Roadside near Canton

The New America
AND
The Far East

A Picturesque and Historic Description of these Lands and Peoples

By G. WALDO BROWNE

Author of "Paradise of the Pacific," "Pearl of the Orient," etc.

With a General Introduction *by* EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.

Author of "History of Our Country," "People's History of the United States," "Youth's History of the United States," etc.

With the following Special Articles

Hawaii
By the Honorable HENRY CABOT LODGE

The Philippines
By Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER

Japan
By His Excellency KOGORO TAKAHIRA

China
By the Honorable JOHN D. LONG

Cuba
By General LEONARD WOOD

Porto Rico
By the Honorable CHARLES H. ALLEN

Illustrated by about 1,200 Photogravures, Colored Plates, Engravings & Maps

MARSHALL JONES COMPANY
BOSTON

Colonial Press
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

CONTENTS

VOLUME VI

CHINA — CONTINUED

FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS

VOLUME VI

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VI

CHINA—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XVII.

VILLAGE LIFE.

THOUGH it is past the harvest season of that curious calling known as "wax farming," we are reminded of it by accounts of the peculiar industry. In the brown, pear-shaped bunches or galls of an evergreen called the "insect tree" is born the queer little insect that produces that valuable commodity of export, white wax. But the wax is obtained only by removing its makers from their original place to another stumpy growth called the "wax tree." In the month of May the galls are gathered and carried by night to their destination. It is not best to move them by day, as the rays of the sun would bring the insects forth on the journey. As little travelling is done in China after nightfall, and the gates of the towns are closed, this becomes a more difficult matter. But upon these occasions the gates are left open, by order of the officials, for the benefit of these travellers. As a rule, a tree is stocked with the insects during the second year of its growth, and it ceases to be profitable after the fifth year, when it is cut down and young shoots are allowed to take its place. The tree is really little more than a stump from six to twelve feet in height, with several small branches thrown up from the top, making it look like a pollard willow. The eggs of the insect are laid in a nest about the size of a child's fist, which is removed by cutting off a part of the branch to which it belongs, and is then separated from it by being soaked in a solution made from husked rice. These nests to the number of twenty or more are wrapped in a leaf of the wood-oil tree, and the package is fastened with rice straw to the new tree. In a few days the galls begin to swell, and soon after very minute creatures appear, soon increasing in size. Upon leaving the gall the insects begin to crawl up the branches, depositing the wax, which in the course of two or three months becomes a quarter of an inch in thickness. The branches are then removed, and after all the wax is

scraped off that can be easily, the piece of wood is immersed in a vessel of hot water, when the remainder of the wax rises on the surface, while its makers sink to the bottom, having completed their life with the end of their usefulness. It is believed the wax is secreted by the insects while they are in an unhealthy condition.

A CHINESE STUDENT.

At the temple of Lo-Chiang-Hsien is pointed out to the stranger the grave of one of China's heroes, and the story of Pai-Ma-Kuan, or "Pass of the White Horse," is retold in vivid words. It is a tale of one of China's famous rulers named Liu-Pi, who, following the rout of a disastrous battle, was forced to seek escape in flight. As he always rode a milk-white horse, he was easily discovered by his foes. In the midst of his efforts to escape from his enemies, who were instructed to kill him upon sight, he was found by his prime minister, Pong-Tung. Knowing the small chance his emperor had of eluding his foes, this brave man resolved on a desperate attempt to save his life. Aware that his imperial friend would not consent to his plan, did he know its full intention, he tried to

HOUSE-TOPS AND PAGODA ON WALL, NATIVE CITY.

induce Liu-Pi to exchange horses with him under the pretence that his was the fleetest animal. Without dreaming of the real purpose of the change, the emperor agreed to it, and each went his way in opposite directions. The prime minister was a cunning man, but so close were the enemies upon them, that mounted on the white steed he was soon discovered. In the furious pursuit given him he was killed. Believing him to be the emperor, as he was riding the other's famous horse, the triumphant enemies retired now from the chase, so that Liu-Pi had no difficulty in escaping. His grief was something to be remembered when he learned how his faithful friend had sacrificed his life for him, and he caused his body to be buried with great honour at Lo-Chiang-Hsien. Chinese history, though not scintillating with deeds of warlike bravery equal to those of Japan, has nevertheless many heroes, and its historians picture many acts of valour.

COFFIN TUNNEL AT AN EMPEROR'S TOMB.

Szechuan has many pai-fangs, or "widow's arches," erected with the same object as those spoken of in Southern China. Some of these are splendid affairs, more magnificent than those recently described. The approach to many of the villages, besides being marked by conspicuous pagodas, leads under several of these noble archways. They are constructed of stone, and, differing from the plain torii of Japan, are rendered attractive with fine carvings, representing familiar scenes in life, such as the interior of a rich man's dwelling, a body of officials at a banquet, a court scene, or some traditional hero battling an enemy. In one of these we see the picture of Pong-Tung, flying from his enemies on the

back of the emperor's famous white horse, which was the cause that brought forth the story. The work of the sculptor is most admirably done, but in none of it is there any evidence of originality or imagination. He chisels with wonderful fidelity what he has seen, or copies what another has done, and is content. As in the south, these arches are raised, not only to the widows who have remained true to the memory of their departed husbands, but to the glorification of some one who devoted his life to religion, or for some military leader. That these monuments really mean something that is not prized cheaply is shown by the fact that the consent of the emperor has to be obtained before one can be raised. It may be a relic of some religion which has passed away, as the torii of Japan is a symbol of Shintoism. There is evidence to show that the splendid structures seen in Szechuan are the outgrowth of plainer ones which existed at former times.

The dreary pass of Tsu-ku-shan was climbed after a tedious ascent of nearly three hours. The view from its summit is grand and widespreading, over a hundred mountain peaks being visible on a clear day. But it was chilly at that altitude, and we hastened toward the valley at our feet. At nightfall we were troubled to find shelter and food, being obliged, finally, to stop in the yard of a set of buildings, the owners of which had gone away and left them fastened. We noticed this evening one of the finest herds of yaks we had seen.

The next morning we pass through a beautiful grove of chestnut-trees, but our whole day's journey does not take us in sight of a village, though here and there we see numerous dwellings scattered over the country. Unlike the inhabitants of the provinces we have recently passed through, the people of Szechuan are not disposed to live in bunches, but spread out over the landscape. There is, however, a certain clannish aspect about the manner of settlement, which is claimed by some to have arisen from the fact that the original settlers were sent in trains to populate this rich region, and thus became distributed more evenly over the country. A more likely theory is that the inhabitants of this section were disturbed less by enemies, so the protection arising from collecting in communities has not been necessary. Be that as it may, the people, who are largely farmers, live in a style which reminds us of the baronies of the days of feudalism in Europe. There are the large dwellings over-

topped with massive roofs, in which live the land-owners: these are reached through heavy gateways, and are surrounded by wide verandas. Near these establishments, and included in the scene, are the cottages of the dependents, who obtain their living by working for the "baron" at a low wage rate. These dwellings are of good size, with whitewashed walls, showing prominently the black timbers, and have roofs that slant with a regular descent from ridgepole to eaves, giving them an odd

DRAGON TEMPLE AT NINGPO.

appearance after one has seen the peculiar Chinese roofs, with their characteristic curves or twists at the corners. On the whole, one of these estates has a decidedly patriarchal look.

If, in certain respects, Chinese cities appear to be "laid out" with an attempt at uniformity, as much cannot be said of the villages. These are developed just as circumstances happen to make them. If there are streets, these are not run with any regard for each other. The first settler built his dwelling where he thought best; another followed his

example. It was necessary to have a path to get to these, and soon afterward, in the spirit of neighbourliness, to connect them. A third built him a house; the consequence, — another path, or a continuation of the first, running, it may be, at sharp angles. Other houses, other paths, other streets; but no system about them. They may be narrow at first, suddenly to widen into a broad way, or *vice versa*. The chances are they will begin narrow and grow narrower! It is the exception, rather than the rule, when one of these so-called streets is wide enough to admit of a team passing another without trespassing upon the adjoining lot. Then it may be that the streets of a village all run one way, with no alley cutting across wide enough for a person with a vehicle to get across. The houses, if they stand on one of these streets, present a blank wall to the public way, else the good fortune of the dwelling would be spoilt. Should a door happen to be on that side, it is sheltered by a screen wall, to keep out the gaze of the public. Thus these dwellings open upon a narrow alleyway, or small court. But even these afford no room for the domestic animals or for the children to play in, and the result is, that the streets, as impassable as they naturally are, are filled with a noisy throng of brutes and human beings. There is, too, that invariable crowding. Miles of habitable country may stretch away on any or every quarter, but the inhabitants seem utterly oblivious of this, and huddle together in the closest proximity possible. This is true of the city; it is true also of the country village, be it remote or near the populous sections.

The stranger, upon first seeing one of the large centres of people, exclaims: "The streets may run as they may, but the general boundary of the town is square." This can be said with as much truth of the hexagonal box. This delusion comes from the city walls, — all cities are walled, and many of the villages. But if these walls had been built by the square and compass, woe, then, to the "luck" of the town, according to the Chinese notion. There must be turns and angles and odd-shaped corners, and you will find them all there, with a few thrown in for tally.

As a rule, plenty of building material may be found in the country, but the Chinaman builds with that which happens to be handiest and the easiest to obtain, without regard to the result. Poorly made brick

are the most common material with which houses are made. These are not half burned, so they make short-lived material, and the kilns are sealed up tight, to avoid fuel, and thus give the bricks a sickly gray colour. The bricks are filled with air-holes, and thus absorb a great amount of moisture. In the mountainous districts stones from the uplands are used, and these dwellings are dark, damp, and unhealthful. But these are palaces compared with the cave-dwellings of the "loess region," whose only window and opening for ventilation is a place of entrance in front,

WHEELBARROW FOR CARRYING PASSENGERS.

though this matter of ventilation never seems to enter into the calculation of the Chinese carpenter.

The most common building material in the country is a brick two or three inches thick, a foot in width, and a foot and a half to two feet in length, made from the native soil by simply moulding it into the required shape and size, and left in the sun until dried. The cost is nominal — a cash apiece — when done in the simplest manner. Some are stamped while in the mould, which doubles their cost. The walls of these houses have a foundation of brick, and are supposed to have posts to support

the roof, but these last are frequently omitted, and the result is that, when a heavy rain soaks the walls, they sometimes crumble away, and the occupants within are crushed to death by the descending roof. The roof itself is most frequently constructed of reeds or sorghum stalks, which become exceedingly heavy when soaked with water. In the better class of houses roofs are seen with frames, resembling an American house, but more often posts support timbers running the length of the building,

DRAWBRIDGE CONNECTING WHARF AND CITY, NANKIN.

upon which rest the ends of small purlines, that hold up the thin brick. In the region of the North Plain of China the amount of soda in the soil makes the building show signs of decay.

The Chinese are not given to display or variety, so the buildings everywhere, in the city and country, show an unending sameness, over all of which are stamped the imprints of dreariness and decay. Neither wealth nor political distinction creates sufficient incentive to cause the owner to outstrip his neighbour in the beauty of his home.

Another peculiar feature of the Chinese house, or, correctly speaking, set of houses, is the practice, not of dividing one's dwelling into rooms or apartments, but, as often as one wants another room, of building on another section. There is no ceiling, so that the roof, whether low or high, usually the former, is in full sight, its sooted space festooned with all sorts of household utensils not in use at the time, many of which have to be brought by means of a long pole when needed, and hung with cobwebs and soot and dust. The floor has no covering over the earth, and instead of being smoothed out, as might be expected, is pounded to get the required hardness without any attempt to remove unevenness. In fact, an inequality of surface is looked upon as a desirable feature, as this will allow all water and running liquid to drain away, whereas if the surface were level it would stand in pools! There is so little room for the necessary implements of the house that they are piled in some corner, along with the harvest of the fields, the tools used to till the land, the looms for weaving the cloth, the wheels for spinning, the benches and chairs, everything in use about the home, save that which has found a place in the roof overhead. In the homes of the learned will be found, suspended from two pegs, a board, which simple contrivance holds the library of the scholar.

Worse than this primitive arrangement for comfort and convenience is the utter lack of proper ventilation. Doors do not open directly from the building to the open air, and the windows, when there are any on the side toward the street, are small and high. The window is made a safeguard against thieves by a wooden grating, and often over this an oiled paper is spread. The cooking boiler, built saucer-shape and very thin, so as to take as little fuel as possible, is placed near the door. In that part of the empire where some provision must be made to heat the apartment in winter, this is done by an arrangement of flues to carry the smoke under a *kang* or sort of divan, which is but a platform built up of adobe brick, and which, reminding one of the dwellings of Russian peasants, is the sleeping-place of the occupants of the house. On a primitive couch are laid the bedclothes and whatever else is needed to keep dry, this being the only spot in the building free from moisture. The place of escape for the smoke is near the ground, if the roof be thatched, as a precaution against fire. It is not surprising to find that

the smoke remains mostly in the dwelling, and often fills the house, which soon becomes dark, grimy, and thickly coated with creosote. Despite all this precaution and arrangement, the cooking would be a failure were it not for the image of that kitchen god, Chang-kung, suspended just above the little Chinese stove This deified mortal is said to have lived somewhat over a thousand years ago, and was of such a happy disposition that he dwelt with his family in perfect harmony even to the last of his days, when as many as nine generations

SOLDIERS PRACTISING THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE

of his race lived with him. Nor was this the extent of his benign influence, for his large number of dogs, supposed to have been over a hundred, never quarrelled among themselves as dogs are wont to do, and if one of the number chanced to be belated at meal-time, the others also waited for his arrival before beginning to eat. The emperor, anxious to learn the wonderful secret of such family harmony, sent for the old peacemaker to come and explain this power, in the hope that he might profit by it. Instead of going to his emperor, the aged sage took a pen and began to write in bold Chinese characters

PAWNBROKER'S STOREHOUSE, CANTON.

the single word *Forbearance*. Upon learning this, the emperor ordered the image of this wise man to be given a prominent place in every home in the land. Unfortunately, the example failed to prove of sufficient influence to accomplish, in all cases, the good purpose intended, though the good it did do is beyond estimation.

In such homes as we have briefly described, live and have lived the countless people of the great Middle Kingdom, suffering from the cold

PAVILION AND POND, NEAR CHINKIANG.

in winter and from the heat in summer, and from the smoke and foul air at all times. Besides these uncomfortable features, another which would prove unbearable to the American race is the great number of insects and vermin lurking in every part of these poor dwellings, in the adobe walls, in the earth floor, in every corner and crevice, in and around the articles of furniture, in the household utensils, in the very air.

Outside the dwelling is equal confusion and unsightliness. In the small yard described, the children, cats, dogs, pigs, chickens, and other creatures strive with each other for a share of the playground, the

entire collection always under the feet of the grown members of the human family. The insecurity of these primitive habitations, which render it easy for the thief to break in and steal what he wishes, has made it desirable to wall the country towns whenever this could be done, as a matter of safety. In case of war or trouble, the inhabitants of the unprotected towns flee for protection to those more favoured, the moment the alarm of impending danger is sent abroad. This leaves the abandoned village open to an unresisting despoliation by the enemy. That such an advantage is seldom allowed to pass unimproved, is shown but too well by the great number of country villages lying in ruin and desolation wherever one goes.

Many of the villages have a public fireplace situated in the middle of a huge brick chimney, standing near the centre of the town, where it is customary to burn all written papers. Some of these receptacles are rectangular in form, and resemble a small factory chimney; while others, built in several tiers, are pagodas in miniature, and take the palm for ugliness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

WHILE in Szechuan we find an exception to the foregoing rule. We are also forcibly reminded that no rule, however fixed, can be applied with the same result everywhere. It is true that wherever one goes the race shows its distinguishing features invariably. We notice it alike in foreign lands and in our own country. The figure does not materially change, whether in the seaboard cities, on the plains of Yunnan, in the "Red Basin" of Szechuan, on the fertile meadows of Yangtse Kiang, or along the banks of the Yellow River.

The shaven head and the long dark queue is seen constantly, and we are everywhere painfully aware of the deformed feet of the women. The almost universal costume of a Chinaman is a pair of blue or white cotton drawers, made loose, over which he draws a pair of yellow or salmon gaiters, low behind but high in front, and fastened around the ankles. Stockings and shoes complete his outfit in this direction. His body is clothed in a long blue coat resembling a nightgown, tied at the sides. Under it he wears a white jacket. Over it he dons an easy-fitting padded jacket made of silk, with a wide collar which can be turned up or down. He crowns all with a "cup-shaped hat," from under which falls the universal queue. In case the sun's heat is uncommonly fierce, he tries to ward off its fervour with a prodigious straw hat, often made two and a half feet in diameter, and of such weight as to be burdensome to the wearer. All this is typical, it must be understood, but there are local customs and prejudices. The Chinaman in Mao-pao might wear this style of hat without hesitation, but the same person would exchange it for another very quickly when he came into one of the up-country districts.

While there is a monotonous resemblance in the severe plainness of the architecture of the buildings, we are constantly finding new styles of houses, as there are new environments. The West River has one form

of boats for traffic, the rivers of Yunnan another, the Min yet a third kind, and so on almost indefinitely. The natural features of the country are responsible for this variation, as they are for many others. What is fit for one quarter is unfit for another, and an empire so vast in area must afford a marked difference in places. On one part of our journey we see burdens carried in wicker baskets fixed in wooden pack-saddles fitted to human backs; presently we meet with bearers whose loads are

BUDDHIST ABBOT AND PRIESTS IN FULL CANONICALS.

slung on bamboo poles made to rest on their shoulders. In one region long trains of oxen move sluggishly across the plains with their loads of produce, but these useful animals disappear the moment we come in sight of one of the great inland waterways. The state and facilities of the soil naturally govern the quality of the food partaken of by the people.

Mrs. Bishop, in speaking of this diversity of cause and result, says: "It exposes the veracity of the travellers to suspicion. One may describe

some peculiarity which is universal in one region, such as the graceful circular or pointed arches of its bridges; while another, whose sole idea of a Chinese bridge is stone uprights carrying flat stone slabs, such as the huge, lumbering structure which with its wearisome but needful length bestrides the Min at Fuchau, accuses him of having drawn upon his imagination for his facts." Although this may seem to contradict the statement that the Chinese are not an inventive people, it really proves it. As

WATER-JARS OF EARTHENWARE, SHANGHAI.

each district began to build or work, according as its condition or situation warranted, so has that method been carried out, generation succeeding generation. The inhabitant of Szechuan would no more adopt the customs of Yunnan than the closest follower of fashion would wear the style of last year. Then there is another reason for this diversity of custom which comes from the utter ignorance that the dwellers in one quarter have of another. Different in this respect, as in all others, from the Slav and the Saxon, the Chinaman lacks the roving nature belonging to an emigrant. He is not an explorer, a pioneer even. The

overworked and poorly fed labourer of the Red Basin in Szechuan toils on in blissful ignorance that in the valley of the West River are acres of fertile land, which under his careful husbandry might be made to yield him a comfortable living, or that thousands of deserted homes in Yunnan lack only the coming of the superfluous families lingering on the verge of starvation in the too thickly populated regions, in order to be made into prosperous and happy homes. The government of China might learn a good lesson in migration if it would but improve its opportunities.

We still miss the birds. We have seen a pheasant to-day, but the woods remind us of the Black Forest, where the only sound that breaks the silence of the solitude for miles is the footfall of the intruder, nearly muffled by the carpet of pine needles. If the forests are lonely, the farmyards are scarcely better stocked in proportion. We see no mules, horses, goats, or cattle, though there are ducks and geese to overrunning, and of cats and dogs a surfeit.

When the farmer wishes to plough or harrow his rice-field he harnesses the homely, awkward, hairless buffalo, or "water-ox," and hitches him to a primitive plough that hardly more than scratches the ground. The furrows run zigzag across the land, the Chinaman having no eye for the symmetrical. He does like to be his own boss, however, and no matter on how small a scale he is doing business, or carrying on his farming, he feels better satisfied with his little corner of rice, or miniature patch of cotton, than he would be to work for another at a princely income. This very fact has been one of the great causes that has kept the lower class poor. With the same clumsy brute with which the Chinaman cultivates the land he turns his oil and grain mills. This slur upon the true ox is an unprepossessing creature, and it is said that his looks do not belie his temper when he is aroused by fright or dislike.

Although the region is lacking in bird life, there are numerous flowers, some of which are beautiful and of prodigious size. In the flowering season the roadways and hedges are profuse with pink and white blossoms, while the margins of the woods are gemmed with pretty purple violets and clusters of yellow clematis. We are reminded of Japan in the prodigal display of plum and cherry blossoms.

A pessimistic writer has said, with a hint at the truth and a touch of satire, that China is a land of contradiction, "a country where the women have no petticoats, and the magistrates no honour; where old men fly kites, and puzzled people scratch their backs instead of their heads, where the seat of honour is on the left, and the abode of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off the hat is an act of insolence, and to wear white is to go into mourning."

Farming is done by methods peculiar to the Chinese husbandman. A piece of ground under cultivation has to be cleared of the stubble of

PORTICO AT NANKIN.

the previous crop before it can be ploughed for another. Thus a man with a hoe digs up the roots, and another follows him with a heavy mallet to knock off the earth that may be clinging to them. A third collects the roots into a basket, while a fourth goes after him with a rake to scratch over the ground to be sure that not a rootlet or blade of grass remains. Finally, the entire lot that has been collected is stacked for fuel when needed.

At Chengtu-fu, situated near the River Min, or Fu, as the Chinese call the stream here, we come upon what is claimed to be the best road in China. It is a fine highway as far as we see it, for our course is still southward, while this noted road connects the west with the east. It

is well paved with slabs of stone, and has some handsome stone bridges where it crosses the numerous streams running across the country. While China has many large rivers, the American cannot fail to be surprised at the small number of minor watercourses and brooks. To this lack of small streams is due the frequent freshets of the large rivers.

Nowhere are there finer specimens of bridges than are to be seen in this province, both in regard to strength and design. The piers generally

THE PROVISION MARKET, HONGKEW.

terminate in carvings of fantastic figures, more often dragons than anything else, though sometimes scenes of every-day life are represented, such as a woman carrying a tub of water, a man pulling another's fingers, or some ridiculous scene. While all are executed with rare skill, nothing shows originality in the conception. The builders of these bridges were skilled workmen, and some of them have as many as four or five arches, that are thrown over the intervening space with a daring and graceful arch. It looks a little singular to see a road scarcely wide enough for an ordinary vehicle to move along, leading upon a bridge with sufficient

GOOD LUCK PAGODA, NEAR CANTON.

breadth for three carriages to drive abreast. But these bridges are constructed under different conditions from those described as applying to the roads. When not built by a popular subscription, which is liberally supported, they are donated by some individual of wealth, whose name and generous deed are recorded in characters cut in the stones.

We cross a stone bridge which has as many as twelve arches, presenting elaborate carvings and proofs of strength and durability.

NANKIN AND THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN.

Besides the stone bridges there are in this province many substantial wooden ones, which are roofed over, the tops laid with tiles, the uprights being very conspicuous in their coat of red lacquer. These bridges are the presents of public-spirited citizens, whose names are inscribed in gold characters, along with some flattering sentiment. Unlike the bridges in Yunnan, that show so much of the inroads of decay, all the bridges in this province that we have seen are in good repair. These bridges are of recent construction, while there are occasionally seen older ones built with long flags and heavy stone posts. It is seldom that a traveller in

China, whatever he may have to say against the roads, has to ford a stream.

Chengtu-fu is situated in the midst of a fertile district noted for its rice crops, which never fail, owing to the unceasing supply of water afforded by the sparkling streams flowing down from their fountainheads in mountains of the north. The largest of these, the Min (Fu), is supposed to have its source in the Bayan Range, and is a rapid stream bounding over a rocky bed until reaching the plain of Chengtu-fu. Other rivers unite with it, so that it becomes an important stream of so much consequence that by some it is looked upon as the main branch of the Great River. Regarded from a commercial point of view, this offers good grounds for belief, as the Yangtse Kiang is navigable only forty miles above the junction of this river, while it is the passageway for boats over two hundred and fifty miles before joining the other. The rice-fields of Chengtu-fu are conducted with the simple methods of irrigation practised by the Chinese. The river is made to flow into numerous channels, meandering over the landscape. These are again separated into many small canals, and these subdivided into smaller "ducts." Finally, the water is pumped up by primitive treadmills run by human power, and the water distributed, so that not an acre of this territory is denied its perennial supply of water.

To our east, beyond this fertile tract of level country, lies that still more noted locality called "The Red Basin," rich in its resources, and overflowing with its population. No part of China, and few regions, if any, in the world, supports so large a number of people to the square mile as this section of Szechuan. In the Red Valley mentioned the soil is given the most careful attention, so that often as many as four crops a year are harvested from the same patch. It is only through this economical cultivation that the inhabitants find enough to live upon. Even then, if anything happens to cut short one of the crops ever so little, it is sure to bring suffering to many, and often whole communities linger on the verge of starvation for weeks at a time. But the people do not murmur. They are exceptionally industrious, and free from the vices of the larger centres of population. Year by year the population is increasing, while the output of the soil reached its limit some time since. The day would seem to be near when emigration from these

fertile regions, the garden of China, must begin. Here is a case where a loss will be a decided gain, while wherever these industrious people go influence for good will accompany them.

In the schools of a country lies the future of its government. While in Southern China we visited several of these "seats of learning," only to find that a description of one would answer for all. The schoolroom is a curious combination of simplicity, wisdom, and superstition. The

IMAGES OF THE LOHANS (ATTENDANT DEITIES).

schoolrooms that we saw there were about a dozen feet square, with small tables and short, narrow benches, after the usual pattern of Chinese benches, for the convenience of the scholars. A table of equal plainness and a bench of similar dimensions afforded such accommodations as the teacher required. Like all Chinese buildings, it had no roof, but in the dirty, black space overhead were hung from the rafters a few paper lanterns. In a distant corner a small, hideous-looking image peered down upon the scene below, a god of watchfulness. A table opposite the seats occupied by the pupils supported two wooden figures, as repulsive

as that in the roof, and were supposed to represent the god and goddess of learning. These stood out in bold relief in their coats of bright red, yellow, and blue, three colours that seem to be prime favourites with the people. Just apart from this stood a stone tablet bearing an inscription in Chinese characters, one of the wise sayings of Confucius. These completed the permanent fixtures of the gloomy place, whence the bewildered pupils were expected to come forth in a few years full-fledged in the primary knowledge of reading and writing, and with a sort of smattering of the ancient classics.

The schoolhouses of Szechuan are equally plain, and everything about them bears the same air of unpretentiousness. Several plain tables, rude benches for the pupils, some "ink-stones," and a chair for the teacher comprise the main features, excepting, of course, the middle-aged pedagogue and his industrious pupils, whose ages range from seven to fourteen. Overhead the rafters bear a tablet with a Confucian inscription, and on the side of the room, situated in a niche that seems to have been made especially for it, is a life-size figure of the Chinese god of literature. In front of this is a small wooden box partly filled with sand, and containing incense sticks which are kept constantly smouldering.

General confusion reigns in the schoolroom, from the fact that each pupil studies his lesson by repeating it over in a loud tone. This is done, we are told, everywhere in China, and the object is to show that the pupil is studious. The result, where there are thirty or more voices pitched in keys that make a volume which has small claim to harmony, may be imagined, but cannot be appreciated by an American teacher. When the scholar believes he has mastered his lesson he raises his hand, and then recites it with his back to the teacher, so he may not look on the book. There seem to be few, if any, classes in recitation. Upon entering the schoolroom the scholar makes his obeisance in front of the tablet dedicated to Confucius, salutes his teacher, and then takes his seat. At the close of the session of school he is expected to repeat this ceremony.

Above this primary school not many of the pupils ever rise, and it is a wonder they acquire as much knowledge as they do. The number of hours thus occupied would tire out the American boy, to say nothing of the teacher. School opens promptly at sunrise, and continues until ten

o'clock, when an intermission of one hour follows, after which the school begins another session, which lasts until five o'clock in the afternoon. Upon beginning his school career the pupil is given his *shu-ming*, or "book name," which he bears through the rest of his life.

The school which we are describing is one of the primary grade, but, as humble as it is, the majority of the pupils here will never know any other. It forms to-day, as it has done for hundreds of years, the sum and substance of the education of the great mass of people. It is a dull, dreary attempt to acquire knowledge of a literature without an alphabet,

RUINS OF EMPEROR YUNG SOH'S TOMB, NANKIN.

and a language without a grammar. The weariness of memorising sounds that have no meaning, and of becoming familiar with forms that have no natural sequence in their shape, is one that only a Chinaman could safely undertake to master. This rudimentary part of his education requires about two years to complete, when the more earnest work of applying these principles to the meaning of words begins.

