds is coated all round with the white wax, which is quite velvety to the touch and honey-combed like fine coral with minute holes; at a short distance it very much resembles the white substance seen on old and diseased apple-trees, although, of course, it is much firmer and thicker. The specimen is too precious to cut to ascertain if the insect or eggs are imbedded, though I fear, if it is the latter, they will hatch on the way home. Dr. Lockhart is sending for a further supply, and intends to rear a small colony in his garden. I think I mentioned in my last to Papa that Fortune has several specimens (but Dr. Lockhart says "none so good as this"), which he is taking on to India to endeavour to rear the insect there.

The China boy who went to England in the 'Rapid' has got back to-day per the 'Nightingale' from Hong Kong; he has a great deal to tell of the wonders he saw in England, the railroad especially makes his friends here gape with astonishment. He says Mrs. Hanbury had him taught how to iron shirts, and he came walking into our office with an English iron in his hand, and he says he now "savey this pigeon number one."

The 'Amegos' from Sydney to our consignment brought as passengers about one hundred and fifty Chinamen, who proved to have gold-dust about their persons and concealed in their rice-bags, to the amount of two hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling; an enormous amount, is it not? and all sent out of the country by the ridiculous laws they have made against Chinese, both in Australia and California; being southern men they left in the steamer just leaving for Hong Kong. The captain of the 'Amegos' touched at a little island in coming up the sea—I think it must belong to the Philippine group; he says the abundance of lemons on the island was perfectly astonishing: for an old rusty pistol and a little powder a native brought him a large barge full, more than he and all his passengers could possibly use. In some of the neighbouring islands, he says, for about half a dollar you can procure several bushels of oranges.

The weather is cold now; to-day there is a strong wind from the north-west, and although there are no clouds, the sun can



scarcely shine in consequence of the fine dust which fills the air and obscures everything in a dull brown hue. This dust is so fine that it finds its way everywhere—into cabins, closed bedrooms, and even into one's throat. It must come from some distance, as yesterday was a very wet day, raining from morning to night, and no dust could be blown up from anywhere near here.

(TO THE SAME.)

10th of 9th Month, 1856.

Received 23rd of 1st Month, 1857.

I have written to thee fully by the overland route regarding my friend, the Rev. Dr. Medhurst, who, with his family, leaves for London to-day by the 'Anglo-Saxon.' By this I have now great pleasure in introducing him personally to thee, and I am quite sure thou wilt welcome him, not only as a friend of mine, but as one whose labours in the East for a period of over forty years, and his great literary attainments, fully demand his receiving every attention and consideration from those interested in the advancement and welfare of China.

I am thy ever affectionate brother,

THOMAS HANBURY.

Note by D. H.—Dr. Medhurst died 28th January, the day after I received this.

2nd of 2nd Month, 1857.

Received 2nd of 4th Month, 1857.

I have entrusted to the care of the steward of the 'Swallow' a large bottle containing three small gold-fish, and have particularly requested him to see that the water is changed often; as the fish are very small and young, I am in hopes that they may reach England in safety. They are the same kind as I sent by the 'Anglo-Saxon,' and which unfortunately died. It is a species I never saw in England, and should the fish survive the voyage, perhaps the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens would like them. The steward should have some small present if he delivers them alive.

*Hung Chow Dates.*—Since I wrote last month I have made some further enquiries about this fruit, and find thou art correct in saying the tree is a *Zizyphus*. Dr. Lockhart tells me that when the fruit is gathered it is cut all round with a knife, and put in honey for about thirty days; it is then taken out and placed to dry in the sun. This I think is likely, as without honey they would be very poor eating. I have sent up to Hung Chow for a fresh supply. The tree, I find, now my attention is drawn to it, is very common about the country. I shall send our gardener to collect some plants. They grow about the size of plum trees at home, but are very odd in appearance; the branches are all the same thickness, or nearly so, and very angular-looking, like the “lazy-bones” I recollect Mamma had, only there are prickles about each joint.

*State of Affairs at Canton.*—I expect you will think it rather strange that I have scarcely alluded in my letters to what is taking place in the south, and to the likelihood of its affecting us here. At present everything goes on as before, and there is no reason why amicable relations should not be maintained towards the Chinese. Rates of produce have advanced twenty to thirty per cent., and will go higher if there is greater likelihood of a general war with the Empire. It is generally thought here that the people in England do not like the idea of a war with China particularly, based as it is on such a trivial affair as the seizing of a launch supposed to be “piratical” by the Chinese.

*Chinese Newspaper.*—I have been much interested in the establishing of this little periodical, and think I have been of considerable service in setting it agoing. The editor and secretary say, whether in compliment or not, I do not know, that they could hardly have begun it had I not helped them. I write the prices current and get subscribers among the Chinese, in which I have been very successful, having obtained names for about seven hundred to eight hundred copies per month.

7th November, 1857.

I am now living with the Bowers, having moved round the day before yesterday with all my furniture, all the firm's books, letters, and papers and our cash, all the money both belonging to myself, our partners at home and the Cramptons, so they cannot have a very bad opinion of my fairness and integrity to allow and even wish me to do this. I have a capital office, and am fifty per cent. happier and better off.

Messrs. Rothschild wrote a very polite letter last mail expressing a wish to see me on my arrival in England, which looks well. I shall in all probability return home *viâ* Naples, as I want to call on a house there.

In 1858 F. H. spent a short holiday in England and the United States.

ON BOARD THE 'VECTIC,' MARSEILLES HARBOUR,

25th January, 1858, 11 p.m.

We are coming at last! having just arrived at this port. Our passage from Alexandria has been most miserable, a strong head wind the whole way. The weather has been, and is, bitterly cold, with frequent showers of rain, hail and snow. I have been very ill, and have kept my bed nearly the whole time; now I am better, and no doubt shall revive as soon as I get on shore again. Dr. Lockhart and I are proposing to travel through France together. At Paris we shall spend two days, but I will write again from Paris; perhaps I may come before Lockhart, not much caring to spend so long a time, so anxious as I am to get home. Can you arrange for Sampson and Emily to be with us at Clapham on First-day, so that we may all meet together that day?

ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP 'MALABAR,' OFF SUMATRA,

24th November, 1858.

I sent a few lines from Galle to say I had found out the distiller of citronelle and lemon grass oils. Mr. J. A. Hume having kindly asked me to go and breakfast with him at his country house at Watwalla, situated about four miles out of

Galle, I accordingly hired a small four-wheeled chaise and drove out. Mr. Hume received me very kindly, and gave me all the information I desired. The whole hill on which his house is built, and the adjoining one too, were covered with the two grasses. The citronelle had long stems of flowers, the stalks growing with joints like a sugar-cane; the flowers look like exaggerated oat or rye grass. The lemon grass was not in flower; the blades are much narrower and the leaves meet more in a clump at the bottom. Both emit an agreeable scent when rubbed between the fingers, but the citronelle is the strongest and has a smell of turpentine, I think. Mr. Hume says he will put up sample seeds and specimens, and forward them by first opportunity by any of his friends going by overland mail. He had agreed to put me up a small bottle of oil of each, but omitted to do so. He says he cuts the grass at any time of the year, but mostly in December and January.

27th.—Pulo Penang is now in sight and we shall land in about two hours. I have asked fellow-passengers who have resided in the States regarding patchouli. They say they think it grows at Penang; and they also say the lemon grass grows both there and at Singapore, and people use a little of the leaf chopped up as an addition to tea, putting it in the tea-pot.

OFF MALACCA.

We arrived at Penang yesterday at noon. It was the most delightful day. I went with Mr. Blythe, a young Scotchman, in a small carriage to the waterfalls, distant about four miles. We had a delightful walk through nutmeg plantations and thick woods, in which tropical vegetation luxuriated undisturbed. We climbed a hill, five hundred to seven hundred feet high, down which the water goes in a series of falls, and from thence enjoyed a most splendid view of the valley, neighbouring hills, the strait, and the Malay Peninsula; on the other side the sensitive plant was growing wild in abundance round the waterfall, and ferns, lichens, and parasites in great variety hung from the trees where there was any hold to be obtained. I have enjoyed nothing so much since I left Marseilles as this walk at Penang. The patchouli plant I could get no information about.

SHANGHAI,

7th January, 1859.

Office 1.30 a.m. I am so wearied out that a few lines is all I can write. I have just finished our business letters. For the past three or four nights we have been up in the office till twelve or one, and our book-keeper did not go to bed till 4 a.m. yesterday morning, so we *do* work in China sometimes! I think I shall have every bit as much to do, or perhaps more, at mail times than when with C. H. & Co., but in the interval between the mails more head work and responsibility and less drudgery; it is, at all events, a comfort to have a partner who will work also, and F. Bower goes at it in a style I have rarely seen equalled; everything looks prosperous, and if all goes well, I ought to make money rapidly. The box of books has come duly to hand; I have not had time to open it yet; the medicine I shall not need, as I have not been troubled with asthma since leaving France. My health is good, and I am very well, except that my appetite is too large for the amount of exercise I am able to take. I have only been here three weeks, and have already gained in weight seven pounds.

Lord Elgin has just stepped in to give us a call; he is on very friendly terms with all the residents, and does not at all stand on his dignity; he has been two months away up the Yangtse, and reached the great inland port of Hankow, distant about eight hundred miles. They had some rather smart fighting with the rebels, who fired on them. Japan is opening up with a rapidity that astonishes everyone; the Japanese are a go-ahead, intelligent, cleanly and superior people. Lord Elgin was saying this afternoon that Yeddo is the finest place in the East he has seen. Many ships are going over from here to Nagasaki, where they get a vegetable wax or tallow; the trade is kept as secret as possible, but leaks out a little every now and then; I hope to get a sample soon.

Mrs. Bower and children are quite well and looking forward with pleasure to going home in March.

3rd of 2nd Month, 1859.

Received 30th of 3rd Month, 1859.

As I intend, as a rule, only to write one letter home every mail, I must send one to each in turn I think, and so I hope to satisfy all.

*Japan.*—Everyone here is agog about the opening of trade; many of our Shanghai residents have gone over, taking with them lots of money and determined to push the business if anything is to be made out of it. The people must be very superior to the Chinese in notions of cleanliness, also in activity of intellect.

H. M. steamer 'Inflexible' has left to-day for Jeddo to offer to convey a Japanese Embassy to England, and at the same time to explain that the best way there and also to Holland is by way of Suez; I shall be curious to know if they accept the offer; I hope they may. Lord Elgin told me in conversation that the forcing open of that country to our commerce cost him the greatest struggle with his conscience he had ever sustained; he found the Japanese so happy, contented, and free from the vices which stain our civilisation, that it did seem a shame to disturb them. I can appreciate his feelings, and firmly believe that the Japanese will not derive the slightest benefit, at all events, for long to come, by contact with us, but most probably a great deal of harm instead. A great amount of rubbish is talked in England about the blessings of civilisation, &c.

Mrs. Bower has been quite busy packing up bulky things to go round the Cape, and they are shipped by the 'Hortense,' a nice little vessel we have just despatched for London.

The winter is rather a severe one; we have had two heavy falls of snow. The lowest I have seen the thermometer is 22°. At present we have cold north-east winds; it does not actually freeze, but is very disagreeable. I am greatly troubled with chilblains, and my medicine chest contains no liniment, so I must wait until they get well.

To-day is the first of the Chinese New Year, and a general holiday with both rich and poor. It is the only day in the year when nobody seems to do any work, and consequently the only

one like our Sunday. All dress in silks and satins and receive visits, or go to call on their friends; fruits, candies, and preserves are set out in each reception hall; the family altar is decorated, and two immense candles are burning before it; the visitor presents his card and is served with tea, &c., mutual compliments then ensue, each wishing the other happiness and plenty of dollars in the ensuing year. I have myself made many such calls to-day, and did my best to conform to the rules.

SHANGHAI,

3rd March, 1859.

There have been quite a number of appointments made in the Consular Service. Mr. Bruce, brother to Lord Elgin, has been made Ambassador at Peking, with Mr. Wade as Chinese Secretary. Our Consul is to go to Canton, and H. S. Parkes to come in his stead. Mr. H. Medhurst is appointed to Tang Chow, in Shantung; there are also Consuls appointed for Swataw, Chin-Keang Foo, Nieuchwang, in the Corea, and Nagasaki, in Japan.

The Bowers are prepared to leave by the next mail, but have not yet heard if their places are secured at Hong Kong.

Dr. Macgowan has just returned from Nagasaki, in Japan, where he has been staying for a month or more; many others have also gone, some on business, some for pleasure. The country around Nagasaki is described as hilly and very picturesque; the people as civil and obliging. Dent & Co., one of our best houses here, were the first to begin to trade. Sapan wood was wanted by the Japanese, who, it appears, were strangely ignorant of the market prices, for Dent & Co. made a contract with the Government to deliver one hundred thousand picols in exchange for double the quantity of Japanese vegetable wax; the Sapan wood is worth two or three taels per picol, and the wax six or eight taels per picol; Dent & Co., therefore, cleared about five or six hundred per cent. profit: say twelve or thirteen thousand pounds. The news of this transaction soon got wind, and now they say there is enough Sapan wood at Nagasaki to last for the next hundred years, and the Japanese

will make no offer at all for it. It is said that opium has been attempted to be introduced, but I am glad to say failed. Many dogs have been brought over; the most extraordinary animals possible. We had one in the house for some weeks, and it afforded us great amusement. I can only describe it by telling you it was, without exaggeration, as nearly like those Kylins at the top of my crystal seals as possible; the eyes are immense and protrude from the head; the tail is bushy and curves over the back; the dog walks totally unlike any other dog I ever saw. Hitherto I had always imagined those Kylins to be imaginary animals, but now it is quite evident what they are intended to represent; the very turn of the head is given exactly. The dogs are as large as King Charles spaniels; they are very clean, and daintily brought up; they will hardly touch meat, but live on rice and milk; they cost about £5 apiece.

I shall endeavour to obtain some *Aucuba* seeds from someone going over.

We have had a cold winter; several terrible falls of snow.

28th of 3rd Month, 1859.

As usual I have but little to say. Our existence here is comprised in the two words, buying and selling, or perhaps one might add, making figures, eating, drinking and sleeping.

*Lemon and Citronelle Grasses.*—I regret I did not write when the former flowers, as I confess I have now forgotten; they are both cultivated, one hill being covered with one grass and an adjoining one with another; the plants are quite distinct in appearance to any observant person, but the oils very similar, so much so that Mr. and Mrs. Hume disagreed as to which oil was contained in a bottle they offered to give me, and which consequently I declined.

*Wax Insect Tree.*—I went to see it yesterday, but found it is as yet hardly showing any signs of putting forth any flowers or leaves.

*Pepper Tree.*—I put in a cutting before I left for England and now find it is a fine large plant. Vegetation here is truly



rapid. I have a good piece for a garden in front of our house, and intend to grow some of the rarer shrubs if I can get them. There is a splendid standard citron tree at one corner of the garden which is laden with fruit; there are pomegranates ten or twelve feet high and two or three kinds of oranges not eatable.

*Chinese Drugs.*—I cannot tell what specimens to send you; if I go into a chemist's shop, of course, I get plenty, but do not know what is valuable or what you wish for. I have some specimens of Japanese Ginseng, which perhaps you might like.

16th of 4th Month, 1859.

Enclosed are two bunches of flowers which I have picked from Dr. Lockhart's Wax Insect tree; I fear they are badly dried, but I hope they may arrive home in a good enough condition for you to ascertain what the tree actually is. These flowers appear in little bunches just before the leaves burst forth. I am making a clearance in our garden, and am going to re-plant it in part. Magnolias, orange trees and camellias are now in full flower; the weather is delightful.

21st of 11th Month, 1859.

I find it is two months since I wrote you, or nearly so. By Mr. Vacher I sent you two specimens of singing crickets in their cages; they are sold in the city. I trust they will arrive safely and interest you. The shopkeepers and others buy them to hang up in their shops and houses; the cost of the glass cage and occupant was twenty copper cash, equal to one penny; ditto, ditto, bamboo cage, eight copper cash, equal to rather less than a halfpenny. I think it might be interesting to show them at the Entomological Society. I wish I could send a better account. I can only say they make a loud chirp like a cricket, and thousands are sold in the city.

My garden has been raised at a cost of over £20; many of the things are rather smothered; others I have dug up and

replanted. I am just debating whether to have a grass-plot or not in it ; such a thing is essential to a garden in England, but here the grass looks so brown and dead in the winter that it is anything but an ornament. Camellias are now in bloom ; the *Tien Chuh* or "Heavenly Bamboo" with its scarlet berries looks showy, and the Chusan palm is seeding abundantly ; the large standard citrons covered with their beautiful golden fruit are striking objects ; then about the country coxcombs are plentiful, growing wild in the fields.

I have just got through the job of whitewashing and varnishing the inside of the house and venetians ; a troublesome business from the slowness of the workmen, who are quite as difficult to get rid of as the same class at home, and who swarm on your premises to double the extent.

The weather is most delicious ; clear and blue skies and bracing air day after day. How I pity you in the fog and drizzle prevalent at the end of November in England !

16th of 12th Month, 1859.

Received 30th of 1st Month, 1860.

There will certainly be a severe fight in the North next spring or summer ; the affairs of the country will be frightful if the Emperor commits suicide or runs away.

Trade is opening amazingly at Japan ; everybody seems to be taking a trip over there and benefiting in health and pocket ; I plod on day after day and week after week, taking no change ; I fancy I cannot leave even for a day or two's holiday with satisfaction.

Winter is now upon us, but the weather is most glorious ; clear blue skies day after day without a cloud, and the atmosphere clear as crystal ; the thermometer down to about 25° every night. I shall suffer from the cold as I did last winter, I fear, from insufficiency of exercise ; my circulation is very languid. Our house would, in England, be voted desperately cold and comfortless !

18th December, 1859.

Yesterday a year ago I arrived at Shanghai, so there is one-sixth of my time gone; it seems a very long period to look forward to and I expect to get heartily tired of the place before I am able to get away.

I do not look upon the "Peiho" disaster in the same light as you do, and consider the Chinese did not display any treachery, and while not actually in the right were really wishful to carry out the treaty. Kwei-Liang, who is Prime Minister, was waiting here for months and months, Lord Elgin when he left having requested him to do so, in order that some minor points unsettled in the treaty might be arranged. Mr. Bruce when he arrived, I think, behaved most discourteously in refusing even to grant an interview to this venerable old man who occupied such an important post; telling him to get back to Peking as quickly as possible to receive the Embassy there; pointing out that there was a steamer flying the Chinese flag in port that could take himself and Hwashana, his colleague. Going in a steamer would be contrary to all Chinese precedent for officials; so Kwei-Liang started back through the country in the ordinary way, sending on before a swift messenger to say Mr. Bruce was coming; yet before this messenger could arrive orders were given to force the passage to the river and thus virtually to commence hostilities. An offer made by the Governor of the Province of Chili to conduct Mr. Bruce with all honour to Peking was refused, because our Queen had not her proper title given her in the document, and no time was allowed the Chinese to correct the mistake. Again, it was not specified in the treaty that a fleet and a small army should ascend the Peiho to take Mr. Bruce to obtain the ratifications of the treaty; the English Government even only suggesting that one war vessel should go as far as Tientsin; and anyone can readily understand that the Chinese would naturally be not a little alarmed at a formidable force approaching their capital. The American treaty has now come into force, but contains very little to interfere with trade generally. I do hope there will be no more fighting. The Chinese at Peking still profess respect for

the English and French, and, I believe, are still willing to ratify the treaty.

Mr. Edkins says he is going to set to work to find out the history or superstition about rhinoceros-horn drinking-cups for you.

My book-keeper, Mr. Drysdale, is leaving us this week, so that we shall be reduced again to three: myself, Mr. Laidlaw, and Mr. Gordon; Drysdale asking more than we thought we could afford to pay. Most young men, after being out here three years or so, expect to earn £500 a year; then their board costs another £200, so that it comes expensive. Do you not think it a large sum for housekeeping expenses, £200, not including rent? I find I cannot do it for less, and we live very moderately for Shanghai, though much more is wasted than there would be at home.

10th of 1st Month, 1860.

Received 17th of 3rd Month, 1860.

The other day I went out into the country with the beagles, a pack of dogs kept by a gentleman here; we hunted all the afternoon unsuccessfully, but at last we came to three large coffins standing together, built up with brickwork partly in a decayed state; the dogs made a great noise and we felt there must be some animal under the coffins. We numbered about twelve gentlemen and fifteen dogs; there were about one hundred villagers near by watching our proceedings; all the rest were afraid to rout out the animal for fear of rousing the anger of the peasantry by disturbing the tombs, and nobody could speak to them but myself; after trying in vain for five minutes or so, they all went away; I therefore was determined to get the animal out, so called to the peasants to bring spades to help me; they came willingly and we dug away the brick rubbish, and on looking underneath I saw the tail of what I took to be a wild cat. I poked a bamboo at it and out it ran on the other side across a field and over a creek, with myself and villagers in full pursuit; there was a Chinese dog near by who seized it and killed it at

once ; it proved to be a civet and measured, I should say, two feet from tip of nose to end of tail. The rest of the party were somewhat chagrined to find I had got it alone with one Chinese dog, while they with their fifteen beagles were unsuccessful ! Wild cats of large size are found in the neighbourhood, as also badgers.

29th May, 1860.

Received 29th July, 1860.

Rebels have formed in great force in the surrounding country and the allied troops find them much more formidable than they anticipated, so that they have had to give up the walled town of Ka-Ding, lately captured, and fall back upon Shanghai. The poor country people are again crowding into our Settlement, while we can once more see the smoke in the distance caused by their cottages committed to the flames. You would doubtless hear by last mail of the death of the French Admiral Protet ; he was killed in a fight with the rebels. I understand there have been some horrible scenes in the surrounding country ; after the late engagements English and French soldiers behaved more like wild beasts or fiends than Christians ; they have become so demoralised that outrages are getting quite common in our Settlement and some are advocating the proclamation of martial law to restrain them.

13th June, 1860.

*Civet and Wild Cat* I have not sufficient knowledge to speak of, as I have never seen a specimen of the latter. The country is by no means destitute of wild animals. Besides the above we have badgers, polecats, weasels, a kind of stoat that frequents the Chinese houses even, otters and porpoises in the river ; and on the hills at Souchow there are deer and wild swine ; bitterns are very common at this season, both the greater and smaller kinds ; one generally sees them in pairs, and I believe they even build in some of the gardens inside the city.

One of my banana trees, to my great delight and surprise, is fruiting this year; I never saw such a thing at Shanghai before, but I hear some of my neighbours also have fruit on their trees this year; I doubt if it comes to perfection.

*Folding Japanese Candlestick* I am glad gave pleasure. I quite agree in thinking it is one of the nicest things we have seen from Japan; it is a pity you cannot spin the tops, they are so very droll and amusing when you know how they go.

I do not know whether you at home are interested in Chinese politics, but lately the terrible state of panic and alarm that has seized the people of the surrounding districts is painful to witness. The immense city of Souchow, distant about eighty miles, was taken by rebels, or rather it now appears by runaway Imperialist soldiers in league with the rebels, about a fortnight since. Nearly everyone who could afford it fled in the utmost consternation; others committed suicide in sheer fright. The authorities seemed quite powerless, and they have chiefly fled to this place. The rebels are now reported as plundering the pawnbrokers' shops, and extorting money from the wretched inhabitants in every possible way. The alarm here has also been extreme; trade is quite at a standstill; two-thirds of the people in the city have left, carrying with them all they could take; the shops are all shut up and the things taken away. The Mandarins applied to the English and French to protect the city, which they are doing, guards being stationed on the walls. Several executions of suspected characters have taken place. A short distance beyond our Settlement, on a stone bridge built across a creek, a bunch of heads dangling by their tails from the top of a post presents a ghastly spectacle. It is by no means certain that these unfortunates were not executed only to make an effect and strike terror into the minds of others. The Governor of the Province has applied for a force to be sent up by the English and French to re-take Souchow, but it will not be granted.

I think trade is quite paralyzed, and we have our warehouses filled with things we are unable to sell.

Health good; weather very pleasant, not very hot yet.

SHANGHAI,

26th June, 1860.

It is a month to-day since the last mail arrived, and as Lord Elgin and Baron Grose are in the missing steamer, there is no little anxiety as to what has become of them.

The last of the expedition has moved up North, that is, as far as the English are concerned; but the French are not yet ready, to the great delight of the English officers, who it appears are often twitted by their allies with being behindhand and with keeping them waiting.

Here we have had some slight excitement at the prospect of the near approach of the rebels; they are now at Ka-Ding, about thirty miles distant. The Chinese are, as usual, more alarmed than the foreigners. I should suppose there are not over twenty out of every hundred left in the city and suburbs, which present a most desolate appearance, with the shops all shut, beggars lying about, and all traffic ceased.

I have just been to the house of the wealthiest man in the city; he is sorely troubled and greatly afraid of the coming of the rebels. He has taken lodgings in the Foreign Settlement next door to my house as the safest place, sending his wife and children to his country house, distant about three miles; these latter are in a great fright also, so he begged me to purchase for him a large foreign flag to stick up on a bamboo at his house, which I have done. He also wants me to hire four foreign sailors to mount guard at his country house to make a formidable appearance and frighten away bad characters; they are to be armed with muskets, but provided with no bullets, as he fears they may get tipsy, and when in that state, so common to sailors here, be liable to shoot friends as well as foes. Six hundred Sikhs arrived yesterday, and four hundred of them went up the creek that bounds the Settlement this afternoon to form an outpost in the direction in which the rebels are expected.

18th August, 1860.

The approach of the rebels and their threatened attack on Shanghai is the one absorbing topic here. During the last two or three days the panic and extreme alarm among the Chinese I am at a loss adequately to describe. Many, seeing that the foreigners have such a small force here, only about one thousand men, consider they will not be able to withstand an attack from a large body of rebels, and that our houses are likely to be reduced to ashes and ourselves ignominiously expelled. During the night of the twelfth placards issued by the Chung Wang (literally, "faithful king"), the rebel leader, who with his followers is now at Sun Keang, only thirty miles distant, were stuck over our walls, and when seen in the morning produced a climax of terror. These manifestos were on yellow paper, printed in the Imperial style; they called upon everyone to submit to the rebel rule, and threatened extermination in case of disobedience. A volunteer corps has been formed, our streets are barricaded, and everything prepared for a desperate resistance. I have the honour of having great confidence placed in me by wealthy Chinese at this crisis; at least one hundred thousand pounds worth of silk, treasure, trinkets, fur dresses, &c., have been deposited with me for safe keeping. I am daily begged the favour of being allowed to remain on our premises in case of any attack, and I have no doubt, on such attack occurring, I should have at least two hundred men, women, and children congregated round me. They are quite ready to pay for accommodation, but I think it mean to ask it. As an instance, I may mention that a silk man offered equal to £67 per month for the use of my dining-room alone, to keep his wives in. A small house of eight rooms and a little warehouse alongside, on the premises, I have just let for a year for £600; the house is not as large as those Papa lets for, I think, £30 per year in your lane.

My health is tolerably good.



1st September, 1860.

Received 2nd November, 1860.

I have now to acknowledge receipt of yours of 8th July; the mail conveying it actually reached Shanghai in forty-six days, the shortest time I think I ever recollect.

Here we have had a delightful summer, not nearly so oppressive as usual, and now we may be said to be through it, as the nights have changed and become quite cool; the lowest temperature yet recorded is however 70°. The crops generally look well. The Chinese say that more hot weather would have benefited the rice now in ear.

The rebels, so long expected, made their appearance on Saturday, the 18th August, outside the south gate of the city. They there entered the house of a missionary, conversed with him, stuck up a placard saying that all property belonging to foreigners must be protected on pain of death, and promised to protect him. They then advanced towards the south gate, which was held by a small party (under one hundred English); the rebels made signs that they wished admittance and did not desire to fight; the guard at once opened fire on them with grape and canister, and soon dispersed them. The next day they advanced again in considerable force, waving many flags, and approached the west gate, where they were fired on and several killed. The despatch-boat 'Pioneer' also moved up the river opposite the city, and giving her large guns a great elevation, threw shell among the rebels, although at a distance of two or three miles. Meanwhile, in our Settlement, volunteers had been enrolled, all the streets were strongly barricaded and watched at night, while the force of marines and Sikhs, in all about twelve hundred to fifteen hundred men, took charge of the outposts and defended the native city. Most exaggerated and alarming reports were in circulation to the effect that the rebels were only waiting for reinforcements, and would then make a most determined attack with thirty or forty thousand men. Many residents were strongly of the opinion that the force was not sufficient for the protection of the native city and Foreign Settlement also, and that the former position ought to be abandoned.

On Wednesday the 22nd a young man in the Consular service volunteered to go and take a communication from Mr. Bruce to the rebels to the effect that the city of Shanghai was in foreign occupation, and anyone approaching it would be fired on. This was actually the first notice that the rebels had received from our representative; although they had sent two or three letters to Mr. Bruce from Souchow before, he always returned them unanswered. Such conduct is, I think, very reprehensible, for all this trouble and loss of life might have been avoided by one civil, but firm, letter telling the rebels to keep away, as we were determined not to allow them to take Shanghai. The rebels did leave about a week ago, complaining bitterly of our conduct, as they say they came on a peaceable errand, and had no intention of molesting us, as they themselves profess Christianity. They positively affirm that they were invited to come to Shanghai by the French, who, they say, have grossly deceived them. I myself think the French are doing their best to pick a quarrel, so as to make some pretext for entering the country. During the disturbances ten days ago they fired the large eastern suburbs several times, destroying an immense amount of valuable property, and for no reason whatever, as the rebels did not make any attack on that side. I have been endeavouring to protect the property of the wealthiest and most influential man in that quarter; indeed, he is the first native merchant in Shanghai. I have succeeded very well so far; a large fire just stopped at his property, and did not consume a single house. I was in the suburbs when many houses were in flames, and we thought his dwelling must go. There were a pair of fine Shantung storks with red topknots in his courtyard. These birds he gave to me; I brought them down in my boat and put them in my garden, but one had got injured in the boat and died, the other is alive and well.

The papers will give you fuller accounts of the proceedings at the North than I can write, as the 'Times,' I know, has a special correspondent with the expedition. All will be settled now, and I hope satisfactory arrangements will be made to prevent further misunderstandings.

29th October, 1860.

Received 28th December, 1860.

My bananas had a show of fruit which has come to nothing. My stork is in excellent condition, as he fares sumptuously every day on eels. The Chinese are very fond of these birds, and they teach them to perform the "kotow." I further have a fine hawk in my garden; it came from Shantung originally.

*Chinese Type* I shall be able to get, I have no doubt, and will forward it per overland route as desired. I will do what I can to get the drugs required at the chemist's; in common with other traders they have lost heavily by the disturbances here. I visited the spot the other day where lately stood the shop of my friend the chemist outside the east gate, and found only a heap of burnt bricks; so great was the destruction I could not recognize the direction of the street. This is the second time that the eastern suburb has been destroyed since I have been here; they will soon begin rebuilding it, however, I suppose.

2nd February, 1861.

The Chinese I get to like more and more as a people to do business with. I hear many foreigners who have lived here for years abuse them in no measured terms, and declare they are unprincipled, ungrateful, and treacherous. When the rebels were here, a Chinese merchant I have known for some time was away up country. His family were in great alarm, so I took his wives and children in, allowing them a small room to live in for two or three weeks, and have since helped him in several small ways. The other day he came home, and said: "As the year is closing (that is, the Chinese year), I have brought you a present for your kindness to me." The present was six bales of the finest Chinese silk, worth over £800.

The New Year falls on the 10th inst. and I expect to be almost overwhelmed with presents from Chinese whom I know. One old man, not in business but very wealthy, has taken an extraordinary liking to me. He often comes to call and I go to see him. I never met with a being more gentle, kind, and good;

he is the very perfection of a well-bred Chinese gentleman. Poor old fellow! during the past few years he has seen much trouble and lost a great deal of property from the exactions of rebels and Mandarins; the latter have pounced on him this week, and he has had to agree to pay a "squeeze" of 40,000 taels, equal to about £13,000 sterling, for no reason except that the authorities chose to demand it.

*The Exhibition, 1862.*—Your proposition is a good one, I think. I might make an interesting collection by beginning in time; the great difficulty lies in the want of a knowledge of the language and the very loose way in which Chinese answer questions put to them regarding products, nearly always misconstruing your motives for making the enquiry. When I went to purchase the drugs sent you by the 'Tungyur,' I took my Chinese cashier with me to explain; in the first place, the shopkeeper began to upbraid my man for bringing a foreigner to his shop at all, fearing my anger if he could not produce what I required, so great is the dread inspired by the "uncontrollable fierceness of the barbarians." Next he said times were so bad they were almost out of stock, and could not get any more on account of the rebels scouring the country and interrupting communication. I therefore had clearly to intimate that I did not want more than a few ounces of each drug before the shopkeeper would produce anything.

18th March, 1861.

Laisun has been trading, on account of an American firm here, with the rebels at Nanking for some time past, and has done very well. Last trip he brought me a present of a beautiful white porcelain brick from the ruins of the celebrated Pagoda in Nanking; the rebels destroyed this wonderful building when they were taking the city, because there was a legend among the peasantry that as long as the Pagoda stood the city could not be taken.

We have had the rebels very close here again burning and destroying; we could see the smoke of the houses and cottages in flames plainly from our look-out on the roof, at a distance of about ten miles.

The private steamer 'Yangtse' has just returned from Hankow, being the first mercantile steamer that has ascended the great river. The English Government expedition was met about fifty miles this side of Hankow as the 'Yangtse' was returning. A sort of agreement has been made with the rebels for allowing English vessels to pass up and down the river without molestation.

I shall report carefully on the teacup and saucer when it arrives, but I am not sanguine that many Chinese will admire it; generally they do not care for our porcelain. The old gentleman I am going to give it to was showing me the other day a present his partner had received of three large English dishes for joints of meat, "Willow pattern"; these he seemed to think fine.

SHANGHAI, 20th April, 1861.

Received 15th June, 1861.

Fortune, I expect, made a much better collection than Veitch, in Japan. He has gone again to Kanagawa, while Veitch has left for Manilla and Java.

Our labour is very much increased by the new treaty coming into force; formerly we were the last port in the East, now there are mails to Japan (Kanagawa, Nagasaki), Tientsin, Chefoo, Nieuchwang, and the Yangtse; besides to Fouchow, Amoy, Hong Kong, and ports beyond; we need to be fully alive not to miss an opportunity.

The number of wealthy Chinese now coming here is something really astonishing; houses and shops are going up in all directions, and many are getting rich by selling and renting land.

If the rebels take Hang-Chow and Ningpo, a further lot of people will come here, and we shall, no doubt, have a population of something like half a million of souls by Christmas time; the largest estimate that I have heard of the population of Shanghai in quiet times is three hundred thousand; now it is difficult to get along some of the streets, the paths and roads are so crowded by pedestrians.

Per 'Ganges.'

SHANGHAI,  
28th April, 1861.

MY DEAR FATHER,

\* \* \* \* \*

We are having a very mild spring. I sit all day with windows wide open, and the temperature ranges from 65° to 75°. At Tientsin, Marshall Williams writes me, it is quite oppressively hot, the peasants working in the fields stripped to the waist, and this, too, within a month of the river being quite frozen up; so the changes there are even greater than here. Mr. Bruce and M. de Bourboulon have gone to Peking; the Emperor has delayed returning till the autumn, and some doubt whether he will ever return. The Shantung rebels are within about one hundred and fifty miles of the capital, and have defeated the force out against them, so it is far from improbable that they will march on Peking. The country remains in a dreadful state of anarchy and confusion, the rebels continuing their career and carrying fire, sword and general destruction to the homes of this so lately happy and peaceful people. I know the scene in the interior is so distressing and terrible to behold that I quite dread making any excursion there.

\* \* \* \* \*

My Chinese friends here quite overwhelm me with kindness. I am sure I shall never be so well treated in any other part of the world I may go to hereafter. How strangely these people are maligned and misrepresented in England!

How often do I wish that I were an orator or a clever writer that I might expose the iniquities to which they are constantly subjected; the only newspaper that does them any justice is the 'China Mail,' published at Hong Kong.

The policy pursued by England towards China during the past twenty-two years presents one of the darkest pages in the annals of our country.

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS HANBURY.

16th June, 1861.

MY DEAR DAN,

Of course I accepted the present of six bales of silk from the Chinese merchant. I should not have done so, merely for protecting his family in a time of trouble, but I had assisted him in various other ways, partly in consequence of which his business had been very successful, so much so indeed that I heard he had cleared about £17,000 in the year.

The old gentleman, Yang-ta-foong, whom I wrote about in February, is well, and we are very good friends. The 'Jubilee' has just arrived, so I shall be able to give him his cup and the armchair. The fleecing he has lately undergone is nothing to what he suffered in 1854 and 1855, when the rebels made him pay £100,000 when they had him in the city, and the Mandarins came down on him for £70,000 more, when the city was captured, as a fine for having supplied the rebels (although forced to it) with the former amount; then, to add to his troubles, his heir is a spendthrift sort of fellow who gets through about £10,000 a year in a discreditable way. This shows you the old gentleman is very well off, he is, in fact, the first man in the city, but at the same time singularly unostentatious and unpretending; he is referred to in Dr. Lockhart's book on China.

Mr. L. Oliphant has arrived; I called on him but he was out, and now he has gone for a trip down to Ningpo, so for the present I have missed him.

2nd July, 1861.

The 21st ult. was my twenty-ninth birthday. One or two of my Chinese friends, hearing of it, asked permission to give an entertainment at their own expense at my house. I could not well refuse, and accordingly they drew up a declaration on a roll of scarlet paper, setting forth my virtues, and saying all manner of polite things in a most extravagant style; this was sent round to twenty-three of the richest and most influential men in the place, who all signed it as wishing to go to the entertainment, and join by paying their share of the expense;

forty-four actors were engaged, including a Chinese band for music. The company arrived about 8 or 9 o'clock p.m. There were about fifty or sixty Chinese gentlemen, and twenty Chinese ladies and children, with their nurses. According to Chinese etiquette it was necessary that the ladies and gentlemen should be quite separate, consequently we had a place partitioned off with calico for the former, who sat in the verandah and seemed to enjoy themselves very much ; in another room supper was provided, partly in European and partly in Chinese style. We had boiled fowl and bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, deer's tendons, stewed prunes, gingerbread nuts, almonds and raisins, Egyptian dates and the so-called Chinese dates, Chinese pork and rice, stewed Japanese mushrooms, sparkling Hock and rice wine, in short, there never was such a mixture. The plays were all historical, and the scenes depicted were passages in the history of China from three hundred to one thousand years ago, but all at times before the conquest of the Tartars. The dresses were magnificent ; the acting said to be particularly good. The noise made by the band was deafening, so much so that, as I had to sit it all through till four o'clock in the morning, I really began to fear serious injury to the drums of my ears. Fancy an entertainment going on without the smallest intermission for eight hours at a stretch ! The patience of any European audience would be quite exhausted, but not so that of the Chinese, several of whom stayed through it all, seemingly enjoying it very much. The Chinamen say, since the English fleet came to Shanghai, no Englishman has received such a compliment ; so, I suppose, I must esteem it as a prodigious honour. Certainly all were very kind and exceedingly complimentary. It is not customary to give birthday presents, so I only got as follows :—Four sheep, three hams, several baskets of peaches and loquats, and one man sent a present of two enormous red candles, one and a half feet long and an inch in diameter, with golden characters on them signifying, " May you live for nine hundred and ninety-nine years" ; there was also on them some complimentary allusion to my parents having such a paragon of a son. I am afraid they would melt on the way home or I would send these candles ; I



suppose they are meant to convey the wish of the donor that the flame of life may burn strongly and for a long time. I have secured the roll of scarlet paper before referred to, and will have it translated, and then send it to you.

4th July, 1861. Midnight.

A hasty line at the last moment to say a splendid comet has just appeared towards the north ; it looks larger than the comet of 1858, and must be, I should say, rapidly approaching in this direction. I shall be curious to know when it was first seen in England.

8th October, 1861.