Whatever may be the blemishes of the Chinese system of education, as judged by a foreigner, and to him it is a monstrous example of misguided effort, the man of letters is looked upon as a superior being. Naturally so, for it is only by the ladder of education that any person,

be he of high or low birth, can reach the honours and emoluments of official position. The moral precepts included in this form of education are more numerous than those of any other system in the world, excepting, of course, Biblical instruction, and the wisdom imparted in proverbs and illustrations is something marvellous. No stage of life from the cradle to the grave is overlooked; the charity unto others, the virtues of home, the righteousness of public life, the filial obligations of the young, — nothing is forgotten or omitted. The "Trimetrical Classics," consisting of six introductory school-books, arranged in 178 double lines or columns, begin with the mooted saying: "Men at their birth are by nature perfect." This is followed by declaring that "mutual affection of father and son; concord of man and wife; the older brother's kindness; the younger one's respect; order between seniors and juniors; friendship among associates; on the prince's part regard; on the minister's, true loyalty, — these moral duties are for ever binding among men." Worthy examples, noble deeds from the lives of noted wise men and statesmen, conclude this work, and this book is followed by others of equal and even greater beauty. These good and high interpretations of life cannot fail to fix on the mind of the learner the nobler attributes of true manhood. These schools, history shows, have been in existence for over three thousand years. How much longer is only conjecture, but it must have been for a long period.

In spite of this, under the surface, there is something radically wrong. The race, or more correctly speaking, the races, have been capable of great possibilities. That they have not realised this is too well known to need reiteration. We can find no more fitting illustration of this failure than in the fact that at Chung-Ching, within sight and sound of one of these schools, the good luck of the region is ensured by the firing of a gun from one of the mountainsides on the first day of the tenth month of each year. The hand at the helm of Chinese education has steered the craft into the rapids of ignorance and superstition rather than out into the broad river of enlightenment and intercourse with the outside world. Like the mighty River of the Golden Sand, the Chinese may have been capable of becoming a Son of the Sea, but have proved to themselves and others a Hoang-ho, or "River of Sorrow."

RIVER BOAT AND RICE JUNK.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

AT Chengtu-fu we gladly part with our ponies, and once more begin our passage by boat. From this point the interest of our trip increases, though we have turned our backs on the mountains and their lonely grandeur. But all this is more than made up for in the cheerfulness of the country as we progress down the river. Everywhere we see evidence of the thrift and prosperity of the people. This is indeed one of the most attractive parts of China. Fruit-trees are abundant, forming pretty groves about the hamlets that line the river, while every eminence of land that is not cultivated is capped with clumps of bamboos and pines. Rows of mulberry-trees mark the dividing lines between the fields, while beautiful lawns reach down to the very water's edge from the homesteads along the way. In their season this must be a region of flowers. Our native companions seem to catch the spirit of the peaceful and prosperous scene, and we forget the trials and hardships that are past in the peace and enjoyment of the present trip.

To-day we catch a glimpse of the majestic and sacred mountain, Omei Shan, which rises into the clear sky on our right, as we glide down the river. Three places are especially sacred to the Buddhism of China: Mount Omei in Szechuan; Mount Wutai in Shansi; and the island of Pootoo, on the rim of the Chusan Archipelago, in the Yellow Sea. In the first place, there is a temple the dome of which is made of brick, an unusual thing in China. In fact, this, it is claimed, was never built by mortal hands, but simply appeared on the scene through divine power. At this sacred mount is to be seen a wonderful bronze Pusa riding a colossal bronze elephant, its feet standing in lotus flowers.

As it will necessitate a considerable delay, we do not turn from our course to visit Mount Omei, which we find was sacred long before the creed of Buddha was preached in the Chinese Empire. A recent visitor to this place describes a great number of temples, annually visited by a large number of pilgrims, and speaks of the deep impressiveness of the scene, until we recall our own enthusiasm over Nikko, the city of temples in Japan. Some two hundred miles up North River from Canton, we saw the image of Kwon-yin, the Chinese goddess of nature. Go Mung has a fund of poetical tales to tell concerning this famous abode of gods and goddesses. His legend of Kwon-yin is very similar to that given in regard to her who sits enthroned on her lotus flower in the cavern of North River. He describes how the tiger came to be worshipped here, as it is, in connection with the Goddess of Children, who is represented as sitting on the back of a tiger. This ferocious feline plays an important and frequent part in the fables of China. Go Mung goes on to tell how, during one of the wars, a man and his wife fled to the mountains for safety, forgetting in their fright their little son. Presently a tiger finds the forsaken child, and, though hungry from long fasting, controls his appetite and bears away to his lair in the hillside the helpless little one. Then it nourishes it, until the child has grown so as to be able to care for itself. The tiger then carries the boy to one of the villages, where he is cared for, and grows up to be a great and good man. For that humane act the tiger is placed among the deities of the mountains.

About 125 miles below Chengtu-fu, we pass under frowning bluffs of red sandstone, covered with stalwart trees, from between whose

A CHINESE GARDEN.

branches we catch frequent glimpses of temples and pagodas, standing out boldly in their bright colours. We pass cliffs blazoned with strange characters, over which azaleas and gardenias hang, with bright-coloured foliage, and then our gaze becomes fixed on rows of houses on the opposite embankment. We have come to the important city of the three rivers, the Min, Ya, and Talu. The streams together form

THE DRUM TOWER, NANKIN.

what looks like a lake, before finally uniting and sweeping on toward the south as one, the Min, or Yu.

The city so boldly outlined on the red sandstone bluff is the prosperous capital of this section of the beautiful and productive province. This town by the name of Kia-ting has a population estimated at fifty thousand. It proves to be one of the liveliest Chinese cities that we have seen, and is of great commercial importance, being at the head of that river navigation which is the outlet of this rich region. The trade in white wax, of which we have spoken, ends here, while Kia-ting is the centre of the silk-weaving industry of this province. Considerable trade is also carried on here in opium, while this is a place of the output of

timber from the interior. We are in season to see a long train of devotees just leaving for their annual pilgrimage to the temples of Omei Shan and the "Glory of Buddha," already described.

In the wall of rock facing us we discover a mighty figure of Buddha chiselled in the rocky escarpment. It is claimed to be nearly four hundred feet in height, with features in proportion. The distance from the chin to the forehead is over thirty feet, while the nose alone is over five feet

BUDDHIST PRIESTS AT WORSHIP.

in length. In order to give the appearance of life to it, grass is allowed to grow on the head, eyebrows, upper lip, and ears, so it would seem from a distance that hair was growing in those places. The figure is said to be over a thousand years old.

We enter the city by the South Gate, and after climbing a steady ascent, gain a point of view where one of the finest panoramas of the surrounding country that we have seen is unfolded to our gaze. The course of the wall is easily traced by its bright red sandstone sides, with

a few layers of light-coloured brick. The Canadian Methodists have their mission-house at the place, while this is also the headquarters of the China Inland Mission. At this city, for the first time, we hear rumours of complaints against foreigners, though we have no trouble.

Reluctantly we bid adieu to Kia-ting, and, stepping aboard our *wupan*, or light boat, resume our journey. This locality is noted for its cliff dwellings, many of which are to be seen from the river. Some of these are almost inaccessible to the ordinary climber. These are generally reached from above rather than from below, and such have in many cases wide platforms at the entrance. Where the face of the rocky wall has been smoothed off, projections a foot or more in width, looking like the eaves of a common dwelling, have been left as a protection against water running down upon them. Considerable architectural skill is displayed in the construction of these singular abodes, and show that the occupants must have been enlightened people. The height of the doorway would seem to indicate that they were undersized, though this idea is not carried out in other parts of the dwellings. Others that we did not see may have higher entrances. This one had three rooms, the largest of which was twenty by twenty-five feet, and is over seven feet in height. It contains a stone altar and a stone water-tank, while there are stone settees cut out of the solid rock, with a back hollowed so as to fit the sitter's body. Stone pivots remain upon which the doors swing, and over the outer door is a fine frieze more than eighteen inches in height. Altogether these odd dwellings betray careful finish, and awaken a curious interest in the visitor in regard to those who, in the days long since passed, made them their homes.

We often read of terraced hills in China, but we have seen very little of them since we left the lower part of West River. This kind of talk is repeated too often. Many of the hills are too barren to be cultivated profitably, while there are not enough people to demand such an economic course.

At one of the smaller towns on the Min we see a party of women who have walked, it is said by those who ought to know, over twenty-five miles to get there, and who are expecting to return to their homes on foot the same day. Fifty miles between suns is no slight trip for a man to take, and how these women with their crippled feet can perform

the journey is beyond our comprehension. It is painful to us to see them waddle about. It cannot be called walking.

Foot-binding is practically universal in China. It is true there are those, especially in the Yunnan province, that belong to the poorer class who let their feet alone on account of their work; but they form a small exception. It is the fashion, and no maid would stand any chance of an "honourable marriage" did she neglect this painful duty. And it must be painful in the extreme. With the better class it is generally done before the child is five years old. It consists in bending four of the

RUINS IN THE OLD PALACE GROUNDS, NANKIN.

toes under the foot, while the big toe is bent back upon the top of the foot, while all are kept in their respective positions by being tightly bandaged. In order to retain the "beauty" of this shape, the woman must bandage her foot every day in her life. These bandages are not covered with stockings, but soft shoes, often embroidered with silk, and having soles of stitched leather, are often worn over them. These shoes are generally home-made.

Among the poorer class this foot-binding may not take place until the girl is betrothed, which may be as late as ten or twelve years. The process is then much more painful, and a deep rent across the under part of the foot is often made, which has to be drawn closely together

and fastened there. The suffering cannot be other than intense, but it is borne with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. Still there is much to show why it should be endured, for the lives of the women of the lower class are hard and pitiable. Even as wives of the well-to-do, their situation is harsh enough. Chinese women are very susceptible to flattery, and to attain what is considered admirable and desirable in personal appearance, no sacrifice is held to be too great. The light

ORNAMENTAL ROOFS AND BRICKWORK (SUCHAU).

in which this monstrous practice of foot-binding is viewed is shown by the poetical expression of "The Golden Lilies," when reference is made to these deformed feet.

So firmly rooted has this custom become that China has had no ruler powerful enough to remove the bane, and the greatest emperor who ever sat upon the throne dared not make the attempt. Even the admission of Tartar and Manchu influence has done nothing toward accomplishing its abolition. Occidental teachings and example have, however, made a beginning in this respect. Foot-binding is followed in a modified form

at the capital, and it is hoped the day is not far distant when this enlightenment will spread over the country. When it does come it will be like the light of the rising sun penetrating swiftly to the remote corners of the empire.

Along with this it is hoped will come an emancipation from many of the drudgeries of life which fall to the lot of the Chinese women. To say nothing of the slavery and suffering experienced by a Chinese woman in the care of rearing a large family, which makes a beautiful bride of sixteen faded at thirty, and ugly and wrinkled at forty, her work besides this is actually never done, until she has entered upon that long rest in which the sleep is unbroken. Nearly everything worn by the family is made at home, and she is expected to do it. Then there is the wadded bedding, as well as the wadded garments, which requires frequent attention, having to be ripped open and washed and aired. In the season of the ripening fruit the orchards have to be watched for weeks, and the women have to do more than their part in this care. During the harvest-time the Chinese woman is called into the field, holding her own with her brother or husband. When the threshing comes on she is again among the men workers. In the cotton growing districts she is almost constantly in the field, until she leaves that to begin the ginning, spinning, cording, winding, weaving, again making up the cloth into padded garments, and then back to the field, to the picking, and all that follows. The introduction of cotton mills into some of the cities has already made its sharp competition felt in the remote cotton districts, where the weaving has been and is done on a clumsy hand-loom, which has now to be kept in constant motion in order that the family may keep the wolf from breaking through the door of the damp, musty, unhealthful dwelling. In order to do this, the man takes his place at the weaving until midnight, when his wife rises from her troubled sleep to continue the weary work until morning. In consideration of this unremitting toil, one can almost forgive them for being slovenly in their habits.

Except for the inhuman treatment of the feet, the dress of the *Nu-jin*, or Chinese woman, is more nearly correct than that of almost any other race. No restraints are placed upon the development of the figure, and the foreign women who have worn the Chinese costume have

declared that the latter is more comfortable than their own. It is the universal practice for Chinese women to wear trousers, though in some localities these are not allowed to show below the skirt. In this province the skirt or petticoat, worn only in certain districts, is not considered necessary, and the full trousers, swathed closely about the ankles, are considered the proper thing. Over them is worn an ordinary, loose-fitting garment, having sleeves, and reaching to the knees. The petticoat

MISSION HOSPITAL, NANKIN.

is worn here only by the very lowest class, women who are outcasts from good society.

The Chinese belle has been poetically pictured, and the Chinese picture nothing that is not poetical, as having "cheeks like the almond flower, lips like a peach blossom, a waist like a willow leaf, eyes as bright as the ripples dancing in the sun, and footsteps like the lotus flower!" It is certain that, despite all their drudgery and hard work in life, despite the scorn that is directed against the sex, the women of no race try more earnestly to dress well and in fashion than those of China. If a considerable percentage of the poorer classes are obliged to let

nature shape their feet, there is not a woman in the vast empire but dreams of the happy day when her feet shall be transformed into "golden lilies," as the perfection of womanly grace and charm, and not a man, if he belong to good society, dreams of marrying a woman who has neglected this duty.

GROTESQUELY-SHAPED ROCKS.

We have again been reminded to-day of the constant embarrassment a foreigner encounters in addressing the Chinese, on account of the absence in the language of such common terms as Mister or Master. It is true Go Mung has fallen into the habit of addressing us as "Master," but this he has picked up with his smattering of the foreign tongue. In the seaboard towns it is quite safe to apply terms that denote specific honour, but back here that will not do. The Chinaman acts some under the belief that "All are brethren within the four seas," and thus addresses a stranger of his own age thus: "Noble brother, wilt thou throw the rays of thy light upon my clouded vision enough to show me if this is the proper way to Sui-fu?" Should the man be older, he would address him as "Uncle," or "Grandfather." This rule looks simple, but when we find that different significations are given

according to the age of the "uncle" or "grandfather," we give up in despair.

A woman in China has actually no name at all, she being spoken of in an indirect manner if unmarried, while if married she has two surnames, that of her father and that of her husband, but as these may have many duplicates in the place, it affords no real distinction for her. It is thus more difficult for a stranger to address women than men. Such terms as *ta-niang*, or "aunt," *sao-tsu*, "elder sister-in-law," and *nai-nai*, "grandmother," very nearly cover all possible cases, according to Chinese ideas of propriety. It is easy to see how confusion is likely to arise at any time, especially when there happens to be more than one generation of women in the family, as there is usually.

We witness to-day a wedding train, and our Chinese attendants go into ecstasies over the "happy event," for while the Chinaman does not look for happiness in the home, the ceremony which leads to the consummation of that end is considered a joyous occasion. So, for that matter, is a funeral hailed with delight by a wide circle of poor relatives. This comes from the popular objects of the dead man's life, which are to have on certain occasions bountiful feasts, no matter how limited the resources of the deceased may have been. Two of the most fitting times for feasting and festivity are the wedding and the funeral. In no country is the wedding feast made so much of as in China.

Marriage customs differ widely in various parts of China, but the feast is nowhere omitted, and it is always safe to count on the presence of every invited guest either in person or by substitute. The ceremony of itself is simple, but the choice of those who are to be present and the contribution of the food are delicate matters to settle, and often involve astute management. But it is a gala-day to the majority.

The wife, whenever spoken of by her husband, is designated by some such term as "the thorn in my flesh," "the unaccountable one of my dwelling." Children, without any slight intended, are styled "insects" or "worms." Yet the same person in speaking of his family would say, with a very contrite spirit, "My heart is borne down by the fates which have robbed me of my treasure of the inner room," or, "The fates have neglected me so far that I have only one little insect."

The silvery waters of the Min broaden and deepen, as they bear us on through the beautiful country, until at last we are carried past the picturesque temple of the "Sleeping Buddha," which is gained by steps cut in the rock-wall, and lo! we are back to the Kinsha, the River of the Golden Sand.

ONE OF THE GATES OF NANKIN.

A Noble Chinese Lady

CHINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XX.

UPPER YANGTSE KIANG.

SINCE we last saw it, the Great River has increased in volume more than we had expected, though this is at a season when it flows at its lowest. The fact is attested to by the jagged rocks and the forbidding brown heads thrust above the sweeping tide. One singularity we notice, — its waters are of a yellowish hue, while those of the Min are touched with silver, clear and transparent. As if loth to mix its limpid offering with the other it runs for a long distance almost distinct from it. When the snow-banks on the highlands of Tibet begin to melt in May, and the monsoon pours its annual floods on the great watershed, the mighty stream rises rapidly, until its foaming crests leap nearly a hundred feet higher than we find them to-day. It is a swollen, turbulent river from June to the middle of September, a little over three months, when it falls away nearly as rapidly as it rose.

From this junction of the Min it becomes the most important way of transportation in China, and thousands of coolies and others are engaged in boating on its flood. The Upper Yangtse is a region of sublime grandeur and infinite peril to life and traffic. As has been stated, the

river is navigable for forty miles above this city, or to Ping Shan, and constitutes what may be termed the first section of river traffic. The Upper Yangtse is a long series of rapids and cataracts, which afford some of the grandest scenery to be found in Asia, and scarcely equalled anywhere else in the world for its peril to life and loss to traffic. It is claimed with apparent good reason that, of the seven thousand junks that ply annually on this portion of the river, as many as one thousand of these

BUDDHIST PRIESTS OUTSIDE SMALL TEMPLE, POOTOO.

are wrecked in a single year, while one-sixth of the merchandise, chiefly cotton, is ruined or damaged by water. Still, the price of labour is so low and the risk to life and limb so slightly considered that goods sell little higher in the mountains than they do hundreds of miles lower down the river. At low water the charts show one thousand rocks and rapids threatening river traffic for a distance of five hundred miles below Ping Shan.

The second stage in this great river-way is from the junction of the river

Min at this place, through a series of wild gorges filled with romantic interest, to Hankow, where steam navigation meets the junks. This stage of the route is also filled with great peril to life and loss to the commodities in transit.

The final and easiest stage is by the broad, tidal river of a thousand miles to Shanghai, which is regularly made by large steamers. This portion of the Son of the Sea, often designated by another poetical term as "The River of Fragrant Tea-fields," passes through the richest portion of China, made so by its own deposits of alluvium. The amount of traffic done on this portion of the inland waterway is scarcely to be computed.

All of the exports and imports of the great province of Szechuan are transported by this river. The boats of the upper sections, made of pine on account of its lightness, are small, and have a high bridge. They carry at the stern a long oar, which becomes in the skilful hands of the steersman a powerful rudder capable of turning the boat while going its length. This oar is hung on a pivot, and is constructed on purpose to make the rapids of the river, where prompt action is the sole dependence for safety. A netting of bamboo is carried, large enough to cover the entire craft at night, which gives it the appearance of a huge tent. Under this the crew and passengers can sleep until morning. These resting-places, which might otherwise be quite tenantable, are rendered disagreeable to foreigners by the fumes of tobacco smoke, coming from the vilest of the weed, through the vilest of pipes, from the vilest of mouths. The river-ways are strewn wherever one goes with the wrecks of these boats.

The boatmen are wiry, closely knit men of small stature, but very strong and hardy, presenting a marked contrast to the Chinese of the wealthy class, whose corpulence is often so great as to make them ill-formed and incapable of quick movement. This fatty development is looked upon, however, as good fortune sent from heaven. A full face according to their idea of the fitness of things, signifies prosperity, while a thin countenance denotes a life of toil and servitude. The feet of the boatmen are noticeable for the lowness of the instep, being very flat. Their hands are soft and seem to indicate little strength, but the slender arms are a bundle of sinews.

We notice one peculiar trait among these "sons of the river" that is comical. The Chinese are positively afraid of rain, and while one of them will paddle to his waist all day without murmuring, when the water comes above that line he quits work. In case of rain he dons his *so-yi* (grass coat), which is his waterproof, and his bamboo hat, that protects him from rain and sun alike.

It has been sagely remarked that a Chinaman never looks so dirty as when he is trying to get clean, which he seldom does. The fact is he

STREET IN NANKIN.

does not belong to a cleanly race. To bathe one means simply to rub a wet rag, dirty at that, over the face. Unlike the Japanese, the Chinese seem to have a dislike for water. The same clothing is worn night and day, and as the cold waxes stronger the wearer puts on more covering over that which he has been wearing. As the cold increases, the wadding in the garments and the number of the garments increase accordingly, so it is easy to note the progress of the growing cold by the growing bulk of the person. With the approach of warm weather, again it is noted, as if by a thermometer, while layer after layer of padded dress is laid off, until

the individual comes down to his summer size. At the table the Chinese show equal uncleanliness. The apartments in which they live are never cleaned, the accumulations being allowed to increase, and such of the dirt, rubbish, and refuse matter as collects about the room, which does not become trampled into the earth, is brushed under the bed or into a corner to become a breeding place for all kinds of vermin.

Sui Fu is a bustling city of 150,000 inhabitants, and is very pleasantly situated on an elevated position, so as to command a fine view of the surrounding country. As may be imagined, it is the centre of considerable commercial activity. We hear accounts of the Lolos, a tribe of the aborigines living in the mountainous regions to the west. These people have been a thorn in the flesh of the Chinese for over two thousand years, and have been a serious drawback to land trade. Besides being at the head of navigation on the Great River, Sui Fu is the one objective point of trade between Northern Yunnan and Szechuan. Two lines of railroad are already planned to connect Yunnan City with Chengtu-fu, but neither of these will come near Sui Fu, one going as far east as Chung-king, and the other making a more direct course through the land of the Lolos above this city and passing at the foot of Omei Shan. What effect this will have upon the future prosperity of Sui Fu remains to be seen. The chances are that it will not gain by it.

Since coming to Szechuan we have heard considerable regarding the large poppy fields, for this province is noted for raising this questionable plant, and upon reaching the city Lu Chau, situated at the junction of the River To with the Kin-sha, we are forcibly reminded of this product. This place is a little smaller than Sui Fu, and it is estimated that four out of every five of the male population smoke opium. Opium pipes are offered as freely to customers in the shops as cups of tea are given in Japan. Situated in the heart of the great Red Basin, this is a pretty place; but more than at Sui Fu and above do we hear mutterings against the "foreign devils." We are looked upon as intruders, and a crowd follows us wherever we go. Go Mung is candid enough to acknowledge that this feeling is being fomented by one of the powerful secret societies that are such a bane to China.

At the close of the day, while the boatmen seek the solace to be found in their ever-handy pipes, Go Mung tells us a strange story regarding the

origin of the poppy, from which comes the opium that has been such a curse to his race. There is a touch of Indian mysticism about the legendary account, which increases, rather than diminishes, its interest.

"A certain wise and good man once dwelt by a noble river in the Southland. He dwelt alone in his bamboo hut except for the companionship of a mouse. Now a simple mouse must have been far from such a

VIEW ON THE CITY WALLS, NANKIN.

companion as most men would have sought to enliven their loneliness. But this great scholar understood so well the ways of the mouse that he asked for no higher friend. The mouse was very happy, not a cloud darkening its life, until the shadow of a cat, its natural enemy, fell across its path. Thrice three times did this mouse see the cat, and she barely escaped by fleeing to her master.

"Seeing her great distress, he granted her (the mouse) the power of speech, that she might explain it to him. This being done, the mouse told her story, bewailing her fate that she was so small as not to be able

to stand her own with such a fierce animal as the cat. Thereupon the wise man changed her into the form and nature of a cat.

"As a cat the simple creature found even greater enjoyment in the company of her kind master, and for hours at a time she used to lie in his lap, or upon a soft mat at his feet. If she remembered that she had once been a little mouse, however, she did not show it by any act of mercy in refraining from hunting her natural prey. But this life soon found its drawbacks, for it was not long before the cat was bothered by a dog, and finally she again fled to her master. Upon being allowed the power of speech again, she asked to become a dog. This wish was granted.

"But the life of a dog met with its disappointments. Everywhere she went she was cuffed and kicked about, and finally so worried by an ape that for the third time she appealed to her master, who, quickly understanding her desire, caused her to be changed to an ape. But her career as an ape was even more brief. She no longer enjoyed the companionship of her former master, though that troubled her far less in her new state than the frequent attacks of a wild boar, that would trample her under foot and devour her at one mouthful. Coming into his presence one day with a decidedly crumpled appearance, the wise man recognised her as kindly as when she had been his constant companion. At her request she was changed, not into a fierce brute like the boar, but into that wisest and mightiest of the animal kingdom, the elephant. Surely she had chosen most wisely now, for no creature was strong enough to worry her, and her late enemies she could trample under her feet.

"The life of an elephant soon proved far from being the ideal picture she had drawn. It was a lonely life, as every other creature fled at the sound of her heavy tread. If mighty in her ponderous form, the most tiny insect found opportunity to worry her, as even the dog had not worried the cat. She constantly found something to vex her. It was even a burden to move about, and, in despair at having failed so many times, she sought for yet another trial. Her master listened to her kindly, but assured her that she must choose carefully this time, as another transformation would exhaust his power. While she was pondering what shape to enter next, a beautiful maiden, singing a sweet love-song, went

gaily past. In a moment her choice was made, and she wondered she had not chosen the form of a young and beautiful woman before. In her must lie the supreme happiness she had not found. The wise man smiled, but obeyed her request, when lo! a maiden of wondrous beauty and archness stood where before had cringed a mouse, a cat, an ape, a wild boar, or had stood with massive figure an elephant.

"She now administered to her master's wants, finding a peace and

THE COAL HILL, PEKIN.

happiness unknown in her other lives. But one day a young and handsome prince came her way, and with his coming departed her quiet and peace of mind. The maiden was in love, but with that exalted sensation came an unrest she had hitherto never known. The prince, however, could not be otherwise than pleased with her, and when she told him that she was not this simple old man's daughter, but a princess who had been abandoned by her ambitious sister that the latter might occupy the place rightfully hers, the young man resolved to win her for his bride. As her master, notwithstanding the slight she had put upon

BRIDGE AT SOUSHOW.

him, abetted her in this deception, she soon became a princess in reality, with a fair prospect that soon she would be a queen.

"Now she had ample time to discover that under the glistening foil there is a dark side. The king died, and her husband succeeded to the throne. But as a king he grew arrogant, and sought the company of other women. She was expected to be continually on dress parade, and so much did the frivolities wear upon her that she tired of the new life. The neglect of the king grew harder and harder to bear, until finally in despair she flung herself into a well and was drowned.

"No sooner had the queen ended her life than the king repented of his past sins, and shed genuine tears over the untimely fate of her whom he had driven to death. In his sorrow he sought the magician, whose foster-child his wife had been. Perhaps the thought of wrong done him by the princess, and the deception she had imposed upon the prince, caused him to say to the king that he knew not for whom he was weeping. The queen, however great and beautiful she had appeared to him, had once been only a mouse. Surely it was not becoming for a king to shed tears over the death of a foolish mouse. But still, if he wished to retain some memento of the dead queen, let him go home and have the well, which no one would use now, filled with earth, so that it would be her sepulchre. From her bones, in good time, would spring a wonderful plant, which would bring new power into the world. People would come from far and near to see it, and whoever should smoke its seeds would receive all the mischievousness of the mouse, the cunning of a cat, the savageness of a dog, filthiness of an ape, the grovelling hatred of a boar, the might of an elephant, and the beauty, the languor, the unsatisfied longings of a queen.

"The king did as he was told, and from the grave of the beautiful but unhappy queen sprang the white poppy, which soon enslaved the imperial ruler, and has enslaved its millions of men, throwing over them the mystical spell of all the attributes, just as it was foretold by the great magician."

The practice of smoking tobacco is universal in China, but the two classes of people use different styled pipes, which are supposed to be in keeping with their respective stations in life. The better class smoke an elaborate affair called the "water pipe." It has a bent stem, elegantly

carved, and it is highly ornamented. The bowl is extremely small, and will not allow the smoker to take more than two or three whiffs of the finely scented tobacco before he hands it back to his servant to refill. This the latter does by first removing the tiny bowl, and, after blowing out the ashes replenishing the supply of tobacco, which has been ground to a fine powder. Among the poorer people a cheaper pipe, with a reed stem varying in length from twelve inches to four feet, is used. The bowls of these are small, and are made of a white metal. The tobacco smoked is of inferior quality. These pipes are always kept near the smoker, even when he is not engaged in his almost constant practice of smoking. Those of the greatest length are sometimes used as walking-sticks.

CHAPTER XXI.

PICTURESQUE CHINA.

THE River To, or Fu-sung Kiang, which delivers its tribute to the Yangtse at Lu-chau, winds down through the richest part of the Red Basin, and is navigable for five hundred miles.

The next important tributary to the Great River from the north is the Fu-ling, which brings the combined offerings of three streams of considerable size, and is a river of great commercial importance. The eastern branch of this river, the Ku, runs on the border of one of the richest coal regions in the world. Central Szechuan appears to be laid on a coal bed of inexhaustible store. Some suggestion of coal is to be seen everywhere one goes; in the limestone cliffs of the mountains, in the rank vegetation of the valleys, in the ferns that grow redundant by the wayside, in the lumps seen along the banks of the streams, where the children pick up quantities sufficient to cook by, and in the points and projections of the rocky sides of the hills overhanging the hamlets of the people, who have only to chip off a piece that they may have fuel enough to last them through the day. But it is mined only in the most primitive ways by small collieries at the foot of the mountains. Mrs. Bishop, who travelled through the region above Liang-shan, says: "Scrambling up a black orifice in the limestone I came upon a 'gallery,' four feet high, down which Lilliputian wagons, holding about one hundred weight each, descend from 'workings' along a narrow tramway only twelve inches wide. From some holes boys crept out with small creels, holding not more than twenty-five pounds, roped on their backs, and little room to spare above them." The Chinese do not work the deposits downward, but along the surface, for fear they will scratch the dragon's back, and thus cause that dreaded creature, which is supposed to support the earth, to move and create great havoc generally.

Vivid accounts reach us of the Pass of Fuh-ri-gan, which, if the half told is true, must rival the finest of Japanese scenery. The pathway

winding up the wonderland leads under towering peaks, picturesque slopes, and mountains clothed with forests to their summits, while through deep ravines tumble laughing streams, fringed with ferns of great beauty and lycopodiums "made to tempt the gods." The woodlands are of equal glory, with many species of trees showing a great variety of attractive foliage. The most conspicuous of all is the "tree of blossoms," abounding with its gems of pink flowers, but barren of leaves. Foremost among the woods are the oak, walnut, chestnut, six varieties of the coniferæ, bamboos, and the *xylosma*, a native tree of great beauty of foliage. Besides these larger growths there is a superabundance of shrubs and trailers.

MOHAMMEDAN MINARET, CANTON.

The glory of the other trees is eclipsed by the delicate foliage and variegated hues of the different bamboos, most prominent among which is the plumed bamboo. There are three varieties of tufted bamboo: a tree with dark green plumage, another with a light green, and the third more beautiful than either, having plumes on golden stems that reflect the gold of

sunrise. Mingling their foliage, these three present the handsomest effect imaginable, while all rise to a dignified height among the "population of the forests." Nor are these the sum and substance of bambooan beauty, for there is that mightier cousin to these, the feathery bamboo, rising to a height of nearly seventy-five feet, resplendent with its arrow-like foliage whose stems point directly sky-

CENTRAL HALL OF PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

ward while enveloped in a mass of delicate tracery as light and soft as down.

In the midst of this sublime ascent the stone stairway is reached, where the passage over the summit is made easier by five thousand wide steps, bordered by curbing laid with marvellous workmanship, and all in good repair. Where the intermingling green and golden plumes of the bamboos droop gracefully over the head of the traveller, until they meet one another from each side, he comes to the fourteen hundred broad, flat steps called "the altar stairs leading through darkness up to God."

But the darkness is a golden twilight, and he who easily climbs the way feels that he is entering into Paradise. Passing up this noble pathway, where man and nature seem to have vied with each to outdo themselves, the song of birds is missed.

In this region of eastern Szechuan are many temples and pai fangs. Star-pua is noted as a village of temples, though it lacks the rugged setting of Japan's famous Nikko. Below this town is Liang-shan, which has a fine specimen of a Confucian temple, that presents a marked contrast to the grotesque structures reared to Buddha and Tao. This town

VIEW IN NANKIN.

is situated on the western slope of one of the many hillsides of this part of the province, and the temple stands under the outspreading arms of tall pines, cypresses, and bamboos, as if they were about to pronounce their benediction upon the hallowed spot. It is a noble background for the red sandstone structure, encircled by wide stone terraces. The front overlooks a big rice-field, which, when it is inundated, becomes a shallow lake, each eminence of land forming an island. These in many cases are walled, and hold some big farm sheltered by groves of bamboo or cypress. On some are temples overtopped by ancient trees, and surrounded by the dwellings of the priests.

It is on one of the heights which are at times surrounded by water that the temple mentioned stands under its canopy of green glazed tiles, and surrounded by a high wall of the imperial red of China. It is a plain, square, open structure, encircled with a stone terrace. Within everything is in keeping with the conspicuous plainness of the exterior. Fine palms rising from vases set in the centre lend dignity and beauty to the place. Beyond these is a pai fang, and the platform on the

A VIEW NEAR CANTON.

northern side has an altar of stone, while a tablet bears an appropriate inscription. Beyond this is another wall with other inscriptions separated by pilasters.

Chung-king-fu is a little over two hundred miles below Sui Fu, and is of greater commercial importance than any of the cities passed. It is believed to contain a population of nearly five hundred thousand people. Its situation, as we come down the river, reminds us of Quebec, with the nobility and solemnity of a greater age hanging over its massive

gray walls, holding within their ancient arms a grand array of towers and temples of Oriental suggestiveness. The city gate is reached by a flight of broad stone steps, leading from the river up. Its background is a wooded steep over fifteen feet high. Upon reaching the summit of the city, something of the glory and Canadian majesty which we had pictured to our mind's eye from a distance vanishes at the sight of the crowded, huddled appearance of the town. This, however, gradually fits into our mind as an appropriate part of a Chinese urban view, and we grow to like the place better. No doubt Chung-king-fu owes a part of its oft-repeated notice to the fact that its founders selected a site where it would be impossible for it to expand. It cannot do this until rock walls have been made to yield, and space in mid-air becomes the foundation of city homes. Chung-king-fu may yet pile up a larger population, but it must be done at the serious inconvenience of the whole. The view outside quite makes up for the want of breathing-room within. There is plenty of space out over the river, which at high water is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide, though it is not one-half of that width now. There is plenty of room on the magnificent hills beyond the muddy stream. As for that, there is always plenty of room just outside of China's crowded metropolises.

The city was opened as a treaty port in 1891, and is the farthest inland place of this kind in China. It is noted for its numerous shops, hongs, guild-halls and warehouses. The custom-house stands on a small rock plateau, with a rocky wall rising within a yard of its rear side. Chung-king-fu is the trading point for a population of over sixty million people. It is the only wholesale market for foreign goods in Sze-chuan, and it is connected by waterways with every town of importance in the province. All exports bound for the seaboard, and all imports coming in, have to pass at its foot.

At the base of the bluff a part of the city's population finds escape from the crowded quarters during the season of low water in a little miniature town built of mats and bamboos. As soon as the summer floods begin to raise the water in the river these dwellings have to be removed, and are borne to the heights on the backs of the men, while the yellow tide sweeps over the place they formerly occupied.

Below Chung-king-fu are two other cities, connected with it by the ties

A CHINESE LABOURER.

of trade organisations, Linin-fu and Kiang-peh, the trio forming a complete example of Chinese life and business where foreign influence has not reached.

The current grows more rapid as we turn our backs upon these cities, and it does not need the announcement of Go Mung that we are entering the long and tortuous gorges which form a characteristic feature of this section of the Yangtse Kiang. The crew have little to do save to keep the boat in the middle of the current, and let it sweep along

NEW DRAWBRIDGE, NANKIN.

at a rapid rate. They never are asleep at their posts, for they know too well the watchfulness needed and the energy required to make the Upper Yangtse. So, while the lusty fellows keep up a constant chanting in a loud tone in order "to make their steering easier," we are carried down past hills that have not lost their summer green even at this season, past wide-spreading forests, past open country dotted with village roofs, and set with gardens surrounded by low hedges of evergreen, past dense green woods teeming with human life, by towns built on promontories that look inaccessible, by lofty towers and temples, by fantastic pai fangs and pagodas, under frowning walls of rock that shut out the sun-

light and give us at noonday the gloom of midnight; borne down glassy slopes of water, where the roughness of the river-bed has been worn smooth by ages of action, down rushing rapids which have been the work of swirling waters, around sharp angles where the current is churned into foam, on the very rim of whirlpools whose maelstrom of fury seems to be drawing us into its fatal arms. Eve· here along our course are to be seen the wrecks and relics of craf: have met

A PAGODA IN RUINS.

the fate toward which we appear to be hastening with a rapidity that at times takes away our breath.

Days of this passage continue, enlivened now and then with short stops on the banks, cheered at all times by the good-natured merriment of the crew, and the unfailing fount of Go Mung's tales. One of these tarries is made at Fuchau, "the rock city," which merits this title by being built on shelves of rock, one above another. It has one of the finest pagodas to be seen in Szechuan, and some noble old temples, noted for

their size and elevated positions. We enter the city through a gateway of rock, and move along a narrow, crowded street, meeting everywhere with dirt and decay. Fuchau must be a very ancient city, a city of literature and learning, judging from its mementoes of the past. It stands near the junction of a stream from the south, that is navigable for about two hundred miles.

We are moving along the southeastern border of the province of Szechuan, and by this time are able to realise something of the truth of the statement that it is the "Granary of the World," and of the saying that has become a proverb: "Szechuan grows more grain in one year than it can consume in ten." But if this be true, the product is poorly distributed. The province is also noted, though less happily, for the amount of poppy that it grows. In the season, evidence of this is to be found in the long fringes of impudent crests of the plants flaunting on the very brink of the high river-walls, the borders of vast areas fairly ablaze with the seductive flowers which furnish China with two-thirds of her opium.

At the gorge of Kweichau we get a strong taste of what we are promised lower down the river. Wu-shan is a name for a city standing on the borders of the provinces, Szechuan and Hopeh, and for a gorge of great sublimity. The city is on the left bank, a walled town surrounded by hills of moderate elevation and plains of great fertility.

Where the river rushes between confused masses of rock rising to a great height, the loftiest piercing the winter sky like so many pointed diamonds, is Wu-shan Gorge. Below the dizzy rock-spires the cliffs and precipices glisten under the horizontal beams of the westering sun, while the lower altitudes are veiled in a dusky brown, which deepens into the darkness of night where the shadows fall on the angry waters. It is a grand scene, the short-lived twilight of a winter day giving an added wildness to the picturesque landscape.

It is so late in the day that the crew, even to Go Mung, are anxious to stop at the town until morning, declaring that it will be disastrous to spend the night in the gorge, while it will be impossible to pass the length of the defile in the darkness of night. In order to deter us from keeping on, thrilling stories of the pirates infesting the gorge are told in such startling tones as to make us question their veracity. Then, as if to cap the climax, more uncanny tales are repeated in whispers of the ghosts of the gorge,

that delight to be abroad on such nights as this, when foolish foreigners invade their sacred precincts.

But these stories have a different effect on us than was intended. River pirates that we have been told so much of have failed, so far, to keep their appointments. As to these ghosts, why, we are especially desirous of scraping their acquaintance, the more so as they are said to be *real live ghosts!* Nothing that can be said now will deter us from spending the night in the gorge. So, while we take a lingering view of the sunset,

VIEW OF NANKIN FROM DRUM TOWER.

the purple hills, the brown plains, and the silvered mountains, we find ourselves borne with the swift current into the haunted gorge.

Go Mung joins us on the deck, where we watch, as best we can, the rugged walls overhanging us, as we rush along. When it becomes too dark to go farther the boat is moored near the right bank. As there is no more to be seen, we soon retire to our corner under the awning, accompanied by Go Mung, who shows that he feels a heavy oppression over our situation. For once his tongue is silent, and he sits cringing beside us. The crew is noisy enough, as if noise would ensure its safety.

The babel of sounds ceases after awhile, and we are joined by the captain, who whispers in a husky voice that the pirates have discovered us, and are about to begin their attack!

The crew has not dared to hang out any lights, and it is too dark to distinguish another boat on the river. At first we are inclined to doubt the captain's word, when the murmur of low voices reaches our ears. Our boatmen are silent, and, quickly concluding that the speakers are

PARADE OF FOREIGN AND NATIVE POLICE, HONG-KONG.

the "pirates" threatening us, we hail the unknown and unseen enemy. The whispering instantly stops, but beyond the silence we get no reply. Repeating this call with no better result, we remain perfectly still, until the low tone of some one speaking in the darkness is heard. Getting no answer to our third challenge, we discharge our firearms into the air. The sharp reports of the weapons ring up and down the narrow defile with vivid intonations, and by the flash of the shots we catch a glimpse of a boat-load of hideous faces. The darkness succeeding is unbroken,

and, after waiting an hour for some indication of our enemies, we return to our berths.

Go Mung stations himself to look for our second dread, the "live" ghosts, promising to tell us the moment one appears. Our suspense is longer this time, for it must be past midnight before Go Mung rushes into our presence, looking as white as it is possible for a Chinaman to be, and declaring in an almost inaudible tone that the ghosts have come at last. No sooner have we reached the deck than we discover several bright spots against the rock-wall far above our heads. At first these seem to be stationary, but presently they begin to move to and fro, up and down, in a most bewildering way. The Talebearer, who is brave beyond the average man of his race, trembles like a leaf, as he stands beside us without speaking, until at last he exclaims:

"Look, master! the ghosts."

It does not need Go Mung's words to call our attention to the fact that several human faces have appeared in the small orbit of light fixed in the Cimmerian space overhead. If these countenances belong to ghostly figures, they are indeed "live ghosts," for the faces belong to the living and not to the dead. The bones are scantily covered, but there are flesh and blood over them. But every line is drawn in agony, and never have we seen depicted so much of anguish in the countenance of man or woman. They disappear in a moment, and though we watch and wait a long time, they are not seen again.

We question Go Mung until he finally confesses that in the high walls above us grooves and cells have been cut, into which culprits guilty of some crime have from time to time been dropped from the top by officials of the nearest town. There they are suffered to remain until death has set them free. Their only escape is to seek another form of death by leaping into the river something like a thousand feet below. If there is given to spirits the power to return to earth, it is little to be wondered at that Wu-shan Gorge is haunted.

In the course of our talk with Go Mung, we find that these hapless occupants of prison-cells, whose horrors cannot be described, are not the only inhabitants of Wu-shan Gorge. In the caverns of the stupendous walls — and these limestone cliffs of China are perforated with grooves, cells, and caves — several followers of Laou-tasoo, a sect of philosophers

of the old school, live like hermits. As we move down the river in the morning, a mound of earth is pointed out to us by Go Mung, at one of the caves, where he solemnly avows one of these strange anchorites sleeps who died at the ripe age of two hundred years. The lonely cairn is heaped with stones and sods contributed by visitors, our crew willingly landing here to offer their tribute.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE GREAT RIVER.

AT this stage in our journey we are reminded that it is New Year's in China, though it is February 17th. While the festival of this season is looked upon with great favour in Japan, and much is done to make it a success, it is not considered of so much vital importance as in China. On this occasion the family, if it is possible, is reunited, and this is more easily accomplished than in the former country, where its members become scattered to the far corners of the earth. If it so happens that some one cannot return on this year, he will make it certain to come next, if his life is spared. In the majority of cases the family, and a good-sized family, too, is already at home.

The day is ushered in with all the noise and confusion of our Fourth of July, intensified tenfold with the banging of firecrackers and explosions of gunpowder in different quantities. But of more importance than this noisy demonstration is the removal of the old kitchen god and the substitution of the new one, whose reign will extend until the twenty-third of the twelfth moon, or the installation of his successor at the close of the year. This is an occasion when the Chinaman gets him a new suit of clothes if he does at any time during the year, and he takes especial trouble to display his bright-coloured garments. In the matter of eating, the Chinese really know little of feasting, except at weddings and funerals, and even then their diet is restricted on account of its scarcity and lack of variety. The plum pudding of the English table, and the mince pie of New England, in China become the dumpling. No New Year's feast would be considered a success without the universal dumpling, and with it the feaster is satisfied, if his fare be otherwise ever so plain or scanty. Another feature of New Year's is the custom of trying to meet it square with the world, in other words, to have cancelled so far as has been possible one's indebtedness. However, this is really more pretence than fact. The fact is, a Chinaman never pays a

TEMPLE OF TINGHAI, CHUSAN.

debt he can put off another day. He never pays until he has been asked, and the asking becomes dunning in its most severe form before he can bring himself to settle. This is carried out on the principle that if he should pay one debt the money might be needed to pay another, and so, rather than disappoint one, he disappoints all, and is happy. Under this condition it might be thought that little, if any, money-lending would be done. But no man who has money can escape lending to some poor

VIEW INSIDE THE ARSENAL, SHANGHAI.

relative or friend. If the needy one cannot induce his richer relative to grant him his request, he resorts to some one higher in the social circle who will eventually obtain the desired end.

In China a man delegated to do a thing is expected to do it, whether it is borrowing money, finding a missing person, or searching for some hidden secret. If he is a mining engineer and he fails to find any trace of a certain mineral that he is looking for, he is considered unfit for his place, and is lucky if he loses his position and saves his head. The result may be easily imagined. The prosperity of an individual, or a town, is

seldom indicated by outward appearance. In fact, the richer a town becomes, the more squalid and poverty-stricken it looks. Commercial centres situated on the great rivers invariably present a miserable appearance.

With all their industry, — and whatever may be their failings the Chinese are an industrious race, — one half-moon, however, is invariably taken in which to observe the ceremonies of New Year, lasting until the Feast of Lanterns. During these two weeks no work that can be left undone is done. Doctor Smith, in commenting upon this custom, says: "This period becomes a safety-valve for the nation, which else might go distraught in all its otherwise ceaseless toils." It is a national vacation made brighter by the hard work of the rest of the year.

In the industry of the Chinese lies the secret of such success as they have gained. Still, as a matter of fact, this very industry has been a hindrance to them in all lines of progress. It keeps them from the broad way of improvement, under the belief that what calls for less work, the employment of fewer hands, must be an evil to be avoided. It is against their very creed to advance. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers did so and so, and it would cast reflection on their fair reputations to do differently. It is true they have carried the cultivation of crops so far as to raise three or four of these from the same soil in one season, but it is because their ancestors did so. They have not improved the tools with which they do this work, any more than they have improved the inferior quality of the fruit, such as apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, and strawberries. China might have an abundance of the best fruit, did her inhabitants desire it.

The nights are chilly and damp, but the days remind us of our Indian summer, a golden halo encircling the sun and a genial glow pervading all the atmosphere. Sunsets of gorgeous beauty shed a matchless glory over the sunny slopes and rugged walls of the river.

A twist in the river brings us down where the rapids have smoothed their brows, and we glide into still waters, to wonder that the countenance of the steersman takes on an anxious look, while the crew seem to be preparing for some great ordeal. We look ahead, when our gaze becomes fixed upon the majestic column of rock which Go Mung tells us is the "Needle of Heaven," and that we are approaching the upper

gateway of the famous gorge of Ichang, the wildest, grandest on the Great River.

The wall on our right, — we are headed nearly south now, — is bold, bare, and precipitous, but the opposite barrier is wrought into a thousand fantastic shapes, making curious, twisted, spiral columns, with pointed spears directed toward the sky, cornices of odd designs and balconies such as human ingenuity could not conceive, while terraces and graceful arches reach from rock-roof to rock-roof, bridging over numerous

WEST GATE OF CHING-KEANG-FOO.

caverns and deep wells. One of these natural bridges is pointed out to us as the spot from which a pious hermit once sought to reach the sky on wings of faith, and just beyond the bold outpost is the site of the famous temple which stood where the four ancient kingdoms met.

At first the river seems to be blocked by the solid front, but upon a nearer approach a narrow and deep passage between the high walls appears, a race-course where at flood tides the boldest boatman dares not try to pass. Suddenly the day takes on the robe of twilight, and we have entered Ichang Gorge!

For a space the rocky walls rise so straight from the water as not to afford a foothold for the most venturesome climber, but gradually this changes, and the bulwarks of limestone, with shifting tints of purple, yellow, and brown, retreat, leaving nooks and level plots containing small orchards and groves of oranges hanging on the very brink of rock-rimmed terraces, or hedged in by massive buttresses fringed to their tops with dense vegetation. Anon we see the mud huts of venturesome people living in this lonely valley, surrounded by lime-kilns. Here and there the

SUMMER HOUSE NEAR SHANGHAI.

water has broken through the porous rocks, and trickles down as if coming through a sieve, affording a happy sustenance for asters, chrysanthemums, and clusters of other flowers, and for a profusion of ferns, some of them of great grace and beauty.

Where the white-maned racers swirl and toss in sublime fury, giving the boatmen all they can do to keep the light craft in the middle of the current, we rush through "Wind-box Gorge." Then comes a breathing spell; another series of cataracts, wilder and more perilous than the first, and then we glide gracefully and lightly down the last stage of Ichang

Gorge, between two mighty cliffs which form a fitting gateway at the lower end of this wild passage of nine miles.

It must not be supposed that we are alone in this part of the journey, any more than on the rest, for many dark junks are met struggling laboriously up the stream, or going as we are with the current. Those approaching carry little strips of square and butterfly sails, which lend small assistance to the shouting trackers straining at the bamboo ropes.

THE "SHANGHAI TEA-GARDENS."

At places these men spurt along smooth paths, while at other sections they are obliged to crawl on their hands and knees over difficult ridges worn slippery by the hawser running there for centuries, often cutting deep grooves into the soft limestone. Other men are stationed along to see that the rope runs free, and in case it gets caught on some projection or snag in the water to throw it off. Upon coming to a point where it is impossible to follow along the bank, the trackers jump aboard, and lend their assistance to their companions in propelling the craft against the tide. At one point the crew of one of these junks were making the scene

hideous with their unearthly cries, when Go Mung assured us that they were calling on the wind-god for help, which reminds us of the boatmen of the Danube whistling for wind, and the native of the Canadian wilds shooting his arrows high into the air for the same purpose. We are told that the boatmen of the West River whistle for the wind, when there is a lull, but we saw nothing of the kind.

One cannot help noticing the primitive methods of these boatmen, who have made no progress in the management of their junks over the simple ways employed by their ancestors more than two thousand years ago. Just as the "sons of the river" did in the days of Marco Polo, they make their boats tilting, top-heavy affairs, and the trackers pull upon ropes fastened to the tops of masts, that bend, creak, groan, and threaten to break away under the pressure they bring upon them. Their oars are simply round poles fastened to the gunwales with loops of straw. As soon as a little advance is made the crew manage to hold what they have obtained by the most strenuous efforts, by securing the tow-lines by means of a sort of button fixed at the end. During all this wild work, which is so strained and unreal to the foreigner, the crew keep up an unearthly tumult by shouting, stamping, and screaming, while above all this break forth the threats and commands of the captain, who seems even wilder than his crew. Where foothold cannot be obtained sails are spread.

Midway in the gorge we come upon a custom-boat moored by the bank, where every one must show a pass or pay a duty on his cargo. The only improvement which has been made in this river traffic was accomplished by Admiral Ho, who showed a spirit of progress rare among the Chinese. Sent up here to suppress a band of river pirates, he saw the necessity of bettering the condition of the way. Although unable to do this, he did succeed in having a map drafted, showing the river from Ichang to Chung-king, making clear the exact formation of the banks, and marking the rocks and eddies in the stream. He also founded a system of life-boat patrol, which is still in operation, and is at the service of travellers. One of these red rowboats accompanied us, giving prestige to our appearance and ensuring us against attacks of the outlaws who are only too eager to rob and plunder the "foreign devils" in this region.

Where the river rushes out from the gorge the water has sculptured in the rock-wall the picturesque ravine of San-Yu-Tung. In the side of this

rare retreat is a cave-temple of great antiquity and considerable historic interest. It is reached by paths leading along shelves hewn from the rock, and through archways where three gates afforded protection to the occupants of the place in the times of feudal wars. The cave forms a grand apartment of considerable size, with roof sloping down toward the four quarters, and supported in the middle by a massive stone pillar of the natural rock. At the farther end is a sacred corner containing many images of gods and goddesses, all resplendent in their golden coats,

THE TAE-PING SHAOU KWAN.

and guarded by carved dragons, gnomes, and other creatures of fantastic shapes half-concealed in niches and recesses of the rocks. The walls are embellished with inscriptions in bold characters, while urns and incense burners adorn the uncanny place. In the days gone by, when Buddhism held triumphant sway from Tibet to the sea, several priests lived here in the midst of abundance, but now only a few too poor to get away linger here, content to get a mess of pottage and a humble resting-place in the smaller caves at one side of the main hall. It must be cool there in summer, for in the winter it is like the bitter cold of a Siberian hovel.

It is about four hundred miles from Chung-king to the lower end of this gorge, where steam navigation begins, and the river comes down through what is poetically styled "The Mountains of Seven Gates," so named from the seven deep cañons the water has cut through the rocky barriers in its course, and has engraved upon the limestone walls the records of its stupendous work accomplished after ages of incessant action. This great mountain range extends across the continent from the river Amur on the north to the Bay of Bengal on the south.

Two miles below the gorge which bears its name, and one thousand miles from the sea, standing under the shadows of this backbone of China, is the city of Ichang. At this season the custom-house is reached by ascending the terraced steps of an embankment seventy-five feet in height, though at high water half of this distance would be saved. It is not a pleasant city for the American, and has little interest for the tourist. The same sort of gray walls that we have come to look upon as a part of a Chinese city follows the river for half a mile. As we pass down the stream we notice many tumuli of earth, and are told that they are a part of a great graveyard extending along the river bank for a mile, and for half that distance back into the country. The majority of those who are buried here were victims of one of the turbulent riots once taking place in this vicinity. This sacred ground, as grnesome as it may seem, is now laid out in golf links, the course made of thousands of bunkers and hazards quite out of the natural order, and the tees marked by mandarin mounds.

This part of the empire is filled with temples on the hilltops and shrines in the caverns underneath. Four miles below Ichang a palisade wall rises a sheer thousand feet above us, to continue for nearly a mile. The summit is crowned by the monastery of Chih Fu Shan, which stands on a pinnacle of rock, and is connected with the palisade by a stone bridge. "This neglected old Buddhist fane," says Miss Scidmore, "is as remarkable as any of Thessaly's 'monasteries of the air,' and one needs a clear head and steady nerves to walk, or to be carried in an open chair, up the narrow goat-path on the rock's face and along a knife-edged ridge to the needle rock. There is a dizzier path still, up rock-hewn staircases around to the monastery door." But the ancient glory, whatever it may have been, hanging over this eerie shrine, has fled with the years. The

RICE THRESHING AT SHANGHAI.

altars have been stripped of their treasures, and the place deserted of worshippers, save for a handful of poorly fed and as poorly clad priests who remain, probably too poor to get away.

By the river it is four hundred miles from Ichang to Hankow, the most important city on the Yangtse, though it is less than one-third this distance overland. A hundred miles below the first named city the river is bordered by twin lines of raised mud-banks, which are used for roadways, and from time to time long trains of men, women, and children,

NAVAL COLLEGE, NANKIN.

with accompanying carts, pack-horses, and buffaloes, are outlined against the sky with marked distinctness. These embankments continue almost down to Hankow, or for nearly three hundred miles, and begin at the treaty port of Shasi, where the clay and gravel banks end. Fields are green with winter wheat, which will soon be ripening in the summer sun, for spring is but a brief transition period in this land. Hills continue to form the background of the landscape, dotted frequently with pagodas, whose pointed spires pierce the distant sky.

As we are now on the regular route of the tourists, which has been so thoroughly described, we shall content ourselves with a few running

remarks. In the course of our journey we find that the river has been divided and its waters become shallow, the larger part of its flood having been conveyed by a canal to a lake lying on the south, called the Tung-ting. Here the river way of trade is crossed by the great land route running in an opposite direction. It is a bustling place. Junks laden with merchandise from Szechuan float with the current of the river, both ahead and behind us, the crews making incessant noise with their loud chant-like songs, while they steer their unwieldy crafts by huge

ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE NEAR SUCHAU.

sweeps at the stern. Other junks loaded with goods for the up-country are constantly being met, the ill-clad crews struggling wearily at their tasks of sailing, rowing, or tracking.

An ancient walled city, now a treaty port, is situated on the shore of Lake Tung-ting. Here we meet with the most stormy reception on our trip, and are only too glad to leave Yo-chau, with its ugly spirits, behind. The Hu-nan element seems to prevail here, and they have the worst possible hatred for foreigners. This may be well called the hot-bed of prejudice against outside people, and many a devout follower

of the Christian Church has paid the penalty of his overconfidence in escape from harm with his life. Yo-chau has a dismal past and a gloomy future.

With its dark environments of ignorance and superstition, there is an island in Tung-ting Lake known as Kin Shan, or "Golden Island," noted as growing the tea drunk by his Imperial Majesty, the emperor. Each bud of this precious plant is looked upon as sacred, and is zeal-

EARTHEN WATER-JARS, SHANGHAI.

ously guarded by the priests until it unfolds its leaf and matures. No one is allowed to taste of it. During the Taiping rebellion, on account of this association with the imperial power at the Purple Forbidden City, the island was desolated by the rebels, but they failed to destroy the roots of this herb, and the tea plantations of the sacred spot were soon sending their supplies to the capital as before. This tea, if it could be bought, would bring a fabulous price.

Within three weeks after leaving Szechuan we reach Hankow, of

which we have heard frequent accounts ever since we sighted the coast of Asia, but it disappoints us. Nowhere have we seen so strongly the imprint of the Russian hand, and everywhere the shadow of Siberia falls darkly. As at the outposts of China, the White Empire has established its hold upon this inland gate, in spite of British threats and Chinese watchfulness. Hankow is destined to become a Muscovite city. It was at one time a great tea mart, but since China teas have fallen into such ill favour with the British market it has lost ground. During the tea trade this city is a hustling, bustling place, but this lasts only a few weeks, from the first of May to the middle of June, when the invoices of the best teas are sent off. The poorer qualities, such as leaf tea, are sent off as late as September, and "brick tea" until January, but the business, as far as it concerns the foreign powers, is done by the 20th of June.

Abbé Hue, who wrote of this country in 1845, gave to Hankow and her sisters, Hang-yang and Wu-chang, a population of eight million, the three cities being "filled to overflowing." But they all fell under the blighting touch of the Taipings, when not only the cities proper were deluged in blood, but the vast floating population of the river afforded miles of burning junks and the loss of thousands of lives when the Taiping torch was applied with hands that were strangers to mercy.