My time here is so very fully occupied that I really have no leisure for many things I should like to do. Wealthy Chinese are so constantly asking me to help them to manage their property, to act for them, become trustee and all manner of things, that I really could with advantage employ three heads and three pairs of hands constantly going ; actually the other day the title-deeds of no fewer than twenty-six landed properties and estates, houses, warehouses, &c., were put into my hands, and I was asked to become trustee for them all ; the value of them all must have been over fifty thousand pounds. Then business worries a good deal, and servants and clerks are fractious and troublesome, so that I have by no means an easy life of it, and I want rest and change very much indeed.

You will, no doubt, have heard about the murderous attack made on the British Legation at Yeddo, and how severely Mr. Oliphant was wounded ; he has gone home in consequence. The rebels are again close to Shanghai, plundering and destroying as usual. I do not think they will take the place, which is increasing in size every day from the number of people who flock here for protection. Living is extravagantly dear, and the price of land, as well as house rent, fabulous.

21st November, 1861.

The rebels are again down close to us, burning, killing, and plundering; the smoke from the homesteads in flames can plainly be seen from the top of the houses in the direction of Woosung; furthermore, the rebels have during the past fortnight sent me three letters, with strict injunctions to deliver one to each of the Consuls for England, France, and America. This I have done and found the contents to be as follows:—"We are now besieging Hangchow, and it must certainly fall immediately; when it is taken we are coming to Shanghai. We wish not to fire a gun against the place, but we must have the Customs revenue; if this is refused and you go on as before, take care, for we shall come in a countless multitude, and it will be impossible to distinguish the diamonds from the ordinary pebbles, and all Europeans as well as Chinese will be ground to powder and completely annihilated." This is a cheering prospect, but we do not feel greatly alarmed, although the French troops are leaving shortly, when we shall be in a defenceless condition as compared with now. An immediate answer was urgently requested to these letters, but none, I believe, will be sent. The Chinese continue to crowd into our Settlement, which has increased enormously; people are coming up from Ningpo, which place it is fully expected will shortly be taken by the rebels.

9th December, 1861.

The news has reached you, I see, of the attack upon the British Embassy at Yeddo by a band of assassins, who, as far as could be made out, had nothing to do with the Government. It appears some of the Japanese dislike foreigners being in the country, and resort to these horrible assassinations to wreak their vengeance, little caring, apparently, if it results in their own death, life being held very cheap. The Russians have behaved very badly at some of the out-of-the-way islands and harbours of Japan. You will have heard of their seizing Tsusima, a lovely little island with a splendid harbour, between Corea and Japan, despite the protestations of the authorities

thereof. I hope the English Government will make them restore it. Mr. Oliphant, who has gone home, I hope you will see; he is very intelligent and superior. I did not see him when he passed through, but understand his wound is a severe one.

Mr. Harry S. Parkes lately called on me; you know him, of course, by reputation. I have been of service to him in making an investment here lately for a charitable purpose; he is a very smart, active, bustling person, the terror of Mandarins, so they say, a capital Chinese scholar and well up, of course, in all that is going on in China. He is going up the Yangtze again with Admiral Hope, but first they have started off to Ningpo, it is said, to prevent a capture of that place by the rebels, who are marching on it sixty thousand strong. Here at Shanghai we have about eight hundred Sikhs, and there are over a thousand French for the defence of the place, so that we feel pretty secure; volunteers, however, have lately been enrolled. The rebels often come quite close to the place, burning and destroying wherever they go. The Chinese show the greatest confidence in the power of the Europeans to withstand them, and our population is increasing enormously by the numbers that are flocking in for protection from all quarters. The French are acting very arbitrarily here in seizing on land and houses belonging to Chinese, and turning them out whether they like it or not, and giving them about a third or a quarter of the actual value of the same. Many are imploring me to help them, but what can I do against the French power here? Already I have got into hot water for interfering in the matter.

We have had glorious weather for the past month, but to-day rain has come.

22nd December, 1861.

Received 14th February, 1862.

I am so sorry not to have collected any things for the Exhibition next spring. My time is more than ever occupied; even by getting up before breakfast and staying up late every night working in my office, I cannot get through with any

comfort or satisfaction to myself ; many things are done in too hurried a manner, and those of lesser importance omitted altogether. I do not like such a life, and inwardly vow, over and over again, I will cut business altogether after 1865 ; however, one must not do anything rash.

19th January, 1862.

We are again in great excitement and considerable alarm, as reports reach us from every quarter that the rebels, having captured Hangchow and Ningpo, are determined to have Shanghai. Large armies are approaching the place, variously estimated at from two hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand strong, while we have only two thousand European troops and Sikhs to oppose them. Meetings have been held, and a Defence Committee appointed, who have three thousand coolies now at work digging a canal at the back of our Settlement ; three small forts are to be erected and some of the streets to be barricaded. This work, however, may not be completed in time, for the rebels are already in the immediate vicinity in considerable numbers ; the burning cottages of the unfortunate peasantry are seen from a distance of from two to six miles in several directions, while thousands of these poor people, thus driven from their homes, crowd into our Settlement and choke up the streets.

I took a walk into the country this day week in the direction of the fires made by the rebels, and the scene I then witnessed was one not to be soon forgotten. I must have seen twenty or thirty thousand of the peasantry who had been driven from their homes, and were lying about in the open country with their wives and children, and the small portion of worldly effects they had been able to carry away ; the afternoon and succeeding night were bitterly cold, and though they sought to shelter themselves on the lee side of the mounds of earth (graves) which cover the country, I fear that several must have died. I saw nothing of the rebels, but heard that a party of horsemen approached within a mile of our Settlement, and murdered some poor old women, the bodies being frightfully mutilated.

I send a rough sketch of the position of our Settlement and the defences in course of erection, the place where the new canal is to be cut, &c.

I have just come in from a walk with Kingdon, Krayner, and Harbord, and we all agree that it will be difficult for the rebels to force their way in, even with a very large army, and I, myself, have no apprehension of their succeeding should they attempt it. Those Chinese who do business with us are constantly coming to ask if there is any fresh news, and what our opinion is as regards there being any danger; many beg permission for their families to come and stay on our premises. Our large treasury is getting gradually filled with money, as also our godowns with silk and books and wearing apparel. I chartered the American ship 'Hound,' consigned to us the other day, to a wealthy silk-man, who put his family and friends on board and pays us one hundred and fifty dollars, or £33 15s., per day, for the privilege and protection thus afforded. Steamers are chartered at even a much higher rate, and I have no doubt that, were I so inclined, I could let out every room in my house at an exorbitant rate.

Yang-ta-foong, who had the cup and saucer and armchair, is very well; he is not at all frightened, having been once in the hands of the rebels; besides, he is now so old that, according to Chinese ideas, it would not so much matter if his end were somewhat hastened by the coming of the rebels, provided he were decently buried. The old fellow is sadly troubled in the winter time with a cough and shortness of breathing. If you recollect what they were, I should like you to send me from Plough Court some peculiar lozenges for a cough, which I recollect were wonderfully efficacious in relieving old people.

Considering I left you all in 1858 and we are now in 1862, the time seems to pass away wonderfully quickly; already half the period of my agreement with Mr. Bower has expired, and I doubt not the latter half will be at least as agreeable and smooth as the former. Although times are very bad, for silk especially, and Mr. Bower has, I think, been singularly unfortunate in his

prognostications regarding tea, we manage to get along fairly, and save money out of our commissions, so that I hope I shall not have worked in vain by the time I again reach England, though I really believe that, if I had had the reins given me a little more freely, I would have made much more money.

2nd February, 1862.

*European Police.*—We have a regular organised body of fifty or sixty men, with sergeants and an inspector; of course, they are not to be compared with the English police, still they preserve order in the Settlement.

By the mail we hear by telegraph of the death of Prince Albert. What a sad event, and how unexpected!

5th March, 1862.

Our forces here, English and French, have been attacking the rebels in the surrounding country, and since last mail left there have been two engagements, in both of which the rebels suffered very severe defeats, in the latter fight, indeed, there are reported to have been one thousand killed. The Imperialists are beginning now to train their soldiers after the European plan, and arm them with muskets and bayonets. A Colonel Ward, formerly filibuster under General Walker in Central America, commands about sixteen hundred men trained by him in this way; they are said to be a very respectable lot of soldiers so far as regards their fighting qualities. Notwithstanding their defeats, the rebels continue in the neighbourhood, murdering the peasants in thousands and burning their houses. The accounts which continually reach us of the doings of these ruffians are almost too horrible to repeat; the country at places in the immediate neighbourhood is almost strewn with corpses; men, women, and children indiscriminately massacred. The rebels are constantly threatening to come and attack us with a large force, but thus far have not put their threat into execution.

STEAMER 'POYANG,'

Off Woosung, 13th June, 1862.

MY DEAR FATHER,

At last my long promised holiday is accomplished, and I have now returned from a trip up the Ta Kiang, or great river Yangtze. Of course you will expect some account of my doings and of what I have seen.

First, then, as to the length of my holiday. I left Shanghai before daylight on Thursday morning the 5th inst., and reached Hankow at 10 a.m. on Monday the 9th, our passage having been somewhat delayed by towing up, for one day, four salt-laden junks. I left Hankow at midnight of 10th and 11th, and shall be in Shanghai to-morrow morning long before breakfast-time—thus being absent nearly nine days. The distance between Shanghai and Hankow is six hundred miles, or thereabouts.

*The Yangtze.*—This is the most magnificent river in the world; it rises in Thibet, and after running through the very centre of China, a distance of about three thousand miles, empties itself into the Yellow Sea near Shanghai. Two or three of those I am travelling with have been on the Mississippi, and know that river well; they say it is not to compare, in beauty of scenery or ease of navigation, with the Yangtze; and as they are Americans I credit their statement. The Yangtze at its mouth cannot be less than fifty miles wide, sixty miles up it is about twenty, one hundred and twenty miles up it has narrowed to five, and for the remainder of the way up to Hankow it varies from half a mile to three in breadth. There are many large islands in the river. Tsunghung, nearly opposite Woosung, is the longest, and at a guess contains as large an area as the Isle of Man and the Isle of Wight together, and a population of probably two hundred thousand souls.

*The rebels* now only hold Nanking, all other places on the banks of the great river having now been taken by the Imperialists, who are just recommencing their siege of Nanking. This important place is the rebel capital, and has been held by them for a period of ten years. The Imperialists closely besieged it for a period of about five years, but in the summer of 1860 the

rebels, who were reduced to great straits, sallied out, and, being assisted by a body of their comrades, who attacked in the rear, inflicted a complete defeat and demoralization of the Imperialist forces, who fled, giving up everything to their assailants. For the greater portion of the way up the river one sees the traces of the rebels in cities destroyed, nothing being left but heaps of ruins. On the opposite bank of the stream are perhaps a collection of wretched mud-huts and straw cabins, hastily erected by the wretched people as a protection against the weather at the time they crossed the river to save their lives. Such scenes as families attempting to get across in wash-tubs, and even floating on their furniture, were not uncommon a few months ago, and shows the intense dread entertained by the people of falling into the hands of their merciless fellow countrymen.

Scenery and places on the river I cannot hope to describe anything like as well as it has been done by Mr. Oliphant in his book giving an account of Lord Elgin's Mission, so if you want a good and accurate description of what I have seen, and a good deal that I have not seen (for we mostly steamed through the night, and I thus missed many places of interest), you had better read that portion of his book which refers to it. The places are very little changed since then, except that, fortunately, the rebels having been cleared out of many, they are beginning to show signs of revival. The banks of the river are much ornamented with fine old pagodas, generally in ruins, and always placed in capital positions, sometimes on the top of a commanding hill, at other places at points of interest in the cities.

Nanking must have been a wonderful city, and doubtless in the time of the Ming Emperors was worthy of being the capital of China. The walls are perfect now, of great height and thickness, enclosing quite a tract of country, including some commanding hills; the distance round the walls is said to be thirty-five miles. Now the Imperialist forces are beginning to besiege again; their tents cover the neighbouring hills, while an immense fleet of gunboats, stretching almost as far as the eye could reach, show that they had not neglected to provide means for an attack from the river.



Very contradictory reports are in circulation as to the force of the rebels inside the walls and the means they have for withstanding the siege, but there can be no doubt that five thousand European troops would take the place in a single day.

*Gnanking* is a walled town some considerable distance further up on the other side of the stream; it is the prettiest and most romantic place that one sees, and I long to be living there instead of at dull Shanghai.

Another most remarkable spot is Hukow, situated, as its name signifies, at the entrance of the great Poyang Lake. There is a picture of this place in Mr. Oliphant's book, and it represents it fairly.

Kiukiang is about fifteen miles above Hukow, and is a port at which Europeans, by the late treaty, are allowed to reside and trade. I spent a day there on my return, and so had a good opportunity of thoroughly seeing the place. The walls of the native city are very strong, and are about nine miles in circumference; inside, all that is now to be seen of what once must have been an important place is one straggling street of wretched houses, scarcely enough to be called a village. These do not occupy a thousandth part of the space within the walls; the rest is pretty undulating country, partly cultivated and partly wild, affording excellent pheasant shooting in winter. Although the day was excessively hot, I trudged from one end of the city to the other, walked on the ramparts, visited a ruined pagoda, and went into most farmhouses that I came to. The people received me very kindly, offered tea and tobacco, and freely entered into conversation. I was glad to find that I could make myself understood, although the dialect is totally different from that spoken here, and approaches nearer to the Mandarin. The peasantry seem decidedly superior to those about Shanghai. The women tie up their hair in a high knot above the head, ornamenting the same with whatever flower happens to be in season; the excessive ugliness noticeable among all but the youngest females in this region gives way to more pleasing features there. The business portion of Kiukiang is in the suburb outside the walls, where there is quite an animated scene.

The new English Settlement is being rapidly laid out, houses and godowns built on the ground which is at present thickly strewn with brickbats. At the back of the Settlement are lagoons and marshes which prevent much expansion in that direction, and as a very large trade, in green teas especially, is rapidly being developed, the suburb will soon become too small for the population, which, however, seems to have a rooted aversion to extending within the walls of the city, where everyone is said to be subject to the grinding extortions of the Mandarins. The scenery between Kiukiang and Hankow is the finest in the river, and reminded me a good deal of the Rhine, although the river of course is much larger. Fine ranges of hills are constantly in view during the whole way (two hundred and sixty miles), and sometimes confine the stream to narrow limits, making it often appear as if a lake instead of a river. The country having been free from rebels for some years looks prosperous, and the land is generally well cultivated.

*Hankow* and the adjoining cities of Wuchang and Han-yang.—I send you enclosed a map showing the position of these places. Hankow is the commercial emporium, also Han-yang in a lesser degree. Wuchang is the official city where the Mandarins live, the examinations are carried on, &c.; the walls enclose an immense space, while Hankow has no walls at all. From the top of the Han-yang hill a fine panoramic view is obtained of the three places. Hankow is by far the finest trading city I have seen in China; the streets are tolerably broad and well paved, and the shops and mercantile houses magnificent and twice the size they are in Shanghai. The reconstruction of the place is nothing short of marvellous when one considers it has been burnt down three times by the rebels in the past ten years, and who did their work so thoroughly the last time they came, five years ago, that it is said only a single house remained standing. Now the streets are as thronged as those in London, so that it is difficult to get through them, and the price of land for building has advanced five to tenfold during the past twelve months. The success of the place is certain, and as Europeans will not now permit the rebels again to devastate it,

it is difficult to place a limit on the trade that will be carried on there.

This is all I have to say about my trip. Please send this letter to F. Bower to read, as it will save my writing a good deal of the same information over again to him.

Expense of the journey is considerable; the best steamers charge Taels 100 either way, and Taels 200 is £60, which for a nine days' excursion is a rather "tall" price, as the Yankees say.

Believe me,

Your ever affectionate Son,

THOMAS HANBURY.

18th February, 1863.

MY DEAR DAN,

Shanghai is increasing so fast in wealth, importance, and population that it will soon become one of the first, if not the first city in the East; rents are enormous and the demand for small European houses great. Two hundred Belgian shipwrights have lately arrived, some bringing their wives. This introduces quite a new element into the place; the summer, however, is so deadly that no emigration on a large scale of the working-classes can take place. You would scarcely credit the fact, perhaps, that sixteen hundred Europeans were buried here during the past year; thus the cemeteries are rapidly filling up and new ones must be made.

Old Yang-ta-foong, about whom you enquire, is still in the land of the living. I have not seen him for a very long time. He lives at the other end of the filthy Chinese city; it is a most disagreeable walk to his house.

Spring is coming on fast. I noticed magpies building their nests to-day, and larks singing blithely overhead; the double peach is in full blossom without a leaf appearing. In my small garden turtle-doves abound; several handsome Bohemian waxwings have also frequented it of late—seemingly the same birds as figured by Yarrell. Then I have nutmeg birds, funny little fellows, who roost at night ten together in a nest, and my storks, who

are intensely proud, conceited, and stately. My Chinese friends congratulate me on account of a white sparrow that frequents the premises, for the Chinese proverb says: "Happy is he who has a white sparrow, his fortune is certain; but happier is he who has a white rat in his house, he will be a millionaire."

4th March, 1863.

At daylight on the 24th ult., a party consisting of Messrs. Thorn, Cuthbertson, myself, Gwyther, Rev. Mr. Muirhead, Drs. Coghill and Galle, started in the little screw steamer 'Ayreshire Lass' for the Island of Potoo, situated to the east of the large Island of Chusan. Our object was to endeavour to make an arrangement with the priests who live on the island for Europeans to reside there and to form a sanatorium, not only for the mercantile community but also for the English and French troops. The island is very irregular in shape, being about four or five miles long by one mile down to one hundred or two hundred yards in breadth; it is mountainous and rocky, the highest peak being twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet above the sea; climate most genial, tempered by the sea breezes, and thus not so cold as Shanghai in the winter, and about eight to ten degrees cooler in the summer months. There are several magnificent sandy beaches suitable for sea-bathing; other portions of the coast present bold, rocky cliffs jutting out into the sea. The island was ceded for religious purposes by a former emperor over one thousand years ago. Many splendid temples exist in a fair state of repair. The number of resident priests is about fifty, but the fame of the island is so great that the number of priests visiting the place from other parts of the empire is generally three hundred to five hundred; these visiting priests have to be maintained at each temple gratis for three days. Revenues are chiefly derived from lay visitors who come to pray. When we were there a large number of both men and women from Ningpo were come on a New Year's visit; no women, however, are allowed to reside on the island. There are many coolies, but they all leave their wives behind them; even female sheep and buffaloes are excluded, and hens strictly

forbidden. We observed several cocks, which the people told us were kept instead of watch-dogs and to awaken them in the morning. The priests were exceedingly kind to us, and we met the four head-priests who govern the island. After smoothing away many scruples and drinking several cups of scalding tea and declining the many pipes of proffered tobacco, it was agreed that we should be allowed to occupy the spare space on the hill near the landing-place. This hill commands a most lovely view of the sea on one side, and on another an archipelago of small islands; there is a fine sandy beach at the foot of the hill and good wells of excellent water. The hill itself is covered down the slopes with magnificent old trees, about half of which are evergreens. Among these trees stands the White Lily Temple, or rather range of temples, from which the hill takes its name. A broad granite-flagged pathway leads round one side of the hill, affording a pleasant gradual ascent. Altogether a more charming and appropriate spot could not be found, and all the members of our party were unanimous in deciding that this was the place to be chosen. I was spokesman, and the Rev. Mr. Muirhead interpreter. The arrangement is that those who build houses are to pay two thousand Cash per house per annum ground rent and ten thousand Cash fees to the priests for looking after the building in the winter time when there will be no residents; this equals altogether about £7 per annum. If we had had such a place to send our invalids to last summer I am persuaded that many who died would have recovered. I was so struck with the advantages the island presents that I was determined to leave nothing to chance, and fearing that no house could be erected before the next summer I hired a temple and house, on my own account, in another part of the island, where a rocky promontory, about one hundred and fifty feet high, juts out into the ocean, having a splendid sweep of sandy beach on either side. The temple is built in the most picturesque and extraordinary manner into the summit of this rock, the immense boulders forming the sides of the rooms; thus from the windows one looks perpendicularly down on to the waves breaking at the foot of the rock beneath. A cottage is situated a little way back close to a

spring of deliciously cold water, to which you descend by steps, this is called the Genii Well ; of course, a legend attaches to the place, which is said to have been miraculously formed. Near by is a beautiful little garden, in which are growing standard camellia trees, jonquils, violets, &c., and which, with care, will produce almost anything. Some of the camellia trees we saw on the island had trunks at least a yard in circumference ; I observed azalias just coming into bloom, also the *moutan*, or Chinese peony, and many other plants of which I do not know the names. Camphor wood trees are very fine ; ferns of many kinds abundant. The soil of the island is a fine yellow sandy loam, totally different from anything in this neighbourhood, thus the paths are dry after the heaviest showers. For the temple in the rock I am to pay twenty thousand cash per month if I require it, and ten thousand cash per month for the cottage. The priests stipulated that the idols must not be removed out of the dining and sitting-rooms, but this will not materially interfere with the comfort of visitors. I only pay them in case I occupy the place.

We started on our trip Tuesday morning at daylight, spent a day and a half on the island, and returned to Shanghai on Friday at 3 p.m. In a good steamer the voyage to the island would not occupy more than ten or twelve hours.

THE PILLARS, PROVINCE OF GNANHWEI.

On board Steamer 'Hu Quang,' 23rd May, 1863.

MY DEAR FATHER,

In June last year I wrote you after accomplishing a trip up the Yangtze, and now I find myself again ascending the Ta Kiang or great river. The 'Hu Quang' is a splendid boat, carrying about 1,500 tons of cargo, and is owned by the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company. She arrived from the States at the end of last summer, and on her first trip up the river ran ashore ; the river having overflowed its banks the steamer was found to have struck in the middle of a field some distance inland ; the water receded leaving her high and dry. After immense exertions and the spending of a large sum of

money she was got off, having been on shore eight months. In great glee the Captain steamed down the river towards Shanghai, going full speed night and day, but alas! when nearly down he met the 'Surprise,' another of the company's boats, and through some bungling struck her amidships with great force, causing her to fill with water rapidly; at the same time the Captain of the 'Surprise' was knocked overboard by the concussion and drowned; the ill-fated boat took fire, becoming a total wreck on the banks of the river. Thus the 'Hu Quang' has been most unfortunate, and this is her second trip only after the sad accident.

We left Shanghai on the 21st at daylight and passed Nanking, the rebel capital, last evening at dusk; the fortifications have been added to somewhat since I passed at this time last year, but the whole place has a wretched and ruinous appearance. I have no doubt that when Sherard Osborne arrives, a determined effort will be made to capture the place, and I hope it may succeed, for the rebels are a pest to the country and a great hindrance to trade.

At Chinkiang Foo we took eight salt-laden junks in tow to convey them through the rebel districts; this causes us to go much slower, and although we shall cast them off this evening it will, I fear, cause us to be four and a half days in reaching Hankow, instead of little over three as I had hoped. I have four Russians as travelling companions, and one Englishman; it is dull work, and I much wish some of you from home were with me.

As the weather has been very hot lately the river is full, and is a most noble stream; although we are now over two hundred miles from the sea, it is from three to five miles broad. We generally go close in by the shore to avoid the swift current; the banks when flat are covered for miles and miles with a dense growth of rushes, the resort of wildfowl, bitterns, storks, and reed warblers; this last is a little brown bird with whitish breast, and seems to sing incessantly night and day; they conceal themselves in the rushes, and are only occasionally to be seen on the wing; the song in parts is rich and not unlike that

of the nightingale, but wanting in continuity. Please to look in Yarrell, and read his description. The purser of the 'Hu Quang' assures me they are sparrows, and the first officer that the noise is produced by frogs and not by birds at all. Thus there are people who go through the world with their eyes shut to Nature.

Kiukiang, Sunday 24th.—We cast off our eight junks yesterday afternoon, and started on again at more than double speed, relieved of their drag. Just at sunset we were rounding a sharp bend in the river, when the rope connecting the wheel (which in all these American boats is at the front part of the vessel) with the rudder gave way. The boat was running at full speed, some fifteen miles an hour, and being unmanageable we ran on the bank of the river; a new rope was soon substituted and we easily backed off without any damage, for the banks of the river nearly everywhere consist of soft alluvial mud. To-day, being Sunday, the Custom House authorities will not permit any cargo to be taken out of the vessel, consequently we have to wait till midnight, and shall thus lose considerable time. This morning we passed the Seou Kou Shan, or "little orphan rock," a remarkable pillar rising to the height of about one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet out of the centre of the stream. It has a temple on the summit. A legend attaches to the place to the effect that, many centuries ago, a boat was navigating the great Yangtze. The man who owned it was very poor, and his wife and two boys lived with him on the boat. A squall came on and they were upset; the father and mother sank to rise no more, the two little boys struggled in the water and were about to sink, when an immense turtle appeared and took them on its back, and proceeded up the stream breasting the current. After a while, however, the elder lad became exhausted, slipped off, and was drowned; the younger, however, held on and passed many cities and villages, where the people crowded out to the bank of the river to see the miracle. Eventually the poor little fellow, overcome by hunger and fatigue, dropped off the back of the turtle into the stream, but at the place immediately arose this perpendicular rock, which has ever since been called the "little orphan."



This morning, also, we passed Hakau, situated at the entrance to the Poyang, perhaps the most lovely and picturesque spot on the river; it is situated on a hill overlooking the river on one side and the lake on the other, with a fine background of higher hills covered with a beautiful verdure. At a distance of fifteen or twenty miles is a much loftier range, three or four thousand feet high, I should say. This range of hills is very fine, and as one approaches Kiukiang they are seen more distinctly clothed with wood and verdure to the summit. I think I described Kiukiang somewhat minutely last year when I made my trip, so will not weary you with a repetition.

It is very hot to-day, that is, for the time of year, for we do not look for hot weather till the end of next month, whereas it is now about as warm as the hottest July day in England.

Hankow, 28th May.—I duly arrived here on the afternoon of the 25th without any particular incident. The weather was very fine, and the scenery being magnificent for fifty miles beyond Kiukiang, I enjoyed myself much.

The weather is very hot here, thermometer in the daytime ranging above 80° in the shade; at Shanghai, when I left, it was only 65°. The air here is so much drier than at Shanghai that the heat does not produce the same lassitude, and is in every way less trying. I consider it a much better climate in summer than Shanghai, and all those resident here confirm this idea. Last year, when so many died with us, not a single death occurred among the residents here.

The new teas are just coming to market, and I have seen several small samples. The districts that produce the best black tea are distant about one hundred and twenty miles, and Europeans often go there, the Chinese being very kind and hospitably disposed. The scenery is described as being exceedingly interesting and beautiful.

Yesterday I took a ramble in Wu Chang Foo, a city on the opposite bank of the river. The walls enclose a very large space thinly built over; not very much trade is carried on, the city being chiefly inhabited by *Literati* and Chinese officials. In the evening I walked about the streets of Hankow, buying a few

things at the Chinese shops, and while so engaged managed to lose my way, and walked for about five miles through streets that seemed interminable before I got back to the Foreign Settlement. The population of Hankow and the adjoining cities of Hanyang and Wu Chang Foo I should guess at half that of London.

Our old tea taster, W. G. Gordon, has entertained me most hospitably here. He has been most successful in business during the past two years, and already has made quite a small fortune, and that, too, without displaying (as I consider) any conspicuous talent, or working particularly hard.

Sunday, 31st May.—We left Hankow on the 28th, and shall be in Shanghai to-day about noon. Our passage down the river has been pleasant, the weather fine.

Mr. Lobscheid, a German missionary long resident in China, joined us as passenger at Chinkiang Foo. He has been among the rebels at Nanking, and is quite enthusiastic in their favour. He says he heard nothing in their prayers or religious worship that he could object to, and he considers them sincere. With such testimony it is rather distressing to think these people will shortly be attacked by Sherard Osborne with his gunboats from England. The city is not likely to be easily taken, according to Mr. Lobscheid, who describes it as very strongly fortified and defended by a large force.

3rd June.—I duly arrived at Shanghai on the 31st, and found your letter of 1st April, together with many more, awaiting me.

With dear love to all, I am

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS HANBURY.

1st August, 1863.

MY DEAR DAN,

Opposite my office there is a fine *Wistaria* planted by Mr. and Mrs. Bower when here; it grows up against the wall of our godown and had run up the tiles and over one side of the roof;

but this summer's sun has been so intense that any part of the luckless plant which was touching or near the tiles has been completely killed, fairly burnt up to a cinder; it shows the fearful power of the rays of the sun shining on anything black or dark-coloured.

The Chinese are now eager for many English innovations that would never have been tolerated when I first came. Steamers abound in Shanghai and many are owned by natives. The students who go to Peking for their examinations now all travel by steamer, while, of course, anyone going to Hankow or other ports on the Yangtze travels in the same way, for we have now a steamer starting every second day. A steam sawing-mill and a steam brick-making machine have just been started, while carts are attempting to cut out the coolie in his old-fashioned way of carrying with bamboo across the shoulder.

14th August, 1863.

I am in very fair health and getting through the summer bravely; July was very hot, but August proves to be much less trying; the nights are pleasantly cool and most fortunately mosquitoes are exceedingly rare, a complete failure of the crop apparently, so one can go to sleep at night out on the verandah without mosquito curtains. I luxuriate in a Panama hammock, a most enjoyable thing in the summer.

Affairs in Japan are not settled yet; the last accounts stated that the Mikado had sent positive orders to the Governor of Nagasaki to give all Europeans notice to quit at once; the Governor, seeing the impossibility of executing such an order, resigned, and great difficulty was experienced in finding a successor. I think a war will not ensue, but rather fear it still.

A letter has come from W. G. Howell, dated Keachtka; it gives a dolorous account of hardships and troubles encountered in crossing the desert. The Mandarins just now are acting in a most arbitrary and unjust manner, seizing wealthy Chinese in the Settlement and dragging them into the city, there to extort money. I have had great trouble during the past week in endeavouring to protect our friends.

20th February, 1864.

I have had a holiday, since I last wrote, particulars of which may interest you.

9th February, 11 p.m.—Started in my boat with W. G. Cuthbertson and A. Fisher, the night very dark and blowing from the north-east. There are two couches in the boat, on which W. G. C. and I reposed, Fisher taking the floor; our crew consisted of loudar (*i. e.*, captain) and five sailors, one cook and a boy; the wind was fair and we progressed up the river Wangpoo at a rapid rate; 3 a.m., woke up and found the boatmen had anchored for a snooze contrary to direct orders to sail all night; gave them a tremendous rating and were soon off again, the boat leaning over much; 6 a.m., sleep disturbed by the sound as of a distant waterfall; Fisher starts up with a shriek and declares his mattress is afloat; we then found the water pouring in at a hole in the side of the boat of the size of a pigeon's egg; we slackened sail and baled out many buckets of the muddy element. I make the pleasant discovery that the whole of my clothes are thoroughly saturated with it.

9 a.m.—Anchored for breakfast on the shores of Teen San Hoo, a lake measuring eighteen miles by six miles, and five feet deep all over; drizzling rain and cutting east wind; felt very miserable and much inclined to go back; a little resolution, however, and we are scudding across the lake; rest of the day sailing through canals and across small lakes; I shoot a brace of teal.

10th.—Our course is still through an interminable labyrinth of canals and lagoons; the Souchow hills appear in the distance; rain most of the day; land in the evening with Fisher; pheasants very abundant, but too late in the evening to shoot; I bag two brace of teal.

11th.—On a vast lagoon perhaps twenty miles long by ten broad and in most places not over two or three feet deep; our boat progresses with difficulty through the weeds which cover it; wild duck here in extraordinary numbers; we saw three flocks, each of which at a moderate computation must have contained

ten thousand birds. One of these flocks both ourselves and the boatmen mistook at a distance of a mile for a low island ; as we approached nearer we found it to be a dense mass of wildfowl feeding ; we sculled towards them but they began to rise when we were still 150 yards distant ; I fired a rifle bullet through the flock ; the whole of the birds then raised their wings, making a noise as of distant thunder ; we could get none. I much wished for my punt and gun, which I omitted to bring.

2 p.m.—Across the vast lagoon and on to the Tung-ting San Island on the Ta Hoo or “great lake,” of which this lagoon forms one end ; along canals intersecting large beds of rushes ; saw many pheasants and wild duck and teal without number ; we could not get at them as it was impossible to get where the rushes grew. I made friends with a country fellow who was sculling a little boat, and persuaded him to go with me on a duck-shooting expedition ; he entered at once into the spirit of it, and we were quite successful, getting a splendid drake and several teal before it got dark. Our boat anchored for the night at the foot of high hills on the Tung-ting San and in the middle of a small fleet of Imperialist gunboats ; my companions were considerably alarmed, thinking they would board and attack us ; they did not attempt it, however.

12th.—At daylight we sailed for the Se-Tung-Ting-San, another island distant about fifteen miles and also on the large lake ; I was at this place with Frederick Bower in 1856 and again with Dr. Hobson in 1857. It is a lovely spot, the island being covered with high hills ; it is, I should say, nearly as large as the Isle of Wight. On landing I was greeted by a lad who said he recollected me and that he was the son of a sporting Chinese gentleman whose acquaintance I made in 1857 ; his father had died the previous year, he said, and he was living with his mother ; they were now very poor, having suffered much from the visits of the rebels, who had burnt their house. We took this lad and some others as guides and started for the hills. The day turned out gloriously fine and we enjoyed ourselves immensely ; my companions saw three or four deer but did not shoot any. I engaged a tiny boat and went after wildfowl

which were not so plentiful as the day before ; I succeeded, however, in bagging several teal and a wild duck in about three hours.

13th.—We set sail for our return *via* Souchow, the wind was not very fair and it occupied the whole day getting there. I shot only two quail, as most of the day was occupied in crossing the lake ; we did not enter Souchow, as it was dusk by the time we reached the walls, which are of immense extent ; we pushed on during the night and arrived in the morning of Sunday the 14th at Quinsan, a walled city with a steep rocky hill inside the walls capped by a temple and pagoda. Both Quinsan and Souchow have recently been re-taken from the rebels by Major Gordon and his disciplined Chinese, now numbering three thousand men. Fisher and I called on Major Gordon, who received us most kindly ; he is a very talented man and has worked wonders with the Chinese, defeating without a single reverse, and in numerous engagements, ten times the force of rebels opposed to him. You would read in the newspapers how badly the Imperialists broke faith with him at the capture of Souchow, by the beheading of the rebel chiefs who gave up the city on the faith of Gordon's guarantee that their lives should be spared ; since then he has done nothing, and the question with him now is, Shall he continue to serve the Imperialists and finish the work of putting down the rebellion ? I believe from what he said he will decide to do so and sink his private feelings ; I earnestly trust he may, for no one can travel through the now desolate country, thickly strewn in some places with human skulls and bones, and everywhere with ruins of once comfortable homesteads, but must feel that the rebels are a frightful scourge and pest and should be put down with all possible speed. I talked with many of the country people on the trip and purposely tried to solicit a favourable opinion from some as regards the rebels, but in not one single instance could I meet with anyone having a good word to say for them, on the contrary no names were too bad with which to designate them.

15th.—Loka Pang.—The country is mostly wild and desolate about here. I took a walk before breakfast with my gun and

was astonished at the quantity of game; pheasants were to be seen running over the fields like rabbits, though rather wild; I must have raised at least one hundred before breakfast, and my bag was two brace and a half and a brace of teal. Unfortunately I over-exerted myself, the sun being very hot, and was quite knocked up, so that for the rest of the day I could do nothing, and only got one bird, although I fired at many. Mr. Cuthbertson shot a brace of pheasants and a teal, which was his whole bag for the trip. Mr. Fisher, who said he had seen any amount of shooting in India and elsewhere, and who came with the most formidable preparations, was a dead failure and did not bag a single bird.

16th.—After sailing all night we arrived at Shanghai, glad to get back, but quite ready to start again when the weather promises to be favourable, some time soon I hope.

20th April, 1864.

Our annual meeting of land renters took place the other day, when the municipal council presented the budget for the coming year, a monstrous one it seemed to me, since it proposed to increase the expenditure and consequent taxation from £60,000 per annum to £150,000 for our Settlement alone, not reckoning the French Settlement and the native city over which they do not claim jurisdiction. I offered a resolution opposing the budget and carried it, so the "ministry" was thrown out. The increased taxation it was proposed the Chinese alone should bear, which I considered very unjust. I send you 'Friend of China' to show you the style of abuse indulged in by this valuable periodical against myself.

23rd May, 1864.

I claim the honour of starting the business of insuring Chinese houses. No one would do it before, and now the Royal Insurance Company, which we represent, has enormous risks on them and derives a revenue of about £12,000 per annum from Shanghai. My Chinese house property is doing very badly and

does not yield me the common rate of interest. Numbers of people continue to leave Shanghai for the surrounding country; the wealthy folk, however, stick by us for the present, fearing "squeezes" greater than they endure here if they return home.

Bad news was received from the force under Major Gordon last evening. The attack on the great city of Chang Chow Foo, though thrice repeated, has failed: twenty-seven European officers and three hundred and fifty trained Chinese are reported as killed and wounded; this will delay the taking of Nanking and final suppression of the rebellion.

17th June, 1864.

You say that you have really nothing to write about. I may certainly say the same in reply, for the monotony of Shanghai has been for some months past worse than ever. The rebels have cleared out of this Province, and so alarming rumours have almost ceased. True, the filibuster Burgevine has landed from Japan and gone to join the rebels again (so the tale goes), but notwithstanding this we have good hopes that the rebellion will be quite crushed this year by the taking of Hoochow and Nanking.

I wish you would take a trip to China this autumn and travel with me for, say, eight or ten months here, in Japan and the Philippines, returning to England in the autumn of 1865. The points of interest I specially wish to visit in China are: (1st) The potteries of Kin Te Chin, three days' journey from Kiukiang, on the Yangtze. (2nd) The best Black Tea Districts, one hundred and fifty miles beyond Hankow, where there is lovely scenery. (3rd) A tour through this and the next Province, visiting Souchow, Hoochow, Hangchow, Yangchow, and Changchow, also the Ningpo Hills. (4th) Peking, the Great Wall, and a fortnight's tour beyond the Great Wall into Mongolia. I am quite willing to pay all your travelling expenses during your absence from England. You may wait for many years and not get another chance like this, so I hope to hear you will avail of it.



SHANGHAI,

4th July, 1864.

The hot weather is long in coming this year; now at ten o'clock at night the thermometer is only at "78°." I do not think we shall have a hot summer.

*Colonel Gordon.*—I had a talk on the Bund last evening with this now famous man, whose acquaintance I made in the spring at Quinsan; he has left the Imperialists' service. Gordon is an exceedingly quiet, unpretending man; it is only when one begins to talk to him that one finds that he has such great ability. He told me that he thought the Imperialists were certain to take Nanking during the next two months.

3rd August, 1864.

*Pootoo.*—I have just returned from an excursion to this lovely island. Mr. E. M. Smith and I gave a treat to sundry persons who much needed a change. I was in charge of the party, which consisted of:—

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbertson, three children and European nurse (6).

Mr. and Mrs. Muirhead, missionaries (2).

Mr. and Miss Major, missionaries (2).

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and child, and Mr. Hertenburg (4).

Mrs. Dr. Henderson and Miss Gamble (2).

Myself and Mr. Newlander, whom I took as a servant (2).

Eighteen Europeans and about twelve Chinese servants.

We left Shanghai on Wednesday the 27th ult., at 6 p.m., and arrived at Pootoo, after steaming all night, at 10 a.m., the next morning. Our vessel was the iron paddle-wheel steamer 'Island Queen.' Considerable difficulty was experienced in landing the stores and passengers, owing to the paucity of boats and coolies to carry the packages. When we landed eventually we all got housed; myself and the Cuthbertsons in the Choy Uen Dong (*i. e.* Sun Facing Grotto), and the rest of the party in the Teen Shan Ko (*i. e.* Pavilion of Moral Excellence). Our place was the little temple I engaged a year and a half ago; it is perched up on the top of a rocky promontory about two hundred feet

above the ocean, and in the centre of an immense sandy bay, into which the waves of the Pacific dash continually, there being considerable waves even in the calmest weather. The priests were very glad to see us, being wretchedly poor. We took whatever rooms we chose; the only trouble was in the culinary arrangements. The head man of the temple or grotto, being a strict Buddhist, most positively forbade any fowls, mutton, &c., being cooked in his kitchen; we therefore had to extemporise a new cooking-place, after which he had no scruples in having the fowls killed and plucked in the temple, and even gave us fuel to cook them with.