Hankow is not a cleanly city by any means, while Han-yang, reeking in filth and disorder, is far worse off. There are an arsenal and iron works here, the metal being brought from mines seventy-five miles away, and a large part of the coal from Japan. It seems to be cheaper to import this fuel than to dig in the earth under one's feet for it under Chinese methods of mining! Wu-chang has been styled the "Queen of the Yangste;" if so, she is a queen in disgrace, clothed in rags, covered with dirt, and wreathed in scowls.

One hundred and eighty-seven miles of river run through a fine country between Hankow and Kiu-kiang, situated just above the estuary leading to Lake Po-yung. We stop over one day at Kiu-kiang, which is the centre of a network of streams and canals that form chains of trade. The lake is likely to be opened soon to steam navigation, when this city will become of greater commercial importance. The region, if lacking in modern interest, is rich in legends of the past, when this was made

classic ground by one of the philosophers of Confucian doctrine. Here, too, at one time the followers of Buddha were many and mighty, while there is pointed out the ruins of what is claimed to have been the mission of some Ricci Jesuits in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

NATIVE SPINNING-WHEEL AND LOOM.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.

WHILE Lake Po-yung is China's classic sheet of water, the "mirror of the sky," as Li Tai Peh poetically designated it, it has not only been consecrated to poetry and religion, but it has been noted for its fine potteries, the finest in the world until the wares of Dresden, Sevres, and Delft rivalled it. It was here the porcelain was made from which was constructed that seventh wonder of Nankin, its porcelain tower. The hills about the city of King-te-chen afforded the materials for the industry, which the Jesuits described as carried on by inspired workmen. If the fall of this city has been greater than that of any other that we have seen, it is because it fell from a greater height. The cause of this decline is laid at the door of the Taiping rebels, who have to answer for much in the despoliation of the empire, if half that is told is true. It was these raiders who stormed the walls of the sacred works, who trampled in the earth the noble structure, who slaughtered the "wizard" potters by the thousands, and who laid in waste the fairest of the four great marts of China. It is slowly rising from its ashes, but

the resurrection gives little promise of restoring the prestige it lost. The Jesuits gave very vivid accounts of the many fine tints obtained at the porcelain works, among which may be mentioned such as "the rose of gold," "the blush of morning," and "the missionary colours." To-day the only kind of pottery done here is of the crudest sort. From the sunny slopes of the shores of Lake Po-yung and the tributary streams come some of the finest teas of China. One of the modern features which is robbing the new city of the romance clinging to its predecessor is steam navigation.

We are now entering the heart of the Great Plain of the Lower Yangtse, bounded on the inland border by the mountain barriers of Hupei and Szechuan, a vast expanse of territory builded from a swamp by the débris deposited by the Great River, and the sand-storms which sweep over this country often with terrific fury. Accounts are fresh in the minds of the inhabitants of the burial of houses and crops. Below Shasi the river changes its character, and with its network of feeders becomes the mightiest system of waterways and inland seas to be found. Tung-ting Lake, the outlet for Yuan River, alone covers two thousand square miles.

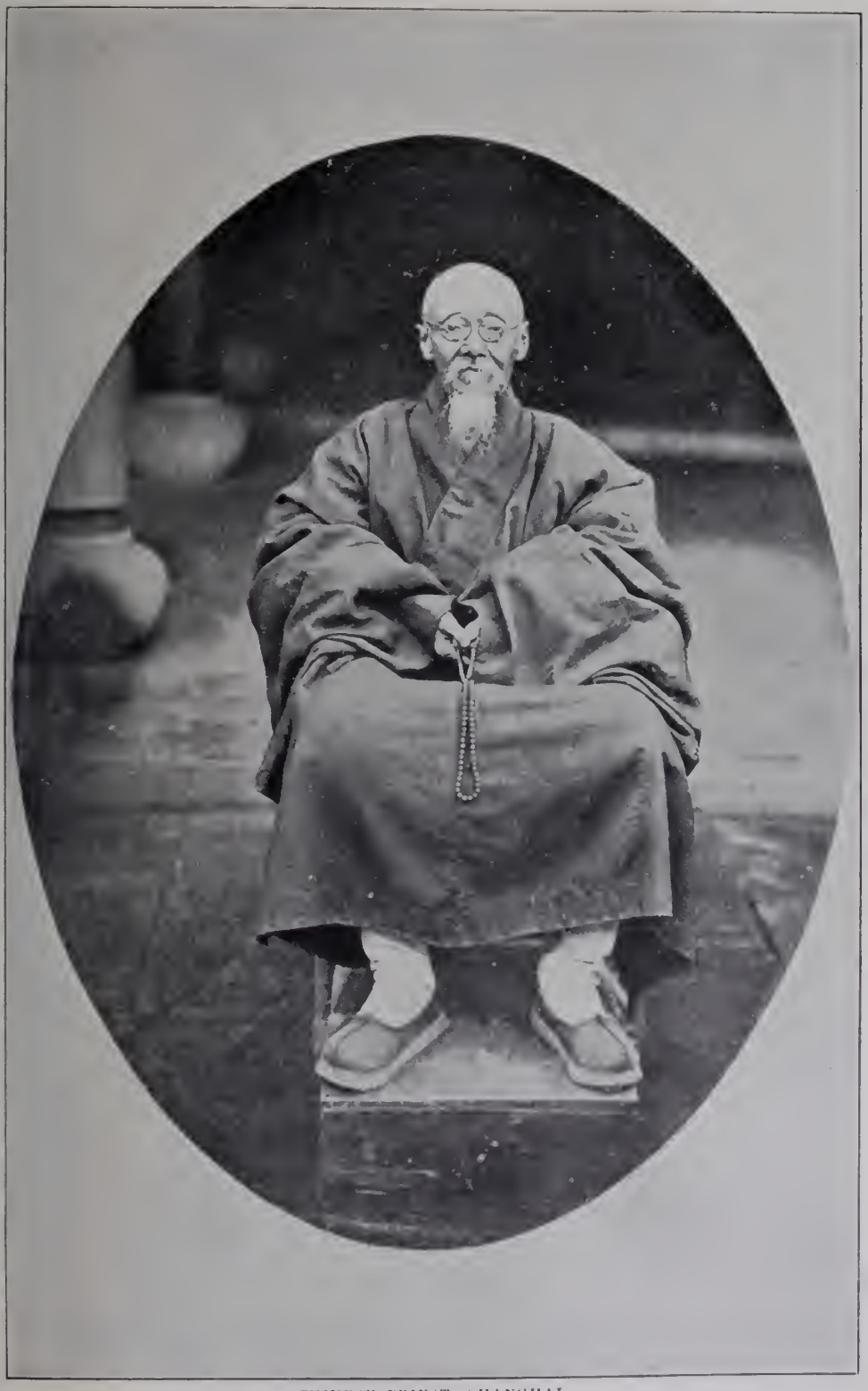
The work of creation done by this prolific river is beyond actual computation, and how far inland the Sea of China once spread over the land can be measured by the geologist only after extended investigations. Since the beginning this remarkable stream has been bringing its offerings to the sea and the adjoining country. There is a Chinese saying that exclaims: "Behold the mighty son hastening to an imperial greeting to the sea." If this picture is the painting of Oriental imagery, the Yangtse Kiang has performed a nobler and mightier work in creating the vast alluvial plain reaching over eight hundred miles from the sea, and supporting a population of over one hundred million people. Scientists estimate that it carries annually into the ocean débris at the rate of 770,000 solid feet every second, besides fertilising with its overflows, more regular and pronounced than those of the river Nile, the country it has produced. The rapidity with which this filling up has been going on is shown by the fact that where, a little over half a century ago, British ships sailed along one of its channels, there is now an expanse of forest, cultivated fields, and a thriving village.

Tea culture, which is such an important factor in the wealth of this great district, really affords the class that does the hard work only a scanty living, — a mere pittance of the soil. We find, as a rule, that the tea farms, as we should call them, are small in area, comprising but an acre or two, and are almost invariably owned by some rich capitalist, who pays the land tax and rents them to the men who are too poor to own them. When the crop has been harvested and cured the tea is sold to the landowners at their own price, and from season to season the tenant thinks himself lucky if he obtains a bare sustenance out of that which becomes

TABLET NEAR NANKIN.

one of the world's most widely distributed luxuries. If these teas are not purchased by the owners of the land, as soon as the leaves are partly dried in the sun, following the annual picking which begins in April, they are often taken in baskets to tea fairs and there sold to the highest bidders. These are usually merchants from Canton, or some other seaport, who often combine to secure the crop at far less than its actual value. On other occasions the bidding becomes spirited, the competition sometimes bitter, the result being a benefit to the raisers. When the offerings have been bought up, the buyers mix the lots raised by different farmers together, when they are subjected to the "firing" process.

Women and children are hired to sort over the collections, picking out



CHINESE PRIEST, SHANGHAI.

the stems and stalks. Men follow this slow work by winnowing the leaves. The portion properly cured is sent off, while the rest is kept to go through the firing process again, and this when properly dried is sent off. But this is not done until the buyers have carefully divided the entire lot into two or three sorts or grades, these divisions being called *chops*. The highest grade consists of the smallest and most closely curled leaves; the second being made up of the inferior leaves; the stems, broken leaves, and siftings forming the third chop. The last grade is used largely in mixing with better qualities to make a sort of medium article.

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

The tea farmer is not the only one who follows a laborious existence in the raising of this universal plant. Not only is the stock raised in the lower valleys and districts easily reached from the seaboard, but hundreds, even thousands of miles from the market, the tillers of the soil raise their crops among the mountainous regions of the interior. From these localities the transportation of the crop becomes an important, and often precarious, undertaking. This is accomplished largely by boats upon the rivers, though often chops of tea have to be carried for miles on the backs of men, over mountain pathways where less sure-footed travellers would not dare to go. The navigators of tea boats are men of remarkable nerve and agility, with a skill gained only after long experience in hazardous

work. The inland rivers of China are noted for their swift currents, sharp curves, and bewildering twists. The foreigner looks upon the descent of one of the rapids with feelings akin to horror. We remember running down one of these turbulent streams, where we held our breath and stood ready to leap for life at any moment, though such action must have resulted in fatal consequences. We had just made a long series of these furious courses, and were beginning to think the worst of the danger was over, when lo! we were drawn into the wildest section we had seen. Worse than all else, the stormy passage seemed to find an abrupt end against the side of a high precipice, which thrust its forbidding front across the stream. It was not until the prow of our light craft was borne down at full tilt within a yard of this wall that we were able to see the unlooked-for change in the course of the mad river. Even then we gave a forlorn look at our steersman, to find him standing on the bridge of the boat, with his hands laid firmly on the long rudder, his gaze fixed intently on the scene ahead, and his countenance without a trace of that anxiety one would naturally look for under such exciting circumstances. At the last moment, when to us it seemed too late to be of avail, he threw the whole weight of his supple form upon the lever, which swung the faithful craft around just in season to clear the rock, though it fairly scraped against its adamantine front. The next moment we were caught in the surge of the rebounding current, which swept us down the foaming race-course with a velocity which fairly took away our breath and closed our eyes. When we had recovered enough to realise our situation, we found that we were being carried swiftly through smooth waters by the fearful momentum we had gained in running the gauntlet of the rapids above. The steersman was remaining at his post, as calm and immobile as ever, ready to take his life in hand again at the next leap of the mountain stream. This life he follows year after year, until some untoward accident causes him to miss his calculation and his boat is dashed upon the deadly rocks, where his mangled form lies to remind him who follows of the fate that almost invariably overtakes the men who risk all this, for the mere earning of scanty food and raiment.

The closing scene in this drama of mountain gorges and cataracts is the threading of the narrow defile known as Siau-ku Shan, or "Little Orphan Gorge," which is the rocky gateway to three provinces, Hupei,

Anhwei, and Kwangsi. This picturesque place, presenting a rocky frontage of nearly three hundred feet in height, the side of the cliff set with temples and monasteries, and overlooked by a fantastic pagoda, clusters with legends and romantic tales.

At one time a placid lake rested here on the broad bosom of the land, over which an ancient mariner steered his lonely craft by day and moored her at nightfall amid the forests of reeds that overhung the shores. In weighing anchor one morning he found that it was uncommonly heavy,

AN ITINERANT DOCTOR.

so he descended to learn its cause. His surprise was great upon finding a water-nymph asleep on its fluke. Stealing upon her, he took away her tiny shoes as mementoes, and tipping up the anchor caused her to fall off, when he arose to the surface and made away with all speed possible, fearing she might pursue him. Upon awakening and finding her slippers gone, she started after him, and gave him such a chase that he was glad to fling them back to her. The imprints where these fell are yet to be seen in "The Shoe Rock."

The origin of the rock-island is accounted for by the legend of a great flood, when the people in this country were all drowned, except two small

children, a boy and a girl, who were taken on the back of a frog. In order to reach smoother water this humane creature began to swim away, which so frightened and grieved the children that they threw themselves into the flood and were drowned. Where one fell rises "Little Orphan Rock," and where the other was lost stands that perpetual memorial, "Big Orphan Island," near the entrance to Lake Po-yung.

During another of the great floods of the river a beautiful woman, who was noted for piety and nobility of character, was carried away on the bosom of the stream, to be left on the top of this rock, where she was fed by the birds — some believe by cormorants — until rescued by some of the river folk. This caused it to become consecrated ground; it grew to be a favourite retreat for annual pilgrims, all of whom contributed most liberally to its adornment. Gorgeous temples and shrines were builded into the niches in the rock-wall, and staircases and galleries were cut in the solid stone. But the glory of all this has passed away. The names of some of the pious pilgrims who visited here remain carved in the limestone wall, but the shrines are falling to pieces and the temples no longer awaken to the inspiration of many voices. Only a few half-starved priests climb the rock-stairs where once some of the most illustrious men of the imperial empire loved to pass a brief vacation from the toils and trials of the world.

Below, green meadows stretch away to the base of the mountains forming the background. Occasionally herds of black cattle are seen grazing in the distance, while the scattered dwellings of the people are half concealed by a shelter of wide-spreading trees that make them all the more conspicuous, while here and there the ancestral tombs of the race loom up like sacred shrines. However remiss the Chinese may be in their care of children, or their respect for womanhood, they are exceedingly faithful to their dead. No one need fear that in departing from this life his funeral will not be conducted in proper accord with his station, or that his grave will not be kept in good condition. Some of the tombs among the better class are beautiful structures of large black stones, carved with long inscriptions of poetry or proverb, sheltered in some localities by an ancient banyan-tree or by the beloved bamboo.

Then the valley widens, until a broad panorama of country is entered, which finally begins to contract, and again the old river, dirty like all of China's waterways, flows sullenly between brown hills, under forests of giant reeds, and through the "Pillar Hills," the lower gate of the Great River, and soon after we reach Nankin, the largest city in area in the empire, being twenty-two miles in circuit. This city is greater in its memories than in its realities. Le Comte described it as "a splendid

MILITARY STATION NEAR CHOKIAN.

city surrounded by walls one within another, and the one outermost sixteen long leagues round."

Like all Chinese cities, and villages for that matter, the populated portion is densely filled, although surrounded by acres of open country. There are also miles of streets in ruins, sorrowful proof of the devastation wrought by the Imperialists in recent days, when the "heavenly king," Tien-wang, acting under the claim that he was the second son of God and endowed with the mission of saving China from the darkness of Buddhism, was crushed by the Imperial army which, rallied and drilled by the intrepid Americans, Ward and Bergevine, was transformed into the "Ever Victorious Army" by the redoubtable Gordon.

Something of the religious faith and mode of military tactics of this "visionary conqueror" is shown in the wild vagaries of his "heavenly court" held in this city, his capital; in the indolent carelessness with which he reviewed his troops arrayed in silken suits seized during their raids of princely palaces; in the sublime indifference with which he met the reverses of fortune; in the blind faith with which he commanded his starving army to feed upon dew and sing the glory of heavenly peace

BEGGAR'S HUTS ON SITE OF PORCELAIN PAGODA, NANKIN.

until deliverance should come; and in the tragic heroism of death at his own hands, when he saw that the end of his reign was near.

During the Ming dynasty, when it was the southern capital of this imperial line, Nankin was the centre of arts, literature, and luxury, but it lost this prestige with the weakening of that power.

On one of the battle-grounds of the Taiping rebels and the Imperialists, where now stands the southern gate, is a suburb of considerable size, though of slight attractions and promise of permanency, since the dwellings of the people here are nothing but poorly built huts. Not far away is a small bridge spanning the canal, where it is said the

waters were dammed by the heads of the rebels, and a crimson lake was formed by the mingling blood of rival forces, just as the waters of the Waluiki in the Hawaiian valley were stopped by the dead of the natives, and the current of the river was reddened to the sea by the blood of the slain. Nearer this unseemly patch of hovels attached to the ancient city is the site of that famous structure once looked upon as one of the wonders of the world, the white porcelain tower, now in ruins; and its bricks are offered to relic-hunters at trifling prices.

The larger portion of the building material of the grandest monument China ever contributed to Buddhism has been utilised in building that more modern and warlike edifice, the arsenal, "where the monastery with its monotonous chants has been replaced by a temple dedicated to the Chinese Vulcan and Mars, whose altars are furnaces, whose worshippers are melters of iron, and from whose shrines come the never ceasing rattle of machinery and the reports of rifles that are being tested for service."

This arsenal was projected by Li Hung Chang, but it is conducted under foreign supervision, and its methods are the results of investigation and practice acquired in foreign countries, notwithstanding the fact that the Chinese are credited with the use of firearms as long ago as the first of the thirteenth century. The natives, at first, undertook to manage the arsenal themselves, but the weapons they made were more dangerous to the soldier at the stock than to the man before the muzzle, and mobs and riots became every-day occurrences. Everything in the line of firearms is made here, from caps and cartridges to shot and shells, rockets and torpedoes, Gatling guns and field-artillery, howitzers and heavy guns for battery trains.

Our last view of Nankin is formed by dark walls and desolated slopes, an unpleasant memory to carry away, which we attempt to enliven with the scenes along the broad carriage road. The next place of importance proves to be Chin-kiang, a city with a most checkered career of upbuilding and tearing down, of streets overrunning with riots, of inside insurrections and outside assaults, of bombardments that have spared neither sacred shrines nor private dwellings; a city that has been too often an armed encampment and too seldom a commercial centre. To say nothing of more remote disturbances which have unsettled its peace and prosperity,

it was under the siege of the British in 1842; the Taipings captured it in 1853; the Imperialists, in 1857, recovered the wreck the others had left; a year later it was opened to foreign trade; in 1889, after a third of a century of unusual good fortune for a Chinese city, it again came under mob rule, when every foreign building, with the exception of the Catholic mission, was laid in waste, and the foreign inhabitants were obliged to seek safety in flight. The description of what followed has been most vividly

THE BEAMLESS TEMPLE, SPIRIT VALLEY, NANKIN.

portrayed by Miss Scidmore: "By one of those fortunate accidents that just saved our foreign service now and then, the United States consul at Ching-kiang was a veteran in consular and Eastern service, whose courage and sturdy Americanism were a match for the wiles of the *tao-tai*, or local governor, who had short orders from Pekin to settle for the damage wrought. Other consuls accepted minimum sums for their losses, and obliged their countrymen to do the same; but General Jones stood for ample indemnity or none, and the meekness of the other consuls in accepting any trifle 'for peace's sake,' and 'lest it embarrass trade

PAGODA AT SICCAWEI, NEAR SHANGHAI.

relations,' only added fuel to his ire. The tao-tai made several visits and specious pleas, without General Jones abating one cash of his first demand; and meanwhile Pekin inquired of the tao-tai: 'Have you settled with those foreign devils yet?' 'Why don't you pay those claims at once?' etc. The 'river' was convulsed with accounts of General Jones's encounters with the mercenary tao-tai, and of the final scene where the bluff and bellicose American, advancing with uplifted forefinger, thundered at the tao-tai: '*You*, sir, are the tao-tai of Chin-kiang' (every word

BOUDOIR AND BEDCHAMBER OF FASHIONABLE LADY.

fraught with super-scorn and contempt), 'while I, *I*, sir, am the American consul!' This, delivered with the swelling breast, a magnificent, New World, broad-continent gesture, the mien and voice of Jove, made the trembling tao-tai turn pale green and cease his haggling." Not only was General Jones paid the indemnity he deemed just, but he rose in the estimation of the Chinese, and from that time received greater consideration than any other foreigner in the Far East.

Chin-kiang receives much of its prestige from the fact that it is on the line of the Grand Canal, which is really the greatest achievement of the race, throwing quite into the shade the mighty outlay of time and

labour spent in building that colossal stone wall that has created so much wondering talk among foreigners. This canal, now falling into disuse, was once the great maritime highway between Hangchow on the south, and Tientsin on the north. About a dozen miles up the canal from the Yangtse Kiang is the ancient city of Yang-chau, which is noted for having been governed by the adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo. It contains a population of half a million or more, and enjoys greater prosperity, vaster riches, finer temples, more gorgeous pagodas, larger shops, shrewder

OUTER BUILDING OF CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

dealers, greater scholars, is better governed, and is of higher renown than Chin-kiang.

North of the canal and lying alongside the Great River is the largest and most productive rice-field in the world. It is estimated to comprise an area of nine thousand square miles below the water level, but protected from overflow by huge dikes and drained by artificial waterways, which are under constant watch. But its most important drainage is made by the Yangtse River, flowing with Amazonian majesty into the sea.

The surroundings of Chin-kiang are among the most picturesque and absorbing to be found anywhere along the banks of the far-reaching river. Passing through a narrow channel and turning from the beautiful hill-sides, we look upon two spots of especial interest and admiration to every true Chinaman. These are the sacred pillars of rugged rocks, beautified

and sanctified by the pious followers of Buddha and desecrated and devastated by the rebels of Taiping, Tsiao Shan, or "Silver Island," and Kiu Shan, or "Golden Island." Marco Polo found over two hundred sleek priests performing their religious duty on the first, which was literally covered with towers, temples, terraces, and gateways ornamented with fantastic carvings, while with the music of bells and the sounds of gongs constantly mingled the deep-toned chants of the devout worshippers. But all this has suffered a serious inroad, and the temples lie in ruins, the groves are desolate, the grottoes and niches are untenanted, and even the cave of the "river gods," who were supposed to rule the floods of sky and land, is known only in the legends of a happier day. This island is interesting to Americans from the fact that one of their consuls took up his residence here, and that above the crumbling temples of a despotic empire floated the flag of a free people. During the Chinese-Japanese war this island was a military stronghold.

Golden Island was noted as highly for its learned men and its library of rare books, as its sister island was for her temples and sacred groves, but these fell under the blighting touch of the Taiping rebels, who spared nothing that bore any association with the religion they despised. During their trouble with China in 1842 the British occupied this island, and talked of sending the valuable library — one of the richest that China possessed — to London, but concluded not to do so, more's the pity.

As we leave these strange outposts we realise fully that we are drawing near to the big city of Shanghai, which we first sighted off the coast of the continent a year and a half ago, and we feel that at last our stupendous round-robin trip of thousands of miles is drawing to a close.

THE SOOCHOW CREEK, SHANGHAI.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHANGHAI, THE CITY OF COMMERCE.

WHERE the Great River spreads out its turbid flood, reeking with the reddish brown mud brought from the far inland mountains, along low, muddy shores, we enter the sullen waters of the Wu-sung, with our destination almost in sight. Sixteen miles below Shanghai (the city with half a dozen nicknames which remind us of its importance on this coast), nearer approach for large steamers was cut off by the "Heaven-sent Barrier," so these ocean "palaces" have to send up their passengers by tenders, and their cargoes as well. This natural boundary was made more impassable by the French in 1884 by driving down piles and sinking old junks across the narrow channel. Though a city of comparatively modern note, Shanghai is really an old town, and this entrance to its wharves is a spot of especial interest. During the Chinese-Japanese war it was for a time a bone of contention, until British warships stationed themselves across the mouth of the Yangtse, and declared to Japan that this should be a neutral port. The Japanese respected this

claim, but under flags that professed to protect neutral interests the Chinese army was recruited, while Shanghai became a base of supplies for it. The result of the war once decided, England coolly withdrew her protection from China, though still showing the cold shoulder to Japan. From that day Great Britain's power and influence in the Far East lost its former prestige.

The first railway in China was built along the river from Wu-sung to

WHARF AND STOREHOUSES, SHANGHAI.

Shanghai in 1876, and was opened with great enthusiasm by the Chinese. But a rumble of dissatisfaction soon arose from the toiling people, who believed it was an enemy to them, and it needed only an accident on the rails to cause this low muttering to break forth into an uproar, when a riot succeeded, in the midst of which the rails were torn up and the engines sent to rust on the beaches of Formosa. This road was rebuilt, however, in 1898, and is now well patronised by the Chinese.

While Shanghai has few special attractions for the foreign visitor, it is

a city of great importance on the Asiatic shore, and it has a history filled with checkered beginnings and diversified ends. In the making of this career three antagonistic elements have entered, almost constantly at variance one with another. The first of this trio is capricious nature, that has contributed a large part toward the development of the future emporium of the Far East. The second important part has been played by the Chinese, while men of foreign countries have stepped in and laid the foundation of the progress and modern development of the "Model City."

To begin with history, we are taken back to a period when the old Wu-sung Kiang was not navigable, and to a time when a thriving trade-port was built up at So-chau creek, some twenty miles away. The course of the river then was not fixed, and in its many changes, one after another, it seemed impossible to establish a permanent settlement in that vicinity. Still trade persisted in coming that way, and whether the floods of the Great River flowed right or left, kept the channel of last season, or ploughed a new furrow to the sea, innumerable vessels continued to anchor off that shore. Finally, in 1250, or thereabouts, the old waterway of the Wu-sung having become filled up and a new one opened that had become navigable, a settlement, which soon became the port for all ships coming that way, was founded on the existing site of Shanghai.

The majority of the vessels putting in here being richly laden, this port became the objective point of a large number of Japanese vessels manned by men who were outlaws from their own country, and had become the terror of the seas. Their warlike appearance struck terror to the hearts of the timid Chinese, and not only was Shanghai constantly menaced by these corsairs, but the entire northern coast was frequently ravaged by them, until desperate means of protection had to be taken. In 1544 A. D., during the Ming dynasty, a wall was built around the city as a bulwark against the attacks of the enemy. Finding even then that the Japanese were likely to gain a foothold, the Chinese resorted to intrigue and cunning to defeat them. While the great wall was building the imperial rulers made the leaders of the Japanese such tempting offers of wealth and office that two of them consented to meet with the Chinese leaders to discuss the terms. As soon as this couple were separated from their followers they were seized and put to death. The

loss of two of their foremost leaders compelled the Japanese to abandon their premeditated attack. But the Chinese suffered dearly for their cowardly conduct. The Japanese speedily rallied under new commanders, and, sweeping down upon the coast, ravaged the country for leagues up and down the shore, until their vengeance was glutted. As they sailed away, loaded with their spoils, the Chinese contented themselves by making furious demonstrations on the shore.

Seventy years ago, or in 1831, Doctor Gutzlaff was the first foreigner

VIEW ON THE MOAT, NATIVE QUARTER, SHANGHAI.

to visit the place, which he did in a native junk, to find on the banks of the Wu-sung a few fishers' huts inhabited by some semi-aquatic people of the Fukien province. It was then the centre of a considerable coast-trade, where a large number of vessels came from the north and from as far south as the Indian Archipelago. It has undergone, however, a wonderful change since then. The walled city, comprising an area of a mile and a quarter in length and three-fourths of a mile in width, contains, with a thickly populated suburb, in the vicinity of 125,000 inhabitants. The view from the river is indicative of bustle and business,

while off the shore are representative vessels of all nations, and puffing along the waterway are numerous steam launches, bearing in, from huge ocean steamers moored below, mails, despatches, and people from every quarter of the globe. Flitting in and among these busy craft are the innumerable native junks and boats, looking odd and grotesque to the newcomer.

Just above this, on the north, and separated from the walled town by a canal connecting with the creek, is another Shanghai, distinct and to a certain extent independent of the other. "The Model Settlement," as it is known. This has a Chinese population of 50,000, though dominated by a foreign element. This city, like St. Petersburg, the "Window of Russia," which sprang as if by magic from the marshes of the Neva at the word of Peter the Great, rose in a little over half a century from the quagmire of the Wu-sung under the touch of the plucky Englishmen who foresaw the wonderful possibilities of the situation, and resembling the great Muscovite city in a second respect, it has become the Window of China.

Although builded with uncommon rapidity, it bears no appearance of having been slovenly done. The streets are broad, the parks numerous and beautiful, the warehouses commodious, the wharves ample for the numerous steam launches and craft of all nations which find moorings here. The view, as one advances up the river, becomes grand and magnificent, enterprises of far-reaching consequence and commercial dealings with the outside world being everywhere apparent. There are big storehouses, busy foundries, sheds and spacious structures for many purposes, beyond which are the American buildings on ground conceded to them, while fronting the river are the European offices on footing conceded the British.

With this foundation of foreign power and the substantial buildings reared under such supervision, we find Shanghai the most cosmopolitan city in the empire, the most hopeful point of interest to the newcomer, and an object lesson to the Chinese which must have aroused strong feelings of envy, if not jealousy, were the race capable of realising its true situation. Here is a living proof of what can be done, standing in marked juxtaposition to their own miserable failure that runs back into the centuries of the past. What would seem to be more provoking

CHINESE LADIES, SHANGHAI.

to them still, is the fact that the transformation of the Model Settlement has been accomplished by native workmen under the direction of shrewd foreigners, showing that their own companions are capable of greater things than they have been allowed to perform under their own masters. Education in China does not educate, nor does Chinese civilisation civilise.

Shanghai, the city of modern miracles, has a foreign population of nearly five thousand, larger than that of any other Oriental city, more

TEA-HOUSE IN SHANGHAI.

than two thousand being English, about 350 Americans, with two and a half thousand Europeans of different nationalities. The character and importance of this city is explained in a single line, when it is said that one-half of the import and export trade of the empire, which aggregated in 1898 the enormous sum of four hundred million dollars, passes in and out of this Window of China.

Nor is it alone on its commercial importance that Shanghai bases its claim for attention. Within a decade it has become a manufacturing centre which justly entitles it to the credit of being considered the

"Manchester of the Far East." The biggest cotton factory in the Chinese empire, and one of the largest in the world, is located here. It covers an area of sixty acres, and gives employment to six thousand men, women, and children. It has two gangs of operatives, each working eleven and a half hours, so the machinery rests only one hour in twenty-four, and in the twenty-three hours that it is employed turns out one hundred pieces of cloth and an average of eighty thousand pounds of cotton yarn. This mill is built upon modern plans and equipped with improved machinery, while controlled by Chinese capital, worked by Chinese labour, and fed with cotton grown on Chinese soil. This mighty mill, the oldest in the empire, is owned by Li Hung Chang and other Chinese capitalists, and is supposed to represent an investment of over two million taels.

It is hardly surprising to be told that, while it was projected by a Chinaman, and is to all intents and purposes a Chinese investment, an American was called upon to assist in putting the mills into shape, and that he is still general supervisor of the factory. His name is William Danforth, and he is a native of the State of Massachusetts. But he is the only American connected with the mill, all of the foremen being Chinese who understand better how to manage the native help, that have proved to be among the best mill operatives in the world. They learn the intricacies of the work quickly, and become faithful workmen. Nearly seventy-five per cent. are women and children, whose wages average only about fifteen cents a day in our money. Strangers to high wages, this compensation appears to make them contented, though they have to work long days. Of course skilled workmen earn more, a few as much as a dollar a day in gold. Wages have been higher than they are now, and there is a prospect that they will rise again as soon as the present warlike disturbance in the empire is settled.

The principal supply of cotton at this time is obtained from the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, whose claim to being the "River of Tea" is likely to be supplanted by that of "River of Cotton," since this important staple can be raised all along its fertile banks. It is also successfully cultivated farther south; but nowhere does the product afford as fine a texture of goods as that grown in the southern portion of the United States of America.

The mill just described is not lonely in Shanghai, for there are as many as seven others, all running on a paying basis, with a prospect of several more in the near future. There are also half a dozen others now running at different places in the empire.

If the enormous advantage of these busy mills to China seems to show a hopeless prospect for foreign trade, this proves to be an illusion when we come to look under the surface. Even these great factories manufacture

ENTRANCE TO CARTER ROAD, SHANGHAI.

only one-sixteenth of the cotton goods made in the empire, the fifteen parts being the product of home work, where the ginning, spinning, and weaving goes on almost constantly. The Chinese, as a race, clothe themselves in cotton, only a comparative few of the four hundred million being able to wear silk. During the building of these mills, and their successful operation, America and England have been steadily increasing their trade year by year, while India and Germany have made a beginning, and Japan has bought ground upon which to build factories in order

to compete with all. Still the demand increases faster than the supply. When the vast aggregate of the population is taken into consideration, and, what is of even greater moment as regards trade, the demand for better goods as the gradual uplifting of the race, now barely begun, continues, as it is sure to do, the prospect cannot be other than promising, especially to American commerce.

Not only is Shanghai a city of spindles, whose constant whir reminds one of Yankee enterprise, but it has other manufactures, and its dock-yards and foundries are equally places of bustle and activity, which show the capacity of the Chinese in whatever direction they may happen to turn their ability and energy. On every hand are skilled engineers, carpenters, painters, decorators, artisans, and men proficient in almost every craft. At Kiang-nan arsenal, situated just over the city wall, the making of implements of war and the building of war-ships reflect credit upon the master and his workmen. Thus, on the whole, Shanghai is a city of bustle and business, of commerce and manufacture, that any Occidental seaport might copy with advantage.

While possessing no great attraction for the majority of newcomers, it is not wholly without interest, and has many incongruities, at least, which cannot fail to be amusing to the thoughtful spectator. What must strike the foreigner as a remarkable reminiscence of the days of idols and paganism is the presence, in the midst of the whir and rumble of modern machinery, of the graven god of good fortune standing in the "Temple of the City of God." It is true the sovereignty of this grotesque image has been disputed now and then, and the carven monarch deposed; but each time he has been restored to his throne, and to-day he witnesses his mimic courts, though his hold upon the people is gradually slipping away. Near this god are several lesser deities, supposed to guard with ceaseless watchfulness the huge drum towers looming up over the pleasure-ground, which are mainly used now as lookouts for fire and the approach of enemies. Occupying the most desirable ground in the overcrowded city are buildings consecrated to the memory of Confucius, the rites of Tao, and the worship of Buddha.

Old Shanghai, the Shanghai of ancient ethics, has the fewest attractions possible for the foreign tourist, unless he comes with a desire to leave the present outside its tomb-like gate, and to enter into a century

when America was a wilderness, inhabited by its wild tribes of men, and the Far East was unknown to Europe. Nothing is lacking to complete the type of that far-away day. He will walk the same narrow, crooked street, meet the same crushing crowd pushing one against another with that familiarity which breeds contempt, behold on every hand the characteristic, yellow-hued people, look upon the stagnant pools of water teeming with their myriad life, the dilapidated dwellings, the gilded shops

BOAT-LOAD OF REEDS, NEAR SHANGHAI.

of trade, the gardens of peonies and chrysanthemums, the noisy courtyards, the crumbling temples, the defaced deities, the coffins waiting by the hundreds for an auspicious day of burial, — all this and much more which the pen shrinks from recording, the tongue from describing, or the eye from looking upon.

As might be expected, Shanghai is the popular resort of reformers and progressive leaders. Here are printed sheets which outrank the most bitter political paper ever published; here the man with a fancied grievance,

however great or insignificant, finds opportunity to vent his spleen; here the faint-hearted philosopher drones in his sorrow over the unhappy fate of his race; here the retired official, grown sleek and fat both in purse and person, seeks to enjoy his ill-gotten gains; here the fugitive from justice hopes to find the protection of a foreign government; here the gambler plies his craft with a skill worthy of a better cause; here the mixed votaries of fashion centre, attracted by a common magnet; and along the Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai's fashionable drive, speed carriages of innumerable description, from the closed brougham of the British lord down to the rattletrap, whose only boast is that it has a wheel. Here is where the two extremes of the Occident and the Orient meet, the breathless pace of the New World, and the equally breathless pace of the Old.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF CENTURIES.

WHILE our narrative so far has practically covered, if with a thin veil of description, that portion of the Chinese empire which holds its greatest mineral resources, furnishes its surplus of rice and tea, grows its silks and cottons, contains its mills and industries, and sends forth into the world the larger portion of its exports, there remains for us to enter a vast extent of territory which may not be inaptly styled the battle-ground of the races. Within the past year it has been convulsed by one of the worst of its many revolutions, which has proved so widespread and ominous that all the leading nations of the earth have formed an alliance to meet it, while the gaze of the entire world has been fixed upon the volcanic centre of this eruption, the "Purple Forbidden City." Before we enter into a closer description of these scenes, it is eminently fitting that we should review the rise and history of the race that to-day, if shackled by ancient methods of a clannish government, sets at defiance the united powers of modern progress.

Le Comte, the ancient historian, wrote over two hundred years ago: "The Chinese are so ancient in the world that it fares with them, as to their origin, as with great rivers whose source can scarce be discovered." There has been no discovery to gainsay the truth of this statement. The scholars of China maintain that the history of the country, as written by its historians, affords with creditable reliability the story of the empire for over four thousand years. Back of this the traditions of the people bridge the void reaching into the misty past with accounts of rulers and founders of government, whose origin belongs to myth, and whose very existence is a matter of doubt. That a lasting influence on the coming generations was imparted by some of them is evident enough to justify the claim that the unknown leaders were men of unusual power and probity.

If the origin of the Chinese has not been solved, it is certain that the country which they were destined to populate and govern had been previously occupied by weaker and less intelligent races. Remnants of at least two such tribes of men yet linger within the territory from which their ancestors faded away in the remote past. Their usurpers are believed to have sprung from the country east of the Caspian Sea, to have crossed the Oxus, either voluntarily or under compulsion, and following along the slopes of Teen Shan, to have headed northward and eventually entered the valley of the Hoang-ho. Leaving on the

GATE OF NANKIN.

way small colonies to till the fertile plains of that productive region, for they were an agricultural people, they slowly journeyed south and east, until a vast extent of territory was covered, while the native races too weak and scattered to cope with them retreated before their advance. These newcomers have been described by Mr. Douglas in the Encyclopedia Britannica as "a little band of wanderers roving among the forests of Shan-se without homes, without clothing, without fire to dress their victuals, and subsisting on the spoils of the chase eked out with roots and insects." From this handful of nomads have come the most numerous race, and the earliest founders of a nation, in the world, the date of whose beginning no historian dares to fix.

WALLS OF SHANGHAI, NATIVE CITY.

The country and climate were favourable to good crops, though not without constant toil, and they must have been a hardy and robust race. Their advance could not have been other than slow, and many generations came and went as the pioneers pushed steadily down the valleys, attaining a higher civilisation with each advance. In 2300 B.C. they had become numerous and powerful enough to form a kingdom extending from beyond Pekin on the north and east as far south as Canton. Their capital was in the province of Shantung.

The race seems to have reached a height of considerable glory, but a

ENTRANCE TO GARDEN.

couple of hundred years later we see them rising to destroy a dynasty whose head had proved itself unfit to rule. But it is hardly worth while to follow such meagre accounts of those times as have been preserved, since none of them can be accepted without great allowance. Hundreds of years of feudal wars followed, the inhabitants of one section fighting those of another, until from out of the darkness of this tumultuous period burst two lights that have shone all along the pathway of the race since that remote day.

The first of these, named Laoutse, was born 604 B.C. Little is known concerning him save that he gave to the race its first form of religious worship, upon which the Taouistic Bible is founded; this has still a

respectable following in China. Laoutse lived in humble life until he was over a hundred years of age, when he set out upon a long journey toward the setting sun. Coming to a pass in the mountains, he gave into the keeping of the watchman on duty there a book containing the moral teachings which the people were quick to believe were written under divine inspiration. Nothing more is told of the aged author, except that he vanished from the sight of man upon pursuing his course along the lonely pathway.

The second and greater of this noted couple was Confucius, born 551 B.C., who as a child was noted for his respect to older people, his gentleness to children, and his remarkable progress in all pursuits that he came to follow. Concerned in agricultural matters at first, he made such improvements in the care of sheep and cattle, and the treatment of the soil, that "the whole face of the country changed, and plenty succeeded poverty." As a public teacher he inspired his pupils with a knowledge that both amazed and made envious all other preceptors. He became a student in music, and so wonderful was his progress that soon, from studying a piece of composition, he could describe the features and even the expression of the eyes of the composer. While a minister to the emperor, he displayed such matchless ability as an arbiter and statesman that he lost no case which was left for him to settle.

As pleasant as must have been the praise and reward that he received on every hand, the emperor was not of the exalted nature that Confucius felt ought to be a part of the kingly prerogatives of a great ruler, and his subjects were possessed of feeble virtue. So he became a traveller, studying the people as he went from place to place, often teaching them the precepts of his lofty mind. Many illustrations of his way of teaching have been preserved, among them the following: Meeting one day a woman weeping by a grave, he inquired of her the cause of her grief, when she replied that her husband had been killed there by a tiger, and that her husband's father had also met a similar fate there, while now her son had shared the same unhappy lot. "Why do you not leave the place?" asked Confucius. "Because there is here no oppressive government," she answered. Turning to his companions, the sage remarked: "My children, let us remember this,—oppressive government is more cruel than a tiger."

Wherever he went Confucius secured disciples, and the people immediately accepted his teachings, which were not philosophical in the sense we understand them, and did not afford a regular moral code. On the other hand, leaving futurity to provide for itself, he sought to impart to his followers the highest precepts of personal conduct ever taught to man. Professor Morris in speaking of him says: "Of all the great men who have lived upon the earth, conquerors, writers, inventors, and others, none have gained so wide a renown as this quiet Chinese moral teacher,

CONSULTING THE STICKS OF FATE.

whose fame has reached the ears of more millions of mankind than that of any other man who has ever lived. To-day his descendants form the only hereditary nobility in China, with the exception of those of his great disciple Mencius, who proved a worthy successor to the sage."

Confucius was a prolific writer, as well as teacher, and nearly all that is known of early China was written by him. He wrote the "Book of History," the "Book of Odes," the "Book of Rites," and the "Spring and Summer Annals." These works comprise four of the "Nine Classics" of ancient Chinese literature. Of the others, the first, called the "Book of Changes," was written by a mystic named Wan Wang

over six hundred years before Confucius was born. Though older than the works of the immortal sage, and still held in high veneration by the Chinese, its greater merit seems to lie in not being understood. The remaining four of the nine classics were written by students or disciples of Confucius, the most exalted being the Mang tsze, or the "Works of Mencius," which consist of the sayings and doings of himself and his more illustrious master.

Confucius, whose Chinese name was Kung-fu-tse, died in 479 B. C.

CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

While not intended to frame a religious creed, his books and those of his disciples have the same relation to the Chinese as regards the formation of character that the Bible does to the Christian. Unfortunately, the underlying principle of Confucianism, that "everything ancient must be sacred," has done more than anything else to retard the progress of the people of China. The four Confucian gospels and five canons of Classics can be bought for a few hundred cash, or about fifty cents, and are possessed by a large number.

In 246 B. C., when the feudal kinglets seemed on the eve of destroying each other with their bitter quarrels, the Prince of Tsin Chi Hoang-ti

established the first central government, with himself at its head as the "First Sovereign Emperor of the Tsins." He holds a romantic position in history, and many strange stories cluster about his memory, some of which are no doubt fictitious. The historians did not like him, for reasons which will be understood later, and thus attempted to belittle his rank and work. He may have been the son of a slave woman, as they say, and he may have banished his mother for offences that he could not overlook, and he may have driven his reputed father to committing suicide for plotting against him, yet at the age of thirteen he took up the sceptre of power which was to vanquish many an older chieftain and to found upon the ruins of their kingdoms the empire that has become the longest lived in the world.

A new era of prosperity and power dawned for the black-haired race that had drifted so far from their native land. Roads were now built for the first time in that country with any great result, and long canals were cut as ways of transportation for goods and people. Then wars with the wild hordes on the north followed, until these were driven back into the interior of Mongolia. The heroes of the feudal times were now held up for imitation and worship, and from this era began that fatal love for ancestors and ancient methods which has resulted in the decline of the race.

During this time the stupendous work — perhaps the most extraordinary ever undertaken by the hand of man — of building the Great Wall on the northern border of China was done. This was begun in 214 B. C., but the indefatigable emperor who conceived the idea and started putting it in operation did not live to see the mighty barrier completed. It is no wonder he died before it was finished, for it extended from the mountains of the west, forming the barrier against the Great Desert, to the Yellow Sea on the east, over mountains and plains, "scaling precipices and topping the craggy hills of the country," for a distance, including its crooks and rises, of over fifteen hundred miles. It consists of two walls of brick laid upon foundations of granite, with the space between the outside walls filled in with earth and stones. It is twenty-five feet wide at its base, and fifteen feet at the top, which is paved with bricks. Its height varies from fifteen to thirty feet, while frequent towers rise several feet above this. History is silent in regard to the vast army of patient

toilers who must have spent their lives in the construction of this gigantic monument to their faithful service more than to the wisdom of Hoangti the Great, as he is justly called.

Besides causing this great wall to be built, and overcoming enemies which must have disconcerted a less watchful and powerful ruler, thus solidifying the feudal states into one grand whole, "the first universal emperor" built a palace at his capital, then called Heen-yang, at present known as Sian-fu, which was the wonder and admiration of the age.

THE CITY OF NANKIN.

It was planned on a grand scale, the audience-chamber being adorned with twelve great statues weighing each twelve thousand pounds, and all made from the spoils of his conquests. Just outside the city was another palace larger than this, which was capable of becoming the review ground for ten thousand men drawn up in battle-array. This was known as the Palace of Delight.

When he had conquered his enemies, and had seen the work on the Great Wall well under way, he set about dividing his empire into provinces, making as many as thirty-six. He then set forth on a journey to visit these divisions of his government, and to appoint governors and

under-governors for them all, a system that still exists in China. News coming of the visit of a man of so great importance to a town, in those days, caused the inhabitants to make his approach easy and pleasant by repairing the road over which he was expected to come, sometimes even by building new ways. Hoangti the Great understood this practice, and, on testing the other roads on his course, he found them to be in the most deplorable state. So often did he do this that he puzzled and frightened

THE SHANGHAI CLUB, OPENED 1864.

the people along his path, who feared that terrible consequences would come to them on account of what might be construed to mean scant courtesy shown to their emperor. When news of this state of feeling reached the latter, he made the following declaration, which places him upon record as the greatest benefactor of his time:

"These roads that have been built especially for me are very satisfactory, and I am greatly pleased with them. But it is not just that I, who may never come this way again, should be granted this convenience alone, when my subjects are in greater need of good roads than I. Thus I

command that this method shall cease, and that good roads shall be made in all directions throughout the empire, when all the people will be benefited."

The highest results of his life came from this act. The Great Wall proved no barrier against the wild tribes of the north, who scaled it like so many ants fleeing across trails of sand when weaker rulers than himself wielded the sceptre of Chinese power, but a grand system of highways

THE ASTOR HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

was inaugurated all over that portion of his empire, and noble roads were made to cross the country in every direction, which after over two thousand years still remain to remind us of Hoangti the Great.

With this bright picture it would be pleasant to leave the ancient conqueror in the sunshine of his glory. But a shadow darkens the lustre of his imperial renown, falling farther than the utmost limit of his good roads, farther than the last stone of his mighty wall, farther than flashed the triumphs of his invincible sword; ay, around the world. This was

ENTRANCE TO A PRIVATE HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

the act which the literati of China to this day mourn, and must always mourn, "the burning of the books." In order to do justice to his motives in destroying the literature of the times, we must remember that many ceremonies and semi-religious rites, that were really quite useless in themselves, were held to be necessary by the educated classes, for no better reason than that it was the custom fixed by their "noble fathers." Hoangti did not hesitate to abolish many of these foolish customs, until, in his contempt for so much that seemed to him folly, he incensed the literati, who demanded of him his reason. This awakened his anger, and he made that speech which rendered the scene memorable:

"When I have need of you I will let you know my orders."

From this time the men of letters looked upon the emperor as their enemy, and the enemy to the sacred ties of the past. As their education consisted of a worship of the men and the deeds of olden times, rather than in the upbuilding of the affairs of the day, they looked upon this as a fatal attack upon the institutions of the empire. The crisis came during an occasion which the emperor had intended to be a grand assembly of the most distinguished men of the empire, including the highest of the literati, called together by him as a public demonstration of rejoicing over the good fortune of the people, and incidentally, no doubt, to make it an ovation to his own greatness. The assembly was held in the magnificent "Palace of Conquest," glorified with its array of treasures taken in the course of the triumphal marches of the army of Hoangti, and naturally the trend of the flamboyant speeches was in praise of him. Finally, one ardent admirer, in a fever of excitement, declared that his illustrious emperor had surpassed the greatest of the renowned heroes of even the most remote past.

This shot fell like a bomb in the midst of the educated portion of the assembly, which should have been above resorting to such narrow-minded views, and one of them, in the course of an animated speech, in which he landed with unstinted praise the traditional heroes of ancient days, and pronounced the previous speaker "a vile flatterer who was unfit to sit with educated men, much more to be the adviser of an emperor," demanded that the empire should be restored to its old division of feudal principalities.

This aroused the emperor so that he could speak only in a husky voice,

as he called upon his prime minister to uphold the glory of the unity of the empire, and the reason why it should be supported by all loyal subjects. The reply of the statesman, whose name was Li-seh, has come down in history as an illustration of the spirit which led to the grave act that reflects so darkly on the fair renown of Hoangti the Great.

"Listening to what has been said, we are led to believe that the men of letters are really men of ignorance as far as concerns the government

NATIVE JUNKS MOORED IN RIVER AT SHANGHAI.

of a country. They may be adepts in the government which is but the speculation in a phantom, vanishing upon near approach, but in practical government that keeps men within the bounds of practical duty they are weak. With all their pretence of knowledge, they show themselves densely ignorant. If they can repeat by heart the things which have happened in the past, even the most remote period, they are, or profess to be, strangely ignorant of the things taking place under their own eyes in these later days of mighty achievements. Unable to understand that the rule which was in keeping with the affairs of a bygone day is not

applicable to our own, they would apply the precepts of a condition that is for ever past to the situations of the present, forgetting or, what is worse, if remembering, ignoring the great fundamental truth that each situation creates its own governing power, and that what applied to the affairs of yesterday, though it be written in books, does not meet the requirements of the present. Most illustrious of emperors, these men of books have shown you that it is time to close their mouths if you value the

DINNER PARTY AT A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

good weal of your empire, and that it behooves you to place a check upon their presumptuous impudence."

The emperor was in hearty accord with this bold utterance, and, not being a man who had any love for literature himself, he forthwith ordered that all the books of the empire, excepting those that treated of agriculture, astronomy, architecture, and medicine, should be burned! No book treating of history previous to his own reign should be spared, and not even the works of the great Confucius and his disciple Mencius were exempted from this crushing blow upon the enlightenment of the centuries. Even those who might have the temerity to speak of the Confucian "Book of Odes" and "Book of History" were doomed to suffer death. Any

person in the empire who should be found with a book in his possession was to be branded and sent to work for four years on the Great Wall. Then the empire was ransacked from corner to corner in accordance with the rigid command, and nothing found which came within the proscription was spared. Of course many of the literati murmured against this act, and 460 who dared to disobey the edict were buried alive in a huge grave dug for them.

"Surely now no man can say that another was greater than I," exclaimed the vain monarch in the exultation of his vengeance on the men of letters. But he seemed to ignore the possibility that there might be hiding-places that even his most sharp-eyed agents could not penetrate, guarded by men who were ready to sacrifice their lives for their precious heritage, in the form of books and manuscript; and what was of equal, if not greater moment, that men had memories which no one could search out, and which were to become well-springs for the fount of literature, when a ruler more favourable to the light of knowledge should seek to restore the lost treasures of history. It is related that of the hundred sections of the "Book of History," twenty-eight were taken down in after years from the lips of an old blind man who had held them sacred in his memory. One more was added by a young girl to whom it had been imparted. The others were found nearly a hundred years later in a complete set, secreted in the walls of the house once occupied by the noble author. This revengeful and foolish act of an otherwise great man explains in part the blank in the earlier history of the empire that he founded. Later writers gravely declare that it was a retributive justice that Hoangti the Great left no son capable of maintaining the government he had established, and the dynasty of the Tsin swiftly vanished, leaving his name standing alone on the very borderland of written history.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ERA OF CHINESE CHIVALRY.

THE successor of Hoangti the Great was his son, who after a brief reign, ended by assassination, was succeeded by a grandson. The latter, after a still more brief reign of six weeks, made way by suicide for the accession of a famous general, who, taking the title of Kaotsou, the "Lofty and August Emperor," named his dynasty after his native province, Han. More nearly than might have been expected he merited the title he had assumed, and was on the whole a sagacious and generous ruler. He immediately granted full amnesty to those who had opposed his taking the throne, sent out messages of condolence to the people who had suffered by the war which had placed him in his high position, carried on to completion the work on the Great Wall, and, what was of far greater importance in the minds of the literati, did all in his power toward restoring the literature lost by the foolish pride of his most illustrious predecessor.

Kaotsou selected the ancient city now known as Honan for his capital, but soon changed it to Singan-fu, in the western province of Shensi. The people wondered at this movement, which seemed to show an utter lack of good sense, since the new capital was fairly environed by mountains so that it was inaccessible except on one side. But the fine hand of the emperor was soon shown, when it looked as though he intended to eclipse the fame of Hoangti as a road-maker. An army of one hundred thousand road-builders was set to work cutting down the mountains, and filling the valleys with the debris. Where there were rivers and deep gullies that could not be filled, suspension bridges, called by the amazed people "flying bridges," were thrown across the chasm, and made wide enough and strong enough to bear a body of horsemen riding over four abreast. High balustrades were built along the sides, and altogether they were fine pieces of engineering. One of these structures, nearly five hundred feet long, and spanning a ravine of great depth, is still

to be seen in fairly good repair, though built almost two thousand years before anything of the kind was attempted in Europe. In this way Kaotsou made an entrance into his new capital easy, while he made travelling more inviting by establishing post-houses and caravansaries at regular intervals, so that he rivalled Hoangti at his pet scheme. Everything about his capital was in keeping with the work outside. He built a palace more magnificent than had ever been seen before by the Chinese; he called around him the wisest men of his day as advisers;

NANKIN, FROM THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

his court became the strongest that had ever listened to the appeals of emperor or his subjects; finally, when accused of having slighted his father in the dispensation of his bounties, he made him his "Lesser Emperor." Where he had been obeyed and feared before he was loved and respected now, for the highest evidence of true nobility of character is kindness and veneration for one's parent.

On the whole, that was a remarkable period in Chinese civilisation. It is noted as the age of the Great Wall, of imperial roads, of grand canals, of the restoration of literature, and of great public improvements. But with all his wisdom, Kaotson overrated his military ability, and afterward

suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the desert warriors of the north, led by one called Mehe. In his sore strait the emperor sent to the Tartar chief the most beautiful maiden to be found, as a sort of peace-offering. She went willingly, and proved herself so captivating that Kaotsou was allowed to return to his capital, while the desert barbarian went back to his haunts satisfied with his prize and plunder. But this was only the beginning of the end of the humiliation and helplessness which had overtaken the once proud emperor. The Tartars soon rallied again; other bribes had to be offered; and, finally, worn out with anxiety and ill-fortune, Kaotsou died surrounded by plotting men and women scheming to secure the power swiftly slipping away from him. But if his end was shorn of some of the glory rightly belonging to his reign, he had established a dynasty which was destined to live for centuries, and in this respect at least was more successful than Hoangti the Great had been.

This was about two hundred years before the Christian era, and the next act in the drama of rulers was a most disgraceful one, made the more so by the fact that the actor was a woman. She who became the real empress of the realm, though she ruled for a time through her weak son, was one of the wives of Kaotsou, who reached that high position by poisoning another wife and her son, who had been chosen as the emperor's successor. Nor did this female fiend end her horrible work here, but she carried matters with such a high hand that she finally fell dead in the hall made notorious by her infamous deeds in a spasm of horror and remorse.

A checkered history followed, a history written all over with maddening attacks from the northern barbarians, who were far better warriors than the Chinese. Time and again a non-combative race was obliged to rise and defend itself from foreign invasion; time and again it met with complete disaster; but each time, like the fabled phenix, it rose from the ashes of defeat to build anew stronger and more dazzling empires.

One of the periods of success was fifty years of continual warfare, from 150 to 100 years before the Christian era, when the great provinces of Fukien, Yunnan, and Szechuan were added to the empire. The Chinese leader during this stormy reign was Vouti, whose character has been illustrated by the following story: In northwestern China a whole

race of people was so utterly routed by the Tartars that the handful that managed to escape fled into the distant west. In order to succour them, Vouti sent one of his most trusted comrades to find and bring back the unfortunate fugitives to the land they had lost, promising to defend them to the last, and instructing his faithful messenger to search Asia from corner to corner until he found them.

Taking one hundred valiant companions, he set forth on his knightly

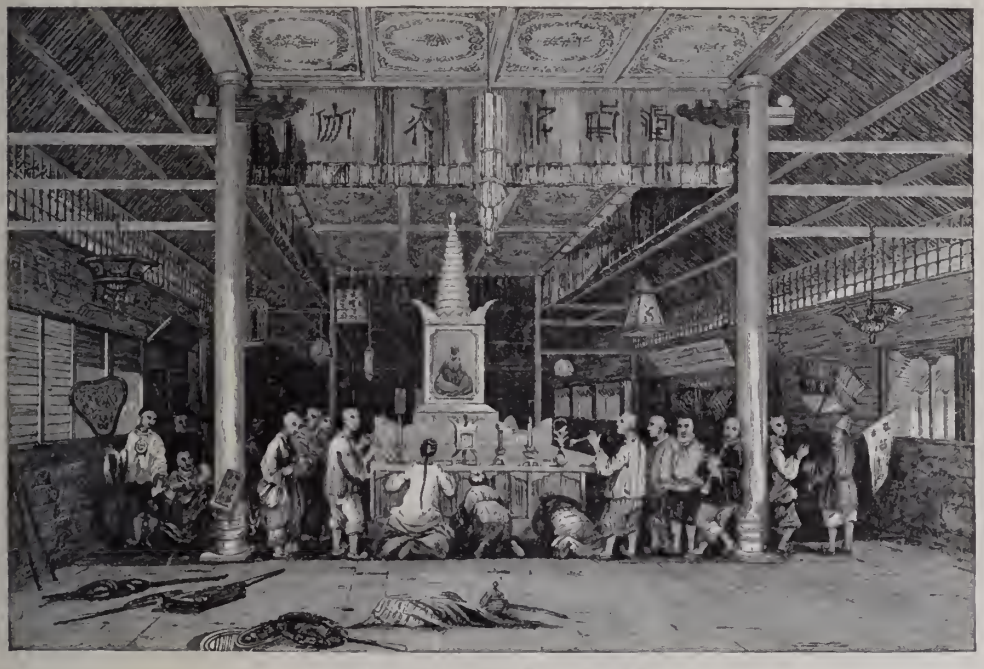
EARTHEN JAR SHOP AND BLACKSMITH SHOP, SHANGHAI.

errand, to be gone nearly twenty years, one-half of which was passed in captivity at the hands of the Tartars, and of the heroic band only two besides Chang Kin, the leader, lived to return. They had eventually found the lost tribe, but so safely sheltered in their new land that they declined to come back. Centuries later the descendants of this handful of fugitives, with some of their ancient enemies, formed the terrible phalanx of the Huns, who deluged Russia in blood, and carried terror to the heart of Rome. They became the founders of the kingdom of Hungary.