At Pootoo one sees Chinamen from all parts of the Empire come as pilgrims to the island. I talked with priests from Shantung, Chekiang, Fokien, Nganwei, &c. The typhoon which occurred about three weeks ago seems to have committed frightful devastation on the island; whole woods of grand old trees are stripped of all their leaves, and present a most wintery and wretched appearance. On the side of the island where we lived, however, the storm had not committed much havoc. Enclosed I send you a native picture of the southern half of the island.

The deity who is specially worshipped at Pootoo is Quei Yin, or the "Goddess of mercy"; she is said to have ridden on a huge fish across the strait from the neighbouring island, and the footstep she made as she stepped ashore is still shown. After remaining on the island for some time, she became transformed at the northern extremity, leaving an enormous fissure in the rocks at the place; this is very grand, and resembles the Black Gang Chine in the Isle of Wight, only it is much larger and finer. The rocky scenery in Pootoo strikingly resembles parts of Cornwall.

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Nanking, after being in the hands of the rebels for thirteen or fourteen years, has at last fallen to the Imperialists. The "Tien Wang," the originator of the movement, committed suicide by swallowing gold-leaf; but Chung Wang and Kan Wang, his most able seconds, are captured, and will doubtless suffer a most

ignominious and cruel death. Hoochow is now the only place that holds out, and this will speedily fall; then, with the exception of sundry predatory bands in the Provinces of Kiangsi, Fokien, Nganwhei, and Szechuen, the whole Empire is pacified. Three years ago I never supposed I should be in China to see as much.

STEAMER 'HU QUANG,' OFF KIUKIANG,  
17th October, 1864.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I received your letter of 25th August here on the downward trip from Hankow. I hope to be in Shanghai on the 19th, in time to post this letter by the Messageries Imperiales mail closing on that day.

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Dan has written me two interesting letters from the South of France. My travels in China are through such unpicturesque districts I cannot furnish such glowing accounts as he does.

I left Shanghai in the steamer 'Hu Quang' on Sunday morning the 9th, and arrived in Hankow on Wednesday evening at five o'clock. As we neared Hankow dense volumes of smoke were observed ascending from the native city at that part nearest the British Settlement, and it soon became evident that a fire of no ordinary magnitude had broken out.

On landing I proceeded to the house of a friend of mine (Mr. Menzies) who lives in the Chinese city. From the upper windows we could see huge forked flames darting upwards and apparently spreading with the most alarming rapidity in the direction of the house. Advising Mr. Menzies to procure coolies and move his valuables to a place of safety, I proceeded to the scene of the fire. The narrow streets were so choked with crowds of people hurrying away with whatever they could carry, that I found it difficult to work my way against the stress. There were stalwart coolies groaning under heavy burdens slung to bamboos, and followed by their employers beating two pieces of stick together to warn people to get out of the way. The Chinese women of the better class, with their whitewashed faces and dyed lips, were to be seen

painfully hobbling along on their crippled feet, looking dreadfully scared and supported with difficulty by their duennas. Several refractory pigs and vicious-looking horses and ponies led along the street added not a little to the confusion.

At last I reached the fire. It was advancing down both sides of the street, utterly consuming the houses and their contents; there were no fire-engines, and the only attempt made to stop the devastating element was by pulling down houses. At this the Jacks and marines from the little English gunboat 'Algerine' were busily employed, but apparently to little purpose, the fire being altogether too fierce and extensive to yield to their efforts. Chinese shops are built of a framework of soft pine supporting a tiled roof; the walls are composed of a single thickness of brick, generally plastered; the front of the house is all woodwork highly varnished, so that a fierce fire such as this licks up these structures in from three to five minutes, when the tiled roof falls in and nearly extinguishes the flames within, which, unless the shop contains inflammable goods, have but little to feed on after the first grand flare up.

Scattered along the densely packed Chinese streets and facing the river Yangtze are several substantial houses inhabited by Europeans who have their warehouses (called "godowns" in the East) adjoining, and in some instances below, their dwellings. The most important of these are the premises belonging to Messrs. Smith, Kennedy Co., situated facing the Yangtze; next to them was the house of Dr. Falconer, and beyond his house the premises of Messrs. Alfred Wilkinson Co. These latter were insured with the Royal Insurance Co., of Liverpool, as also Messrs. Smith, Kennedy Co.'s place. We act for the Royal at Shanghai, and the firm of Shaw, Ripley Co. at Hankow. Wilkinson's place was in a blaze before I arrived; Falconer's was getting alarmingly hot, and the back half of Smith, Kennedy Co.'s, which had no goods in it, was blazing fiercely, but was divided by a strong partition wall and large wooden door from the portion facing the river, which contained all the goods on hand and other valuables.

Myself and other gentlemen, aided by the 'Algerine's' men,

made ourselves useful in rolling the heavy bales and boxes of Manchester and Yorkshire goods out of the godown and pitching them over the quay on to the muddy bank of the river as the only tolerably safe place we could find under the circumstances. We had not been engaged in this way for many minutes when Dr. Falconer's house burst into a bright blaze, the flames roaring through the wooden verandah and shooting upwards to the roof. Scarcely any wind was blowing at the time, but the rush of air from the river to supply the fire caused a most singular whirlwind in front of the house. A small junk or lighter was tied to the wooden piling which supported the quay; this instantly caught fire and drifted out into the river, and was sucked into the whirlwind, presenting a most extraordinary spectacle as it spun round and round, a sheet of flame from end to end. The danger that this craft would be swept down the river by the current, and set fire to the 'Hu Quang,' or one of the other noble river steamers that lay four or five hundred yards below, now seemed great, and two of our party ventured out and managed to secure the blazing junk by bringing it alongside the stone jetty where we stood.

Attention was now directed to Smith, Kennedy Co.'s back godown, which was a mass of fire, but the roof of which had not yet fallen in. The thick division wall alone prevented the front premises from taking fire. The large wooden door communicating from one to the other, and measuring at a guess  $10 \times 8$  ft., was blazing furiously on one side, while we dashed water on the side on which we stood to try and prevent its burning through. Our hope, however, was that the roof of the burning godown would speedily fall and thus deaden the conflagration.

We were told there was no way on to the roof of the building we were in, and thus we could not tell if it was catching light, or how far the danger was extending; all we could see was showers of sparks and clouds of smoke. The suspense becoming painful, I volunteered to endeavour to force a way through the roof and scramble on to the tiles. Proceeding into the bedroom of a servant at the top of the house, I attempted to get out of the window and swing myself by the gutter on to the tiles, but

finding this quite too dangerous I obtained a pole, and poking it through the tiles (there was no ceiling), I soon smashed a hole big enough for my head and shoulders. Through this I scrambled on to the tiles and thence on to the partition wall, looking down on to the blazing godown on the other side; the flames were so near, and the heat so great, I was glad to get back on to the tiles. The men-of-war men soon followed through the hole I had made in the roof; they wrenched off a large piece of guttering, and using it as a battering-ram against the blazing and nearly burnt-through beams, sent them crashing down into the godown below. This saved the front premises and contents, worth probably £20,000, so that I had the satisfaction of thinking that our efforts, although attended with some risk, had not been in vain.

The fire continued to smoulder for three days and nights, and indeed was not quite out when I left Hankow. At a rough guess about ten acres were cleared, and the Chinese stated that seven hundred large and six hundred small houses had been destroyed. The loss of life was, I believe, confined to a few old women, who positively refused to leave their houses as the fire advanced and were thus burnt to death.

The next day the Chinese set to work most vigorously, hunting in the ruins for anything valuable. Then each owner of property collected bricks from the ruins and made a rude wall to defend his claim, sticking up his name on a little red strip of paper on a post driven into the earth. The day following, and positively before the bricks were cool, they had begun rebuilding, and I am told in six months not a trace of the great fire will be seen.

The loss of the Royal Insurance Company will be about £15,000.

19th October, near the Langshan Crossing.—I find we shall not be in time for the French mail which leaves Shanghai at daylight to-morrow morning, so this letter will have to be posted by the English mail leaving a few days later. My trip up the river has been tolerably pleasant, except that I have suffered from a constant succession of colds.

The English Settlement at Hankow has quite sprung into

existence since I visited the place fifteen months ago. Numbers of very fine houses have been erected in the English Settlement, good streets made, and a splendid promenade along the bank of the river; yet, notwithstanding all this, the trade of the place is considered extremely unsatisfactory by nearly all the residents.

Owing to excessive competition, teas cost dearer in Hankow than in London (making allowance for freight, &c.), while English goods can generally be sold to as great advantage in Shanghai as by taking them up the river.

Shanghai, 20th October.—Still in time for the French mail I find, which leaves to-morrow, not to-day, as I thought.

Your ever affectionate Son,

T. HANBURY.

8th December, 1864.

MY DEAR DAN,

By this opportunity at all events I cannot complain that I have nothing to say, because, since last mail left, I have broken my leg, and that is some news. It happened on the morning of the 1st, when I was riding out before breakfast on my little black pony; Agnes Cuthbertson was with me; we were about three miles from the Settlement, and going at a rapid pace along a narrow Chinese road, when I suddenly observed that a trench for irrigating a rice field had been dug right across the road, say a foot in width. I endeavoured to stop my pony, but could not; he blundered into it and tumbled over, rolling on my leg; I felt great pain, but caught the pony and remounted. I then felt so faint and dizzy that I thought I should have dropped off, but managed to reach the country house of Mr. Markham, the English Vice-Consul, close by; here I rested for five minutes; mounting again I rode home. I continued to feel great pain, so sent for Dr. Henderson\* who at once pronounced the fibula, or second

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\* James Henderson, M.D., Medical Missionary at Shanghai. He died at Nagasaki after typhoid, July 30th, 1865.—K. A. H.

bone of the leg, to be broken about six inches above the ankle ; he kindly brought me the skeleton of a Chinaman's leg to point out the exact place of the injury, and cheeringly informed me that another of his patients had just broken his leg very much worse by a fall from his pony, and that I ought to be thankful that the injury is so moderate. So here I am with my leg in splints and cotton-wool for the next five weeks, and my patience nearly exhausted with the one week already passed.

The little coil of magnesium wire you sent me has produced no little excitement and interest here ; no one had received it before, I believe. The Chinese are much astonished at it, and not knowing what to call it, I have invented the following name, "Ya Doong Nie Nin," meaning "The silver which turns night into day." Will you please send me by return of post ten shillings' worth ?

7th January, 1865.

My leg is getting stronger every day ; I walk with a stick, but limp very perceptibly. I have had one ride on my pony since last mail.

5th February, 1865.

A grand new church is to be built at Shanghai, if the money can be raised. There is no doubt it is a very bad time to ask people to pay money, as trade has been wretchedly poor and the losses on tea enormous ; we are happily out of it. Just now everything in Shanghai is wretchedly depressed and people are very gloomy about affairs generally. Six months ago the 'Times' wrote an article lauding China as an extraordinary place for enterprising and industrious young men, and ever since then, and indeed before the article appeared, we have had many more young men out here than it is possible to find work for ; the past week has brought an addition of about twenty or thirty by sailing ships. Nearly all come seeking, and are extremely thankful to get, any employment, however humble, as a com-



mencement ; many, however, I think, must go back home, there being nothing whatever for them to do. It is a great shame of the 'Times' thus to deceive young men and cry up Shanghai most falsely as an "El Dorado."

20th February, 1865.

Yesterday I had an excursion (it being Sunday) to the little town of Chun Sha, distant from Shanghai about fifteen or twenty miles in an easterly direction. I started in my boat at eleven o'clock at night and arrived there at eleven the next morning; from Chun Sha to the great wall of the Yangtze is about three miles. I walked there, but found that the mighty stream, so far from attempting to attack the wall, had retreated at least two miles from it. I walked from the great wall to an immense plain which is about two miles broad and forty miles long; it forms a firm bank of alluvial soil, and I suppose at spring tides is occasionally flooded. A beacon about seventy feet high has been built on it by the Chinese authorities for the convenience of foreign vessels coming towards this port; this beacon shows a white light at the summit and a red one lower down; six Chinamen are in charge of it, and are allowed a salary between them of thirty-two taels per month. Vast flocks of black cranes, herons, wild duck and geese frequent the plain; I shot a crane, a wild goose and a diver, and walked during the day about fifteen miles. Arriving at my boat at five p.m., I started at once for Shanghai and arrived at three in the morning rather cold, there being a sharp white frost, but with a greatly increased stock of health. The day being remarkably fine and pleasant I rather enjoyed, than otherwise, being alone, as I find so few who care to take as much physical exertion as I like.

SHANGHAI, 27th June, 1865.

Received 28th August, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

My last letter was dated from Yokohama, and informed you that I had decided to remain another fortnight in Japan for the purpose of visiting Yeddo, the capital of the Empire. On Monday the 29th ulto., Mr. Macondray, of San Francisco, Mr. Blydenburgh, of Yokohama, and myself started in a Japanese boat. It took us six hours to reach Yeddo (though the boat was sculled by half a dozen powerful fellows and the distance is not over seventeen miles), in consequence of the wind being against us.

Yeddo is situated at the end of a very large bay, and is protected by three or four large forts mounting many guns; the water, however, is so shallow that no ships of any size can approach nearer than within two or three miles of the city. We saw half a dozen fine European built steamers owned by the Tycoon, anchored at that distance from the shore.

We landed about noon, and were met by Mr. Portman, the American Minister, and escorted by a guard of about twenty Japanese officers, each armed with two most formidable-looking swords. We walked up to the American Legation, situated in the heart of the city. The buildings on the ground are the temple of "eternal happiness," a grand old structure now but little used. Alongside of this Mr. Portman is now about completing a wooden house completely in Japanese style, a former structure having been destroyed by fire (supposed incendiary) a year and a half ago. The situation of the American Legation is very picturesque; you enter by a magnificent gateway from the street, a paved roadway and two flights of steps leading up to the temple and the house, which are built on the side of a hill and surrounded by some of the finest trees I ever saw. A gigantic *Salisburia* stands in front of the temple, and in the rear is a wood of fir, maple, and camphor trees, presenting the most charming varieties of foliage, and completely shutting the place in from the neighbouring grounds, which, I believe, are those of

the Prince of Senda. As numbers of crows and other birds live in these fine trees, and as no houses are visible, it is not difficult to fancy one's self miles away in the country instead of in the centre of one of the largest cities in the world. The premises are perhaps an acre in extent, and the Japanese have taken every precaution to guard against an attack. A strong palisading encircles the whole place, and an inner one more immediately surrounds the house; between these two lines of defence there are guard-houses every fifteen or twenty yards, and each guard-house has three to six *Yakonins*, officers fully armed, and who kneel with their legs bent under them, sitting on their heels in the manner peculiar to the Japanese; the patience of these men, of whom there were about two hundred watching over us by day and night, was most marvellous.

If you have read Sir Rutherford Alcock's work on Japan, you will be able to understand the necessity for these guards and the peculiar situation of the foreign representatives at Yeddo. Mr. Portman seemed from long experience to have the most implicit faith in them, and related to us how glad they were to allow them to replace a guard of Americans from the men-of-war that had been provided by his Government some time before, but who caused them much anxiety by getting drunk and quarrelling with the Japanese.

Our guards had miniature stacks of resinous wood, to which, in case of a night attack, they apply the torch, and the premises are at once illuminated.

The afternoon of the 29th was spent in walking about the adjacent portion of the city, and visiting the grave of Mr. Heusken, interpreter to the American Legation, who was murdered by Japanese in 1862. The next day, our time being limited, we had a grand expedition with a view of seeing as much of Yeddo as possible. Starting at about nine o'clock on our ponies, accompanied by a guard of about thirty *Yakonins*, also mounted, we made quite an imposing cavalcade.

The first place of interest we visited was Atango, a steep bluff in the centre of the city, about two hundred feet high; from this a fine view is obtained of the palace of the Tycoon and

surrounding grounds, occupying, I should say, one-third of the city. The day was brilliantly fine, and we looked for miles over streets and houses interspersed with temples and trees. As the natives use charcoal to the exclusion of coal there is no smoke, and vegetation flourishes with a luxuriance unknown in European cities. Many of the streets in Yeddo are as broad, or broader than in London and much cleaner; there are, with the exception of large trucks pushed by coolies, no wheel carriages, and in no part did we observe any great amount of traffic or commercial activity. There is no architectural pretension about any of the houses, the frequent earthquakes preventing this. The very wide moats surrounding the palace of the Tycoon, the sides of which are built of immense pieces of stone fitted to each other without mortar, and also the grand gateways leading to the palace and built in a similar manner, are very remarkable.

In almost every street one sees the entrance-gate to the town-house of one of the feudal princes of the country; they are massively built with huge beams and studded with copper bolts; the hinges and gutters are also often of copper, showing the abundance of that metal in the country. But the glory of Yeddo, and that which distinguishes it from any city I have seen, is the really beautiful natural scenery to be found in its midst. At two or three places I noticed lovely valleys with clear streams running through them, and magnificent fir, pine, *Salisburia*, maple, and other trees on either bank, and occasionally charming little rustic cottages with thatched roofs, surrounded by elegant little gardens and neatly trimmed hedges in the very centre of the city. Azalias, lilies, hydrangeas, honeysuckle, and roses were in full bloom, and the livery of all the trees was of the freshest and greenest; when I add that everywhere we were received with great courtesy and kindness, that our *Yakonins* were perfect gentlemen in politeness and affability, and assured us, notwithstanding the formidable preparations, that there was no danger, you can well imagine we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. After riding through the city for about eight miles in one direction, until I began to think Yeddo must be as large as

London, we arrived at Asaxa, public gardens that may be called the *Champs Elysées* of Yeddo. Two temples and a pagoda, very large and built of immense beams of wood loosely jointed together to allow some play in earthquakes, stand in the grounds. We dismounted and entered the largest building. The day proved to be one specially set apart as a grand holiday for children in Japan. The gardens were thronged, and we soon were beset by a crowd of one or two thousand boys and girls, all striving to get a peep at the foreigners. Stalls for the sale of toys, peep-shows, jugglers, miniature theatres, and games of all kinds for the little folks abounded, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves to their heart's content. Among other performers was the famous top-spinner of Yeddo, who was exhibiting his art under a wide-spreading tree to a crowd of little boys; winding up his top he flung it out horizontally without allowing it to touch the ground, as one would smack a whip; the top spun with great velocity, hovered a second in the air and sailed back to the palm of his hand, where it spun; he then put his other hand on the end of the spindle, and placing the top on its side, laid it on a miniature winding road made of wood leading up a hill, at the top of which was the model of a castle with moat, drawbridges, &c. The top ran up the road, took all the turns correctly, passed through a gateway, over the drawbridges, raising them after it, then it entered the castle and was lost to view, but we heard it striking bells in the building, and after remaining there for a quarter of a minute it appeared at another door, descended by another road, and rolled exhausted into the top-spinner's hand. Again he spun it in a similar way, and placed it running on its side on another road, at the end of which sat a figure with a tray before it containing numbers on slips of paper; the top ran along the road, up and down hills, round corners, over bridges, as before, and then entered the body of the figure, where we heard it spinning rapidly; the figure then began to move, took up a dart, turned completely round and stuck it into the tray, bringing up one of the slips of paper; the top then reappeared, and rolled down another road to the performer's hand, who called out on taking the paper from the

figure, "Who has number two?" (the one struck by the dart) when a little fellow from the crowd came forward and found himself the fortunate possessor of some pretty little tops. The top-spinner then drew the sword with which he was armed, and taking a piece of paper he cut it in half to show us the edge was keen, the top was again rapidly spun, caught in the palm of the hand and when "sound asleep" dexterously placed on the sharp edge of the sword near the hilt, and to our astonishment it safely traversed the edge from the hilt to the point.

We now repaired to a neighbouring tea-house very pleasantly situated under the shade of some fine trees, with a beautiful lotus pond near by. Here we had lunch, and then mounting our ponies rode back to the American Legation by a different route from the one we came by. Our *Yakonins* were very attentive and watchful in guarding us on every side, and had there been assassins at each street corner they could not have taken greater precautions for our safety. Every evening, too, at the Legation, the captain of the guard appeared, and with a profound bow handed us a small slip of paper, on which was written in Dutch the password fixed on for the night, and the reply to be used in case of need. I enclose you one of these as a curiosity. In traversing the city we passed the "Nipon Bashi," a celebrated bridge, from whence all distances throughout the Empire are measured. We also passed near the warehouses in which the Japanese store all the presents they have received from Europeans for the past two to three hundred years, and which are never used.

The grooms in Japan are capital runners, and it is customary for them to accompany their masters, running even thirty and forty miles a day, apparently with but little fatigue. I wish I could send you a sketch of the grotesque appearance of our party at Yeddo: the strange hats of the *Yakonins*, their large swords and extraordinary stirrups, then half a dozen grooms scampering along at our side without clothes, but their bodies elaborately tattooed down to the knees. The cavalcade when going at full

speed presented so comical a *tout ensemble* that I found myself repeatedly convulsed with laughter.

The next morning we were to have ridden back to Yokohama by the To-Kaido, a grand Government road that runs from end to end of the Empire ; but the Minister of Foreign Affairs sent a message begging us not to do so, as a messenger from the Mikado, or spiritual Emperor, was travelling in great state that morning, and he feared some collision ; accordingly we took boat as before. The morning was lovely, and we thought to have a pleasant run, but the wind freshened very much after we had got a little way, and blew right against us ; the sea began to rise, and the boat, being an open one, we were repeatedly wet through by the waves which occasionally dashed in, and I thought we incurred considerable risk of being swamped ; our boatmen, too, became exhausted, so that we were nine hours making the seventeen miles across the bay, and, on landing, all agreed they would not again readily trust themselves in an open boat on the Bay of Yeddo.

The week after my return from the capital I started, in company with three other gentlemen, for an expedition on horseback about thirty miles into the country. We left Yokohama one afternoon about three p.m., and after a ride of thirteen miles along country paths, and through the most charming scenery, we arrived at Kanasawa, a fishing village on a beautiful bay nestled among the hills ; here we engaged quarters at a tea-house, which in Japan are the hotels of the country ; having sent our provisions on by boat from Yokohama, we were able to make ourselves quite at home. Japanese houses, however, are quite devoid of furniture ; tables, chairs, bedsteads, and such like superfluities of civilization are unknown ; the floor is covered with clean mats, and everyone is expected to remove his shoes before entering, and then sit down, resting on the calves of his legs and heels with his legs bent under his body. The rooms are divided with thin partitions or sliding windows with paper instead of glass ; thus there is no privacy, and our party slept all together on the floor of the largest upstairs

room, covered with one huge mosquito-curtain made to fit the apartment.

We were astir at five the next morning, the coldness of the night, hardness of our couches, and the abundance of insects allowing us but little sleep. After despatching a hasty breakfast we were again in the saddle, and a ride of two hours through the most beautifully wooded hills brought us to Kamakura, noted throughout Japan for its magnificent temples. They are massively built of wood, and stand in groups one behind the other on the side of a hill; a grand avenue of fir trees, three or four miles long, leads from the seashore to the temples, which are also surrounded by splendid old trees, the growth of centuries. It was in this avenue that Baldwin and Boyd, officers in H.M. 20th Regiment, were murdered last autumn. We saw the large tree behind which the murderers stood; it is close by a narrow stone bridge that must be crossed slowly by those mounted on ponies, as these unfortunate men were.

At the next place we came to was the Daibudh, or Daibutsu, a celebrated bronze figure of Buddha, about sixty feet high, and said to be seven hundred years old. The figure sits crossed-legged; the face is a masterpiece of skill as embodying contemplation and placidity.

After leaving the Daibutsu, we struck the seashore and rode for two or three miles on the sands along a beautiful bay; the weather was lovely, and the snowy peak of Fusiyama at a distance of thirty or forty miles was dazzlingly clear. We waded a swift-flowing river and came to Enoshima, a rocky and wooded hill on the seashore connected with the mainland by a sandy isthmus; here we visited various temples, a cavern, many toy and shell workshops and stalls (precisely the same as may be seen at Ramsgate and Margate), and admired the splendid views and clear blue sea. Our return ride presented no feature of special interest, except that we met a party of two-sworded men, the leader of whom had his arms bared to the shoulder, a sure sign, Europeans in Japan say, that mischief is meant. I was riding first, the road was very narrow and I could not rein up; however, he fortunately did not attempt to cut us down



and we rode quietly on, arriving at the Kanasawa tea-house at two o'clock, somewhat fatigued with a thirty-mile ride under a hot sun. Our ponies being unable to take us further, we took boat, and with a fair wind safely arrived at Yokohama at seven p.m.

The rest of my time in Japan was spent in visiting my friends, walking about the beautiful country, boating, bathing, shopping, and enjoying myself generally. I picked up enough of the language to speak a few sentences and buy curiosities, which I should tell you are exceedingly dear.

I cannot say I enjoyed good health, and I was not sorry to embark on the 14th inst. in the good old steamer 'Pekin,' arriving here on the 19th. I felt better directly I snuffed the balmy breezes of Shanghai, and completely recovered the day after landing.

Your ever affectionate Son,

T. HANBURY.

This letter is written for general perusal by any friends who care to see it.—T. H.

21st July, 1865.

The Japanese are becoming the most enlightened of Asiatic nations. They are fully bent upon acquiring European knowledge; schools have been established at Yeddo for teaching English, and three or four batches of travellers have recently left for Europe, some on pleasure and some sent by the Government; while a party of nineteen are said to have been actually smuggled off to Nagasaki by Prince Satsuma, with orders to take a mail steamer at Hong Kong for Europe. No doubt you will see some of these enterprising young men, all of whom cannot, however, expect the extraordinary and very flattering reception accorded the first who went to England, France, and America.

3rd August, 1865.

MY DEAR DAN,

The late failures in Shanghai have exposed a system of extravagance in living that I can scarcely suppose would be credited at home. F. & Co.'s clerks, it appears, were allowed by the firm to spend on their food and drink alone, irrespective of wages and house-rent, £1,500 per man per annum, and L. & Co.'s house-keeping expenses for seven or eight individuals, irrespective of rent and leaving out cost of wines, it appears, amounted to £16,000 per annum; and the partner spent this at a time when he knew the firm was rotten at the core.

17th September, 1865.

I wrote Papa on the 2nd and 3rd inst. about poor young Satow; I then had very good hopes of his recovery, but soon after a low typhoid fever seized him; this, coming when he was frightfully low from the effects of cholera, he was unable to bear up against it. We nursed him night and day incessantly, feeding him with nourishing food and stimulants every twenty minutes, but our care was unavailing and he died on the evening of the 13th inst. I write by the present opportunity both to his father and mother, to whom I fear it will be a great blow.

21st September, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The summer is now completely over; the hot weather broke up at the beginning of this week; we now enjoy a delicious temperature of "75°."

You will have heard of the trying occurrence we had in our house, in the illness and death of Mr. E. M. Satow; he was a strikingly handsome and gentlemanly young man of twenty-five, and had only been in China four months; the risk to newcomers is threefold to what it is for old residents here. The Sisters of Charity in our Shanghai General Hospital are a

great blessing to the place; at the present moment they have about seventy or eighty poor fellows under their charge, who are all nursed most carefully, and many of whom would die without the care bestowed by these Sisters, for there are no other women in the place to nurse those who fall sick. We were quite worn out with watching at the bedside of poor Satow and feeding him day and night for a fortnight. In the latter part of his illness I procured a negress, the only woman I could get to come and nurse him; she, poor creature, after the second day was seized with cramps and had to go away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Yung Wing has duly arrived; he was dressed in European clothes, but in a day became transformed into a full-blown Chinaman with long robe and tail, greatly to the amusement of my servants. I have asked him to stay with us.

5th October, 1865.

MY DEAR DAN,

One of our coolies was seized with cholera the other evening; symptoms: cramps in the legs, vomiting, extremities cold and no pulse. As the doctors do not seem to be of much use, I thought I would try and bring him round myself, and rubbed his stomach and chest with slices of green ginger, then applied very strong mustard poultices to his stomach and the calves of the legs; in an hour and a half the pulse returned; in three hours more circulation recommenced actively in the extremities; and by the following morning he seemed out of danger and is now convalescent. The only medicine I gave him was eighty drops of chlorodyne in five hours.

8th November, 1865.

I am engaged in planting the Bund with trees; already I have put in about ten Salisburias. It will be a great improvement if they live.

8th December, 1865.

You will no doubt learn by telegraph before you receive this that Sir H. Parkes, in conjunction with his colleagues the representatives of France, the United States, and Holland, has procured the sanction of the Mikado to the treaties with Japan. This is a step in the right direction. The tariff is also to be revised, and the port of Osaka to be opened by and by.

24th December, 1865.

We have had a fancy bazaar at Shanghai; the first ever held. It was to establish a free ward for the poor in the General Hospital. The display was rather poor, and I should say the things, in England, would not have realized over £150; however, we do things of this kind in no niggardly way, and the pin-cushions, slippers and antimacassars were found at the end of the afternoon to have realized £2500, and so the bazaar was pronounced to have been a decided success!

Our street is now lighted with gas and looks quite brilliant at night. The Chinese cannot understand the new light, and the lamp-lighter has a small crowd at his heels of an evening.

8th January, 1866.

I have received yours dated 9th of November, asking me to meet you at Nice or Mentone in April. I think there seems a fair prospect of my being able to carry out this arrangement, but will write positively the mail before I leave. There seems now but little chance of my being able to visit Java or India on my way home; I should start now to do this, but it is impossible. I hope to adopt your recommendation as to studying French and German on my return, but the first object will be to recruit my health, for however well I may appear to others, I feel far from what I should be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor Yang-ta-foong is dead ; he had been ailing for some time, but was not too unwell to be up and about ; he was seized so suddenly as to fall down in his room, and died the same day. I intend to write an obituary note about him for the paper.

I have been getting a vast number of trees from the country lately, and have planted them along the edge of our promenade on the river bank ; I hope they may live and show up well by the time I next visit Shanghai.

Herewith a packet of seeds collected in my garden. The *Woo Seih Lan San Neen* has the most brilliantly tinted leaves of any plant I have ever seen ; it is rather a straggling plant, however.

8th February, 1866.

I wrote you last on the eve of my departure for a trip into the silk district. I was absent ten days and enjoyed myself exceedingly, visiting Keashing, Hainin, Hangchow, and Samun, places I had never been to before. We were favoured with tolerably fine weather and travelled about four hundred and fifty miles ; we were received with as much civility as one would experience at home, and did not meet with the slightest mishap. At Hainin I had Chinese friends who were exceedingly kind, and seemed not to know how to make enough of us. We will talk the journey over when we meet.

8th March, 1866.

Departure again put off till April, when I shall positively start, most likely by the French mail, so on receipt of this there will yet be time to send another letter addressed "Post Office at Landing Place, Aden."

It has always been the wish of Laisun and his wife to give his children an English education, but now he is ruined and cannot do it ; thus far Mrs. Laisun has taught the children and they have been brought up exceedingly well, so that everyone says that they are a great credit to her. I have promised to bear the expense of the education of the two eldest

for two or three years in England, and I wished Laisun to send them by sailing vessel round the Cape, but he has not done so, and now wants them to go second class in the same steamer that I do, overland. The matter is not yet settled. If they do go with me, I want to find a school or family to place them in as soon as I arrive.

The Chinese Government has at last decided on sending an Embassy to England. A Tartar Mandarin of high birth is appointed.

22nd March, 1866.

The Chinese Government has appointed a small Mandarin, Ping Chuen by name, to go with a staff to accompany Mr. Hart, Inspector General of Chinese Customs, who proceeds by this mail to Europe. I called upon Mr. Ping Chuen this morning; he does not speak a word of English, but is an intelligent old fellow of sixty-five, and is accompanied by a young Chinese who speaks English, and another who speaks French fluently. I gave them the address of Plough Court, and they promised to call and see me there. It is a great step in advance for the Chinese to send these people, and Mr. Hart tells me they are only the forerunners of a regular Embassy.

24th March, 1866.

Our annual municipal meeting is appointed for the 14th prox.; we then bring forward our budget and hand over charge of the municipality to our successors. You will remember the exciting time we had in April last year, and how we defeated the budget of the former council and their extravagant schemes. We were then warned again and again that we could not carry out our plans, and that the reduction of the police and the cancelling of the night pass system for Chinese were measures fraught with the greatest danger. It is satisfactory to find at the end of our year that *facts* bear out our budget most fully,

and that crime has rapidly diminished and the Settlement has never been quieter; that very considerable economy has been introduced into the working of the municipal system, that we have paid half of the pressing debts left by our predecessors, and are about to reduce the standing debt by paying off an eighth of it from our surplus. It is only fair to say that the public appears to appreciate our efforts. We are complimented by the newspapers, and all acknowledge that we have been the most energetic and hard-working municipal council that Shanghai has yet seen.

SHANGHAI, 7th April, 1866.

I shall probably have only one more box to send, as I have begged my Chinese friends to stop sending me any more presents. During the fortnight I have received two highly complimentary letters drawn up by my friends; one is in verse and contains many curious metaphorical phrases only to be thoroughly comprehended by those well-versed in Chinese classical literature. I intend to have them both copied on to fine drawing paper to keep in remembrance, but the translation would sound so ridiculously high flown and complimentary to English ears, that I think I had better keep it private.

We must, I think, postpone our travel together on the Continent till the autumn. It is very important that I see Mr. Bower as soon as possible, and it is therefore my intention to travel straight home. This may be the last letter I shall write you from Shanghai. I think I go by the French mail. You may see me in ten days after you receive this.

22nd April, 1866.

I have decided to take the English mail and am going right through to Marseilles. I feel rather melancholy and like a fish out of water in going away from Shanghai. None of my Chinese friends will listen to my not coming back again, so I tell them that in three years they may see me again.

To-day, my last in Shanghai, began with rain, but it has now cleared up and the sun is shining brilliantly; this is emblematical of my career in China.

It is Sunday, and at five p.m. I go on board the steamer with a number of my friends who accompany me to say good-bye. The French Consul-General is also coming, as I have formed quite a friendship for him and his family during the last six months, and they have been very kind to me.

I will not discount all the news by writing more, as I hope to see you within ten days at most after your receiving this.



## EARLY DAYS AT LA MORTOLA, 1867-9.



EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY T. HANBURY TO  
KATHARINE A. PEASE DURING THE PERIOD OF THEIR  
ENGAGEMENT.

PALAZZO ORENGO,  
25th September, 1867.

I left Paris late on Sunday night, and reached Marseilles at 4 o'clock the following afternoon. I spent the rest of the day driving about the city, ascertaining the prices of furniture.

The next morning I left at 7 o'clock, reached Nice at 3 p.m., took the *diligence* at 4, over the Turbia Mountain, 2100 ft. above the sea, along the Cornice road to Mentone, where I arrived at 8 p.m., just in time to transfer myself and luggage to the Ventimiglia omnibus, which in an hour set me down here. I had sent a telegram from Toulon in the morning to announce my coming; through some negligence, however, it had not been delivered till half an hour before I arrived; nevertheless, the village was all astir, and I received the most enthusiastic greeting: windows were illuminated, little bonfires made among the olive trees lit up the road, and a crowd of twenty or thirty men and women bearing English and Italian flags escorted me to the humble cottage I occupy on the side of the hill above the Palazzo. I am afraid I was so fatigued with my journey that I did not sufficiently thank the good people for the warm welcome they gave me; I was, indeed, only too glad to go to bed.

This morning I was greeted by a hand-organ under my bedroom window, and found my house decorated with English and

Italian flags. The repairs and alterations have progressed well : of course there are some things done that I do not approve of, but I expected that, and on the whole am fairly satisfied.

My orange and lemon trees were in imminent danger of perishing from the excessive drought that has prevailed, but, most fortunately, last Sunday morning a fall of rain of four hours' duration occurred, and has sufficed to save them. I am disappointed to find that the vintage is entirely over. I had only sufficient grapes to make seventy or eighty bottles of wine, owing to the masons, carpenters, and others engaged on my house having helped themselves to the fruit so very freely ; however, next year I hope to do better. The fruit now ripe in my garden consists of figs, pomegranates, *sorbes*, *jujubes*, and peaches, which latter are so very plentiful they have been selling at a *sou* per dozen.

*26th September.*—Perhaps you will like to have an account of my proceedings for this day, as a guide to what I am doing : it will show you that I am not idle :—Rose at 6 a.m. Despatched messenger to San Remo with note to my bankers. . . . Wrote to Bourrit and Simmler, my architects ; with sketch of coat of arms to be carved in marble. . . . The ceiling painter called and submitted designs for decorating the *salon* : went over the house with him, and pointed out the ornaments I disapprove of. . . . Took the omnibus to Mentone—called on the marble-worker, inspected what he is doing for me, and gave him fresh orders. . . . Returned in the omnibus to Mortola. I fear the horses are cruelly overworked in this vehicle ! . . . 5 p.m.—Appointment with the Curé and elders of village about employing a more experienced schoolmistress—nothing settled. . . . Went over the works at the house with foreman. . . . Ordered the arched ceiling of the *salle-à-manger* to be torn down and a new one made. . . . 6.30 p.m.—Tea in the cottage. Told my faithful servant Teresina I will give up having meat for the future to get rid of my cough ; and as she says none of the country people here ever taste it, why cannot I live without ?

*27th September.*—To-day the weather has been most glorious, with a bright blue sky and a strong wind from the north-east. I

have been to Ventimiglia, where I called on many persons, and received many greetings from those I know. Snow was visible on one of the mountains in the distance, and I hear a good deal has fallen in Switzerland. Considerable excitement is reported at Genoa and Florence, owing to the arrest of Garibaldi by the Government.

If I do all I should like, the next week will be fully filled up. I ought to go to Nice to look at furniture there; settle up a multitude of accounts here; go to Dolceacqua to select and purchase one or two thousand vines to replant my vineyard; hire a first-class gardener, if possible, by correspondence with Genoa; arrange a system of water supply for my house, and give numerous instructions regarding minor affairs in fitting up the house and arranging the garden. . . . If you recollect how out of the way this place is, how carefully I must plan beforehand, not being on the spot, and, moreover, that nearly all the workmen and overlookers speak only Italian, which I do not understand, you may well believe that it is occasionally perplexing and troublesome. But the hope and belief that you will, some day, come and express your approval of my taste and skill in turning a ruinous old château into a comfortable house is quite sufficient to make me happy in my task.

*4th October, 1867.*—I used to love an “adventure” above everything, and all the more if somewhat dangerous. I am getting more sober, but yesterday my old passion was gratified.

I wanted to go to Nice, and I thought I would try the sea. The brother of my maid-servant Teresina is a fisherman, and I persuaded him to get another man to help him, and to proceed to Monaco (distant about twelve miles), and there put me on board the little steamer ‘Charles III.,’ which plies between that place and Nice. We started at 10 a.m., but the wind being contrary, it took us three hours to row to Monaco, and I only just caught the steamer, which left at 1 o’clock, and landed me at Nice at 2.30 p.m. I spent two hours and a half there among furniture dealers and house decorators, and the little steamer brought me back to Monaco by six o’clock.

The sun was then setting behind a mass of extremely ominous-

looking clouds ; these rapidly gathered overhead, a few drops of rain fell, and lightning was seen in the distance. I had asked the French Consul for Ventimiglia (a fellow passenger) to return in the boat with us, but before we got clear of Monaco harbour I repented having started, for the sea was inky black, and the wind came in squally gusts from the mountains ; our boat was a little cockleshell with a lateen sail, and we had twelve miles in the dark before us. The boatmen spoke only Italian, but I proposed to Teresina (who speaks French) to turn back ; she replied she was used to the sea, and was not a bit afraid ; I could not be less courageous than a woman, so we proceeded, skimming over the dark water very rapidly, for the wind was fair. Our voyage was safely accomplished, but the poor French Consul was somewhat frightened at landing, for the breakers made a dreadful noise on the rocks, and at the little indentation of the coast at the side of my house, called Calancà di Papa, the cliffs, backed by mountains, there rising almost perpendicularly to an immense height, and in the darkness apparently presenting no place for running the boat ashore. The wind had gone down very much by the time I retired to rest, but I was awakened in the middle of the night by a storm which suddenly arose and has continued all day, the wind blowing with such fury that my workpeople have suspended their labours till it moderates.