A SUBURB OF SHANGHAI.

Chang Kin made other explorations into distant nations in the continent, gaining much valuable information of other races and governments, so he may be justly considered to be the pioneer of explorers in the Far East. He wrote out descriptions of the countries he had visited, and was greatly honoured by the emperor and his subjects.

One hundred and twenty years before the Christian era the Chinese proved powerful enough to drive the warlike Hiung-Nus tribe from their soil, pursuing the routed enemy over the same track their ancestors had



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA, CANTON.

followed to the very shore of the Caspian Sea. But the end of the Han dynasty was near, and amid the hollow mockery of keeping upon the throne a ruler too young and helpless to reign, a usurper named Wang Mang founded the dynasty of Sin in the year 7 A. D. The name of this sovereignty appears to have been very appropriate, according to our meaning of the term, and the nominal head, who had begun his career by robbing the imperial tombs to obtain money, ended with his death at the hands of the aroused people, while he was trying to gain courage to end his own life.

During this stirring epoch originated the "Order of the Crimson Eye-

brows," which first became famous as the defender of a deposed emperor, and afterward as an outlawed league at war with every honest man. The odd name was given from the fact that every member of the band, which at the height of its infamous career as a set of plunderers and murderers numbered over two hundred thousand men, had his eyebrows painted a deep red, indicative of his determination that he was ready to fight to death to gain his object. At first to be one of these was considered to be on "the road to safety," but later this became altered to the "road of despair," when the emperor had raised an army large enough to destroy the scourge of the people.

In the latter half of the first century of the Christian era appears upon the historic page of Cathay the name of Panchau, who can justly claim to have been the Alexander of the empire, with the ennobling trait of having attempted his conquests for the purpose of extending the trade and enlightenment of his native land without seeking personal aggrandisement. After a most successful career at home he started westward with his large army, intending to penetrate into Europe, of which only vague accounts had reached him. His usual good fortune kept pace with him, as he conquered tribe after tribe of warlike people, and, what was of equal demand upon his resources, overcame the perils and hardships of crossing desert plains, climbing rugged mountains, and fording mighty rivers, until he had encamped his army on the shore of the Caspian or "Northern Sea," as it was known to the Chinese. At this point in his hazardous march the dangers and barrenness of the unknown country beyond were so pictured to him by those who had been there that he wisely concluded not to expose his valiant followers to further exposure for what seemed so vain a quest, and returned to Cathay, where he was received with almost imperial honours. He died renowned as the greatest general of his race, and from his death is dated the downfall of the Han dynasty, which had governed Cathay so well for 450 years, ending in 220 A. D.

During the reign of Mingti, from 58 to 76 A. D., Buddhism was introduced into China, and received imperial favour, the emperor asserting that he had been prompted to send envoys to India for the purpose of studying the religion. Under the especial patronage of the emperor the new doctrine made rapid headway, until it became the acknowledged

religion of the people, though never entirely supplanting Taoism, as it failed to Shintoism in Japan. It is not infrequent that a man is buried under the forms of both religions, that no mistake may be made.

It is to the credit of the Han dynasty that no line of sovereignty has ever attained a higher place in the esteem of the people, and China, unlike Japan, whose present emperor is a descendant of the first imperial ruler, has had numerous ruling families. During the long reign of the

SCENERY AT THE ISLAND OF POOTOO.

Hans, which was often disturbed by internal dissensions as well as by foreign invasion, the unity of the empire was accomplished, the territory was increased by two provinces, Yunnan and Leaoutung, Cochin China became a vassal state so that the dominion of the emperor reached as far as the Pamir, trade was vastly increased at home and abroad, the wealth of the empire was greatly augmented, and the public works previously begun were carried on to successful completion. Even to-day the Chinese claim no greater honour than to be known as sons of Han.

The end of the Han dynasty was followed by the long and trying civil "War of the Three Kingdoms," which produced a general named Kuan-Chan, or "Wu-ti the Warrior King." A temple erected to his memory still stands on the southern branch of the West River, where his spirit is worshipped next to that of Confucius.

The different provinces being completely at odds with each other, outside enemies on every hand improved the opportunity to plunder and capture whomever they could. In the south, a reckless pirate by the name of Sunghen carried terror along the great rivers by his merciless raids over the surrounding country. In the north, the Siberian nomads, the Weis, overran the adjoining portion of China in the fourth and fifth centuries, to establish an empire there which defied all attempts to uproot them until the Tang dynasty came upon the warlike stage in 618 A. D.

A RUINED PAGODA.

Before treating of this powerful sovereignty it may be well to glance at the intervening families of rulers, one of whom at least deserves special mention. Few emperors can claim the credit of rising from a shoemaker's bench to a throne, but this was the case of the poor boy by the name of Lieouyu, who was left to the care of strangers at a

tender age. But he soon showed himself above his humble friends, and, ambitious to make his mark in the world, he entered the army, the most promising field in which to accomplish his aims. As a mere youth he showed great skill in military affairs, and when only a young man he came into command of an army. Under his energetic and skilful leadership victory after victory was achieved wherever it went, until only rebellious princes and disloyal leaders to the north of Hoang-ho defied him. On the border of the great province of Wei, which he must cross to reach an enemy beyond, he was denied the privilege of continuing farther by the ruling prince there.

Angered but not deterred by this, he immediately crossed the turbid river, and, routing the army of this disloyal general, marched against the capital of the Prince of Chin, another rebellious subject. Here he was forced to entrust his important mission to one of his generals named Wangchinon. Succeeding events showed that he had not misjudged his man. Conducting his army on shipboard until he was obliged to leave the water, he displayed the spirit and iron will of a Cortes by ordering that the vessels should be sent adrift, while he delivered the following address to his men:

"Behold, soldiers! the rapid waters of the Weiho carry from us the ships that have borne us hither, so that we have no means of returning, while we have neither supplies nor provisions. Soldiers of the empire, you have no choice but to proceed against the enemy. Let us overpower them, and we shall regain a hundredfold more than we have lost, while covering ourselves with glory. If we fail to triumph over our enemy there will be no escape except in death. Therefore our duty is plain. Let us conquer or die — that is our destiny. Now prepare to march against the enemy."

Little wonder if such a general led to victory, and smaller wonder if the master of such men should eventually come within reach of the throne upon which a weak emperor sat. Lieouyu, seeing that it was time for him to reap the harvest he had sown with his sword, ordered the ruler to step aside for him, which the other did. This was in 420 A. D., and the new emperor who had once been a shoemaker assumed the name of the renowned Kaotsou, calling his dynasty the Song, he having become known as Prince of Song. Already an old man, he ruled only three

years, but he displayed as great sagacity and enterprise during his short term of civil power as he had during his long military career.

The two hundred years following the ascendency of the Song dynasty furnish little for the historian to dilate upon. During that interval almost constant contention went on. At the end of fifty-nine years the line of rulers founded by the shoemaker-emperor fell before the Tsi, that in 502 gave way to the Leang dynasty, the last in turn

SHOWROOM OF A LANTERN MERCHANT.

succeeded in a little over half a century by the Soui, followed by the Tang sovereignty already mentioned.

The Soui dynasty cannot in justice be dismissed without recording the splendid achievements of its most prominent representative, Emperor Yangti (605 to 617), who changed the capital from Nankin back to ancient Honan, then known as Loyang, where it had been located under Kaotsou I. He sought to make this the most beautiful and powerful city in the world, and his palace the grandest ever built. To accomplish his purpose he drafted into his service more than two million workmen and embellishers. Under their skilful touches Honan shone forth a dream of ideal magnificence, and for many years the highest tribute that could be

paid an object of especial beauty was a comparison to Yangti's imperial city. He caused fifty thousand merchants to take up their abode there, that he might have it a place of business as well as beauty.

This reflects little credit on a monarch who was willing to attempt so much to satisfy a vain pride. The work which has placed his name among the benefactors of China was the building of the great systems of artificial waterways. During his brief reign of thirteen years he completed over five thousand miles of canals. To perform this gigantic undertaking, he

CHINESE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

called from each family in the empire one able-bodied man, besides putting his large army at work in the ditches. The greatest of these ways of transportation, though some of the others were extensive, was the Grand Canal from the Yangtse to the Hoang-ho, a distance of over three hundred miles. It has a width of 120 feet, and is lined with solid stone. Along the banks are rows of elms and willows, so that its course can be distinguished for a long distance. Fate was cruel to China when she allowed him to be assassinated in the heyday of his reign. His son and successor met the same untimely end before he had ruled a year. He closed the rule of this dynasty.

The most important figure in the succeeding dynasty, the Tang, was the second in the line of power, who holds in history the undisputed title of Taitsong the Great. When his father, taking the name of Kaotsou, already famous in Chinese history, ascended the throne, he placed his second son, Lichimin, at the head of the army. The latter seems to have quickly shown remarkable military genius, and what stood him in even greater stead, uncommon bravery. He always rode at the head of his favourite regiment of cuirassiers, which was rendered conspicuous by its suits made of the skin of the black tiger, and it is said was never defeated. At any rate, after four years of warfare, he was able to say to his imperial father that he not only had rid the homeland of its numerous enemies, but that he had effectually cleared its borders of all foes. His valorous deeds upon every tongue, he was received on his return with all the grand display and pomp that Rome in the zenith of her glory was proud to shower upon her heroes.

Mounted upon his fiery steed, Lichimin rode at the head of his battle-scarred veterans in tiger skins, — his Old Guard that had never failed him, — wearing a breastplate of gold. Behind this favourite regiment wound into the city forty thousand cuirassiers, bearing in their midst some of the captives taken in recent battles, the most conspicuous of whom was the King of the Tartars. The conqueror led his train to the temple of his ancestors, where he caused to be repeated the story of his triumphs, while he returned thanks for his victories. It was the custom among the Chinese in those days to put to death the captives taken in war, and confiscate their property. Kaotsou did order the torch to be applied to the grand palace reared by his predecessor, declaring, as the costly work vanished in the flames, that it was folly to allow such a monument of vanity to stand as a mark of man's weakness. But he spared the lives of the captive train, and, at the banquet given in honour of his renowned son, granted general amnesty and reduced the taxes of the people, so all might have a share in the imperial happiness.

It soon appeared that the sunshine of this proud day for the conqueror was darkened by clouds of conspiracy on the part of jealous brothers. This intrigue was discovered, and the plotters put to death. Then Kaotsou, feeling the weight of seventy years, abdicated in favour of his illustrious son, who, upon ascending the throne, assumed the name of Taitsong. Kaotsou

TEA-HOUSE, SHANGHAI, NATIVE CITY.

had been a worthy ruler, but his fame was lost in the glory of his successor. One of his son's greatest acts was to raise and train a standing army which could be relied upon in the inevitable wars against the barbarians of the north. "Before this time," says Boulger, the historian of China, "Chinese armies had been little better than a rude militia, and the military knowledge of the officers could only be described as contemptible. The soldiers were, for the most part, peasants who knew nothing of discipline, and into whose hands weapons were put for the first time on the eve of a war. They were not of a martial temperament, and they went unwillingly

MACAO.

to a campaign; and against such active opponents as the Tartars they would only engage when superiority of numbers promised success. They were easily seized with a panic, and the celerity and dash of Chinese troops only became perceptible when their backs were turned to the foe. So evident had been these faults, that more than one emperor had endeavoured to recruit from among the Tartar tribes, and to oppose the national enemy with troops not less brave or active than themselves. The employment of mercenaries, however, is always only half a remedy, and not free from aggravating the evil it is intended to cure. But Taitsong did not attempt any such palliation; he went to the root of the question, and determined

to have a trained and efficient army of his own. He raised a standing army of nine hundred thousand men, which he divided into three equal classes of regiments, one containing 1,200 men, another one thousand, and the third eight hundred. The total number of regiments was 895, of which 634 were recruited for home service and 261 for foreign. By this plan he obtained the assured services of more than a quarter of a million of trained troops for operations beyond the frontier. Taitsong also improved the

EURASIAN CHILDREN FROM SCHOOL AT SHANGHAI.

weapons and armament of his soldiers. He lengthened the pike and supplied a stronger bow. Many of his troops wore armour, and relied on the coöperation of his cavalry, a branch of military power which has generally been much neglected in China. He took special pains to train a large body of officers, and he instituted a tribunal of war, to which the supreme direction of military matters was entrusted. As these measures greatly shocked the civil mandarins, who regarded the emperor's taking part in reviews and the physical exercises of the soldiers as an 'impropriety,' it will be allowed that Taitsong showed great moral courage, and surmounted

some peculiar difficulties in carrying out his scheme for forming a regular army."

Taitsong did not have to wait long before obtaining an opportunity to test his new army, when he put to rout a superior number of the desert warriors. Several of the leading khans yielded to his "invincible" troops, until his name became a terror to the numerous tribes. He was now not only known as Emperor of China, but he also held the additional title of Khan of the Tartars, the tribal warriors of the desert at last finding a ruler capable of holding them under partial subjection. A great war with Tibet followed, when again Taitsong's trained troops vanquished a powerful enemy, the leader of whom, Sanpou, gladly accepted allegiance, and became a good subject of the emperor. Marrying a Chinese princess, the latter built a walled city in honour of the event. For the third time he was victorious, and Eastern Turkestan became a part of the empire. The renowned Panchau had conquered this territory five centuries before, but it had never become a part of China until now. The last great war of this victorious emperor ended less successfully than the others, though this mattered not so much. It was an invasion of Corea, and, after winning several victories, his soldiers were finally unsuccessful, and were obliged to abandon their undertaking, the triumphant Coreans shouting after them in derision "a swift and delightful journey" as they retreated.

Not only as a warrior was Taitsong the Great renowned, but in the arts of peace he was equally celebrated. In these he was assisted by one of the noblest and ablest of women, his wife Changsungchi. Acting under her advice, he founded the Imperial Library and the college. Her death was felt severely by him, and from that time his energy and ability appeared to wane. His final work was the treatise upon government, the "Golden Mirror," which bears his name as author, though no doubt his gifted wife had aided him materially in its construction. He died sincerely lamented by all of his countrymen, and his figure stands out as that of one of the ablest and most humane of Chinese rulers.

Taitsong was succeeded by his son Kaotsong in 149 A.D. While the new emperor was a worthy successor of so great a monarch as his father, his reign is made chiefly memorable by a woman, a widow of Taitsong, his father, whom he made his wife. Her first act was to get rid of his other wives, and have herself declared his consort. From that time she was

virtually the ruler, not only of her husband, but of the empire. While women have acted important parts in the checkered history of the Celestial Empire, not one ever reached the high pinnacle of power attained by this Empress Wou.

During the reign of Kaotsong, war with Corea was resumed with better success than before, and at this time the Chinese for the first time came into armed opposition with the Japanese. The Tibetans proved "a thorn

ROAD BY THE SIDE OF WANGPOO RIVER, SHANGHAI.

in the flesh of the emperor," but by the early death of Sanpon, who somehow failed to remain a faithful citizen of his adopted country, the affair was ultimately bridged over, if not settled for all time. So far-famed was the glory of the Tang dynasty at this period, that the caliphs of Bagdad sent hither their ambassadors to treat with it, while royal representatives also came from imperial Byzantium. Upon the death of this emperor in 683 A. D., the Empress Wou became supreme ruler, and retained her power in spite of enemies until the year 704, when she was deposed at the age

of eighty. This did not occur until she had been broken down by illness, and her exit from the stage of action was as superb as had been her career during her rule of forty years.

The sun of the dynasty of the Tangs seemed to have passed its zenith with the end of Kaotsong's reign, and, in the hundred years that followed, during a period when seventeen emperors occupied the throne, there is not much to interest the historian. Five small dynasties of less account bring the history to 960, when the Sung dynasty came upon the stage. These were the formidable barbarians from the north known as the Khitans. To escape their iron rule the Chinese invited in another evil in the shape of the powerful Kins, or Niu-Chih, to expel the Khitans. The new allies proved themselves equal to the task, for not only did they drive the enemy from the field, but they took possession themselves, and in the middle of the twelfth century ruled over the entire country north of the Yangtse. But at this time a young man was gathering on the plains of the north an army that was destined to sweep the empire like a monsoon, completely changing the geography of the Far East.

RICE SELLERS AT A MILITARY STATION.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DYNASTY OF THE MONGOLS.

WE now approach the most glorious and celebrated era known to the ancient empire, though it was the flame of a foreign sword which caught the celestial spark of life as the match to light its own fires on the ruins of Kin and Khitan. That we may the better understand the greatest conquest recorded in history, let us glance at the causes which united this warlike train, and the origin of the valiant leader who led it to such far-reaching victories.

In the great heart of Eastern Siberia, wandering like bands of nomads over the vast pasture-lands of the northern tributaries of the River Amur, has existed a race, older perhaps than the Chinese themselves, which from time immemorial has given the latter constant dread and many hard-fought battles. The broad steppes over which these people drove their herds were too barren to afford at their best more than a precarious living for themselves and their animals. Thus when a long and severe drought prevailed, as often happened. they were obliged to seek more fertile fields. So a protracted dry season was invariably followed by one of those raids which have so crimsoned the pages of Asiatic history. Lying on the south with

an exposed frontier, though the other three sides were protected by natural barriers of ocean and mountains, it was to be expected that Cathay should become the principal raiding-ground of this numerous and warlike race.

It was to stem the tide of these terrible invaders that Hoangti projected the Great Wall, which, when completed, proved no barrier against these wild riders that feared neither man nor God. It was to meet and turn back the flood of these barbarians that Taitsong the Great trained his great army, and for the first time the storm of invasion was checked. But the

NANKIN FROM CITY WALLS.

career of a chief, however great, is but a line drawn across the plain of centuries, and Taitsong gone, these armed hosts once more rode whither they listed.

It must not be supposed, however, that a unity of power existed among these barbarians, for there were many tribes or clans, and these were ever at war with each other, when not at war with the world. Now and then some chief would rise in the midst of rebellion and clash of arms strong enough to command the whole, or a good portion of it. We have spoken of the Topas, or "masters of the earth," as they delighted

to style themselves, in an invasion of China in early days, who held a portion of Northern Cathay for 150 years. This mighty alliance had been the successor of an equally strong league of tribes known to the Chinese as the Tanjous, which had held sway for three centuries. The Topa reign was broken by a slave of one of the chiefs, who allied himself with a band of discontented followers; and these established a wider and greater supremacy than any before them. This leader assumed the title of khan, which seems to have been borrowed from the Persians, and meant king or prince.

In the sixth century a band of Turkish slaves employed under hard taskmasters in the mines of the Altai Mountains rose in rebellion, and the Tartar khan met his downfall, so that this foreign element came to the front in shaping the fortunes of these warriors. To the title of khan was added the descriptive "gur," which, with the other, signified "great king." Situated now between Rome on the west and Cathay on the east, with a dominion extending from Central Siberia on the north to Persia on the south, the new khan made his power felt everywhere. Envoys from the Eternal City and peacemakers from the "Perpetual Capital," Nankin, were haughtily received by the gur khan, seated in his open tent on the plains forming the foot of the Altai Mountains.

These eventually met their conquerors, and other tribes and clans rose and fell, until between 900 and 1100 A. D. the Khitans were lords of the Siberian steppes and the terror of Cathay, as has been described. Then the Kins, or "Golden Tartars," of Manchu origin, overthrew them, to be in turn flung down by the mightiest confederation of them all.

A chief named Budantsar first brought this new clan into prominence, and then one Kabul strengthened and increased its power. He was at its head when the great hero of the Far East was born, in the light of whose conquests the glory of Alexander and Napoleon become as the dusk at the close of day. As in the case of many other famous heroes of history, the birth and the early life of the coming conqueror are but vaguely told, one account bearing as much truth as another perhaps, and none of them correct. One of the most romantic says that while Kabul was away on one of his frequent raids he captured a beautiful maiden

BRIDGE AT POOTOO.

who had become separated from her father's train. Upon seeing her and remarking her great beauty, he was led to exclaim, "This woman is destined to bear a valiant son." He made the daughter of the desert chief his wife. While on another incursion against his enemies the expected son was born, and learning of this as he was returning with the leader of his foes a captive in the midst of his train, he gave his young son the name of this chief, Temujin, and in honour of the happy event spared the latter's life. In proof of this pretty tale the very spot

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

where was pitched the Tartar encampment at the time of the birth of the future conqueror is still pointed out on the bank of the Onon, and it is to this day known by the Tartar name of Dilun Boldak. The apparent age of the renowned leader would fix this date at 1160. Those who believe in this birth describe many serious and prolonged struggles on the part of the youth in order to gain the position held by his father, upon the latter's death. At the early age of thirteen the boy is depicted both as begging the army to accept him as their king, and also as defying them, when they have thrown him aside.

Another account declares that the early life of the conqueror is unknown, and that as the great confederation of Kabul was falling to pieces, he appeared on the scene, quickly mustering the armed hosts and leading them against their hated foes, the all-powerful Keraits. He was then a young man, whom a great seer prophesied was destined to conquer the world. This story agrees with the claims of the Japanese that he was their most renowned hero, Yoshitune, who, after having won the most splendid series of victories ever accorded to their country-

COUNTRY FARMHOUSE, NEAR SHANGHAI.

men, had been outlawed by his half-brother, the emperor, on account of jealousy, and had managed to escape to Siberia. There is certainly a correspondence between the two careers sufficiently striking to make it likely that they belong to one and the same person.

At any rate, all historians agree that at this time, about 1194, he was rallying and uniting the disintegrated ranks of his predecessor, and that he named his followers Mongols, which means "bold." As for himself, he chose the title of Genghis Khan, which meant greatest or "very mightiest king." His vaulting ambition was not satisfied with

the adjective in its comparative form. His first battle did not seem to warrant him in his assumption, for he suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Keraits. Undismayed by this, he rallied and soon reappeared against them, putting them to rout this time. This was the true beginning of his wonderful career. He now dared to challenge the most powerful confederation of warriors on the northern steppes, and after a bitter and protracted fight crushed the valiant host which had been styled "the Flower of the Tartars."

Thereupon the new leader, flushed with his recent triumph, assembled his leading chiefs, and in the presence of a vast throng of spectators, with the national "flag" made of nine white yak tails waving over his head, declared that he had won his right to his new title, Greatest Khan, and that he should not turn back until he had led his people to the grandest victories ever accomplished. It was easy now to strengthen his already large army, and, rewarding those who had been foremost in achieving his recent victories, he marched against the most powerful tribe in the Far East, the Kins, who had wrested Cathay from the hands of the Chinese and reigned supreme in that empire. On his way he met and overthrew one of the emperor's vassals, King Hai. Wishing him as an ally rather than as an enemy, he won him over to his cause by marrying his daughter. He now headed his army upon the populous country of the Kins, surrounded on the frontier by the Great Wall, and filled with walled cities overflowing with a population that looked upon these invaders as "debased slaves." Swarming through the gaps of the stone barrier like eagles bursting upon their prey, the Mongols hurled themselves upon the defiant Kins, and everywhere it flaunted the ensign of the white yak was an emblem of victory. Still there were many walls to scale, many strongholds to capture, and the doughty Kins rallied so swiftly and fought so desperately for their chieftains, that Genghis soon found he had no small contract to carry out. For eight years this unremitting warfare went on, without either side showing any weakness. Battle-field after battle-field was deluged with the blood of the slain, but still the Chinese sprang in to fill the rent in their army, and the Mongol hosts never failed to recruit their riven ranks, until there seemed no end in prospect, and the bloody current of battle promised to flow on for ever.

For some reason Genghis Khan suddenly ceased his attacks, and, changing his base of operation, invaded Central Asia. This was in 1218, and within five years he had swept the oases of the vast plains like a mighty broom of destruction, obliterating such cities as Kenna, Bokhara, and Samarcand; had cast in the dust the pride of Persia, and had laid Russia bleeding at his feet, stopping only at the foot of the mountains of Central Europe. Wheeling about, he overthrew the caliphate of Bagdad, and went back to finish his work in Cathay. He found the kingdom of Hai in open rebellion, and he lost no time in

VIEW ON A RIVER NEAR CANTON.

driving this back into the traces. Putting into the field now the largest army ever under his command, in midwinter, 1225, on the frozen waters of the Hoang-ho, he fought his last and greatest battle, in which the followers of Hai were so nearly exterminated that the handful left was glad to swear allegiance to him. He was now master of the situation.

But he was not to be spared to enjoy his hard-earned triumphs long for two years later he was seized with an illness which threatened to become fatal. The auguries were consulted, when it was freely declared that all the signs pointed to his death. The great conqueror was so deeply impressed with this that he called his most faithful officers about

him, and urgently requested that henceforth no unnecessary slaughter of human lives should be allowed. Well might he urge this, with the fact fresh in his memory of five million lives which he had sacrificed on the altar of his ambition. He died in 1227, at the age of sixty-five, having brought under his dominion within twenty years all of the country from the Yellow Sea to the river of Danube, from the frozen steppes of Siberia to the arid plains of Persia. If we take into consideration, as we must in order to do him justice, the mighty momentum given by

CAP-VENDER'S SHOP, CANTON.

the force of his arms to the career of his rightful successor, it may be said that, beginning with the lordship of a rebellious band of wild horsemen, he ended as ruler of half of the civilised world. If the question arises as to what did it all avail, this tornado of blood and death sweeping over the face of earth, "perhaps the most important result of this great outpouring into Western Asia, which certainly was the arrest of the Mohammedan career in Central Asia — and the diversion of the current of the fanatical propagators of the Prophet's creed against Europe — is not as fully recognised as it should be. It may be asserted that Genghis represented in their highest form all the qualities which

entitled his race to exercise governing authority. He was, morever, a military genius of the very first order, and it may be questioned whether either Cæsar or Napoleon can as commanders be placed on a par with him. Even the Chinese said that he led his army like a god. The manner in which he moved large bodies of men over vast distances without an apparent effort, the judgment he showed in the conduct of several wars in countries far apart from each other, his strategy in unknown regions, always on the alert, yet never allowing hesitation or overcaution to interfere with his enterprise, the sieges which he brought to a successful termination, his brilliant victories, a succession of 'suns of Austerlitz,' all combined make up a picture of a career to which Europe can offer nothing that will surpass it, if indeed she has anything to bear comparison with it. After the lapse of centuries, and in spite of the indifference with which the great figures of Asiatic history have been treated, the name of Genghis preserves its magic spell. It is still a name to conjure with when recording the great revolutions of a period which beheld the death of the old system in China, and the advent in that country of a newer and more vigorous government which, slowly acquiring shape in the hands of Kublai and a more national form under the Mings, has attained the pinnacle of its utility and strength under the influence of the great emperors of the Manchu dynasty. But great as is the reputation Genghis has acquired, it is probably short of its merits. He is remembered as a relentless and irresistible conqueror, a human scourge, but he is much more. He was one of the greatest instruments of destiny, one of the most remarkable moulders of the fate of nations to be met with in the history of the world. His name still overshadows Asia with its fame, and the tribute of our admiration cannot be denied."

While the great conqueror advised more humane methods of warfare, he did not wish that the conquest he had begun should be relinquished. He charged his son Ogotai to resume the work, and never to abandon the war until the Kins should be overpowered. He did, however, declare that it would be better to let India alone, which idea was followed. In 1230 Ogotai took the field in person, and two years later increased his army, and placing one wing under the command of his brother Tuli, prepared to attack the Kins simultaneously from two directions. A

life and death struggle followed, during which, as if they did not have enough on hand in fighting the Mongols, those old enemies of the Kins, the Sungs, put an army in the field against them. Finally, in 1234, after having held out against the powerful Mongols for over a quarter of a century, the Kins were overpowered. Nine emperors had ruled Northern China, occupying a period of 118 years, and the last ruler, Ninkiassu, showed the metal of which their natures were made by setting fire to the palace at Tsaichau where he had taken refuge, and entering

APARTMENT IN A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

an upper chamber closed the doors, prepared to die in the flames rather than to become the captive of his hated enemies. Many of his generals, and some of his soldiers, followed his heroic example.

The next year the Mongols increased their numbers to half a million, and, divided into three armies, marched against the Sungs, who must have seen by this time the folly of their action in harassing the Kins, who had previously sought their alliance. The result was so uncertain that finally Ogotai desisted from continuing his war, and lived for six years in peace. On the whole he seems like a humane ruler, and at his death his eldest son, Kuyuk, succeeded him, whose induction into

his high office has been described as one of the most brilliant affairs in history. Death, however, cut short his reign, and he was succeeded by a son of Tuli, named Mangu. This monarch entrusted to his brother, Kublai, the task of conquering the Sung dynasty in Southern China.

This was in 1251, when the Sungs had enjoyed fifteen years of peace. They had lost their former great general, and were poorly prepared to meet the new attacks of the Mongols. Kublai first entered Yunnan

SCENE AT THE SACRED ISLAND OF POOTOO.

through Szechuan and across the Kin-sha Kiang, "River of Golden Sand," and captured that province, which at the time was independent of other powers. The object of this capture was to obtain a flank movement on the Sungs. But serious complications arose before Kublai could carry out his purpose. His command was taken from him, and then restored. Mangu died, and a dispute arose as to who should succeed him. While Kublai was his brother's lawful heir, there was a younger brother who enjoyed the advantage of having temporary possession of Karakoram, the supreme capital of Mongolia. No great khan could receive his author-

THE EXAMINATION HALL.

ity except here, at the cradle of his dynasty. Kublai attempted to overcome this obstacle by establishing himself at Cambaluc, ancient Pekin, and though he sent out his proclamation to the Mongols and their khan, they refused to recognise him, since he had not been proclaimed from Karakoram. Aribuka was received favourably; but Kublai was not to be cheated of his birthright without a struggle, and he marched upon Karakoram, quickly putting the pretender to flight. But he very generously reinstated him with his rank of prince, and, leaving him to assume rule over the scattered Mongol tribes, he went to Pekin intending to yield his rights as khan over other territory than that comprising the fertile country of Cathay. By this it will be seen that Mangu Khan was really the last Mongol who held sway in the east and west and north.

The course of action now followed by Kublai made it imperative that he should settle the old score with the Sungs, whose emperor had most foolishly and needlessly given cause for umbrage on the part of the ambitious Kublai, who, it should be borne in mind, was looked upon by his own countrymen as more Chinese than Mongol. He had, in point of fact, accepted the traditions of the race he now intended to govern, conducted his court with all the splendour and magnificence of Hoangti or Taitsong, adopted the Chinese system of taxation, made himself the friend of the literati by freeing those who had been in prison, and secured the undying friendship of the religious leaders by declaring himself a patron of Buddhism, which was then the only active religion in Eastern Asia. Thus the Chinese of the region of the Kins and Khitans readily helped swell his army in this last campaign against the Sungs.

In the scenes which follow we find an example of courage and fidelity to one's convictions worthy of emulation by any race on earth. In the most heroic deeds of Japan, in those days when every man was ready to sacrifice his life for what he believed to be the interest of his loved Dai Nippon, there is no nobler instance of sublime bravery and devotion unto death than that shown by the last of the Sungs.

Kublai's army, which numbered over sixty thousand soldiers, every man of whom had been tested on the battle-fields in the Mongol wars, appeared before the Sung capital, Sianyang, standing on the southern bank of the River Han. Across the stream and connected by bridges was the city of Fanching, the two forming the strongest headquarters of the Sung fol-

lowers. At the same time these battle-scarred veterans appeared before the fortified cities, an auxiliary troop large enough to form a human cordon ten miles in length was stationed around Sianyang. Thus all land communication was cut off, and the Mongols undertook to intercept all supplies that might be sent to the beleaguered towns by water.

A CHINESE RESTAURANT, SHANGHAI.

So much could the army of Kublai do, but it failed to make any impression on the citadel itself. If it was reasoned that the occupants of the besieged cities would be starved out, even this began to look as though it might not be the case, when three years had passed without any showing of weakness on the part of the beleaguered garrison. The stubborn governor was determined to hold out ten years if that were possible, and he went on with the work of strengthening the fortifications and keeping a constant watch over the enemy.

Meanwhile an army of Chinese belonging to the Smg dynasty was on the march to the relief of their countrymen, but they approached with exasperating slowness. Learning of the situation, Kublai went thither to lead the charge in person. With all their watchfulness, however, the Mongols failed to prevent the sending of provisions into the besieged city by outside friends. This was in the early summer of 1270, and the daring performance is one of the most heroic acts to be found in the history of any country, while showing that, if not a martial race, the Chinese have been capable of a sacrificial heroism worthy of a Regulus. The leaders of the hazardous undertaking were two Chinese officers named Changchun and Changkoua, who prepared to ascend the river to Sianyang in two divisions. One of these, headed by Changchun, was to keep back the Mongols by the force of arms, while the other, led by his equally brave brother officer, was to reach the town with the provisions if possible. The Mongols, surprised by the sudden attack, reeled back, and while the intrepid Changchun held the enemy temporarily at bay with his war-junks, Changkoua succeeded in passing with his junks loaded with provisions.

Aroused by the desperate resistance of Changchun, the Mongols rallied, and, overwhelming the brave allies of the beleaguered city, fairly crushed them in their might. The heroic leader was slain, and his mutilated body sent floating down the river to the city gate.

Meanwhile Changkoua had reached the besieged city, where he was received with wild demonstrations by those who now for the first time in over four years obtained intelligence from the outside world. But the rejoicing quickly returned to a realisation of their true situation, and the noble Changkoua, seeing that he was not needed within the city, resolved to cut his way out, and, at the head of a larger force, endeavour to save the beleaguered town. To encourage him, he believed that at that moment Litingchi, Governor of Ganlo, which stood on the Han some miles to the south, was waiting to assist him with five thousand troops. By prompt action he believed he could run the gauntlet of the enemy and join Litingchi. He assembled his brave followers, and, kindling within them the divine spark of his own heroism, he went aboard his junks, and set sail down the river.

He had noticed that one of his officers was missing at the start, and he suspected he had gone to betray him to the foe. But, undaunted by this

cowardly desertion, he headed down the stream, breaking the chains which the Mongols had stretched across the river, and fairly hewed his way with his sword through a line of the Mongol fleet. It looked now as though he might escape, but in the dawning light of early morning he saw that he was going into a very death-trap set by his hated foes. The river was completely blocked with Mongol war-junks, while the shores were lined many deep with armed men. Only one alternative was open to Changkoua, who never for an instant thought of surrendering, and that was a

ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY OF AMOY.

bitter fight to the last. His men seemed inspired with his own heroic bravery, and the battle did not cease until the final spear had been sent from the arm that would lift the deadly weapon no more. The triumphant Mongols, with a feeling akin to admiration for the gallant sacrifice, sent the body of Changkoua to the governor of the beleaguered city, who ordered that it should be buried beside the equally heroic Changchun, the people uttering, meanwhile, loud manifestations of woe and bitterness.

The heroism of these brave allies aroused the spirit of the besieged people, while the Mongols began greater efforts to dislodge them. Fancheng was now surrounded, and they sent to Persia for engineers skilled

in the work of handling the enormous catapults used in the warfare of that period to throw huge stones against the walls of the besieged town. In this work they were now successful, demolishing many of the buildings and destroying the bridge between the two cities. Fanching finally fell, but it was a city of ruins and death that the victorious Mongols entered.

Somehow the expected relief failed to reach Sianyang, and the soldiers became so disheartened over the failure of the emperor and others to come

ITINERANT BARBERS, SHANGHAI.

to their assistance, that they threatened to refuse to stand by their noble governor longer. At this critical time the latter received a letter from Kublai which extolled him for his valiant defence, and promised him and his followers no harm if they should at last lay down their arms. In addition to that, the khan promised to give them all honourable employment. It was no disgrace to Liuwen Hoan that he accepted, and thus after nearly five years closed one of the most heroic and memorable sieges on record.

The Mongol conquest was not yet accomplished, and there came to the command of the Chinese ranks one Chang Chikia, who recaptured several towns, and, mustering about two thousand war-junks, sailed up the Yang-tse Kiang to attack the Mongols at their stronghold just below Nankin. A great naval struggle followed, which resulted in the discomfiture of the Chinese, and from this time to the end the Chinese fought a hopeless fight with unfaltering devotion to their cause. The weak emperor died, another

VIEW ON THE BUND AT SHANGHAI.

was proclaimed and captured by the Mongols; a third died, and then Ti-ping, the last of the Sung dynasty, came to the head. Canton was seized by the Mongols. Still the valiant Chang Chikia did not despair, and he prepared to defend his emperor and followers on the island of Tai, which had a harbour that could be entered only with a favourable tide. The Mongols learned of this new fortification, and, with their usual promptness of action, attacked it before the work was completed. Though the Chinese made a desperate resistance, their fleet was saved from annihilation by a

fog sweeping over the scene. As it was, the end could be foreseen, and the faithful minister of the emperor, resolved to avert the disgrace of capture, took him and leaped into the sea. Others imitated his heroic example, and thus perished the last ruler of the great dynasty of the Sung.

A year later, in 1279, while making his final defence for his cause, Chang Chikia, when about to make an attempt to recapture Canton from his enemies, was caught in a tempest off the coast, and every vessel of his powerful fleet was flung upon the shore, where men and ships perished. Thus the elements gave the death-blow to the last defenders of China, and, after seventy years of such resistance as they had not met with elsewhere in their far-reaching conquests, the Mongols conquered the ancient empire, and Kublai found his dream of being its emperor at last realised. Before this he had shown that he intended to become a worthy ruler, which had made the latter part of his conquest easier, and its results less objectionable to the masses of people who had tired of the long conflict.

TRANSPLANTING RICE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPERIAL HUNTING-GROUNDS.

A ROMANTIC story is told at Wei-Men Kuan of the last of the warlike days of the Sung dynasty, when the son of the great Mongol conqueror was captured by the Chinese of this vicinity. In accordance with the custom of the times, the queen who ruled over this district ordered that the illustrious captive, along with others, should be put to death. But the queen's daughter, seeing that the young chief was both handsome and pleasant, fell in love with him. She pleaded for his life so earnestly that her mother relented, and the happy couple were married without delay. In this manner the future safety of the town was ensured, and when at the end of the war the queen could claim such near relationship to the emperor, she did not regret the step she had taken in letting love have its own way.

Kublai named his dynasty Yuen, or Original, and he took for himself the Chinese name of Chitsou, which, however, has been overshadowed by his Mongol designation. He established his capital at Cambaluc, meaning, in its Tartar form, "the city of the kaan," and it occupied the same site as the more modern Pekin. It was a splendid city, according to Marco Polo,

THE BUND, SHAMIEN.

and we can do no better than to repeat the following account: "A city near by, or on its site, had been the chief town of an independent kingdom on several occasions, *i. e.* of Yen, of the Khitans, and of the Kins. According to Marco Polo, there were twelve gates, at each of which was stationed a guard of one thousand men, and the streets were so straight and wide that you could see from one end to the other, or from gate to gate. The extent of the walls varied; according to the highest estimate they were twenty-seven miles around, according to the lowest, eighteen. The khan's palace at Chandu, or Kaipin-fu, north of Pekin, where he built a magnificent summer palace, kept his stud of horses, and carried out his love of the chase in the immense park and preserves attached, may be considered the Windsor of this Chinese monarch. The position of Pekin had, and still has, much to recommend it as a capital. The Mings, after proclaiming Nankin the capital, made scarcely less use of it, and Chuntche, the first of the Manchus, adopted it as his. It has since remained the sole metropolis of the empire." Here Kublai formed a government and called about him the most wise men of his time as counsellors, so that he seemed to suit the many conflicting elements in his empire.

Something of the elegance and splendour with which he surrounded himself is shown by the wonderful accounts of Marco Polo relative to the imperial hunting-grounds of the famous Kublai Khan, who was willing to intermingle with his ideas of northern ruggedness the dazzling ceremonials of Chinese tradition. The palace at Shandu was built of marble, porphyry, and other elegant stones, while the walls were frescoed with grotesque figures of men, women, birds, and beasts of many kinds, some of which were unknown to the great Venetian. Everything was painted in such brilliant and gorgeous colours that this visitor was dazzled by the sight of them. In addition to these pictures the walls were gilded in a lavish manner, and in the main hall was a throne standing on a raised dais which seemed ablaze with gold. Here the khan held his court. Besides this summer palace of beautiful stone was another quite as large and fully as wonderful, being in reality a sort of bamboo tent constructed so that it could be put up at the coming of the khan, and when he went away, after a surfeit of hunting, taken quickly down and carried back to his southern capital. The walls and roof were made of the tall canes growing abundantly in the vicinity, and the whole held together by silken

cords. The building was decorated with fantastic pictures of the chase, and with elaborate gilding. The roof was made impervious to rain by a thick coating of lacquer or varnish.

THE TIGER GUARD.

These handsome palaces stood in the midst of the khan's hunting-ground, where not only the more timid creatures, such as the deer, stags, and wild goats lived, but where also the lion lorded it over the denizens of the forests as on his native heath, while in the deeper jungles lurked the tiger and the leopard, and, feared but unfearing, stalked the mighty elephant. In their cages were eagles of the most fierce aspect, and trained to hunt wolves, affording one of the rarest features of imperial pastimes. But the grandest, in the estimation of the sovereign, was the scene when his black-spotted leopards were let out to run down the wild goats, and

his sleek tigers were sent to battle the stags, wild oxen, and wilder boars.

This ideal hunting-ground was enclosed by a wall not less than fifteen miles in circumference, and the tract thus bounded not only held the animals of the Oriental forests, but was itself a picture of an Oriental country, although situated in a temperate zone. The grand scene was rendered doubly attractive by "enchanting dells, through the midst of which flowed sparkling streams, and in which the hunters might rest

PROPITIATORY OFFERINGS FOR DEPARTED RELATIVES.

and dine amidst their sport; broad spaces of lawn and flower garden, with many fountains playing on the turf and the flowers, and lovely groves that gave grateful shelter from the blazing summer sun of Tartary; delightful meadows stretched off from the slopes of verdant hills to the borders of rivers, ponds, and lakes; and there were carefully tended parks where, in the open air, the Tartar held many of his solemn festivals and more joyous merrymakings."

When the sport-loving khan tired of the larger game, he allowed the lions, tigers, and elephants a respite, while he went to another resort where he could give himself over to the lighter recreation of hunting

partridges, pheasants, and cranes. These last were large and of a glossy hue, outrivalling anything of the species seen in Europe. One kind was of a dense black, so glossy and sparkling as to reflect the scenes amid which it lived; a second was of a pure white, with feathers jewelled with "round gold eyes like the feathers of the peacocks;" another species was of a dazzling red mixed with black; others were gray, with mottled heads; and there were yet others of so many colours and of so much beauty as to defy description. At this place the khan had a palace larger than

THE IMPERIAL CANAL.

either of the others, and quite as elaborate, while its situation was even more delightful, as it stood on the edge of a wide and beautiful plain, while the noble structure was mirrored in a sparkling sheet of water. This was called "the Cianganor."

In order to be provided with ample game to his liking, the khan kept great flocks of partridges in cages built for that purpose. Hunting at Cianganor was indeed royal, or as one should perhaps say, imperial, sport. Decked out in gorgeous trappings, the khan would set forth with his four elephants, themselves arrayed in imperial splendour, and often accom-

panied by as many as a thousand falconers, carrying half that number of falcons, with a multitude of hawks and vultures, for hawking was the great khan's favourite pastime. Upon reaching a desirable location, Kublai would have his square tent of lion's skins and gold cloth put up for him, when he would get into position to enjoy the glorious sport. His army of sportsmen in the meantime had divided into five hundred couples, spreading out over a wide extent of territory. Then the scene would open by one of the couples letting loose their falcon, which would rush for its prey with great velocity. Watched by all others, those who happened to be nearest the attack and capture of the falcon would look out for the welfare of the bird of prey. Marked with a silver label, each falcon was to be returned to its owner at the close of the hunt. At the moment when the affair had opened in full spirit, a messenger would dash up to the imperial tent, crying out:

"Great khan, the birds are on wing! The battle is begun."

This would be followed by the imperial command to fling aside the walls of the tent, when the great conqueror would give freedom to one of his favourite hawks, and, throwing himself back upon his luxuriant couch, watch the flight of the bird and its enemy. He would rouse in wild delight at the exciting scene sure to follow, when the birds descried each other and began their furious combat in mid-air, now rising on wing, anon descending, whirling, plunging, darting, swooping around and around, until the beholder would grow dizzy. Scarcely would the opening fight be nearing its finish before other hawks would be sent to the great battle-ground overhead, and other falcons would come down upon their prey, until it would seem as if the very sky was filled with struggling birds, and every beam of light was the bearer of flying feathers.

Nor did Kublai stop with all this varied display of wild game, for he kept the largest number of dogs, it is probable, ever seen together in the world. It took more than ten thousand men to care for these canines when they went into the chase. It must have been a grand spectacle when he rode into the midst of these sports mounted on his gaily caparisoned elephant, followed and fairly surrounded by thousands of noble hounds and mastiffs, muttering, growling, barking, baying, bounding about, all eager for the coming fray. Neither did he confine himself alone

to dogs, for he owned many rare species of pets and favourites, every breed, size, colour, and shape of animal to be found not only in the Far East, but brought down from the ice-bound regions of the extreme north; others from distant parts of Siberia; some from the Southland, and yet

THE KIN-SHAN, OR GOLDEN ISLAND.

others from countries strange to the common people, and unknown to the historian.

The splendour of this hunting scene can be scarcely imagined. The magnificence of his tents has exhausted the vocabulary of those who saw them and attempted to describe the "canvas city." The tent for the nobles was large enough to lodge a thousand men. The khan's tent was an elaborate affair, sustained by posts of cedar and perfumed woods, and

ornamented inside and out with the skins of mighty animals that the khan was supposed to have vanquished in battle. Prominent among these were skins of lions and tigers, while alongside were suspended skins of great value, such as the ermine and zibeline, all worked with borders of great skill and beauty. This imperial tent was furnished with the finest furniture to be obtained, each piece painted in the brightest of hues. There were divans covered with rare silks, and having cushions of such softness that the sitter dropped almost out of sight; then there were lounges and chairs upholstered in equally as fine manner. The tents of the khan were always pitched in some beautiful spot, within sound of murmuring waters, and in sight of the forests he loved so well. In fact, everything about them was arranged to allow him to enjoy Oriental luxury in the highest degree. All the dazzling glory of Zenobia's elegant villa at Tibur, and the magnificence of Cleopatra's gorgeous train, was rivalled in this wonderland of sport.

Besides his own tent and those of his nobles and hunting men, there were others of corresponding magnificence for the ladies of his retinue, and for the doctors, astronomers, and learned men of his day, Kublai being a firm friend to the literati. A guard was kept constantly over the imperial tent, and wherever he went the precious life of his Imperial Majesty was watched by faithful guardians. In addition to all of these who have been mentioned, especial attention was paid to a great train of monks and priests, who had their monasteries on some eminence rising near by so as to overlook the scene. These, in marked contrast to the others, lived simple lives, ate nothing but boiled husks of corn, wore coarse attire, shaved their heads and faces, and slept on hard mats or the bare ground. Some of these married and had families, but the majority remained single.

Another class worthy of mention were the magicians, clothed in dark robes, and wearing long hair and beards, who presided over the banquets to the khan. Immediately upon the seating of the men, one of these would wave a wand, when cups of wine would start from an adjacent table and move to positions in front of the ruler. Others would appear before the guests, and so on through each round of courses until the feast was over. The company, even the khan himself, believed the magicians had done this by superhuman agency, an idea they were careful to foster,

though the whole performance was a scheme of clever trickery aided by mechanical contrivances. That these men held a great power over the khan was shown by the fact that toward the close of summer they would announce to Kublai that the time was drawing near when he must return to the capital to take part in the ceremony of sprinkling the milk of sacred mares. This performance took place on the 28th of August, on

A CHINESE CEMETERY.

which day the khan in public threw into the air a quantity of the milk claimed to have been brought from the south, where it was believed existed a race of sacred white mares. Whoever partook of this fluid was sure to receive great wisdom and good health, with long life, and only those of the imperial family were allowed to drink it. The sprinkling of this wonderful fluid in the air was done to feed the imperial spirits who might draw near on that day to obtain a portion of the charmed liquid.

FORT OPPOSITE SHAMIEN.

Upon the announcement of the magicians that it was time to close the season's sport, all became bustle and excitement about the grounds, for it was no small matter to pack and move the imperial outfit in a manner becoming the ruler of a mighty empire. Kublai did not fret himself about these preliminaries, and he enjoyed to the last moment the pastimes in which he delighted. When provision trains had been started so as to be stationed along the way, tents had been taken down, and a final feast partaken of, then the imperial train began its long and dazzling

TIGER ISLAND, ENTRANCE OF THE CANTON RIVER.

journey. This was the signal for the magicians, who often acted in the capacity of priests, to make a varied display of fireworks of the most mysterious construction, the whole scene rendered more beautiful and impressive by wild songs from the women belonging to the imperial retinue.

At his capital Kublai had everything in keeping with the gorgeous display shown about his pleasure-grounds. His court has been described as fairly ablaze with glory. His courtiers were dressed in bright livery; his feasts were elaborate, and of the best viands to be obtained; visitors were given a table by themselves known as the "travellers' table;" the

khan sat at another in sight of his followers, while host and servitors and visitors were guarded by twenty thousand soldiers, the flower of the Mongol army. The martial training and bearing of the race gave a natural grace and dignity to a peaceful pageantry that it had lent to the march to battle in the years before. To all of this noble display was added the majesty of the great conqueror himself, so that his court and capital were the most splendid and picturesque in the world. Kublai, who was then only forty-four, in the very prime of his career, was described by Marco Polo as "of good stature, neither tall nor short, but of a middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh, and is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, the eyes black and fine, the nose well formed and well set on."

During the reign of Kublai the conquest of Japan was undertaken, which proved a miserable failure to the great khan, who finally had to acknowledge that at last he had met a foe that it would be better for him to let alone. But if unsuccessful in his invasion of Dai Nippon, he was victorious on the south and west, bringing under his dominion Yunnan and Burma, though his power soon weakened in this direction. Disputes and dissensions at home called for the khan's attention, and he had quite as much as he could attend to in fighting his own relatives who were anxious to take his place. But he more than held his own until his death in 1293, at the age of eighty, having ruled for thirty-five years. Whatever may have been the great conqueror's shortcomings, and no doubt he was avaricious and superstitious, he was withal for his age a sagacious and powerful emperor, who had the good of his subjects at heart.

Kublai's grandson, his lawful heir, became his successor, and, though this prince enjoyed thirteen years of comparative peace, he did not prove equal to the herculean task of holding intact the sovereignty which had fallen to him. In fact, with Kublai the sun of the Mongol ascendency moved rapidly toward the horizon, and no name among those of his successors stands out with any great prominence. In less than three-fourths of a century after the great khan's death, through the remarkable conquest of a native peasant, China was once more ruled by one of her own sons.

COAL-MINES AT YING-TIH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MINGS AND MANCHUS.

THE successors of the Mongols were the Mings, so called. The story of the rise of this dynasty is as romantic as that of any of the numerous dynasties builded upon the achievements of some man thus made famous in history. The hero this time was born of humble parents, who were so poor that, at the death of his father, he was obliged to enter a monastery.

But even there accounts of the dissatisfaction of the native population over Mongol rule reached him, and he knew that everywhere his countrymen were rising in arms against what was looked upon by them as foreign usurpation of power. It belonged to the fortune of the dynasties of government in China that those who followed the founder of a line of rulers should not prove capable or deserving of maintaining the rule for many generations. Thus the successors of Kublai gradually became unpopular, and lost their hold upon the people. The young bonze, whose name was Choo Yuen Chang, soon tiring of the passive life of the monastery, and his heart fired with patriotic love for his country, doffed his

sacerdotal robes and entered the ranks of the partisan band, trying to break from the yoke of the Tartars in 1345.

He seemed to have chosen a most auspicious time, and he soon proved by his wise counsel, clear military order, and not less by his discreet and humane conduct, that he was the man to take the lead. While the chief aim of other Chinese leaders seemed to be to enrich themselves by the spoils of war, he sought only to succour the cause of the unhappy people. Thus he soon gathered around him a larger number of followers than any of the so-called patriots, and in 1356 he captured Nankin, to make that city his stronghold and later his capital, when he had overthrown the Mongols.

In a manifesto issued a short time after this triumph he gave expression to the motives that had prompted him to his duty, saying among other things: "It is the birthright of the Chinese to govern foreign people, and not of these latter to rule in China. It used to be said that the Yuen, or Mongols, who came from the regions of the north, conquered our empire not so much by their courage and skill as by the aid of Heaven. And now it is sufficiently plain that Heaven itself wishes to deprive them of that empire as a punishment for their crimes, and for not having acted according to the teachings of their forefathers. The time has come to drive these foreigners out of China." The truth of what he said was evident in the conduct of the Mongol emperor, Chunti, who had given himself over to vice and debauchery of every sort, and appeared blind to the disintegration of his government.

This struggle ended in 1367, when the last Mongol emperor fled to Mongolia, where he died three years later, and the Yuen, or Mongol, dynasty was succeeded by that of Choo, who assumed the name of Hongwou, and who styled his line Ming, meaning "bright." We have told how a shoemaker established the dynasty of Song, and now we see a peasant made emperor by his ability and discretion, which goes to show that the rise of humble men to lofty positions is not confined to republics.

Hongwou, knowing the dislike of his countrymen for a military form of government, was careful not to give his rule that character, though he rewarded his faithful generals in a fitting manner. He soon proved himself a benefactor of literature, endowing Hanlan College, which had

fared ill of late, causing to be written a history of the Yuen dynasty, and composing the "Book of Laws," by which the common people were enlightened in regard to the way they were governed; he did a great deal, also, for national education, founded many public libraries, cut down court expenses, and accomplished much toward the support of the aged. All this was in such marked contrast to the lavish outlays of the Mongols, that Hongwou was everywhere lauded in high terms.

The famous summer palace of Kublai had been destroyed during the

HAN-TSEUEN, PROVINCE OF KIANG-NAN.

campaigns against the Mongols, and, as he discouraged further embellishment of the northern capital of the Kins and Yuens, Pekin became only a second-rate city under the Ming dynasty, and Nankin, as it deserved, was raised to be a national seat of government. On the whole, the reign of Hongwou, which continued for thirty years, or until 1383, exemplified the highest civilisation and constituted the noblest example of fidelity to justice of any reign over China. His power extended from the Corean frontier and the Great Wall to the Burma border on the south, and the population of the empire at this time was supposed to

be about sixty millions. His dynasty rivals that of the Hans in the regard of the Chinese people.

After continuing in power for three centuries, the Ming dynasty shared the fate of those that had gone before, as the later Mings, one after another, fell from the high precepts of the founder, until a new dynasty of Tartars seized the throne. There was much hard fighting, however, before this was accomplished, and, during the reign of the Ming emperor, Wanleh, China narrowly escaped invasion at the hands of the Japanese.

THE CATARACT OF SHIH-TAN.

Hideyoshi, an ambitious monarch of humble birth, held the reins of government, and it was his purpose to make Corea an ally and China a vassal of his empire. This would seem like a sort of belated retaliation for the raid on Japan made in the reign of Kublai. The manifesto of the Japanese emperor to the Corean king is worthy of reproduction. In it he said: "I will assemble a mighty host, and, invading the country of the great Ming, I will fill with hoar-frost from my sword the whole sky over the four hundred provinces. Should I carry out this purpose, I hope Corea will be my vanguard. Let her not fail to be so, for my friendship

to your honourable country depends solely on your conduct when I lead my army against China."

If looking to an alliance with the people of the peninsula, Hideyoshi treated them as enemies when he opened his campaign, and the first victories of his army were over the raw recruits of the Coreans. China awakened to her danger, and offered at first a valiant resistance. But so much antagonism existed among the Chinese generals that, notwithstanding the superior number of their soldiers, they failed to drive the Japanese from the field, and retired, after having added to the stigma of their conduct the murder of two of the Japanese princes, leaving the Coreans at the mercy of the invaders. The death of Hideyoshi saved China from what might have been a humiliating end.

During the reign of Wanleh, China for the first time began intercourse with Europeans, the Portuguese entering China at this time. But the conduct of these foreigners, whom they believed with good reasons came under the guise of merchants as spies that they might afterward "fall upon them with fire and sword," did much toward arousing a bitterness against all newcomers. The Portuguese obtained a foothold at Macao.

Soon afterward the Spanish settled in the Philippines, and tried to open trade with the Chinese. At this period, too, the latter began to emigrate to the archipelago, becoming the most prosperous colonists, owing to their frugal and industrious lives. This awakened Spain to an apprehension of the fact that she was being outdone by the Celestials in the Orient. Rumours were set on foot that the Chinese were plotting to kill every Spanish subject, and, under cover of this claim, the Spaniards made their disgraceful and wholesale attack upon the Chinese, in which a large number perished. Still the Chinese continued to fly in the face of fate by flocking to the islands, and massacres of the most deplorable nature followed. Little credit belongs to the entrance of the Portuguese into China, or of the Spanish into any part of the Far East. Both sought to tyrannise over the Celestial, while seeking to keep away other foreigners, notably among them the Dutch, who persistently tried to open trade in these ports.

There was one class of foreigners whom the Chinese received with favour, and these were the men sent thither by the Roman Catholic Church in the sixteenth century, numbering among them such self-sacrifi-

ing men as Matthew Ricci and Michel Roger. They proved the friends of literature, and to them belongs the credit of revising the Chinese calendar. Though making themselves useful to the Chinese, and being received with marked distinction by the latter, they failed to succeed to any extent in the work that had been their prime object in coming to China. The people accepted slowly and with backward looks the teachings of the foreign church.