Certainly it is a mercy that it did not come on thus when we were out at sea ; as it is, the people at Mortola say they never expected we would have ventured across from Monaco when we did.

We are still sadly in want of rain here ; day after day passes and no showers fall to refresh the parched-up earth. The weather is otherwise exceedingly pleasant, with bright sunshine and clear sky. A fog has never been known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, I believe.

LYONS,

10th October, 1867.

The gale of wind continued to blow at Mortola all Tuesday, and a vessel was reported lost at Porto Maurizio, near by, with all hands. Fearing I should be further delayed, I took the

*diligence* which passed my cottage at 2 the following morning. We arrived at Nice about 7 a.m. It was bitterly cold crossing the Turbia Mountain (2100 ft. above the sea), as the snow was visible on the higher peaks. The sun was just rising when we got to the top of the pass, and, as the *diligence* stopped to change horses there, I had just time to run to a part of the mountain from whence I knew I could see my house, distant about fifteen miles; the rays of the rising sun illumined the glorious landscape, and enabled me to see and bid *adieu* to the spot I like so much. A more splendid sunrise I never saw: I think I shall recollect it for years, it was so very striking.

I spent the morning at Nice investigating the merits of furniture and ceiling decorations; left by 2.25 p.m. train, and, travelling through the night, arrived here at 8 a.m. This morning I have been after paper-hangings and writing to China, and am off again at 7.45 p.m. right away to Clapham, arriving, I hope, in twenty-four hours.

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[On November 28th, 1867, T. H. again started for Mortola, accompanied by his sister, A. C. Aggs, and stopping in Paris and Marseilles, and Nice.]

HOTEL DES ETRANGERS, NICE,

2nd December, 1867.

. . . . Yesterday afternoon we came on to Antibes, a small, but strongly fortified town on the opposite side of the bay to Nice. We arrived in the dark in drenching rain, the heaviest they have had for months. We have spent this morning with M. Thuret, a French gentleman, a friend of my brother Dan, who has a most beautiful garden at Antibes, and is himself a good botanist. He received us most kindly; the weather was once more bright, and the view of the Bay of Nice and the snow-clad range of the Alpes Maritimes very fine. In the far distance, thirty miles along the coast, I could discern the position of my house; the atmosphere was not sufficiently clear for us to see it, though I believe it would be possible sometimes to do so with a powerful telescope, for the light in the Antibes lighthouse, which

stands close by M. Thuret's house, is seen from my windows at night.

This afternoon we have come on here, and to-morrow we look to opening a campaign among the furniture shops.

Anna was here in 1858, with my Father and Mother, after seeing me off at Marseilles on my second journey to China.

PALAZZO ORENGO, LA MORTOLA,

9th December, 1867.

I am rather disappointed that the works here have not been pushed on faster during my absence. Anna and I have each a bedroom in this house, having moved down from the cottage in the village the day after we arrived, and we are fairly comfortable, but it seems to me by no means certain that all the workmen will be away and everything in order even by the end of February. . . . You can understand how much more troublesome it is for me here, than for a person in England who has everything close at hand: I must get chairs in Paris, other furniture at Nice, wallpapers at Lyons. My workmen come from San Remo, while anything bulky coming from England goes round Spain to Genoa, and is there transhipped into a small coasting vessel for Ventimiglia, and I am fortunate indeed if I receive it in a month from the time it left London. The decorations to the *salon*, *salle à manger* and *loggia* are very pretty and give me satisfaction; other things are not so much to my taste, but I cannot expect all to go straight while I am absent. No wonder — did not think my house very "palatial"; but if he had seen it eight months ago, when it was really only a ruinous barn, he would have given me some credit for the improvements effected. I have no right to call it a "palazzo" except that it has gone by the name of the "Palazzo Orengo" for the past two hundred years, and is to be found marked as such in the Government maps. So it would be a pity to change the name, although it does mislead.

The father of Teresina has died while I have been away; he was in his eightieth year and quite blind. In his younger days

he fought under Napoleon, and had a medal for the battle of Leipsic.

*12th December.*—A large portion of the afternoon has been occupied in an examination of the school-children here at Mortola. Anna was very much pleased indeed, and we both considered the progress made by the girls very creditable. Two days ago we held a similar examination at Grimaldi, but there the children were not so advanced, the school having been more recently established. I brought from London, for each of these schools, a large map of the world mounted, a large mounted sheet showing a hundred animals, birds, &c., also two coloured pictures to hang on the walls. I have also given prizes for the best writing. We now have evening schools for adults also.

*19th December.*—All to-day I have been planting trees, &c., that have arrived from England. You can fancy the number, when I tell you that I have had five to seven men hard at work all the time putting them in the ground—I directing them.

Anna walked down to Mentone to-day to shop: I sent my servant, Vincenza Viale, to carry her things; they came back in the omnibus at mid-day. Anna is very fond of Vincenza, and she certainly is superior for a peasant. I am having her taught to read and write.

*21st December.*—To-day is the shortest day of the year, and my half-birthday: we have had the school-children, to the number of twenty-four, at the house; they presented me with two letters of congratulation and thanks, written on embossed notepaper. We distributed cakes and sugar plums. They behaved very nicely, and sang some very pretty songs.

Teresina presented me with a *bouquet* from her garden this morning: it contained Heliotrope, Roses, Abutilon, Marigolds, Zinnia, Snapdragon, Geranium, Jasmine, and Maidenhair Fern, of which latter there is a great deal growing wild here. I think Teresina has laid the neighbours under contributions to provide this nosegay.

*3rd January, 1868.*—I have been engaged during all my spare time, for some days past, in planting out a great number of trees and shrubs which I have procured from Hyères, near

Toulon. They are chiefly things that would not grow at all in the open air in England, such as many kinds of Eucalyptus (the Gum-tree of Australia), Acacia, many kinds of Aloes, Prickly Pears and Cacti, Arbutus (producing an edible fruit here), Bignonia, Passiflora, Tecoma Jasminoides—all lovely climbers—*Cupressus funebris* (the Weeping Cypress of China), *Pinus pinea* (the Umbrella Pine of Italy), two kinds of *Magnolia* (growing to large trees here), *Saccharum maddenii* (Giant Grass), *Sorghum Egyptiacum*, *Ficus Elastica* (the Indian Rubber Plant), several kinds of *Chamærops* (Palms), *Ilex giganteus* (with Holly-like leaves), *Quercus Ægyllops* (the Cork Oak), several kinds of *Genista* and *Callistemon*, two kinds of *Catalpa* (producing splendid flowers), the common Cedar and Cedar of Lebanon. I have also put in about fifteen hundred new vines in the vineyard, many apricot, plum, and other fruit trees. I have twelve men and five women at work in the grounds, so ought to accomplish something; still you will see very little show, as all the plants are very small as yet. The *Loquat* (a Chinese fruit—very delicious—they call it *Pe-bo*) is now flowering here. I send you a flower herein, and an invitation to come and sit under the tree this day four months and eat some of the fruit.

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[Early in January, 1868, T. H. and A. C. A. returned to England. On January 31st T. H. started again for Mortola with his parents, who remained there till April 21st. T. H. left them on February 18th, and was married on March 11th, returning to Mortola with K. A. H. on March 28th.]

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS,

1st February, 1868.

We are off in ten minutes to Marseilles: we have spent the day as follows:—

To Palais Royal to buy a clock (unsuccessful). Then to see the outside of the new Opera House: the finest building of the kind in the world: it is not yet finished. Then to the Faubourg St. Antoine to see about a sideboard for my house, also some



fastenings for bookcases. Then to the railway to get places for this evening. Then to buy some lamps—secured four. Then to buy some mermaids, &c., for the fountains in my garden: bought two. Then dined at a *restaurant* in the Palais Royal. . . .

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HOTEL NOAILLES, MARSEILLES,

2nd February.

My father and mother have stood this long journey of five hundred miles without break remarkably well, and were so little fatigued as to be able to enjoy a long walk this afternoon on the quays of this splendid city. We visited the spot where, ten years ago next October, they and Anna bid me *adieu* when I started the second time for China. I recollect my father's offering up a short prayer then, and, from what he said, it was evident they then scarcely expected we should meet again, as I was going out for so long a term of years; yet how wonderfully we have been preserved! I am sure that I, especially, ought to be grateful! The weather in the South of France presents the greatest contrast now to when Anna and I passed through, three weeks ago. Then all was frost and snow, while this afternoon it is so balmy and mild, my father does not care for his greatcoat, and thinks it is like May in England. The streets are crowded with people, dressed in their Sunday clothes, taking the air.

LA MORTOLA,

4th February, 1868.

We arrived here at 3 p.m. to-day quite well, and my parents not at all over-fatigued with the journey; in fact, they have enjoyed it extremely, and are in excellent health and spirits. . . . At Mortola we received a very warm welcome, nearly the whole population turning out to receive us, waving flags, and the children dancing about with delight: my father was quite affected to tears at these manifestations. We had so many *bouquets* presented for our acceptance that we found it impossible to carry them all, and had to pass them on to Teresina.

The workmen are at last out of the house, and everything looks more finished than it did; still there is a good deal to do in the shape of arranging furniture, curtains, and such things, which my mother has already begun to do. . . .

*6th February, 1868.*—To-day James Spencer Bell, his wife, and sister called; they had walked over from Mentone, and were going to walk back again. They are going on to Rome as soon as they can, but one of their children having the scarlatina delays their progress.

*9th February, 1868.*—Yesterday morning I went with my father and mother to Ventimiglia in a boat belonging to Tere-sina's brother, who is a fisherman. The sea was not very calm, but we had a fair wind and were soon there, not suffering at all from sea-sickness. After purchasing some crockery-ware we went to the girls' school kept by the Sisters of Charity, who received us most kindly. I have a great admiration for the Sister Superior. She appears to me to be a most earnest, devoted woman, very religious and good, giving up her life to the work of teaching, and to the care of the poor and sick. I never can refuse her when she asks me to give to the hospital or to the poor of Ventimiglia. This winter, she says, there is more distress than usual, owing to a scarcity of work, I presume caused by the great drought which has prevailed to an unusual extent, even for this country.

*11th February.*— . . . Whitting\* came in the greatest state of alarm the other evening to report that there were two objects in white in the garden, with hideous white faces, and that they were dancing about! It turned out that they were two of the villagers dressed in white, and with masks, and that it is some old custom that permits this. Afterwards two others came, and I chased them away.

*14th February.*—I am going in a boat across the bay of Mentone to fetch the Hodgkins, Miss Lloyd, and Mrs. A. Fry's little daughter, who are to spend the day with us. Yesterday six of the *Sœurs de Charité* came from Ventimiglia, with thirty-

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\* Mrs. Hanbury's English maid.

five of their scholars, all dressed in blue. Three of the little children were told to stand together—each had learnt a verse of poetry, which they repeated one after the other to me: then they produced an elegant green velvet embroidered cap, which they requested me to accept. One of the elder girls speaks English, and I have asked her and three or four of the little ones to spend the day here when I return.

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[I find no letters written from the time of our marriage and during our stay at La Mortola (March 28th to June 17th, 1868). The next ones begin with our return there in the autumn, in company with my sister, Lucy A. Pease, and Sig<sup>rina</sup> Catucci, a young Italian girl, whom we brought to teach us her language. We stayed in Paris, at Lyons, and at Marseilles.]

HÔTEL GONET, CANNES,

17th October, 1868.

MY DEAR DAN,

We left Marseilles to-day at 7.50 a.m.; rainy morning, but cleared up afterwards. Proceeded to Hyères, left our luggage at the station, and drove to the town. Visited Hubers, who complain of too much rain and a tremendous hailstorm which broke all their glass; some of the hailstones they said weighed a kilogramme! It happened about a fortnight ago.

After an interval of four hours we came on here by the next train.

In the same train with us from Lyons to Marseilles were Lady Kay Shuttleworth and her daughter; they are also staying at this hotel, and go on to San Remo on Monday.

It appears that the railway to Monaco is only to be opened on Monday next; the handbills are out. I have fixed on that day to visit Golfe Jouan and Antibes, and to leave here by the 11.6 train on Tuesday morning, which takes us to Monaco by 1.19. I have sent Lorenzi orders to meet us at the station

there with a carriage, and so we hope to be at Mortola by 4 p.m. I see by the bills that there is a station at Eza !

The effects of the copious rains in the Department of the Var are very noticeable ; the meadows look splendid, the olive trees laden with fruit, and the country generally wearing a most smiling aspect. We have to-day seen many pear trees in full bloom.

PALAZZO ORENGO, MORTOLA,  
21st October, 1868.

Katharine wrote yesterday, after our arrival, and we have been busy to-day unpacking and also uncovering the furniture, and generally getting things into order, so I have only had time to take a few hurried glances at the garden.

The first thing that strikes me is the damage done by the deluge of rain, the extent of which I can give you some idea of when I say that Lorenzi describes the torrent last Saturday as swollen to such an extent as to be entirely impassable, and he has shown me many rocks brought down by the force of the water, which I judge weigh from a quarter to a third of a ton !

The *Eucalyptus*, *Sparmannia*, *Habrothamnus*, and some other things have grown in the most astonishing manner, and are from three to five times as large as when we left in June.

The Passion Flower has grown quite over the arch. The Banksian rose is also making great strides.

The Papaw is most flourishing ; I should say nearly three times the size it was in June.

The *Dahlia imperialis* is coming into flower shortly, and is 9 or 10 feet high. The other specimen rather injured by the wind.

The Cacti, &c., under the rock in front of the hall door all look particularly well, and have grown capitally ; those by the cypress walk have also done well, but one has just suffered most cruelly from slugs or caterpillars. I have had some lime put round it.

Faster and more luxuriously than anything else have grown the Arums and weeds ; the place looks a hopeless wilderness of them, and it is often quite difficult to pick out any plant from the mass of vegetation.

The *Cherimolia* appears to me to be dead, though the gardener says not. The *Picea Regina Amalia* is also dead. *Sciadopitys*, *Dracena*, and several other things appear to have remained stationary.

There seems to be a capital crop of olives everywhere this year. Lemons promise well and are just coming into flower.

To-day the weather has been splendid; we need no fire and are all in good spirits and enjoying ourselves very much. Lucy thinks Mortola perfectly charming.

I shall write again in a day or two, when I can report further about things in the garden.

Thursday, 22nd October, 1868.

Sig<sup>rina</sup> Catucci we find a most agreeable and valuable addition to our party; she is very well educated, knows so much, has met so many notable people in England; moreover, she evinces a great desire to be of use in our housekeeping and also in entertaining those Italians and French who call. We ought to learn some Italian and improve our French while she is with us. Should we travel on into Italy, she would be very useful to us. Katharine seems much pleased with her and thinks we did so right to engage her.

This evening we have all been sitting reading by turns 'Little Dorrit' in French which, you bought.

The Muratore family have been here this afternoon, and the Mortola priest; all asked after Papa, Mama, Anna, and yourself.

The drawing-room ceiling is considerably injured by the rain coming through the roof, and the house in parts is damper with this rainy weather than I had expected.

Many *Styrax* plants have come up. The hare's-foot fern has never put forth fronds, and seems quite dead. The new citrons we planted look very healthy. The ivy in the wall, that took, looks well, though it has not made much progress, owing, I suppose, to the drought.

The *Castanospermums* are thriving; "the tree from Japan"

(name unknown) has developed enormously. The little Passion Flower at the end of the terrace walk has grown, but not to any great extent. The prickly pear cuttings and Mesembryanthemums are all growing very well, also the Agaves—those from Wilson Saunders now look quite thriving.

To-day it has been very windy, with one shower lasting five minutes and heavy clouds about. The temperature this evening at 10 p.m. is 55°.

Lucy, Miss Catucci, and I are to walk into Mentone to-morrow morning, when I shall therefore post this.

When do you think of coming to La Mortola? I wish you were here so much. The parents had better come next month, I think.

The plague of flies is still considerable here.

Tuesday morning, 27th October, 1868.

Many thanks for yours dated October 22nd. The acorns have come to hand, and I have had them all put in.

The bulbs from London I have also put in yesterday and to-day. Sicilian pea will be put in to-day. Palms, Ilex, &c., it is very kind to give me; they shall have every attention on arrival; thus far I have heard nothing regarding them.

The weather is extremely agreeable. We require no fires and sit with our windows open even late at night. Butterflies abound, and I never saw so many caterpillars about; they commit great havoc with some things in the garden.

The Rev. Vesco, the Mortola priest, spent last evening with us; he was very chatty and even amusing. I have presented him with a clock, the face of which is set in a little mirror.

30th October, 1868.

This has been a most lovely day, bright sunshine and cool gentle breeze; temperature 52° or 55°. We walked in the morning to see the Latte School.

Lorenzi has been all day at Ventimiglia, and has returned this evening with the piano, hall chairs, and other boxes all in order.

Did I mention before that we have engaged a cook at a salary of frs. 100 per month? He to do all the marketing and to charge us frs. 4 per day each and five servants frs. 1 each, that is, frs. 21 per day; then we find wine, what vegetables the garden affords, and firing. He cooks very well, but so he ought to for the money.

I am thinking of going to Golfe Jouan on Monday, leaving the ladies at Nice to shop, and all returning in the evening; now the rail is open we can do this without difficulty.

I would like to spend from £5 to £10 on roses and fruit trees, peach, apricot, plum.

Dr. Planchon writes that he has forwarded per '*Grande Vitesse*' "*graines*" of *Styrax officinale*, and *Quercus coccifera*.

Friday morning, 4th December, 1868.

Dr. Asa Gray and wife left yesterday afternoon at three for Monaco. They will proceed to-day to Marseilles, calling on M. Thuret *en route*, and then embark for Egypt on Sunday morning in the P. & O. steamer 'Poonah.' They seemed most thoroughly to enjoy their visit here, and the weather was fine (to-day it is showery). Yesterday Mr. Moggridge brought a party of about twenty-five people here, who stayed all the afternoon; we provided a lunch, and they seemed to be very well pleased, and all seemed quite to appreciate the beauties of Mortola. Sampson Hanbury, his wife, and two sweet little children also came, and Eliza Fox and her friends the Marriotts also came unexpectedly, so you can quite understand our hands were full. Among the visitors was a Miss Darrah, an American artist, whom the Grays seemed to know well. There was also a young man who had been in China and Japan and came home from Australia two months ago. He promised me a lot of Australian seeds.

*Land purchased* between my property and the road is as follows:—

	Frs.
Of Sismondini: Land and fourteen olive trees, and the first floor of a house . . . . .	1350
Of* the Mortola churchwarden: The basement and second storey of said house, and a small square piece of land . . . . .	950
Of Carlo and Giuseppe Viale: Land and seven olive trees . . . . .	900
	Frs. 3200

Much more than it is worth; but they could not but see that I must have it, and so squeezed me accordingly.

*Land on the Cape.*—Spaniola is now said to very much regret having sold her land to me. The piece belonging to Porro I am to have, price about frs. 3500 or 4000; that belonging to Fenoglio will shortly be put up to auction by order of the San Remo Court and then I shall buy it. After that only the small piece belonging to Teresina's absent brother remains. Both L. Winter, the gardener, and Mr. Moggridge regret I have not the land on the other side of the torrent belonging to Madame Galleani. When next in Ventimiglia I shall call on them and see what I can do.

*Your memoranda and agenda* about plants, &c., I have shown to Winter. He seems a capable, pleasant young man, but thinner and smaller than I expected, and so does not look very strong. He wants to remove many of the olives, so as to open more space in front of the house and about the "*baracca*," in which to plant clumps of trees. What do you think of this scheme? I have not had time to talk much to him yet.

*Ostrya carpinifolia* is a tree which Mr. Moggridge says I ought to plant. It grows abundantly near the summit of the *Aiguille*, but is rather stunted there. Looks like a hornbeam.

The plant in flower which I supposed was from Japan I find has a zinc label, your writing, "*Schinus* sp."

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\* Giacomo Lorenzi.—(K. A. H.)



10th December, 1868.

I am quite pleased with L. Winter, the more I see of him. Tuesday was a *fête* day here and none of the people were at work. I therefore suggested that he should go into the mountains behind the house and seek for light vegetable earth. He returned entirely successful, having found the most excellent black mould, fit for growing Camelias or Rhododendrons in. I have now twelve men at work under him making the new path from the property up to the *grande route*.

I called on Madame Galleani the other day when in Venti-miglia, about buying the other side of the ravine. She would mention no sum, but on Tuesday her husband came late in the evening after dark, and said they wanted frs. 50,000! where-upon I offered frs. 20,000 as the highest I would give, and have not heard from them again.

On Monday we explored the (Roman) graves. Mr. Moggridge, Professor Rossi, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Joad and two other gentlemen were with us. The ground is so wet I do not think the time very favourable; however, we did not find any new graves, but exploring among those already opened we came on more bones, a small earthenware vase six or eight inches high, unfortunately smashed by the workman's pick, half a lamp, and many tiles both in marble and red earthenware; one of these last bore the letters M A R I and a rude circle round them.

Did we not mention the arrival of the clock before this? It is going, but the shade was smashed at the Custom House.

The roses have not yet arrived. Winter wants to cut down fifteen or twenty of the olives to open up a space in front of the hall door, there to make a "pleasure garden." I have already condemned five or six trees.

The weather has become quite fine; yesterday and to-day splendid.

Sunday evening, 13th December, 1868.

Enclosed is my correspondence with M. Galleani, which may amuse you. I do not feel very hopeful of getting the land.

As to that on the Cape, it stands in this way. The portion

belonging to Porro has unfortunately been sold by him to a mason in this country for frs. 3500, a price everyone says far beyond the value (I had offered frs. 3000). He promises that I shall have it for a little profit to him if he can get another suitable piece in this neighbourhood instead. He likes my little sheltered garden near the sea bought of Spaniola, and would exchange, but I am not willing to let him have it.

His wife is more tenacious and talks of making me pay frs. 6000 or frs. 7000 if I buy it.

There is a heavy debt on Fenoglio's land, and it is to be sold by auction. Mr. Bianchi is interesting himself for me about it, and I am certain to have it, they say.

The land belonging to Teresina's brother is in *statu quo*. They have spent about frs. 1000 in digging and planting vines, but those put in are said to be all dead.

There are railway flags flying on the rocks on the Cape, and the surveyors who came told Winter that they proposed some modifications, but that a tunnel was certain to be made, not an open cutting.

The little *Euphorbia* planted by the great rock opposite the front door is alive and looks well.

30th December, 1868.

*Weather* we thought had cleared up, as we had two or three brilliant days after three days of very high winds, which we fondly hoped had blown all the clouds away. Last night, however, we again had heavy rain, and judging by the torrents it seems to have been heavier in the mountains than here.

The letter of M. Naudin interested me much. What a very pleasant man he must be, and how cheerfully he writes, notwithstanding his misfortunes!

The *Maclura Aurantiaca* I have looked for, but have not found it anywhere. I suppose it was near where I planted the *Diospyrus Virginiana*.

Mrs. Ortman is still here with her son, a very lively, clever little boy of seven. We all like Mrs. O. very much. I do not

know how much longer she will stay, but her being here need not at all prevent the parents coming.

Young Schuster is here with us for two nights. He is a clever youth of fourteen. His father has rented the château Leader at Cannes for the winter, and his mother and sisters are also there.

Small box of acorns duly arrived ; all have been planted.

All the olives I intend to cut are now down ; it makes a great gap and one has a very pretty view of the valley, Ciotti church, and the rocks near by in going up from the house to the tank. The stones of the terraces there are now being removed. Winter says it will be necessary to dig up the plants we had already put in there, but I hope not all. I generally speak French with Winter ; he tries to make the men understand, but has not acquired much of their *patois* yet, I fear. He pays the men.

To-morrow Mr. Biancheri and wife are coming, also their nephew and three young men from Mentone, so we shall have a dinner-party of a dozen, including ourselves.

Sampson Hanbury, his wife, their children and governess, come to spend New Year's Day with us.

We have a Christmas tree, and are to distribute the presents on it to the school-children in the evening.

Thursday evening, 14th January, 1869.

To-morrow is the Fête of St. Maur, the patron saint of Mortola, and therefore none of our workmen will do anything. Mr. Winter and I are taking advantage of this to run over to Golfe Jouan to make further purchases of plants from Nabonnand. Twenty-one labourers (men) and eight or ten women and boys are now employed daily in removing the terraces on the space cleared of olive trees, digging it up, &c. Winter is leaving the arums in the ground, thinking they will not be a disadvantage, and proposes mixing violets with them. The plants you and I put in there have now nearly all been dug up and placed in a trench, awaiting the time when they can be

replanted. I cannot say that the roots showed very satisfactory progress, and what Winter says on the subject is as follows:—“The soil at Mortola is very good, but exceedingly stiff and tenacious; it is therefore essential that plants should be very vigorous to enable their roots to penetrate; once thoroughly established, they will flourish well.” To try and accomplish the greatest success, therefore, he proposes to surround each plant with the choicest mixed earths. Our donkey, a man, and a boy are employed daily in bringing earth from the mountain beyond Ciotti, making two journeys and bringing about eighty *kilos* of earth each time. I have also bought over frs. 100 worth of chestnut earth, so with all these preparations we ought to do grand things.

The big tank has been cleaned out, and is now full of pure water.

The lights for raising seeds are to be placed immediately east of the little gardens at the side of the house, the big fig tree and an olive will hide them from being seen from the *loggia*; the masonry for them is already half finished.

To-day R. N. Fowler, his four daughters, and Eliza Fox have been here to lunch and to spend the day; we had asked Mr. and Mrs. Dilworth Fox and their children from San Remo, but for some unknown reason they did not come.

The effect of the copious rains we have had is not a little remarkable on some trees. We have an almond tree that has never dropped its leaves at all and is now in flower.

Apples the size of walnuts I picked in Mortola the day before yesterday. We have a plum tree in the *topia* covered with fruit more than half grown, and a day or two ago in Latte I saw pears on a tree.

The railway people are planning a new route to-day, *viz.*, for the line to pass in a tunnel about ten yards south of the pavilion.

The temperature at night lately has been as low as 41° and 42° here, and I am told 35° and 37° in Mentone. Yesterday there was a furious wind from the south-east.

28th January, 1869.

Winter is altering the path between the tank and the house, making it curve off to the west and lead up by a more gentle ascent among the olives; this also will be a considerable improvement. He proposes to have a little rivulet running through the new garden from the channel which brings it from the torrent. This will be quite possible in a season like the present, as the torrent has now been running for months, but of course it is out of the question for summer.

On Monday the 25th we had a grand evening reception of most of the Ventimiglia notabilities, some of the San Remo people, and some of the Mentone visitors. It passed off very well, and all expressed themselves as much pleased. Mrs. Ortman is so good a musician and has such a splendid voice, that she is a great help in amusing people.

12th February, 1869.

Planting the new garden began on the 8th, and I suppose two hundred or three hundred shrubs have since been put out; the walk between the house and the road is entirely changed; the steep zigzags above the tank are done away with; the walls are covered with earth, and Aloes, Opuntias, Eucalyptus, &c., planted to cover that part of the hill. The pathway is led round to the north-west, near Mr. Bianchi's property; this is a *détour*, but it makes the ascent much less fatiguing.

Winter's house is now finished. I had it plastered and coloured the same tint as the church tower, but it looks rather too modern and prim in contrast to the cottages adjoining it.

*The old terrace wall.*—It has been a great job for the masons to make suitable receptacles for the plants, but now it is nearly finished. I have undertaken the job of planting these receptacles and have been hard at work, yesterday and to-day, on the side facing the east, where the sun is off by 10 am. I have put :—

*Hedera Algeriensis.*

Two English Roses—One Common Rose.

One *Buddleia*.

One *Solanum Jasminoides*.

One Jasmine.

One *Tecoma Jasminoides*, and some other things selected by Mr. Winter, the names of which I do not recollect.

On the southern face I have put:—

One *Passiflora Impératrice Eugénie*.

One *Cobæa scandens*.

Two *Geranium Hederæfolium* (grows plentifully in Monaco garden).

One *Smilax aspera*.

One *Buddleia*.

One *Solanum*.

Not one-fifth of the wall is yet planted, so I have plenty to do; the apertures are so arranged that the water is caught and cannot run out; the earth which we have filled them with is the very best from the mountains, and so I hope the things will grow. All can be watered from above with a syringe. I have stuffed moss into the holes to preserve the humidity.

Geraniums are now coming into blossom; there are many young seedlings from the seed you put in the crevices of the walls.

*Cypresses*.—I have bought sixty at 65 c. each; several we have planted already on the bare piece of ground below the battery.

*Ferula* from Corte.—I find about ten fine young plants, and I think more will come up.

Excursion to San Remo, Taggia, and Badalucca.—Katharine, Lucy, Mrs. O., and I made a very pleasant excursion as above on Wednesday the 10th. Papa and Mama will recollect the lovely valley beyond Taggia, as we made the excursion when staying at San Remo. It is almost too far to go from here and return in the day—fifty miles there and back. Taggia is famous for violets. I brought back a large basketful—some hundreds of roots.

The effects of the late severe weather at San Remo, Bordighera, &c., astonished me; nearly all the lemon trees looked as if hot water had been thrown over their leaves, but not one single tree in our garden here is so affected.

The Papaw has lost six or eight of the lower leaves, but the more tender ones and the flower buds seem not to have suffered.

FROM D. B. HANBURY.

PALAZZO ORENGO,

24th February, 1869.

MY DEAR DAN,

Although I am prevented by my lameness from walking about the grounds and thereby giving thee the result of my observations as fully as I could wish, I will not longer delay writing. As I wrote in the short note sent on our arrival, I am of opinion that the alteration suggested by Winter, and now in course of completion, is a very decided improvement, and will really add to the beauty of the place. The removal of some of the olive trees and the levelling of a part of the terraces in front of the house gives space for borders, which, when filled with shrubs and flowers, cannot fail of pleasing. Then the new path to the road is well laid out, and although somewhat longer than the old one is much less steep and more convenient; it is of good breadth and nicely made with fine sand instead of the stiff clayey soil of the former path. There is a considerable staff of men at work (aided by four or five garden girls), headed by Mr. Winter. They are now making the most of cloudy damp weather to put out a number of small things, some of which arrived from Montpellier the night before last. As it may interest thee, I intend sending a copy of the invoice. I must not omit to mention the *topia*, or vine walk. This also is greatly improved, and is now being covered from end to end by trellis-work—two carpenters being occupied in completing the eastern end—so that in hot weather it will offer a walk most agreeably sheltered

from the heat of the sun. The formation of a short walk over the rocks further to the east, and terminating with two chairs placed between two olives, is a great addition, affording as it does a full view of the Bay of Latte and the whole line of coast up to Bordighera. This will be a favourite walk of mine (and thy mother's), when not inclined to go further.

Yesterday, Thos. and Kath<sup>e</sup>. and Lucy, with Mrs. Ortmans and her little boy, joined a party to the "Berceau" and Belinda; they left about 11 o'clock, two donkeys being provided for the ladies. The day was all that could be desired for such an excursion, cool and perfectly calm. Being provided with a good luncheon, they did not return till near 8 o'clock, when they were quite ready for a substantial meat tea. Thomas reported the height of the "Berceau" by his aneroid at 3640 feet. Altogether the excursion was quite a success. They were accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen from Mentone. It was a disappointment not to be able to be of the party, but I could not think of it; my foot is less painful than it was, but is still swollen, and I can only wear a list shoe.

Mrs. Ortmans leaves for San Remo at the end of the week; I am uncertain whether she returns or not. We find her a pleasant addition to our party, and she is an excellent performer on the pianoforte and has a fine voice, so that we are generally in the drawing-room of an evening.

We have not yet seen Miss Catucci; to-day she is expected back from Cannes, where she has been on a visit to the Schusters. No time, that I hear of, has been fixed for her leaving.

*Weather.*—It is somewhat remarkable that we have now been four days in the south, and we have not seen any bright sunshine, the sky having been mostly covered with dense cloud, so different from last year; it is, however, mild. Thermometer to-day 52°, in the night 46°. Doubtless in a few days we shall have a brighter sky.

I am just about to take a short walk in the grounds with thy mother before dinner, so conclude with love to Barclay and Capel when he calls.



FROM T. HANBURY.

Thursday, 25th February, 1869.

I enclose a few lines in Papa's envelope to acknowledge yours dated 17th.

*Going to Shanghai.*—I expected you would not approve of it, but I believe we shall go. It would be perhaps better for some reasons if Katharine were content to remain quietly in England, but she will hear of nothing but accompanying me, and I think she will have pleasure in seeing a place in which I have spent so many years of my life. Now is probably the best time to go, while she is young; her health is good, and we have no encumbrances. As to the time, twelve months is not so long to stay, considering the magnitude of my interests at the place and the immense distance that separates me from them. I see no reason for supposing that the health of either of us would suffer in any marked degree from the trip; true, we should have to stay at Shanghai through one hot season, but I have good experience how to manage.

*Works going on here.*—Planting *Pinus Canariensis* and *maritima* below the battery. Planting out rose trees in the new garden (those you sent); ditto many other things lately received from Golfe Jouan.

Papa sent you a list of the things arrived from Sahut; on the whole they are very satisfactory—good, strong plants. The *Cratægus Azarolus* are put on either side of the Cypress Walk in suitable places.

*The streamlet* to meander through the new garden will look pretty if the things now being planted on either side of it will grow. Winter is putting in maidenhair ferns, bulrushes, blue wild anemones, hellebore, violets, and other things. I tell him they will, in my opinion, be all scorched up in the summer when we have no water, but he seems confident they will survive and grow again when the wet weather comes.

3rd March, 1869.

*Topia*.—The extension of woodwork overhead to the end is nearly completed; we are making a new border instead of those straggling rose bushes near the end. I do not think there will be any lack of sun, because there are no lemon trees to shade the walk at that place, and, as regards the last border, the sun was really too fierce there before for anything but succulents.

*Planting* on the arid ground below the *topia*. Winter is putting in Acacias and other things likely to bear the drought. The planting of the Cape below the battery with conifers, &c., still goes on. The brook is to be extended so as to wind round the grounds to the west of the house and among the big rocks there.

*Euphorbia Tirucalli* is quite alive, but does not show much growth. *Euphorbia erosa*, purchased of Cooper, is out in flower; I enclose a blossom. Several of the succulents, with the hot sun of the past ten days, are showing signs of animation.

Friday evening, 5th March, 1869.

*Works in progress*.—Planting out shrubs and trees received from Montpellier. Forming new border near the end of the *topia*. Destroying the thick white wall to right of big rock in front of Hall door, and making a gentle slope of earth instead. Planting *Pinus maritima* and *Canariensis* below the battery among the *Cupressus* put in before.

To-day I myself have been planting the top of the wall where I have had a border made before the dining-room window at east side. Mrs. Dudgeon, of Mentone, has given us a large hamper of cuttings of the magenta *Mesembryanthemum*. The mason has been engaged in making large holes in the old terrace wall on west side; we have finished planting the south and east sides.

The fig trees are coming into leaf. Vine buds are bursting, and other signs of spring are apparent.

The weather is brilliantly fine, and the air almost painfully

dry. We have had a cold northerly wind, and to-day from the south-west. This morning there was a thin coating of ice on the basin of the fountain, and to-day Papa, who keeps an account of the thermometer, reports as the coldest since they have been here.

We have quite a show of Narcissi and Hyacinths in flower. The plain at Bordighera, as we drove past the other day, was brilliant at places with anemones—scarlet and blue.

11th March, 1869.

Papa has, I believe, written you about the great storm we had to-day, as also on other subjects.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbertson are coming here for two or three days prior to starting for Rangoon from Marseilles on the 28th inst.

16th March, 1869.

The grass seed has all been sown, and a more favourable time for the operation it is impossible to have had. This afternoon we have been to the remarkable upright rock on the top of the hill west of the Latte Valley. Papa walked there and back, a very scrambling climb 800 feet above the Palazzo.

Planting goes on daily, and a vast number of things have been put in. Small firs our men are constantly bringing from the mountains. Of Cypress too we have put in many. Of red Anemones I have got one thousand roots from Bordighera. Of the little pink and white tulips we are getting a supply from Latte, they are now just coming into flower.

The well on the seashore is being deepened, water flows in very quickly, so it is difficult to keep it free.

Nearly all the newly put in plants look well thus far, but then the season is so exceptionally favourable.

FROM D. B. HANBURY.

15th March, 1869.

We have had a pleasant excursion to-day to Ciotti, and thence to the Belinda Hill; the weather was cold and cloudy but tolerably clear, so that we had an excellent view of the more distant snowy mountains of the Alpes Maritimes. I had not been so far before, and was greatly pleased with the grandeur of the scene. Old Mr. Moggridge was of the party, also one other gentleman and three ladies, besides two or three from the Palazzo. Thomas invited them all down to his house, and gave them some tea before their return to Mentone.

People say they do not know when there has been such a dull cold season as the present at Mentone and all along the coast. Mr. Albertotti, the chemist, told me yesterday he had been here eleven years and never recollected such a one. I think I suffer quite as much from the cold, or perhaps more, than I should at home, but most probably we shall have a change soon.

FROM T. HANBURY.

19th March, 1869.

The effects of the storm are visible on most of the tender things that were exposed to the pelting fury of the hailstones. The leaves of the Papaw were more or less riddled, but it suffered little in comparison with some other things, and I think it will flower soon if the weather continues as hot as it has been to-day.

Planting goes on actively this week in the meadow bought of Spaniola and between it and the sea. Things put in: *Pinus maritima* and *Halepensis*, *Thuyas* and *Laurus nobilis*, also some *Pinus insignis*. I myself have planted the new border in the *topia* with *Salvias*, *Ficus*, roses from Paul, and some other choice things.

*Other works in hand.*—Deepening the well near the sea-

shore; they have got down a metre through the solid rock, and quite a stream of water now flows in, necessitating the using of a pump to get it out.

Fine sea shingle has been laid in the *topia*. Grass seed shows no signs of coming up, though the weather has been extremely favourable. Winter has put a sprinkling of fine earth over the newly turned ground.

*Terre de Bruyère and Terre de Castanea*.—We mix it with the earth that we get near the cottages by the road. Winter says many of the things that I put in last year are suffering because they have not sufficient strength to penetrate the stiff soil by which they are surrounded; he proposes to give them some good earth to enable them to start with more vigour.

FROM D. B. HANBURY.

23rd March, 1869.

We are expecting Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbertson to-morrow. Miss Catucci leaves for Genoa this evening. I think it is quite well she should do so, as I do not see she is much use now, no time being given to Italian, our evenings being mostly filled up with music, Mrs. Ortmans being so fond of it, with Mr. Costa accompanying her on the violin.

We had a pleasant visit to Ventimiglia the day before yesterday; called at the school attached to the Convent; the Lady Superior much pleased to see us, and as lively as ever. Thomas invited the children and teachers to come to the Palazzo yesterday morning, but the weather did not favour their visit, and it was put off. Afterwards we called on Madame Galleani, who was very polite and agreeable, but what a miserable dull, place in which she resides! We saw the blind old lady, the mother; her husband purchased the Palazzo property from the Orengo family about twenty-five years ago, so Thomas says.

*Monizia*.—Winter informs me this morning that two of the seeds (of the first sowing) are coming up; others are put in frames, but do not yet appear.

Thomas is actively employed in putting plants in the holes in the walls, and in other ways in the grounds. It is very pleasant to see him take such interest in the place.

28th March, 1869.

*Acorns from evergreen oak.*—Thy mother and I have put in a number in various places in the grounds.

Grass seed is coming up nicely, and there is now a visible shade of green over the newly formed grounds. The weather just suits it and other things, showery, with intervals of sunshine.

We have had an agreeable visit from Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbertson and their brother and sister—Rev. Brook Lister and wife; they came on Fourth Day (night) and stayed till Sixth Day (morning), and seemed to enjoy their visit, and greatly admired the place. Mr. and Mrs. L. are very intelligent, agreeable people; they have been making a lengthened tour in Italy, and are now returning to England after a short visit to Switzerland.

Seventh Day (forenoon), being bright and sunny, we took the opportunity of walking towards Mentone by the path along the cliff (the upper one) which Thomas has had repaired and made safe. Our party consisted of Thomas, Mrs. Ortman and her little boy, Katharine, and I. I had not before seen the “Rochers Rouges” from below. I was almost astonished with the scene as we stood under the arch of the Point St. Louis. It is so grand, with the red rocks towering hundreds of feet above our head, and looking in places almost ready to fall and bury one in their ruins. We noticed wild stocks and coronilla in flower in the crevices of the rocks. The afternoon turned out wet, and there was such a rush of water down the rocky ravine that we were sure there must have been heavier rain\* than at Mortola; and such we afterwards heard was the fact.

To-day is Easter Sunday. We have been into Mentone

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\* Above Ciotti.—(K. A. H.)

and heard a most impressive and appropriate sermon from M. Delapierre; he is a powerful, energetic, and excellent preacher; but the morning has been dismally cold, and whilst we were in church a considerable fall of snow covered the mountains, even the less elevated, all round Mentone. The afternoon, however, is brighter but very cold, and a top coat is quite needful.

FROM T. HANBURY.

Sunday afternoon, 28th March, 1869.

*Journey to China.*—Unless anything unforeseen occurs, I think we shall go in August *via* America and the Pacific, visiting Japan and reaching Shanghai before Christmas, and I should look to returning about the following November.

*Our house here.*—I want the parents to agree *now* to come next October, open the house and stay the winter, bringing Anna or some other member of the family. If they will not do this we shall, I think, plan so as to close the house *in toto*, packing away the furniture as much as possible. I object altogether to letting it. I should leave Winter in charge of the garden, &c., but I have not yet decided whether it would be necessary and advisable to continue to employ Lorenzi and Teresina as well.

The Cuthbertsons and Listers have been here, and left for Marseilles on Good Friday. I accompanied them to Monaco, and then the idea of going on to Eza seized me; accordingly I took a ticket, got out at the little station, and finding there was an hour and a half till the return train was due, I climbed up to the town twelve to fifteen hundred feet almost perpendicular ascent. It is the strongest natural position I have seen in this country. The town looks just as it did in the Middle Ages and most deserted. There is not a single *magasin*, *locanda*, or *cabaret*, and the inhabitants that I saw were confined to one man, two women, and four children.

The gorge leading to the town, and which is zigzagged with the path, is interesting. I noticed the evergreen Oak and two or three kinds of ferns; the *Cistus* was also in bloom.

FROM D. B. HANBURY.

5th April, 1869.

In my last I think I mentioned that a physician (Dr. Bagshawe) had been sent for to see a visitor here. He speedily got better; when he (the physician) was in the house, thy mother proposed he should just see Mrs. Ortman's little boy, who had been poorly for a day or two. This case was at once pronounced a much more serious one—he has been in daily attendance since, and it is needless to say how anxious his poor mother is about him, and how much we all are interested in the case, which is one of *pneumonia*—his breathing very quick, say, fifty to the minute, with some fever. The doctor is most kind and painstaking, and everything is done that can be thought of. Yesterday we thought him a little better, but there is not much amendment to-day and Dr. B. proposed our having a second opinion; this is arranged for to-morrow. I make up some of the medicine ordered, and thy mother and Kath<sup>e</sup>. assist in nursing.

Mr. Moggridge made a hasty call just after breakfast this morning; he was escorting a party to the Castel d'Appio and thence to a neighbouring height (name forgotten), and supposed that some of us might incline to join them, but we had not received a note he had written proposing it. L. Pease was the only one who could go. She has just returned, and reports they have had a pleasant day, the weather cool with very little sun, therefore favourable for walking.

*Ground to the south* below the marble terrace; the men to-day have begun to get it in order. Winter proposed to continue the trellis-work from the pavilion to the western end, to which we decidedly objected, as it would obstruct the full



view of the sea, and particularly of the rocks, from the parlour windows; the waves dashing over these rocks is at times quite a striking object.

*Seeds of Plantago Ispaghula* are put in the terrace or border on left of vine walk.

*Roots of Begonia*.—Several put in this afternoon.

*Monizia*.—I saw the little plant to-day; it is only about one and a half inches high. There are a considerable number of pots in the new frames, too many to attempt sending the names, which are not easily copied, but many are coming up.

*Path up to the high road* is now covered with fine shingle from the beach. It is nice to walk on in wet weather, but I do not think it improves the appearance of the grounds; I like the sandy path better.

*Grass seeds* coming up pretty well, though rather patchy, if there is such a word.

9th April, 1869.

In my last I mentioned the serious illness of Mrs. Ortman's little boy; he is something better, but the case is one requiring great care and close attention. He has now been ten or eleven days confined to bed, and has had a medical man every day from Mentone to see him. Yesterday a blister was applied to the side, from which he is suffering somewhat to-day. The doctor, Marriott (not Dr. Bagshawe, he being unwell), has just been, says that his breathing is still about sixty to the minute, but, notwithstanding, wishes his strength to be kept up with all the nourishment we can get him to take. He is cheerful and very docile, taking his medicines, &c., without difficulty. Mrs. Ortman's brother-in-law, a medical man in Paris, has been written to, and confirms the opinion of Dr. B. in the case and the treatment he has pursued.

We have frequent visitors; scarcely a day passes but some one arrives from Mentone or Ventimiglia; they all seem delighted with the place.

Lucy Pease and Thomas have to-day joined one of Mr. Moggridge's picnic parties to the Valley of the Nervia. About two miles beyond Ventimiglia the road branches off to the left. Mr. M. wished Thomas to see some of the finest specimens of *Pinus pinea*, which are to be met with hereabouts. A carriage took us to the entrance of the valley, where we met Mr. M. and a rather numerous party of ladies and gentlemen, who filled an omnibus inside and out from Mentone, a man with two donkeys having been also sent on from Mentone. As it was proposed that all were to return on foot, I thought it would be too much for me, therefore I walked home from Ventimiglia by myself. We have now a delightful change in the weather, which may now be called really summer, temperature at night about 48°—in the day 58°–60°—and to-day is a perfect calm, but not very much sun—still it is lovely.

*Ground below the marble terrace.*—Progress is making in laying it out, according to a plan which Winter has sketched, which we all approve. The slopes under the olives facing the house now present a green appearance by dint of frequent waterings, but some time will be required before the ground is covered.

*Holes in the walls.*—Thomas perseveres in planting things in them; one or two of the Mesembryanthemums are in flower, some of the little roses are taking root, also geraniums, wall-flowers, &c., so that at a future day, it may be predicted, these walls will be nicely covered.

*Tickets or labels.*—I have offered to Winter to write some for him, and he has to-day handed me a list of fifty-seven plants which he says are the more rare things. Unfortunately, he has not got the right sort of label, but I hope he will obtain them. When I have done with this list I intend to send it to thee.

FROM T. HANBURY.

Friday, 9th April, 1869.

*Plants* from Genoa have arrived to-day in rather a dry state owing to the length of time they have been coming. The expensive orange-trees, however, look well.

Lucy and I have been with Mr. Moggridge and a party of English to the Valley of the Nervia, thence up a remarkable hill above the little town of Valla Crosia; the weather was not very clear, but we saw the towns of Camporosso, Dolceacqua, La Rochetta, Perinaldo, Soldano, S. Biagio, and Valle Crosia. Mr. Sant, a rather noted R.A., was one of the party. Red anemones, single and double, were in flower in great abundance, also a little lavender-coloured one.

12th April, 1869.

The box containing the Agaves I expect to receive to-day.

*Two large seeds* have come from you this morning—they look like *Castanospermum*. We shall put them in the hot-bed. The man who bought Porro's land is digging it up and putting in vines. We have got from him an immense basketful of *Narcissus* bulbs, and are putting them in on the hillside among the rocks, west of the house. I think I told you that Fenoglio's land—the adjoining piece—is to be put up to auction on the 30th. I am told it will go cheap as no one wants it, but some speculative person may try to run up the price against me. What is the outside I should give for it? My idea is, the value ranges between frs. 3000 and 5000, and that it is important I should have it.

Mr. Sant, R.A., is coming to visit us on Thursday.

Old Mrs. Usborne comes to-day, also Miss Shuttleworth.

The *Cherimolia* I dug up and examined this morning; there did not appear to be any vitality left. This morning I saw a Hoopoe at the end of the *topia*.

Mrs. Ortman's little boy is decidedly better, and I hope will soon be well.

The garden on the south side of the house is only just now being laid out.

Friday evening, 16th April, 1869.

Another Roman grave has been discovered, just below the little washing tank; we have not opened it yet.

*Seeds* of the Doum Palm arrived to-day by post from Dr. Asa Gray; they are most curious in appearance.

Great Cactus-like *Euphorbia* is in a very favourable situation, but the upper part of it, as I wrote before, is of a pale yellowish green, the lower part of the bright and natural colour.

*Mesembryanthemum*, magenta, brilliant, yellow just coming out. Lilac in *topia*; Wallflower, many; common Iris, Ixias, Anemones, many of various kinds. *Silene pendula* in extraordinary abundance before the house; it grows very quickly and runs over everything; still it is pretty. Virginian Stock, ordinary Stocks, many coming out; *Ranunculus*, *Salvia*, *Cytisus*, two or three kinds, including those from Clapham, now fully in bloom. *Mimosa* from C. C. just beginning to come out. Habrothamnus, Heliotrope, Roses, Petunias, *Anthyllis Barba-Jovis*, *Deutzia gracilis*, *Daphne du Dauphiné*, *Chorizema rotundifolia*, Mignonette, *Buddleia*, and a few other things. I notice the *Panocratium* bulbs are now shooting vigorously.

[Daniel Hanbury paid a visit to La Mortola in May.]

FROM T. HANBURY.

Wednesday, 2nd June, 1869.

MY DEAR DAN,

Mr. Krayer arrived late last evening, having come *viâ* Turin, Cuneo, the Col de Tenda, Sospello, Nice, and Monaco. I am very glad to meet him, for we lived some seven years together, and he can give me precise information on so many points connected with Shanghai affairs that no one else could. Mr. K. came across the American continent from San Francisco in January last before the railway was finished, and encountered considerable hardships at some places and intense cold, the

thermometer marking twenty-five degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) one day. By all accounts the line will be in good working order by September, and, with sleeping and refreshment cars, most of the discomforts ought to vanish.

I have walked to Ciotti and thence to the top of Belinda this morning with Mr. Krayer.

Yesterday we went to Ventimiglia (K. and I) and paid farewell visits to the Galleanis and Rossis. The former did not allude to the land on the other side, but evidently wished me to begin a conversation about it, which I however refrained from doing. When Lorenzi was in Ventimiglia a few days ago Alexandre Galleani asked him whether he knew anything about the negotiation, and whether I was short of funds!

To-morrow I am sending a final letter, by which I think they will see clearly I do not intend to give more than frs. 15,000, and I quite expect I shall get it.

I have been over the limits of Bianchi's land, and conclude to have nothing to do with it; the divisions are minute and intricate in the extreme, ten proprietors at least; the fact being that the Marquis Orenge, being unable to pay his servants in cash, gave them little pieces of land in lieu of wages, and these have come down from father to son, and are still in the families who originally got them.

Mr. Biancheri, his wife and Mr. Fenoglio called this evening; they have asked us to go on Sunday to see the prizes for the scholars distributed at Ventimiglia.

Sunday, 6th June, 1869.

Your letter from near Paris written in the train was extremely interesting, and K. begs that we may go some day to see so curious a place as Les Baux. I never could have guessed that it belonged to so small a power as Monaco; I hope we shall recollect to read about it in the 'Dictionnaire de Moreri.'

The Galleanis have at last sold the property to me for frs. 15,000. The sending of your card with P.P.C. on it had some effect, and they began to grow uneasy that I showed so little avidity; they came down to frs. 16,500, then frs. 16,000,

with a threat of opening a quarry near the battery if I refused; however, I would not go beyond my offer and so yesterday morning it was accepted. Winter says the people go at night and cut the brushwood for their ovens, and that it will be necessary to have a man there to stop them. Mr. Kraye left us on Friday. We found him agreeable and interesting, with much to tell of his travels in America, Japan and the North of China. He intends to be present at the grand opening of the Suez Canal on the 16th October next, and wishes much to find a travelling companion or join a party to go up the Nile afterwards.

To-day is the national *fête* and we have been by special invitation to Ventimiglia to be present at the distribution of prizes which took place in one of the churches. Professor Rossi read a long address, one of the priests a short one, then the prizes were given, after which Signor Secondo Biancheri made a short, effective speech and the proceedings terminated.

We are engaged putting away our furniture and valuables. I fear the transferring of this property may take some days and prevent our proposed trip to Genoa and Milan.

This afternoon we receive the schoolchildren and any of the villagers who wish to come to bid "adieu."

I have had a large number of seeds of *Euphorbia* collected and am going to sow them about the battery rocks.

The weather is extremely brilliant and the sea perfectly calm both yesterday and to-day.

K. says she meant to thank you for so kindly amusing little Fernand when you were here.

9th June, 1869.

*The Papaw* is in only a moderately good state; the root and stem are perfect but the head shoot has received a severe blow. Winter suggested its being put into the frame in the first instance, to which I have yielded, but if you do not approve, write and tell him to put it out.

The seeds of the Cape plants came to hand this morning and will be sown at once.

*Galleani's property.*—To-morrow the transfer is to take place at Ventimiglia, and Asquasciati is to bring the money, frs. 15,000 in gold. Madame came over the day before yesterday with her husband, and the whole contract was all but upset, owing to the stringent conditions they wished to impose, say, as follows:—

1. The *raccolta* of potatoes and cabbages, now growing, they could by no means give up, so said that I must allow them to gather in this till the end of the year.
2. The lawsuit with Lorenzi must be stopped by my intervention, without any payment on their part.
3. A copper pan, some old pieces of wood, and three flower-pots *Madame* must retain for herself.

I threatened to give up the purchase altogether and my inclination was strong to do so; however, having taken so much trouble, I concluded to buy and have done with them, and yielded on the two first, they yielding the third point, all but the flower-pots which they got.

What a pity you did not remain longer here, as the weather is so ungenial in England; it is charming here, though the sun is hot. I bathe in the sea every day.

Bianchi has called here this afternoon; he asks frs. 24,000 for his land, which of course is absurd. He is quite friendly and is taking in hand the management of getting Fenoglio's land.

We have been busy at work putting away things in the house, and it is pretty well dismantled. We look to going by the steamer to Genoa on Saturday, but all is dependent on my getting this business with the Galleanis over to-morrow. Do not stop writing, as we shall return here.

A large death's-head moth which flew into the dining-room I captured.

Fireflies nearly over.

HÔTEL CAVOUR, MILAN,  
Wednesday, 16th June, 1869.

My letter from Genoa will have informed you of all our doings there.

Yesterday morning we came on here by early train, arriving at noon. The day was cool, sunshine and one smart shower near this city. The country we travelled through is famous for producing the best silk in the world, "White Novi," fetching the very highest price quoted. Even whisking along in the train I could have told with eyes shut we were passing through a silk country, so strong and peculiar is the odour of the caterpillars and cocoons.

In the afternoon we were not idle, making a thorough inspection of the pictures of the "*Brera*" collection, visiting the Duomo and the Church of S. Ambrogio, which latter alone is worth coming to Milan to see, the altar, which we paid frs. 10 to have uncovered, being a most extraordinary work of art and very perfect, considering its great age; pray read an account of it, for I cannot attempt a description.

To-day we go on to Como, staying a couple of hours at Monza; thence to Cadenabbia, Lugano, Luino, Orta, and home by Arona, Alessandria, and Genoa.

The weather is beautifully fine, and we are much enjoying our journey.

PALAZZO ORENGO,  
Wednesday evening, 23rd June, 1869.

We arrived here at three o'clock this afternoon, having left Genoa at nine yesterday morning by train to Savona, thence by carriage here, sleeping at Alassio; the weather very pleasant, with a fine fresh breeze in our faces and hot sun. I had made this journey before, but to Katharine it was new, and she much enjoyed seeing the various points of interest along the coast.

The seeds of Papaw are duly to hand and will be sown at once. The young plant sent before has been planted out



where the *Cherimolia* stood; it looks very likely to thrive. Mortola looks charming we both agreed as we walked down from the road to the house this afternoon; a little more burnt than when we left, but still plenty of verdure remaining. Water still runs in the bed of the torrent, so that I hope we shall be able to begin July with tanks brimful. After leaving so much cloud and rain at the Lago Maggiore the contrast here is very striking.

On Monday afternoon the railway from Arona conveyed us from pelting rain to brilliant sunshine in three hours, and it was curious to look back on the snow-covered Alps (there seems to be an unusual quantity of snow this year) from the sunny plains of Lombardy.

## SHANGHAI REVISITED.

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OUR voyage in the 'Scotia' from Liverpool to New York does not present many points of interest for our friends in England. We left the former port at noon on the 11th September; my Father and Mother, accompanied by Frederick Bower, coming to see us off. The following morning we were near Queenstown, but as the tender conveying the mails did not come off to our ship till 3.30 p.m. we had a weary time waiting, for, the harbour being rather full, Captain Judkins would not take the 'Scotia' in, but we kept steaming backwards and forwards before the entrance to the port for six hours, the wind blowing all this time very strongly off shore. The mails, consisting of eighty large sacks of letters and newspapers, and the passengers from Ireland being on board, we steamed off for Cape Clear, the rapidly increasing motion of the ship soon informing us we were getting among the huge waves of the broad Atlantic. During the night the wind increased to a gale, our vessel labouring heavily, making but little headway and shipping seas very often. About eight the next morning a tremendous wave struck the 'Scotia'; tons of water came on the deck with frightful force, one of the doors was burst in, the saloon partially flooded, and we greatly feared our sleeping cabins would be deluged. However, not much came in, though we were, in common with the other passengers, a good deal scared.

The poor men who were at the wheel steering suffered severely, the force of the water twisting the wheel round rapidly, breaking three fingers of one man and cutting the head of another. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday (13th, 14th and

15th) were days of great wretchedness for us. On the first two we could only remain in our berths groaning with sea-sickness, and fervently wishing ourselves on shore again. After Wednesday the weather improved very materially, and we had some sunny, pleasant days.

The 'Scotia' is a very fine paddle-wheel steamer of over 4000 tons burden; her commander, Captain Judkins, has been crossing the Atlantic nearly all his life, this being his three hundredth and eighty-first voyage; he is in his seventieth year, and a fine specimen of the British seaman. The number of passengers carried this voyage is about a hundred and fifty, who pay as passage money about £4000. The officers, crew, engineers, firemen, and stewards number a hundred and eighty-nine persons, and the provisioning of the ship for the voyage of eleven days costs £1000. A vast quantity of ice is carried, and the fresh meat, poultry, &c., is packed with this, so that it keeps perfectly well. We had some notabilities among our passengers as follows:—Mr. Duncan, the well-known New York banker; Mr. Gibbs, inventor of the celebrated sewing machine sold by "Wilcox & Gibbs"; he is a Southern American,\* an intelligent and original man; and Mrs. Scott Siddons, granddaughter of the famous Mrs. Siddons.

*21st September (evening).*—We shall be at Sandy Hook, the entrance to the bay of New York, to-morrow morning at daylight. The latter part of our voyage has been quite pleasant, the weather genial, and the sea calm.

We are both in good health, and send love and greetings to all our dear friends in England.

*22nd September.* Clarendon Hotel, New York.—The weather was drizzly and disagreeable this morning, and so we could not enjoy the beautiful view of the bay of New York which we should have had in coming from Sandy Hook, had it been fine. We only had to pay duty on one article at the Custom House and thus got through easily, and, taking a carriage, crossed the

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\* That is, from the Southern States, U.S.A.

river (carriage and all) from Jersey City, where the 'Scotia' landed, and reached this hotel about 1 p.m.

The first person I met in the hotel was a Mr. Bryans, whom I knew well when in China, and who has only this day arrived from that place; then several of our fellow-passengers from the 'Scotia' arrived, among others a Mr. and Mrs. Priestman, Friends from Bradford, who seemed to know Katharine's relatives well; then a Mr. Cheetham, who travelled out to Ceylon in the same steamer with me in 1858, and who was a friend of the late Henry Christy, and had a letter of introduction to me in 1858. I had quite forgotten him, but he recollected me.

The afternoon has been very wet, but I have been out to call on the gentleman from Shanghai (Mr. Hayes) whom I wished to meet here; he arrived a fortnight ago by the Union Pacific Railway, and gives a very good account of the route and accommodation.

New York is as bustling and busy a place as ever. Katharine thinks it more foreign-looking than she expected and the streets very badly paved; but the day has been very unfavourable for first impressions.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS,

Sunday evening, 26th September, 1869.

We left New York yesterday morning at 8.15 by the Albany boat on the Hudson River; the weather was fine, and we much enjoyed the beautiful views on this noble stream.

Leaving the steamboat at a little place called Tivoli we came on by rail to Albany, and, travelling through the night in one of the "sleeping cars," we reached this place soon after noon. We should have been here soon after 6 a.m., but were detained for several hours at a place called Rochester, waiting for another train. To-day has been very wet, but at sunset Katharine and I have managed to walk as far as the Falls.

Prince Arthur is at the Clifton House, a mile distant on the Canadian side.

The 'International' is a very large hotel, capable, I should

think, of accommodating three or four hundred guests. At present there are not more than one-third of that number here.

We hear there has been very stormy weather off the coast of England; a steamer that left Brest for New York about the time we left Liverpool has lost part of her bulwarks, and one or two Italian vessels, which we noticed gaily coming out of Cork harbour on the morning of the 12th, are reported as lost.

Five of our fellow-passengers by the 'Scotia,' most agreeable people, have travelled with us thus far, but we have parted company now as they are lodging on the Canadian side.

I sent you a New York 'Times' yesterday with an account of the extraordinary gold speculation which culminated the day previous; it is worth reading, for the annals of commerce hardly record anything so extraordinary and exciting—a fluctuation of thirty per cent. in a few hours.

*Boston, Tuesday evening, 28th September.*—We arrived here at 11 a.m. to-day, twenty-one hours from Niagara; a great change in the weather has occurred owing to a strong north-west wind that prevails. Last night there was a sharp white frost, but to-day has been sunny with a keen bracing air, so that we see Boston to great advantage.

I am not very well, having one of my attacks of spasmodic asthma, but I think I shall be better to-morrow.

We have been to present Dr. Asa Gray's letters of introduction, but his friends were not in town. We look to spending the rest of the week at Boston or in the neighbourhood. I prefer the place to New York.

ST. JAMES HOTEL, BOSTON,

1st October, 1869.

My asthma is better and has degenerated into a cough. I have lost much strength, and altogether feel quite middling, though I am daily improving. The weather is extremely agreeable, bright sunshine day after day, with pleasant cool breeze.

Yesterday we visited Mount Auburn, a celebrated cemetery four or five miles out of Boston; it is laid out in most excellent taste, the monuments are most of them in white marble, and not

often offensive in design or inscription; we were very much pleased with the place, and both Katharine and I agreed that we had seen no cemetery to equal it either in England or France.

On our way to Mount Auburn we passed by Harvard College and through Cambridge, which is a suburb of Boston.

To-day we go to Beverley, a little watering-place a few miles distant, by invitation from Dr. Asa Gray's friends there.

There are so many people in this city whom I know, even in the same hotel are two who have claimed acquaintance, and who knew me in China.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK,  
7th October, 1869.

My health has much improved since leaving Boston, which place evidently did not suit me. We came on to Providence on the 4th, and were received there in a most kind and hospitable manner by our fellow travellers in the 'Scotia.' Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe did all in their power to render our stay agreeable.

Providence is a thriving town of 70,000 inhabitants, in the State called Rhode Island. It is quite a manufacturing place, but clean and free from soot, owing to the very general use of anthracite coal, which emits scarcely any smoke. We went over a cotton mill, which looked neater and cleaner than a similar institution in Lancashire. We also visited the Screw Manufacturing Company's works, where we saw some very ingenious machinery. The company seems to supply the American continent with carpenter's screws, of which it turns out 18,000 gross per diem. Mr. Sharpe showed me his workshops; his business is chiefly in manufacturing the "Wilcox & Gibbs" sewing machines. The process would have interested Mama much, I think. Fine bold, rising ground overlooks the town of Providence, commanding extensive views in every direction; in this it is different from many American cities, which are too often built on nearly level ground.

This morning we have been most agreeably entertained by Dr. Squibb, of Brooklyn. He took us a long drive to Greenwood

Cemetery, the new park, and then through the best parts of the city. He is a kind man, between fifty and sixty years of age. His chemical works are most extensive and complete; they were put up at the time of the war, and his business is chiefly on Government account. Dr. Squibb has a charming house on Brooklyn Heights, commanding most extensive views of the City of New York, the bay, and its islands; his wife and children were not at home when we called.

To-morrow we go *viâ* Allentown, Harrisburg, and Pittsburg to Chicago. A great storm occurred on the 3rd and 4th, which is reported to have damaged the railroads in various quarters, but we hope the Pennsylvania Central, the one we travel by, may be restored to order.

The weather is very charming; we are both in health and enjoying ourselves.

This evening, at the hotel table, I sat next to Mr. Napier, of Glasgow, inventor of our coffee machine, and brother to Mrs. Wilkin, who was so kind to Ann and Lin.

SHERMAN HOUSE HOTEL, CHICAGO,

11th October, 1869.

We travelled right through from New York to this place; thirty-six hours without changing carriages, just the time it takes to reach Mortola from Clapham. If you will look at the map and see how short is the apparent distance between the two places, you will be able to realize what a long way we are yet from San Francisco, and how many weary hours of travel are before us ere we see the Pacific Ocean. The line of rail we took was *viâ* Allentown, Pittsburg, and Fort Wayne; thus passing through the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and into Illinois, in which Chicago is situated, at the south-western extremity of Lake Michigan. The first day was a very fine one, and the scenery through New Jersey and Pennsylvania really very pretty. We crossed the Susquehannah, a broad, muddy shallow river, and then followed the course of

the Juniata for about one hundred miles; both streams had been excessively flooded a few days before by a great storm, which appears to have done immense damage to property of every description. We could see the marks left by the receding waters on the sides of houses, often as high as the first floor; the railway, too, had been greatly damaged, and the line only just repaired sufficiently to enable trains to run. Our next day's travel, chiefly through Ohio, was not nearly so interesting; the weather was wet and cold. We passed through a country thickly wooded, with here and there a clearing, and wretched little wooden-built town or village, so that we were very glad to reach Chicago and rest ourselves at this comfortable hotel. Yesterday (Sunday) we went to church at a Presbyterian place of worship near by, and in the evening to a very large and splendid Unitarian church, to which Katharine had been particularly recommended by a lady who sat next her at table at breakfast, and who spoke of the minister as a very remarkable man. The building must have held 1000 or 1500, I should say, and was crammed in every part; when the service began, what was our astonishment to see, instead of the minister, this very lady, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, come forward and deliver "a lecture." It was most attentively listened to by all present. I called on Mr. Ebert here, and he has kindly accompanied us this morning in a long drive we have taken round the city. Americans always cite Chicago as the most remarkable instance, even in their progressive country, of rapid growth; thirty-five years ago it was merely a military post for trading and treating with the Indians. Twenty-eight years ago, when Ebert came here, it had increased to 8000 inhabitants, to-day it numbers at least 300,000, and is still rapidly on the increase. The English, Irish, and German element is very strong, and one hears a great deal of German spoken in the streets. The surrounding country is as level as that about Shanghai; all the houses are built upon piles, but that does not prevent the rearing of as noble structures as I have ever seen for shops and stores. There is one draper's shop near by that cost £75,000, and the owner is reported to be worth about two millions sterling. The richest man in the place, Mr.



Scamman, came here with nothing, and now returns his income to the Government at 120,000 dollars per annum. He is a Swedenborgian. This hotel accommodates four to five hundred guests; it is situated opposite the city hall, to the summit of which building we climbed, as it affords a fine view of Lake Michigan, the city, and surrounding country.

Admiral Farragut, who is the first in command of the U.S. Navy, is staying here, and is very dangerously ill. He is subject to heart complaint, and therefore it was very unwise in him to cross the continent from San Francisco, the rarity of the air at the top of the pass across the Rocky Mountains having greatly aggravated his malady. Ebert tells us there are two Fenian volunteer regiments here, and that the feeling among the numerous Irish is one of great bitterness against England.

Water for the supply of the town is pumped from the lake, a tunnel having been constructed under the bed of the lake, a distance of two and a half miles, so that the water may be obtained perfectly pure and uncontaminated by the sewerage.

There are some Friends here, we are told, who hold a small meeting; we were unfortunate in not discovering this fact yesterday, as it was not down among the printed list of places of worship in the city.

This morning I received Papa's and Mama's letters, dated 21st September, which it was a great pleasure to have.

To-morrow we go on to Omaha, on the River Missouri, crossing the Mississippi on the way. Omaha is four hundred and ninety-two miles distant from this, and it will take us twenty-four hours to reach it. I think we shall stay there at least a day before making our final plunge into the great desert, through which we must travel for about three days and nights without stopping.

OMAHA, STATE OF NEBRASKA,

Wednesday evening, 13th October, 1869.

We left Chicago yesterday morning, and reached this place at 8 a.m., after travelling for twenty-two hours, the distance being about five hundred miles. There are two lines of

railway between Chicago and Omaha ; one, the "Chicago and North-Western Railway," that we came by, the other called the "Chicago and Rock Island Railway." By reference to the map you will see that the first part of our route lay through the State of Illinois until the Mississippi was crossed and we got into Iowa. The River Missouri forms the boundary between Iowa and Nebraska, of which latter State Omaha is the capital. The weather was fine yesterday, and we greatly enjoyed our travel, having secured a section in one of the famous Pullman sleeping-cars. These railway carriages we found wonderfully easy and comfortable to travel in, especially if a place near the centre be secured ; that is, at a distance from the wheels which support the car at either end. There is much more spring than in an English railway carriage, and therefore one suffers less from jolting. An extra charge of three or four dollars per twenty-four hours is made for the use of these cars, but it is well worth this to secure the extra comfort. The country we passed through between Chicago and this place is a succession of vast plains and rolling prairies ; the land seems all taken up, but the population is evidently very sparse, and but a small proportion of the ground is as yet brought under cultivation. Iowa is a paradise for farmers, the soil is a rich black earth, requiring no manure, and capable, I should think, of raising enormous crops. It is also a country so nearly level and without stones or rocks, that ploughing and other agricultural operations can be carried on with great ease. We saw many fields of maize, but the other crops appeared to have been carried.

At night our Pullman car was heated by two stoves, each the size of a sack of flour, and the consequence was I suffered severely and did not sleep at all, the air being so excessively dry and hot as to produce an attack of asthma. Katharine, however, managed to sleep fairly well, and our fellow-travellers did not seem to be uncomfortably affected by what, to me, was excessively disagreeable. At daylight we were passing through an extensive marsh, in which were tens of thousands of wild duck and teal ; the noise of our train caused many to take wing, and

our engine-driver amused himself by firing at them with a fowling-piece as they rose.

At Council Bluffs, opposite Omaha, we left the cars, and taking an omnibus drove on to a ferry-boat, crossed the Mississippi, and soon found ourselves at breakfast at the 'Couzzins Hotel,' owned by George Francis Train, an American who made much stir in London some time ago by laying down a tramway in the Westminster Bridge Road, and who afterwards was arrested in Ireland as a Fenian sympathiser.

*14th.*—We are staying here to-day to rest, and have made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. C. Lyall Grant, who are on their way from China to England. They are very pleasant people, and know many whom I am acquainted with in China. They have been travelling in company with young Sam Mendel, who went on to Chicago yesterday; I am sorry thus to have missed him. We must have been within a few yards of each other!

Mr. and Mrs. Grant have given us the fullest information about the route, the desirable places to visit, &c. I fear we cannot accomplish the Yosemite Valley, as it is necessary to allow ten days for the trip from San Francisco, and if we rest between here and that place, at Laramie and Salt Lake City, we should not have time, I fear, to go to the valley.

Omaha is named after an Indian tribe frequenting these parts. It is a thriving little town of 20,000 inhabitants, owing its prosperity largely to the making of the Union Pacific Railway; that being now completed, and the great expenditure on the works having ceased, trade is reported as dull. Vacant lots of land in the town are held, however, for extreme prices, and rent is said to be very high. The weather is bitterly cold to-day, with a strong wind from the north-west. Mr. Grant has gone to shoot wild turkeys and prairie hens with some sportsmen from the town. The prairie hen is a bird of the grouse tribe, in plumage very like the grey hen of our English moors; it is good eating, but has not so fine a flavour as grouse.

TOWNSEND HOUSE HOTEL, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,  
Monday, 18th October, 1869.

We arrived here last evening after the roughest stage ride from Uintah, where we left the Union Pacific Railway, that I have ever experienced. To-morrow morning we have to undergo a like shaking and jolting for four hours; the distance is twenty-eight miles, and for the greater portion of the way the road is a simple track across the country, six inches deep in fine powdery soil that rises in clouds of dust.

My last letter was from Omaha, the capital of Nebraska; there we took tickets for San Francisco (cost \$111, distance 1900 miles) by the Union Pacific Railway to Promontory, thence per Central Pacific Railway to San Francisco, with permission to stay as often and as long at places on the road, as we desired.

And now to describe the route. If you can imagine a vast grassy plain, the grass about two feet high, of a deep autumnal russet brown, and extending as far as the horizon in every direction, no break of any kind, no trees, no hills, nothing but coarse brown grass everywhere, you will have some idea of our first day's ride through Nebraska. The soil is evidently extremely rich, judging by the appearance presented at the side of the railway, and I should imagine half the farmers in England, if transported to the State, would find ample scope for their industry; but thus far hardly the slightest effort has yet been made to possess the land, far less to cultivate it. The railway company owns five miles on either side of the line, given by the Government, and the portion of this land nearest Omaha they are beginning to sell at equal to fifteen shillings per acre.

We left Omaha on the morning of the 15th, and the next morning took breakfast at Cheyenne, five hundred and sixteen miles distant. The scenery here was the same as on the preceding day, vast plains stretching as far as the eye could reach, and covered with sage brush (a species of *Artemisia*, I believe); at places the country was more undulating and rocky. We

realized to the full that we were far away from civilization when we saw a wolf quietly looking at the train as we were getting out of our beds in the morning.

Although the country is seemingly a vast plain, perfectly level for the first five hundred miles after leaving Omaha, in reality there is an average rise of about ten feet to the mile, so that on the morning of the 16th my aneroid showed that we were over 6000 ft. above the level of the sea. We still continued to ascend until we reached the little station of Sherman, which is the highest railway station in the world, being 8235 ft. above the level of the sea. I quite expected it would have been pinchingly cold at such an elevation, but, on the contrary, the sun shone brightly, the air was intensely clear and pure, and the temperature quite warm enough to be pleasant. Later on I took it accurately in the shade, and found it 65° at an elevation of 7000 ft. ; yet during the night it froze, as we saw ice on puddles near the stations. We hoped to have seen some buffalo on the plains, but were disappointed ; the nearest approach was the portion of a carcase of one that had recently been killed. As our train sped along, however, we were gratified by the sight of numerous antelopes, beautiful graceful creatures, scampering along at a great speed, or, if more distant, quietly grazing ; occasionally we spied a wolf sneaking along.

The prairie dogs also amused us ; they are funny little fellows, half rabbit, half squirrel, in appearance and size, and sit erect near their burrows, often stroking their faces with their fore paws. Towards evening of the 16th our train came to a standstill far away from any station, the supply pipe conveying the water from the tender to the engine having broken or worn out. A wilder or more desolate spot in which to pass the night it is impossible to conceive ; however, as the fire was put out and there seemed no prospect of moving, most of the passengers, and ourselves among the rest, went to bed, and were just getting to sleep when we felt the train again in motion.

At places called "Medicine Bow" and "Carbon," coal of excellent quality has been found this year ; this is being actively mined, and the coal-fields are said to extend for many

miles. This is of the greatest advantage to the railway company, for otherwise the cost of transporting fuel for their engines would have been an almost insuperable barrier to their success.

We saw the large grouse called prairie chicken repeatedly, also wild geese and ducks. The elk is found in this region, and we saw the antlers at some of the stations.

The morning of the 17th found us still whirling away westward at an elevation of about 7000 ft., and among the Wahsatch range of mountains. It was not till we reached this range that we saw any really fine scenery, but the gorges known as Echo Canyon and Weber Canyon, with mountains, some of them snow-capped, rising on either side, are grand in the extreme. Clever engineering is necessary here, and we crossed foaming torrents on wooden bridges that creaked and groaned as our train thundered over. At 3 p.m. we left the train at Uintah; a branch railway is now being constructed by the Mormons from Uintah to Salt Lake City, which it is expected will be opened by the end of the year.

To-day we have been walking about the city, first to the great tabernacle, constructed to hold nine thousand persons; a gallery is to be added to accommodate three thousand more, and a new and splendid church is being built close by for the "rites of the church." We have seen the university, and been much astonished at the ability displayed by the professors and the intelligence and forwardness of the scholars. I have had long chats with one of the newspaper editors and with a gentleman who is attempting silk culture here; and, lastly, we have had an interesting interview with Brigham Young and his eldest son, who received us very kindly. The position of the city is strikingly picturesque. It is surrounded on three sides by snow-clad mountains, the highest of which rises 13,000 ft. above the sea; some snow remains all the year round, and the Mormons ingeniously apply the streams to the purposes of irrigation, first allowing them to run through the streets of the city.

The following article appeared in a newspaper the next day :—

CHINA—ITS SILK AND TEA TRADE.

We had a very pleasant call yesterday from Thomas Hanbury, Esq., silk merchant, Shanghai, China, with a residence at Ventimiglia, Italy, who was passing through with his lady on his way back to China.

We obtained much information from Mr. Hanbury, in a conversation concerning China, its people, and trade—the silk trade especially. He went to Shanghai in 1853, and has conducted business there most of the time since. The silk is grown in the country, reeled by the natives and brought into Shanghai, where it is baled for the export market. Previous to the rebellion, the exports had reached 90,000 bales annually, each bale weighing one hundred and six pounds; but immediately after the rebellion it dropped down to 40,000 bales, many of the people who had been engaged in the industry having been killed by the rebels. Since then it has grown until it now reaches about 50,000 bales, worth there over thirty millions of dollars. Most of this is shipped to London, though a considerable quantity goes to Lyons; but the Lyons manufacturers are not able to compete with the London speculators in the China market, and hence are compelled to buy large quantities in London.

The sale of eggs from China is but limited, they mostly coming from Japan to supply France and Italy. In his recent travels through the north of Italy and southern France, Mr. Hanbury saw the announcement of these eggs for sale in almost every little village, but especially in Italy.

It would have been gratifying could a gentleman of Mr. Hanbury's experience have seen and examined the silk grown in Utah, and expressed his opinion on its quality. He was pleased to learn that the cultivation of mulberry trees had received so much attention here.

The opening of the Yangtsekiang River to the foreign trade, in consequence of the treaties, has not operated so beneficially to the mercantile community as was expected. Before that time the Chinese packed the teas away in the interior, some six

hundred or seven hundred miles from Shanghai, and as it took some two months' time for them to be brought to that city, they had to be very carefully packed. Now large steamers, built upon the American principle, navigate the river that distance, and bring the teas from the districts where they are gathered; and not being packed with the same care, they deteriorate greatly before reaching the English market, entailing much loss upon those engaged in the trade. In 1853 sixty-five millions of pounds of tea were exported to Britain; while in the present year a hundred and forty millions of pounds have been exported. Of this quantity about a hundred millions of pounds have been consumed in Britain, and the rest has been again exported, a considerable quantity of it going to Russia, which has been principally supplied from London for some time.

Mr. Hanbury gave us some interesting statistics concerning the amount of tea consumed by the people of various countries. While America consumes at the rate of about a pound a head for its population, England consumes three and a half pounds a head; and Australia shows its predilection for the beverage by using twelve pounds per person.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury expect to leave San Francisco by the 4th of November mail; and, it is probable, will have the company of Herr Koopmanshaap, who is endeavouring to introduce coolie labour into the Southern States. We wish the lady and gentleman a pleasant voyage.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,

22nd October, 1869.

My last letter was posted at Uintah, and gave a slight account of our visit to Salt Lake City. We were well satisfied to have accomplished this excursion, although the jolting of the stage across a rough country was no joke, and we were indeed glad when our destination was reached.

As to the peculiar institution of polygamy, which renders the Mormons famous, or rather notorious, throughout the world, I have not a great deal to say, and having lived from 1853 till 1866 among polygamists, I daresay I look on it in a more matter



of fact way than most people in England would. Suffice it to say that the Mormons argue the matter entirely on Scriptural grounds, and maintain most strongly that God directly signified His approval of polygamy to Abraham, Jacob, and others; that our Saviour not having expressly forbidden it, the institution should remain, and there is nothing sinful in it. I have posted a pamphlet to Dan in which the matter is argued out at length from the Mormon point of view, and in the same pamphlet I have enclosed Vice-President Colfax's speech on the subject at Salt Lake City, by which you will see he argues against the institution and condemns it by quoting from the Book of Mormon.

The climate of Salt Lake City is subject to great variations; in summer it is very hot and dry, in winter the winds are often piercingly cold. Rain falls chiefly in March and October, but then there is no great quantity, so that but for the streams flowing from the mountains, which are fed by the melting snow, the Mormons would be badly off for water, and the soil would produce nothing. The great Salt Lake is a vast and shallow piece of water, so intensely briny that the water is said to yield over 20 per cent. of salt on evaporation. The Mormons say that, owing to more rain having fallen of late years, it has risen some eight feet. There is a picturesque mountainous island in the lake where horses have become wild and live in numbers.

The Mormon question is a great deal debated in the United States, and public feeling is very decidedly against permitting the continuance of the present system, but how to put it down is the question. A man if arrested for polygamy would be tried of necessity by a Mormon judge and jury, and certainly acquitted. The Mormons see this, and are increasingly anxious to keep their city and country to themselves; for this reason they seek to discourage "gentile" traders in every way. Co-operative Mormon stores are opened in all parts of the town for the sale of every article at cost price, and the Mormon elders exhort the people

Holiness to the Lord  
  
 Zion's  
 Co-operative Store

strongly to make all their purchases at these stores. Over the shop door is the above device. The meaning of the eye is not very clear ; scoffers say it is for those among the Mormons who cannot read.

On the morning of the 19th we left Salt Lake City and came in the stage twenty-eight miles to Uintah, where we again took the Union Pacific Railroad and came to Promontory where the U.P.R. joins the Central Pacific Railway. There had been quite a severe storm during the preceding night at Uintah ; I tried to buy some postage stamps, but found the postmaster on the ruins of the post office ; he said it was out of his power to supply me, as, during the night, house letters and postage stamps had " all been blown away."

We secured a comfortable sleeping-car on the Central Pacific Railway at Promontory, and continued our journey westward ; the night was beautifully fine, and the full moon showed us the country on either side of the railway, often white with alkali and covered with the never-ending dull, greyish-green sage brush.

The morning of the 20th found us bowling away westward through the Humboldt Valley, the mountain range bearing the same name on either side of us. We now first saw Chinamen in numbers working on the railway ; they are all southern men from Canton, Hongkong, or those parts, and mostly dressed in European or semi-European style. At the stations where we stopped there were Indians (Utes and Shosones), men and women and children ; lazy, miserable-looking creatures, dressed in blankets or left-off European clothes ; some were selling pine seeds, and the rest begged for anything they thought the passengers would give them. At Elko we saw the stage coaches for " White Pine," a new city that has just started into being, owing to the proximity of extensive silver mines. The ride this day has not been particularly interesting, no traces of cultivation anywhere, only vast expanses of sage brush and mountains in the distance ; at one place we saw immense droves of cattle coming through a pass in the mountains ; they were being driven by men on horse-back, and we were told came from Texas and were on the way to California. The line of animals extended for miles, and the men

seemed to have no easy task in keeping such a number of semi-wild creatures in any sort of control. Again, sleeping in the cars, we were roused before five o'clock on the morning of the 21st with the announcement that we were approaching the summit of the pass through which the railway passes the famous Sierra Nevada range of mountains. My aneroid showed an elevation of over 7,000 ft., but as the line here for more than thirty miles is protected by a snow-shed, it was very occasionally we could catch glimpses of the surrounding scenery, and then how different from anything we had seen before! The snow was falling, and had covered the mountains and spread a mantle of white on the gigantic fir trees that clothed their sides. We just caught sight of the Donner lake near the summit, so called from a family of that name, frozen to death in attempting to cross into California some few years since.

It was in crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains that the engineers of the railway encountered the greatest difficulties, but they have been surmounted nobly, and the line is as smooth and well-laid as can be wished. We trembled and held our breath certainly at one or two most awful looking chasms that are crossed at an immense height by wooden trestle bridges, but although these creaked as we passed, I daresay they have been well tested and are sufficiently secure; the track descends 6000 ft. in seventy-five miles, so you may judge the grades are at places quite steep for railway travelling. We greatly enjoyed the splendid views of the mountains and magnificent forest scenery after getting clear of the snow-sheds until our arrival at Sacramento. The little stream called the "America" runs in a valley overlooked at several points by the railway, and at one place the line runs along a ledge on the mountain, at the side of which is an almost perpendicular descent of about 2000 ft. to the little river below. After passing Sacramento and Stockton we reached the bay of San Francisco just after dark, and crossed in a gigantic steam ferry-boat; the distance across the bay is about five miles.

San Francisco is a larger city than I had supposed; it is built on a succession of sandhills, near the entrance to the bay

which it faces, and thus is back to the Pacific Ocean. The steamer 'America' arrived here from Japan and China the day before we reached this place. Mr. Seward, the United States Consul for Shanghai, and Mr. Markham, the British Consul for Chefoo, came in her. Both these gentlemen are old friends of mine, and thus I was very glad to meet them here.

To-day Katharine and I have been over the 'America' and seen the cabins we are to occupy. The steamer exceeds any I have ever travelled by, and we look to being very comfortable. Enclosed is an account of the 'America,' cut from a local newspaper. Having several letters of introduction here I have made many calls, and to-morrow we are invited to the house of a gentleman who lives in the country about eighteen miles distant. We had quite intended visiting the famous Yosemite Valley, but as it appears that at least ten days are requisite, that the journey is very fatiguing, and that, moreover, there is some chance of being snowed up, we have decided to abandon the idea of going, and to content ourselves with making a shorter excursion to the Geysers, which are much more accessible.

Judging by the vegetation here the climate must be quite genial and agreeable. Roses, Jasmine, Geraniums, Chrysanthemums are in flower, and many gardens round the houses look pretty.

We both send dear love to all our friends in England, desiring that both these letters (K.'s and mine) may be read by those who consider it worth while to do so.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,  
25th October, 1869.

We are greatly enjoying our stay here. Yesterday we went by invitation to the house of Mr. Ralston, at San Mateo, about eighteen miles distant by railway. Mr. R. is a rich man, manager of the Bank of California; he has a large and splendid house, and lives in great style. The country round San Mateo is quite pretty, a range of hills shutting out the view of the Pacific; on the lower lands is park-like scenery, with oak and fir

trees, and the country houses of the San Francisco gentry scattered about. The apples and pears are magnificent, and in such abundance that we saw bushels of the finest fruit lying rotting on the ground, no one considering it worth while to gather them up. What pleased me more than anything else was to see some charming little humming birds, of a brilliant metallic green with purple throats; they looked about the size of the largest sphinx moths, and their movements on the wing, in visiting flower after flower and extracting the honey with their long bills, resembled exactly these moths. The charming little creatures were much tamer than the ordinary birds, and when we stood quite quiet they perched on the bushes within a yard of us. If we could only get some to Mortola they would live there perfectly well, I believe.

This afternoon Mr. Albert Gansl, a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, took us a drive in his light waggonette, drawn by a pair of very fast trotting horses, to the entrance of the harbour, a distance of seven and a half miles; there a convenient hotel has been erected, the 'Cliff House,' overlooking the broad expanse of the Pacific. Two or three hundred yards from the hotel are some rocks rising abruptly from the sea; these rocks are the abode of hundreds of sea birds, and dozens of sea lions, huge, uncouth, seal-like monsters, as big as crocodiles; they crawl and flap about on the rocks, ascending to the very summit, a height of perhaps seventy or eighty feet; they make a loud and almost continuous noise, something between a bark and a growl.

It is forbidden under a heavy penalty to shoot them, and a more interesting spectacle of curious wild animals in a natural state I have never seen.

The weather here is charming, bright sun and pleasant temperature; though occasionally a heavy cold fog comes in from the Pacific, which must be very trying to people with weak lungs.

All the important items of London news are published here in the following morning's paper.

SAN FRANCISCO,

30th October, 1869, Saturday evening.

This place is about 6300 miles from London in a direct line, or half way to Shanghai, but when we arrive at the latter place we shall then be only about that distance in a straight line, the other way about from London, so that were it possible to travel direct through Mongolia and Siberia by railway, an English express train would convey us in ten days back again.

Since I last wrote we have been a delightful excursion into the country, to some remarkable hot springs called Geysers. We took steamer on the afternoon of the 26th, in a north-easterly direction, to the end of the bay of San Francisco; in an hour and a half we reached Vallejo, a great naval station, where there are large Government works. From Vallejo we proceeded *via* the Napa Valley to Callistoga by the railway. Callistoga is a fashionable watering-place celebrated for its hot springs. The following morning, at sunrise, we took the stage for Foss's Station, eighteen miles distant; the stage was an open waggon of slight but very strong make, with good springs, seats across in three tiers, and four swift horses to draw it. We started off at full gallop, and in three hours were at our destination; the road, though much better than that to Salt Lake City, could hardly be called more than a track; although I must say that at least half the streams had bridges. We had been told that Mr. Foss was the most wonderful driver in all that part of the country, and that the road between his station and the Geysers needed very strong nerves in those about to travel by it. Mr. Foss was absent when we arrived, and it seemed evident we should have to spend the day at the station, a small wooden house with a parlour, dining-room, kitchen, and six bedrooms, all on the ground floor. The weather was lovely, and very much like what is experienced at Mortola at this time of year. Our fellow traveller, Mr. Lehmann, a German, long resident in England, accompanied us for a walk in the surrounding country, which is highly picturesque, and almost in its original state of wildness. Mr. Foss and party made their

appearance in the afternoon, and we were told that we could start early the following morning. We were much amused, and I may say instructed, in studying the domestic arrangements at Foss's Station. About three thousand persons pass the station on their way to the Geysers during the season; all these have to be fed, and a great many stay there for the night, as we did, yet all the cooking, washing, bed-making, and most of the waiting, is performed by one clever American woman, who really seemed to get through the work of any half-dozen ordinary mortals; she has not even a girl to assist her, yet the meals she prepared for us were excellent, and the bread also was good. She was not, however, to be forced to do anything she considered unnecessary, and having dined late, she decided that tea afterwards was unnecessary for us; in vain Mr. Lehmann and I tried by turns to coax her into making some for us. She declared she was too busy with her ironing, so we had to retire without any.

Next morning we started for the Geysers in a waggon with four horses, driven by a Mr. Gevin, an experienced whip; the distance is called twelve miles; I am at a loss for words to describe the road, or rather track, across the mountain, but can safely say that, unless I had myself travelled by the road, I should scarcely have believed that anyone would have attempted to take a vehicle into such places. At one spot we drove into a stream with huge boulders, the water nearly reaching to the bottom of the vehicle; then we plunged into a thick wood, the track leading in and out among huge trees and brushwood that rubbed against the horses as we pushed through. The "Hog's back" is the highest part, and the view from this is really magnificent, mountains being seen in every direction, at a distance of twenty to thirty miles, some rising to the height of 5000 ft.; at one particular point of the "Hog's back" the waggon passes along a narrow ridge with not more than a foot to spare, and on either side a precipice of 500 ft. We were told that Foss, after galloping his six horses (he generally drives six) to this spot, pulls up, and coolly says, "Now this is the only dangerous part of the road; we will have a drink here," yet he has driven the stage for nine years without an accident.

From the "Hog's back" to the Geysers is a frightful-looking descent through the woods, said to be 2000 ft. in two miles; probably this is a slight exaggeration, yet at places the grades appeared to me to be one in four, like driving straight down Box Hill. The whole road may perhaps be best likened to that which leads to Badalucca, and parts are as impossible-looking for a vehicle as the path from Mortola to Ciotti.

The Geysers are in a most lovely cañon, rich with luxuriant vegetation; a small Swiss-like hotel has been built for the accommodation of guests, and here we were received by a broken-down "Hamburg merchant," who acted as guide, waiter, and bar-keeper, and by a young lady of colour who was chambermaid, and who claimed us at once as countrymen, for she said she was "English and from Jamaica."

The Geysers are in a gorge at the side of the cañon; taking our ideas from the written accounts of those in Iceland, we were disappointed, for no water is shot into the air, but as hot springs they are very remarkable. The extraordinary variety of minerals found in a small area surprised us. Sulphur, iron, alum, copperas, magnesia, were in great abundance; Epsom salts adhered to the surface of the rock in some places. Water in a boiling state, and strongly impregnated with one or more of these minerals, issued from the hillside at many places; and beneath we could hear the noise as of vast caldrons of water boiling most actively; the steam rushed out at apertures in the rock with the noise of an engine letting off steam.

The weather all day having been perfect, we returned to Foss's Station extremely well pleased with our excursion.

The wild animals found in the neighbourhood of the Geysers are the grizzly, small, and cinnamon bears, deer, hares, and two kinds of rabbits. We saw great numbers of what they call quail, but which are nearly as large as a partridge, and resemble the Virginian Colin (see "Yarrell").

Our companion wishing to be back early in San Francisco, we started the next morning at 4 a.m., two hours and a half before daylight; the morning was foggy, and having no lamps, we were a little apprehensive of mishap; our driver, however,



was confident, and he brought us in safety to Callistoga, along a road where I should scarcely like to drive the quietest of horses in broad daylight. Taking the cars and steamer we reached San Francisco about noon.

There has been a frightful accident on the Union Pacific Railway, by the very train we travelled by only ten days before.

The steamer 'America,' we hear, will have many passengers, nearly all the staterooms being already engaged. Our room is in the very best part of the vessel, so I think we ought to be comfortable.

We had quite intended to have made another excursion into the country, but have been advised not to go to the big trees in Calaveras county, for rain is now expected, and in case it poured heavily while we were there, it is quite possible we could not get back in time to embark on the 4th prox.

SAN FRANCISCO,

1st November, 1869, Monday.

I posted a letter yesterday to Papa, and began a few lines to you to be posted just before we leave this.

By the hands of Mr. Frederick Lehmann I have sent you a series of views and descriptions of Salt Lake City and environs, and by Mr. John Markham, H.M. Consul, Chefoo, China, some seeds I collected on our trip to the Geysers, *viz.*, of the "Madrona" (*Arbutus Menziesii*) and the "Manzanita" (*Arctostaphylos glauca*). The first is one of the most beautiful evergreen trees I have ever seen, with bright green leaves and red wood branches which shed their bark once a year. The other most common trees that we saw were several kinds of oak, including the "Shrub Oak," the Californian bay (*Oreodaphne californica*), the leaves more elongated and narrower than our bay; and *Æsculus californica* (the Buck-eye), bearing seed-vessels resembling figs. The "Poison Oak" (*Rhus toxicodendron*) is common in many places. Opuntias and Cacti seem to flourish well in the open air; in fact, the climate is

so delicious and the soil so good that almost anything will grow. At Callistoga fine healthy Palm-trees were growing in the open air, apparently *Chamærops Fortunei*. Here, at San Francisco, strawberries grown in the open air are found in the market all the year round; oranges, lemons, and citrons from Los Angeles, in the southern part of the State; and the finest apples and pears I have ever seen. We are taking over to Shanghai ten good-sized boxes of apples, which I have no doubt will prove acceptable presents to my friends. I am also about to purchase two riding horses for Katharine and myself to use at Shanghai; horse exercise being particularly advisable, especially in the hot weather. It may seem very strange to you to take horses across the ocean for over a month, trans-shipping them at Yokohama, and conveying them altogether a distance of 6500 miles, yet it is not so formidable as it seems, the 'America' being such a very fine vessel. Four other horses belonging to people I know are being sent by the same boat, and the man who goes to look after them will also attend to mine. The first cost will be \$500, freight \$200, other expenses perhaps \$100; thus they stand me in \$800 at Shanghai, or £80 each, which, if they do not die, and turn out satisfactorily, will not be too dear.

The cost of everything at San Francisco is enormous, always, however, excepting food. This is owing to the high price of labour, and the fact that as yet there are no manufactures in California; the cheapness of food is explained by the extraordinary fertility of the soil, the splendid climate, and the large tracts of country that are still to be purchased at from £1 to £2 per acre. The restrictive tariff and excessively heavy duties imposed, I consider a lamentable mistake and a great drag on the progress of the country. California would, in my opinion, develop with threefold speed if independent, and not weighted by enormous taxation as at present, if free trade were adopted, and if the Chinese were encouraged to settle and become citizens.

The 'Occidental' is a splendid hotel, and compares well with the best in New York or London; we have a most

comfortable and pleasant room and pay \$6 per day for us two = 24s. 6d., which includes meals and everything else. The American plan I think so superior, as it prevents the possibility of disputes, and one is not troubled with bills, improper charges for service, wax candles, &c. The other evening we took a drive for two hours in a light trotting waggon and pair of horses to the Cliff House on the shore of the Pacific and close by the entrance of the harbour. It was very pleasant, but the charge made was so enormous that we decided not again to indulge. The bill was \$15, so that including turnpike, &c., our two hours' drive cost us in English money 66s. 6d. Tell it not on the cab stand at the 'Plough'; whisper it not at the 'Windmill'!

*3rd.*—I have just received notes from Papa and Mama dated Ilfracombe, 15th October. I am very glad not to miss these; they have come through very quickly or we should have left before they arrived; 12th October was the last day I gave you for writing. The parents express concern at my attack of asthma. I am glad to say I have had no return, and incline to think Boston did not suit me.

To-morrow at noon we start in the 'America'; yesterday I was on board and inspected the arrangements for the accommodation of the twelve hundred Chinese we are to carry; they will be tolerably comfortable, I think, and of course separate from the European passengers. The vessel will make a very large freight, and I should think the company must be earning money, though, owing to the successful completion of the railway across the continent and consequent diminution of the traffic *via* Panama, the shares have declined in eight months from 120 to 55.

The following is what I estimate the steamer 'America' will earn this voyage:—

	\$
80 first-class passengers @ \$304 ... ..	24,320
1200 Chinese " @ \$45 ... ..	54,000
2000 tons cargo @ \$15 per ton ... ..	30,000
	<hr/>
@ 4s. 1d. per \$ = £22,115	<u>\$108,320</u>

This is irrespective of a heavy Government subsidy for carrying the mails, which I believe is \$500,000 per annum.

San Francisco is no longer the lawless place it used to be; perfect security for life and property is enjoyed. The agent for Messrs. Rothschild told me he is in the habit of sending waggon-loads of treasure about the city under charge of a single man without guard or escort, a thing that he could not do with the same impunity in London.

I would rather live in Shanghai, I think, than here; the great drawback is the absence of any place in the immediate neighbourhood where a pleasant walk can be enjoyed. The city is built on a succession of sandhills, some of which are so entirely sandy as not to support vegetation of any kind; then dense and wetting fogs roll in from the Pacific almost daily as the sun sets, continue all night, and only disappear by 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning; a few miles off these fogs are unknown, and if the city had been built on the other side of the bay, it would have escaped them in large measure.

You will, I presume, receive this letter about the 25th December, and as we are not due in Shanghai till the 9th December, it will be about two months before you receive the next.

*4th November.*—A splendid morning, no wind, so we shall make a good start.

S.S. 'AMERICA,'

10th November, 1869,

Pacific Ocean.

We find that the captain is aiming at meeting in mid-ocean the steamer now on her way from Yokohama to San Francisco, and if we are so fortunate as to see her, and it be calm enough, a boat will be lowered, and we shall be able to forward our correspondence, so that you may receive this a month hence.

It is necessary to traverse this ocean as we are doing to realize its immensity—day succeeds day, and week follows week, with no land in sight, although we are running over two hundred

miles every twenty-four hours—nothing but the expanse of the heavens above and the dreary waste of waters around. Then this is an ocean without ships; we saw one or two the day we left San Francisco, but since then no sail has appeared, and we do not expect to see any vessels, except the steamer alluded to above, till we reach the coast of Japan, three weeks hence. I have never, in all my voyagings, been in a position so apparently helpless; for in case any accident happened it would be almost useless to take to the boats at a distance of 1500 or 2000 miles from land; then, as we have over twelve hundred souls on board, only a proportion could in any case be saved. These are dismal calculations, and we shall not doubt being preserved and brought to land in safety. The 'America' is, I think I may say, the most comfortable vessel I have ever travelled in; we have a good airy cabin, a striking contrast to that on the 'Scotia,' the saloon is airy and lofty, a library is provided, a good piano, and a cosy little drawing-room on the upper deck; and everything is kept scrupulously clean and tidy. The Chinese passengers are very quiet and orderly, and do not annoy us in any way.

The head stewards are half castes, having under them a number of Chinese who do the waiting; the cooking is very fair, and, as the ship carries a good supply of animals, we have plenty of fresh provisions.

Our fellow-passengers are, as usual, a mixture of all sorts. I will give you a list of some we have got acquainted with.

Dr. Simmons, an American medical man, going with wife and child to Yokohama, where he has before been resident.

Mr. Mestern, a German, resident at Canton as a merchant for some years; has been to Europe, and there married a very charming young German lady who cannot speak English. She sits at table next Katharine, and they have quite struck up a friendship.

Mr. Schellhass, a German, going to Shanghai, where he is book-keeper to a firm who are my tenants there.

General Tom Thumb and wife.

Commodore Nutt.

Miss Minnie Warren; another dwarf (name unknown); and

numerous staff, probably a dozen persons in all, going for a tour in Japan, China, India and Australia, to make as much money by exhibiting themselves as they can. They are affable and pleasant little specimens of humanity, but the men who manage the show are a coarse set of low fellows.

Mr. Vivian (of the Cornish family), Englishman travelling for pleasure.

\* \* \* \* \*

My horses are alive and well, and I see no reason to doubt that they will reach Shanghai in safety.

Our course since leaving San Francisco was first south-west until we reached the 30th parallel of latitude, along which we proceed in a straight line, until we near Japan, when we again go more northward to reach Yokohama, which is in latitude 36°. The reason for thus running south of the direct course is to get into a better climate with calmer weather. The temperature now is about 76° in the daytime, which is quite as warm as we care to have it. Thus far we have not had the sea either very calm or very rough; in a smaller vessel I have no doubt we should have suffered severely from sea-sickness, but the 'America' is so large a vessel, and withal behaves so well in a seaway, we have not much to complain of, though we shall be well pleased again to set foot on shore.

*12th.*—We continue to jog on our way westwards; every day there is a long swell, though but little wind; this our nautical friends on board account for by supposing there is heavy weather and storms ten degrees north, and consequently we try to congratulate ourselves on our luck in taking the southern route.

*13th, Saturday evening.*—We have had a fair wind to-day, and in consequence have progressed better. The rate at the best, however, is very moderate, and would not be tolerated on the Atlantic; the average scarcely exceeds two hundred miles in the twenty-four hours in weather in which a first-class screw steamer would make three hundred, but then the 'America' only consumes thirty-five tons of coal per twenty-four hours,

against a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty tons consumed by the 'Scotia.'

I think I have nothing further of interest to add at the present time; ocean voyages are always monotonous, and one cannot make something out of nothing, with which sapient remark I will conclude.

*26th.*—After all this letter could not be sent, as we failed to see the steamer from Yokohama, so I hope to send it by the next one, which leaves that port for San Francisco, I believe, on the 1st prox. We are now in lat. 29°30' N., long. 154°30' E. A week ago we passed the 180th parallel, exactly opposite to Greenwich; we now therefore reckon so many degrees east instead of west of that place, for the same reason, and to make our calendar right we last week skipped one day, going from Friday to Sunday without observing Saturday the 20th. This seems a strange proceeding to those who have never been round the world before.

The weather continues pleasantly mild, so that it is agreeable to sit on deck without a greatcoat. To-morrow we alter our course more northward to go towards Yokohama, where we hope to arrive on the morning of the 30th.

T. H.

*Yokohama, December 1st.*—We arrived here yesterday, and are lodging on shore at the hotel. The S.S. 'New York,' which will take us to Shanghai, leaves to-day at 4 p.m.

Mr. Ortman was here last week, but has gone to Hakodade. Mr. Kingdon and Mr. Schwabe have received us kindly.

SHANGHAI, 15th December, 1869.

We posted our last letters at Yokohama on the 1st inst. to go by the steamer leaving for San Francisco the day following; I trust you would receive those letters not later than the 15th January; this will go the other way about, *viz.*, *viâ* Hong Kong, Ceylon, and Suez, and should be delivered a fortnight later.

We enjoyed ourselves at Yokohama very much indeed. I

met several kind friends, Messrs. Kingdon, Schwabe, Howell, Rickerby, and Walsh, who did all they could to render our stay agreeable. We also saw Sir Harry S. Parkes for a few minutes. Mr. W. G. Howell, who, you will recollect, went out in the same steamer with me in 1853, is about to purchase and become editor of the 'Japan Times,' a weekly paper; he had entered into partnership with his brother Alfred at the northern port of Hakodade, but found the place quite too small and dull for his genius, so quickly abandoned it. Yokohama has considerably grown since I was there in the spring of 1865 and seems to flourish, although the merchants are constantly complaining of bad trade and heavy losses. The English and French still consider it necessary to keep a rather large force, both military and naval, at the place. We devoted the larger portion of our time to wandering about the Japanese town, and soon found our last reserve of money changed into silk crape, porcelain jars, and such like things. On the afternoon of the 1st Dec. Mrs. T. Walsh, an American lady, took us a drive in her carriage to "the bluff" on which are the English and French camps; from thence we went on further into the country and had a fine view of the Bay of Yedo; unfortunately it was not clear enough to see very far, and Fusiyama was completely hidden.

By 9 p.m. on the 1st we were steaming down the Bay of Yedo in the 'New York,' a comfortable American side-wheel boat of about 2200 tons burden, commanded by Captain Furbey. The sea was calm on the 2nd, and we had a distant view of Fusiyama in the early morning, and by 7 a.m. the following morning we anchored at Hiogo, in the Inland Sea; this place has been opened to foreign trade only two years; it is twenty miles distant from Osaka, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, but which place is difficult of access for foreign vessels. Hiogo and Kobe are separated only by a creek, but the port is usually known by the former name, though it is a fact that the Foreign Settlement is actually at Kobe. The situation is exceedingly picturesque, and so strikingly like Mentone that I need only say that the chief difference in the general aspect is that the hills are not quite so high but better wooded. We called at



Mr. Ortman's office and were much disappointed to find he had left a week before for Europe *via* Nagasaki and Shanghai, at which last-mentioned place we shall arrive only one or two days after he quits it. Mr. St. John Browne received us kindly at Kobe, and took us a charming walk to a waterfall among the hills, a couple of miles in the rear of the town. We visited a most picturesque old temple surrounded by the most beautiful clump of trees I think I have ever seen. The bright green foliage of patriarchal camphor-trees contrasted finely with the brilliant scarlet tints of the vegetable-wax trees, while the graceful feathery bamboo and gigantic camellias formed a charming little wood round a small pool of water. A portal before the temple, built of granite, was covered by the most aged and venerable wistaria I have ever seen. We visited a farmhouse of the better sort on our way to the waterfall; there was a fantastic little garden at the side containing camellias and azaleas in flower, and the largest specimen of *Cycas revoluta* I have yet seen, that looked as if it might have been growing where we saw it for centuries. The waterfall was well worth a visit, and the view over the Bay of Osaka from the little tea-house near by pleased us much. Our voyage was resumed at 4 a.m. on the morning of the 4th, our course being through the lovely Inland Sea of Japan. The weather was cool and cloudy, but the scenery surpassingly beautiful, so beautiful, indeed, that I do not know what to compare it to, though the Italian Lakes without the snow mountains come nearest to it. The Japanese certainly show great taste in the selection of sites for their towns and villages. The temples and splendid old trees surrounding them were in most picturesque situations and appeared, so far as we could judge from a distance, to be a repetition of that at Kobe already described. Strong tides prevail in the Inland Sea, but it is so narrow that the wind has but little effect, and thus it is smooth even in stormy weather, and small junks and boats without sails were to be seen in every direction. The hills were cultivated in terraces in a most careful manner wherever practicable, but were often so steep as only to grow fir-trees. I had already seen the Inland Sea in the spring

of 1865, so knew what to expect, but Katharine was both surprised and delighted, as the scenery far exceeded her expectations. On the evening of Sunday the 5th, soon after dark, we entered the harbour of Nagasaki, and after breakfast next morning we went on shore.

First of all we visited the cemetery, to see the tomb of the late Dr. Henderson ; it is situated at the head of a lovely little valley half a mile from the town. We called on Mr. Wachtels, Mr. Ortman's partner ; he and his wife are both Dutch ; they received us most hospitably and took us a walk through the native town. The temples at Nagasaki are extremely picturesque and beautiful, with the appearance of age on all that surrounds them ; the firs, Salisburias, and camphor-trees are magnificent ; as are also the *Cycas*, generally planted on either side of the chief entrance. By 5 p.m. we were again on our way towards Shanghai, the sea between which place and Nagasaki is comparatively shallow, and the water, I suppose in consequence, of a much lighter tint than what we had been accustomed to for so long on the Pacific. We encountered cold winds, but by daylight on Wednesday the 8th we were in sight of the islands at the mouth of the Yangtze, and the water was of the usual peasoup colour and consistency. The steamer conveying the mails for Europe we met about 10 a.m., and thus were too late to send these despatches by her, so they must be delayed a fortnight. Woosung, the River Wangpu, the flat country, junks, fishing-boats, bamboos, all looked familiar and natural to me, but very strange to Katharine. Mr. Iveson and Mr. Annette were on the wharf to greet us when we arrived, and we soon found ourselves safely housed at Kung Ping. After travelling for three months, the pleasure and satisfaction of getting into a comfortable house, which one can call home, is great indeed. Kung Ping does not look very tidy, owing to the new house that has been built on the premises not being yet finished ; a good deal of building material is lying about ; however, I hope another month will see it completed.

Everyone at Shanghai complains of the extreme dullness of trade during the past two or three months, and is hoping for better

times. Tea appears to be selling in London for considerably under cost, and silk also shares the same fate. The settlement is decidedly improved; the streets are now models of cleanliness and propriety; the police have but little to do, and order reigns everywhere.

Two gas companies illuminate the thoroughfares, and most of the European residents have substituted gas for oil in their houses.

In other ways Shanghai has improved during the three and a half years that I have been absent; it is much quieter, there is less betting, horse-racing, and fast living; many more ladies have come, and thus there is a larger society. Crowds of my Chinese friends have called to see me, and all are glad that I have returned to Shanghai, or at all events profess to be so.

The first three days after we arrived the weather was lovely, then it changed and has rained for the past forty-eight hours.

SHANGHAI, 29th December, 1869.

I find abundance to occupy me now I am back at Shanghai, great numbers of my old friends calling to pay their respects, and a variety of things claiming attention. I have sent a man into the interior to purchase young trees, which I am going to plant on the public walk at the bank of the river, to replace some that have died which I planted four years ago. He is to bring a large number of *Salisburia adiantifolia*, *Chamærops Fortunei*, camphor-trees, &c., &c.

We have not had very fine weather since we arrived, a good many days cloudy and overcast; it is always bright and cold with the wind from the north-west, as it is to-day.

Smallpox is rather prevalent and we have been vaccinated, having become alarmed by the death of our next-door neighbour, my tenant, a gentleman who travelled to England with me in December, 1857.

Enamel things seem to abound. I believe the Chinese are making them again.

SHANGHAI, 24th January, 1870.

Katharine and I have been away for an excursion to Quin San and Souchow with Mr. Caird, of Dundee, his sister, and Lina Laisun, as travelling companions; we were absent four days, and much enjoyed ourselves. Souchow, formerly renowned throughout all China as the "*pleasure capital*," is slowly recovering from the effects of the rebellion; the population, however, I do not think is over one-third that of Shanghai, while in old times the proportion was about the reverse, *viz.*, Souchow three times the size of Shanghai.

A fine range of hills rises from the plain ten miles north of Souchow. Quin San is a large but poor city, sixty miles from Shanghai; the walls of the city enclose a rocky hill, on which stand two small pagodas. The hill is perhaps two hundred feet in height, and commands a very extended view of the perfectly level plain surrounding it.

At Souchow I visited the establishments of several nurserymen, and inspected what I had never seen in China before, a small greenhouse with tiled roof and paper windows, heated by a small charcoal flue stove. The proprietor had the Moutan peony in flower, the double peach, the double cherry, the white magnolia, all dwarfed and in pots; also beautiful little dwarfed specimens of yellow broom, and the *Chimonanthus fragrans*, also, in flower. I purchased from him several small plants of cumquat, a dwarfed bamboo, and a dwarfed double cherry.

I find we receive sadly too many invitations to dinner; it is difficult to check it without giving it up entirely.

SHANGHAI, 13th March, 1870.

I have packed a Ward case with:—

- 10 or 12 small plants of Yangmay;
- 5 do. Persimmon;
- 2 do. Palms;
- 12 do. Cumquat;
- 3 do. "In Yang Shoo," a Chinese shrub growing in this district.

SHANGHAI, 17th June, 1870.

We have thus far had only one day when the thermometer touched eighty degrees, but the hot weather generally commences about the 25th. A hotel has been built on the seashore at Chefoo; the summer there is very bearable, and it is quite becoming a sanatorium for Shanghai. If Katharine cannot bear the extreme heat of the summer here, I shall be able to send her there, I think, in company with other ladies.

We are in the full swing of our produce season; three steamers carrying six million pounds of new black tea have already been despatched *via* the Canal, and three more are to follow at once; thus the new tea picked off the bushes in the interior of China in May will be drunk at the tea-tables of England in the first half of August. We have shipped none, the cost being so excessive as almost to preclude the possibility of profit.

Katharine and I went a trip to Ningpo a few days ago; the weather was not pleasant, but the sea-air we had in twice crossing the Bay of Hangchow greatly benefited me.

SHANGHAI, 28th June, 1870.

Yesterday a steamer arrived from Tientsin with news of the murder of the French Consul, the Sisters of Charity, and some of the Roman Catholic missionaries; our community is much excited at the news, and further intelligence from the North is most anxiously expected. The missionaries are overzealous; finding the Chinese not an impressionable people, they take the children when young, as the best way of winning them over to the faith. It is said so much a head is given for children brought to the mission; this, of course, leads to kidnapping on the part of the more disreputable natives. The parents become incensed at the loss of their children, and accuse the missionaries of frightful crimes. No doubt you will have heard the particulars of this affair by telegraph, long before my letter comes to hand.

SHANGHAI, 7th July, 1870.

The dreadful massacre of the French Roman Catholics at Tientsin on the 21st ult. is the universal subject of talk, and a great deal of what is absurd and senseless is spoken and written about it. Mr. J. A. T. Meadows, a gentleman whom I used to know very well when a resident here, has written a long letter about it, signed X X X X, which I send under another cover. Mr. Meadows has been resident at Tientsin ever since it was opened ten years ago; he is an accomplished scholar, and now at the head of the Chinese Arsenal. Some people here are furious with this letter, because it explains the affair, exculpates the chief Mandarins, and, they say, takes their part; but I think it fair and sensible. So strong, however, is the anti-Chinese feeling, that the editor of the paper dared not reprint it for the English issue. I have, however, got him to strike off twenty copies for me and send you one, addressing others to various persons at home, including the editors of 'The Times,' 'Daily News,' and 'Pall Mall Gazette.' Please write me if either of them insert it.

I am not wanting in sympathy for the poor creatures who have been murdered, or rather, I should say, with their friends but I see no reason, in this dreadful affair, for stirring up to deeds of bloodshed and ill-feeling against the Chinese as a people, which is attempted by many here.

Enclosed is a scarlet, trumpet-shaped flower which grows plentifully here and is now in full blossom. Can you name it? \* I send a sprig also. It is semi-scandent, grows eight feet high or more. No one here has any very good flower-garden, the public garden is the best; most people devote their energies to raising cabbages, strawberries, lettuces, and such like.

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\* D. H. replied, 1st September:—The flower and leaf enclosed in thy letter are those of *Bignonia grandiflora* (Thunberg), now called *Tecoma grandiflora*. . . . The plants at Shanghai ought to be in pod when this letter arrives; perhaps thou canst send a few seeds. . . We bought several plants for Mortola in 1867.

SHANGHAI, 29th July, 1870.

The excitement here among the foreigners is rapidly abating but they are very touchy if laughed at, or if their fears are pooh-poohed. Somebody a week ago started a false report that the settlement was to be attacked that night; some forty or fifty of our volunteers were on duty in consequence. These rumours are most ridiculous to those who, like myself, know so well the sheep-like character of the Shanghai people, who are perhaps the most cowardly in the world.

The news from Tientsin is to the effect that the French Minister, his hands strengthened by the French Admiral and a considerable force, had demanded the decapitation of the Cheshien of Tientsin and two military Mandarins supposed to be implicated in the massacre of the 21st June. The alternative was said to be the bombardment of Tientsin. This, however, is hearsay.

By this opportunity I send ten printed copies of a letter written *before* the events of the 21st, and which appeared in our local paper; this letter has been suppressed in the home issue, but as people should hear both sides of the question and know the feeling that existed in the city of Tientsin before the massacre, I would like you simply to place in envelopes and post copies to the following papers:—'Times,' 'Daily News,' 'Illustrated London News,' 'Pall Mall Gazette,' 'Manchester Guardian,' and any other paper you like. Deplorable as is the superstition of the Tientsin people, I believe it is that which led entirely to the dreadful occurrence.

SHANGHAI, 18th August, 1870.

I have only time to send a few lines to acknowledge your most welcome letters from Mortola, which have given us so much pleasure, bringing as they do quite vividly before us the scenes and people that we know so well.

Your opening of the school at Ciotti was admirable, and we thought your speech could hardly have been improved on,

except that I cannot share your regret that I was not there, seeing that you managed it so much better than I should have done.

How dreadful is the idea of this war between France and Germany! The prospect of the conflict is having the most disastrous effect on our trade already, and has quite stopped all further buying of silk; while on the 19,000 bales which have been shipped in the last two months and a half, the loss promises to be £300,000 to £400,000.

SHANGHAI, 1st October, 1870.

I received on the 27th ulto. yours dated 11th August announcing the arrival of the box of plants; it seems to have been an extraordinary time on the way. As to the earth, it is our ordinary Shanghai garden mould, or clay, if you choose so to call it; plenty of things seem to flourish very vigorously in it notwithstanding your poor opinion of it. I should have put vegetable mould if I had had it. Such a thing is not to be had here—the nearest place to get it would be at the hills twenty miles distant. The *In Yang Shoo*\* is a lovely tree, with bunches of brilliant scarlet flowers. It remains in flower here for nearly two months; it requires a fierce sun. *Persimmons*: I am very glad to learn that three plants arrived alive. It is disappointing about the Yangmaes, but I will send more. I have collected seeds for Mortola as follows:—Foochow Creeper (a further supply), Persimmons, a very splendid *Convolvulus* (*Amaranthus tricolor*) very gay, with most brilliant leaves, in our garden just now. I am sending all these by post in a bag.

We were in a Chinaman's house to-day who seems very fond of plants. He had most beautiful Cycas, yews, and two dwarf box-trees about 3 ft. high, which he gravely assured us were four hundred years old.

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\* D. H. described it as probably *Lagerstræmia*, when sending it on to La Mortola.—K. A. H.



SHANGHAI, 18th October, 1870.

Katharine starts to-morrow morning in the American steamer 'Fire Queen,' for Hankow, in company with Mrs. MacGowan and her daughter; she will return in the same vessel a week hence. I have no time to go, but I think while she is out here it is a pity she should not have a peep at the interior of China and the great river Yangtze, especially as the voyage can be accomplished without any fatigue or any unpleasantness from sea-sickness.

*Bignonia grandiflora*: I will look out for seeds as you suggest.

*Excursion into the Country.*—K. and I went for two days, and much enjoyed it. The weather is almost perfect now, bright sun and cool pleasant air. The country people are very busy gathering in their cotton, ginning it and sending it to market; the crop is unusually large. We visited the Chinese arsenal, and were much interested in noticing the extraordinary progress the natives have made in engineering of late years; a fine screw steamer had just been launched, and they were about commencing a two-decked frigate. All sorts of machine and boiler work were going on with the aid of steam engines and machines of the most approved construction. Cannon and rifles were also being largely made. We also visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a large and imposing building in the suburbs, distant about three or four miles from where we live; hundreds of Chinese were praying and chanting, but there were no Europeans, for the regular service had not commenced.

We also visited a grand Chinese grave in the country where old Yan-ta-Foong, a friend of mine, lies buried. Splendid evergreens were planted round the graves, also white flowering magnolias and the tree bearing beautiful scarlet flowers that I sent in the Wards' case, and which I called "In Yang Shoo."

SHANGHAI, 15th November, 1870.

The last telegrams we have announce the fall of Metz, and that an armistice was either declared, or strongly recommended by England, we cannot quite make out which; so everyone is full of hope that the horrible war is about to end. Chung How, a first class Mandarin, proceeds to France by this mail to offer apologies and explanations in the matter of the Tientsin massacre; he has been badly treated here by foreign rowdies. On landing, his sedan chair was stopped and overturned, and he was grossly insulted. On another occasion he was invited to visit the circus here; he went, and was again insulted; so yesterday, fearing something worse, he embarked on board the mail steamer forty-eight hours before her departure. As those adjudged guilty of the murders have been executed, and others implicated have been banished, it seems to me that the action of the Chinese Government is *bona fide* and shows a wish to do what is right, and should be accepted as such. However, many people here are still very furious, and nothing will satisfy them but the heads of three Mandarins, two of whom have already been banished, while the third is declared by the Government to be entirely innocent of any participation.

SHANGHAI, 29th November, 1870.

I have your two letters dated 30th September and 6th October, and see you are out of business before I am. Twenty-nine years, I agree with you, is quite long enough to keep one's nose at the grindstone, as the saying is. I began in 1849, and if I finish with 1871, that is twenty-two years, less four when I was absent in Europe, leaving a balance of eighteen; and I am sure I ought to be thankful that I am so well off in that comparatively short time.

I enclose you a letter I have written to John Bright about the treatment of Chung How; also a pamphlet containing report of the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. After you have read them, will you see that he has them by hand, if not too

inconvenient and he is in London. I want to insure the matter not being cast aside in the multitude of papers he must get. I am sorry to disagree so with my brother merchants, but I think they are wrong and that I am right, and consider it would be improper under such circumstances to hold one's tongue and acquiesce.

Some of the missionaries are worse than the merchants in the virulent spirit they display.

SHANGHAI, 6th December, 1870.

Last mail I sent a pamphlet about the Tientsin massacre, showing what I had done at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce about Chung How's mission to Europe.

I now enclose a letter to the 'Times,' which I have written with the view of enlightening people in England a little as to the real ground of the charges against Chung How. If we thus treat those who show themselves most friendly to us, can we expect cordiality and good faith from the Chinese? The ignorant and superstitious at Tientsin are ready to tear Chung How in pieces for his being so favourable to foreigners, while these very foreigners, a short time ago, were many of them clamouring for his head, and now send a charge of complicity with murder after him to Europe.

Temple of Shih Douzar, about 40 miles from Ningpo,

31st October, 1870.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Katharine and I have come away from Shanghai for a holiday during the race week, when business there is in great measure suspended for three days; we care nothing for the races, and the beautiful in nature has infinitely more attractions for us. Katharine has just returned from a trip up the Yangtze to Hankow, but as I did not accompany her, and have had no outing this past summer, I consider I am entitled to a short holiday now.

We left Shanghai in the American screw steamer 'Shansi'

(Captain Jayne) at 4.30 p.m. on the 29th, and found ourselves at Ningpo the next morning soon after daylight. I had written before to a friend to get us an up-country house-boat, and he had secured a particularly comfortable one belonging to Colonel Cooke, who commands the disciplined Chinese force at Ningpo ; we also had another boat to serve as a kitchen, and having brought kettles, saucepans, plates, knives, forks, and various other necessaries from Shanghai, with our butler and a coolie to look after these *impedimenta*, we left Ningpo with the flood tide at 11 a.m. on the 30th for Ningkong Jaon, a place at the foot of the hills and twenty miles distant, where we duly arrived after a pleasant sail of eight hours. If you still have the letters I wrote home in June, 1854, you will find I visited N. K. I. then, in company with E. M. Smith and other gentlemen.

Our object now was to visit Shih Douzar, which, translated, means "the Snowy Valley," a lovely spot high up among the mountains, and fifteen or twenty miles beyond Ning Kong Jaon. A Chinese friend at Shanghai had given me a letter of introduction to one of the most influential men of the place, a pawnbroker by trade ; he received me most politely, and promised every assistance in getting chair-coolies and sedan chairs, also coolies to carry our luggage.

Next morning we started at 10.30 in open sedan chairs for the Snowy Valley ; our acquaintance the pawnbroker, who has a particularly mild, benevolent countenance, and never could have been guilty of charging 20 or 30 per cent. interest, came to see us off ; the morning did not look propitious, but the peasants said, although so cloudy, it would not rain, and we found they were correct. Our way was first along hillsides, covered with fir trees ; an extremely fertile valley was on our right, covered with rice fields ; the crop was quite ready for the sickle, and in many places had been cut, and the country people were busily engaged in threshing it out by beating the straw against some bars of bamboo ; a large wooden receiver caught the grain as it fell, and a mat prevented its flying off at right angles. It seems a clumsy and wasteful process, yet in a country where labour is so very abundant, I doubt whether threshing machines would

pay. A broad, shallow stream wound through the valley, and on the opposite side were extensive quarries where are obtained large quantities of red granite, much used for house building and paving purposes. Everywhere on the hillsides we saw graves with conical mounds of earth over them, and also tombs innumerable, generally built of brick, and having a large slab of stone on the top, very much like what one sees in English churchyards. The grander graves, belonging to wealthy families, were remarkable for the splendid vegetation around them; fine old fir trees, gigantic camphor trees, and the graceful palm (*Chamærops Fortunei*) formed a beautiful contrast; there were other evergreens, the names of which I do not know. At one point of the road we passed a most elaborate and splendid monument, constructed of different kinds of granite. It bore the inscription "Erected in the ninth year of the Emperor Tau Kwang (the reign before this) by a dutiful son to the memory of his parents."

Soon after we commenced a very stiff ascent, indeed quite comparable in abruptness to any of the walks about Mortola; but the vegetation how different! Ferns were in the greatest abundance, and Katharine was most enthusiastic and delighted at the variety. The hare's-foot was abundant, and looked very beautiful. Azaleas were also in bloom here and there, though it is not the season for them; at the end of April, they say, these hills are a mass of brilliant colour owing to their profuse flowering. We much admired the splendid scarlet tints on the leaves of the tallow tree; the foliage is like that of the black poplar, and the Chinese express an oil from the white wax-like berries. Near the top of the pass we took lunch under a huge overhanging rock, and then, once more descending, pursued our way through the golden rice fields until we arrived at a little resting house at the foot of a high hill; on this was written in large Chinese characters, "*The entrance to the mountain.*" From this point to Shih Douzar we found a broad, well-paved footpath; notwithstanding the day was cloudy and unfavourable, we greatly enjoyed the splendid views that opened up as we made the ascent; the vegetation of the hillsides was as beautiful as anything we had

ever seen ; woods of feathery bamboo relieved the more sombre tints of the fir trees, and occasionally a gigantic camphor tree with its sturdy branches and exquisite evergreen foliage seemed like a monarch of the surrounding vegetation. The undergrowth was a tangled mass of ferns, azaleas, dwarf hollies, and occasionally the tea plant growing half wild ; this was now very beautiful with its yellowish white flowers something like a small camellia. At one place in the hills we saw indigo being prepared : a coolie was collecting the leaves out of a reservoir where they had evidently been soaking for some time, the water was of a greenish blue colour, and the smell from it anything but agreeable. We also saw the indigo plant being cultivated at several places. Shih Douzar was reached about 5 p.m. It is a small valley, 1100 ft. above the sea, shut in by hills except on the south. In the centre of the valley is the famous range of temples, where we are now staying ; they were built about two hundred and eighty years ago, and must have cost a large sum of money ; but everything is now in a dilapidated and wretched state ; the priests, only three in number, look dirty, indolent, ignorant, and degraded ; they say they are very poor, that people nowadays are very irreligious, and in consequence they cannot get more than just sufficient to eke out their miserable existence, and find it impossible to keep the temples in a proper state. They boast, however, that the sanctity of the place has been known and recognized for the past fifteen hundred or two thousand years. These poor priests are not in the smallest degree bigoted or fanatical ; we are allowed to walk where we please, and criticise in the freest manner the gigantic and hideous images ; nor do they object to the foreigner sounding the splendid large bell they have, knocking the great drum or the peculiar wooden conch that one sees in all the Buddhist temples. Our quarters here are certainly not luxurious, the dining-room has mother earth for its floor, and the fowls have, or seem to think they have, a perfect right to roost on the chairs. Our bedroom is a kind of loft without ceiling, and a paper window has so many holes in it that ventilation is well provided for ; fortunately the weather is not cold, so we do not suffer. The priests tell me they have about

twelve acres of land near by, which they cultivate, growing rice, tea, indigo and vegetables.

*4th November.*—Our visit to Shih Douzar has come to an end, and to-morrow morning we start for Konkow, from whence we take boat to Ningpo.

The weather on the whole has not been very favourable—a good deal of fine rain and Scotch mist; however, we have enjoyed our stay very much, and have not been prevented from taking long excursions each day. The scenery in this neighbourhood is finer than anything I have seen elsewhere in China, and somewhat resembles what we saw in California, though the climate is damper, and therefore there is more water. We have seen six or eight waterfalls, some of them very remarkable, tumbling over precipices 500 and 700 ft. in height; the highest, and perhaps the most remarkable, of these is less than a mile from where we are living. It has a great reputation in the surrounding country, and we are told a year does not pass without someone committing suicide by jumping over the precipice, under the idea that it is a meritorious way of ending life. Unfortunately, at this time of year all the water in the beautiful streams is polluted by the making of indigo, which we see everywhere carried on in the open fields; it is evidently one of the staple industries of the country. I am sorry I am not sufficient of a geologist to describe this region, which seems remarkably interesting. We are on an elevated plateau, with ranges of hills about 3,000 ft. above the level of the ocean on all sides except the south and south-east, where there are tremendous cliffs, with fine bold rocky scenery. From the tops of these cliffs one looks into smiling valleys 500 to 1,000 ft. below, carefully cultivated, and producing rice, wheat and vegetables. On the hillsides maize is largely grown, and the fir and bamboo are everywhere seen. Ferns abound in the greatest profusion and variety, also mosses, lichens, and lycopodiums. To-day we have been on the mountains, my aneroid showing a height of 1,950 ft. The peasants we found kind and well-behaved. We visited one or two temples, almost filled with people picking the leaves off stalks of indigo. A youthful priest in one regaled us with tea

grown close by and scented with the flowers of the Quei Hwa (*Olea fragrans*). K. pronounced it very good, and drank two cups full. I could not manage half a cup. Before breakfast this morning I shot a cock pheasant, having spied him from our bedroom when dressing. It is a very acceptable addition to our stock of provisions, which is getting very low. The other birds observed here are the kite, common magpie (abundant), white-necked crow, turtle dove, magpie and robin; and at one of the waterfalls I saw two dippers, very dark blue with red tails. I have also seen a flock of beautiful jays, different from any I have seen before in China; they were of variegated plumage, red beaks, and long tails barred like those of pheasants.

Yesterday we received letters from England, and a newspaper, through the civility of our friend at Ning Kong Jaon, who had forwarded them by special messenger over the mountains.

Mr. C. F. Moore, in the service of the Customs at Ningpo, has been staying here in the same temple with us. He seems an enthusiastic photographer, and spends most of his time in taking views of the surrounding country. He has a sedan chair ingeniously contrived for his operations, which his coolies carry about the country wherever he goes. I hope to induce him to spare me a few views.

*5th November.*—Before it was light this morning we heard the rain pattering on the tiles of our humble dwelling, and it has proved a very wet day. Having, however, to catch the steamer at Ningpo to return to Shanghai we could not delay our departure, so set out about 10 a.m. well protected by wraps and umbrellas. A strange cavalcade we had, going along the mountain paths—three open sedan chairs made of bamboo, the coolies with bare legs and straw sandals, then five or six more coolies bearing our effects suspended at the ends of bamboos balanced as usual across their shoulders; every two miles the coolies put their burdens down and produced their pipes, smoked for five minutes, and were then ready to proceed again. At noon we arrived at Ke Kong, where a shallow but rapid mountain stream flows over a pebbly bed. Here we discharged our chair-coolies, and engaged a bamboo raft to go downstream, thirteen



miles, shooting the rapids. It was a mode of locomotion I had never tried before, and K. was a little nervous, as the raft looked very frail, the water washing up between the bamboos. However, we had a platform rigged up and got bamboo chairs to sit on; behold us, then, seated on our raft gliding down the river under the guidance of two raftsmen—strange figures with queer brown rain-cloaks made of the coir fibre of the palm. We went under several bamboo bridges, passed villages, beautiful hills looking of a rich purple through the mist and rain; other rafts were plying on the river, some laden with charcoal, huge earthenware jars, or indigo. We passed some rafts at anchor on which were many fishing cormorants; the birds seemed quite tame, and their owners had gone away leaving them without anyone to look after them.

At 4 p.m. we reached Konkow, a large village where we had appointed our boat to meet us. It was in readiness, and who should have come in it but our friend the pawnbroker of Ning Kong Jaon; he came to wish us goodbye, and to offer a present of cakes and sweetmeats. His kindness and civility were as remarkable as disinterested. I had never seen him before, and we are not likely to see him again; yet he behaved as if he had known us for years. After we left him he would have to walk back seven miles in the rain to his home!

*7th.*—Back again in Shanghai after an extremely rough and tempestuous voyage from Ningpo. It is pleasant to be at home once more.

With much love to all at home,

Your affectionate Son,

THOMAS HANBURY.

SHANGHAI, 12th February, 1871.

*Charity for Relief of Poor Chinese.*—I enclose report of this institution, which I am working this winter and which is carried on very successfully. I suppose we shall cease operations about the end of March, by which time the weather begins to get decidedly milder.

*Road Steamer for the North of China.*—A meeting was held last week, at which I occupied the chair, to decide on the

feasibility of introducing steam on the roads between Peking, Tientsin, and Taku, the entrance of the River Peiko. A company has been started, with a capital of about £4,000, to make trial by importing a new and ingenious road steamer, trucks and omnibus, patented by Mr. R. W. Thomson, of Edinburgh. I see no reason why it should not succeed if the Government does not oppose the scheme, which has the countenance of the Foreign Ministers at Peking. Should it be successful, it may be the means of paving the way for railroads, which are much wanted in the country. I have risked £150 on the venture of the Road Steamer, more from a sense of duty than from any wish or expectation of profit.

Our latest telegrams are to January 23rd, at which date the war seemed to be proceeding with as much virulence as ever, and Paris had not fallen. The submarine cable now comes as far as Singapore, but we hope by the end of March that the intervening space between Singapore and Hongkong and Hongkong and Shanghai will have a cable submerged, and so before we leave this place it will be in daily communication with England.

SHANGHAI, 21st March, 1871.

I wrote you hurriedly by last mail, and scarcely thanked you, I fear, for the good care you took of my letter to John Bright and to the 'Times.' The newspapers here have copied the latter, and two or three violent leading articles have appeared against me in consequence. I have replied with a copy of a most important letter from the ill-fated Consul Fontanier addressed to the French Chargé d'Affaires at Peking, penned actually on the very morning of the day on which the massacre took place. This letter I have obtained before the newspapers published it, and I maintain that it completely confirms my views of the case. I will send you copies of the correspondence &c., if I can procure them in time for this mail.

*23rd March, 1871.*—I also enclose copy of despatch of the Hon. F. F. Low, United States Minister at Peking, to his Government. What a different view this gives of the affair, to the sensational and untrue articles to which we have been treated for many months past. I have sent it to the 'Times.'

SHANGHAI, 12th May, 1871.

*Peacocks* are procurable in Shanghai. A wealthy tea man I know has two; their plumage is greenish. A week since we had a most interesting gathering of Chinese to inaugurate the telegraph between here and Hongkong; about forty or fifty came, and a number were invited at the same moment at Hongkong. The line was then thrown open gratis, and many messages passed. The Telegraph Company has about six thousand Chinese characters cut in wood; each character has a number, and so they telegraph the message in Chinese by sending these numbers. It works very well, and the natives are delighted with it. The Great Northern Telegraph Company will extend their line to Nagasaki this summer, and from thence to Vladivostock, where the Russians have their lines in direct communication with Europe.

SHANGHAI, 2nd June, 1871.

Our little son is doing very well; we have named him Cecil, which I hope will meet with the approval of our relatives; I cannot give any very specific reason why we chose this name—I do not like two names, nor do I like a common name that would probably be but a duplicate of one already used in the Hanbury family.

*Return Home.*—I find my affairs cannot be satisfactorily arranged before July 8th; we intend, therefore, to start then by the French mail for Marseilles. I still think of going on to Mortola; we should arrive there about the end of August, could stay a few days and see the vintage, then go on either through North Italy and Switzerland or through France. It is the busiest season now for us; the new tea and silk are beginning to arrive. Yesterday we opened the market for the latter article at a price which shows a decline of about 20 per cent. on the prices paid last year. Of new tea we are shipping 550 chests by the mail steamer, so that it will be ready for the tea-tables of the English public by the last week in July. When I came to China and the tea had to be conveyed in a laborious manner from the interior, we hardly began to buy the new produce, or even to sell it, till the end of July.

SHANGHAI, 9th June, 1871.

An American naval expedition went to the Corea about three weeks ago for the purpose of making a treaty by which shipwrecked sailors should be properly cared for. When the vessels came to an anchorage three officials were sent on board by the King, who demanded what was wanted; the reply was a request that a plenipotentiary should be sent to treat, and a notification that surveying operations would begin in a few days. Four or five steam launches and a gunboat were accordingly sent up one of the rivers, and at a sharp bend, where a very stormy current existed, they were fired upon by the Coreans, and of course the fire was returned. Two Americans were wounded, and I fancy a considerable number of Coreans were killed and wounded.

The Americans appear to be inclined to go on with the contest, and it is reported that the Admiral is asking for reinforcements.

The weather is still pleasantly cool and a great deal of rain continues to fall; whenever we get a fine day without much wind the temperature rises at once to about 80.

Our baby boy progresses capitally, and is becoming daily more intelligent and interesting—at least to our partial eyes. I hope it may not injure him in any way to travel through to Europe.

Some of the seeds sent from Mortola are coming up nicely in the public garden. In our garden here a banana has thrown out a great flower and embryo fruit; by carefully protecting the plants with straw during the winter we have them now 14 or 15 ft. high.

We got a telegram, dated 30th May: “Insurrection in Paris put down, but with loss of Louvre, Tuilleries, and Hôtel de Ville burnt and Archbishop shot.” Frightful!

SHANGHAI, 16th June, 1871.

Agnes Gutschlaff, a blind Chinese girl, in whom Lucy Fowler took much interest when in England, died during the past week. For many years past she has received \$20 per month through me, being proceeds of an investment I made for her about eight

years ago. I suggested, a little time before she died, that she should will her property to found an ophthalmic hospital in Shanghai, which she did, and so we are going to start it in a humble way at first. Such an institution is very much wanted here; in fact, it is in every large city in China, as dreadful eye diseases abound. I am engaged building a house at my own expense for an Eurasian school, an institution also very much required here, there being many half-caste children who are but little cared for, but who might be trained for useful members of society, and form a good link to promote a more kindly feeling between European and Chinese. An excellent schoolmistress, the widow of an American missionary, has been secured for the post.

SHANGHAI, 30th June, 1871.

I fear you will think us very provoking to keep delaying our departure, but we really should leave on the 8th July but for the dread of the frightful heat in the Red Sea in August, which several people, including medical men, would have us believe does not give our little boy a fair chance of living. I telegraphed yesterday that we should leave in October, and that is now our plan.

We intend to proceed to Chefoo, a little watering place on the northern shores of the Shantung promontory, next week to escape the stewing summer heats of Shanghai. (We have it 89 at night now, and anything between that and 98 during the day.)

The Capoor Cutchery plants are alive and flourishing. I am intending to dry some specimens for you, but am giving them a chance to flower first.

Katharine and our little boy are well in spite of the great heat. I often believe we could have gone through quite safely, but what people said partly unnerved us, I fear.

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## LETTERS FROM DANIEL HANBURY.



EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM DANIEL HANBURY TO HIS  
BROTHER, DURING THE LATTER'S ABSENCE AT SHANGHAI,  
1869-71.

PALAZZO ORENGO, NEAR MENTONE,  
14th November, 1869.

MY DEAR THOMAS,

From one cause or another, a long time has elapsed since I took pen to write thee. . . .

I arrived here on the afternoon of Tuesday last. Winter met me in Mentone, and we took places in a return carriage that was going to San Remo. On the way, whom should I see but Edmund Christy, in a carriage going in the opposite direction! He recognized me, and we both alighted and had three minutes' conversation in the road. I tried to persuade him to come over the day following, but he had made other plans and could not alter them.

The evening was rather gloomy and it was getting dark when we reached Mortola. The aspect of the grounds of the Palazzo was depressing. I had expected (having heard there had been some nice rains) to find something like verdure, instead of which, all was parched and brown. I never saw the place looking so unpleasing; the grass of the lawn dried up and, I should say, *blown away*; hardly a flower to gather in the garden. Of course it looked all the worse, as I had just come from Cannes, where the gardens are gay and brilliant. Then, when I entered the house, all empty and silent and out of trim *dégarni*, as the

French say, I felt so flat and dull, I was ready to cry! They had provided me dinner, and had comfortably arranged for me a bedroom.

Now that I have been here some days I have become used to the solitude, and even to the dried and desolate appearance of the grounds, and I have had work to occupy my time out of doors. The weather has been splendid—clear and brilliant sunshine for a good part of every day, and beautiful sunsets and sunrises. Yet I could wish for something different, rain being so much needed. The dry weather, indeed, prevents all planting, which it was a principal object of my journey to superintend.

Both tanks are almost empty. It was a grand mistake not to allow them to be *entirely* filled when the great rain fell in the beginning of September, even though the water was a little dirty. . . . Yet there is a little rill in the valley which, by storing up, is made to set going the olive-mill for a few hours daily, and some of this water gets ultimately on to the lower land. . . . Though the drought is so great, I cannot observe that many shrubs and young trees have been destroyed by it. It has no doubt arrested their growth, but has not, I think, done any other mischief.

There is one tree of *Eucalyptus globulus* which has grown during the present year in a manner that is really wonderful. It is a tree which I never much admired until I saw the specimens of it the other day at M. Thuret's, and now I am of opinion that it is a most important, valuable, and ornamental tree, producing a particularly good effect when mixed with a mass of olive-trees. I am quite convinced that in any future plantings here, one must select a few *really suitable* trees and shrubs and plant them freely. The exposed situation and retentive soil are very unfavourable for many of the shrubs put in last winter and spring. Most of the succulents are growing very well; the borders below the marble terrace and behind the palm-tree exhibit the only thriving vegetation in the whole garden. . . .

The house, tell Katharine, seems in good order. I have been into every room, and even opened several closets. One object of this was to find a few clothes to wear, for what I had brought

with me were rather too warm ; but everything seemed to have been put out of reach or utterly disposed of. I have had difficulty in finding even an old newspaper ! The *salon* is pretty comfortable, especially now that I have had the clock and looking-glass uncovered and have set going the former. Lorenzi provides my meals, and Giustina waits. I have found a pot of marmalade in the store-closet, and there is very good tea. I have had a fire every evening of late.

*Monday Evening.*—On Sunday afternoon M. Muratori and I went to Ciotti, where I find they have set going a school. . . . I have been also to inspect the school here ; heard the children read, and looked at the copy-books, &c.

This afternoon I have visited, with M. Muratori, the school at Latte, which is much better located than either of the others, at least a better room. I held quite an examination in reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing. The school was nicely conducted. . . . I have made a call on the engineer of the railway (or rather one of them) who is settled in an old house near to Muratori. They are actually preparing to work in a few weeks from the present time. I hear from Muratori that they propose to establish some of the labourers in the old roofless building by the Punta di Benjamino, if they can arrange with M. Massa to have it. You must expect to see the Bay of Latte much altered for the worse by 1871.

To-day I had a visit from the old priest of San Michele,\* one of the most grateful persons I have ever met with. I gave him a little tea, &c. It seems that the essence of ginger did him a world of good.

*16th November, p.m.*— . . . Now for a little about M. Thuret's. I arrived there on the Sunday afternoon—his chaise meeting me at the station—and stayed until Tuesday morning. It is a charming house to stop at ; all is elegant and in perfect order. I had a beautiful bedroom, commanding a charming view of Antibes and the Bay of Nice. Altogether, I had no notion the place was so extremely beautiful. Looking

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\* Formerly a missionary in China.—K. A. H.



from the house down below the lawn, the eye rests on a fine mass of trees, quite a large wood, partly olives and partly other trees, conspicuous among them being some noble specimens of *Eucalyptus globulus*, old enough to have fine rusty coloured bark, which tells well amid the green foliage.

The breakfast hour was half-past nine, dinner six: both meals served up in first-rate style, good tea, and cream! Handsome plate and beautiful china, in fact, a style of living far better than one generally finds in France. But better than all this was the genuine kindness and hospitality of M. Thuret and Dr. Bernet and wife—nothing could exceed their attention. There is a beautiful library in the house.

On the Cape, quite at the point, and in a most exposed position, a Russian has been building an immense hotel, a place that cannot have cost less than some £15,000. It is now being furnished and will be opened soon, and can hardly fail to prove a gigantic disaster for those who have invested money in the undertaking.

There is some remarkable vegetation on this Cape of Antibes, especially some lentisks of unrivalled age and magnitude. I am sorry I did not see them.

*Planting here.*—I shall purchase very little, as I find a good stock of small things ready to put out. M. Thuret was very earnest about our establishing a nursery of young plants; all common things ought to be raised on the property. This is very true, and I shall try to get it carried out. I have been all along the side of the ravine up to the bridge. A walk must be made along there some day; it would be very pretty.

I think I shall leave on Monday, which will make my visit nearly a fortnight.

*17th November.*—I don't remember if I mentioned that M. Thuret gave several plants for Mortola which I brought away with me. The finest was a plant of Australia, *Banksia marcescens*, of which M. Thuret's garden contains a noble specimen that he is justly proud of.

PALAZZO ORENGO, LA MORTOLA,  
23rd June, 1870.

MY DEAR THOMAS,

Five days have elapsed since I arrived here, and it is about time that I sat down to tell thee what I can of the state of the house and grounds, and other matters of interest connected with the place.

When I reached Mentone I found Lorenzi in waiting to receive me at the station. The latter is quite at the west end of the town, and on first coming out of the building I scarcely perceived where we were.

The house seems in fair order, nothing about it, in fact, very different from what I saw last November. I dare say that if our mother were here she would find sundry little things wanting which escape masculine eyes—furniture to polish, &c.

*Garden and grounds.*—Owing to a most beneficent and unexpected rain which fell this month the tanks are quite full, and there is even a little water running in the bed of the ravine . . . Very many of the trees and shrubs which we planted have grown surprisingly well, especially some of the pines and cypresses and many other plants too numerous to mention. Succulents have many of them developed satisfactorily, notably some of the *Agave* from W. W. Sanders.

There has been a splendid night-blowing *Cereus* in flower under the marble terrace—two flowers; one, one night, one another. The young *Guava* trees I got from Algiers are now in flower, and I may expect a few ripe fruits, if I come here, as I hope I shall, next November.

By far the most important change in this neighbourhood, since you left last summer, is that occasioned by the making of the railway. I am glad to say I have had good opportunity for becoming acquainted with what is being done, for one of the engineers, an agreeable young Italian speaking English well, has been good enough to take me over the whole of the works under his charge, that is, from the Red Rocks to a little beyond Mortola. He admitted that it will be a very difficult piece of ground to engineer for a line of railway. There will be thirty-

six bridges to make between Mentone and Ventimiglia, and it will be fully two years from the present time before that bit of line can be open to traffic. The tunnel underneath these grounds they call the "Gallery of the *Batteria*," and a short one, a little to the east, under the *Punta di Benjamino*, the "Gallery of Mortola." I have been into the first at each end. It is to be two hundred and seventy metres long.

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One certainly sees very little of the railway men. They seem an inoffensive set and have not, as yet, done any noticeable damage to property. Except for the constant sound of blasting (day and night) one would hardly, living here in the Palazzo, know that such great works were in progress.

27th June.

The formal opening of the school at Ciotti took place yesterday, and was quite a success. I had sent invitations a few days previously to the *Curés* of Ciotti and Grimaldi and to a few others, including the Galleanis of Latte.\* About half-past four I went up to Winter's house, where some little refreshments had been set out, and soon after a large sort of private omnibus drew up and deposited its freight, *viz.* the Mayor of Ventimiglia and the deputation. I had caused four donkeys to be provided and a fifth had been brought by someone else—and so we all set off to climb up to Ciotti. Happily there was a delightful breeze, so that we did not feel the heat of the walk very oppressive. I need not say that all the way the people were out to look at us. When we got to Ciotti, a band struck up. The *Curé* and most of the inhabitants were out to receive us, also the school-girls and the mistress, and the mistresses and many of the scholars of the other schools. They had provided two flags, one English and the other Italian, and a girl carrying each headed the procession down into the village. It had been wisely arranged

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\* Sig. Paolo Marcello Galleani and his wife, parents of Cesare and Giulia de G. They were living at their villa, "Pié-montone," in the Latte Valley.—K. A. H.

not to attempt to hold the proceedings in the schoolroom, and a nice place had, accordingly, been chosen underneath some trees, and chairs, forms, and a table had been arranged there. The Mayor, Secondo Biancheri, and I, occupied the central places, while to my right were the *Curés* of Ciotti and Mortola, and on my left Prof. Rossi. First, the schoolmistress of Ciotti came forward and, after the fashion that prevails here on such occasions, made me a complimentary address. This was followed by similar addresses from the Signorine Muratori and from several of the little girls, who also presented a bouquet to Biancheri and to myself. The *Curé* of Ciotti then stepped forward and made a speech in Italian, with a good deal of fluency; this was followed by an address to the company from Biancheri, and one, more particularly to myself, from the Mayor. Then it seemed the time for me to say what I wished, so I stepped forward and read the following which I had written out before starting, for I was afraid to trust myself to an extempore speech in French. This is what I said:—

“Monsieur le Maire, Monsieur le Curé, Messieurs de la Députation, Habitants de Ciotti! En vous remerciant de toutes les expressions d’amitié et de reconnaissance que vous avez bien voulu accorder à mon frère, je vous assure que je me trouve bien heureux d’assister à cette solennité touchante, et de vous témoigner combien je prends d’intérêt dans le bien-être de vos populations. Je regrets vivement que ni mon frère ni ma belle-sœur ne soit aujourd’hui au milieu de nous, et qu’ils nous sont séparés par un espace si vaste que la moitié de l’Europe et l’étendue entière de l’Asie. Mais la distance n’empêche nullement au vol de nos pensées, et nous pouvons garder les mêmes sentiments envers eux pendant leur séjour en Chine que s’ils ne soient pas sortis de l’Italie.

“Il faut cependant que je me rappelle que nous ne sommes pas venus ici aujourd’hui pour faire les compliments les uns aux autres, mais pour une chose bien plus importante. Il y a trois mille ans qu’un grand roi a énoncé ces paroles: ‘Non vi è alcun’ bene quando l’anima è senza conoscimento.’ Personne ne dispute aujourd’hui que ces paroles soient vraies. Tâchons de prouver que nous sommes profondément convaincus de la

verité qu'elles affirment, et que nous ne sommes nullement indisposés de nous profiter des moyens d'enseignement pour nos enfants qui sont à notre portée.

“Les écoles de la Mortola, de Latte et de Grimaldi, dirigées par des institutrices capables, dévouées, indefatigables, ont eu un succès, qui, si non brillant, est au moins encourageant. Tâchons que l'école de Ciotti puisse avoir un succès aussi marqué que celui des écoles voisines—qu'elle puisse offrir aux pères et mères du village le moyen de procurer à leurs filles une éducation élémentaire, saine, judicieuse, chrétienne !

“Je ne vous fatiguerai plus en vous parlant une langue qui n'est celle de votre pays ni du mien. Permettez donc que je termine mon petit discours en vous citant les paroles anciennes si pleines de sagesse :—

“‘Ammaestra il fanciullo secondo la via ch' egli ha da tenere. Egli non si dipartirà da essa, non pur quando sarà diventato vecchio.’”

This read, I handed the paper to Secondo Biancheri and begged him to read it aloud in Italian, which he did very effectively, and it was followed by much applause and congratulations. Prof. Rossi next made a short speech, and then one of the Ciotti people brought some very fine cherries, also a large dish of sugar-plums, which the Mayor asked me to carry round to the women-folk and children, which I accordingly did. Soon after this we began our descent, which, as the evening was cool and pleasant, was agreeable enough. The Ventimiglia company came down to the house and partook of refreshments (cold meat, *saucisson*, cakes, fruit and wine) all nicely set out in the *salle-à-manger*. We were about twenty at table. There were a few toasts, the first, proposed by myself, being the health of *Sa Majesté le Roi d'Italie*, then the health of the Queen of England, of thysself and K., the *Maire*, &c. The whole party seemed to enjoy the visit, and as dusk came on they started to return amid many cordial leave-takings.

As I was cheated out of my tea and had to drink instead a glass or two of wine, I passed a very uncomfortable night, and have all this day been confined to the sofa. I am now feeling better and hope to be nearly well to-morrow.

CLAPHAM COMMON,  
20th July, 1870.

The all-engrossing subject here is the war between France and Prussia. The English Press is singularly unanimous in condemning France for the frivolous pretexts brought forward in justification of plunging into a terrible conflict. It is to be hoped that our sympathies with Germany may not endanger the neutrality of England, which at present all seem desirous of maintaining.

I am writing Winter that I hope that he, as a Prussian subject, will not be called upon by his Government to return, but, of course, it is a possible contingency.

I went to Kew yesterday, saw Dr. Hooker and some other of the Kew people, got a curious plant for Mortola, and have sent sundry things in return.

1st September.

To-day I have had a weary work at the Pharmaceutical—a great many candidates to examine: when I got to about the tenth I felt tired out, but was forced to go on until I had settled the twenty-fifth—and it was just seven hours from the time of my arrival to that of my departure. The weather, too, being very hot (thermometer 83°) did not tend to make me very vigorous.

The dreadful war news continues to absorb all attention. Very soon, I suppose, we shall hear of the fall of Strasburg; there has been terrible work there, of which we have yet but little information. The French people are acting basely towards their Emperor whom they cheered and applauded at the outbreak of the war, and whom, now that Fortune has forsaken his army, they cannot enough abuse.

“History repeats itself,” we are told. Read the first twenty or thirty verses of the 20th Chapter of 1 Kings, in which is recorded the chastisement of an ancient King who sent an insulting and defiant demand to a neighbouring sovereign. It was a pithy and suggestive answer: “Let not him that girdeth

on his harness (*i. e.* armour) boast himself as he that putteth it off."

I have sent to Mortola a whole lot of cuttings of *Mesembryanthemum* received from Kew. I hope the disorganization of the French railways won't occasion the loss or detention of the box.

22nd September.

My communications with Mortola seem cut off. The usual letter last week was several days behind, and this week none whatever has arrived. But what Winter said in his last will, I think, interest you, and I shall therefore copy out part of it.

"Disturbances in the Dept. of the Alpes Maritimes. There is surely no population in France more unsteady and inconsequent in its political opinions than that of Mentone and the environs. A fortnight ago the Mentonais were the most zealous Bonapartists (not only Imperialists). To-day they are the most ardent Republicans. The bust of Napoleon III. has been thrown down from its column in the *Place*—the municipal *Bureaux d'Octroi* have been burnt because their walls bore the imperial eagle. A stout young wife called '*la Turca*' marched with the red Republican banner at the head of a troop of women of the same mind to the mansion of a priest, and obliged him to cry with them, '*Vive la République!*' Another troop of people forced the Mayor to show them the list of inhabitants that received money from the Imperial Government for secret services. It is said that this list showed a number of 80, everyone of whom got frs. 1'50 per day. This would form the respectable sum of about frs. 43,000 *per annum*. This seems incredible, but I learnt it from several men that pretended to be well informed. The *Commissaire de Police* has been gravely wounded in a quarrel he had with some Mentonais.

"The people at Nizza is much more consequent than that of Mentone; its greatest wish is already long ago to return to Italy. The excitement is also great there. The *préfet* of Nizza and that of Marseilles fled by sea, in a little boat from Monaco to

Italy. They debarked at Latte. At Ventimiglia 500 *bersaglieri* have arrived, and other troops are expected."

I am still thinking of a trip to Mentone next month, if it can be accomplished without my having to take a great circuit to avoid the war.

CLAPHAM COMMON,  
30th September.

The war has caused such derangement of everything in France that even the post appears to be conducted with great uncertainty.

I send all letters, now, by way of Italy, though the postage is twice as dear as by way of France. Winter's last, which was seven days on the road, says that Mentone is full of *gardes mobiles*, and that ten days before he wrote there were about 3500 of them in the town—so many, in fact, that the men were obliged to sleep in the streets.

There seems to be a fine crop of olives, for Winter reports it necessary to have three girls additional to help gather them.

This day will conclude my partnership at Plough Court! As I came there in August, 1841, it will make my connection with the establishment just over twenty-nine years; quite time, indeed, that I ceded the place to others. It is a great cause of thankfulness that I can now retire and live upon the savings that I have, by industry, been favoured to accumulate.

LA MORTOLA, 27th November, 1870.

Sunday Evening.

This is the third Sunday that I have now been here, and, like the first, the weather to-day has been so wet that I have had to change coat, trousers, socks, and shoes on getting home from Mentone. . . . It was curious to see the little cascades coming down into the ravine above the bridge almost up to Ciotti.

As no more planting can be done for several days, I am going to start for home to-morrow. Olives are rather a nuisance. The lemons are infested with mealy-bug, and I want them sponged



—but, no ! the olives must be gathered up first. How long will that take ? Oh, a month or six weeks, perhaps. Then there are two men at work most of their time in the mill, and there are a horse and donkey to be provisioned, and to tread and spoil the wet and soft paths.

The Sisters Orengo\* and other nuns (in all about six) are to be turned out of their convent next month and drafted off to San Remo. I saw the elder sister on Friday (the Superior), and she told me of it, and also that it is fifty years since she entered those walls, and that never during that time has she passed the valley of the Roya. The convent is wanted, it seems, for some Government School and Hospital ; I don't exactly know what.

The old woman who lived in the tower above the church was found just lifeless on Thursday morning. They say she was 101. Another fact showing the longevity of people in these parts came to my knowledge a few days ago. You remember Giacomo, of course, and his wife Angelina ? Well, Giacomo, who is twenty-six years of age, and his wife and child, live in the same house with his father and mother, and *grandfather* and *grandmother* ! And the old grandfather still goes out daily and does a little work !

*27th January, 1871.*—All eyes are now fixed on Paris, which we are hoping every day to hear has surrendered, and by so doing has taken the first steps for avoiding still greater misery than her population is now enduring.

Gambetta, with his bombastic and mendacious proclamations, is the curse of the country ; yet the French have believed him,

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\* The Sisters Orengo were nieces of the last Marchese Orengo, who owned the property at La Mortola. They entered, when young girls, the Convent of the *Canonichesse lateranensi* at Ventimiglia, and the elder sister became Lady Superior. These two ladies ended their days in a small apartment at Ventimiglia, where they lived (with the Suor' Luigia Molinari) on very small pensions—about 400 lire a year each. The two Orengos came, in May, I think, 1872, to see this house, which they had not visited since their early girlhood. Their delight in coming back and interest in all the changes since those early days were a great pleasure to us.—K. A. H.

and been buoyed up by him with the most absurd expectations of success. I shall be glad, indeed, when his injudicious counsels have no longer any weight.

*10th February.*—The resignation of Gambetta has put a more hopeful complexion on the relations between France and Prussia. It is extremely interesting to watch the course of events. In another week or two the new French Chamber will have to deliberate on the terms that Prussia may propose.

We hope to have soon some idea about your plans for returning home. I trust you will not go round by Japan.

*27th July.*—We are endeavouring to reconcile ourselves to not seeing you this summer; indeed, it will be quite winter before you can arrive in England. I am supposing you to leave 8th October, in which case you would arrive at Marseilles at the end of November; then, perhaps, go to Mortola for two or three weeks, and forward to England for Christmas. We are pleased to hear of Baby's welfare. It is perhaps an advantage that he should not be seen by his relatives in Europe at a too early period of his existence, as very juvenile babies are not so engaging as those that are able to take a little notice of the attentions offered them.

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[We left Shanghai (your father and I, Cecil and his *ahma*) at daylight on 16th September, 1871, and reached Marseilles on 30th October. On the morning of 1st November we started for Mortola, arrived at Mentone at 3.45 p.m., and found D. H. at the station to meet us. We remained at Mortola till 22nd November, during which time Mr. Durham, a young artist who had come from England with D. H., made a sketch of Cecil and the Chinese nurse, sitting in the Pergola. We spent 26th and 27th November in Paris, where the terrible defacement and destruction of public buildings and monuments recently perpetrated during the Commune was a sad sight indeed!

On 27th November we arrived in London, and were met at Charing Cross by D. B. H., A. C. A., and T. H. O. P.—K. A. H.]

## WALKS AROUND MY GARDEN.

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NOTES OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BY SIR THOMAS HANBURY  
IN 1904-5 AT BORDIGHERA, MENTONE, AND SAN REMO,  
BY REQUEST OF THE 'LECTURE SOCIETY.' IT WAS  
ILLUSTRATED BY LIVING SPECIMENS FROM HIS GARDEN.

ON the 5th February last year I delivered this lecture at the Museum here, and have only consented to repeat it at the request of those who had not the opportunity then to be present; but I confess I am diffident of my power to amuse or instruct an audience in this place, or to stand the criticism of those who may be much better entitled than I am to discourse to you on plants and the wonders of Nature to be seen along this coast.

"Walks Around My Garden" may justly seem a title full of egotism, especially to those who have beautiful gardens at this delightful spot, where both soil and climate are so suitable for making a garden. For this I ask pardon, and can truly say how infinitely I should prefer to deliver this address to you in my garden, where glorious views of sea and mountain bathed in bright sunshine might make some amends for the poverty of language in which your lecturer's description is clothed. This thought, however, is tempered by the consideration that so steep is the hillside on which my property is situated, that in 100 acres no less than 700 ft. difference in levels is to be found between the seashore on the south and the pine-wood on the north; so that the physical exertion involved might scarcely be compensated for by any information gained.

About six miles west of Bordighera, midway between

Ventimiglia and Mentone, stands the little village of La Mortola, its antiquity evidenced by its four ancient towers, built in the Middle Ages for defence, but now turned into dwelling-houses. The name is probably derived from Mortella, the Italian for myrtle, which abounds in the valley. Immediately north are the mountains known as the Berceau, or Longiura, and Granmondo; this latter rising to the height of 4400 ft. When passing from France along the seashore let us, on entering Italy, pause a moment at those famous caves at the Red Rocks, so rich in prehistoric remains, and reflect how different in all probability, to what it is at present, was the vegetation when the elephant, the rhinoceros, the wild horse, and ox roamed along this coast.

Between the Red Rocks and La Mortola is a long stretch of barren hillside, covered now with scant vegetation, but formerly with a dense forest, the resort of brigands. This belongs to the Prince of Monaco, whose ancestors, it is said, acquired it as a free gift on condition of their suppressing the brigandage then rife.

May I be allowed, before asking you to enter my garden, to say a few words in favour of the much-abused Ventimiglia? What do the thousands of travellers who annually pass by this ancient town know or say of it? Chiefly, I fear, expressions of disgust and annoyance are heard at an enforced delay of an hour while their baggage is examined by Custom House officials; yet I do not hesitate to say that Ventimiglia is the most picturesque place on this part of the coast of Italy, and its history from the time when, under the Romans, it went by the name of "Albium Intermelium" is worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received.

Lord Bacon remarks that "God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures."

It is more than thirty-six years since I began to convert a number of terraces at La Mortola into a garden; on these terraces were olive-trees, a few vines, and over 300 cypresses; whether I have succeeded in producing a garden worth looking at is not for me to say; probably the majority of the 5000

persons who annually come to see it are attracted more by the beauty of the views than by the flowers or the botanical curiosities it may contain.

In my opinion the best-abused and most unjustly treated people in the world at present are the Chinese. The first ambassador they sent accredited to the Courts of Paris and London was my friend, Kuo Sung Tao (predecessor of the Marquis Tseng), who on his recall came in 1879 to bid me good-bye before embarking for China.

In that so-called benighted country, where I resided for thirteen years, there is this commendable custom. If your friend builds a house, he asks you to paint a scroll or to write something in large characters that he may look at every day. Now the Minister wrote for me only the single character "Fo," which means "happiness"; and this character, being 12 inches high by 6 broad, I had it copied and cut in white marble and put over my entrance gate, where it remained till the terrible earthquake of 23rd February, 1887, shook it down and it was broken into a hundred pieces.

And indeed I quite agree that happiness is to be found in planting and laying out a garden, provided you superintend it yourself, and are not disconcerted, but rather pleased, at being mistaken for the head-gardener, as I was some years ago. Fortunately, the tendency of most English-speaking people in the present day is strongly in favour of gardening and a better acquaintance with Nature; this is evidenced by the extraordinary demand for well-written books on this subject, such as 'Roses for English Gardens,' 'Home and Garden,' 'Wood and Garden,' 'Lilies for English Gardens,' by that talented and indefatigable writer Miss Gertrude Jekyll; 'The Garden that I Love,' by the present poet-laureate, who is never happier than when he is speaking of Nature.

At Mentone this winter has resided that gifted authoress who, writing under the initials E.V.B., has produced those charming books, 'A Garden of Pleasure,' 'Days and Hours in a Garden,' and 'Ros Rosarum.' To-day we welcome in this hall Mr. Robinson, who, in addition to the "Wild Garden" and

many other works, is now bringing out that magnificent book, 'Flora and Sylva'; and last, but not least, is my friend, Miss Willmott, who sets an example to all amateur gardeners and photographers of what a lady can accomplish by untiring industry, perseverance, and genius.

Although a natural modesty does not allow *me* to say whether my garden is a success or a failure, whether it is beautiful or ugly, I have no hesitation in giving you the opinions, good and bad, of others, together with a few random observations of casual visitors.

Here are some lines written by the highly poetical daughter of one of my friends:—

On a sunny slope of rock,  
 Where the gnarled olive grows.  
 At an arched gateway knock,  
 Heaven may be inside—who knows?

This is where the blue thrush lives  
 In an ancient ruined tower,  
 This is where the green frog thrives,  
 Croaking with tremendous power.

Here a cypress avenue  
 Leads you to the southern sea,  
 Frothy green and sapphire blue,  
 Laughing, breaking, rushing free.

All night long the roaring waves  
 To the mountains sing their song,  
 Over rocks and through the caves  
 Thundering ever loud and strong.

Flowers dropping petals fair,  
 Blue and yellow, white and red,  
 Scenting all the sunlit air,  
 With the perfume that they shed.

Best of all, the Banksia rose,  
 Covers walls and trees with cream,  
 And each gentle wind that blows,  
 Whispers, "Life's a lovely dream."

[The blue thrush alluded to is *Monticola cyanea*, a shy bird unknown in England: it frequents ruins.]

But here is something very much the reverse of such sentiments :—

“Oui, il y a des belles plantes et des jolis points de vue, mais ce n'est pas un jardin, il n'y a pas de kiosques, il n'y a pas de statues, même il n'y a pas de boules.”

“What! No grass-plot, no bedding-out, no standard roses, no orchid houses!”

“I wish they would write the names of the plants in plain English, or even decent French, and not in these crack-jaw botanical words made out of Latin or Greek.”

The answer to this is *Index Kewensis*, 140,000 lines.

One cannot but feel a certain sympathy and commiseration for the ordinary English gardener who, never having received any botanical or classical education, is expected to recollect such words as *Mesembryanthemum* or *Pithecoctenium buccinatorium*, and who, ignorant of French, assures his son that *Rose des Quatre Saisons* means Quarter Sessions Rose, or *Gloire de Dijon* may be rendered, “It's a glory to die, John, in the service of your country.”

Mine is a botanic, as distinguished from a horticultural, garden, but this is not a botanical lecture, and to those who are not botanical I will promise to use as few of these hard scientific words as possible. To botanists I plead to be excused for introducing trivial matter into a popular address which would otherwise be vetoed as too insufferably dull and dry.

Let us now descend the steep slope on which the garden is situated, examining as we go a very few of the rarer economic and other plants out of the 5500 species which the garden contains.

*Clematis cirrhosa*, with its elegant bell-shaped green pendant flowers, is engaged in a deadly struggle for supremacy with the ivy. We pass beneath olive-trees from which hangs in graceful festoons that rampant climber the *Buddleia* from Madagascar, whose orange-coloured blossoms are too powerfully scented for any bouquet.

*Pistacia lentiscus*—Gum mastic. Turks chew it; hence its name (*masticare*, to chew).

*Casuarina*, whose leaves resemble the *Equisetum*, waves overhead. This tree is the "She Oak" of Australia, so named by the first settlers, being a corruption of *Sheok*, the native word for the tree.

*Rubus australis*, the bush lawyer.

*Xanthoxylon alatum* is the pepper of the Chinese, a shrub that thrives well in the south of England.

The *Argan* tree of Morocco succeeds and bears fruit; growing here only to the height of 16 ft.; in its own country specimens may be seen giving off branches which rest on the ground and then rise again, showing a total circumference of 220 ft. to the plant. Animals feed on the fruit, and a valuable oil is made from the seed. The wood is so hard that it sinks in water.

*Quercus coccifera* is a dwarf oak growing in Palestine and the Mediterranean region; it bears a *coccus* or gall from which is extracted a splendid crimson dye, under the Arabic name *Kermes*, very largely used until partly superseded by cochineal. From *Kermes* is derived our English word crimson and the French *cramoisie*.

*Dahlia imperialis* grows to the height of 12 to 15 ft., and its graceful, pendant bell-shaped white flowers shaded with mauve are a grand sight at the end of November.

The *Dahlia* in English gardens is completely killed by the first night frost, but on this favoured coast, in sheltered situations, *Dahlia Maximiliana*, named after the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, may be seen flowering all the winter.

The *Dahlia* is a native of Mexico, where it grows in rich meadows at an elevation of 5000 ft. above the sea; it was named after Dr. Dahl, a pupil of Linnæus, and was first brought to England by the Marchioness of Bute in 1789.

*Rhus vernicifera*, from which the Japanese obtain their celebrated varnish, grows well, but at this time of year is devoid of leaves; the juice, obtained by incisions in the trunk of the tree, is at first milky white, but becomes darker and ultimately black on exposure to the air.

*Rhus Toxicodendron* and *Rhus venenata* are excessively



poisonous; needless to say I have not brought specimens. *Rhus cotinus* is the so-called *wig* tree, common on the mountains along this coast, and beautiful by reason of the splendid autumn tints it displays.

*Catha edulis*, a large shrub or small tree coming from Arabia, is one of the rarities of my garden; the Arabs, who call it *kát*, chew it either in a green state or dried; it induces great hilarity of spirits and an agreeable state of wakefulness, so much so that their sentinels are able to stand all night long without feeling drowsy.

The use of *kát* is of great antiquity, and preceded that of coffee; some classed it with intoxicating substances forbidden by the Koran, but a Synod of learned Mahomedans decreed that, as it did not impair the health or impede the observance of religious duties, but only increased hilarity, it was lawful to use it.

Another admirable quality, said to exist in this extraordinary plant, is the restoration of good humour by the chewing of a couple of leaves in the case of any one losing his temper. When last I passed Aden I purchased for threepence a good-sized bundle of fresh *kát*, sufficient to provide a "jollification" for at least ten persons of normal temperament. I strongly recommend it as a substitute for beer and tobacco.

*Eucalyptus*\* *globulus*, introduced about 1822, is now a familiar tree to all coming to the Riviera. It is not, however, generally known that at least a hundred and forty distinct species of *Eucalyptus* have been discovered and described.

*Eucalyptus amygdalina* is undoubtedly the tallest tree in the world; a specimen at the foot of Mount Baw-Baw, in Australia, was measured and found to be 471 ft. high; another measured 415 ft., while a third was found to have a circumference of 69 ft. at the base of the stem. But that Australia was not known to the ancients, the *Eucalyptus* might well be thought to be the veritable mustard-tree of Scripture; so small are the seeds in

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\* From *eu*, well, and *kalypto*, covering.

some species that five thousand would scarcely weigh an ounce! Thirty-five years ago I planted a *Eucalyptus*; it was the size of my walking-stick. To-day it is a mighty tree 80 ft. high, and its stem measures 15 ft. in circumference near the ground.

To the French botanist Labillardière belongs the honour of first discovering the *Eucalyptus globulus* in Tasmania, just one hundred and ten years ago.

Here is the *Chorizema*, an exquisite flower, discovered also by Labillardière. The French Expedition to Western Australia came very near perishing from lack of water; parched with thirst and almost abandoning hope, their lives were saved by the discovery of a spring near which was growing this lovely plant. The Frenchmen alternately danced with joy and drank, while the botanist named the plant *Chorizema*, from the Greek words *choros*, a dance, and *zema*, a drink.

How many times in the course of the season do unbotanical visitors to the garden ask for an explanation of the difference between Aloe and Agave? The answer is: that the one comes from the Old World and flowers every year, the other from the New World; making a gigantic effort once in its life, it perishes in the act of sending up a stately flower-stem, sometimes 30 ft. high, bearing six thousand blossoms, and weighing over two hundredweight. Agâvê, classically, was the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione; she may have been stately, as her name implies, but was otherwise a most dreadful creature, for in an evil day Bacchus came to Thebes, and taught the people to drink wine and the worship of the wine-god. Pentheus, the king, opposing this custom as leading to drunkenness, was killed by the infuriated women, Agâvê, his mother, assisting in this horrid Bacchanalian orgy.

There are one hundred and thirty-nine described species of Agave, of which I have about seventy,\* in my garden. *Agave rigida* yields an extraordinarily tough fibre known as "Sisal

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\* Since this lecture was given, the collection has been much increased, and now numbers over one hundred species.—K. A. H.

hemp"; it is cultivated chiefly in Central America, and is a large article of commerce.\*

Immediately before the development of the flower-stem the Agave contains a saccharine juice; this is collected by the Mexicans, and after fermentation forms their national drink, *pulque*, which is turbid and resembles fermented milk; it leaves an after-odour not agreeable, and I think is not likely to be acceptable as a substitute for beer or wine. The value of the total product of *pulque* amounts to millions of dollars annually.

Of *Aloe*, about one hundred† species are known, coming from the Cape, Natal, Abyssinia, and Arabia; of these my garden contains about sixty,‡ which flower chiefly in the first three months of the year. *Aloe supralævis* is one of the most beautiful, and when in blossom it pours out *nectar* so rapidly that the bees fail to take it away before it streams down on to the leaves. On the Riviera we are accustomed to the Aloe as a small plant; in South-West Africa and Northern Natal aloes have been discovered which attain the height of 30 to 60 ft., with stems as much as 30 ft. in circumference.

*The Olive*.—"Were these grand old Olive trees, now standing near Cap Martin and Beaulieu, there in the time of the Romans?" is a question often asked but difficult of solution. Pliny, who cultivated the Olive, and discusses whether it is better to sell the fruit or to make oil, states that the Olive grew in both Spain and Gallia, by which latter term probably the more modern Provence and Aquitaine were intended. While the cutting down of the Olive to make room for the culture of flowers or vines is to be regretted, I cannot blame the peasants, for it is difficult to imagine a more unsatisfactory tree from a purely agricultural point of view; either the fruit often drops in an immature state owing to the drought of summer, or it is attacked and spoilt by a fly called the "Cairon." The practice of beating the olive-tree

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\* Humboldt describes a bridge of upwards of 130 ft. span over the Chimbo, in Quito, of which the main ropes, 4 in. in diameter, were made of Agave fibre.

† Now many more.

‡ Now over one hundred.—K. A. H.

to bring down the fruit, alluded to in the 20th verse of the xxiv. chapter of Deuteronomy, is still practised in the Mortola district, and elsewhere along this coast.

[The lecturer then spoke of the Cypress, and quoted Byron's lines :—

“ He came, he went like the simoom,  
That harbinger of fate and gloom,  
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath  
The very Cypress droops to death ;  
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,  
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.”]

It is remarkable how many of the natural productions of this coast are similar to those of Palestine. Let me here briefly recapitulate which of these may be seen in a walk through my garden :—

*The Cane*, or “ *Reed shaken by the wind* ” (*Arundo donax*), is common all along the coast, also on the banks of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. The Egyptians anciently used this reed for music (Mr. Southgate).

*The Carob*, *Locust Bean*, or *St. John's Bread*, of which such splendid specimens are to be seen between Mentone and Monaco. Its technical name is *Ceratonia*, and its seeds are said to have supplied the *carat* weights of jewellers and goldsmiths. The pods are of a sweetish taste, and are given to horses and mules ; these were “ the husks which the swine did eat,” and with which the Prodigal Son would fain have satisfied his hunger.

“ *The Hyssop* that springeth out of the wall ” \* is considered to be the *Caper*, which here flourishes well in that position. I found it in 1889 at the ancient Capernaum, growing out of the masonry of a wall.

*The Date Palm* (*Phoenix dactylifera*) occasionally ripens its fruit on this coast. One cannot help pitying the fate of so many palms at Bordighera, tied up tightly in order that the leaves may be blanched for Palm Sunday, and again later on to serve the Jews at their Feast of Tabernacles.

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\* 1 Kings iv. 33.

*The Papyrus* (*P. antiquorum*) grows well at La Mortola. I found it growing in enormous quantities at Lake Huleh, the Waters of Merom, in Palestine. The paper was anciently made from thin slices cut vertically from the apex to the base of the stem, between its surface and centre; the slices were placed side by side, according to the size required, and then, after being watered and beaten with a wooden instrument until smooth, were pressed and dried in the sun. (See Isaiah, chapter xix. verse 7—prophecy.)

*The Scarlet Anemone* is probably the flower alluded to in Matthew vi. 28—those “lilies of the field which toil not, neither do they spin”—as the lily is not a native of Palestine, while the anemone is plentiful.

*The beautiful Styrax* (*Styrax officinalis*) I found growing on both Mount Tabor and Mount Carmel; it succeeds well in my garden, and is wild near Toulon. From the bark of this tree exudes a fragrant resin (*Storax*), from which was prepared one of the ingredients of the holy incense of the Tabernacle, and which is still used at Easter in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This resin is exceedingly scarce, and I have never succeeded in finding more than two drops.

*Poterium spinosum* grows abundantly on the hills round Jerusalem, and, being very thorny, is said, with considerable reason, to be most likely the plant from which the crown of thorns was made. I am trying to naturalize it on the hillside at Mortola.

*The Rose of Sharon* is said to be the *Narcissus tazetta*, which is wild on Cape Mortola.

*The Cedar of Lebanon* does not like the soil or climate of La Mortola, and both the trees I had are dead. On the other hand,

*Cratægus trilobata*, a rare thorn from the slopes of the Lebanon, and

*Juniperus drupacea* from Mount Hermon, succeed admirably. The juniper of Scripture, however, appears to have been the Retama, a white broom (*Genista monosperma*).

*The Wild Olive*, or *Oleaster*, alluded to in the 11th chapter of Romans, is everywhere common. I have brought a branch,

as I find it is often confounded with the common shrub, *Rhamnus alaternus*.

*The Oleander (Nerium Oleander)*, both white and red, is wild at many places along the coast; it is probably the plant rendered *willow* in the Old Testament. Either it or the red anemone gives Camproso, near Bordighera, its name.

*Manna*, as sold by chemists in the present day, is the juice of *Fraxinus ornus*, the Manna Ash (collected in Calabria).

### FRUITS.

This lecture will not be complete without some account of the fruits grown in my garden.

Premising that the soil and climate do not allow of my growing such fruits as apples, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries,—grapes, cherries, figs, lemons, oranges, pears, strawberries, peaches, and pomegranates are produced in abundance.

*Cydonia sinensis*, the great Chinese quince, is remarkable for its fragrance; it is excellent when stewed, and very superior to the European quince.

*Diospyrus Kaki* (the Kaki) should be superlatively good, *Diospyros* meaning "divine wheat," or the fruit of the gods. Kaki is from the Japanese "Chaki." The Chinese word for the Kaki is "Sze-tsze," supposed to be one of the most difficult words to pronounce correctly in the Chinese tongue. A variety grown in Virginia is there called the "Persimmon."

*The Loquat* of China and Japan (*Eriobotrya japonica*) is a very fine evergreen; the fruit, which has but little flesh, is ripe in April and May. The tree is called "Néflier du Japon" by the French, "Nespolio di Spagna" by the Italians, and "Pe Bo" by the Chinese.

The so-called *Kei Apple (Aberia caffra)*, a small thorny tree of Natal, grows well at La Mortola. The fruit, of a pale, wax-like yellow, is the size of a small apricot; it has a sharp acid taste, and ripens in August and September.

*The Jujube (Zizyphus jujuba)* ("Giuggiola" of the Italians)

is a fruit very little known by English-speaking people frequenting this coast, but liked by the natives.

Fruits of *Guava* (*Psidium*) and *Solanum betaceum*, the Tree Tomato, are on the table for those who like to taste them. The latter are excellent, with a flavour like melon.

*The Yucca* ripens its fruit at La Mortola (*Yucca aloifolia*); its taste is like black-currant jam with a pinch of quinine, thus leaving a very bitter after-taste. I don't recommend it!

Of *Casimiroa edulis*, an esteemed fruit of Mexico, I have two trees; I waited patiently for twenty-five years, and was rewarded by a single fruit, which ripened in my absence.

Of the *Avocado*, or *Alligator Pear* (*Persea gratissima*), I have a single tree. After many years I am still expecting the first fruit.

As to Dates, Bananas, and Custard Apples, my experience is that, even if an occasional fruit may be produced, it is scarcely eatable.

*The Orange* was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and its introduction to Europe is due to the Arabs, who appear to have established the tree first in Eastern Africa, Arabia, and Syria, whence it was gradually conveyed to Spain, Sicily, and Italy.

There is strong evidence to show that the orange first cultivated in Europe was the Bitter Orange, or Bigarade. When at Rome, in 1875, I visited the famous orange-tree said to have been planted by St. Dominic about the year 1200, and which still exists at the monastery of St. Sabina; from the pips of a fruit given me on that occasion I raised trees, and the fruit from one of those trees I now exhibit; it is bitter, as are the fruits borne by the trees standing in the garden of the Alcazar at Seville.

The Sweet Orange began to be cultivated about the middle of the fifteenth century, and was introduced by the Portuguese. The name it still bears along this coast in the *patois* of the peasants is "Portogallo."

One of the first importations of oranges into England occurred in 1290, in which year a Spanish ship came to Portsmouth, of the cargo of which the queen of Edward I. bought one frail of

Seville figs, one of raisins or grapes, one bale of dates, two hundred and thirty pomegranates, fifteen citrons, and seven oranges.

*The Lemon*, which along this coast is invariably grafted on the bitter orange, is a native of the forests of Northern India, where it occurs in the valleys of Kumaon and Sikkim. The name of the lemon in Sanskrit is "Nimbuka," in Hindustani "Limber," "Limu," or "Ninbu." From these sounds the Arabians formed the word "Limun," which has passed into the languages of Europe. The lemon was unknown to the inhabitants of ancient Greece and Rome.

The introduction of the tree to Europe is due to the Arabians, yet at what precise period is somewhat doubtful. There is distinct evidence that the tree was grown on the Riviera of Genoa about the middle of the fifteenth century, since "Limonés" and also "Citri" are mentioned in the manuscript 'Livre d'Administration' of the city of Savona under date 1468.

*The True Citron*, or Cedrat Tree, is *Citrus medica*, and is of interest as being the only member of the Orange tribe the fruit of which was known in ancient Rome. The tree itself, which appears to have been cultivated in Palestine in the time of Josephus, was introduced into Italy in about the third century. Its fruits, which often weigh several pounds, are chiefly sold for being candied: for this purpose the peel, which is excessively thick, is salted, and in that state shipped to England and Holland.

*The Bergamot* is one of the cultivated forms which abound in the genus *Citrus*, and which constitute the innumerable varieties of the orange, lemon, and citron. Whether it is most nearly related to the lemon or to the orange is a point that was discussed two centuries ago. It is cultivated chiefly at Reggio, near the Straits of Messina, and from its peel is extracted the delightfully fragrant scent known as oil of bergamot, a small vial of which, made in my garden, I now exhibit, as well as the fruit.

The curious variety of the Citron, called "Cedrat des Juifs," is cultivated in the Vale of Luri, at the north of Corsica. It is used by the Jews at their Feast of Tabernacles; it was so used



nineteen hundred years ago, when Pliny relates how, during an *émeute*, the high priest was pelted by the mob with the citrons taken from his altar.

*Cumquat*, the smallest orange.

*The Grape Fruit*, so highly esteemed in the United States, is a variety of the Pomaloe (*Citrus decumana*), a fruit that rejoices in various other names, such as "pomme d'Adam," "forbidden fruit," "shaddock," and "pompelmous." It was Captain Shaddock who, early in the eighteenth century, carried the fruit from China to the West Indies.

The weirdest fruit it is possible to see is the Buddha-fingered Citron; the plant producing it I imported from China, where it is chiefly grown in the great central seaboard province of Fo-kien.

The weeds of my garden are many and most difficult to extirpate.

*Arum arisarum*, the malodorous plant called "Capucini" by the peasants, appears early in January and flowers immediately.

*Allium Neapolitanum* is in flower for Easter and is sent off in immense quantities to northern cities as the "Star of Bethlehem" (*Ornithogalum*).

*Gladiolus segetum* spreads with great rapidity and is difficult to get rid of; the flower, however, is fairly pretty.

*Oxalis cernua* from the Cape is comparatively a recent introduction, but threatens to become a most formidable pest; it has overrun Sicily and is found in most places along the Riviera. As it produces no seed in Europe, it is difficult to understand how it propagates itself with such incredible swiftness. The flower is a pale yellow, decidedly pretty.

*Smilax aspera*, with its pretty red berries, grows everywhere in the valley; it and ivy were used in the Bacchic festivals of the ancients.

Here is *Myrsiphyllum asparagoides*, with lovely green foliage; it is in much request for decorative purposes, but why people in England should persist in calling it *Smilax* passes my compre-

hension; both are beautiful, but so very distinct that it is absurd to jumble them together.

Would you make a garden on the Riviera that does not require the care of a gardener, then select plants that are natives of Mexico, the Canaries, the Cape, but especially of Australia; these, once established, want no watering, and rather rejoice than otherwise in a long drought such as prevails here every summer.

Of *Acacias* coming from Australia, Bentham describes two hundred and seventy-one species, of which I have over seventy growing in my garden.

*Acacias* are the glory of the Riviera, but English-speaking people will persist in calling them *Mimosas*, of which about three hundred species are known, not one of which is conspicuous along this coast in spring. *Acacia dealbata* is the pride of Cannes in the months of February and March; it is capricious and difficult to grow except in the particular soil it likes; thus, at the east end of Cannes it is very abundant, but at the west end of that town hardly a tree of it is to be seen.

Popular errors regarding plants are nearly as difficult to eradicate as pestilent weeds; they appear again and again, in spite of all that botanists can do.

*Asparagus plumosus* is a lovely plant for a dinner-table or a *salon*, but why call it a fern, with which it has nothing in common? "Asparagus fern" it is declared to be, and so I suppose will remain in popular diction!

This small tree with great leaves is *Aralia papyrifera* from the island of Formosa, where it grows in deep swampy forests. The stems are filled with pith of very fine texture and white as snow which, when cut, forms the article known as rice paper; on this the Chinese at Canton and Hongkong paint those exquisitely neat and stiff pictures.

"Twenty-five years on a wire without earth or water," and yet in health and blossoming on the wire, seems a statement impossible to believe, but this is the air-plant (*Tillandsia epiphyta*) from Buenos Ayres. An enthusiastic visitor to the garden became so excited over it as to write these lines on the spot:—

" Upon a simple piece of wire  
     You grew and throve,  
 As if you never had desire  
     From thence to move,  
 So scant a soil to sow a seed  
     I never knew,  
 But on the wire I took good heed  
     You throve and grew.  
 Our eyes grow blind seeing so much on every side,  
     Our senses seem to lose their touch or else they hide,  
 Could I have seen thy daily food on thy small shelf,  
     I should have known  
 That thou wert fed  
     By Heaven itself."

*Avena sterilis*, a species of oats.

*The Bottle-brush Tree* (*Banksia marcescens*) perhaps attracts the wonder of the ordinary visitor more than anything else. It is named after Sir Joseph Banks, who was President of the Royal Society more than a hundred years ago. The seeds of this and many other Australian plants remain year after year without dropping to the ground when ripe. "Banksia," I hear many say, "is known to me as a rose!" That is, *Rosa Banksia*.

*Monstera deliciosa* is well-known in Ceylon, where it has the disagreeable habit of climbing up trees, as ivy does, and slowly but surely strangling them. Its nickname there is "*The Colombo Agent*."

How many a fine, energetic young Englishman goes out to that lovely island full of the hope of realising at all events a competency, by cultivating tea! The estate is bought with capital borrowed in England, and the lender is represented by his agent who lives at the commercial capital of the island. When the tea could be sold at 10*d.* per pound the profit was splendid; at 9*d.* even it paid well, but the quantity grown in Ceylon and India increased year by year enormously, and the price fell in consequence; at 8*d.* all profit was gone, anything below that meant ruin; the interest was defaulted, the dreaded *Colombo Agent* stepped in, the mortgage was foreclosed, and the young man had to seek his fortune elsewhere.

The leaves of *Monstera* are beautiful, and the incisions, as if made with scissors, are curious; its high-sounding but scarcely merited name comes from the fruit.

This rampant climber is called *Pithecoctenium muricatum*, which I should translate "prickly brush for a monkey," from its most curious seed-pod; there are several specimens of it on the table which Mr. Berger, the curator of my garden, will give to those who desire them.

*Martynia proboscoidea*, one of the many "wait-a-bit" thorns, shows how some plants make use of animals even to effect their distribution.

Imagine a sheep or goat pressing through a dense undergrowth and being suddenly stopped by these formidable hooks, which are of such whalebone-like tenacity and strength that they will not break; the stalk, however, gives way, and the pod is carried on the back of the animal to where the seed falls out, and the plant is thus distributed.

*The Medicagos* may be said to practise a gross deceit on birds, who are induced to peck at the seed-vessel under the supposition that it is a luscious snail, the resemblance being so complete.

*The Green Rose* I cannot recommend for beauty, but it may interest some.

I met one day by chance a party of half-a-dozen English-speaking people (entire strangers to me) with whom I conversed, showing them various plants and points of interest in my garden; all proceeded smoothly until we came to a tree about twenty-five feet high called *Quillaya Saponaria*. "That," I said, "is the famous soap-tree of the Chilians. In the country where it grows abundantly the happy people require no soap, nor are advertisements of the article seen; they simply chop up the wood and—it makes a fine lather in the wash-tub."

This information I saw at once was anything but palatable to the head of the party who, testily exclaiming, "What! no soap!" suggested moving on to another part of the garden. I was taken aback, but soon discovered who my unknown visitor was; he will need no introduction since his name appears on

every railway station in England with the words: "Matchless for the complexion."

And now I think you must be about tired for the time being of my lecture; the fruit and specimens I have brought, as also the chromo-lithographs, are, with some trifling exceptions, for those who care to have them. Most of the information I have given you this afternoon, together with a great deal more that is interesting, you will find much better told in a book entitled 'Riviera Nature Notes,' written by a friend of mine who does not disclose his name, but he has very prominently brought mine forward as inventing a method of preventing mosquitos.

This is simply to place carp in all the tanks and stagnant pools; these fish I have found greedily devour the larvæ of the mosquito and thus prevent this pest from assuming the winged state. Unfortunately, the cesspools of hotels and villas along this coast are the worst haunts of the mosquito; there the larvæ exist and thrive, no matter how foul the water is. Metal gauze over the ventilating aperture should be used, but above all see that your bed has a proper net, not an ornamental curtain, and take care to tuck it in thoroughly before retiring to rest.

Last April some interest and excitement was occasioned by a letter from Captain H. D. Larymore, published in the 'Times,' stating that he had brought from Northern Nigeria a living plant of *Ocimum viride*, which plant was quite efficacious at that place in freeing a house from mosquitos. I have now raised several seedlings of this plant, which is a kind of basil, but have very little faith in being able to achieve any important result from the so-called "mosquito plant."

To those of my hearers who contemplate making a garden or already possess one, I say, combine with it a study of Nature; be your own head gardener. Do not be discouraged by being told that "an amateur gardener invariably becomes either a beggar or a thief, and probably both." Personally, I like a beggar of seeds, and have derived pleasure in giving away 9,500 packets of seed last year, but I draw the line at a thief; thus I fear I did not much pity the lady who, attempting to pocket a piece of a rare

*Opuntia*, or prickly pear, got so severely punished by the microscopic spines as to be forced to drop it in haste, and to prefer a complaint to my gardener thus: "Mais vous avez des plantes très-méchantes dans votre jardin."

Other varieties of the genus *Homo* who do not commend themselves to me are, first, the rich man, who says: "I have told my head gardener to do the best he can and not to spend over so much per annum, but that I want lots of fruit and a good show of flowers, and not to be bothered with any details as to the sorts of plants grown." Secondly, the man to whom you have been showing something exceptionally choice who exclaims, "What orfly jolly stuff!" and lastly, your friend to whom you show a plant that you consider scientifically interesting, who says: "Yes, more curious than beautiful."

Instead of such vulgar phrases, let us remember how two of our poets call on us to love and study Nature. Lord Byron wrote:—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less but Nature more  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

And these noble lines by Allen Cunningham:—

"There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower,  
On every herb on which you tread  
Are written words which, rightly read,  
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod  
To hope, and holiness, and God."

## PLANTS OF PALESTINE.

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LIST OF SOME OF THE PLANTS OBSERVED DURING A JOURNEY  
IN PALESTINE. MARCH AND APRIL, 1889.

### TREES.

*Quercus agrilops*. A splendid oak with fine, large leaves. We passed through a large wood at Haritheyeh, between Nazareth and Haifa, and saw it occasionally at other places.

*Q. ilex*. The evergreen oak, not very common. A remarkable specimen was seen at Tell el Kadi, April 13th.

*Q. coccifera*. A dwarf oak with small, shining leaves. The young foliage at this time of year is of a delicate brown. This tree is very common in Palestine, and covers the sides of the hills. I found it at an altitude of 5000 ft. on the slopes of Mount Hermon. The name *coccifera* is from the brilliant scarlet *coccus*, an insect forming a gall on the leaves which I found at several places. A renowned crimson dye is made from this *coccus*, called "kermes" in Arabic; from this is derived our English word "crimson."

*Pistacia lentiscus*. The Lentisk tree, yielding gum mastic, is common. The gum is chewed by the Turks to sweeten the breath, hence its name, derived from "masticare." I saw immense trees, held sacred by the natives. One at Banias measured fifteen feet in circumference, and one at Tell el Kadi seventeen feet in circumference.

*P. terebinthus*. The Terebinth, producing Chio turpentine, resembles the Lentisk, but loses its leaves in winter. It is common.

*Styrax officinale*. A small tree yielding *storax*, a precious balsamic gum of delicious fragrance. The very pretty white

flowers have the scent of syringa or orange blossoms, and are produced in April. Common.

*Ceratonia siliqua*. The Caroub or Locust Bean, supposed food of John the Baptist. Very common, but no fine trees were seen.

*Platanus orientalis*. The Oriental Plane, at Banias and other places. At Damascus is an enormous tree, held sacred said to have been planted by Mahommed.

*Melia azederach*. "The Pride of India" is more planted in Palestine than any other tree for ornamental purposes. The bunches of lilac flowers appearing in April have an agreeable smell.

*Laurus nobilis*. The Bay Laurel was met occasionally.

The *Poplar* is abundant at places, especially in the valleys watered by the Jordan and Abana.

*Zizyphus*. The Jujube or Lotus Tree is abundant everywhere. The fruit on *Z. vulgaris* I found half grown at Lake Tiberias, but the leaves on *Z. spina-Christi* were as yet scarcely expanded; both trees are excessively thorny.

#### FRUIT TREES.

The olive and fig are common, but vines are not nearly as much cultivated as they might be. Oranges and lemons, pomegranates, apricots, quinces, pears, almonds and peaches are cultivated in the vicinity of towns where there is a good supply of water. The *Cratægus azarolus* or "Syrian thorn," bearing a pleasant fruit, is not uncommon. The *Opuntia* or prickly pear, a native of Mexico, is completely acclimatised in Palestine, and very often used as a hedge. The fruit is eaten. The pear and the peach are not common. Bananas I saw at Jaffa, Jericho, and Beirut. Fruit is said to be extremely abundant and cheap at Damascus in the summer and autumn, but at most places in the country the cultivation of it might be increased. I suggest the introduction of the Loquat (*Eriobotrya*), the *Diospyros Kaki*, *Aberia Caffra*, and at Jericho the Pineapple, Custard Apple, and many other tropical fruits.



Palestine is peculiarly bare of trees; the hills are destitute of firs, except in the neighbourhood of Beirut. It would, I believe, be a great advantage to sow the *Pinus halepensis* and *P. maritima* in most places that now produce nothing; but such a measure would be useless unless the young trees were protected for some years from the omnivorous goats, which nibble down everything, except a few of the more thorny plants which resist them.

## COMMON PLANTS.

*Poterium spinosum*. A low thorny bush, very abundant everywhere on the hillsides.

*Nerium oleander*. The edges of the lakes and banks of the streams are gay at this time of year with the beautiful pink blossoms of the Oleander, which is supposed to be the "Willow" of Scripture.

*Papyrus antiquorum*. The "Paper Reed" of the ancient Egyptians I was much interested to find in great abundance at Lake Huleh.

*Acacia Farnesiana*, with its deliciously scented yellow, ball-shaped flowers, I repeatedly saw. This is the flower which yields the scent called "Cassie."

*Balm of Gilead*. It is uncertain what plant or tree yielded this; possibly the *Balanites ægyptiaca*, which I saw growing at Jericho; as also

*Solanum sodomæum* or "Apples of Sodom," at same place.

*Thistles* abound exceedingly in Palestine and are of many kinds. Some on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias I found to be from eight to ten feet high. *Cousinia*, which nearly resembles a thistle, is particularly lovely.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

Those making the greatest show, and with which the fields were carpeted were:—

*Ranunculus asiaticus*. Crimson.

*Adonis æstivalis*. The "Pheasant's-eye." Crimson.

*Chrysanthemum segetes*. The Corn Marigold.

Borage (*Echium*). In enormous abundance at places, giving a distinct colouring to the landscape.

*Cistus albidus* and *C. salvæfolia*. Abundant.

Yellow flower (primrose tint) resembling a *Scabious*.

*Statice* of two or three kinds, in great abundance near the Dead Sea.

*Cyclamen*. Very common.

*Linum* (?). A lovely pink flower in great abundance.

*Gladioli*. Pink and purple growing in the cornfields.

*Paronychia linysandra*. A small prostrate plant with silvery grey foliage.

*Asphodelus albus*. The Asphodel was in flower on the higher lands and abundant at places.

*Lavandula stæchas*. This Lavender was seen at several places in the north of Palestine.

*Lupinus* (?). This splendid Lupin was met with many times.

Spurges (*Euphorbia*). Very abundant.

Star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum*). At Bethlehem and elsewhere.

Starch Hyacinth (*Muscari*). Common.

Roses and Honeysuckle. Scarce.

Squills (*Scilla*). Very common, but not in flower.

*Orchis*. Two or three kinds.

Yellow Jasmin (*Jasminum ponticum* ?). At two or three places.

Artichoke, Asparagus, and Sarsaparilla. Common.

The Lentil (*Ervum lens*). Commonly cultivated.