In the year when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, to begin

DYEING AND WINDING SILK.

their arduous undertaking of forming a church and a government in the wilderness of New England, the Emperor Wanleh died, leaving as his heritage the crumbling throne of the Mings, and a new awakening of foreign power and influence in the Far East more momentous than aught that had been met in the long centuries past.

Two invasions of Tartars have been described, that of the Kins and then that of the Mongols, and now we come to a third. Upon being overthrown, some of the leaders of the Kins retired to the broad plains forming the eastern end of the Siberian steppes. Here they lost their pride of name, and generation after generation lived and died comparatively

unknown, until from out of the petty feuds common to such wild clans arose a man who was capable of solidifying the masses and of leading them to victory, such as their ancestors might have looked upon with tribal exultation. The race was now known as the Manchus, and the cradle in which the race had been nurtured was a picturesque valley lying at the foot of Long White Mountains, which sheltered it from the biting blasts of the north, and its climate tempered to a mildness by the sea on three sides. On the whole, Manchuria is a smaller country than that

HONG-KONG FROM KOW-LOON.

from which sprang the Mongols, but it is similar to it in general appearance.

The name of the latest conqueror from the northland was Noorhachu, and, after gaining several victories from the clans outside of the empire of the Mings, he marched into China in 1618, just two years before the Pilgrims reached Plymouth. Inside of three years he had captured the Chinese city of Moukden, and made it his capital. This was in the province of Liautung, which he brought under his dominion.

Noorhachu met his first defeat when he came to match his crude weapon of warfare against the cannon that the Chinese had obtained from

the Portuguese, and under this cloud he died soon after. His son Taitsong went on with the work of conquest which the former had begun, and in 1635 assumed the title of emperor, taking the seal of the Mongol dynasty, which had been lost two hundred years before, but had been found at this time in opportune season for his use.

The dominion of Taitsong was very much limited, and fighting was continually going on all over the empire. The leading spirit of the Manchu invasion died in 1643, though this did not stop the intruders

TSEIH LING YEN, OR, THE SEVEN-STAR MOUNTAINS.

from keeping up their contest. In addition, the Chinese, whose empire now lay to the south, were beset by a rebel who gave them more trouble than the Manchus. In this dilemma Wou Sankwei, the gallant general at the head of the imperial army, finding himself unable to cope successfully with the insurgents, invited the Manchus to lend their assistance. This was simply repeating what had been done to the Khitans in order to overcome the Kins, and it seemed a sort of retributive justice that the Manchus were allowed to pay the old debt long overdue their ancestors. At any rate, the rebels driven from the field, the Manchus prepared to make the most of their advantage. Taitsong's young son was the

nominal head of the new power, who acted through his uncle, Prince Dorgan. The latter as regent proclaimed his nephew Emperor of China, but it was really a small China over which he pretended to reign. The Chinese emperor by the name of Chunthe ruled over the middle section of the ancient country, with his capital at Nankin. In the south the warrior prince, Wou Sankwei, ruled over a principality, ready to espouse the cause of the imperilled emperor should the latter show himself fit to rule. He was, however, a weak monarch, and his capital soon fell into the hands of the Manchus.

Wou Sankwei alone among the strong leaders remained to oppose the invasion of the Tartars, and he did not live to yield or to witness the defeat of his followers, but died at the head of his army. With his fall the Manchus found little serious opposition to meet. They improved the first opportunity to remove Wou's body from its tomb, and to scatter its ashes over the eighteen provinces of the empire, so that no part of the man whom they had been unable to coerce or intimidate could be found.

At their victory at Leaontung the Manchus made the Chinese shave their heads in order to escape massacre, and this custom was followed through the conquest. Then, singularly enough, the shaved head and queue, which had originated in the sorrow of a humbled pride, was accepted as the universal feature of the race.

The conquest of the Manchus was a particularly severe blow to the Chinese, inasmuch as it had been effected by a comparatively small body of invaders. The Mongol seizure of the empire had been made by a powerful and well-trained army, and only after many years of stubborn resistance. However, it should be said to the credit of the Chinese that their new rulers had to meet them more than half way in shaping the affairs of the government. The Emperor Chuntche died young, to be succeeded by his son Hanghi, who ruled for sixty-one years, or until 1722, and it is due to this able monarch and the second following him, his grandson Keen Lung, that China finally became cemented into one grand whole. This last named emperor ruled the same length of time as his grandfather, and then abdicated that he might not throw disgrace on his ancestor. Under him Tibet was added to China, and the wild tribes of Mongolia, after centuries of hostility, were brought under subjection.

The reign of Yung Ching — 1722 to 1735 — was marked by two terrible calamities, though he was not to blame for either. The first of these was an overflow of the Hoang-ho, which desolated the country to such an extent that forty thousand persons had to be fed by the government for four months. In

A CHINESE BARBER.

1730 the entire province of Pechili was visited by an earthquake, which destroyed one hundred thousand lives, laid in ruins a good por-

tion of Pekin, and demolished the imperial palace beside other notable buildings.

On the whole, the Manchu dynasty opened upon a prosperous era, and so rapidly did the number of inhabitants increase that the government seriously wondered whether enough rice could be grown to feed the people. In order to avert possible disaster, such methods as offering widows a pension if they would not remarry, and promising rewards to old bachelors if they would remain celibates, were resorted to in the hope of effecting a check in the growth of the population.

PUNISHMENT OF THE BASTINADO.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW EUROPE ENTERED CHINA.

IF there is or has been any truth in Tennyson's dictum: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," for over three centuries Europeans have been determined to learn for themselves. Their feelings and situation were very similar to that of the child who was told that something had been locked up in the closet which he must not have to play with. Though surrounded with objects of attraction that under ordinary circumstances would have made him happy, his curiosity had been aroused, and he would not be contented until he had looked behind the forbidden door. So it has been with foreigners in regard to China, and an entrance through the gates of the "Purple Forbidden City" was the only end in view.

On the other hand, it was the national trait of the Chinese to remain in seclusion. Their education was laid upon this foundation; their religious teachings imbued them with this spirit. Thus, longer than there is any record or tradition to show for it, they have avoided rather than sought the companionships of other people, their exceptions to this rule being their desultory dealings with the Japanese, an occasional voyage

to the Philippines, and their defensive relations with the hungry Tartars of the north, the Tibetans of the west, and the Burmese of the south. The visits of the enterprising Venetians, the Polos, must have been events of great interest to them, but even the wonderful accounts of these intrepid travellers regarding the world beyond them quickened no impulse on the part of the mighty khan to know for himself, nor did they lift the mind of a single subject above the barrier of self-seclusion, higher and more insurmountable than the Great Wall that their ancestors had raised against the hordes of the steppes. The appearance of the Portuguese vessels off the coast in 1516 and of the others that followed, had little visible effect on the opening of the gates of Cathay to the world. The entrance of the adventurous missionaries of the Jesuit faith about this time gave promise of greater results, but a little later they were swept from the country without a show of compassion. The story of actual entrance of foreigners into the Flowery Kingdom at last forms an interesting chapter in the checkered history of the ancient empire.

So far the attempts at entrance had been made in an insidious manner, but in 1567 an envoy from Russia dared to knock boldly at the closed gate for admission. What a shock it must have been to the imperial hermit, the Rip Van Winkle of the Far East, as he awoke on that fair spring morning at the stranger's call. As the visitor's errand was that of the peaceful nature of trade, the ancient sleeper let him in. Either the prospect was too small for the outlay, or his reception was too formal, for his tarry was not long, and he did not hasten to return. In 1653, nearly a hundred years later, Russia repeated her attempt to open business with the Middle Kingdom, and a century of patient waiting brought about a system of overland commerce which has been continued, with more or less interruption, ever since. The White Empire has maintained a mission station at Pekin.

Meanwhile, in 1637, a little fleet of English vessels commanded by Captain Weddell anchored off Canton. The Chinese, with their characteristic suspicion of foreigners, fired on one of the English boats. This aroused the bluff Captain Weddell, and he opened fire upon the Chinese, dismantling the fort, carrying off its guns, and capturing a couple of merchant junks. Naturally, such an introduction called for means of pacification, and it took Great Britain fifty years to appease the

anger of the Chinese enough to obtain trade privileges at Canton and Ning-po.

For nearly a hundred years to follow, in their anxiety to open negotiations with the mysterious power of the Far East, the Europeans came humbly, one after another. Besides bestowing lavish offerings along with their petitions, they entered into the presence of his Imperial Majesty by performing the *kotow*, which consisted of making obeisance three times until the forehead touched the floor. The haughty Portuguese had done

FEEDING SILKWORMS, AND SORTING THE COCOONS.

this; the stout Hollander had done this; the stalwart Russian had done this; and the bold Britons did this until 1792, when Great Britain's ambassador, the Earl of Macartney, squarely refused to perform this slavish ceremony, to the great dismay of the Chinese officials. If this bold foreigner failed to be received into the presence of the shocked emperor, he accomplished that which was of vastly more importance to the empire and the rest of the world, for he broke down the foolish rule which had governed for centuries the courts of Cathay.

Of all the centuries of China's long life, the nineteenth A. D. has been the most eventful, and this was opened by the hoisting of the American

CUSTOMS OFFICES, WHOMPOA.

flag before Canton in 1802, marking the first act in the beginning of commercial intercourse between the Western and the Eastern world, the new and the old. Trade grew so rapidly from this time that within half a century Canton became the foremost commercial centre in the Far East, and one among the few important ports of the world's commerce. Nor was this business wave felt only along the seacoast, for the inland villages hundreds of miles away knew something of its force in the employment it gave to a vast number of people in the making of articles

COTTON PLANTATIONS AT NING-PO.

for the foreign markets. The transportation of these goods, also, gave work to a large number who moved them, in some cases thousands of miles, by the primitive methods known to the Chinese. But, while certain ones of the masses received this with pleasure, it was looked upon with unqualified disapproval by those in high positions, and the revenue accruing from this output was set down by them as tribute from the several nations, who were filed in the records of the Middle Kingdom as vassals to the Chinese empire!

Still there is a dark side to this picture, reflecting no glory upon Great Britain or America, so that the shadow of imperial greatness occupying

the throne of the oldest empire on earth had reason to become concerned. Along with the legitimate trade came an evil that grew in magnitude, until it threatened the ruin of the race. This was the traffic in the unlawful drug, opium. To Great Britain belongs the lion's share of the blame and the shame. British India proved well adapted to raising the poppy, and in that country's eagerness for a market the drug was sent into China until the emperor was compelled to issue an edict against its introduction. This checked its entrance through one avenue to send it through another with increased rapidity and volume. When the legitimate trader was compelled to end his transactions, the smuggler stepped in to carry on the infamous work in a more doubtful manner.

Under the pretence of its being used for medicine, two hundred chests of opium were allowed entrance into the ports of China annually. Of the vast number entered otherwise there is no record, though the aggregate must have reached an appalling figure. The East India Company, then holding a controlling interest in the Asiatic trade, quickly followed the Portuguese in this money-making scheme. The plains of India were particularly adapted to raising the poppy, though it was sure to leave them sterile, and there were countless people depending on these grounds for their food; but these two facts were ignored in the prospect of the gold to be obtained in this unholy traffic. Accordingly, the order was given for the people to begin poppy planting, and the poppy and the company flourished, while the inhabitants of one country suffered for needed food, and those of the other from a deadly drug, which was to work such frightful results. The British government succeeded the East India Company, and continued the miserable business. This was the tea party of the Far East, with poppy as the upas plant. Some years ago, as the foreign inhabitants of a Chinese city were driven out under the threat of death, the cry followed them like the sentence of a judge long deferred: "You burned our summer palace; you killed our emperor; you poison our people; you are foreign devils!"

Something of the proportions assumed by this traffic may be inferred from the fact that over fifty craft in 1840, flying the British and American flags, were plying this trade on Canton River alone, while elsewhere it was carried on with an energy worthy of a better cause. The Chinese

officials, in their desperation, undertook more severe measures to suppress the trade. Some of the boats were seized, but they were all so heavily armed and defended with such stubbornness that the revenue officers soon refused to meddle with them.

Naturally such a sweeping progress must soon or late meet with some sort of a resistance. Opium traffic had become so widespread that even Chinese in high positions, as high as princes, became associated with it. Finally a resolute commissioner was sent from Pekin to Canton to stop

THE POLO TEMPLE, TAI-HOU.

the business at all hazards. The foreigners were peremptorily ordered to give up all of the drug in their hands, and to sign a paper not to bring any more on penalty of death. In the fright which followed over twelve hundred chests of opium were given up to the commissioner. Armed with the full power of the Chinese government, and having information that far larger quantities were in their possession, this official took active measures to cut off the food supply of the foreign settlers, until every ounce in their hands should be turned over to the Chinese authorities. Realising that nothing could be gained by holding out against this, the superintendent of British commerce ordered that the demand should be met.

The result was that within ten hours over twenty thousand chests were given up.

When the faithful commissioner had sent word to Pekin what he had done, the reply came back for him to destroy every ounce of the drug. This order was carried out by mixing lime and salt water with the opium and then running the whole mass into the river. The loss to the foreigners was claimed to be over ten millions of dollars, and it aroused fierce and bitter feelings. This was in 1839, and the following year the

MANDARIN PAYING A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

British government sent word to Captain Elliott, in command at Canton, to declare war if China did not indemnify for the loss of property. With her usual indifference to outside demands, China did not offer to settle, and in 1841 the port of Canton was blockaded by the British, followed by a bombardment of the fort. Finding this did not have the desired effect, other places were blockaded. The town of Ting-hai was taken, and the armed fleet moved up the river, capturing fort after fort, until the now alarmed Chinese ransomed their city for six million dollars.

Still the emperor, without realising the actual strength of the power he was silently defying, remained inactive, while the fleet again moved,

this time northward, capturing Amoy, Chin-hai, Ning-po, and then Cha-pu, where the British met the fiercest fighters of the campaign, the Tartars of Manchuria. Finding themselves worsted at last, these valiant defenders killed their wives and children, and ended their own careers by suicide. The forts at the mouth of the Yangtse Kiang were seized, Shanghai captured, and Nankin, the ancient capital, threatened. Here a most desperate resistance was made by the Manchu soldiers, of whom, out of a force of nearly five thousand, less than five hundred escaped with their lives.

At last the eyes of the emperor were opened to the peril of his situation, and he hastened to agree to a treaty of peace, among the stipulations being an agreement to pay the British government twenty-one million dollars, and to open to British trade the five important ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shanghai, while the island upon which Hong-kong is situated was ceded to them.

One of the results of this war, which was waged solely for the purpose of forcing upon China a drug that in its evils was not to be measured, was to bring other foreign nations forward in a demand to receive equal advantages with their British neighbour. In 1844 the United States obtained a treaty of commerce, and from that time has maintained a friendly intercourse. It has been remarked that some of the vessels engaged in the opium traffic carried American flags, but this country did not become involved in the war, and at a later day forbade her traders to sell opium in China. There was one firm whose name deserves to be placed on record as refusing to allow a chest of opium to be carried on their ships from first to last. — Messrs. Oliphant & Company.

Before dismissing this subject of the opium war, it is only just to admit that the Chinese had long been addicted to the use of the drug. Sir Robert Hart, the inspector-general of the Chinese customs, has said: "Native opium was known, produced, and used long before any Europeans began the sale of the foreign drug along the coast." Opium trade with India was begun by the Portuguese, though this is no excuse for another race to take it up.

The origin of the use of the drug is explained by Chinese writers, who do not deny that in ancient days the people were greatly addicted to drinking stimulating liquor. As far back as 116 B. C. the downfall of

the empire was predicted by an imperial announcement unless the people cured themselves of the vice of drink. Strong threats and penalties were uttered against those who were prone to the evil, and the emperor went on to say to his officials, "If you learn of any who drink in company, seize them all and send them to me, and I will put them to death." The "Shoo-king," or book of ancient history, and the "Shee-king," or book of early poetry, both frequently refer to the evil results of drinking wine and stimulating liquors. Even farther back than this it must have

A CHINESE JUNK, CANTON RIVER.

existed to an alarming extent, for the writings of Confucius and Mencius, 478 and 388 B. C., respectively, contain frequent warnings against the habit. In fact, the love of play and drink, to the neglect of filial duties, seems to have been one of the greatest sins from which they tried to save their followers.

A great check came to this national evil upon the introduction of the Buddhist religion into China. But if this religion could stop in a great measure this form of weakness, it could not allay the human thirst for stimulant of some kind. Buddhism did not forbid the use of opium, and the Chinaman who laid aside his drinking glass simply substituted the

pipe. Whether the change were a benefit to him it is not for us to judge. Certainly there is not a race on earth, as far as our knowledge goes, who can reasonably fling the first stone. Opium was cheaper and more convenient than the wines and liquors he had been drinking, and he represents a race poor and avaricious by nature. The results obtained by the drug seem in such wonderful harmony with the Buddhist scheme of Nirvana that it is not altogether improbable that one suggested the other. The influence of the drug is of that nature which causes the poor man

VILLAGE ON THE CANAL NEAR CANTON.

to lose sight of his poverty, and become insensible to the pangs of disease. Even in dreams he is for the time being lord of a beautiful palace, and though temporarily, he has found that Nirvana, the desire and end of all good Buddhists. If the awakening shows him the passing of an illusion, he has only to repeat his experiment.

Of course government made from the first strenuous efforts to stop the use of opium, though without avail. It began to be raised in China as soon as there was a demand for it, and at the present time it is extensively cultivated in the provinces of Yunnan, Szechuan, Manchuria, and Mongolia. The amount grown in the Chinese empire equals that

raised in the whole of Hindustan. The trouble is that the Indian poppy is superior to that produced in China, and the Chinaman who can afford it will have the former if possible.

In regard to the effect of the use of the drug, there is no doubt that this has been overstated. The examples taken for warning were those of the very worst type. The Indian opium in its unadulterated form does not seem to have done any alarming harm, notwithstanding all that has been said. The sensational writer who has pictured so vividly the opium "den," would do well to look nearer home before he condemns a whole race, which has shown itself to be one of the hardiest and most industrious on earth. It has been said that the poppy creates paupers, but there is no real proof of this statement. In reality, as incongruous as it may seem, a Chinaman's remarkable industry is the worst enemy to his progress. He is too willing to do sixteen hours of work for six hours' pay. In short, the use of opium can be stopped at any time the person using it wishes, as truly as the habit of tobacco smoking can be ended. It does not demoralise more than the use of intoxicating drinks; neither is it a worse enemy to long life and happiness than intemperance. On the other hand, the benefits arising from its use are equal to, if not greater, than those coming from alcohol. The Chinese prescribe opium for various ailments, such as neuralgia, rheumatism, cold in the head, colic, cancer, asthma, pulmonary consumption, — a remedy which has quick effect without leaving any of the bad after results following the American use of opiates. Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, probably stated a truth when he said: "If a stroke of a pen were to deprive us of opium revenue to-morrow, the consumption of the drug would continue in spite of us, and it is as much beyond our power to put an end to the use of opium in India and China as it would be beyond the power of the friends of temperance in England to put absolute stop to the consumption of intoxicating liquors in that country." Both are great evils which are likely to exist until man shall be able to command his appetites.

The old saying, "that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," was proved true in the case of China, for in spite of the bitter humiliation she suffered, the empire was benefited in the matter of foreign intercourse. But the reign of peace was of short duration, as it was broken in 1856 through the seizure of a native vessel bearing the flag of Great Britain.

PAGODA AT NINGPO.

For this indignity against their national standard the British demanded an apology. This was refused. Again Canton was bombarded and her forts destroyed. The French this time joined with the English, and, finding her fleet of war-ships disabled and Canton in the hands of her enemies, China, who had not forgotten the opium war, consented to allow the foreigners greater privileges. But the victors were not satisfied with the request to treat at Canton, and asked that it be done at the imperial capital. Their fleets sailed to Tien-tsin, the port of Pekin, situated at

THE SPECTACLE OF "THE SUN AND MOON."

the mouth of the Pei-Ho. Russia and the United States agreed to enter into the proposed treaty, but started to go to the capital overland, while the British and French resolved to take their ships up the river. In consequence, they became entangled in an encounter with the Chinese, and suffered a humiliating defeat. The incensed powers now decided to carry war to the very capital of the Middle Kingdom, and the proceedings for the treaty of peace were abruptly ended.

The following year fighting was begun in earnest by the allied powers, when again the brave soldiers of the north showed their valour in a hotly contested battle. For the first time the bold Tartars matched their

bows, arrows, and spears against modern implements of warfare, to find at last a foeman more than worthy of their prowess. The explosion of a shell in their midst sent the dashing cavalry flying in every direction. The way was soon cleared to the imperial capital, upon which the officers of the allies gazed for the first time by climbing upon the tops of some brick kilns overgrown with grass.

An attack was made on the 5th of October, 1860, by the allied armies simultaneously from two points, and, though the Chinese made a desperate resistance, the result was swift and inevitable. The emperor, upon hearing of the swift and destructive advance of the allied forces toward his capital, instead of remaining to meet them at the head of his army, sought safety by flying to the imperial pleasure-ground.

Upon finding that the feeble representative of Chinese power had fled, the British and French hastened with all speed possible to the summer palace, a walled enclosure standing a few miles north of Pekin, hoping to catch the imperial fugitive there. But he had gone from here to that grand enclosure on the edge of the wide-spreading plains of Tartary and outside of the Great Wall, which has been described as it was in the days of Kublai.

The summer palace had been left in charge of some three hundred eunuchs, who had been instructed by their cowardly emperor "to make a gallant defence." The eunuchs did make a short and sharp resistance at the gate, but the French speedily put them to rout, and the sacred entrance to the imperial grounds, where only the "sublime ruler" and a few faithful followers had ever been allowed to pass, was now trodden by the sacrilegious feet of the foreign invaders. What the feelings of these victorious "barbarians" were, as their spurred heels clanked on the marble floor before the emperor's "divine throne," can only be imagined. How strangely their foreign tongues must have echoed through the great palace hall where silence had reigned so long, and where only silent attendants had crept with bowed form and cringing spirit to do homage to the austere "Brother of the Sun and Moon," is left for the imagination to picture.

In describing the imperial scene Swinhoe has said: "The emperor is seated on his ebony throne, attired in a yellow robe wrought over with dragons in gold thread, his head surmounted with a spherical crown of

gold and precious stones, with pearl drops suspended around on light gold chains. His eunuchs and ministers, in court costume, are ranged on either side on their knees, and his guard of honour and musicians drawn up in two lines in the courtyard without. The name of the distinguished person to be introduced is called out, and as he approaches the band strikes up. He draws near the awful throne, and, looking on the ground, drops on his knees before the central steps. He removes his hat from his head, and places it on the throne floor with its peacock feather

CITY OF NING-PO, FROM THE RIVER.

toward the imperial donor. The emperor moves his hand, and down goes the humble head, and the forehead strikes on the step three times three. The head is then raised, but the eyes are still meekly lowered, as the imperial voice in thrilling accents pronounces the behest of the great master. The voice hushed, down goes the head again, and acknowledges the sovereign right, and the privileged individual is allowed to withdraw." The scene described is not imaginary, but warranted by the accounts of the natives.

In the place of this imperial vanity was now a scene of wild disorder and ruin. The rare treasures of the absent emperor were divided between

the leaders of the invading soldiery, that they might be sent as gifts to their royal rulers. General Montauban ordered that no looting should follow their capture until the British had reached the scene. But the temptation surrounding them proved too much for the cupidity of officers as well as soldiers, so that before their allies reached the palace the miserable work of despoliation and plunder had begun. Upon the arrival of the British on the 7th all restrictions were removed, and what the

A FOUNTAIN COURT IN CANTON.

invaders could not carry off was destroyed, and finally the magnificent building itself was given over to the torch.

From the descriptions given of the place by those who were present, we learn that the sacred enclosure covered a broad extent of territory, and contained, scattered over hills and valleys, many of the former made by man, palaces, temples, and pagodas, set amid gardens of great beauty and luxury. Some of the artificial hills with terraced slopes were from three to four hundred feet in altitude and covered with forests, from amid the foliage of which gleamed the palace roofs, made conspicuous by their bright yellow tiles. An artificial lake having several islands was not least among the attractions, the shores of this set with grottoes and

gardens of flowers, with flowering creepers running to the water's edge, making one of the emperor's favourite walks. In places the promenade was laid across beautiful stone arches and terraces built over the water. This scene of mimic grandeur was made doubly glorious by the background of high mountains.

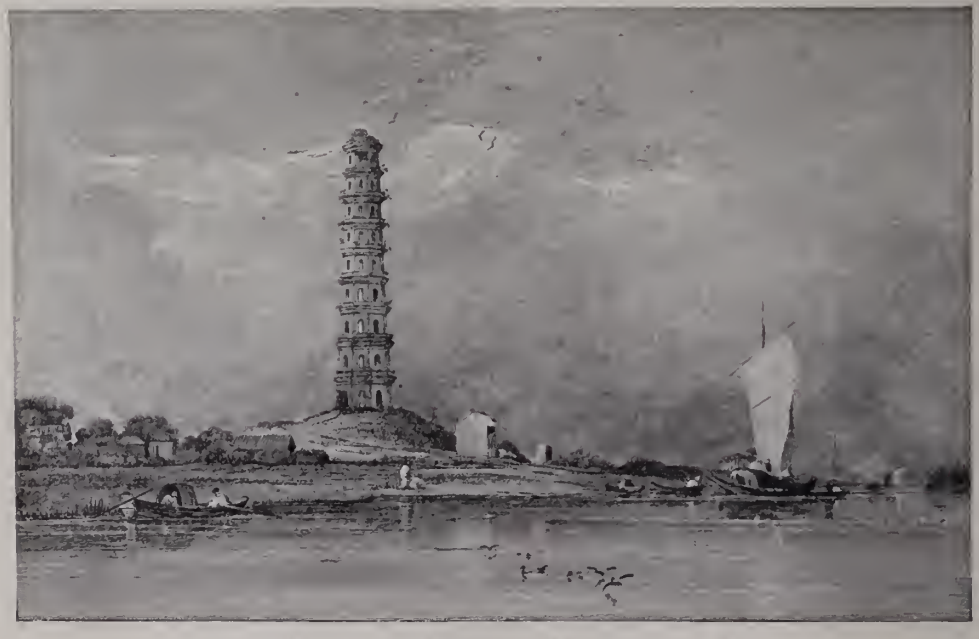
From the work of desolation done here the allied armies headed again for the imperial capital, and on the 12th, as the besiegers stood at the Anting gate waiting to know if the Chinese would surrender peacefully or force them to an attack, word came that the officials of the doomed capital had chosen to yield without resistance. Immediately the British and French marched through the gate with drums beating and flags flying, while the Chinese retreated in dismay.

In answer to the demand for a release of all foreign prisoners, the Chinese surrendered several persons whom they had been holding in captivity, and the bodies of a few others. The pitiable condition of the living and the evidence of suffering which had caused the untimely fate of the dead so aroused the British spectators that only the solemn pledge that the safety of the city should be maintained upon the condition of capitulation saved Pekin from being ravaged by the frenzied soldiers. As it was, in spite of the advice and example of the French, their wrath was hurled upon the suburbs, which they claimed were not included in the terms of surrender made at the gate. A vandalism was begun too shocking to be described. "Soon flames appeared above the devoted structures, and long columns of smoke rose to the sky, increasing in width and density as the day waned, until the canopy of smoke hung like a vast storm-cloud over Pekin, and the sorrowful eyes of those on the walls saw the flashing fire, that told of the swift destruction of what it had taken centuries to build." The work of destruction and pillage went on for two shameful days, which it would be better for Great Britain to efface, were it possible, from the pages of her history. It was estimated that property to the enormous value of over ten million dollars was destroyed.

It was useless for the Chinese to murmur, and the humiliated power was forced to accept the inevitable with as good grace as possible. Lord Elgin gave the distracted emperor a fixed time in which to sign the treaty for which they had come hither, or else to suffer the consequence

of seeing the palace of Pekin seized, and the Forbidden City razed to the ground.

There was no alternative for the Chinese, and they sued humbly for the cessation of hostilities. To show his triumph, the arrogant Lord Elgin was conveyed in a magnificent sedan-chair to the treaty hall at the head of eighty thousand British soldiers, and then borne by a party of coolies through all of the principal streets of Pekin, watched by the Chinese with amazement and terror. This was on the 24th of October,



CHINESE PAGODA, BETWEEN CANTON AND WHAMPOA.

1860, and, at the completion of the treaty, the Chinese tendered a banquet to the victors, which was declined by the British, who dared not trust them, fearing the food might be poisoned. The French, however, accepted a similar offer, and fared none the worse for it, while winning thereby the confidence of their hosts.

It will thus be seen that from the beginning to this important treaty the introduction of Europe to China had not been such as to gain either the confidence or the friendship of the Celestials. But if a rude awakening, from that eventful day in October China began to be known to the rest of the world. Thirteen years later, in 1873, when the emperor

Tung-chi attained his majority, he revoked the decree demanding the kotow, so that foreign ambassadors were at last allowed the freedom accorded by other rulers when coming into the imperial presence, thus acknowledging them his equal. The representative of Japan was first favoured in this respect, while the United States came next, and then Russia, Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands.