



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

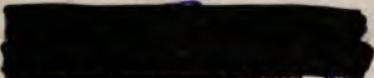
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>


a39015 00031802 5b

PROPERTY OF

*The
University of
Michigan
Libraries*

1817

ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

WANDERINGS IN CHINA.

6



Ever yours truly
Constance F. ^{the} Gordon Cumming

Digitized by Google

WANDERINGS IN CHINA

BY

C. F. GORDON CUMMING

AUTHOR OF

'AT HOME IN FIJI,' 'A LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR,'
'FIRE FOUNTAINS OF THE SANDWICH ISLES,'
'GRANITE CRAIGS OF CALIFORNIA,' 'IN THE HIMALAYAS AND ON INDIAN PLAINS,'
'IN THE HEBRIDES,' 'VIA CORNWALL TO EGYPT.'

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXVI

DS
709
.966

v.1

190

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS,	1
CHAPTER II.	
FROM HONG-KONG TO CANTON,	21
CHAPTER III.	
A VERY STRANGE CITY,	56
CHAPTER IV.	
CHINESE NEW YEAR,	100
CHAPTER V.	
FROM HONG-KONG TO AMOY,	109
CHAPTER VI.	
ON THE MIN RIVER,	122
CHAPTER VII.	
LIFE ON THE RIVER,	146
CHAPTER VIII.	
FEMALE MEDICAL MISSION,	165
CHAPTER IX.	
IN FOO-CHOW CITY,	179

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
FEMALE INFANTICIDE,	193
CHAPTER XI.	
A CHINESE DINNER-PARTY,	216
CHAPTER XII.	
A FIELD FOR WOMAN'S WORK,	227
CHAPTER XIII.	
A MANDARIN AT HOME,	250
CHAPTER XIV.	
THE KUSHAN MONASTERY,	257
CHAPTER XV.	
TEMPLE THEATRES,	270
CHAPTER XVI.	
THE OFFERINGS OF THE DEAD,	277
CHAPTER XVII.	
A SINGULAR ENTERTAINMENT,	322
CHAPTER XVIII.	
FENG-SHUI,	331
CHAPTER XIX.	
AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL,	356
CHAPTER XX.	
JUNKS AND SAMPANS,	369

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR,	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
HONG-KONG—CITY OF VICTORIA,	<i>Page</i> 109
CITY OF FOO-CHOW,	„ 179
A HILL OF GRAVES, FOO-CHOW,	„ 277
JUNKS AND SAMPANS,	„ 369

ERRATUM.

Page 167, for "Women's Medical Mission, 2 Mecklenburgh Street," read
"143 Clapham Road, London, S.W."

WANDERINGS IN CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS.

A Glimpse of Shanghai—On board the Pei-ho—Hong-Kong—A Beautiful City—Christmas Day—Cathedral Service—Walk through the City—A Hospitable Welcome—A Terrible Conflagration.

ON BOARD THE PEI-HO, MESSAGERIES MARITIMES,
NEARING HONG-KONG,
Christmas-Eve, 1878.

You will wonder when you receive this letter posted in Hong-Kong, where I hope to arrive to-morrow !

It is not that my four months in Japan have by any means exhausted its fascination,—on the contrary, I purpose returning there in spring, when the double cherry-blossoms are in their glory ; but meanwhile the hills are white with snow, and I have been nearly frozen, living in paper houses, without fires—only such warmth as we could extract from ornamental little charcoal braziers. So I have fled southward with the swallows, and sailed from Nagasaki, intending to spend Christ-

VOL. I.

A

mas at Shanghai. There, however, I only stayed three days, for the horrid river of yellow mud and the hideousness of the flat country round, and, above all, notwithstanding the genuine kindness of several residents, the oppressive dreariness of finding myself alone in a great dull hotel, where there was not a creature to be seen except Chinese servants, depressed me to such a pitch, that I resolved to risk spending Christmas-Day at sea rather than remain there.

Besides, Hong-Kong lies about nine hundred miles further south, which means journeying towards warmth and sunlight, and of course mid-winter is the very best time to arrive there, whereas even at Shanghai it was cold, and seemed quite in keeping with the real holly, stag's horn moss, &c. (all brought from afar), with which the ladies of the congregation were preparing to decorate the cathedral. This is by far the finest Christian church I have seen in any Eastern land, and would of itself have been a very strong inducement to remain for its Christmas services. It is a large red brick building, cruciform, and very lofty, with well-proportioned short transept and good glass, the reredos simple, but all harmonious. The design is Gilbert Scott's; but the whole creation of the building—the choir, and all that combines to produce so excellent a whole—is the work of Dean Butcher, a man greatly beloved by all classes of the community, and to whose personal influence alone is attributed the existence of a church so very superior to those of other English settlements. The services are in every detail those of a very well-appointed church in England.

The American Episcopal chapel for the Chinese was also in full course of decoration by Chinese women, and seemed to me almost the only clean spot in the foully filthy, old, native walled city, in which I spent two afternoons, under the kind

escort of old residents. I confess that, notwithstanding all testimony on that point, the reality of its filth quite surpassed my worst expectations! Never could I have conceived the possibility of such varied combinations of bad smells! and even the eye remains unsatisfied, for the streets are all narrow and crowded; and though the multitude of quaint figures, open shops, strange sign-boards, and occasional curly roofs cannot but be somewhat picturesque, the marvel is that they produce so little effect. Even the temples are mean and disgusting—a marvellous contrast to those of clean, delightful Japan.

Dirt—foulest dirt—is the one impression which remains indelibly stamped on my mind; however, as I shall have to return to Shanghai later, I may possibly see it in a rosier tone. Much as I generally delight in Oriental cities, I felt it a relief to pass from this one, back to the handsome European settlement of large clean houses, of which a most imposing row stretch along the embankment of the fine crescent-shaped harbour. I confess I do not envy the 125,000 persons who are crowded inside the walls of that native city!¹

Nor do I envy the Europeans who have to keep themselves alive by a weekly or bi-weekly paper-chase across the dreary level waste which lies beyond the city! And yet I believe that on account of its social advantages, and also the good sport (chiefly in the way of pheasant-shooting), which is to be had within a moderate distance, Shanghai is the favourite station in China.

For my own part, I was glad to be afloat again, even on the

¹ The total population of Shanghai is estimated at 156,000. In addition to the above, the boat population is reckoned at 11,000, while foreigners and their retainers muster 73,000 in the English settlement, 22,500 in Hong-Kew, and 50,000 in the French settlement.

turbid yellow waters of the dirty Woo-Sung river, though we seemed literally to be ploughing through liquid yellow mud, till we had passed the new Woo-Sung Fort—in other words, the junction of the tributary stream with the great Yang-tse-Kiang, which although at all times emphatically a Yellow River, had been less affected by local causes; and so when we reached the mouth of the river, which is fully twelve miles in width, the mud was so far diluted, that the waters were only of a yellowish grey, and by the time we were fairly afloat on the “Hwang-Hai,” *i.e.*, the Yellow Sea, we rejoiced to find ourselves on a clear ocean changing from blue to green.

But we fully realised how well this sea might deserve its name, when after prolonged rains, the flooded Yang-tse (which ranks third of the world's greatest rivers) pours down its vast volume of earth-laden waters (accumulated in its long and busy life-journey of 3000 miles, from its crystalline source amid the mountains of Thibet) to discolour the ocean for a distance of two hundred miles or more. Still more must this have been the case when the real Yellow River, the Hwang-Ho, emptied itself into this sea, only about 150 miles to the north of the Yang-tse, instead of, as now, flowing north into the Gulf of Peh-chi-le, a change of course which was a freak of quite recent years.

Now the repellent yellow mud lies far behind us, and we are streaming swiftly south, but as yet there is no sensible improvement in climate. On the contrary, we all feel it intensely cold, and are sitting with our warm wraps on, huddled round two wretched stoves in the large, dark, uncomfortable cabin, which at night is dimly lighted only by a few candles,—no lamps! Altogether it is a dreary ship, quite unlike my previous experience of “Messageries” vessels.

CARE OF MRS SNOWDEN, CITY OF VICTORIA,
ISLE OF HONG-KONG,
Christmas-Day.

Certainly fortune has favoured me, for we reached this most lovely city early this morning, and have had a most enjoyable Christmas-day. I had not the remotest conception that I was coming to anything so beautiful ; so, when with the earliest light of dawn, we slowly—very slowly—steamed into this exquisite harbour, its beauty, so suddenly revealed, left me mute with delight. Perhaps the contrast between these encircling ranges of shapely hills and the dead level of the Shanghai coast, help to make these seem more impressive. Certainly I have seen no harbour to compare with this, though I suppose Rio Janeiro claims the palm of beauty above all others.

This is like a great inland lake, so entirely do the jagged mountain-ranges of the mainland and the island of Kowlung seem to close around this Rocky Isle, whose great city bears the name of England's Queen, and from whose crowning peak floats the Union Jack. The said peak is really only 1825 feet in height. Though it looks so imposing, it is simply the termination of the ridge which forms the backbone of the isle, and along whose base extends the city—a granite city, hewn from the granite mountains, with granite fortifications, granite drains to provide for the rush of the summer rains ; everything seems to be granitic, but yet there is nothing cold in its appearance, for all is gilded by the mellow sunlight. All the principal houses have lovely shrubberies, with fine ornamental trees, which soften the effect, and make each terraced road seem delightful.

There is so very little, if any, level ground, save what has been reclaimed artificially, that steep streets of stairs lead

from the business quarters on the sea embankment, right up the face of the hill, the lower spurs of which are all dotted over with most luxurious houses and shady gardens, now gay with camellias and roses and scarlet poinsettias. And in the midst of it all is the loveliest Botanical Garden, beautifully laid out, and where all rich and rare forms of foliage, from tropical or temperate climes, combine to produce a garden of delight, whence you look down upon the emerald green and dazzling blue of this beautiful harbour, where a thousand vessels, and boats and junks without number, can ride in absolute safety.

I had a glimpse of it all this afternoon, but indeed it would be difficult to obtain a more entrancing view than from this house itself, which really belongs to Sir John Small, the Chief-Justice,¹ but, in his absence, is tenanted by Mr Snowden, the acting Chief-Justice, who, on the strength of a letter from Sir Harry Parkes (one of the many acts of kindness for which I am indebted to him), came to offer me a welcome to Hong-Kong, and to this lovely home.

But I must tell you first of our arrival. My fellow-passenger from Japan, Miss Shervinton, had come to rejoin her father, and we waited a little while expecting to see him appear. But being impatient to get ashore, we chartered a sampan, *i.e.*, a covered boat, inhabited by a whole Chinese family, consisting of a long-tailed father, four funny little children,

¹ In case the address at the head of this letter should appear needlessly elaborate, I may quote a little conversation which I overheard soon after my return to England. Said a young barrister to the wife of an English M.P.—“Didn't Miss G. C. say she was staying with the Chief-Justice of Hong-Kong? How do we come to have a Chief-Justice there? Isn't it somewhere in Japan?”

Said the lady—“Well, really I never thought about it before, though we have relations there. But now you come to mention it, I think you are right!”

and a comely mother, with beautifully dressed glossy hair, a comfortable blouse, and very loose short trousers, showing neat firm feet and ankles. Not having previously been in a sampan, I was glad to begin the day with a new experience!

We met Colonel Shervinton almost as soon as we landed, and we all went together to breakfast at the principal hotel, and thence to the Cathedral, which, though not to be compared in beauty with that at Shanghai, is a fine roomy church. There is a surplice choir, but the Christmas decorations are of a severe type, being confined to flowers in pots on the chancel-steps and round the font. A full congregation, and a nice hearty service, with sermon by Bishop Burdon (the Bishop of this diocese of Victoria) who, though still in the prime of life, is the fortunate possessor of such snow-white locks and beard as must surely be accounted a special episcopal endowment in a land where even grey hair commands such special honour as in China!

We returned to the hotel for luncheon, immediately after which, in prompt answer to letters from various friends in Japan, came several most kind residents, inviting me to their homes. Fortunately for me, the first to arrive was Mr Snowden (fortunately, I mean, because this house is so beautifully situated some way up the hill, overlooking the whole town and harbour, whereas the other quarters, so cordially offered to me, lay in the town itself).

Having despatched my luggage, Mr Snowden took me for a turn through the crowded business parts of the city—the Chinese and the Portuguese quarters—all built in terraces along horizontal streets, but connected one with another by steep streets of stairs. There is a specially picturesque spot right below this house, where five Chinese and Portuguese streets meet.

From this crowded centre we went on to a very different scene, namely, the beautiful gardens, where we revelled in the fragrance of flowers bathed in sunlight, and as we wandered through shady bamboo-groves, or stood beneath the broad shadow of great banyan-trees, at every turn we caught glimpses of white sails floating on the calm blue harbour far below us, reflecting the cloudless blue of heaven—a scene of most perfect peace, with never a jarring sound to suggest the busy bustling life, and all the noise of the city.

In short, I have already seen enough to convince me that it would be difficult to find more fascinating winter quarters than this oft-abused city. As to climate, although in the same latitude as Calcutta, it is far cooler, and whatever it may be in June or July, to-day it is delicious and balmy, like the sweetest summer day in England; and I am told that this is a fair sample of the whole winter at Hong-Kong, and that for five consecutive months there will probably not be even a shower! Only think what a paradise for an artist! Every day at the same hour the identical lights and shadows, and any number of willing and intelligent coolies ready to fetch and carry him and his goods, and save him all physical fatigue!

We arrived here in time to find Mrs Snowden waiting to welcome me to cosy five o'clock tea in the pretty English drawing-room. In short, everything is so pleasant that already I have begun to feel myself quite at home in this British isle of Hong-Kong. Now it is time to dress for dinner. Every one here seems to have a dinner-party to-night.

Dec. 27th.

I seem to have lived many days since writing so far. I can hardly realise that it was only the night before last that

my impressions of Hong-Kong were all so peaceful and so calm, for ever since we have been surrounded with so wild a turmoil, and a scene of such awful dread, that it feels as if we had been living in a dream.

Surely never before has Christmas so vividly exemplified the familiar words of its church service, which tell of the battle with “ burning and fuel of fire ! ”¹

On Christmas night, just as the guests were preparing to leave at 11 P.M., suddenly a startling sound of sharp clanging rang through the night. The others knew well what it meant, and I was not long left in doubt. It was the fire-alarm! We all ran to the verandah, which, as I have told you, overlooks the whole town and harbour. These lie outspread below, as it were, the base of a great amphitheatre.

We had, a few moments before, been noticing what a calm beautiful scene it was, with its thousand points of gleaming light, the reflections of the glittering stars overhead, blending with those of the vessels floating on the still waters, and all the lights of the city—stationary and locomotive, the latter indicating the paper lanterns carried by all wayfarers and chair-coolies.

Now a new feature was added to the scene. From the very point where the five streets met, rose a tall column of fiery smoke, with shooting tongues of flame. Another moment and the gentlemen had rushed off, some being members of the fire-brigade, and others having a very personal interest in the danger which might so quickly approach their own offices.

The alarm-bells rang on more and more wildly—sharp jangling bells, which once heard could never be forgotten, so unlike any other pealis that affrighted clanging—noseasonable

¹ 1st Lesson for Christmas-Day—Isaiah ix. 5.

Christmas chimes, but an awful appeal ; a far-reaching sound that should summons all the engines from every corner of the city, and all men enlisted in the brigades, from their festivities. These, as a rule, pride themselves on the extraordinary rapidity with which they respond to such a call, and many a fire has been quenched at the very outset, owing to the velocity with which its first indication has been smothered.

But, of course, on this night everything was a little lax. Many men had been dining with friends at some distance from the city, and it was near midnight ere they could get back. Others returned unsuspectingly to find the awful havoc that had taken place. So the bells tolled on in wild appeal, and those of the Roman Catholic Cathedral took up the alarm, while fire-drums beat in the streets to hasten the laggards, and meanwhile the smoke-clouds grew denser and more dense, and, to make matters worse, a sharp breeze sprang up from the north, fanning the flames, and carrying sparks and burning fragments to ignite new buildings at a distance.

There is little doubt that the fire was the work of an incendiary. It began in the store of a small general dealer—an Englishman. He was absent, and when the place was broken open, the whole was found saturated with kerosine. It is also believed that some men spread the fire to their own stores for the sake of the insurance money. Curiously enough, three fires broke out simultaneously on other parts of the isle ; but there really seems to have been no object to make it appear that these were incendiary, as there was no general attempt at looting. On the contrary, every one appeared half stupefied, as the flames rapidly gained the mastery, suddenly bursting from fresh houses here and there, where least suspected, and spreading from street to street.

That livelong night we stood or sat on the verandah watch-

ing this appallingly magnificent scene—the flames rising and falling, leaping and dancing, now bursting from some fresh house, shooting up in tongues of fire, now rolling in dense volumes of black smoke. Now it was a paraffine-store which blazed with fierce light, and, a moment later, a New Year store of fireworks were all aflame, shooting and exploding all on their own account.

From house to house, and from street to street the beautiful, terrible Fire-Demon swept on its destroying path, for the flames, now fanned by a keen breeze, rushed hungrily on, sometimes sweeping right across a street to devour the opposite houses,—sometimes, for some reason utterly incomprehensible, working right round a block, and leaving one or two houses in the very heart of the conflagration utterly untouched (like the Three Children in the burning fiery furnace).

From our high post we looked down on the awful sea of fire, watching it work onward,—stealing under roofs—lighting in a rain of fire on distant houses where we could see sparks smouldering on some weak corner of a roof or an inflammable verandah—then would come a little puff of smoke, followed by a burst of flame, and then would come another outburst in quite a different part of the town, till so many places were blazing at once, that the firemen were utterly baffled.

Very soon it was evident that neither their numerical strength, their engines, nor their meagre water-supply could possibly master the fire—a very startling revelation to the colony, which prided itself on the perfect organisation of its fire-brigade. Whether the actual water-supply was insufficient, or whether the engines were not sufficiently powerful, seems uncertain; but even when they were got to work, the puny jets failed to reach the top of the loftier houses, and

where once the fire had fairly obtained a footing, any attempt at extinguishing it was so obviously hopeless, that the firemen's efforts were chiefly directed to saving the neighbouring or opposite buildings, by tearing down the verandahs and all the woodwork, and by covering the walls with carpets, curtains, or matting, and endeavouring to keep these saturated.

Among the houses thus saved is the Oriental Bank, in which I take a special interest, because had Mr Snowden reached me five minutes later this afternoon, I should at this moment have been the guest of Mrs Crombie at the said bank, and instead of being safely housed here (*we believe* this house is now safe!) I should have been sharing her night of awful anxiety. The room which I should have occupied is now saturated with the water-jets thrown on, as a preventive means while houses close by were blazing. *The whole opposite side of the street was burnt*, and only by superhuman efforts was the bank saved, the whole outside being hung as aforesaid, with mats and carpets, which were incessantly pumped upon. Of course preparations for the worst were made, and the wife, and other treasure, were sent to safe quarters on land and sea. I believe that all the banks sent their treasure and valuable papers on board one of the men-of-war lying in harbour.

A large force of blue-jackets and of military came to the assistance of the firemen, and did right hearty work, though perhaps with less success than would have been the case on any other night. Unfortunately many were on leave for their Christmas night, and not only was it difficult to collect these for organised work under any recognised leader, but a considerable number were none the steadier for their Christmas festivities, and so a good deal of British valour was misapplied.

The chief point in which the lack of generalship revealed itself, was when it became evident that the only possible means of staying the progress of the fire lay in blowing up whole blocks of houses, in order to save worse loss. But no one present would take the responsibility of giving the necessary commands.

The Commander of the Forces placed all his men (74th Highlanders and artillerymen) at the disposal of the authorities for this service, and there they stood at ease, waiting for the orders that no one could give; and meanwhile the fire did NOT wait, but swept onward quite unceremoniously, and devoured everything to right and to left. Nothing was safe in any direction, for the breeze varied in the most unaccountable manner, suddenly shifting from north-east round by north to north-west, so while some houses were saved almost miraculously, others that had deemed themselves out of harm's way, were suddenly aflame.

At last, after orders and counter-orders had been so freely given that the willing workers were fairly bewildered, the tardy decision was made, and then a good many houses were blown up every here and there, almost always too late to save those beyond. Besides which, the luckless owners of course tried to save as much of their furniture as possible, so that piles of inflammable stuff (invariably capped with a lot of wicker chairs!) were heaped up in the streets, forming an excellent lead for the fire, as of course a chance spark almost invariably ignited these heaps.

And so the awful flames gained intensity, and we watched them pass away from the poor densely crowded Chinese town to the larger houses of Portuguese, Parsees, and English. In each by turn we watched first the destruction of pleasant verandahs, then the gutting of the interior,

revealed by the flames rushing from every window, and finally with resounding crash the roof would fall in, and from the roaring furnace within, sheets of white or red flame, and lurid smoke of many colours, swept heavenward in awful grandeur.

Although the smoke and the intense colour made it difficult to judge accurately of relative distances, my companions were able in many cases to recognise different houses, and we could plainly discern individuals on the roofs watching for the fall of sparks which they might extinguish ere they did any damage. Oh how tantalising it was sometimes from where we stood, to see sparks fall just beyond their ken, and lie quickly developing, when literally within their reach, could they but have perceived them.

Amongst all the confused noises—the roar of human voices, the yelling and shouting of the Chinese rabble—the crackling and rush of flames, the crash of falling timbers, and the occasional blasting of houses with gunpowder or dynamite, there was one oft-recurring sound which, for a while, puzzled me exceedingly, till I learnt that it was a familiar sound at every Chinese festival, namely, the firing of crackers. Thousands and tens of thousands of these must have gone off. Many doubtless were offered by the frightened people to propitiate the Fire Dragon, but vast numbers were stored ready for the New Year festival.

There was one moment of gorgeous scenic effect when the flames caught a great timber-merchant's yard, wherein was stored a vast accumulation of seasoned wood and firewood, which of course became a sheet of fire glowing at white heat. You can imagine with what breathless excitement we watched the deadly hard-fought battle betwixt fire and water, in which fire seemed to be getting so entirely the best of it.

For a long time it spread with almost equal strength in two opposite directions ; but the wind urged it most fiercely in the direct line of the magnificent houses of the great merchant princes, many of whom (at least the women folk) spent the night in packing such of their most precious valuables as there seemed some chance of saving. It did not take me long to repack mine, and my hostess only collected her chief treasures, as it really seemed hopeless to commence work, with such an accumulation of beautiful curios, and the conviction that if this house did take fire, it would be impossible to get coolies to carry our goods, and indeed, we knew not where to seek safety.

But certainly we were in considerable danger, for the fiery smoke swept right over our heads, and fell in a hail of sparks and blazing fragments all about the place ; and at any moment one of these alighting on the woodwork, and there smouldering unnoticed, or else falling on the flimsy Chinese houses just beyond this garden wall, would have placed this house in frightful jeopardy.

Owing to the infatuated delay in not blowing up houses till they were actually on fire, the Civil Hospital was entirely destroyed, though, happily, no lives were lost, the patients being carried to another hospital. There was a time of awful anxiety as the fire swept on directly towards the jail, wherein are stowed five hundred prisoners—scoundrels of the very worst type. A strong military guard were on duty to guard the prison, and remove the prisoners in case of need. Had this become necessary, they had orders to shoot any who attempted to escape, as they would inevitably become leaders of a terrible lot of scoundrels of all sorts who are said to have drifted here, escaping from Canton and other cities where supervision is more rigid, in order to profit by the exceeding

leniency of the present Government of Hong-Kong. I am told that they keep the police exceedingly busy, though these number about six hundred, and a very fine body they are. There are three distinct lots of these guardians of the peace, each with a distinctive uniform. There are genuine British "bobbies," Chinamen, and Sikhs—the latter a very picturesque body, with their blue uniform, red turban, and high boots. In addition to all these public servants, every householder of any standing keeps a private patrol to guard his home and his offices.

Very near the jail lies the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and this also was in dire jeopardy; in fact, some sparks alighting on the roof did ignite one corner, which, however, was quickly extinguished by hand service with buckets. No jet from the feeble engines could have reached so high.

Of course the tremendous glare lighted up the great buildings and the mountains all round with a hot red glow, while intervening towers and spires stood out in black relief against the red light, or the cold steely grey of harbour and sky. I never could have conceived a scene so awful and yet so wonderfully beautiful. All night it was like a succession of pictures in the style of Martin's "Destruction of Jerusalem," or "The Last Day." Then morning broke—first a cold grey, just clearing the mountains all round the harbour; and then the rosy dawn, gradually changing to the mellow sunlight, which, while it revealed the full measure of the night's ravages, yet gilded the smoke-clouds, transforming the beautiful fire-illuminated darkness into the lovely panorama of yesterday; only in the centre lay a confused mass of dark ruin veiled by filmy blue or white smoke and tremulous mirage of hot air playing above the smouldering ruins,

while here and there a denser volume of black wicked smoke indicated where the mischief was still spreading.

It is a frightful confession to make, but any artist will sympathise when I say, that as each picture thus presented seemed more gorgeously effective than the last, I positively again and again found myself forgetting its horror in the ecstasy of its beauty! It really felt as if we were sitting luxuriously in the dress circle watching some wondrous panoramic play, with amazingly realistic scenic effects!

For seventeen hours the fire raged on with unabated might, till it had made a clean sweep of about four hundred houses, covering about ten acres of ground, and leaving thousands of poor creatures homeless.

Even hours after we thought all was safely over, flames suddenly burst from one more large house just beyond the hospital; it was entirely consumed, and the heaps of ruin still smoulder, sending up dense volumes of white smoke, and ready to break out at a thousand spots.

As soon as the fire ceased (which it did apparently simply of its own free will, as both the cathedral and the jail offered an easy prey), Mr Snowden took me down to the town, and we went over a great part of the ruined city, and a truly heartrending sight it was. In every corner of the unburnt streets whole families were huddled together beside a little pile of the poor household stuff they had succeeded in saving, while the houses, which a few hours before had been happy homes, lay in smouldering ruins. I never could have believed that any community could have borne so awful a calamity so bravely and patiently. Not a murmur was heard; not a tear have I seen shed by women who have lost everything, and crouched, shivering and half-dressed, in a really chilling breeze.

But they seem to have a curiously suspicious and by no means flattering feeling towards such kindly Britons as wish to help them, various offers of assistance and loan of blankets having been flatly declined by women whose children were crying with cold.

One very remarkable instance of this is, that the captain of the *Perusia*, a large vessel now lying in harbour, offered good quarters to upwards of six hundred of the houseless Chinese sufferers. The offer was made through the Tung Wah Hospital Committee, who regulate all such matters for their countrymen, and these positively refused the good offer, which included comfortable provision for cooking, and whatever else kindness could have bestowed. It appears that this vessel was at one time in the coolie trade, and the supposition is that the people thought they would be kidnapped. However, the Tung Wah people made no other provision for the luckless wretches, who have been all this time living in the open street, and at night are half perished with cold.

The extent of ground utterly ruined is quite awful. We walked up one street and down another, uphill and downhill, by the streets of stairs, and along the horizontal streets, for between two and three hours, and even then had not gone all over the ground. It is such a scene of desolation that I find it hard to realise that these are the very streets which on Christmas-day I saw crowded with comfortable-looking people. Now there are only a few blackened walls, and engines are still pumping vigorously on the mountains of fallen bricks, which in some places quite block the streets, and from which puffs of smoke still rise, as if to show that the foe is not dead, but only sleeping. It needs but a little neglect and a fresh breeze, and the chances are that the fire might break out again, and there is no saying where it would end. It would have a

better chance now, for all the firemen are fairly worn out, as are also the soldiers and sailors, who have been on duty with very small intermission for about forty hours, and who are still on guard at all points to check looting, and to prevent foolhardy people from going into danger in the neighbourhood of unsound walls. There will be an immense amount of work in even pulling these down, when they have cooled.

Mr Snowden met many of his acquaintances still in their fire-brigade helmets, all looking scorched and utterly exhausted. Several have been hurt. They say that never before has there been so disastrous a conflagration in Hong-Kong.

It is marvellous to see how capricious the fire has been. Here is a street with one side intact—the other wholly destroyed; here stands part of a gable with here and there a wooden shelf unscathed, on which rest securely a few delicate china vases or some growing plants. In one house which had blazed most fiercely, I saw the verandah upstairs of lattice wood-work, alone standing intact, while the whole house was gutted, and on the verandah were arranged pots with flowers and variegated leaves not even scorched, and, just above them, from a skeleton roof, hung a paper lantern untouched!

Some of the best curio shops are burned, and it is pitiful to see the beautiful great jars smashed, and lacquer all dirt-begrimed. In one place we came on the whole stock of a poor artist-photographer (who paints wonderfully correct, if not artistic, portraits in oil, from any old photograph) all strewn over the street, where lay his careful paintings all torn and soiled. Everywhere there is the same pitiful destruction, and stupefied people hanging listlessly about the smouldering wreck of their poor little property. Of course their losses

strike one as more pathetic than the far larger destruction of fully insured rich men's houses.

I have just returned from a second long walk all over the scene of ruin. It has a horrible sort of attraction, even while it makes me feel sick at heart. Now I too confess to feeling utterly exhausted, though I have had nothing to do but just to sit still and watch at highest tension. And I devoutly hope never again to witness such a scene.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HONG-KONG TO CANTON.

New-Year's Day in Hong-Kong—Good Winter Quarters—Pleasant Society—Lights and Shadows—Census—Deficient Water Supply—Defective Drainage—The Summit of the Peak—Across the Isle to Aberdeen Docks—Primitive Sugar-Crushing—Dyeing Nets—The Happy Valley—Cemeteries—Voyage to Canton—Pawn-Towers—The Foreign Settlement—Its Origin—Riot of 1883—Walk through the City—Shops—Street Names—Primitive Mills—Crowded Streets—Beggars—Provisions—Fruit Shops—Flowers for New Year—Visit divers Temples—Fire-proof Walls—Tartar and Chinese Cities—The Tornado of 1878.

HONG-KONG, *Wed., Jan. 1st, 1879.*

THIS has been the perfection of a lovely New-Year's day. The climate here at this season is quite delicious, like a soft, balmy English summer, redolent of flowers. You can walk comfortably at any hour of the day; but the mornings and evenings are pleasantest, and then the lights are most beautiful.

In the early morning there was a very nice service at the cathedral, the bishop giving a short and practical New-Year address, followed by celebration of the Holy Communion.

Hong-Kong society has adopted the American custom of converting this day into a social treadmill. All ladies sit at

home the livelong day to receive the calls of all gentlemen of their acquaintance, while these rush from house to house, endeavouring to fit in the whole circle of their visiting list. Here the stream of callers began soon after breakfast, and continued all day, including all the foreign consuls, and others of divers nations—Japanese, Portuguese, Indians, French, Italian, &c.

To-night we dine at Government House, where there is to be a grand ball in honour of the New Year, and where we are to be enlivened by the pipers of the 74th and some cheery Highland reels.

GLEN-EALY, *Wed. 8th, chez Mrs LOWCOCK.*

Another week has glided by, and each day convinces me more and more that it would simply be impossible to find more delightful winter quarters.

Morning, noon, evening, and night are all beautiful and all pleasant, and there is the delight of continuous fine weather, which is warranted to continue throughout the five winter months, without the slightest chance of rain, or the faintest possibility of snow. Some days are just a trifle too cold, just enough to make us welcome a cheery fire in the evening; but all day there is bright sunlight and a cloudless blue sky. The climate is semi-tropical, and has rewarded the care of many gardeners by transforming what, forty years ago,¹ must have been a very barren rock, into a succession of pleasant shrubberies, so that all these palatial houses (which cover

¹ Another forty years bids fair to transform the island into a forest, as, in the hope of improving the climate, Sir John Pope Hennesey has most literally obeyed Sir Walter Scott's injunction to "be aye stickin' in a tree," and in the course of 1880 and 1881 he planted nearly 1,000,000 young *Pinus sinensis*, and about 60,000 other useful trees.

the hillside to a height of 400 feet above the sea) are embowered in rich foliage.

To-day we have been sitting in the garden of this pleasant home, beneath the cool shade of large thick-leaved India-rubber trees—noble trees, with great stems and spreading branches—which look as if they must have reigned here for centuries, so rapid has been their growth. And the camellia-trees are laden with snowy blossoms, while the air is scented with roses, mignonette, and jessamine, and now and again a faint breeze shakes the fluffy yellow balls of the sweet *babool*,¹ and floats on laden with a perfume that seems like a dream of Indian jungles and Hawaiian isles and far-away English conservatories.

Certainly I am exceptionally favoured in the situation of the various homes to which I am so kindly welcomed, my present luxuriant quarters² (which stand on a considerable elevation overlooking the harbour) having extensive private grounds almost adjoining the beautiful public gardens, just beyond which lies Government House—a fine building, with a pleasant garden—and in the valley just below this house stands St. Paul's College, which is the bishop's home. Of all this, and indeed of all the principal points of interest about the city, this house commands a splendid view—a rare combination of a lovely harbour with shipping of all nations, high mountains, picturesque streets, with overshadowing trees—and beyond the blue straits rise mountain-ridges on the mainland of China.

And the human life is equally characteristic. There is a very large, agreeable European society—naval, military, and civil—with surroundings of quaint Chinese men and women—the former with their long plaits, the latter with wonder-

¹ *Mimosa*.

² The property of a great mercantile house, Messrs. Gibb, Livington.

fully dressed, glossy hair. Judging from my own experience, I can never again pity any one who is sent to Hong-Kong—at least in winter. I am, however, assured that there are two sides to the picture, and that we who rejoice in a thermometer, which now never exceeds 65° in the shade, can scarcely realise how different life is when, in the close, murky rains of summer, it stands at 90°, and the peak, which is now so clear, is all shrouded with heavy clouds, which overhang the city like a thick pall, and prevent the stifling atmosphere from rising.

And there are other matters, too, which to the great mass of the inhabitants may make life in this city anything but a delight, and which present knotty problems so difficult of solution, as sorely to tax the ingenuity and ability of those who have to deal with them—such matters as may in a measure suggest themselves to any one who considers how a very narrow strip of moderately level ground at the base of this steep mountain, which, forty years ago, was inhabited only by a handful of Chinese fishermen, now has a total population of 130,000 persons (without counting that of the villages in different parts of Hong-Kong—some of which may almost rank as little towns—and which run up the population to 160,000.¹

¹ STATISTICS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA—CENSUS OF 1881.

	Europeans and Americans.	Portugese, Indian, and Mixed Blood.	Chinese.	Chinese Boat- Population.
Men	5499	1161	69,455	7635
Women	899	181	18,067	3440
Boys	857	191	8,872	3061
Girls	735	189	8,701	2551

If we omit the Chinese boat population, which lives quite apart from the rest of the community, we find that the proportion of men to women in this city is 76,000 to 19,000—a detail in itself suggestive of serious social difficulties.

Moreover, although the level strip of shore at the base of the mountain has been greatly enlarged by reclamation, and now forms the harbour frontage of the city (and although the city itself extends along the shore for a distance of very nearly four miles from east to west, running back inland for about half a mile, and climbing the hillside in a succession of terraces to a height of upwards of 400 feet), a very large portion of this space is covered with a dense mass of Chinese houses, where the greatest possible number of human beings are packed into the very smallest possible amount of space.

But for all this multitude of human habitations, no sort of effective drains or sewers have been provided—only conduits for the superfluous rains, to carry their torrents by the straightest course into the harbour—and whatever sewerage finds its way into these, is simply deposited along the whole harbour front, thus poisoning what else might be a pleasant situation. But, as regards all that is generally understood by the term “sanitary arrangements,” except in the palatial homes of Europeans, all such necessary matters are provided for in a manner primitive in the extreme; and the arrangements for the daily (or among the poorer classes only bi-weekly!) removal of nuisances from every house (for subsequent conveyance to the mainland as an article of agricultural commerce) form a very unpleasant page in the details of sanitary statistics of Her Majesty’s empire.

Then, too, although this “Island of fragrant streams” (which is one of its Chinese names) is really by nature well supplied with such pure sparkling waters as percolate through a soil composed wholly of disintegrated granite and other primitive rock, the actual water-supply of the city is miserably inadequate, and it is estimated that in the dry

season (just when there is the greatest danger of fires), the whole quantity available cannot exceed six gallons a day per head. Even if this miserably insufficient supply could be equally distributed and stored with the greatest economy, it would barely suffice for drinking and cooking purposes, leaving no margin for the baths which we deem such a downright necessary of life.

On the present system, however, it is found that there is large waste, and while some houses secure an ample supply, an immense number of the inhabitants have to pay water-carriers at the rate of from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1d. per bucket (according to the distance and height to which it has to be carried). These men assemble at early dawn round the street fountains, waiting till the water is turned on, when a general scramble for precedence ensues, as the supply is often shut off ere all can get a turn. Then these poor folk have either to buy water from some well, or else to climb the steep hill and seek their day's supply wherever they can find it in one of the rivulets or water-holes.

In the absence of proper laundries, all the most accessible of these streams are used for washing purposes, and the stagnant pools are filled with putrifying soap-suds. Moreover, though there are many shallow surface-wells in various parts of the town, they are in so many cases in such close proximity to the house-drain, that their waters are almost inevitably contaminated.

A very curious point in connection with the subject, is the singular injustice of the Government water-rate, by which a uniform rate of two per cent. is levied on the assessed annual rental of all houses in Victoria, whether they have water laid on or not. As there is no extra charge for extra consumption, the man whose house is amply provided with

luxurious baths, and whose garden is not only well watered, but perhaps even adorned with fountains, pays no more than does his neighbour whose house has no water-service, and who is consequently compelled to pay a coolie for fetching his supply from wherever he may be able to find or purchase it (which is probably from one of the wells of doubtful purity).

As regards the sufficiency of supply, however, there is every reasonable hope that this will shortly be remedied, as it is now proposed to create a great reservoir in a valley which receives the natural drainage of the granite hills on every side, and where it is supposed that an ample supply may be secured, even in view of still further extension of the city.

A few such details as these, however, unhappily suggest that here, as elsewhere, the brightest lights contrast with darkest shadows, and while to the few, including such birds of passage as myself, this island appears quite delightful, life here must to the vast majority have its decided disadvantages. Certainly the perfumed breath of flowers, which is so pleasant a characteristic of our daily life here, is a joy altogether unknown to the inhabitants of the densely-packed houses below, where the close stifling atmosphere of crowded, airless rooms must be suggestive of anything but fragrance!

But to such as have no call to look below the surface, all may be very bright and pleasant; and although the anxieties and fatigues connected with the great fire did cause a perceptible lull in the programme of the Christmas-week festivities, which were to have included sundry great picnics, there has been no lack of pleasant social gatherings, and as to the picnics, we have had probably more enjoy-

able expeditions by ourselves to the chief points of interest on the isle, to all of which we are carried (at least part of the way) in comfortable arm-chairs, slung on bamboos, and borne on the shoulders of two men, with two more to relieve guard. Here all manner of transport service, whether of human beings or goods, is done by man-power. Horses, carriages, and carts are virtually non-existent. There may be in all about half-a-dozen (or possibly at the outset a dozen) horses and ponies to all this great population, and one or two pony-carriages, which alone represent wheeled vehicles, the steepness of the roads making such practically useless.¹

There are pretty villages and valleys all along the back of the isle, so some days we journey round the base of the mountain mass, and sometimes follow some steep hill-path which leads us over a pass, and down the other side. A favourite expedition is to the summit of the peak, where the Governor, the Chief-Justice, and some of the principal foreign residents have cottages, where they can live for change of air in summer, coming down 1800 feet to their daily work. (I think their coolies must sorely regret this migration to summer quarters!) The view hence in every direction is very fine.²

Yesterday we crossed the main ridge which forms the backbone of the island, at a point called "Victoria Gap," and down the other side to "Aberdeen," a town which has grown up round the Hong-Kong docks, where we saw a huge American steamer undergoing repairs, and surrounded by innumerable little sampans (native house-boats). The

¹ Recently, however, the *jinricksha*, or Japanese bath-chair, drawn by one or two men, has come largely into fashion.

² Since my visit to the peak, a church has been erected for the good of this aspiring colony.

scene was very suggestive of Gulliver in Lilliput! It was to a great banyan-tree on a small island in this harbour, that Commodore Anson fastened his ship to haul her over for repairs just about 150 years ago. Little did he dream what familiar names Britons would hereafter bestow on these scenes!

Continuing along the coast, we came to Little Hong-Kong, a very pretty richly-wooded valley between rugged hills, with the sea forming an inland lake, and a foreground of fantastic screw-pine. There is a good deal of fine timber on that side of the isle, and we halted at a lovely shady spot to boil our kettle and enjoy a cheery tea.

A little further we paused to watch a most primitive method of crushing sugar-cane between two stone rollers, which are turned by three bullocks, the juice falling between the rollers into a bucket beside the man who feeds the machine with fresh cane. Another man at the back of the rollers removes the crushed canes.

In "Deep Bay" we found a colony of fishers boiling their nets in an exceedingly tall vat, containing a decoction of mangrove-bark, which produces much the same rich brown colour as our own fishers extract from alder-bark. Here, however, it is considered necessary subsequently to steep the nets in pig's blood to fix the colour. Those in common use are made of hemp, but others are made of a very coarse silk, which is spun by wild silk-worms, which feed on mountain-oaks. In order to give these additional strength, they are soaked in wood oil.

We saw nets of very varied shape and divers-sized mesh hanging up to dry all along the shore, beneath the weird screw-pines. I am told that at the beginning of every fishing season they are formally consecrated to the Queen of Heaven,

the protectress of fisher-folk, to whom sacrifices and incense are duly offered, while the nets are outspread before her to receive her blessing.

Once more facing the hill, and "setting a stout heart to a stey brae," we ascended to the Stanley Gap, whence the view on either side is very grand; and we watched a red sunset glowing over sea and isles, and glorifying the Chinese mainland, while a full moon shone gloriously over this harbour and the further hills, which are also part of the mainland.

Then we had to turn away from the red glow and be content with moonlight only (but such lovely moonlight!) as we came down through the Happy Valley, where the beautiful cemeteries for Hindoos, Parsees, Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Mohammedans lie side by side along the base of the hill, overlooking the very fine race-course; on the further side of which, on another hill, lies the Chinese cemetery, suggesting curious contrasts between the races to be run and those that are run. The Happy Valley lay very still and peaceful in the moonlight, its beauty seeming an additional point in favour of a colony whose dead may rest in so fair a spot.

I have seen various very attractive scenes for sketches, but for these I must wait till my return from Canton, where I go to-morrow, being anxious to see the city in its normal condition, before the commencement of all the feverish excitement of the New-Year festival, which (varying from year to year in consequence of reckoning by lunar months), will this year fall on the 22d January, after which there follows a spell of festivity, when all business is at a stand-still.

The distance from here to Canton is about ninety-five miles—an eight hours' trip by an American daily steamer.

Chez Mrs LIND,
SHAMREN, THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT,
CANTON, Jan. 9th.

Embarked at 7.30 this morning, Captain Benning kindly providing me with a chair on his high deck, that I might have full enjoyment of the scenery, which in the early morning light was most beautiful. Presently when we were clear of the island, he took me all over the ship to see the manner in which the Chinese passengers, to the number of about 1500, are stowed away, the more respectable class on a lower deck, and the common herd in the hold, where they are packed close as herring in a barrel. Each stair connecting their quarters with the rest of the ship is barricaded by a heavy iron grating, securely padlocked, and at each stands a sentry with drawn sword and revolver, keeping a keen look-out down the gangway. This guard is relieved every hour. All the officers are similarly armed, and in the wheel-house are stands of arms all ready for use in case of need.

All these precautions are against the ever-present danger of pirates, who might so easily take passage among their inoffensive countrymen; in fact, these measures have been adopted in consequence of a pirate band having thus seized the s.s. *Spark*, murdered the captain and some of the officers and passengers, and made good their escape with a lot of specie. Some of them were eventually captured, and confessed that on a previous day they had been on board this very ship with similar intent, and a boat-load of their confederates were waiting at a given point, where the attack was to be made. But just as they reached this spot, four foreign sail were in sight (a very unusual circumstance) and they were alarmed, so refrained from action. On referring to his log, Captain Benning found these four sail mentioned

at this very hour, and fully realised how narrow had been his own escape.

At about eleven o'clock we passed between the Bogue Forts (dull-looking earth-works), which mark the entrance to Pearl River. (*Bogue* apparently answering to our *Aber*—"the mouth of.") The stream here is half a mile wide. About thirty miles further we passed a nine-storied pagoda, and the old town of Whampoa, and more fortifications; and steering an intricate course through an innumerable crowd of junks and sampans, we noted the richly-cultivated lands and market-gardens, which provide not only for the 1,500,000 inhabitants of Canton (some say 2,000,000), but also for the markets of Hong-Kong.

The shores are dotted with villages, in each of which stands one conspicuous great solid square structure of granite, lined with brick, about four stories high. It looks like an old Border keep, but it really is the village pawn-shop, which acts as the safe store-house for everybody's property. Here in winter are deposited all summer garments, and when spring returns they are reclaimed; and as the winter garments which are then left in pawn are more valuable, the owner sometimes receives an advance of seed for sowing his crops. Here there is no prejudice against the pawning of goods. It is a regular institution of the country, and even wealthy people send their goods here for safe keeping. Some foreigners thus dispose of their furs in the winter season. All goods are neatly packed and ticketed, and stored in pigeon-hole compartments of innumerable shelves, ranged tier above tier, to the very summit of the tall building, which is strongly protected both against fire and thieves; in fact, the latter must be mad indeed to face the danger of attacking a pawn-tower, on whose flat roof are stored not only large stones ready to be dropped on their

devoted heads, but also earthenware jars full of vitriol, and syringes wherewith to squirt this terrible liquid fire! As we approached nearer and nearer to the city, the number of these great towers multiplied, and I am told that there are in Canton upwards of a hundred first-class pawn-towers, besides a multitude of the second and third class, sufficiently proving how good must be their business; and it seems that notwithstanding the very high rate of interest on money lent, ranging from 20 to 36 per cent., the people prefer borrowing money from these brokers to applying to the banks.

With the exception of these numerous square towers, some fortifications, and the very imposing Roman Catholic Cathedral (abhorred by the Chinese chiefly as having been built on land unjustly appropriated by the French), we saw little, save a moderate amount of smoke, to suggest that we were approaching a mighty city—the great southern capital of the Empire—so entirely are its low level streets concealed by the forest of masts of innumerable junks and vessels of all sorts. Only in the distance rose a background of low hills, which are the White Cloud range. Altogether the first impressions of Canton are in most notable contrast to those of lovely Hong-Kong.

Approaching the city, we noted the little English cemetery on a low hillock near the river, and about two o'clock we came in sight of this wondrously green isle—the Shameen, or "Sandy Face," where handsome foreign houses appear mingling with shady banyan and other trees.

Among the crowd assembled on the embankment to watch the arrival of the steamer, I noticed a group of chair-coolies in pretty uniform, bearing a resplendent palanquin, which I supposed to contain some great mandarin, and was considerably taken aback on learning that it had been sent for me,

being the special property of my hostess—the equivalent of a carriage in England. I must honestly confess that my ideas of life in Canton were altogether *bouleversé* by this first glimpse of the luxuries of foreign life up here. I had imagined that a few exiles from Hong-Kong, who could not help themselves, had, owing to the exigencies of business, to live here, picnic fashion, in the dirty city itself, which I supposed to be much on a par with the native town at Shanghai, only more picturesque. I daresay I ought to have known better, but I didn't. So it was a most startling revelation to find myself in a very smart, purely foreign settlement, as entirely isolated from the native city as though they were miles apart, instead of being only divided by a canal, which constitutes this peaceful green spot an island.

Here is transplanted an English social life so completely fulfilling all English requirements, that the majority of the inhabitants rarely enter the city! They either walk round the isle, or up and down the wide grass road, overshadowed by banyan-trees, which encircles the isle (a circuit of a mile and a half), and which is the "Rotten Row" of the island—the meeting-place for all friends; but in place of horses and carriages, its interests centre in boats without number, and from this embankment those who wish to go further, embark in their own or in hired boats.

A handsome English church, and large luxurious two-storied houses of Italian architecture, with deep verandahs, the homes of wealthy merchants, are scattered over the isle, embowered in the shade of their own gardens; and altogether this little spot—washed on one side by the Pearl River, and on the other by the canal—is as pleasant a quarter as could be desired.

It is hard to realise that, previous to the capture of Can-

ton in 1857, a hideous mud-flat occupied the place where this green isle now lies. Having been selected as a suitable spot for a foreign settlement, piles were driven into the river and filled up with sand, and on this foundation was built an embankment of solid granite, which is now the daily recreation ground of all the foreign population. But nothing that now meets the eye on this artificial island suggests the enormous labour by which this transformation was accomplished.

Indescribable, however, is the contrast between the peace and calm which here reign and the crowds and dirt and bustle of the great Chinese city, from which it is only separated by a narrow canal bridged at two points, each bridge being guarded by a sentry.¹ We can saunter beneath shady trees on the canal embankment and—overlooking the closely-

¹ Till September 10th, 1883, that slight barrier was effectual, for something of the "divinity that doth hedge a king" seemed to enfold these foreigners, and to act as a magic protection. Then, alas! the charm was broken, and the illusion dispelled. As usual, "a little matter" kindled a great fire. A "mean white" shot at a Chinaman in a drunken brawl, and another Chinaman was thrown overboard by a Portuguese sailor, from a British ship, and unfortunately was drowned.

As the offenders were not immediately punished, the mob took the law into its own hands, and attacked the foreign settlement. Some think that if the French, English, and Germans had organised a defence, barricading their houses and displaying their fire-arms from the upper verandahs, the assailants would not have attempted to cross the bridge. As it was, however, they simply abandoned the isle, and embarked on two large river-steamers, whereupon the much-astonished rabble proceeded to loot and burn several large houses. The wonder was that they should have been so moderate, and abstained from further destruction. Unfortunately the blackened roofless houses remain to remind the mob how easy it would be to complete their task on the next occasion, and though the residents soon ventured to return (the isle being defended on one side by a guard of nondescript Chinese soldiers, and on the other by three foreign gunboats anchored in the river), they have, since then, been virtually prisoners, not venturing on their accustomed expeditions inland, and scarcely into the town, and subject to ever-recurring panics on account of the anti-foreign feeling stirred up by French action.

packed house-boats which lie moored close below us—we see the busy tide of life surging on the opposite shore. I hope ere long to find myself in the midst of it, and explore all the wonders of the great city.

Saturday Night, 11th Jan.

For two whole days we have been wandering through this wonderful city, and how to describe it in sober English is more than I can tell!

Fascinating as the bazaars of Cairo to an untravelled artist! bewildering as the thronged and narrow streets of Benares, yet differing so essentially from these as to form a totally new experience in the annals of travel, Canton stands by itself in every impression it conveys. Alike in this only, that the days spent in each of these three cities must for ever rise above the ordinary level of our memory-pictures, as some tall pagoda tower above the plain.

What chiefly strikes one on arriving in Canton is not so much the temples (though of these there are, I believe, about eight hundred, dedicated to gods and goddesses innumerable, and all more or less richly adorned with shrines, images, fine temple-bronzes, and elaborate wood-carving). What really fascinates the eye and bewilders the mind is simply the common street-life, which, from morning till night, as you move slowly through the streets, presents a succession of pictures, each of intense interest and novelty. In all this there is life—the real life of a great busy people, and one feels that it is really an effort to turn aside from these to see any recognised “sight.” In the temples there is stagnation. Their gilding and beautiful carving are defaced and incrustated with dirt; the worshippers are only occasional, for they have so very many gods, all requiring worship by turns.

But the interest of the streets cannot be surpassed, though most of them are dirty and all are narrow, some being only about six feet wide! and many not exceeding eight feet! Even this is further reduced by the singular but very effective manner of hanging out sign-boards at right angles to the shops, some suspended like the signs of old English inns, and some set upright in carved and gilded stands at the corners of the shop. They are just great planks, ten to fifteen feet in height, some black, some scarlet, some blue, some white, and a few green, and on which are embossed strange characters in scarlet or gold, which, though perhaps really merely stating the name of the shop, appear to our ignorant eyes both beautiful and mysterious!

Some shops hang up a great pasteboard model of their principal goods: a satin skull-cap or a conical straw hat denote a hatter, a shoe for a shoemaker, a fan or an umbrella for the seller of these; a huge pair of spectacles or a great gilded dragon each convey their invitation to all comers. Some streets are all given over to the workers in one trade—they are all ivory-carvers, or coffin-makers, or purveyors of strange offerings for the dead or for the gods.

I believe the chief secret of the fascination of these streets lies in the fact that you see right into every shop, so that whenever you *can* turn your eyes aside from looking right along the street, and can gaze either to right or left, each shop frontage of ten feet reveals a scene which would make the fortune of the artist who could render it faithfully.

Here a shop is not merely a receptacle of articles for sale, it is also a manufactory, where, if you have leisure to linger, you can watch each process from the beginning; and if the various things in common use among these strange people

strike us as quaint, much more curious is it to see them actually made.

Moreover, limited as is the space in these tiny shops, each has at least three shrines set apart for family worship. At the threshold is a tablet to the Earth Gods, before which on certain evenings are set red tapers and incense-sticks. Within the home are the Ancestral Tablets, and the altar of the Kitchen God, each of which requires many offerings and an ever-burning light. A vast multitude of shops have also an altar to the God of Wealth.

As seen from the street, the central and most striking object is invariably the name of the shop, painted on a large board in gold and bright colours, with so much carving and gilding as to make it really a gorgeous object. Above this is generally placed an image or picture of some lucky sage, or the God of Wealth, while below are two gaudy fans, to which at the New-Year festival are added enormous ornaments of gold and coloured flowers, while gay lanterns of very varied form and pattern hang in front to light up the whole.

To the initiated, some of the quaint-looking characters inscribed on these gorgeous shop-boards are full of interest. Here is a wealthy merchant who gratefully acknowledges the favours of that fat God of Wealth, who occupies so conspicuous a place in his shop, and who day by day receives such devout worship. So the tall sign-post announces the house as being "Prospered by Heaven." Another declares himself to be "Ten thousand times fortunate," while his neighbour claims "Never-ending Good Luck." Here we come to "Celestial Bliss," and a little further an honest soul proclaims his heart's desire in the name assumed, "Great Gains," while another announces his store as "The Market of Golden Profits."

But when we come to note the names of the streets, they really are touchingly allegorical. Here is the street of Everlasting Love, the street of Ten Thousandfold Peace, of Benevolence and Love, of Accumulated Blessings, of a Thousand Beatitudes. Special streets are consecrated to "the Saluting Dragon," "the Dragon in Repose," "the Ascending Dragon." A peculiarly unfragrant street, in this unsavoury city, is characterised as the "Street of Refreshing Breezes!" The value attached to numerous descendants is suggested by the streets of "One Hundred Grandsons," and the still more auspicious "One Thousand Grandsons."

Picture to yourself a vast city, with miles and miles of such streets, all so narrow, that the blue sky overhead seems but a strip, which in many places is shut out by screens of matting or boarding, extending from roof to roof, casting deep shadows which intensify the wealth of colour below.

The streets are paved with long narrow stone slabs, but with no causeway for foot passengers, for riders are few and far between: and as to chairs, they block up the street, so that the patient crowd must step close to the shops to let them pass. With the exception of a few wealthy tradesmen, who indulge in silks and satins of divers colours, all the crowd are dressed in blue, and all alike have quaintly shaven heads, and a long plait of glossy black hair, which for convenience is sometimes twined round the head during work, but must always hang full length when in presence of a superior. A closely fitting black satin skull-cap is apparently an essential part of the costume of a well-dressed tradesman or domestic servant. There is no drowsiness here—all are intent on their own business, and hurry to and fro, yet never seem to jostle or even touch one another.

After the gay crowds of Japanese women and children, the

predominance of men in a Chinese crowd is a very marked feature: women are comparatively few, and all are large-footed, in other words, plebeian (none the worse for that in our eyes). But the ladies of the lily feet (*i.e.*, the distorted hoofs) must remain in the seclusion of their homes, or at best must be carried through the street in closely-covered chairs. Those we do see are very simply dressed in prune-coloured loosely-fitting clothes; but all have bare heads and black hair elaborately dressed and ornamented with clasps of imitation jadestone; most have ear-rings and bangles to match.

Young unbetrothed girls wear their hair all brushed back, and plaited in one heavy tress just like the men; but, instead of their shaven forehead, they comb the front hair right over the brow in a straight fringe. So soon as a girl is affianced she must change her style of hair-dressing, and adopt the large chignon with the eccentric twist, which is so suggestive of a teapot with its handle!

To my uneducated eye, all these men and all these women are extraordinarily alike. The same features, the same yellow skin, the same black hair and dark eyes, and, at first sight, even the same expression. Talk of being "as like as two peas;" I think we might say, as like as two Chinamen. It is odd to see a whole crowd of such, especially as even their clothes are so much alike. The vast majority both of men and women wear an upper garment of dark blue material, precisely the shape of an ordinary shirt (*minus* neck or wristbands). The peculiarity of the said shirt is that it is worn as the outer garment! This being mid-winter, the weather is supposed to be cold, so every one is wearing thickly wadded clothes, and the whole population has a general look of comfortable stoutness!

Another remarkable feature of this crowd is that almost all

are on foot, except when a foreigner, a woman, or a mandarin is carried along on men's shoulders in a curious closed-up chair. The wonder is how the bearers can make their way through the crowded streets; but they keep up a constant shouting, and the patient people stand aside. So the cumbersome chair passes rapidly, unchecked by the multitude of busy tradesmen, who also hurry along, each carrying on his shoulder a pole, from which are suspended his very varied goods.

Thus a confectioner, or baker, has two large boxes, with trays of good things; a fishmonger carries two large flat tubs full of live fish, that most in favour being a long, narrow flat fish, resembling a silver sword; or perhaps he carries two trays of bleeding fish, cut up into portions suited to the humblest purses, and smeared with blood to make them look fresh and inviting. The stationary fishmongers keep their fresh-water fish alive in tubs, which are not only full of water, but through which a running stream is made to trickle ceaselessly. The locomotive butcher likewise has two trays of raw meat, divided into infinitesimal portions of dubious animals. The gardener brings his flowers and vegetables slung in two large flat baskets; the artificial florist carries his in a box with trays, and rings a sort of small bell as he goes along; and the barber carries his quaint scarlet stool, brass basin, and razors, ready to do any amount of shaving and hair-dressing in the open street.

Each of these figures is picturesque in his way; but the barber is especially so, with his broad-brimmed straw hat, and loose dark-blue trousers and blouse, which contrast so well with the bright scarlet of the very ornamental stand on which rests the brass basin. This hangs from one end of his shoulder-pole, balanced by the aforesaid scarlet stool,

which is, in fact, a small pyramidal cabinet with several drawers and flat top. I should like to invest in one, as I think no one has yet thought of taking home a barber's stool as a cabinet!

Our old apple-women are represented by men selling sugar-cane, and oranges all ready peeled, the latter being sold for a smaller sum than the unpeeled, inasmuch as the rind is worth more for medicinal purposes than the fruit itself.

Right through the busy crowd rush men bearing brimming buckets of fresh water, slung from the bamboo on their shoulders, as the sole water-supply of a multitude of the citizens; and others, without any sort of warning, trot along bearing most objectionable and unflagrant uncovered buckets, inclining foreigners to believe that Chinamen were created without the sense of smell; and proving that the sanitary arrangements of the city are of the same primitive order (and with the same view to economical agriculture) as in Hong-Kong, the very elaborate system of city drains being designed only to carry off superfluous water from the streets.

One singular feature in the streets of Canton is the multitude of blind beggars, who go about in strings of eight or ten together—literally the blind leading the blind. I met a gentleman the other day who assured me that he once saw six hundred of these blind beggars, all assembled to share a beneficent distribution of rice. Nor are other beggars lacking—wild, unkempt-looking creatures, who gather in picturesque groups round the clay ovens, where, on payment of infinitesimal coin, savoury food is prepared and served out to them smoking hot.

Of course we made a point of going to see the shops where dried rats and fresh frogs, and nicely-cooked cats and dogs are displayed for sale, at so much a portion, the more highly

esteemed pieces being charged extra. Some people are so prejudiced as to consider these cat and rat stalls rather a nasty sight; but I don't see that a nice fat puppy is much worse than the sucking pig on the next stall, or indeed anything like so unpleasant as the great bleeding carcasses in our own butchers' shops. It is only at certain restaurants that these dainties are provided to suit special customers, who are chiefly respectable tradesmen. But in the early summer men of all ranks, and in all parts of China, make a point of eating dogs, fried in oil, with garlic and water chestnuts, as a sort of tonic and antidote against probable illness. So summer brings “dog-days” even in China.

At present many of the provision shops seem to be entirely filled with ducks, split open and dried, these being evidently the correct thing to eat on New-Year's eve. The marvel is where so many ducks could have come from!

As to the fruit-shops, it may be merely the accident of the season, but it seems as if the fruiterers purposely adorned their stalls with gold and yellow fruits (this being the auspicious colour),—masses of oranges of all sorts, gourds, bananas, and especially that extraordinary lemon known as “Buddha's fingers,” which does bear some resemblance to a grotesque human hand with the fingers pressed together, and is a favourite subject for soapstone and jade carvers.

I wish I could give you a faint idea of a thousandth part of what I saw in yesterday's morning walk through the principal streets of Canton, before we even began to explore its temples and other wonderful sights. This was merely an idle morning on foot, when we had leisure to look about us and watch the preparations already being made for the great New-Year festival. The tall sign-boards in the open streets were being adorned with festoons of crimson cloth

and large tassels and bunches of gilt flowers, adding yet more colour to the scene.

A very pretty symptom of the approaching festival is the large number of peasants who come in from the country with branches of early blossoming peach, and bundles of budding sticks. These buds open in a few days, and bunches of small red, rather wax-like bells appear. Every man, however poor, and every boat on the crowded river, endeavours to have some blossom ready to greet the New Year. Pots of narcissus, chrysanthemums, and fragrant Japanese daphnes find ready customers, and the market flower-gardeners of Fa-tee obtain much custom from the rich mandarins, both for the adornment of their own houses and of their splendid guilds.

We explored shops where curious masks and gorgeous crowns and other theatrical properties are manufactured. We passed by exchanges of money, whose sign is a huge string of gilt cash like those in use here, and which are worth about a thousand to a dollar; and we lingered long, watching jewellers making exquisite ornaments of king-fisher's feathers, green and blue, inlaid like enamel on a gold ground. A few steps further we paused beside an ivory-carver, producing the most delicate and costly work, undisturbed by passers-by. Next we halted to see the processes of rice being husked and pounded by foot-mills, and wheat ground to flour by bullocks turning grindstones which are placed one above the other. The oxen are blind-folded to save them from giddiness.

It was so odd to be standing in the street and to look in at a narrow frontage, past a party of men quietly dining, and to see away into the long perspective of a far back store, wherein at least a dozen of these primitive bullock-

mills were working in a line. Beyond the blue haze and gloom of this interior we could see bright sunlight in the inner court, where the women were spinning cotton. Then we turned into a glassblower's house, and watched the glass being blown into the form of a huge globe, and afterwards cut in pieces and flattened in a furnace.

Need I tell you how gladly we would have lingered for hours at the shops of paper umbrella makers, fan makers, artificial flower makers, manufacturers of quaint and beautiful lanterns, and lamps of all sorts? Coopers, carpenters, wood-carvers—each had its own special interest for us. Even the tailors cutting out strange silken garments, and the washermen ironing, were novelties in the way of street scenes; and the very tallow-chandlers become picturesque in this country, with their bunches of little red candles of vegetable tallow mixed with insect wax for domestic shrines, and gorgeously ornamented ones for the use of the temples and wealthy men.

Another whole street is devoted solely to the sale of feathers of all sorts—but especially of peacocks and pheasants, chiefly those of the silvery Amherst pheasant, which is found on the Yang-foo River, and the Reeves pheasant; the male bird of the latter has two beautiful feathers of extraordinary length (from four to five feet), which are worn on the stage by actors, as a head decoration.

Then we came to more ivory-carvers, and more workers in kingfishers' feathers, and then a whole street for the sale of beautiful black wood furniture, which is really made of Singapore redwood, but which takes a colour and polish equal to the finest ebony, and is very much less brittle. I think the goods produced are handsomer and far more solid than the black carved furniture of Bombay.

Every now and then some great man was borne past us in his heavy chair, followed by lesser men riding, while retainers on foot ran before to clear the way, a process in which they turn their long plait to a most singular purpose, namely, that of a whip, with which they strike the bystanders, as a hint to move aside quickly!

We saw a gay marriage party, the bride's chair gorgeous with scarlet and gold, and her wedding gifts carried in scarlet boxes, all *supposed* to be full. Soon after we met a great procession in honour of some idols, which were conveyed along in gaudy cars, and preceded by crowds of small boys carrying lanterns and banners. Then a funeral overtook us, with mourners all dressed in white, bearing the dead in the massive wooden coffin which had probably been given him many years previously by his dutiful children, and which even now was not on its way to burial, but to be laid in the City of the Dead, there to remain in its own hired house, rented at so much a month, perhaps for years, till the priests choose to announce that the auspicious moment for burial has at length arrived, when it may be laid in a horse-shoe-shaped tomb on some bleak hillside.

This morning we secured the services of a guide who has long been a servant of Archdeacon Gray, who is the great authority on all matters of local interest, having himself an extraordinary knowledge of Chinese manners and customs, rites and ceremonies. I believe there is not a corner in all the intricate turns and twists of the city, nor a court in its countless temples, with which he is not perfectly familiar. I had been greatly counting on the privilege of making his acquaintance, on the strength of an introduction from Sir Harry Parkes, but to my great regret, find that he has returned to England. So we had to console ourselves with

the second-hand erudition of Ah Kum, whom the Archdeacon carefully instructed in all the points most certain to interest travellers, all of whom are therefore deeply indebted to him for this living guide, as well as for the written records of all his own wanderings in the city.

We started in chairs, so as to make the most of our time; besides, the distances are very great, and we were carried at a bewildering pace through miles of the narrowest, quaintest streets, which at intervals are spanned by stone archways, forming part of the fire-proof walls which intersect the city in every direction, dividing the city into separate wards. Each archway has a strong fire-proof door, which is locked every night, and can at any time be closed in case of disturbance, so as to isolate each section of the great city. These archways are generally adorned with sculpture, and form a characteristic feature in the scene.

Among the many temples we visited to-day, one was dedicated to the Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha, whose five hundred life-sized gilded images are ranged all round the temple, so as to form a double square, while others are ranged in cruciform lines, meeting at a bronze dagoba which doubtless contains a relic of some great saint. Each of these statues is different (though all are alike hideous), and are supposed to be life-like. Some are sad, some merry, some in tattered garments and barefoot, while some are well dressed and well shod. An extra statue represents the Emperor Kienlung, who was greatly revered, and the three Buddhas watch over all.

Then we proceeded to the Temple of Longevity, where I noted in the first place that the four frightful images who act as gate-keepers have little prayers glued all over them, instead of the little prayer-papers being chewed and spat

at them as in Japan! Here there are the usual three great gilded images of Buddha, past, present, and future; in a second shrine stands a gilded pagoda containing a relic of Gautama himself. In a third shrine is a colossal image of the very fat, most jovial-looking Buddha of Longevity, to whom parents return thanks for the filling of their quivers.

Here we were admitted to see the monastic refectory and the abbot's apartments, as also a very characteristic Chinese garden with artificial pond and fantastic bridges.

We passed by the prisons, but had heard too much of their awful horror to wish to pause to look upon misery which we could not alleviate. Besides the appalling tortures which are judicially inflicted, the brutal oppressions and extortions of the jailers make these places hells of the most terrible description. It was grievous enough to see the poor fellows who, being convicted only of minor offences, are as a great favour allowed (laden with chains and with fetters round neck, arms, and feet) to take up a position outside the prison, and there earn a pittance by working at their respective trades; knowing, however, that their cruel oppressors will mulct them of the greater part of their little gains.

Considering all we know of the fearful condition of the prisons, it is almost superfluous to remark that the services of a barber are dispensed with, and an unshaven Chinaman is a most miserable-looking being—worse even than a Fijian who has been mulcted of his external polish of cocoa-nut oil.

Our next visit was to the Temple of the Five Rams, on which the Five Genii (who preside over the five elements of Earth, Fire, Metal, Water, and Wood) descended from Heaven to Canton, bearing ears of corn, and all manner of blessings. The Rams are said to have petrified, and the great interest of this temple centres in five roughly-hewn stones, which are

supposed to be the genuine animals. Here, too, is an image of the Monkey-God, clad in a silken suit; and here, in a great belfry, is a huge bell, the striking of which inevitably brings disaster to Canton. (Strange to say, an English shell did strike it during the siege of 1862—an era of horror, of which one minor incident was the massacre by the French of ninety-six men, women, and children, in the street called Wing-Tsing-Kai, to avenge the death of a French cook who had here been assassinated in a provision shop.)

Another notable object in this temple, which to me was especially interesting, is Buddha's colossal footprint, which is artificially dug out of the rock, and is now half full of water. Having already travelled as a true pilgrim to the Sri Pada—the "Holy Footprint" of Ceylon—I was, of course, in a position to look upon this humble imitation with a sense of superiority! There was, however, a feeling of great peace and quietness about this temple, owing to the exclusion of the staring, pressing crowd, so we acknowledged the wisdom of our guide's suggestion that we should rest awhile, and have our luncheon beside the Holy Footprint, which we accordingly did, under the guardianship of the Five Rams.

Ah Kum next carried us off to see a temple tower wherein is kept a clepsydra or water-clock—a most ingenious contrivance which seems to have been in use among various ancient nations. The simple apparatus consists of four copper buckets placed one above the other, on four steps of brick-work. The four buckets are connected by tiny troughs, by which the water drips drop by drop from the base of each bucket into the one below. Hence the Chinese name, "Copper-jar water-dropper."

The lowest vessel is covered. In it is a wooden float,

through which is passed an upright copper tablet, marked with divisions of time. This is set at a given height twice daily—at 5 A.M. and at 5 P.M.—and as the index rises through an opening in the cover, the watchman in charge of this strange clock announces the hours by placing on the clock-tower large white boards on which the hour is marked in black characters. During the watches of the night he strikes the hour on two great drums. Twice a day the water is transferred from the lowest vessel to the upper one, and once in three months a fresh supply is allowed.

A man in charge of this place sells time-sticks, 32 inches in length, which are warranted to burn for twelve hours, and so exactly are the divisions calculated, that they are true time-keepers. Two sorts are sold, however, a special stick being calculated for windy weather, when the consumption is more rapid. They are advertised as being constructed according to the direction of official astrologers. This method of reckoning is so ancient, that its origin is lost in the mists of ages. But here we find both fire and water enlisted in the service of Old Time.

On the top storey of this temple tower is a shrine to the god Sin-Fung, whose aid is besought by masters or mistresses whose slaves have run away. Near his image waits an attendant on horseback ready to do his bidding; so the suppliants tie cords round this horse's neck, as a gentle hint that their slaves may be securely tied up and restored to them.

Ill-used slaves likewise seek the protection of the gods. In the case of female slaves, whose lives are embittered by harsh mistresses, they can resort to the shrine of a sympathetic goddess, to whom all unhappy women confide their woes,

and assist her memory by laying on her altar simple paper effigies of those who have caused their sorrow. Thus a slave brings a paper image of her mistress; a sorrowful mother brings one of her son or daughter; the neglected wife brings a rude likeness of her husband. These are stuck up with the head downwards, to show that the heart is misplaced, and that the goddess alone can change it to its rightful position.

The existence of slavery as a recognised institution in Chinese domestic life is to me an altogether new idea, and yet I now learn that it is a most real fact—a system of absolute, hereditary slavery, from which there is no possibility of escape for three generations, though the great-grandson of the original slave is entitled to purchase his freedom if he can raise a sum equal to the price at which his master values him. The slave-market is supplied from the families of rebels and of poor parents, who in very hard times are driven to sell their sons and daughters. Many also are the children of gamblers, who are sold to pay gambling debts. A large number have been kidnapped from distant homes, and though this offence is criminal, it is constantly practised. Under pressure of extreme poverty, girls are sometimes sold for about £1, but the average price of both sexes ranges from £10 to £20, according to health, strength, beauty, and age. Before a purchase is effected, the slave, male or female, is minutely examined, and made to go through his, or her, paces, to prove soundness in all respects. Should the result prove satisfactory, the purchaser becomes absolute owner of soul and body. He can sell his slave again at any moment, and for any purpose; or should he see fit to beat him to death, or drown him,—no law can touch him, for his slave is simply his chattel, and possesses no legal rights whatsoever. Instances have actually come

to light in which ladies have thus beaten their female slaves to death, but the action is looked upon merely as an extravagant waste of saleable property. In wealthy houses, where there are generally from twenty to thirty slaves, kindly treatment seems to be the general rule; but in smaller families, where only two or three are kept, the treatment is often so harsh that slaves run away, whereupon the town-crier is sent through the streets to offer a reward for the capture of the fugitive. He attracts attention by striking a gong, to which is attached a paper streamer on which all particulars are inscribed. Sometimes street placards are pasted up, with a full description of the runaway. Here, as in other slave-owning communities, parents have no rights whatever to their own children, who can be taken from them and sold at the will of the master. So the system of slavery is absolute, and its victims may be the children of fellow-citizens, and in the case of gamblers, of boon companions.

Our next visit was to the "City Wall," from which it was possible to obtain a sort of general notion of the lie of the land, and how the walled Tartar city lies within the heart of the Civil city. (The latter has a circumference of eight miles, and a walk right round it on the walls is an excellent way to obtain a bird's-eye view of the surroundings.) The inner city is garrisoned by a strong force of Tartar troops, while the military police garrison the gateways of the outer city.

The city is divided into thirty-six wards, each separated from the others by those fire-proof walls to which I have alluded. At short intervals I notice a tall scaffolding in connection with a little watch-tower, and I learn that these are fire look-outs. Each watchman has a gong whereby to give the alarm to all the others in case he detects a fire, and by a certain code of striking he makes known in what quarter it

lies. Then from each of the forty-eight guard-houses of the city two men hurry off to assist the regular fire-brigade, who are said to be a very efficient and courageous body of men, both here and throughout the empire; and indeed there is every inducement to energy in subduing fires, for, apart from all general considerations concerning danger to life and property, every official in the neighbourhood knows that his personal rank is at stake, as every fire sufficiently large to destroy ten houses must be reported at Peking, and should the conflagration have been allowed so to spread that eighty houses have been burnt, every officer in the city is degraded one step.

Very severe punishment is also meted out to those persons through whose carelessness the fire has originated. No matter how respectable is their position in life, they are condemned to stand daily in the open streets for a period of from one to four weeks, wearing the ponderous wooden collar—the *cangue*—just as if they were thieves.

Here and there, as we passed through the city, we came on traces of a terrific tornado, which one day last spring¹ swept across the city, marking its course by the total demolition of all it touched—a roadway of utter devastation, nowhere exceeding 200 yards in width, yet utterly destroying upwards of nine thousand native houses, two large temples, and property of immense value. *At the very lowest estimate upwards of ten thousand persons* lay buried beneath the ruins of their own houses; and considering the crowded population of the native dwellings, this is probably far below the mark. For instance, it was known that in one large eating-house upwards of one hundred and fifty people were quietly dining, when, without one moment's warning, the house fell with an awful

¹ April 11, 1878.

crash, and buried them all beneath its ruins. Elsewhere two large temples were shaken to their foundations, every pillar cracked, the roofs broken in, but the idols left sitting uninjured. In another place, the great wall of a temple was overthrown, and buried a whole row of small houses, with fully one hundred inhabitants. So sharply defined was the course of the wind, that in places one side of a street stood uninjured, while the other lay in a chaotic mass of ruin.

And this was literally the work of a few moments. One minute all seemed perfectly secure—the stormy weather which had prevailed for some time previously seemed to have abated; no symptom whatever warned the busy citizens of the awful blast that, one moment later, swept over the peaceful city, leaving ruin, death, and utter desolation on its track. For some days previously there had been incessant thunder-storms, accompanied by heavy rain and occasional hail-showers—the hail on the morning of the tornado falling in pieces described by English witnesses as being like pigeons' eggs. The thunder, too, roared ceaselessly.

In the afternoon there came a lull—a strange brooding stillness. Suddenly about 3 P.M. a sound was heard as of a rushing mighty wind—a loud, awful, shrieking blast. Those living on the river bank looked southward, and beheld a dense cloud of dust, leaves, branches, birds, and objects of every description, rapidly moving towards the city. In a moment it was sweeping over the green isle—the Shameen. It passed through the middle of the foreign settlement, destroying about a dozen houses, and uprooting, or seriously injuring, about two hundred of the carefully-cherished large trees. It swept the river, capsizing or crushing to atoms hundreds of boats, each of which was the home of a whole family, most of whom perished. One boat was lifted from

the canal to the top of a house in the city. The river and creeks were fairly blocked with broken fragments. A junk, with about one hundred people on board, sank in the river; large blocks of hewn stone were torn up from the roadway. A strong iron lamp-post in front of this house was twisted like a corkscrew, but the house itself only lost a few slates! Others were greatly damaged. All this was the work of eleven minutes.

Then the destroying angel (or dragon!) passed onwards in a devious course, but confining the work of desolation to the same narrow limits—a belt of less than 200 yards wide. The Chinese marked with wonder that, though the whirlwind passed right through the quarter where the various Christian Missions are established, not one was injured. It passed close to the London Mission, destroying a house just beyond, then made its way between the homes of the American Presbyterian and English Wesleyan Missions; but not one house belonging to these was injured, nor was a single life lost in the foreign settlement. To add to the consternation of the people, five fires broke out simultaneously, and raged for many hours ere they could be subdued, the loud beating of the fire-alarm gongs adding to the general confusion and terror. Then came the terrible task of recovering and burying the dead, one item of charitable aid coming in the form of a gift of four thousand coffins from a Chinese benevolent society.

CHAPTER III.

A VERY STRANGE CITY.

Roman Catholic Cathedral—A Disputed Site—Recent Persecutions—Walk on the Walls—Evening Service—The Home of a Great Mandarin—The Great Market for Jade-stone—Jade Mines—A Water Street—Sucking-Pig Market—Pursuing Creditors—A Concert of Larks—An Idol Procession—Pagodas at a Fancy Ball—The Boat Population—Dirty Water—Water Police—All Manner of Market Boats—Flower Boats—Floating Hotels—Floating Temples—Leper-boats—Duck-boats—Duck-hatching Establishments—Goose-Rearing Gardens—Dwarfing Trees—The Ocean-Banner Monastery—Cremation of Priests—The City of the Dead—Lepers at Funerals—Monasteries on the White Cloud Mountains.

Sunday Night.

THIS has been a long day full of interest, with very varied Sunday fare!

I first accompanied my hostess to the eight o'clock Mass for Chinese women, at a Roman Catholic church in the heart of the city. To reach it, we passed through an endless succession of very narrow, very busy, and most picturesque streets, in curious contrast with the stillness of the church, which was crowded with a very devout female congregation. A succession of Masses for men had been celebrated at intervals from five A.M., and at the close of the women's service, one for foreigners was to follow. Bishop

Gilman was present. A French priest was celebrant, and the acolytes were small Chinese boys. The women sang hymns in Chinese.

On our homeward way we turned aside to see the splendid new Roman Catholic cathedral, where it struck me as strangely incongruous to find all the builders and carpenters hard at work. But the Church of Rome adapts her requirements to circumstances, and as Sunday labour is the rule of the heathen Chinese, it is not deemed needful to interrupt even church-building! The cathedral is a handsome structure of solid granite—a fine specimen of Perpendicular Gothic.

With many nervous qualms, and inward appeals to my head to keep steady, I ascended the steep inclined planes of scaffolding, till I reached a good standing-ground just above the west door, whence the view is very extensive and very fine. The country all round being so flat, even this moderate elevation commands an immeasurable horizon bounded only in one direction by the White Cloud hills, while all around, as on a map, lies outspread this vast city, with its sea of dark-tiled roofs, all well-nigh level, save where the hundred square pawn-towers, or some tall pagoda, or here and there some slightly raised temple roof breaks the uniform monotony which Chinese superstition considers so essential, as securing to all alike an equable distribution of the good influences of Wind and Water—the mysterious Fung-Shui.

Viewed from this light only, one can well understand the abhorrence with which the population watch the erection of these two great twin steeples, which, when finished, will so far over-top all their highest buildings, and make this temple of "the French religion," as they call it, the most prominent object in the city.

They have, however, another most serious cause of complaint, in what they declare to have been the unjust manner in which the site was obtained. When the city was captured by the French and English allies, a clause was inserted in the treaty stipulating that all sites ever held by Roman Catholic missions should be restored to them. The treaty was no sooner signed, than forgotten deeds of conveyance of land in Chinese cities (which had been granted to the Jesuits in the early part of the seventeenth century by the Emperor Kang-he, ere they so unfortunately made themselves obnoxious by meddling in politics) were forwarded from the Vatican.

These included eighteen acres of land in Canton itself, on which, for several generations, had stood the Governor's official residence, which had been reduced to ruins in the bombardment. Viceroy Yeh himself had been effectually disposed of, and the Chinese authorities protested and remonstrated in vain, while a cordon of French soldiers was stationed round the land thus claimed, so that if might could not make right, at least possession might prove nine points of the law. So now the stately cathedral has arisen; in itself a thing of beauty, but in the eyes of the citizens a constant reminder of injustice and robbery which may yet lead to a repetition of the massacre of Tien-tsin.¹

¹ Though the cathedral has as yet escaped the retributive rage of the mob, French aggression has been sorely visited on a multitude of unoffending native Christians, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. In the summer of 1884, scores of chapels and schools belonging to various societies were attacked and looted. Many of the luckless converts were cruelly beaten, their children stolen from them, their property seized, and their houses dismantled and burnt. Hundreds of families were thus rendered homeless. Appeals to the local magistrates (for the protection which by the English treaty they are bound to extend to all native Christians when persecuted on account of their faith) were all in vain, as these positively refused to interfere, assuring the

We returned to the Shameen for breakfast, and then to the English service in the Episcopal church.

After luncheon I accompanied my host and hostess for a long pleasant walk on the city walls, obtaining most interesting views of the densely crowded city within, and of the lines of intersecting wall which divide it into the various anti-fire wards. We wandered on for about three miles, passing the Flowery Pagoda, the Canton and Whampoa Pagodas, and finally reached a great five-storied building to the summit of which we climbed, and so obtained another excellent view of the surroundings.

We also visited a temple with a green-tiled roof, in which an object of interest is a sacred black wooden dog with one horn on its forehead. It is adorned with votive offerings of pink cloth.

We were not sorry to avail ourselves of our strong human

Christians that they richly deserved death as the penalty for adopting the religion of foreigners.

From other districts several thousand Roman Catholics, being driven from their work and from their homes, fled for refuge to Macao and Hong-Kong. Consequently there are now villages in the neighbourhood of Canton left utterly depopulated.

Writing on this subject, the correspondent of the *Daily News* stated:—
 "Canton, Oct. 13, 1884: The English and American Protestant missions have sustained serious losses, and their converts have been bitterly persecuted. No lives have been sacrificed, but homes have been broken up, men have been brutally beaten, and women, stripped of their clothing, and with the sword above their heads, have been required to renounce their faith. *We have been accustomed to think dubiously of the conversion of Chinese to the Christian faith, but the firmness which they have displayed in the midst of these trying persecutions can only be regarded as strong evidence of their sincerity.*"

Those who for years have been intimately acquainted with the daily lives of these native Christians needed no such test to convince them of their sincerity—or rather they have seen them sorely tried over and over again—but of course, the persecution of a few individuals does not often attract public attention in such a manner as when political questions invest all such details with general interest.

ponies for the return journey, especially as I had trusted to accompany Mrs Chalmers to an evening service at a private house in the city, where the missionaries of all denominations, who have all day been teaching in Chinese, meet every Sunday evening to worship together in English. We walked along the canal and through the city, just at sunset, and found about forty persons assembled for a nicely conducted and hearty service.

At its close we walked back through the very dark streets, with apparently no reason for any anxiety, the people being all quite civil. Some of the streets lighted with painted glass or horn lamps, silk-fringed, or gay paper lanterns, were most picturesque, and as full of busy shop-life as when we started in the morning. In some places we came on crowds gambling for cash or small pieces of food.

As we emerged from the closely packed houses to the street facing the canal, a great yellow moon was rising, and reflected on the waters, where lie many house-boats, each the home of a family.

We paused awhile to watch the scene, but a chilling miasma floated up from the waters, bidding us hurry onward, wondering how the boat-children escape croup and diphtheria!

Monday, 13th Jan.

A very wealthy mandarin having invited Mrs Lind to bring her foreign friend to his house, I have had a capital opportunity of seeing the interior of a genuine Chinese home of the very best type, and very puzzling it would be to describe. It covers so much ground, and there are so many open halls, consisting chiefly of pillars and ornamental roofs, scattered promiscuously about, among paved courtyards, decorated with flowers in pots, and then there are walls

pierced by oddly shaped portals, formed like octagons, or circles, or even tea-pots, and all placed at irregular intervals, never opposite one another; and then shady morsels of garden with all manner of surprises in the way of little ponds and angular bridges and quaint trees. Then somehow, quite unexpectedly, you find yourself in highly ornamental suites of small rooms which seem to have originally been one great room, subdivided by partitions of the most elaborate wood-carving, and furnished with beautiful polished black-wood, and hangings of rich materials.

Such homes are in fact the patriarchal encampment of a whole clan, to which all the sons and brothers of the house bring their wives and there take up their quarters, living together apparently in very remarkable peace.

As no ladies except those connected with the missions ever attempt to master Chinese, and as a very few Chinese gentlemen and no ladies can speak English, or even the barbarous jargon known as pigeon-English, Mrs Lind took her amah to interpret for us. We were received by our host and half a dozen gentlemen of the family, and for some time we sat in a fine open reception-hall, drinking pale straw-coloured tea in its simple form, and playing with a nice small son, the hope of the house.

Presently our host (who is very friendly to foreigners, and from intercourse with them, is less punctilious than most Chinamen on the matter of being seen speaking to his women-folk) led us aside, and presented us to his most kindly and courteous old mother, who conducted us to her apartments, her son accompanying us. He then introduced us to his little bride, aged thirteen. His matrimonial ventures have so far been unlucky, two previous wives having died very early. This one seems a nice, bright little lady.

She was very highly rouged, as was also her sister-in-law. Another sister being indisposed, was not rouged, nor was the mother, and, therefore, pleasanter to our eyes; but the Canton ladies love to lay on the colour thick. There is no deception about it! it is good, honest red, laid thick upon the cheek, and carried right round the eyebrows. The latter are shaved to refine their form. They cannot understand why English ladies should abstain from such an embellishment. Only when in mourning do they refrain from its use, and one notable exception is that of a bride, who on her wedding-day may wear no rouge, so that when her red silk veil is removed and the fringe of artificial pearls raised, her husband, looking on her face for the first time, may know for certain what share of beauty unadorned has fallen to his lot!

But of all eccentricities of personal decoration, the oddest, I think, is that of gilding the hair, which, I am told, young Canton girls do on very full-dress occasions. Certainly I do remember a time when some English ladies powdered their hair with gold dust, but then they owned golden locks to start with, whereas these are all black, and glossy as the raven's wing.

Our host next led us into his fine large garden, which is all dotted over with delightful little summer-houses, with picturesque double roofs much curved up, and with a wealth of fine wood-carving—beautiful blackwood furniture like polished ebony, with scarlet embroidered draperies; here and there a window of delicate pearly oyster-shells set in a fine lattice-work, so as to form a translucent screen. Shady trees overhang cunningly-contrived miniature streams and lakes, with fanciful bridges, one of which is constructed in zig-zags, as an emblem of the much-esteemed dragon. It

The skirts are worn one above the other, evidently centred in their places, and the tiniest hoof in the world, the so-called foot, is enclosed in a dainty wee slipper, with the silk-embroidered pattern to these beauties, or as I have heard, I know not, but we have heard, the attitude in the zenana is to cross the legs, and nurse the poor deformed foot in

the lady to toddle without help, their kindly-voiced attendants were at hand, ready to assist with sticks or ponies, as might be desired. The sight in our eyes is the tottering gait of a lady attempting to walk, it is certainly not so graceful a mode of transport which here is the very essence of fine-ladyism. The lady mounts on the back of the pony, whom she clasps round the neck with both hands, while the amah holds back her hands, and then she sits on the knees of her mistress. Very fatiguing for the human pony, who sometimes is called upon to carry a awkward burden for a considerable distance, at the end of which, it is the lady, not the amah, who refreshes her exhausted strength with a few whiffs from a long tobacco pipe!

To-day the only work of the attendants was to fan us, and assiduously feed us with luscious preserved fruits and cakes, which it would have been deemed uncourteous to refuse, though it was terrible to have to swallow so many. One or two would really have been enjoyable, but here hospitality involves surfeit. It was a delightful relief when

jewels as we wore, and to show us theirs, and were pleased by our admiration of their quaint and very elaborate head-dressing, their glossy hair being ornamented with artificial flowers (one had natural flowers), and valuable hairpins of gold, pearl, or jade-stone. Some wore butterflies of the kingfisher's feather jewellery, but the principal ladies wore necklaces and bracelets of clear, bright-green jade, the Chinese equivalent of diamonds. One lady who wore large pendants of jade as ear-rings, and also attached to the silken cord of her fan, was the proud owner of enormously long third and fourth finger-nails on the left hand. These were shielded by golden nail-protectors (excellent weapons for the infliction of a vicious scratch! They are simply half-thimbles about three inches in length. I have invested in a very pretty silver set of four).

All these ladies wore the same excess of jewellery covering the back of the head, but a singular prejudice forbids a woman ever to cover the top of her head, even when out of doors; so they think our hats very eccentric indeed, though these town ladies understand that it is not indecorous for foreign woman to wear such headgear.

There is just one exception to this otherwise general rule, namely, that if a lady is of sufficiently high rank to attend court, she then appears in a hat precisely similar to that which her husband is entitled to wear, and adorned with the coloured button which denotes his exact rank. The mother of our host being entitled to this honour has had her portrait painted in oils, in full court dress, with beautiful symbolic embroidery of birds, and a handsome rosary of jade-stone, such as is worn by high mandarins.

We also unfeignedly admired these ladies' exquisitely embroidered silken skirts, all of different colours, and all

folded into tiny plaits. These skirts are worn one above the other. But their chief pride evidently centred in their poor little "golden lily" feet, reduced to the tiniest hoof in proof of their exalted station. Of course, the so-called foot is little more than just the big toe, enclosed in a dainty wee shoe, which peeps out from beneath the silk-embroidered trousers. Whether to call attention to these beauties, or as an instinctive effort to relieve pain, I know not, but we observed that a favourite attitude in the zenana is to cross one leg over the other, and nurse the poor deformed foot in the hand.

As they could scarcely toddle without help, their kindly-looking strong large-footed attendants were at hand, ready to act as walking-sticks or ponies, as might be desired. However ungraceful in our eyes is the tottering gait of these ladies when attempting to walk, it is certainly not so inelegant as the mode of transport which here is the very acme of refined fine-ladyism. The lady mounts on the back of her amah, whom she clasps round the neck with both her arms, while the amah holds back her hands, and then grasps the knees of her mistress. Very fatiguing for the poor human pony, who sometimes is called upon to carry this awkward burden for a considerable distance, at the end of which, it is the lady, not the amah, who refreshes her exhausted strength with a few whiffs from a long tobacco pipe!

To-day the only work of the attendants was to fan us, and assiduously feed us with luscious preserved fruits and cakes, which it would have been deemed uncourteous to refuse, though it was terrible to have to swallow so many. One or two would really have been enjoyable, but here hospitality involves surfeit. It was a delightful relief when

one of the amahs brought in a basket of pumeloes (the huge pink-fleshed citron), whose sweet acid flavour was a blessed change; and then another woman produced some of the nut-like seeds of the lotus plant, which are very nice. Chinese hospitality is only satisfied so long as the mouth of the guest is well filled.

One of the older ladies of the last generation was suffering from headache, and as a cure she wore a circular patch of black plaister on each temple. We very soon felt that the like fate would be ours, were we to stay much longer in the small crowded room, where the atmosphere was most oppressive for lack of ventilation, though it is hard to see why it should be so, as there are no doors in any Chinese house, only open portals embellished with the highest open-work carving, and there is much carved lattice-work all about the place.

As soon as we could venture, we rose to take our leave, which is necessarily a slow process, as in any case Chinese politeness requires the hosts to make every effort for the detention of their guests, and in the case of such *rara avis* as ourselves, I have no doubt the regret at parting was genuine. When at last we had successfully manœuvred our way out, hospitality still followed us in the form of baskets of fruit and of rice-cakes made with burnt sugar.

Jan. 14th.

I have had the good fortune to have a long day in the city with Dr Chalmers of the London Mission, who, having been at work here for a quarter of a century, and having a keen interest in the manners and customs of the land in which he lives (which is by no means a necessary sequence of long residence!), is a delightful companion on such a

ramble, and I need scarcely say that really to enjoy such an expedition, one must go quietly on foot, with all powers of observation on the alert, never knowing what strange novelty will entail a halt at any moment.

We started at sunrise, but already the tide of busy life was well astir in the narrow streets of shops, through which we walked on our way to the great market for jade-stone, which is held daily at early morning in the open air near the temple of the Five Hundred Disciples, and closes before ordinary mortals are astir.

Considering the extraordinary value which attaches to this precious mineral, I was chiefly amazed at the enormous quantity which we saw offered for sale. Not only is the market itself (a very large square building) entirely filled with stalls exclusively for the sale of objects manufactured from jade, but many of the surrounding streets are lined with open booths and shops for the same object; and truly, though every Chinese woman who can possibly obtain a jade ornament delights in it, as a European or an American glories in her diamonds, the prices are so prohibitive that it is difficult to imagine how a sale can be obtained for such a mass of bracelets and brooches, ear-rings and finger-rings, and especially of very ornamental pins for the hair.

Here poor women and middle-class tradesmen who cannot afford the genuine article solace themselves with imitation gems of green glass, or some such composition, which take the place of spurious diamonds, and effectually deceive the untrained eye. But at this market, I believe, only the genuine article is sold. We saw specimens of very varied colours, from a semi-opaque cream or milky-white tint to the clearest sea-green, or a dark hue the colour of blood-stone.

I am told that it is all imported from the Kuen-luen mountains in Turkestan, where there are mines of this mineral—the only mines in the world which are worked, so far as is known. It has thence been brought to China as an article of tribute from the earliest times of which even the Celestials have any record, and so highly have they prized it that they have jealously striven to keep it entirely in their own hands. It is, however, thought possible that as this mineral is not known to occur anywhere in Europe, jade-celts, which have been found in European lake-dwellings, and other pre-historic remains, have probably travelled thither as barter, in the course of the great Aryan westward migration from the highlands of Central Asia. Tradition affirms that the Aryans regarded the wearing of a jade ornament as the most effectual charm against lightning, a faith which would naturally account for their carrying with them many such treasures.

So in Hindoostan, though specimens of carved jade inlaid with rubies and diamonds were among the priceless treasures of the Mogul Emperors, there is no reason to believe that this mineral has ever been found in the Empire, and it is supposed that the raw material must have been brought from those same mines, of which there are considerably over a hundred, one great mountain-side being riddled by dark tunnels, which are the entrances to long winding galleries, excavated in every direction, and in some cases piercing right through the mountain to its further side. The jade is found in veins which are sometimes several feet in depth, but it is so full of fissures that it is rare to obtain a perfect block more than a few inches thick. Hence the great value of large pieces when found without a flaw. Such are reserved for the Imperial tribute, and the Emperor himself awards such

blocks to the artist who is most certain to do it justice, the natural form of the block deciding what shall be the character of the sculpture.

Such an Imperial commission is equivalent to a life-work, for although when first broken from its rocky bed, the jade may be scratched with an ordinary knife, it soon hardens, so as to become the most difficult of minerals for the sculptor's art. Hence, such vases and other ornaments as became so familiar to us after the looting of the Summer Palace, each represented twenty or thirty years of ceaseless toil at the hands of a patient and most diligent worker. And yet I have seen some of these priceless art-treasures in British homes, where their value in this respect seems undreamt of.

The Chinese name of the stone is Yu-shek, and that by which we call it is said to be a corruption of a Spanish word referring to a superstition of the Mexican Indians, who deemed that to wear a bracelet of this stone was the surest protection against all diseases of the loins; hence the Spaniards named the mineral *Piedra di hijada* (stone of the loins), by which name it became known in Europe, and ere long was contracted to its present form. Where the Mexicans obtained their specimens is not known, mineralogists having failed to discover this mineral on the American continent.

New Zealand, however, has supplied her own jade in the form of great pebbles, which with infinite labour have been wrought into those large celts and grotesque amulets which formed the most priceless possessions of the high chiefs.

As a matter of course, in this daily market of the modern work produced in the jade-cutters' street, we saw no specimens of very artistic work—such can rarely come into the

market ; but the prices of even simple thumb-rings or earrings are so great, that I had to console myself by the thought that I could get much more show for my money by investing in some very pretty vases of a cheap green stone mounted in well-carved stands of polished blackwood.

It really is amazing to think of the value of the goods offered for sale on those stalls of rough wooden planks ! The real price, not the price asked with a view to its being beaten down, in the wearisome manner in which all shopping is here conducted, but the price which a Chinese mandarin would pay for a string of really good bright-green beads, might be £1000 ! For two buttons suitable for his use, he would pay £30. The most costly colour is a vivid green like that of a young rice-field, and for a really good specimen of this, £500 or £600 is sometimes paid for a personal ornament of very moderate size.

A large amount of the jade offered for sale in the market is quite in the rough, and here the lapidaries come to select such pieces as seem likely to be sound and of good colour throughout. It is extremely interesting to see these men at work in their primitive shops, which form a whole street by themselves. First the rough block is placed between two sawyers, who saw it in two by the horizontal movement of a saw of steel wire, with bow-shaped handle. From time to time they drop a thin paste of emery powder and water along the line they purpose cutting. These reduced portions are then passed on to other men, who work with small circular saws, and thus fashion all manner of ornaments.

Not very far from this street, there is one wholly inhabited by silk-weavers, whose hand-looms are of the most primitive description. A little further lies a curious water-

street, a sort of Chinese Venice, where the houses edge a canal so closely that the people step from their doors into boats. This canal runs straight to one of the water-gates, by which all the market-boats enter the city every morning. These gates, being the portals beneath which the canal flows through the city walls, are closed at night, so all boats arriving after sunset must lie outside till morning; and great is the rush when at sunrise the portcullis is raised, and each boat seeks to enter first.

Amongst the produce thus brought to the daily market are sucking-pigs in search of a mother, as Chinese farmers do not care to allow one mother to suckle more than a dozen little piggies, whereas bountiful nature occasionally sends a litter nearly double that number. So whenever the births exceed the regulation limit, a litter of the supernumeraries is conveyed to the sucking-pig market, which is held daily in the early morning, and there the farmer whose sties have not been so abundantly blessed, buys a few of the outcasts to make up his number. But lest the maternal sow should object to adopting the little strangers, her own babies are taken from her, and placed with the new-comers, when all are sprinkled with wine. When the combined litter is restored to the anxious parent, she is so bamboozled by the delightful fragrance of the whole party, that she forgets to count them (or fears she may be seeing double), so she deems it prudent "to keep a quiet sough," as we say in the north, and accepts the increased family without comment!

Of course, in passing through the shop streets I could not resist many a halt, while my good guardian, with inexhaustible patience, explained to me the use or meaning of sundry objects which to me were all strange curios. In many of the shops an unusual willingness to sell goods at

reasonable prices plainly indicates the approach of the New Year, as do also the number of street-stalls for the sale of small curios, inasmuch as it is a positive necessity for all accounts to be settled before the close of the Old Year, and therefore a tradesman will sometimes even sell at a loss, in order to realise the sum necessary to meet his liabilities. Should he fail to do so, he is accounted disgraced, his name is written on his own door as a defaulter, his business reputation is lost, and no one will henceforth give him credit.

I believe that debts which are not settled on New Year's Eve cannot subsequently be recovered, for a curious custom exists whereby a creditor who has vainly pursued a debtor all through the night may still follow him after daybreak, provided he continues to carry his lighted lantern, as if he believed it was still night. This, however, is his last chance.

We wandered on from shop to shop, and from temple to temple, till I was fairly bewildered. But one scene remains vividly before my memory as the finest subject for a picture that I have seen in Canton. It is in the western suburbs, close to the temples of the Gods of War, and of Literature, and of the Queen of Heaven (in one of which I was especially fascinated by the multitude of small figures, carved and gilt, which adorn the roof, the sides of the temple, and the altar). Standing on the temple-steps, you look along the street, and combine a picturesque bridge with an arched gateway of the fire-wall spanning the highway. It is in such a quiet quarter, that I think I shall be able to secure a drawing of the scene.¹

¹ The innumerable interests of Canton, especially the crowds assembled for the New Year, prevented my even devoting a day to the subject. I therefore bequeath this discovery to some more resolute artist.

Of course, in arranging to sketch near a temple, the chances of quiet depend on the day, as every god has his day, when the whole population crowd to do him homage, and then the neighbouring streets, however dull on other occasions, are decorated and thronged. I am told that one of the prettiest of these festivals will occur in the middle of April, in honour of the very beneficent and popular god, Paak-tai, who has at various times been incarnate upon the earth for the good of mankind. One of these incarnations occurred after the deluge which destroyed the whole world in the reign of the Chinese Emperor Yaou, B.C. 2357 (a date which closely corresponds with that of the universal Deluge recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures, and noted in our chronology as B.C. 2349). After this terrible flood all knowledge of agriculture, art, and science was lost, so Paak-tai came back to earth to instruct the survivors.

The really pretty and unique feature of his festival is that, on three successive evenings, all his worshippers bring their pet singing-birds (generally larks, which they habitually carry about with them in their pretty cages, just as Englishmen go out accompanied by their dogs. I am not sure, however, that a Briton would appreciate the trouble of always carrying his pet, as the Celestials do!)

Thus a crowd of several hundred larks is assembled, and all are brought into the brilliantly-illuminated temple. The cages (which are covered for the occasion) are suspended from horizontal bamboos, so that presently the whole temple is full of them. On a given signal, all the coverings are removed, and the astonished larks, supposing that they have overslept themselves, and allowed the sun to rise without the tribute of their morning hymn, make up for lost time by bursting forth into a most jubilant chorus of song, which

they keep up for about a couple of hours, greatly to the delight of the human crowd, rich and poor, and of the beneficent deity who is thus honoured. So these people who enlist the breezes and the streams to sound the bells which chime the praises of Buddha, teach the birds also to do their part in the general thanksgiving.

On the third and last evening of the bird concert, the festival concludes with a most gorgeous procession. First come huge lanterns, on each of which is inscribed the name of the god; then a number of gay banners embroidered with scenes in his history. Then come several score of tiny children splendidly dressed to represent characters in the old legends; these are mounted on little ponies, and led by attendants in rich silken robes. They are children of wealthy parents who deem it an honour to take part in the festival. The children's interest is sustained by frequent pauses, when they are fed with cakes and sweetmeats. In the procession are carried several canopied shrines, some of carved and polished blackwood, containing the images of the god and of his parents; others are more ornamental, and are covered with figures apparently enamelled, but really made of lovely kingfishers' feathers. These shrines contain only beautiful objects, such as old bronze or jade-stone vases, which are lent by the owners to grace the procession. All along the road where the procession is to pass the people prepare small altars outside their doors, and make offerings to the idol as it is carried past, sometimes pouring libations of wine on to the ground.

Our last, but not least, curious experience on this morning of strange sights was a visit to one of the innumerable shops devoted solely to the manufacture of pasteboard models of every conceivable object, from a doll-house ten

feet square to a good large pony, boots, hats, sedan-chairs, but above all money, all with a view to supplying offerings of burnt-sacrifice to the spirits of the dead. Just at present some less reverent foreigners have enlisted the services of these purveyors of Hades in that of their own amusement, for there is a fancy-ball in prospect, at which one gentleman purposes appearing as Punch, another as a gigantic black bottle marked "Bass's Pale Ale," while two young ladies who have not yet "come out," but are determined to see the fun, have solved the problem of how to "stay in" without missing the ball, by ordering two tall seven-storied pagodas, made of bamboo and pasteboard, within which they will remain securely hidden, peeping out through cunningly contrived windows. Surely a quainter device than that of a brace of locomotive pagodas never was invented!

Jan. 17th.

The masked fancy-ball came off last night, and was very amusing. There were nearly fifty people—some very pretty characters and some very funny ones. Most of the gentlemen wore Chinese masks for the first half-hour. The young ladies in the pagodas were highly successful, but ere long found their tall prisons so very hot that they were allowed to transgress all rules, and "came out" before their time.

Each day slips by full of many interests, even when we go no further than the limits of this green isle, but sit watching the infinitely varied boats or junks gliding past with their great brown or yellow sails; or else, at sunset, doing "joss-pigeon," throwing burning gilt paper into the river, as an offering to the Water Dragon, firing noisy crackers to keep off evil spirits, or lighting sweet incense-sticks and candles to place on the tiny boat altar.

I often linger on the embankment to watch these, till I am conscious of a cold mist rising, and am glad to retreat to a cheery fireside—not without a thought of pity for the children who can never know the meaning of that word.

Jan. 18th.

The miasma, which on these really chill nights rises from the rivers and canals, is by no means the sole danger which these little ones survive! One of the most apparent is the amazing amount of diluted filth which they swallow! I observe here the same peculiarity which struck me so forcibly at Benares; namely, the large amount of washing of clothes which is done, but the utter indifference to the condition of the water used for the purpose.

All these thousands of boats which lie moored in compact phalanx along the shores of the river (at the mouths of creeks which are little better than sewers), get their water-supply by just dipping their bucket overboard, although they could easily obtain comparatively pure water in mid-stream! And this terribly unclean water is used unfiltered for all cooking purposes!

Considering our own terrible experiences of how luxurious homes in Britain have been left desolate by a draught of sparkling water into which, all unheeded, some taint of drainage had filtered, or even from the use of milk-vessels washed in such water, it does seem amazing that all this goes on with impunity, and that the whole population does not die wholesale in consequence—a wonderful proof of the safeguard of only drinking boiled water, as is the Chinese invariable custom, in the form of tea.

We have plenty of opportunities for watching these people, as the boats lie moored around us in every direction, so that

even without our leaving the shore they are always before our eyes, and whenever we go an expedition on the river, we necessarily pass through crowds of boats, innumerable and indescribable, and some are very ornamental. Of their number some idea may be formed from the fact that the boating population of Canton alone is estimated at three hundred thousand persons, who possess no other home—whose strange life from their cradle to the grave is spent entirely on the rivers, with the dipping of the oars, or the tremulous quiver of the long steering-scuttle, as the ceaseless accompaniment of all life's interests. This is especially true of the women, who work the boats, for many of the men work on land all day, only returning at night to the tiny but exquisitely clean floating home which, though barely twenty feet in length, probably shelters three generations!

These are the sampans, or slipper-shaped boats with movable roofs of rain-proof bamboo basket-work.

Somewhat different from these are the boat-homes of sailors who are absent for months on long voyages on board of ocean-going junks, who return year after year, to find the home in which they were probably born, moored in the self-same spot in one of the multitudinous water-streets, for every boat has its own appointed anchorage; and the municipal regulations affecting the water-population are most minute, and strictly carried out, as indeed must be necessary where so enormous a community is concerned.

For this purpose a special river-magistrate has command of a strong body of water-police, who live in police-boats, and are bound to row about all night, blowing on shrill conch-shells, which are most effectual for awakening peaceful sleepers, and for giving notice of their approach to all evildoers, more especially to those very daring river-pirates

from whose depredations they are bound to protect the public.

These water-constables, however, enjoy a very evil reputation, and are said frequently to be in league with malefactors, accepting bribes from pirates to keep well out of the way when any unusual deed of darkness is in prospect, such as capturing a wealthy citizen while crossing the river at night, and carrying him off as a prisoner until a large ransom can be extracted from his relations, which is one of the cheerful possibilities of life in these parts !

Still more frequently, however, the guardians of the peace are said to levy blackmail on their own account, helping themselves gratis from the market-boats, whose proprietors dare not complain, lest they should be falsely accused of some offence, which would lead to their prosecution and imprisonment, quite as certainly as if they were really guilty.

As regards cargo or passenger boats, fines, severe flogging, or imprisonment, or even a combination of all three, await the captain and crew of any boat which neglects to report its movements to the authorities, or which has the misfortune to lose any of its passengers. Should such an one fall overboard and be drowned, the boat or junk is compelled to lie-to or anchor till the corpse has been recovered. Grievous, indeed, is the lot of all concerned should a junk or boat capsize in a squall, more especially if it can be proved that her masts and sails exceeded the regulation size. If, under such circumstances, only one or even two passengers are drowned, the captain alone suffers ; but should three perish, the vessel is confiscated, and not only the captain but every man of the crew is condemned to wear the ponderous wooden collar (the cangue) for thirty days, and then to endure a judicial flogging !

Our barbaric notion that the captain must be absolute autocrat of his vessel is by no means allowed in China, where the law provides that in the event of an approaching storm, the passengers may require the captain to strike sail and wait till the danger is past. Should he refuse to comply with the requirements of the landlubbers, he is liable to receive forty blows of a bamboo! but terrible as are Chinese floggings, they are mere trifles compared with the penalty of enduring for three months the tortures of a Chinese prison, as a sequence to shipwreck!

I notice one class of boat which seems to ply a very busy trade, namely, that of the river-barbers, who devote themselves exclusively to shaving and head-scraping their floating customers. Each barber has a tiny boat in which he paddles himself about in and out among the crowd of sampans, attracting attention by ringing a little bell.

The river-doctor likewise gives warning of his whereabouts by means of a bell, so that as he goes on his way he can be called to any one needing his services.

There is not a phase of life on land which has not its counterpart on the river, and every variety of boat has its distinctive name. To begin with, there are whole fleets of market boats, each of which supplies the boating population with some one article. There are oil boats and firewood boats, rice boats and sugar-cane boats, boats for vegetables and boats for the sale of flowering plants; there are fruit boats, bean-curd boats, confectioners' boats, shrimp boats, and fish boats; boats for sundry meats, and for pork in particular; boats for the sale of crockery, of salt, or of clothing. Some boats advertise their cargoes by a realistic sign hung from the mast-head—such as an earthenware jar, an oil-

cask, a bundle of sugar-cane or of firewood, that their customers may espy them from afar.

There are floating kitchens, provided with an extensive brick-work cooking-range, where most elaborate dinners are cooked; these are served on board of floating dining-halls euphoniously called "flower boats," which are most luxuriously fitted up and highly ornamental, resplendent with a wealth of beautiful wood-carving, often brightly coloured and heavily gilt, and always brilliantly illuminated. These are hired by wealthy citizens who wish to give their friends dinner-parties, as it is not customary to do so at their own homes except on great family festivals; such dinner-parties are enlivened by the presence of richly-attired singing-women. Poorer people find one end of the floating kitchen fitted up as a cheap restaurant or tea-house.

There are also floating hotels, which are chiefly for the accommodation of persons arriving after the gates of the city are closed, or who merely wish to trans-ship from one vessel to another. Similar house-boats are hired by wealthy Chinamen as cool summer-quarters, or for going expeditions. For pleasure excursions there are Hong boats answering to Venetian gondolas, with large comfortable saloons adorned with much carving and gilding, but so arranged as to be able to hoist a mast and sail.

In striking contrast with these gay boats, are the dull unattractive ones which we may term floating biers, as they are used only for conveying the dead to their place of rest. For though the dwellers on the land allow the boat people no homes ashore during their lifetime, they dare not refuse the dead a resting-place in the bosom of the earth.

Far sadder than these biers, for those whose weary life-struggle is ended, are the leper boats, tenanted by such of

the boat-folk as are afflicted with leprosy, that most terrible of diseases, and who are therefore outcasts, forced to live apart from their fellows, and only allowed to solicit alms by stretching out a long bamboo pole, from the end of which is suspended a small bag (just as was done in mediæval days by the lepers in Holland, as described in Evelyn's Diary A.D. 1641, when he noted "divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water," who asked alms of passengers on the canals by casting out a floating box to receive their gifts). Of course these boats are deemed as wholly unclean as their inmates. Hence when in 1847 six young English merchants had been brutally murdered at a village in the neighbourhood of Canton, the crowning insult to the hated foreigners was to return the mangled corpses to Canton in a common leper boat.

Then there are ecclesiastical boats, for though each dwelling-boat has its domestic altar, the public service of the gods is by no means omitted. So a large number of Taouist priests have stationary boat-houses for themselves and their families, the chief saloon being dedicated to sundry Taouist idols. These priests are liable at any moment to be summoned on board other boats to perform religious ceremonies on behalf of the sick, especially such as are supposed to be possessed of evil spirits. They also officiate in floating temples, in which elaborate services are performed on behalf of the souls of drowned persons, or of such beggar-spirits as have been neglected by their descendants.

During these "masses for the dead" the floating shrine is decorated with many white and blue banners, flags, and draperies, to indicate mourning. At other times the flags and decorations are of the gayest, and a band of musicians

with shrill pipes and drums produce deafening sounds, all of which tell that the temple has been engaged by two families of the boat community for the solemnisation of a wedding; for in their marriage, as in all else, these people live wholly apart from those who dwell on land, and although the women are a much nicer, healthier-looking lot than those we see ashore, such a thing as intermarriage is unknown; the boat population being greatly despised.

But of all the multitudinous boats, perhaps the strangest are the duck and geese boats, some of which shelter as many as two thousand birds, which are purchased wholesale at the great duck and geese farms, and reared for the market. After seeing these boats, I no longer wondered at the multitude of these birds in the provision markets, where they form one of the staple foods of the people.

Beyond the first expense of buying the half-grown birds, the owner of the boat incurs none in rearing them, as he simply turns them out twice a day to forage for themselves along the mud-shores and the neighbouring fields, where they find abundance of dainty little land-crabs, frogs, and worms, snails, slugs, and maggots. They are allowed a couple of hours for feeding and are then called back, when they obey with an alacrity which is truly surprising, the pursuit of even the most tempting frog being abandoned in their hurry to waddle on board. Never was there so obedient a school, and it is scarcely possible to believe that this extraordinary punctuality is really attained by the fear of the sharp stroke of a bamboo, which is invariably administered to the last bird.

This afternoon we went a most interesting expedition up the river, and then turned aside into one of the many creeks to the village of Faa-tee, and thence onward in search of

the great duck-hatching establishment, where multitudinous eggs are artificially hatched. The first we came to was closed, but the boatman told us of another farther on, so we landed and walked along narrow ridges between large flooded fields in which lotus and water-chestnuts are grown for the sake of their edible roots. Both are nice when cooked, but the collecting of these, in this deep mud, must be truly detestable for the poor women engaged in it.

Passing by amazing heaps of old egg-shells (for which even the Chinese seem to have as yet found no use), we reached the hatching-house, in which many thousands of eggs are being gradually warmed in great baskets filled up with heated chaff and placed on shelves of very open basket-work, which are aranged in tiers all round the walls, while on the ground are placed earthenware stoves full of burning charcoal. Here the eggs are kept for a whole day and night, the position of the baskets with reference to the stoves being continually changed by attendants who reserve their apparel for use in a cooler atmosphere!

After this preliminary heating, the eggs are removed to other baskets in another heated room, to which they are dexterously carried in cloths, each containing about fifty eggs—no one but a neat-handed Chinaman could carry such a burden without a breakage! Here the eggs remain for about a fortnight, each egg being frequently moved from place to place, to equalise their share of heating. After this they are taken to a third room, where they are spread over wide shelves, and covered with sheets of thick warm cotton. At the end of another fortnight, hundreds of little ducklings simultaneously break their shells, and by evening perhaps a couple of thousand fluffy little beauties are launched into life, and are forthwith fed with rice-water.

Duck-farmers (who know precisely when each great hatching is due) are in attendance to buy so many hundred of these pretty infants, whom they at once carry off to their respective farms, where there are already an immense number of ducks and geese of different ages, all in separate lots. The geese, by the way, are not hatched artificially, owing to the thickness of their shells, consequently they are not so very numerous as ducks; still flocks numbering six or eight hundred are reared, and are provided with wattle shelves on which to roost, as damp ground is considered injurious to the young birds. A very large goose-market is held every morning in Canton, which is supplied by geese-boats, each of which brings two or three hundred birds.

As to the baby ducks, they are fed on boiled rice, and after a while are promoted to bran, maggots, and other delicacies, till the day comes when the owners of the duck-boats come to purchase the half-grown birds, and commence the process of letting them fatten themselves as aforesaid. This continues till they are ready for the market, and are either sold for immediate consumption, or bought wholesale by the provision dealers, who split, salt, and then dry them in the sun. The heart, gizzard, and entrails are also dried and sold separately, and the bills, tongues, and feet are pickled in brine.

I do not know whether there is always a relay of ducklings at hatching-point, or whether we were especially fortunate in the moment of our visit, but we certainly witnessed a large increase of this odd family. It was so very amusing to watch scores of little beaks breaking their own shells and struggling out, only to be unceremoniously deposited in a basket of new-born infants, that we were tempted to

linger long in this strange nursery. At last, however, we summoned resolution to leave the fluffy little darlings, and retraced our way to Faa-tee, where we again landed in order to see some of the gardens for which it is so justly celebrated. There are private gardens of wealthy citizens, and market gardens, all in the quaint style peculiar to this country. We went to see specimens of each, with lovely camelias, roses, chrysanthemums, daphnes, and narcissus; all these plants are in ornamental pots, arranged in rows along the paths, but not planted out as in our gardens. The narcissus, which, *par excellence*, are called "the New Year Flowers," are grown in saucers filled with gravel and water. The great pride of a Chinese gardener is to grow many spikes from one bulb, and the more flowers that bloom thereon the greater is his prospect of success in the coming year. Even branches of fruit trees are being cut for the market to supply the much-prized blossoms for the fast-approaching New Year.

But the predominant feature of these gardens lies in the grotesqueness of the figures produced by training certain shrubs over a framework of wire, so as exactly to take its form; and still more wonderful is the revelation of amazing patience which must have been expended in order to train each tiny twig, each separate leaf, into its proper place, so as to form a perfectly even surface, representing garments, or whatever else is to be indicated.

Evergreen dragons, frisky fishes, dolphins with huge eyes of china, and human figures with china or wooden hands, heads, and feet, are among the favourite forms represented. We also saw a very fine vegetable stag, with well-developed antlers; also a long rattan trained into the likeness of a serpent. Different shrubs assume the forms of junks, bridges,

and houses, flower-baskets, fans, or birds, and tall, evergreen pagodas are adorned with little china bells hanging round each story.

We also saw a very large number of grotesquely-distorted and dwarfed shrubs and trees, the Chinese being well-nigh as expert as the Japanese in this strange sort of gardening. Though no one really knows what is the true secret, I am told that a very effectual method of dwarfing trees is to give the plant no rest, continually to disturb its roots, and expose them to the air, and by every means cramp its vitality and luxuriant growth. Certainly the result produced is extraordinary. For these tiny miniatures have every characteristic of the full-grown—indeed, the aged tree, with gnarled and twisted roots and branches, although the total height is often only a few inches, and the quaint little dwarf stands in a beautiful china vase. Some of the most successful dwarfs are pear-trees and fir-trees. The older they are, the more perfect is their grotesqueness, so that such plants as these are bequeathed from generation to generation.

After a long walk through a New Year's fair for very poor people, where the attractions consisted chiefly of gilt paper flowers, and scrolls with lucky mottoes in Chinese characters, we returned to the boat and rowed across the river to the Monastery of the Ocean Banner, or, as it is commonly called by foreigners, the Honam Temple, which is by far the finest thing I have as yet seen in China.

The great gateway is guarded by indescribably hideous demigods, but the temple itself is really imposing. But in saying this, I must remind you once for all, that neither in China nor Japan need you look for beauty of architecture in the sense we generally imply. These temples are one and all of the same type, which is simply that of the one-

storied Indian bungalow, with verandah and heavy roof. Nevertheless, some of the larger temples have a certain solemnity and a wealth of rich colour. In this Honam Temple the interest centres in three colossal figures in a sitting posture, carved in wood and gilded. These represent the three Buddhas of the Past, the Present, and the Future. Before each hangs an ever-burning lamp. Before each also stands a gilded altar, on which are very large altar vases and incense-burners of zinc. On either side of the temple are ranged small gilded images to represent the sixteen most holy disciples of Buddha, and before each burns an incense brazier. All the minor adjuncts of lanterns, draperies, and temple furnishings are handsome and harmonious.

The afternoon service had just commenced, and though we were told that it was much less fully attended than that of early morning, it was unquestionably an impressive scene. Only about sixty monks and priests were present, instead of the full complement of two hundred. Of these some were robed in yellow, others wore grey skirts and yellow hoods. But what specially struck me was, that instead of leaving one shoulder bare, and the yellow robe covering the other, as in Ceylon, and as in the Cingalese images of Buddha, these men cover both shoulders, having a grey under-garment beneath the sacerdotal yellow.

The abbot wore a purple robe with a mantle of crimson silk, purposely made of patched pieces to suggest the vow of poverty. He and some of the priests carried rosaries of polished black beads.

Some of the chanting was rather fine, but the orchestral accompaniment was anything but solemn, shrill pipes, flutes, and wooden drums combining to produce a hideous noise,

which to my uneducated ears was suggestive only of Pandemonium—anything but devotional. However, one can never tell what effect anything produces on other folk, and it does not do to judge hastily. Remember that enlightened Persian who found his way to London, and wandered into Westminster Abbey, and then graphically related to his countrymen the overpowering terror which had overwhelmed him when, as he approached the huge idol (whose form he was unable to describe), it had opened its mouth and roared so loud that, overcome with fear, he had fled from the great temple! And yet we have an impression that grand organ music is solemnising!

Here, the ritual, which is all in the ancient sacred Pali language, of which most of the monks are wholly ignorant, seemed chiefly to consist of rapid recitation by all the brethren in unison, accompanied by many genuflexions and prostrations. Then they all made three processional turns, sunwise, round the inner shrine, and then they turned to the north and prostrated themselves.

The service was lengthy, and we could not stay till the end, having but a limited time to spare, and I was anxious to see the cremation-ground, where those who embrace the religious life are cremated, following the example of their leader. The crematory is a low tower of brick; within are four raised stones on which to rest the bamboo chair wherein (with the monastic cowl drawn over his head, and hands placed palm to palm before his breast, as if in prayer) sits the dead monk, who, within twelve hours of his death, must be carried hither by lay brothers. He is followed to the funeral pyre by all the brethren, walking two in two, clothed in sackcloth, and having a white cloth bound round the head in token of woe. They have previously held solemn

service in the temple for the repose of the dead, and as the procession slowly advances they chant funeral hymns.

Through the narrow door of the crematory the chair is carried—faggots are placed beneath and all around it, and the chief priest kindles the flame, all the mourners falling prostrate, with their faces to the ground, while commending the mortal body to the ethereal fire.¹ While the body is being cremated, small pieces of fragrant sandal-wood are from time to time thrown into the flames. Considering the intense anxiety of the whole Chinese nation to secure good burial for their unmaimed bodies, it is very remarkable to find their religious teachers adopting a custom so essentially Aryan.

When the fire has done its work, and only a few charred bones and ashes remain, these are collected in a stone jar and placed beside similar jars in a sepulchral store-house, where they remain till a certain day of the year (the ninth day of the ninth month), when each jar is emptied into a bag of red cloth. These are sewn up, and are then thrown through a small sort of window into a great solid granite mausoleum. There are two of these buildings in the temple grounds; one of them, however, may no longer be used, not for lack of room, but because it already contains 4948 sacks of ashes, and Buddhist law forbids the storing of a larger number in one place.

The Ossuary now in use is divided into two compartments, one of which is assigned to the ashes of Buddhist nuns.

It appears that there are exceptional instances when

¹ See the ancient Aryan Cremation hymn, which doubtless was chanted at the pyre of Buddha, the Aryan Prince. "In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains," p. 134. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Published by Chatto & Windus.

cremation is dispensed with, and ordinary burial in ponderous coffins is lawful even for a priest. Such cases, though rare, have occurred in comparatively recent years, and some very old horse-shoe tombs in the temple grounds prove that such burials were permitted long ago. At present, however, they are being "renewed" in a most literal sense, as the ancient inscriptions are being copied on to brand new stones!

Leaving the cremation ground, we made our way to the hall where, in a handsome dagoba of white marble, is stored the most precious possession of the monastery—the relic of Buddha!

We turned aside, however, to take a warning on the hideous results of indolence and gluttony, as displayed in the forms of about a dozen monstrously fat sacred pigs, luxuriating in a most comfortable sty, abundance of good food, and happy security from all danger of having their natural lives curtailed.

Then we looked into the great refectory, where eight long narrow tables extend from end to end, four on each side, with benches on one side only, so placed that all the brethren shall face the centre of the hall, at one end of which sits the abbot, at the other there is an altar to some food-god. All round the walls hang boards, on which are inscribed wise maxims from the classics, whereon the brethren may ponder while silently consuming their simple meal of vegetables. It struck us that mind must indeed have triumphed over matter, when hungry Chinamen could pamper pigs and fowls without occasionally dedicating one to the service of the kitchen god (whose shrine, by the way, occupies a conspicuous place in the monastic kitchen). In point of fact, it is said that fat pork is a delicacy which, though positively

prohibited, is by no means unknown even at the table of the abbot !

Jan. 20th.

To-day we have had a most lovely expedition to the White Cloud Mountains. After an early breakfast, we started luxuriously in chairs, and, skirting the western suburbs, we entered the city by the west gate, and struck right across the city to the north-east gate—a great double gateway, with a large red guard-house, beyond which, just outside the city wall, lies the burial-ground where were laid such of our British soldiers as died during the four years' occupation of Canton by the Allies. The ground is planted with feathery bamboos, which are visible from afar.

The country beyond is one vast expanse of barren hills, all honeycombed with horse-shoe-shaped tombs, and with the myriad nameless graves of the poor of countless generations. But ere these are laid to rest in the grave they have to wait awhile at an intermediate resting-place known as "The City of the Dead," near to which we passed this morning—a very extraordinary place it is. I came to see it at leisure one day last week.

We passed by a small lake shaded by dark trees, wherein a multitude of white storks roost and build. They are deemed sacred birds, and are in a manner guardians of the Silent City, which lies within a walled enclosure. At the entrance is a small temple with gilded images, and here lives a Buddhist priest who has charge of the place, and lives alone with this ghostly community. The city is laid out like a miniature city of the living, in streets of small houses built of stone. They are of varying sizes, some only just large enough to contain one ponderous coffin, with the

invariable altar and some other adjuncts. Others contain the unburied dead of a whole clan, numbering perhaps eight or ten persons, for whom the lucky day of burial has not yet been announced by the wily geomancers, who prolong its arrival indefinitely so long as there is a chance of extracting coin from the survivors.

There are altogether nearly two hundred houses in this ghostly city, without counting what I may describe as suburbs of wretched outhouses, where poor neglected coffins are placed. These tell of relatives who, weary of paying house-rent for years at the bidding of the priests, have at last stopped payment, so the coffins have been removed to these sheds, here to await permission from the authorities for burial at some spot on the surrounding hills.

But the well-cared-for dead in the actual city are surrounded by cardboard models of all manner of comforts, including life-sized servants, fans, pipes, umbrellas, and in many cases a light is kept ever burning above the altar. Some also are guarded by a living white cock, whose crowing is supposed to be specially attractive to the soul which has to remain with the body.¹

I am told that a very curious ceremony is enacted in this Silent City about the end of July, where all mourners who have here laid their dead within a twelvemonth, and especially all widows (though their husbands may have been waiting here for years), come to spend a long and weary day in loud and bitter lamentation. They all come in plain cotton dresses—no silks, no artificial flowers, no rouge may be worn on this day. Each family erects a

¹ One of three souls, possessed by every human being. I shall have occasion in a future chapter to speak more fully on all matters relating to the dead.

temporary altar in the temple for its own use, and thereon lays the offerings for its own dead, including letters to the spirits wrapped in crimson paper for good-luck. These are duly burnt with the other offerings, the altar flame being the celestial post-office. As this particular service occurs at the very height of burning midsummer, these poor women have a very severe day's work!

There is one detail connected with funerals on these barren hills which is beyond measure revolting, namely, that the miserable and loathsome lepers who are driven out from the city and live apart in a village (which is, in fact, an asylum for lepers) on the edge of this great wilderness of graves, have a prescriptive right to lie in wait for funerals and extort large alms from the mourners. The latter dare not refuse, even when the demands are extortionate, as it is believed that in that case their relative would be persecuted by lepers in the spirit-world!

These luckless Ishmaelites, knowing that every man's hand is against them, combine against the rest of the world, simply to extort the wherewithal to obtain the necessaries of life. So they calculate from the general pomp of a funeral, how large a sum they may venture to demand. Should their claim be deemed over-much, they sometimes leap into the grave, and refuse to allow the coffin to be lowered till at least a promise of payment has been made. Such a promise is of course inviolable, but should any hitch occur, the lepers unscrupulously dig up the coffin and hold it as a hostage till payment is received. (This is doubly curious, inasmuch as the presence of a corpse in a house renders it creditor-proof! Thus dutiful children sometimes retain their father's coffin in their dwelling-house for many years. While they do so, they have the satisfaction of

knowing that even if they are unable to pay rent, their landlord dares not turn them out!)

In the allowance for funeral expenses here, a certain sum is always included as the leper's fee, but occasionally, in order to avoid unseemly disputes at the grave, the funeral party agree to denude their procession of all its magnificence as they leave the city, so that the lepers may be deceived into supposing that the deceased was a poor man.

The aforesaid village-asylum provides shelter for about five hundred lepers, and the paternal Government makes an allowance for the most helpless. The others, however, are expected to earn their own living by making ropes and cocoa-nut fibre. Such of the women as are least outwardly afflicted are allowed to carry these goods for sale to a special rope-market. Considering how much rope must be handled, both in making and in using, it certainly is strange that these should be the objects selected by Government as the special industry for the victims of a disease which is generally acknowledged to be so fearfully infectious.

The form of leprosy which is here prevalent is that known as "tubercular elephantiasis," which is identical with the disease which in mediæval ages filled the leper hospitals of Britain and Europe.¹ Its victims are anything but "white

¹ We scarcely seem to realise that four hundred years ago this terrible scourge was so common in our British Isles that upwards of six hundred hospitals for lepers were scattered over the land, from the southern coast to the far north. We have records of upwards of a hundred of these which were well endowed and tended by the Knights of St. Lazarus, an order of knighthood specially instituted for this service. But in addition to the great lazarehouses, it was enacted by the Parliament held at Perth in A.D. 1427, that every burgh in the kingdom of Scotland must have one of its own. In France, A.D. 1226, Louis VIII. promulgated special laws for the regulation of two thousand leper hospitals in his kingdom!—a number which subsequently increased.

Like these miserable lepers of Canton, those of Britain were in A.D. 1283

as snow," for the skin becomes covered with burning red blotches, and sometimes a few hard blue spots indicate the mischief which is brewing within. Gradually the smooth skin becomes bloated and shining, the eyes are bloodshot, the features distorted, the voice becomes rough and rasping. Then comes the last awful stage when the fell disease eats away flesh and bones, and one by one fingers and toes, nose, hands, and feet drop off, and the miserable leper literally dies piecemeal—revolting to himself and to all around him. This stage may be reached in quite early youth—and young girls are sometimes seen who have lost both hands and feet!

For this awful disease no cure is known,¹ only there is a ghastly superstition that a draught of warm human blood is beneficial. Hence some terrible murders have been committed by Chinese lepers—a matter which acquires interest from the fact that even in Scotland a kindred superstition found place. "It ought to be known," said old Michael Scott, the Fifeshire wizard, "that the blood of dogs and of infants two years old and under, when diffused through a bath of heated water, dispels the leprosy without a doubt!"

(If only these Chinese lepers would be satisfied with the blood of female babies, they would have no reason to complain of the supply, for so many poor little girls in all ranks

forbidden to enter "within the portes of the burgh," but it was ordered that refuges should be provided for them outside the gates. Nevertheless (like these in the wilderness of tombs) they continued to haunt the "kirk-yairdis," there in misery and nakedness to implore alms from all who came to worship. Hence, in 1528, the sub-Dean of Glasgow ordered that twelve pennies should be distributed on the anniversary of his death to the lepers who should appear in the churchyard of the Lady College to say orisons for his soul.

¹ The Hawaiians believe that some cures have been effected at their Leper Settlement on the island of Molokai. See "Fire-Fountains of Hawaii," by C. F. Gordon Cumming. Blackwood & Sons.

are here put to death by their own mothers, with the full sanction of public opinion, that occasionally thoughtful men of the literary classes endeavour to stir up some feeling on the subject. One of their efforts took the form of pasting up illustrated placards, with representations of a cruel mother calling her slave to prepare a wine-bath in which to drown the baby. Then comes a picture of the mother herself in the act of drowning the child. This is followed by successive pictures of her condemnation after death, concluding with a gruesome picture of a terrible baby-headed serpent, about to devour the ruthless mother.)

In Britain, rigid laws regarding the separation of the sexes marked the care taken to prevent the hereditary transmission of leprosy. Thus from an account of the old manners of the Scotch in the fifteenth century, we learn that if a woman who was a leper should by chance be found to be with child, "*both scho and hir barne war buryit quick*" (that is to say, she and her child were buried alive), a rough-and-ready mode of stamping out disease, to have been practised by our own ancestors!

Here there is no such precaution, for though lepers in this Province are banished from all contact with other folk, there is no attempt to check their intermarriage one with another, so that miserable offspring are born to this heritage of unutterable lifelong woe, which sometimes reveals itself most distressingly, even in little children; and Chinese superstition carries its curse beyond the grave, for it is believed that he who has been a leper on earth must continue such in Hades, where he wanders a loathed outcast. As the lepers of Canton are estimated at upwards of three thousand, and there is only accommodation for about five hundred in this village-asylum in the banyan grove, others

are provided for in various places. A certain number are housed in neat huts erected by some benevolent soul on one of the hills near the City of the Dead.

Others betake them to the rivers, and take up their quarters in leper-boats, and so are nominally stationed at one of the leper anchorages. Nevertheless, in order to collect alms, these leper-boats start in large parties, one man in each boat, and row about as lusty beggars who will not be refused. They have so few possibilities of earning a livelihood that we need scarcely marvel that some of their methods are horrible. One is to start in pursuit of floating corpses, not only for the sake of reward from relatives who may be anxious to recover the body, but also for the sake of such clothes or other property as they may be able to annex.

I suppose that the geomancers must have discovered that to-day was not likely to prove lucky for funerals, for we saw neither funerals nor lepers as we crossed the vast cemetery of undulating ground marked by so many thousand horse-shoe-shaped graves, varying in size and material, and such an incalculable multitude of nameless mounds.

From the Green Isle of Shameen to the upper monastery on the White Cloud Mountains, is considered a three hours' expedition in chairs. We abandoned ours when we reached the base of the mountains, and walked up a pretty ravine overshadowed by graceful bamboos, and presently came to a picturesque double-roofed temple, to which is attached a Buddhist monastery. Still ascending the ravine, we came to a second monastery. Of these there are thirteen, scattered over the sides of these hills, each most happily placed, proving their founders to have had a good eye for a site. The monks are very friendly to foreigners, and at certain

monasteries rooms are placed at the disposal of such as come here from Canton for the day. Even one day in such clear exhilarating air is a delightful change, and the bright sunshine and cloudless blue sky are a joy in themselves.

We walked almost to the summit of the ridge, part of the ascent being by very steep stone steps. The view looking back over the plain is vast and very fine. There is the near view of the wonderful unlimited burial-ground—some hills literally crowded with horseshoe graves, while others, doubtless pronounced unlucky sites, are well-nigh deserted. Beyond these lies the great walled city, with its tall pagodas, and then the winding river with all its tributary creeks and canals.

When we came down from our high level, we found an excellent picnic-luncheon awaiting us in a neat guest-room at one of the monasteries, after which we started on our return trip.

On reaching the city we halted at the Tain-gak-miu, a very fine triple temple, shrine within shrine. It is adorned with much fine carving and gilding, and well-sculptured idols, and many images of divers sorts, including a stately goddess whose shrine is literally buried in the heaps of little wee shoes presented by ladies as votive offerings. The great hanging lamps were being lighted, and a few devout worshippers were burning "joss-paper" at a handsome brazier. Altogether the whole scene was very striking.

Thence we came out into the dark crowded streets, and noted how every house had lighted two little red tapers and some incense-sticks before a little niche at the side of the door containing a tablet to the honour of the Earth God.

Many were burning paper money as an offering to hungry spirits, and firing red crackers to frighten away all devils. Then we passed through brilliantly illuminated streets of shops, more crowded than ever by reason of many street stalls, preparing for to-morrow's great night fair—the Chinese New Year's Eve.

CHAPTER IV.

CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Old Style—Preparations for New Year—The Midnight Fair—My China Lions—Offerings and Worship at the New Year—Toy Market for Children—Feast of Lanterns—The Ladies' Festival.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, Jan. 22d.

THE great festival is now fairly ushered in, and certainly there has been noise enough to secure a very lucky year, if noise will do it!

It does seem so strange to write New Year's Day against the 22d January, though the fact of so many old folk and old customs in Scotland, still dating from "Old Style," and keeping their New Year festival on January 12th, might make it seem less odd to me than to some people. Here the Chinese reckon a year by twelve lunar months, inserting an extra month into every fourth year, to square the calendar. Consequently New Year's Day is a very movable feast, varying from this 22d January to February 20th. The date is regulated by that of the new moon nearest to the day when the sun has reached the 15° of Aquarius,

The festival is kept up for about a fortnight, during which there is much play and little work. In fact, all who

can afford it devote a whole month to feasting and recreation and theatrical exhibitions. Public and private business are alike set aside as far as possible, and relaxation from all cares is the one thing aimed at.

The Seal of Office belonging to every mandarin is formally sealed up on the 20th day of the twelfth month, and so remains for one month, a few blank sheets having been stamped ready for use in case of any sudden emergency, and marked with four characters in red ink, to prove that they actually were stamped before the festive day, when the seal was laid by, a day which is always observed with much feasting and rejoicing. In short, it is the beginning of the holidays.

Every house and temple in the city has undergone a regular house-cleaning; floors have been scoured, walls washed, and it is considered an especially lucky omen to sweep the house with a broom made of bamboo shoots. In rich men's houses carpets are laid down; the beautiful black-wood furniture is covered with crimson embroidered cloth; gorgeous gold and artificial flower ornaments, banners, scrolls, charmed words and characters, are hung up in the reception-rooms, which are also decorated with fragrant plants.

Last night all people, of whatsoever social degree, presented offerings and gave thanks at their domestic and ancestral altars for care vouchsafed during the year; joss-sticks were burnt, lamps and candles were kept burning brightly, and offerings laid before the shrines; gongs were beaten, and an incessant discharge of fire-crackers kept up. These consist of red tubes containing gunpowder, resembling miniature cartridges, and fastened together in rows, which, being thrown on the ground, go off with a sharp report; or if one is fired, all the others go off in rapid succession, making

much noise but little show. Being let off at intervals before every door to frighten away bad spirits, they produce an almost incessant and deafening noise, and fill the air with smoke and smell of gunpowder. If only the evil spirits have ears they must surely suffer as much as we, the unsympathetic white "barbarians," and flee anywhere to get beyond its reach!

Yesterday all who could afford it had a great family banquet, prolonged for many hours (the multitude of small dishes and wearisome succession of courses forming the great feature at a Chinese feast). Just before midnight fresh offerings are laid before the ancestral tablets, bonfires are lighted, presents made to servants and children, and those who possess new clothes put them on. All endeavour, at least, to have clean clothes for this occasion.

To foreigners the interest of the New Year festival begins and ends on its eve, when the streets are thronged with people all buying and selling, every one hoping to profit by his neighbour's necessities to drive hard bargains even in the purchase of flowers for the domestic altar! The street known as Curio Street is lined from end to end with a double row of street stalls, where much trash, and occasionally some good things, are offered for sale.

Having spent the greater part of the day in wandering about the city, to see as much as possible of the Celestial manners and customs, we returned at night to see the great fair. Of course there was a dense crowd, but by distributing our party in couples, we got through it very well. I had the good fortune to be pioneered by a son of Dr Chalmers, whose perfect knowledge of the language proved of considerable advantage, as we wandered through the strange lantern-lighted streets, where the gorgeous sign-

posts are made more attractive by decorations of scarlet cloth and gold flowers. We wandered about for a couple of hours, in and out of temples and gardens and strange little shops, buying all manner of odd treasures, which we stored in a basket which we had been recommended to bring for this purpose, as of course on such a night the purchaser must himself carry away his goods.

The really attractive objects, however, proved fewer than I had expected; and as the evening wore on, I expressed some regret that I had not secured two delightfully odd white china lions, which we had noted at a distant stall. My companion most nobly volunteered to go back and get them, but as I did not wish to face the crowd again, he asked a Chinaman to let me wait a few minutes in his shop, but this he positively refused from the fear of attracting a crowd, under cover of which his shop might be robbed. He then asked several others if they would at least keep our somewhat weighty basket of odd purchases, while we both returned. Even this was refused, on the ground of not venturing to risk robbery. So we had to crush on for fully half a mile, till we neared the foreign settlement, and reached a shop with which Europeans habitually deal.

There I was allowed to wait, but we had now left the coveted lions so far behind that it was a good half-hour ere Mr Chalmers rejoined me, having fortunately found them still "to the fore." Meanwhile I had at least gained a new experience, as I sat there alone, with a crowd of Chinese shop-keepers who were sitting there waiting for midnight, and evidently having an angry discussion over the settlement of their New-Year's Eve accounts.

We got home just before midnight, but even from the quiet of the Shameen we could hear the roar of fire-crackers

from the river and the city, and it continued for some hours. Indeed, there can be little time for rest, for long before dawn, worship must be offered to the Gods of Earth and Heaven, and sacrifices prepared, which are laid on a temporary altar in an outer room. These consist generally of five or ten small cups of tea, the same of wine, also of divers vegetables, a bowl of rice with ten pairs of chop-sticks, an almanack of the New Year tied with red string for luck, two or more ornamental red candles, and a pile of loose-skinned mandarin oranges, which, from their name (Kek, meaning also "auspicious"), are considered a lucky emblem, and, as such, are given to all visitors.

After a salvo of noisy crackers to frighten evil spirits, the head of the household adores Heaven and Earth in the name of the assembled family, giving thanks for past protection, and craving blessings for the coming year. This act of adoration is followed by another *feu de joie* and the burning of much joss-paper and mock paper money.

Worship must next be rendered to the Domestic Gods. Another set of offerings must be prepared; small cups of tea and wine, tiny bowls of rice and vegetables, lighted candles and incense, burning of mock money. No animal food is offered on this day, and many families abstain from eating it, from reverence to the Spirits of Heaven and Earth.

The Deceased Ancestors of the family are then worshipped, and a third set of offerings, similar to those already given to the gods, must be laid before the ancestral tablets, which are generally kept in an inner room.

Much feasting ensues, and then a round of full-dress visits must be paid; richly-dressed mandarins and ladies are carried along in their closely-shut sedan-chairs, and friends on meeting stand still and bow repeatedly, while

affectionately shaking their *own* clenched fists. Sometimes sugar-canes are fastened on to a lady's chair as a symbol of goodwill to the friend she visits. As the gift is purely ceremonial, the sugar-cane is rarely detached, so it does for all her friends, and combines economy with courtesy! The visits are most ceremonious, involving reverential homage to all elders and superiors, from juniors and inferiors.

Relatives of a family coming to call are led to the domestic altar, where they worship the ancestral tablets. Then sweet-meats and cakes are handed round, and tea, with either an olive or an almond in each cup, for luck. Copper cash are strung on red twine to give away on New Year's morning, a red silk thread is plaited in the children's hair, and small packets of cash or of melon seeds are tied up in red paper to give to friends. Presents of eatables are sent to friends; baskets of the lucky loose-skinned orange, and cakes of cocoa-nut, small seeds, and sugar fried in oil, made up into brown balls. These were given to us at the house of a wealthy noble, whose very kindly wife and daughters, seeing that we thought them nice, not only insisted on filling our mouths with very large pieces, but sent a large basketful home with us. We saw innumerable roast pigs and fowls being carried along the streets, either as gifts to the living or offerings to the dead, or to the gods.

About noon we went for a walk through the streets, usually so busy, but they seemed as if under a spell, all asleep. After the noise and hubbub of last night, this stillness was the more remarkable—it almost seemed as if my memories of the bewildering throngs in the midnight fair had all been a strange dream! Almost every shop was shut, for it is considered an unlucky omen to buy or sell on the New Year, and poor indeed must be the man who will do

so. Certainly we did see some very respectable clothes-shops open, and others selling sweetmeats and other food ; still these are very exceptional, and most shops remain closed for several days. Indeed the longer they can afford to do so the more highly are they esteemed by their neighbours, for this is a sure proof of prosperity.

The deserted streets are all red with the remains of the paper fire-crackers let off last night ; and as to certain temples we visited, their floors are literally strewn ankle-deep with the relics of the midnight battle fought with the devils ! We went in and out of various fine buildings to see their decorations. One large establishment is a sort of dispensary for giving medical advice gratis to the poor—such funny medical advice ! Its rooms are separated by very handsome open-work wood-carving. A little further we came to a merchant's guild, and found its grand hall so decorated as to resemble a temple—with images and a temporary altar covered with imitation fruit and little parcels of cash tied up in red paper as luck-pennies. The altar was decorated with huge bunches of gold flowers, and beside it stood a splendid state umbrella of crimson satin embroidered in gold. In short, everything suggested festivity ; but as to the human beings, they were apparently all asleep after the fatigues of night and morning.

This afternoon we strolled as far as the Bund, but even the boating population seemed to be all sleeping, and no wonder !

Jan. 24th.

This is my last day in this most quaintly fascinating city. I have been for a farewell look at some of its most remarkable temples, and most characteristic streets. Especially we have visited the great sight of the day—namely, the

New Year Toy Market for Children, gay with images floating on silver clouds, paper and gold flowers, and all manner of cheap playthings—a perfect paradise for the little ones, who mustered strong in their gayest clothes. The tiny ones look so funny with their odd little embryo plaits, sticking out like small horns on either side of the head.

There are also markets in the open street for the sale of paper lanterns of every conceivable form; flowers and fruits, butterflies and dragon-flies, birds, fishes, and animals, dragons, pigs, horses, crabs, monstrous human heads, &c. One very pretty form is that of five butterflies so arranged as to form a square lamp. In some, quaint processions of figures are made to move round and round by the action of heated air.

This feast of lanterns continues for a fortnight. Parents who have been blessed with offspring in the past year, buy lamps and present them as thank-offerings at the neighbouring temples. Those who crave additions to their family also buy lanterns, to which they attach their names. They present them to one of the temples, where they are lighted from the sacred fire of the altar-lamps and suspended for some days, after which they are sent back to the house of the suppliant, to be suspended before his domestic shrine, above which are placed small waxen images of the gods of rank, happiness, and long life.

There are at this time all manner of processions in the streets at night, when men and women are dressed to represent characters in ancient Chinese stories; sometimes a monstrous dragon is represented, but he more resembles a centipede, the legs of the men who move him being plainly visible! These, with torch and lantern-bearers to swell the show, are among the amusements of the evening, which

must really be exceedingly attractive, as the narrow streets are all illuminated with gay lamps suspended from beams which go right across from roof to roof, and are decorated with draperies of bright-coloured stuffs, hung in festoons.

On some of these festivals there are very remarkable fireworks, in which dragons are shown vomiting flames, rockets burst to descend in a shower of pagodas, amid wondrous coruscations of gold and silver fire—in short, the scenic effects are said to be as varied as they are effective.

But I might linger here for months without exhausting the interests of this strange city, and now I must devote a few days to the old Portuguese settlement of Macao.¹

¹ Macao, with its old-world religious life, was to me most fascinating. Like some old English cathedral towns, it is suggestive of a still back-water on life's rushing river. But space is limited—China is a vast subject, and Macao is so essentially un-Chinese, that I have decided to omit the letters referring to it.



CITY OF VICTORIA, HONG-KONG.
FROM THE NORTH FORT.

CHAPTER V.

FROM HONG-KONG TO AMOY.

Bishop Burdon—Pioneer Work in Hang-Chow and Peking—Meeting in Far Countries—Hong-Kong Races—Grand Stands and Mortuary Chapels—Fire-Alarm—Swatow and Kak Chio—Amoy and Kulang-su—Boulder-covered Hills—The Citadel—On the Walls—Artificial Flowers—Bamboo Oysters—Oyster-shell Windows—The Thousand-headed Goddess—Green Beetles.

ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE, HONG-KONG
Sunday, 9th.

I HAVE been back in Hong-Kong for ten days, and am more and more impressed with its beauty and general fascination. I can scarcely imagine the possibility of finding pleasanter winter-quarters, or a more charming general society.

From Macao I returned to the same kind friends from whose delightful home I had started, and a week slipped quickly by, the days devoted to sketching expeditions, alone or with congenial companions, and the evenings bringing their various phases of pleasant social life, all of which gain an additional charm from the beauty of the moonlight or starlight, as seen from our chairs (mine at any rate, being always uncovered).

Now I am on a visit to the Bishop and Mrs Burdon, a little lower down the same glen ; another pleasant home, and

a glimpse of another phase of the working life of the city. And such glimpses have the charm of being by no means confined to any one section of Christians, for the hospitality of this house is large-hearted, and is extended to the workers of other denominations. At the present moment one of the Bishop's guests is Dr Graves of the Baptist Medical Mission at Canton, who came thence in order to baptize eight converts—adult Chinamen—a ceremony which took place at 5 A.M. this morning, by immersion in the sea.

There are few men in China who have been engaged in mission-work longer than Bishop Burdon, and probably none whose field of work has been so varied. He joined the Shanghai Mission in 1853, and six years later he started as a pioneer to see whether there was any possibility of commencing a mission at Hang-chow. For two months he lived in a boat outside the city, making daily visits within the wall to feel his way. Then Mr Nevius of the American Presbyterian Mission joined him, and both succeeded in renting small rooms at a Buddhist monastery on one of the hills within the city.

Just then, the news of the repulse of the British fleet off the Taku Forts led to such excitement, that it became necessary for the pioneers to retire, and seven years elapsed ere it became possible for Mr Burdon to return thither. In 1861 he again started as a pioneer, and established himself in the great city of Shaou-hing, a hundred miles to the west of Ningpo, assisted only by one of the Ningpo catechists, but with no foreign companionship save an occasional visit from Mr Fleming, a brother missionary. From this advance post he was, at the end of nine months, fairly driven back by the advance of the Tai-ping insurgents, and rejoining the

mission at Ningpo, shared with his brethren there in all the anxieties of that terrible time.

In the early spring of the following year (1862) he accompanied Bishop Smith to Peking to judge whether it would be possible for the Church Mission Society to commence work in the northern capital, where Dr Lockhart of the London Mission had been the first to enter and commence medical mission work. From that beginning dates the commencement of the work of these two societies in Peking.¹

From the far north, Mr Burdon was called to be the Bishop of Southern China, and now his anxiety is to commence a medical mission at Pakhoi, the south-westernmost port opened to foreign commerce. He says that at present, in this great province of Kwang-tung, which is double the size of England and has a population of nineteen millions, there are only two ordained missionaries of the Episcopal Church—one at Canton and the other at Hong-Kong—and that the western half of this province has not a single Protestant missionary, although Canton, the capital of the province, has been commercially connected with England longer than any part of China.

Saturday, 15th.

The Bishop sails to-night for Foo-Chow, accompanied by Mr Barry, a clerical friend from Calcutta. Mrs Burdon had at first intended to go with them, and had kindly invited me to join the party, saying that the boat expedition up the Min river is one of the loveliest things in all China. But

¹ The Church Mission Society continued to work in Peking till 1880, when the appointment of Bishop Scott of the S. P. G. to the Bishopric of North China, and his residence at Che-foo, suggested the wisdom of resigning that field to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

as she was not prepared for such a sudden start, it is now decided that she and I are to follow a few days later.

I am glad of the delay, as Mrs Coxon, a friend of olden days, wishes me to stay with her for the races next week, which are *the* great event of the Hong-Kong year, so that it really would be a pity to miss seeing them. They last three days, and the racehorses are all Chinese ponies, ridden by gentlemen.

Wednesday, 19th Feb.

Hong-Kong certainly has good reason to appreciate its own race-course, for a prettier scene could not possibly be imagined. This is the evening of the third day. Mrs Coxon being one of the very few people here who cares for the exertion of driving a pony instead of being carried by men, drove me out cheerily early each morning in her little pony-carriage, which, I think, was the only wheeled vehicle in that vast assemblage. Every one else went in chairs, borne by two, three, or four men, as the case might be (Chinese law does not allow a Chinaman to have more than two bearers, unless he holds certain official rank, but foreigners generally think it necessary to have their chair with full complement of bearers, if they have occasion to go a hundred yards !)

Each morning the whole two miles to the race-course was one densely-packed crowd of human beings, one half of the road being absorbed by a double row of chairs and Chinese bearers, and the other half crowded with Chinamen, soldiers, sailors, native police, &c., all pouring along, intent on this grand ploy—such a quaint-looking throng, yet all so perfectly orderly, they might be going to church or coming from it ; and yet these Chinamen, with their impassive faces, are the most inveterate gamblers, and many a

heavy stake has been lost and won in these three days. That two-mile-long procession of chairs in double file was a sight in itself. The road is in itself a very pretty one; even the streets being partly overshadowed by large trees, and then the way lies along the bright blue sea. Indeed, blue is the predominant colour everywhere, for by far the greater part of the crowd are dressed in blue, indigo-dye being so cheap, and large blue cotton umbrellas find great favour with the Chinamen of this foreign colony.

The race-course itself is admirably situated, being a dead level embosomed in wooded hills, with a broad stream flowing to the blue sea, and the distant hills of the mainland seen through a gap. On either side of the Grand Stand are built a series of large, comfortable, thatched stands, which are the permanent property of the governor, the stewards of the races, and the different great mercantile houses, combining a luxurious dining-room on the ground-floor with a comfortable open drawing-room upstairs, furnished with any number of arm-chairs. The finest stand of all, with flat-terraced roof, is the property of the Parsees. The programme is, that each morning, "society" meets in the Grand Stand, and there remains till the pause allowed for luncheon, when all disperse to the various great luncheon-parties in the private stands, and then spend the afternoon in the drawing-rooms aforesaid, where there is an abundant supply of coffee and ices.

I followed out this pleasant programme for two days, and was vastly amused, but this morning I determined to devote the day to sketching the scene, so I resolutely forsook the many kind friends, and went off by myself to a hill in the "Happy Valley," the peaceful cemetery for all nations and sects, whence I could overlook the whole scene; and truly it

was a pretty sight, with the amazing crowd of Europeans and Chinamen seeming no bigger than ants—blue ants—and such a swarm of them!

From this high post I saw the races to perfection, and especially enjoyed the excellent music of the 74th band and of their seven pipers, headed by Mackinnon, a Speyside man. The music gained vastly as it floated up to me, every note clear, instead of the ear being distracted by all the jarring sounds of the race-course. (Apart from these, what a strange and aggravating phase of "entertainment" it is that so continually provides excellent music, and yet deems it necessary to add thereto the strain of conversation!) So this morning I had full enjoyment of "The Pibroch o' Donald Dhu," "Tullochgorum," and ever so many more beloved old melodies, which were echoed by the hills around, and floated away through fir woods which might have clothed a Scotch hill-side. I never heard anything sound better than a bugle piece by Mackinnon's son, its notes just mellowed by distance.

But, truly, looking down from this point, it is a strange combination to see the semicircle of cemeteries and mortuary chapels, just enfolding the race-course, and, as it were, repeating the semicircle formed by the Grand Stands!

Two days ago I chanced to wander into this silent God's Acre, just in time to witness a most lonely funeral. It was that of a European who had died unknown at the hospital. Four Chinese coolies carried his coffin, and the only other persons present were the parson and the sexton, neither of whom had known the poor fellow in life. It was the funeral of "somebody's darling," but not one mourner was near.

To-morrow night there is to be the usual great race ball, but ere then I expect to be far away at sea, as I embark for Foo-Chow early in the morning.

ON BOARD THE S.S. "NAMOA,"

Feb. 20th.

At 2 P.M. this morning we were aroused by the wild clanging of the fire-alarm—a sound which I have happily not heard since the first night of my arrival, when it impressed itself so awfully on our senses. Strange that my first and last night in Hong-Kong should be marked by such haunting memories! The house stands so high that it commands a wide view of the town, and looking out, we saw the flames rising from a point near the naval yard. Fortunately it did not turn out to be very serious, but Mr Coxon had to start instantly to join the fire-brigade (of which I think he is captain). Curiously enough he was introduced to me, sitting on his fire-engine, the morning of that awful Christmas night, and this morning he came straight from his engine to the steamer to say good-bye!

Various other friends also came to speed their parting guest, for in the East the world is early astir, and wondrously warm-hearted. So my last memories of Hong-Kong were as pleasant as all the rest, and it was with true regret that I looked my last on that beautiful scene, bathed in soft morning light.

ON BOARD THE "NAMOA,"

Feb. 21st.

We reached Swatow early this morning. It is a large trading town on a dull mud-flat—truly a most uninteresting spot, but one of great commercial importance on account of the excellence of its harbour, on which account it is the port for the eastern half of the province of Kwang-tung. It also derives much importance from its great fishing interests. Both sea and river yield vast harvests to the fishermen, and the flat mud shores are all alive with cockles, oysters, and all manner of shell-fish.

This being one of the treaty ports, a special district is assigned to foreigners as a foreign settlement, and this happily is on a high rocky island, lying at some little distance from the muddy peninsula on which stands the native city. The general outline of Kak Chio, as the isle is called, rather reminds me of the mountains at Aden ; the coast is bleak and sun-scorched, studded with huge madder-coloured boulders and rock-masses ; and I can well believe how pitilessly the sun blazes on these parched yellow hills during the long summer months.

Just now, however, the island is comparatively green ; the pleasant homes of the European residents each have their garden, and there are clumps of feathery bamboo in every ravine, and patches of firwood scattered all over the hills, as if to contrast with the dark-red borders ; and here and there a patch of vivid green shows where diligent husbandmen have laid out a whole series of terraced rice-fields.

Now we are approaching the Fuh-kien Province, fully expecting to find ourselves at Amoy at daybreak.

Feb. 23d.

Which expectations were realised, and we straightway went ashore, to make the most of one long day—for the very first glimpse of the place filled me with regret that I had not known beforehand how much of beauty and of interest are here to be seen. It is a delightfully picturesque city, lying in very irregular streets all along the boulder-strewn shores of the high rocky island, with considerable intermixture of foliage, and a harbour alive with quaint junks.

Here, as at Swatow, the foreign residences are all on an island, just separated from the city by a narrow strait, which men must cross whenever their business calls them to the

city. I think this island of Ku-lang-su is as attractive as the city itself. Its large luxurious foreign houses are scattered in the most tasteful manner among the great rocks and foliage.

In the most beautifully situated of all, breakfast awaited us, and thanks to the very thoughtful arrangements of two sets of friends, I was enabled to see a very great deal with the greatest possible economy of time. Having rapidly secured a general sketch of the town from the foreign settlement, our friends took me across to visit a Buddhist monastery, which is perched among the great madder-coloured boulders which have fallen so as to make covered caves.

On landing I found a chair and bearers all ready to carry me up the steep paths. We passed by some picturesque old junks which lay stranded on the shore, some interesting graves and very fine old trees, and quaint shrines and temples, some of which are built in the boulder caves. In these also are stone seats and tables all ready for China-men's picnics. In one huge projecting rock there is a strange cleft known as the Tiger's Mouth. Round it is constructed a stone gallery, which gives the appearance of teeth. In this strange resting-place we sat and watched a funeral procession winding up the steep path below—the mourners dressed, some in white, and some in sackcloth. As the procession approached the hill it looked very gay, with a rich crimson pall covering the coffin, and a small square pall covering the tablet of the dead. But at the foot of the hill the party halted, and removing these gay superfluities,¹ bore only the solid wooden coffin up the steep path to some lucky spot on the hill.

¹ Probably to deceive importunate beggars. See page 93.

Nowhere have I ever seen such innumerable and gigantic boulders as are here strewn broadcast all over the hills. As far as the eye can reach, these ranges of parched barren dust are all alike studded with these huge dark rocks, which seem as if they could only have dropped from the clouds. Here and there, however, they crop up as the backbone of the hills, and the town itself is divided by a rocky ridge crested with fortifications and cannon, which command the estuary, where lie so many trading vessels, for Amoy having long been one of the open ports, is the centre of a large foreign trade, and is moreover the principal point of communication with the island of Formosa.

It is a vast busy crowded city, with a population reckoned at a hundred thousand, an estimate which is capable of large increase if it be made to include the surrounding country, for it seems that Amoy is not only a city, but an island, about ten miles in diameter, whereon about a hundred villages and townlets contrive to exist. Hence it has been a great centre for mission work, as would appear from the fact that thirty years ago there were only twenty Christian converts connected with the Amoy missions, whereas now there are upwards of three thousand communicants in connection with three of the missions, and doubtless the other churches have adherents in proportion.¹

We wandered for some time among the boulder-caves and shrines, and ruinous but picturesque graves, here and there finding some overshadowed by wide-spreading trees, or guarded by stately aloes, which seem to flourish in this soil of decomposing granite.

Then we turned to the old city and walked for some

¹ These three are the London Mission, 883; the English Presbyterian, 685; American Methodist-Episcopal, 1669.

distance on its walls, whence we had an excellent view looking down into the town. The walls are much smaller than those of Canton. I saw no tall pagodas, nor great square keeps, such as those which in Canton and Macao look so important, though they are only pawn-shops!

We went to the citadel and there saw a considerable body of Chinese soldiers, delightfully quaint to look upon, and suggestive of pantomimes and burlesques, but not very alarming in war, I should imagine! Some were armed with spears, some with bows and arrows, many apparently carried only a little ornamental banner on a tall flag-staff. The most dangerous-looking warriors were armed with rifles of preternatural length, very much taller than themselves, while others had old flint-lock guns, suggestive of mediæval Europe.

Then we wandered through endless crowded dirty streets and markets, which are an ever-new source of bewilderment and delight to me. One of the special industries of Amoy is the manufacture of artificial flowers for the adornment of ladies' heads—not realistic flowers such as find favour with us, but very pretty fanciful objects in silk crape. Here, too, artificial flowers are made specially as offerings to the Imperial dead. Strange to say, the simple custom of scattering flowers on graves is here a royal monopoly. Commoners may decorate the tombs of their dead with ornaments of white and red paper, but none, except they be of the blood-royal, dare to use flowers, and artificial flowers are preferred to natural ones.

Passing through the busy streets, I observed that all the food-shops were diligently preparing red cakes, which we were told were "spring cakes," and huge white wafer-cakes, to be offered to the sun. These are made by dabbing a mass of paste on to a hot iron plate, to which enough adheres

to form one thin scone, which can be lifted in about four seconds.

My attention was specially called to the stalls of the fishmongers, who not only have river and sea fish, salt and fresh, in great abundance, but an excellent store of bamboo oysters; and if you wonder what they are, perhaps I may as well explain that artificial oyster-culture is largely practised on this coast, and a bamboo oyster-field is prepared far more carefully than a Kentish hop-garden.

Holes are bored in old oyster-shells, and these are stuck into and on to pieces of split bamboo, about two feet in length, which are then planted quite close together, on mud-flats between high and low water mark, but subject to strong tidal currents. This is supposed to bring the oyster spat, which adheres to the old shells and shortly develops into tiny oysters. Then the bamboos are transplanted, and set some inches apart, and within six months of the first planting they are found to be covered with well-grown oysters, which are then collected for the market. Cockles are likewise in great request, and I am told that they are also artificially cultivated on the muddy flats at the mouths of certain rivers.

The oyster shells are turned to very good account, being scraped down till they are as thin as average glass, when they are neatly fitted together so as to form ornamental windows, such as we see in the inner courts of wealthy homes.¹

¹ We, who have been all our lives accustomed to the luxury of large glass windows, wonder that the inventive Chinaman should so long have been content with the dim light that reaches him through carved wooden lattice-work, or, at best, through tiny panes of opaque oyster shells. Yet scarcely three centuries have elapsed since glass windows were in Britain deemed so precious as to be reserved for churches, and rarely found a place even in the homes of

Of course we went into various temples, in one of which I was struck by an image of Kwan-yin, the thousand-armed Goddess of Mercy, in which this attribute is depicted by the fact that the golden halo within which she stands, is formed of a thousand golden hands.

It was really tantalising not to be able to explore further, but as time and steamers wait for no man, I had to console myself with carrying off a prize of exquisite large green beetles as a memento of so interesting a city.

the wealthy. When they did so, they were carefully removed whenever the family was absent, and were laid up in store till their return ! But ordinary dwelling-houses were provided with windows of lattice-work, either made of wicker or of fine rifts of oak set check-wise ; while delicate persons, who feared draughts, indulged in the luxury of panels of horn, set in wooden frames.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE MIN RIVER.

Amoy to Foo-Chow—Pagoda Anchorage—Isle of Nantai—Foo-Chow—
Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages—Start on a Cruise—Life in a House-
boat—Ruined Bridge at Kung-Kow—Orange Groves—On the
Yuen-foo River—The Monastery in the Cave—Use of Opera-
glasses—Hot Springs—Magpies—Chinaman's Sing-Song—Ladies
in a Chinese Country-house—The Yuen-ku River—The Island
Joss-house—Cormorant-Fishing—Fishing with Otters—Cormo-
rants in England.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
ON THE GREEN ISLE OF NANTAI, FOO-CHOW.

I LEFT Amoy with extreme regret that, in total ignorance of its many points of beauty and interest, I had not arranged to make it a halting-point, and thence visit the beautiful isle of Formosa, which is only six hours distant, and all plain-sailing. I had not realised that the latter was so near, or the expedition so easy; and so, though I was most hospitably invited to stay some time at Amoy, my presence of mind was not equal to so sudden an alteration of the route sketched out for me. I try to console myself by thinking that one really *cannot* see everything! and, indeed, the beauty of this district is most satisfying.

We had a very lovely passage through the Hatan Straits,

threading our course between numerous rocky islets and great lumbering junks, which sorely try the patience of civilised ships, by invariably steering just the way they should not!

Then we entered the Min River, and had a beautiful twenty-four miles sail from the sea to the point known as "The Anchorage," passing between picturesque islands and fine crags, with a background of mountains towering to a height of about 4000 feet (the sacred Mount Kushan is 3900 feet), and to-night all were flushed with the rosy light of a lovely sunset.

After threading one last narrow channel, we arrived at the celebrated Pagoda island, above which lies a fertile valley about ten miles broad, through which the stream flows more sluggishly among sandy shallows. Therefore all vessels of serious tonnage must lie at the Anchorage, about twelve miles below the city—a distance which, from accidents of wind and tide, often proves a serious inconvenience to the little colony of foreign residents who are here established, consisting chiefly of families in some way connected with the Arsenal or the Naval Training College. Certainly the pleasures of social life are dearly bought when they involve such weary hours of night travel by chair and boat, and it is not always possible to make arrangements for sleeping in Foo-Chow, or rather on Nantai, which is the island suburb on which foreigners are allowed to live.

A steam-launch had been sent to meet us at the Anchorage, so we were happily independent of capricious breezes, and a couple of hours brought us to Nantai, where the Bishop was waiting to receive Mrs Burdon, and for me there was a note of kindest welcome from Mrs Delano, wife of the American Consul, who had sent her own chair to

bring me to the U.S. Consulate, where I am now most comfortably established.

Thursday, 27th Feb.

Nowhere in all the East have I found a pleasanter and more genial community than on this green isle, where English and Scotch, German and American residents combine to form such a kindly cheery society. What with pleasant visits by day, and dinner-parties and private theatricals in the evenings, I think I must already have made acquaintance with a very large portion of the community, mercantile, diplomatic, and missionary.

I have not yet been into Foo-Chow itself, the "happy city," as there is much of purely Chinese interest to be seen on this isle, and the city lies on the mainland, on the left bank of the river. The two are connected by a wonderful bridge, rejoicing in the name of Wan-show-Keaou, "the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages." It is about a third of a mile in length, a distance only divided by one small islet, on which are clustered picturesque houses. The bridge consists of a solid roadway fourteen feet wide of enormous slabs of gray granite, some of which are forty-five feet in length! and three feet square. They rest on a series of forty-nine ponderous piers, shaped like a wedge at either end. These also are built of huge granite blocks, which fill one with amazement as to how they could possibly have been hewn and transported here from some far-distant mountain quarry. Forty piers support the main bridge between the mainland and the islet. The other nine connect the islet with Nantai. Already this massive bridge has resisted the rushing timber-laden floods of nine hundred years, and still it stands firm as of yore—no sign of any weak point in that wonderful structure, unless I must note,

as such, the growth of several picturesque self-sown trees which have been suffered to take root on the buttresses.

A high stone parapet on either side protects the crowds who are for ever crossing and re-crossing this venerable bridge. As if its natural traffic were not sufficient, a number of street stalls are daily established on one side, for the sale of curious pipe-bowls, cakes, and cheap objects of various sorts. Sometimes a more ghastly object is here exhibited, namely, the head of some decapitated criminal; and, not long ago, a wretched thief, having been condemned to die of starvation as a mild sort of punishment for stealing part of a head-dress belonging to the wife of a wealthy mandarin, was here exposed in an upright cage with only his head protruding, and so nicely calculated as to height that he literally hung by his head, only his toes touching the ground. On his cage was fastened a paper recounting his crime and his sentence; and idle crowds gathered round to read it, and to watch his lingering hours of torture, slowly dying beneath the fierce blazing sun which beat so pitilessly on his shaven head. Women and children, to whom pity or horror were apparently alike unknown, stood staring curiously at the poor wretch, till merciful death came to his relief.

The ceaseless surging tide of busy life moves as restlessly beneath the bridge as above it, for not even at Canton itself have I seen a greater multitude of boats of all shapes and sizes. Just below the bridge lie a multitude of extraordinarily picturesque junks, alike startling in form and colour, while above the bridge the river is literally covered with thousands of sampans, and all sorts of boats, rafts, barges of every size, and with every sort of cargo, forming a fascinating foreground to lovely scenery.

All the country about here is most beautiful; but I am told that the further one goes up the river, the more attractive it becomes, so my kind hostess has arranged a delightful ploy for me. Another good friend has placed his house-boat and crew entirely at our disposal, and we two are to start off by ourselves, to-morrow if possible, and see all we can! I consider myself singularly fortunate in my companion, for though she has lived in China for about twelve years, her interest in all things peculiar to the country is just as keen as it was at the very first, so she is full of sympathy with all my sight-seeing inquisitiveness!

She is already familiar with the scenery of all the rivers hereabouts, and foresees so many temptations for my pencil, that she has armed herself with a whole library to secure her against impatience! Moreover, she knows exactly what we shall require in the way of commissariat, and her husband being absent on business, she takes her own excellent Chinese "boy" and cook, both of whom understand some English, so everything will be comfortable for our trip.

IN A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE YUEN-FOO RIVER,
March 1st.

We are fairly started on what promises to be a most delightful expedition for about a hundred miles up the Min River. We have rather hurried our departure, knowing that after so prolonged a spell of lovely weather there is every reason to expect a heavy rainfall, and when yesterday morning a clear yellow sunrise, which bathed the hills in the loveliest rosy light, was followed by dark threatening clouds, we began to fear that we might not get away at all. However, there is nothing like making a start, and getting resolutely under way.

Our floating home is one of those luxurious house-boats which are among the pleasantest possessions of the great mercantile houses—the Chinese equivalent of a good four-in-hand, which, if less exhilarating, is certainly a more soothing and restful mode of locomotion in a hot climate—besides, we are now in a part of the world where carriages, horses, and roads are unknown.

These house-boats are just an improved version of the regular flat-bottomed boat of the country, but they are fitted up with a good-sized cabin, with windows at both sides, so that you can sit under cover, or on the roof, as you may prefer. There is also a sleeping cabin, a kitchen, servants' quarters, and cunningly devised drawers and cupboards, so that life on board may be exceedingly comfortable. I need scarcely say that the commissariat has not been neglected. Our sole escort consists of sixteen Chinamen—boatmen, chair-coolies, and house-servants. Our chairs, which are comfortable arm-chairs of bamboo-work slung on bamboo poles, are hoisted on the roof, ready for use whenever we choose to go ashore for any lengthy excursion. The bearers are strong cheery lads, all dressed in dark-blue blouses and wide trousers, with enormous hats of plaited bamboo, and most serviceable rain-coats and capes of some grass fibre dyed of a rich madder colour. Of course, they all have long black plaits reaching very nearly down to their bare feet. These are our human ponies, ready to carry us anywhere at any hour of the day or night, and to run messages between whiles, or hold a sketching umbrella, or whatever other service may be required of them. We each have two permanently, and engage others for the day if we chance to be going far.

We embarked yesterday afternoon, and dropped down

the river about twelve miles to the Pagoda Anchorage, where we spent a pleasant social evening with many friends—Scotch, French, and Norwegian¹—returning to sleep on

¹ The kindly colony of foreign residents lived peacefully at the Anchorage and the Arsenal till the 22d August 1884, when the French under Admiral Courbet having, without any declaration of war, sailed up the Min River with a squadron of nine heavily armed vessels, suddenly proceeded to bombard the Arsenal, nominally to avenge what they declared to be a deed of treachery in the war at Bac Le.

The Chinese fleet, which consisted of eleven light gunboats and transports, was shelled, and maintained a desultory fire for about fifteen minutes, when the survivors of the crews leapt overboard, but the combat was practically finished in seven minutes. The *Times* stated that the superior artillery of the French made the contest, after the disabling of the Chinese vessels, no fight—it was a massacre. No surrender was allowed to the disabled and sinking vessels; they were shelled for hours after the guns had been silenced. The firing was also continued upon the Arsenal, and the neighbouring buildings, forts, barracks, and even villages, for more than two hours after the shore batteries had ceased to offer any resistance. Burning gunboats and blazing fire-junks floated down the stream, as did also a frightful number of dead and wounded.

Subsequent private letters from Foo-Chow gave the native estimate of the Chinese massacred on that day at 3000, while by the destruction of the Arsenal 1800 workmen were deprived of the means of living. Small wonder that the enraged soldiers should have looted the houses and destroyed the furniture of the foreign residents at the Anchorage, and that all dwellers on Nantai should have continued for awhile in fear of their lives, not knowing at what moment they might all have been the victims of what might well have seemed most just vengeance in the eyes of a populace who so rarely see a Frenchman, that they could scarcely be expected to recognise differences of nationality. For though Frenchmen were employed by the Chinese Government at the Arsenal, *France actually has not a single mercantile house at Foo-Chow*, so that her interests there are *nil* as compared with those of the nations whose larger commercial relations she has imperilled; indeed at Hong-Kong she owns only one mercantile house, at Canton two, and at Shanghai five, whereas Germany had sixty-two, and England had 289 till the steady decrease of Chinese trade with foreign countries reduced this number to about 220. It is worthy of note that of 23,863 ships which entered Chinese ports in 1883, upwards of 14,200 were English, 1610 German, and only 177 French.

So nothing could have been more natural than that the literati (a class notorious for their abhorrence of foreigners) should have stirred up the mob to an indiscriminate crusade against the whole lot of "Red-Headed Devils."

As it was, so great was the excitement of the people against all foreigners,

board. That was not pleasant! We had a weary night, shaken by wind and rain. Several Chinese gunboats lay near, gaily decked with streamers and bright red banners in honour of some native festival. It does look so odd to see Chinese blue-jackets in correct nautical costume, but adorned with full-length black plaits—and yet our own sailors of the last generation had not only to wear queues, but, moreover, to keep them powdered!

March has come in, true to its boisterous reputation, very cold and very grey, but with a wind which sent us flying up the Yuen-foo branch of the river—you understand that some miles above Foo-Chow this great river Min separates into two streams, and the divided waters unite again fifteen miles lower down, thus forming the island of Nantai. Pagoda Island and the Anchorage are at the junction of the streams.

Sight-seeing and sketching being our sole objects, we halted off the village of Luichow (famous for its great orange-groves) to sketch a magnificent group of mountains known as "The Five Tigers"—the curly-roofed houses peeping from the dark foliage of the orange groves, forming a charming foreground to the majestic crags which crest these hills, which to-day were enfolded in solemn gloom. The scenery about here is lovely; there are deep gorges and picturesque little tumbling streams, quaint temples perched on steep cliffs, horse-shoe shaped graves, here, there, and everywhere in the prettiest situations, cultivated valleys where populous villages lie hidden amid clumps of fruit-bearing trees, such

that at the close of the year it was still dangerous for any to enter the city; and even the British Consul, whose well-known Chinese sympathies and long residence in the heart of the city have made him so familiar to the people, was compelled one night to escape thence disguised as a Chinaman, his life being in danger.

as mulberry, walnut, loquat, and peach-trees—and withal, there is an ever-varying background of mountains, rising to a height of about 3000 feet.

We called a second halt off the village of Kung-kow, to sketch some fine old trees, together with the very remarkable ruins of a great stone bridge of similar construction to that which, crossing the main river, connects the isle of Nantai with the city of Foo-Chow, but whereas *that* is only about a third of a mile in length, *this* must have been considerably longer, truly a marvellous undertaking, where (the building of arches having apparently been a science unknown to the original constructors) gigantic slabs of granite, some of which are forty feet in length, have been transported and laid across the piers. As a Chinaman cannot conceive the possibility of any improvement on the traditions of his ancestors, he still religiously adheres to their method of bridge-building, as regards these great rivers (though there are wonderfully arched bridges across the canals).

A friend of mine had the luck to witness the mode of placing one of these monster slabs, when it was necessary to repair the damage done by a great flood. It was a granite slab, twenty-eight feet in length by about six in width and three in depth. The boat on which the huge stone had been floated down stream was raised above the water-level, by the insertion below her of layers of barrels. The builders had exactly calculated the height of a certain high tide, and when the right moment came, the boat slipped between the two newly repaired piers, slid the stone into its place, and passed on in safety, *minus* its cargo!

At Kung-kow we diverged from the main river, that we might ascend the Yuen-foo for some distance, and now we are anchored for the night, off a beautiful rocky glen, where

among huge boulders of red rock there stands a very home-like watermill with a very large wheel. In the glen there is a pretty waterfall, and familiar ferns and brambles mingle with tall flowering grasses, and thickets of jessamine and bright scarlet dwarf azaleas. We had just time for a run ashore at sunset, while the men were enjoying their mountains of rice and dried fish.

March 5th.

On the whole, we may certainly congratulate ourselves on the weather so far, as instead of the incessant rain prophesied by our friends, we have only had passing showers, with occasional storm-clouds and shadows, which just enable us to judge how much grander these glens and peaks appear in gloom than when seen in cloudless sunlight. Two nights ago we anchored at the mouth of a dark gorge, where, on a high crag, stands an old pirate's fort—a very eerie nest for the bird of prey! Each turn of the river is lovely, fringed here and there with clumps of feathery bamboo. Picturesque fir-trees stand out singly or in clusters on prominent headlands; the quaintest of temples and pagodas are perched on perpendicular cliffs; shapely peaks rise above the floating mists, tier above tier, in beautiful groups, and the whole is reflected in the glassy stream, whereon float quaint native boats with their arched sliding covers, great brown sails, bamboo-ribbed, and steered by a gigantic oar astern. The crews are particularly picturesque in stormy weather, when they wear greatcoats of long grass, with capes of the same, and strong bamboo hats, so that each man is not only thatched, but is a moving pillar of grass, supported by two bare legs!

Last night we reached a point where the river rushes down in such impetuous rapids that no ordinary boat, much

less a house-boat, can ascend. As we were anxious to visit an interesting Buddhist monastery some miles up the stream, we were obliged to transfer ourselves from our floating home to a flat-bottomed boat specially constructed for this work, and a dozen men worked hard for three hours, rowing us up this difficult part of the stream. We halted for awhile that I might sketch an exceedingly picturesque village with unusually curly roofs, then on once more through lovely scenery, till we reached another pretty village, with a fine banyan-tree in the street, overshadowing the temple. Here we and our chairs were landed, and carried about three miles along narrow paths, between swampy rice-fields and other crops, all exquisitely green, while the brilliant yellow blossom of the rape shone like sunlight. (Butter being an unknown or unappreciated luxury, large crops of rape are grown to supply oil for cooking.)

Rice, by the way, is not sown broadcast, but every here and there one field is thickly sown to serve as a nursery. When this sprouts, it forms a patch of most marvellously vivid green, and the young rice is then transplanted in basket-loads, and dibbled by hand into the neighbouring fields of wet mud.

On reaching the foot of the mountains, we left our chairs and walked up a richly-wooded dell with luxuriant vegetation, here and there enlivened by a patch of the beautiful dwarf scarlet azalea, or the white stars of fragrant jessamine. I am told that in autumn this glen is gorgeous with crimson lilies and gloxinias, also that the single gardenia flowers here abundantly.

A steep ascent brought us to the Yuen-foo Buddhist monastery, the first glimpse of which is singularly picturesque, though it somehow suggested to me the idea of a

hermit crab looking out of its borrowed shell, with all its long sharp claws extended. For it consists of a cluster of wooden buildings, just like Swiss chalets, nestling into a cave on the face of a crag, and partly resting on slender piles; and I suspect that, just as a wandering crab outgrows its shell, so here probably some saintly hermit first found a retreat, to which his sanctity may have attracted others for whom the cave proved too small, for the newcomers had to support their outermost buildings on a light scaffolding of tall poles of very irregular length, resting wherever a jutting angle of rock affords a vantage-point, and giving the whole a most singular effect.

From the summit of the crag falls a stream, which, lightly veiling this curious cave-dwelling, vanishes among feathery clumps of tall bamboo, and rushes impetuously down the beautiful glen.

The yellow-robed brethren received us most courteously, and not only gave us the invariable tea, but also a taste of the Water of Life (or, at least, of Longevity), which drips from one of the many stalactites which fringe the roof of the cave, forming a sparkling pool before the rock shrine of Buddha and the Goddess of Mercy. In order to derive full benefit from this magic water, it is necessary to stand open-mouthed beneath the drip and catch the drops as they fall. For culinary purposes, the monks have devised a most ingenious water-supply by simply leading a rope from a bamboo trough at the kitchen door, to that point of the overhanging crag whence the bright streamlet leaps from its upper channel, falling in glittering spray into the gorge below.

There is nothing remarkable about the shrine, which is chiefly interesting for its situation, but the view from the

monastery is magnificent. The priests were much interested in my sketching, and especially delighted with my opera-glasses, which, though small, are very powerful; they are the trusty companions of many wanderings, and have proved a never-failing means of fraternising with individuals or with crowds, in whatever country I have chanced to be. I sometimes think with wonder how many thousand eyes of many nationalities have had their first—probably their only—experience of opera-glasses in this little pair!

Nowhere have they been more appreciated than in this country, for though the Chinese have such extraordinary reverence for everything of the nature of writing or drawing, that the use of pencil and paper seems at once to secure their respect, I always find that the crowd become doubly polite so soon as the precious glasses begin to circulate. Then they are pleased and astonished, and the glasses are carefully handed all round. I confess a qualm has sometimes crossed my mind, when I have altogether lost sight of them for some time, but they have always been returned safely, with expressions of keen delight, and I am sure the people are all the more friendly for being trusted.

We had to retrace our steps pretty soon, in order to get down the rapids by daylight. This, of course, was very much easier work than the ascent had been, and we found ourselves safe on board this cosy floating home soon after sunset.

ON THE YUEN-FOO RIVER, *March 7.*

Yesterday, as we dropped slowly down stream, I secured sketches of several lovely combinations of temples on crags, villages, graves, and bamboos, with ever-changing visions of dark mountain-ridges and lofty peaks revealing themselves dreamily, from amid the floating mists.

To-day we halted at a village known as "The Hot Springs," which, as seen from the river, with a background of fine wooded hills, is extremely pretty. All along the shore a series of flights of rude stone stairs lead up the steep broken bank, where picturesque yellow or red houses, with very eccentric curly grey roofs, peep out, beneath fine old banyan-trees, with gnarled white stems, far-reaching boughs, fringed with brown filaments, and great contorted roots entwined like huge serpents, and reaching far down the broken banks. But the village itself is very dull, each house being enclosed by a high wall to secure seclusion.

Mrs Delano being tired, I went ashore with the excellent skipper "Sam" (I believe Sam is the generic name of all house-boat skippers!) in order to visit the three boiling springs which give the village its name. They are distant about a mile, rising in a small plain beside a cold river, and you can chill one side of your hand and freeze the other where these waters meet. Never before have I seen such a multitude of magpies—I actually counted a flock of forty!

A great festival is being held here in honour of the full moon, and the village is crowded with people in holiday attire. There has been a Sing-Song going on all day at the temple, *i.e.*, a play in honour of the goddess. As the Moon typifies the female principle in nature (the Sun, represented by fire, symbolising the male principle), there was a most unusual attendance of women, fully half the spectators being of the fair sex. They do not mix with the men—that would be most indecorous—but each occupies one-half of the house. Each woman carries a wooden stool to enable her to sit through the livelong day and most of the night. By way of refreshment-stalls, men were stationed outside the temple selling "sweeties," consisting

chiefly of a sort of almond hard-bake made of pea-nuts and sugar.

On the men's side, all, without exception, were dressed alike, forming one compact mass of blue. On the women's side there was some variety of colour, though not very much. Though all present were apparently poor peasants, they were neatly clothed and very clean; their glossy black hair, most elaborately dressed, and decorated not only with the usual artificial flowers of silk and ornamental pins, but also with a quaint horn of silver or lead, rising upright from the back hair and curving forward to some height above the brow. Some wore pretty ornaments of real silver, some of most fascinating many-coloured enamel, but the majority had decorations of exquisite blue or green kingfishers' feathers daintily set in silver, or on some metal representing gold.

There seems to be no end to the varieties of feminine hair-dressing in China, and each district has its own peculiar style. That of Foo-Chow is wholly unlike that of Canton, and this again is dissimilar to either. As it is not considered correct for a woman to wear any sort of head-covering, there is every opportunity for noting these distinct fashions.

The frightfully discordant sounds of Chinese music, of course, attracted me towards the temple, and Sam decided that I must certainly see the Chinamen's Sing-Song; but he begged that I would take my hat off, as in such a rural district, where foreign eccentricities were not understood, the ladies present would be sure to make uncivil remarks! Of course I meekly complied, and for some time watched a very amusing scene. It is a large troupe, consisting exclusively of men and boys, the latter acting the feminine

characters to perfection, with the aid of paint and masks and beautiful dresses. We saw kings and courtiers, cutting off of heads, and a battle scene, with most realistic fighting and flashing of gunpowder. (Do you know that the Chinese are supposed to have discovered gunpowder long before it was known in Europe?)

I could not stand the crowd and the noise for very long, so returned on board; and now the servants and most of the boatmen are having an evening ashore, and from the roar of voices and hideous discords of all sorts, we suppose that they are holding high revels in honour of the Queen of Heaven. We think we do her more honour, and certainly have more enjoyment of her calm beauty, sitting peacefully on deck, and drinking in the loveliness of the still night.

March 8th.

Judging from our national impressions of "Jack ashore," we were half afraid that the crew would have returned somewhat the worse for their evening revel, but this happily was not the case, and there was no delay in our start this morning. We got under way at 5 A.M. in the lovely dawn, while light mists floated about the hills. We were anxious to reach the village of Yuen-Kee, on the island of Nantai, in order to send the coolies three miles across the island to fetch our letters, and rejoin us to-morrow with a fresh stock of provisions, ere we proceed up the main stream of the Min River.

Our boatmen profited by the halt to get well shaved and scraped (*i.e.*, the front half of their heads), and devoted the afternoon to combing and plaiting the splendid long black back-hair which forms what we vulgarly term their pig-tail, but which certainly more resembles a well-developed cow's tail!

I went ashore with one man as escort, and wandered over fir-clad hills, all dotted over with thousands of horse-shoe-shaped graves cut into the hill and built of stone; some are very large and handsome, and guarded by curious stone animals. I inspected some artificial fish-tanks, the lowest of which is periodically drained by means of an endless chain of buckets, worked by a treadmill. This is a method of moving water very commonly used for purposes of irrigation, and the oddest thing about it is that the owners carry home all their buckets and chains every night, lest their neighbours should steal them!

Near the village stands an exceedingly old tumble-down temple, with a multitude of halls, shrines, and altars, but all were deserted, save by one very old priest, who offered me the only luxury he possessed, in the form of cigarettes. I ventured to offer him a coin of the value of a shilling, and he seemed quite delighted. He seems to do all the praying for the village, and always keeps the lamps burning before the great altar. But the gods, which are many and hideous, are all coated with the accumulated dust and dirt of many years, apparently beyond his powers of cleansing, and by no means suggestive of popular reverence.

The people, numbering many hundreds, were all on the shore, dredging sand from the river-bed. Of course they were all dressed in blue, for in China only the exceptionally extravagant few indulge in more expensive dyes; and what with the many shades of blue crowds, blue mountains, and blue river sands, the colouring was singularly harmonious and agreeable.

When the barbers had finished their work, and the crew had enjoyed a gossip with some of their friends, they poled us to the mouth of the river, whence the night tide took us

up to the village of Kung-Kow (where we had halted on the first day to sketch the ruined bridge), and where we are now anchored for the night.

March 9th.

I woke to see a red moon set behind purple hills to westward, while the red sun rose from behind the eastern range. It was a very grand scene. In order to profit by the lovely morning, we took the gig and rowed up a small stream to a mandarin's house, which Sam thought we ought to visit. Fortunately the great man was absent, so his women-folk had no scruples about being seen; and we were most hospitably entertained by his old mother, his wives, and a crowd of other women, who gave us tea, and examined us and our clothes with a minute interest which was quite reciprocal, for while they were much amused by our grey and scarlet knitted under-petticoats, we were equally occupied in admiring their pretty white trousers daintily embroidered in colour. I think they are peculiar to this district, but am not sure, not having previously ventured on prosecuting my researches further than the exquisitely embroidered plaited skirts and bright-coloured under-petticoats, also plaited and embroidered.

Having taken leave most ceremoniously, we left the boat to return empty, while we made our way back to the village by narrow paths between swampy rice-fields, which patient men and buffaloes were ploughing knee-deep in mud with wooden ploughs. Equally uninviting seemed to me the toil of the women engaged in grubbing for water-chestnuts, which also involves working knee-deep in mud—a hateful task, and very ill-remunerated, five cents being a full day's wage. We explored another deserted old temple with many dusty shrines and dilapidated idols.

At every group of houses we passed, people came out to interview us and invite us to enter; all were most civil. Everywhere we noticed that they were weaving grass-cloth. It proved rather a tedious walk, and we were glad when we got back to the great banyan-trees, where I stood on stepping-stones in the mud to secure a last sketch, which Sam protected with a large paper umbrella, as it had begun to rain, which caused our numerous blue-clothed followers to cower among the great wide-spreading roots—and very picturesque they looked. We also had a lovely view of the Foding Peaks, heaped up one above the other, range beyond range. Moreover, all along these shores there are immense orange and other orchards, so that from every hillock you look down on rich fruit or corn land. The said hillocks are generally crowned with fine old fir-trees.

Some fishers, both men and women, were drawing a seine-net very near us, so we hailed them and bought a quantity of delicate little fish like transparent eels, which proved a dainty breakfast.

Presently the servant and coolies, who had been sent to the Consulate for our letters and fresh supplies, arrived well laden, and we then returned to the point whence we started yesterday, and where the sand-dredgers were still working like a busy ant-hill. Then we sailed a little way up the Yuen-Ke River, and anchored beside a small rocky isle, on which is perched a very pretty temple, coloured crimson, with grey curved roofs and wide overhanging balconies; also a tall, many-storeyed yellow pagoda. A couple of fine old trees have contrived to root themselves in the crevices of the rock, their dark foliage and white stems completing a charming picture, which is faithfully mirrored in the still waters. Add to this a background of steep river-banks crested with

old banyans and other timber, steep stone steps leading up to quaint houses, and beyond these fir-crowned hills all dotted with horse-shoe graves. And far up the river lie the beautiful blue mountains.

As for foreground, wherever we halt there is an ever-varying combination of most sketchable boats of all sorts, with odd, movable roofs, great sails of grass or bamboo, and passengers in huge hats and large paper umbrellas.

We landed on the rocky isle, and were welcomed by a very courteous old priest, who did the honours of the cleanest temple I have seen in China. Everything about it is pretty, both inside and out. The principal shrine is to the Goddess of Mercy, with the young child in her arms, flowers and lights on the altar, and rosaries for the use of worshippers. I did covet a charming image of the goddess in white porcelain, and especially a picture in colours with halo of gold, exactly like a fine mediæval saint; I observe, however, that Buddhist saints are generally represented with each foot resting on a water-lily, instead of carrying a lily in the hand.

The priest gave us tea, and when we had returned to our boat he sent me a present of two very quaint prints of mythological subjects. We had no suitable gifts to offer him, so ventured to send a dollar as a "kumsha," which was graciously accepted.

Here, and at various other places, I have been much amused by watching carefully-trained cormorants fishing at the bidding of their masters. They are here called Lu-tze or Yu-ying, *i.e.*, fish-hawk. The simplest form of fishery is when a poor fisherman has constructed for himself a raft consisting only of from four to eight bamboos lashed together. On this he sits poised (crowned with a large straw hat), and before him are perched half-a-dozen of these odd uncanny-

looking black birds waiting his command. The cage in which they live and the basket in which he stores his fish complete his slender stock-in-trade. The marvel is how he contrives to avoid overturning his frail raft.

Sometimes several fishers form partnership, and start a co-operative business. They invest in a shallow punt, and a regiment of perhaps twenty or more of these solemn sombre birds sit on perches at either end of the punt, each having a hempen cord fastened round the throat just below the pouch, to prevent its swallowing any fish it may catch. Then, at a given signal, all the cormorants glide into the water, apparently well aware of the disadvantage of scaring their prey.

Their movements below the surface are very swift and graceful as they dart in pursuit of a fish or an eel, and giving it a nip with their strong hooked beak, swallow it, and continue hunting. Sometimes they do not return to the surface till they have secured several fish, and their capacious pouch is quite distended, and sometimes the tail of a fish protrudes from their gaping bill. Then they return to the surface, and at the bidding of their keepers disgorge their prey, one by one, till the pouch is empty, when they again receive the signal to dive, and resume their pursuit.

Some birds are far more expert than others, and rarely fail to secure their prize, but sometimes they catch a fish, or more often an eel, so awkwardly that they cannot contrive to swallow it, and in the effort to arrange this difficulty the victim manages to escape. If one bird catches a large and troublesome fish, two or three of its friends occasionally go to the aid of their comrade, and help him to despatch it. Such brotherly kindness is, however, by no means invariable, and sometimes when a foolish young bird has captured a

fish, the old hands pursue and rob him of his prize. At other times a bird fails in its trick, and after staying under water for a very long period, comes up quite crestfallen without a fish.

When the birds are tired the strap is removed from their throat, and they are rewarded with a share of the fish, which they catch as it is thrown to them. It is reckoned a good day's fishing if eighteen or twenty cormorants capture a dollar's worth of fish; and as so many birds represent about half-a-dozen owners, it is evidently not a very lucrative business.

The birds are quite domestic, having all been reared in captivity. Curiously enough, the mothers are so careless that they cannot be trusted to rear their own young; and furthermore, the said young are so sensitive to cold weather that only the four or five eggs laid in early spring are considered worth hatching, as only these can be reared in the warm summer. They are taken from the cormorant and given to a hen, who apparently must be colour-blind, as she calmly accepts these green eggs in lieu of her own. She is not, however, subjected to the misery of seeing her nurslings take to the water, as they are at once removed from her care, when, after a month's incubation, the poor little fledglings make their appearance. They are then transferred to baskets which are kept in a warm corner, the young birds being buried in cotton wool and fed with pellets of raw fish and bean-curd.

When they are two months old their nursery days are over, and the sorrows of education must begin. They are therefore offered for sale, a female bird being valued at from 3s. to 5s., and a male bird at double the price. This difference is due to the superior strength of the latter, which

enables it to capture larger fish. Thenceforth the professional trainer takes them in hand; and fastening a string to one leg, he drives them into the water and throws small live fishes, which they are expected to catch. They are taught to go and return subject to different calls on a whistle, obedience being enforced by the persuasive strokes of a bamboo—the great educational factor in China! When thoroughly trained, a male bird is valued at from 20s. to 30s., and its fishing career is expected to continue for five years, after which it will probably become old and sickly.¹

I am told that cormorants are not the only creatures whose natural fishing propensities have been turned to good account by the Chinese (who seem fully to recognise that a keen poacher may be transformed into a good game-keeper!) Far up the great Yang-tze River, in the neighbourhood of Tchang, the fishers train real otters to work for them, which they are said to do with surprising obedience and intelligence. I have not, however, heard of this use of otters in any other part of the country.

¹ We are so accustomed to think of fishing with cormorants as a purely Chinese occupation that it is somewhat startling to learn that this was one of the sports in high favour both in France and England in the seventeenth century, and that consequently those who now practise it in Britain are merely reviving a forgotten art of their forefathers.

Amongst the items of expenditure for King James I. mention is made of £30 which in A.D. 1611 was paid to John Wood, Master of the Cormorants, for his trouble in bringing up and training of certain fowls called cormorants, and making of them fit for the use of fishing.

In the following year a second sum of £30 was assigned him, "to travel into some of the farther parts of this realm for young cormorants, which afterwards are to be made fit for His Majesty's sport and recreation."

Six years later, His Majesty rented a portion of the vine-garden near Westminster Abbey, and there caused nine fish-ponds to be dug and stocked with roach, dace, tench, carp, and barbel. A brick building was erected here as the cormorants' house, and here the King came to see the birds fish. He also established cormorant-fishing near Thetford, in Norfolk, and at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, which was his favourite hunting-seat.

As for the cormorants, they seem to be common to all the great rivers and canals, and are only one of a thousand methods whereby the swarming fish-legions are captured, for every known species of net is here ceaselessly at work—hand-nets and casting-nets, bag-nets and trawls, ground-nets and pushing-nets, fish-spears, hooks and lines of every description for fresh-water and for deep-sea fishing.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE ON THE RIVER.

Chinese Inns!—Missions in their Infancy—Eccentric House-building
—A Typical Village—Kindly People—Dubious People—Flight!
—The Bohea Tea-Country—A Thunderstorm—A Spate—Wood
Pirates—Return to Foo-Chow.

ON THE MIN RIVER,
March 10th.

TO-DAY we have been travelling with quite a fleet. About thirty large boats and a great company of small ones are all working up the main river, so we all rowed and poled in company, till a sharp breeze sprang up, and we flew up stream, till the darkness has compelled us to anchor for the night.

March 11th.

With the earliest glimmer of dawn we were once more on our way, and about sunrise we met another foreign house-boat coming down stream. The crews of such boats are always on the alert, justly assuming that their respective owners may wish to exchange ideas. In the present instance the foreigners proved to be Bishop Burdon and two clerical friends, who in the course of their journey have had a somewhat unpleasant little adventure, a thief having cut his way in through the wall of the native house in which they were

sleeping, and contrived to abstract not only their food, but also the clothes and watch of one of the gentlemen. Fortunately the Bishop had a spare suit, which was not abstracted, so he was able to clothe his chaplain, and we were able to replenish their commissariat for the day.

Travellers in China must put up with queer lodgings when once they have to leave their boats, and very odd food into the bargain. I have heard of one inn in the Ningpo district where the only food to be obtained was cold rice, considerably singed, and snakes fried in lamp-oil! As there was nothing else to be had, and as the traveller, being disguised as a Chinaman, did not wish to betray his nationality by over-fastidiousness, he was compelled to try and swallow this noxious preparation!

Very often the only sleeping-room of the village hotel is a loft, to which access is obtained by a rickety ladder. It is so low in the roof, that an average-sized man cannot stand upright. Here are ranged half-a-dozen or more beds, which consist only of wooden boards raised on rude trestles to a couple of feet above the ground, and on which is spread a coarse rush-mat! If the weather is cold, a filthy wadded cotton quilt is added, that the sleeper may therein wrap himself up. The weary wayfarer climbs up to this horrid attic, and if he is not knocked back by the stifling atmosphere, he can pick his way by the light of a dim oil-lamp (the lamp is probably a joint of bamboo) till he finds a vacant bed, and can thereon rest—with all his clothes on, however, for it would be a risky matter to put off any article of dress, lest it should vanish in the night. No pillow being provided, an umbrella sometimes does duty instead.

Too often even weariness brings no rest, by reason of the

multitude of fleas and other vermin, while probably in the kitchen below men are cooking at a wood-fire (the stinging smoke of which finds its way into the sleeping-room), while others are snoring, or smoking opium, and dogs outside are barking continuously.

Then, even where curiosity is quite kindly, it is generally excessive; every corner from which a glimpse of the foreigner can be obtained is eagerly secured, and every detail of washing, dressing, praying, eating, is a subject of keen interest to the spectators, however hateful to the objects of their curiosity.

The crowd thus drawn together may partly be the reason why private houses so rarely offer a traveller a night's shelter. Sometimes, however, when the village inn is too atrocious, a kindly Buddhist priest agrees to let strangers sleep in the temple—a strange lodging indeed, especially when, as sometimes happens, an ecclesiastical house-cleaning is going on, and the whole multitude of idols of all sizes are standing about, here, there, and everywhere, in process of being cleaned or repaired—a proof of feebleness which often leads to a suggestive talk with their guardian (and truly I know of no sight more disillusionising than that of a company of dilapidated gods undergoing repair!) You can quite understand that such descriptions of Chinese village inns do not make me particularly eager to attempt much inland travel!

The Bishop and his friends have been visiting an exceedingly interesting group of very small native congregations which have sprung up in a great many remote villages on the north side of the river. Many of these are especially interesting from the manner in which they have evolved themselves from infinitesimal germs. Perhaps one man has

chanced to visit some other town or village where a foreign preacher or native catechist was addressing the people, or perhaps selling Christian books, of which the traveller bought one just for curiosity, and the word spoken or read has taken such root that he has again started on his travels and gone to some place where he knows that there are Christians who can tell him more of this new doctrine.

So he stays a while for instruction, and buys more books, and then goes back to his village; and though friends and relations deem him mad, and beat him on the face and boycott him because he will not subscribe to idol feasts, nevertheless he holds on steadfastly, never ceasing to tell them of One whose service he has found to be far better than that of the idols; and he perseveres in prayer for them all; and at last, when he has stood utterly alone for perhaps seven or eight years, a reaction commences, and many regret that they have been so cruel to one who has only tried to do them good. Then half-a-dozen decide that they will be Christians, and a few months later half-a-dozen more; and within four or five years there are perhaps sixty or a hundred Christians in that village—real earnest men, whom no amount of persecution, social or official, can turn from their quiet, consistent Christian lives.

Then comes such a curious incident as occurred at the village of Hai-Yew, where, more than half the inhabitants having become Christians, the ancestral hall was amicably divided between the two parties; the Christians, being the more numerous, occupied the centre and one side, while the heathen, with their poor gods deposed from the place of honour, retained the other side, but had to do without the accustomed idol processions, being too few to raise the necessary funds.

In such a village the houses of the Christians are distin-

guished at a glance on entering, the one having the invariable incense burning before the ancestral tablets or the favourite god, whereas the others have simply scrolls bearing Christian mottoes.

From time to time a messenger arrives from some village which has thus been feeling its own way to the Light, to request that it may be provided with a catechist of its own; and now the chief difficulty is to provide a supply of suitable trained men.

The Church of England Mission now reckons about one thousand adherents in these scattered villages, each tiny flock being in charge of a native catechist, while several such congregations form a pastorate, in charge of an ordained Chinese clergyman.

The majority of this particular group of villages lie scattered among the head-waters of that river which joins the Min at Tchui-Kow, the village where we turned back. But both the Church of England and the American Missions have stations much farther up the Min itself.

A special interest seems to me to attach to the work of one of the native catechists, who has devoted himself to the care of a leper village in the neighbourhood of the city of Ku-Cheng, where all who suffer from that dread disease are compelled to live apart from their fellow-creatures—an outcast colony of most miserable sufferers. To these has been carried that message of mercy which gladdened the lepers of Judea, and some have received it gladly, and have claimed their right to admission into the Christian Church.

The scenery is becoming more beautiful as we advance, and the villages more picturesque. Some are like chalets built on piles; others like English farm-houses of the old Sussex type, with cross-beams of black wood, fitted in

with white plaster. It does seem so odd to watch men building a house in this country—putting a heavy roof on to a mere skeleton framework of timber. But this is done throughout China, the walls having no share whatever in the support of the roof. They are filled in afterwards at the pleasure of the owner with whatever material he can most readily command, whether brick and mortar, lath and plaster, shingles or stone. In erecting the wooden framework it is considered rather artistic to use a crooked tree as a main pillar—a tree which may perhaps have had the bark removed, but has not been otherwise “improved” by any carpenter.

Again this morning a keen breeze (which on this river is somewhat rare luck) sent us flying up stream, and we anchored at about 5 P.M. at Tchui-Kow, a most interesting village, about seventy miles from Foo-Chow. The backs of its very picturesque, tall, narrow, crowded houses (with curly roofs and wide verandahs) are built on piles overhanging the river, while the front of the said houses, facing the street, is founded on the rock. All up the hill these houses cluster in groups, each group enclosed by a strong fire-proof wall.

The main street is strangely characteristic, with the blue-clad crowd thronging its open-air stalls and shops, where all manner of food is displayed in huge tubs, especially preparations of fish, pink, grey, and silvery, but all alike smelly. Multitudinous pigs, chickens, and dogs mingle with the crowd; and, strange to say, the dogs were as civil as their masters—not one of them barked at the foreign women. I suppose they had taken stock of Sam, and considered his respectability a sufficient guarantee for ours.

As I was gazing up at one of the long flights of little

narrow stairs leading up the face of the rock between the houses, the by-standers signed to me to go up, which I accordingly did (Mrs De Lano, being tired, remained below, but the faithful Sam escorted me). Presently we came to a little door, which was locked, but was immediately opened by a small boy, who led us up another long flight of very narrow stairs cut in the rock, till at last we found ourselves in a dwelling-house, with a very pretty shrine to the Goddess of Mercy, strangely resembling a Roman Catholic chapel. The image of the mother with the young child is strikingly graceful, and the altar-vases of old grey crackling are filled with pink China roses, like the monthly roses so familiar to us all at home.

Though my sudden apparition must certainly have been startling, the young man of the house received me with the utmost courtesy, and immediately produced tea. It is a quaintly pretty house, with carved blackwood furniture and little dwarf trees growing in handsome China vases. The view, seen from the "lucky" circular windows, is most fascinating, looking up the river to the sharp mountain-peaks, which, as the sun sank, were bathed in a transparent rose-coloured haze. My host evidently delighted in its beauty, and offered to lead me up more flights of steps to other buildings on the rock, which I would fain have explored, but judged it prudent to return to the boat, where we found the crew much elated at having purchased very strong large paper umbrellas for twenty-five cents, their value at Foo-Chow being about double that large sum.

Speaking of stout paper manufactures, I find that, in addition to all the other merits of the beautiful lotus (whose seeds and root are as good for food as the flowers are delightful to the eye), a good strong paper is prepared from its

leaves. Also, as a substitute for brown paper, a capital sort of strong tough packing-paper is prepared from the bark of the keo-tree, which, having been mixed with lime and well steamed over boiling water, is then crushed with a stone hammer, and left in a pit to steep. Eventually it is reduced to pulp, and then a small quantity at a time is lifted out on a flat mould made of split bamboo, and having been made to overspread it smoothly, is left to stiffen. Thus sheet after sheet of "leather paper" is produced, and a very good serviceable material it is.

Wed. 12th.

A clear, beautiful dawn, so I mercilessly roused King-Song to give me breakfast, and then rowed ashore, escorted by Sam, and ascended to a very good sketching-point, overlooking town, river, and mountains. There I was able to work in comfort till noon, being so happily placed that the admiring crowd could not disturb me. They were exceedingly polite, and, as usual, greatly delighted with my opera-glasses.

Returning boatward by a new route, we passed through some queer little courts, where I was welcomed by various very clean, nice-looking, neatly dressed women, with glossy hair, and wearing pretty silver ornaments in the shape of butterflies or dragon-flies marked with lucky symbols, the colour being given by bright blue and green enamel. These are made in much the same manner as copper enamel vases. The divisions of the pattern are marked out on the groundwork of silver with silver-gilt wires, which are soldered in their place, and the cell thus formed is covered with borax. The enamel, which is prepared in a fine paste of various colours, is then applied, mixed with borax and water,

and the flame of a blow-pipe is applied to melt it to a beautifully smooth surface.

One nice old lady who had sat close beside me on the hill while I was sketching, insisted on my going into her house to tea. At the same time others craved the opera-glasses, and I own I felt nervous as I saw them vanish in the crowd, while I, not knowing a word of Chinese, was carried off upstairs to see another family, etiquette forbidding the faithful Sam to follow.

I was welcomed by a fine old couple—a blind mother and half-blind father—and several pretty, gentle girls. Here, as usual, the family altar and ancestral tablets occupied the prominent place of honour in the principal room. Just as I was beginning to feel somewhat uneasy about the prolonged absence of my dear glasses, they were brought back and returned with many expressions of gratitude. Sam said they had been carried off for exhibition to some one at the other end of the town! I need scarcely say that on these occasions I always find some good pretext for giving them a severe rubbing ere taking them into use myself!

Many other women urged me to visit their homes, but as time was speeding on, I was obliged, very reluctantly, to decline, merely glancing into some, in all of which I noticed the gaily-decked household altar with the domestic gods. Feeling, however, that the opportunity was unique, I went into one other house. The lower storey was a joss-house of some sort, and upstairs a very gaudy altar, images, and carving, in addition to the ancestral tablets. Tea was brought as usual, but I had foolishly told Sam to follow me upstairs, whereupon all the women immediately retired; so we proceeded on our way, only halting to admire the won-

derfully delicate refinement of the wood-carving on a very fine old temple, now in process of restoration. All round the raised platform of the temple-theatre are excellent carvings, in miniature, of men and horses. The freshness of their bright new gilding seemed strangely in contrast with the broken pavement, where a careless step would have landed us ankle-deep in foulest mud. That, however, is truly characteristic of a Chinese town, even in official halls and courtyards.

I felt quite sorry to leave so interesting a place and such pleasant, kindly people, especially as we had decided that this was to be our farthest point; but I was anxious to see something of Ahn-Ing-Kay, an exceedingly picturesque village which had attracted our notice on the way up by its many-gabled houses, bearing so strange a resemblance to old houses in Chester. There are the same crossbeams of blackwood, filled in with white stone or plaster, but the grey tiled roofs assumed curves undreamt of by English builders, whether ancient or modern. These houses, which are two and three storeys high, stand high along the river's broken bank, which here, as at many other villages, is crowned with noble old banyan-trees, with great twisted stems and far-spreading roots. Here, once for all, I must mention a very unromantic feature in all these river-side villages, namely, that beneath the shadow of these great banyans are ranged enormous and most unfragrant vats, standing sometimes singly, sometimes in groups of from ten to twenty-five. These are the receptacles for all the sewage of the village—very valuable property, most carefully stored for agricultural use. This is not a nice subject; but the great vats occupy such very conspicuous positions that a realistic draughtsman cannot possibly omit them from his

sketches, their introduction being always particularly interesting to the very accurate Chinese spectators!

Our crew being ravenous, we left them all to feed, while Mrs De Lano and I went ashore by ourselves. We found at once that the people were a very inferior lot to those we had just left, being of a far rougher and more boisterous type, and inclined to crowd us disagreeably. They became more respectful, however, as soon as I stopped to sketch a curious rice-pounding implement; and when I ventured to produce the opera-glasses, the effect was magical, in fact they produced quite a *furor*, and every one eagerly craved a turn.

They were now quite friendly, and we wandered on, sketching various objects of interest. We explored a rough path, over huge masses of red rock, till we reached a ridge looking down on another village in another valley. There I left Mrs De Lano to rest, while a select party of the crowd led me up long flights of rock-cut steps to a hill-top, whence the view was splendid. On my return I found that Mrs De Lano had been much worried by the importunity of some of the women who tried to insist on her going down to the other village. (Had she done so, I have little doubt she would have been robbed.) As it was, so dense a crowd had assembled, that, even with the aid of my select body-guard, our walk back was not very pleasant.

Supposing we were to spend the night here, we only returned to the boat at dusk, but found the boatmen in a fever of impatience, begging us to let them start at once, as this village bears such an evil reputation that no boat dares stay there after dusk! They affirm that the inmates of three hundred houses in this and the neighbouring villages are known to be simply pirates; in short, they insisted on start-

ing instantly, which we accordingly did. The men rowed and poled for a couple of hours in the starlight, and then anchored in a quiet backwater at Min-Ching, where many other boats had already congregated for the night, and where we know we may now sleep securely.

(We learnt afterwards that the alarm had not been groundless, for that at this very village Dr Osgood's boat was attacked and robbed—he himself was speared in the foot, and only escaped by leaping overboard and swimming. A lady of the party was shot in the shoulder. Truly I am thankful to have had no such misadventure to chronicle!)

This is our first stage of retrogression on the return journey, and I confess I am exceedingly sorry to be unable to extend our wanderings into the far-famed Bohea tea-country, which we have almost reached.

Judging not only from the enthusiastic descriptions of men who have been all over it, but from the more reliable ocular proofs of admirable photographs by an enterprising German, the scenery must be marvellously grand and unique. The mountains tower to a height of from 6000 to 8000 feet, and the river winds amid majestic crags, all broken up into amazingly fantastic forms—gigantic towers, cyclopean columns, and ramparts.

The principal cultivators of the Bohea tea are Buddhist monks, whose very numerous monasteries nestle in the most picturesque fashion among the huge rocks, many being perched on summits of perpendicular precipices, which, seen from the river, appear to be wholly inaccessible.

The tea-fields where these agricultural brethren toil so diligently are most irregular patches of ground, of every size and shape, scattered here, there, and everywhere among these rocky mountains; but, like all Chinese gardening, the

tea-cultivation is exquisitely neat, and the multitude of carefully clipped little bushes have a curiously formal appearance, in contrast with the reckless manner in which Nature has tossed about the fragments of her shattered mountains.

I need scarcely say that I long to see all that wonderful district, and it is tantalising to have to turn back when we are so near; but it would involve a good deal of land travel, and even on the river we could only go in a native boat, all of which has been voted unsafe for ladies without an escort. At first one of our friends who knows the district well had arranged to accompany us, but his wife's illness unfortunately prevented his doing so; so there is nothing for it but resolutely, though reluctantly, to turn away and solace ourselves with the tamer beauty of this lower river.

Speaking of tea, my impressions of "the fragrant leaf" as being the natural heritage of every Chinaman have been rudely dispelled by learning that although in this district tea may well be the luxury of the poorest, since the Bohea tea-growers receive only the modest sum of a penny per lb.,¹ this is by no means the case throughout China; in the south-western provinces of Kwang-Si and Yun-Nan, and also in the northern provinces of Shan-Tung, Shan-Si, and Ho-Nan, it ranks as a luxury, and the mass of the peasantry solace themselves by sipping small cups of simple boiling water and trying hard to imagine it tea!

U.S. CONSULATE, *March 15th.*

From our anchorage in the still waters at Min-Ching we started at sunrise, when all the hills were glorified by soft hazy effects of light. Soon after, we met friends (Mr and

¹ Ere that lb. can be delivered in England, it must bear not only expenses of freight, but also a duty of 2½d. in China and 6d. in London.

Mrs Odell) in their own house-boat, and they recommended us to explore a tributary stream called Tehu-Kee-Kow—advice on which we fortunately acted. It is a narrow, very winding stream, with pretty villages, and beyond lies a range of magnificent peaks, which, as we saw them, were intensely blue.

We landed for a lovely walk along a fir-crested ridge, where we gathered brilliant scarlet dwarf azalea, which is now in bloom all over the hills. Each flower is the size of a halfpenny, but the stem only ranges from four to ten inches in height.

A most lovely pink sunset, with heavy grey clouds, was succeeded by a magnificent thunderstorm, with intensely vivid lightning, which seemed to streak the sky with bars of white light. We hastened back to the boats, where the men had made all secure in preparation for a storm; and well for us that they had done so, for in a few moments down came the rain with terrific violence, just as though a waterspout had burst over our devoted heads.

In half an hour the rain had ceased, but the river was in flood. It was evident that every mountain torrent had come raging down every gully in the mountain forests, and sweeping down quantities of cut logs all ready for the market. Such valuable firewood was a prize most precious to the boatmen, who were wild with excitement, and they spent the evening rowing about in the gig, which they filled again and again till they had rescued such a quantity that every corner of the boat was crammed and the decks were piled up with this precious salvage. As we hoped to reach Foo-Chow on the following day, the inconvenience to us was small compared with the value of the prize to the crew.

The capture was so exciting that we helped them by

holding lanterns and candles, with a plate held over the glass shade to prevent their blowing out. We saw lights moving all along the shore, and asked the head boatman what they were. "Men stealing wood," he replied, and we forbore comment! It certainly was better that the crew should get what they could than that the wood should float seaward; its rightful owners could never recover it.

But next day we saw a good deal of genuine theft. We awoke to find the whole plain flooded. The green fields on which yesterday we had looked with such pleasure were now a dreary expanse of grey mud, and poor villagers dressed in grass rain-cloaks and huge bamboo hats were floundering about in search of firewood. The mountains, which had at sunset been so gloriously blue, were now dim grey ghosts, scarcely visible through the mist. Wood-rafts were taking advantage of the flood to effect a rapid journey down the stream, whereon still floated many logs, so our men went on collecting treasure all the way.

About noon we reached an immense stone bridge, similar to that which connects the island suburb of Foo-Chow with the capital. This has twenty-four massive stone piers, each connected by one huge granite slab about thirty feet long! A stone balustrade on either side protects the blue-clothed crowds which for ever cross and recross, and which to-day were gazing with unusual interest at the wood-rafts in their perilous endeavours to shoot past the bridge, towards which they were carried with frightful rapidity and force. Many came to grief, and those which did get through in safety became helplessly blocked in the crowd below. The method of passing under these bridges in going down stream strikes the uninitiated as peculiar, as the helmsman always steers directly for the pier, and just when the impending crash

seems inevitable, he gives a sharp turn, which shoots the boat into mid-stream. So strong is the current, even at average times, that were he to aim at mid-stream, he would inevitably hit the pier.

Seeing that we had no chance of getting on, we gave up the attempt, and lay still, watching the systematic way in which piratical sampans lay moored to the bridge, ready to slip out in a second, should a raft get into difficulties—not to help, but to steal. Indeed, they contrived to abstract logs from most of the rafts, by watching for the moment when any cause induced the raftsmen all to look in one direction. It was the most barefaced piracy; and all the women stationed along the banks were on the watch to help their relations by hauling the stolen wood ashore. There was no shame or concealment in the matter.

I am told that this is always the way, and that, so far from helping in any trouble or accident, these people are always on the watch to steal, and the owners are left to drown. One reason for this callous conduct is, that if a Chinaman does save a man's life he is obliged by law to support him, or should he die on his hands he must defray his funeral expenses!

Three years ago, in the summer of 1876, there was the most appalling flood on record in this district. Rain fell continuously for two days, and every mountain stream came down in such torrents that the river not only overflowed the whole country round for many miles, but swept right over the top of the great bridge with a most appalling roar like that of continuous thunder-peals. It appeared almost miraculous that any bridge could have resisted the tremendous pressure of such a volume of water. * Marvellous to relate, when the flood subsided, it was found that the only

damage sustained by this grand bridge was the loss of a small portion of its parapet !

But of the loss of life and property among the boat population and the inhabitants of the low-lying parts of the city it is impossible to form any estimate. Not only were numerous wood-rafts broken up, which, in sweeping down the stream, swamped and smashed innumerable boats, but many houses farther up the country were washed away, and one floated down bodily, with all its inhabitants. A man who was standing on the roof contrived to catch the overhanging bough of a tree, but all the others vainly cried for help, till their floating home came with a crash against the piers of the bridge, where it was of course dashed to pieces.

Above the roar of the raging waters rose the pitiful shrieks of the drowning, and of those who were killed by collisions of boats and falling timber. The whole scene was truly appalling to those who, from their homes overlooking the river, had to watch its fearful incidents, while wholly powerless to help, and seeing whole families of the drowned and drowning swept past them. But their pity was mingled with indignation as they watched many who might have saved the lives of these poor victims intent only on purloining timber and floating property. Indeed the city thieves deemed this an excellent opportunity for plunder. Some, however, found themselves in the wrong, for the energetic governor of the province—the great Ting (who for three days and three nights never rested in his efforts to relieve the awful distress)—made short work of all thieves whom he succeeded in capturing, and no less than seventeen persons were summarily deprived of their heads as the just penalty of being caught looting.

When the waters subsided, the usually fertile plain pre-

sented a lamentable scene of wide-spread desolation. All the young rice-crops, which on the eve of the flood had promised so rich a harvest, were destroyed, and in place of their lovely green there remained only a dreary expanse of mud.¹

That was a year of terrible calamity for this beautiful city, for ere the inhabitants had well recovered breath after this grievous plague of waters, the wind claimed its innings, and a terrific typhoon overswept the plain, tearing up great trees by the roots, destroying houses, and causing frightful disasters among the shipping.

Then, as if jealous of the devastation wrought by wind and stream, fire claimed its turn. A spark from an old woman's oven lighted on some inflammable matter and set fire to a narrow street of wooden houses, whence the flames spread so rapidly, that notwithstanding the calmness of the weather, the conflagration very quickly covered a space two miles in length, presenting a spectacle of awful beauty as seen from the foreign settlement of Nantai. There are cases in which man's extremity is his brother man's opportunity, and an enterprising photographer secured a very fine photograph of the scene, with the dark smoke-clouds as the background for the river crowded with junks.

To return to time present. Our masts having been lowered to enable us to pass beneath the upper bridge, we

¹ In the month of June 1885 still more awful floods desolated the country round Canton; rivers and canals burst their embankments, whole villages were swept away, thousands of persons drowned, and the rice and silk crops totally destroyed. Pitiful are the details which tell how despairing parents climbed to the topmost branches of trees, and there securely fastened their children, deeming that they must be safe at such a height. But the floods surged onward in increasing might, uprooting and engulfing the very trees, and sweeping them away with their living freight. Pitiful, too, the sufferings of the starving population thus deluged by the rains, for which, through long years of drought, the northern provinces have so vainly prayed.

were at last able to conclude our voyage. The boatmen were in the wildest spirits, rejoicing in returning home so well laden. We have found them a most pleasant lot of civil men, always on the look-out to do us any little service they could think of.

Now that we are safely housed, the weather seems tired of its long spell of good behaviour, for this morning is grey, and cold, and rainy.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEMALE MEDICAL MISSION.

American Medical Ladies—American Feet—Native Remedies—Preparation of Snakes—Human Blood—Future Punishment of Quacks—Chinese Almshouses.

U.S. CONSULATE.

IN the last few days I have been greatly interested by a glimpse of the working of the American Medical Mission among the women of Foo-Chow. It has always seemed to me that of the various means whereby the Red Barbarians strive to bridge over the chasm which separates them from the Chinese population, none is so full of promise of ever-increasing usefulness as this Mission, which so unmistakably proves to the people the kindly intentions of those who devote their lives to this labour of love.

But I had not before fully realised how very important a part in this good work must of necessity be performed by women, as they alone can be admitted to the sick-room of their Chinese sisters. Curiously enough, this fact has as yet been practically recognised only by America, which has established fully qualified lady doctors at several of its principal mission stations in China, where they are doing right good service. Hitherto I believe no English ladies have followed suit, but

it is much to be hoped that they will do so ere long, for in no other way can they hope to gain such influence in Chinese homes.

Not having heard much on this subject, I confess to having been slightly astonished one morning when, hearing that Dr Trask and Dr Sparr had come by invitation to breakfast, I found that these professional titles described two pleasant, kindly American ladies, one being a bright young woman barely twenty-five years of age! With true kindness to the stranger, they had brought me a lovely and most fragrant branch of the richest pumelo (which is a kind of very large orange blossom) as a specimen of Foo-Chow cultivation. The elder lady is already a proficient in Chinese, and is able to visit her patients in their own homes. Her companion is doing brave battle with the agonies of this excruciating language, and until it is mastered she has to confine her care to the charge of the dispensary and to nursing in the hospital.

She has, however, had extra work of late, for there have been several serious cases of small-pox in the foreign settlement, which for some reason the regular doctors were unable to attend; so the friends of the patients sent to entreat the medical aid of this lady (rather a delicate matter, as the members of the Mission are not allowed to take professional fees from any patient except the wealthier Chinese).

The brave lady consented to attend the sufferers, who happily have rewarded her care by making excellent recoveries. Her safeguards were simple. Every morning she clothed herself in an indiarubber suit, to wear while in the infected houses, returning home to bathe, apply sundry disinfectants, and dress in clean calico ere going to her regular work in the dispensary. At nights she took turns with her medical

companion to sit up, when necessary, watching any anxious case in their hospital for Chinese women.¹

Within the last few months the senior doctor has had to perform about sixty surgical operations, some of which have been very difficult cases. She invited us to go and see the said hospital, which is a large, clean, airy room, where every possible care is taken for the comfort of the inmates. I was much struck by the bright intelligent faces of some of these, albeit worn with suffering; all seem so truly grateful for the loving care bestowed on them.

There is one peculiarly distressing case, namely, that of a poor girl so wasted with disease that it has been necessary to amputate both her feet. But the good doctors look on her with especial satisfaction. They hope soon to supply her with American feet, which will be far more serviceable than the tottering "lily feet" of the noblest lady in the

¹ The advantages of sending out carefully trained medical women in connection with Christian Missions have been fully proved. For women endowed with the talents and capacities for such work (and it is one which calls for very varied talents of a really high order) it would be difficult to conceive a more noble career. A society has recently been formed, in connection with the Women's Missionary Institute, Clapham Road, S. W., which provides a house of residence for missionary students at the London School of Medicine for Women during a four years' course of training in medicine, surgery, and midwifery, after which it is purposed to draft them to mission stations in all parts of the world, in connection with the Churches to which they respectively belong. Ladies who are inclined to take part in such work, and wish for particulars of admission, fees, &c., are requested to refer to Mrs Meredith, Women's Medical Mission-House, 2 Mecklenburgh Street, London, S. W.

Another recently established institution for precisely the same purpose is the ZENANA AND MEDICAL MISSION SCHOOL AND HOME at 58 St George's Road (near Victoria Station), London, S. W. Both these institutions state that, owing to lack of funds, they have reluctantly been compelled to refuse admission to many suitable candidates, anxious to be trained as medical missionaries, but who were unable to pay the fifty guineas per annum, which includes board, residence, and medical instruction. They therefore crave subscriptions from such as are willing thus to aid in this good work.

city! Moreover, they have good hopes that she will join the Mission, and become a teacher.¹

In proportion to the incalculable multitude of girls whose feet are distorted in compliance with the extraordinary requirements of Chinese custom, it is only wonderful that cases of diseased ankle-bones and mortification of the foot are not very much more common. As it is, though the process of bandaging involves years of torture (commencing at the age of six or nine years, till which time the feet are the natural size, and generally very neat and small), the victims rarely find their way to the hospitals directly on this account, though they are subject to frequent accidents from tumbles as they totter along on their poor big toes, which, with the tip of the heel-bone, is all that is admitted into the shoe, the other toes being folded under the instep.

There is a regular class of "foot-binders"—women whose profession it is to produce this horrible distortion, with the aid of long bandages of cotton cloth; and in the hands of an unskilful binder the process of torture is indefinitely prolonged. In any case there is generally great swelling of the foot and leg, and torturing corns and other forms of disease. Yet such is the force of distorted public opinion and the iron rule of fashion, that sometimes when in Christian schools the teacher (filled with compassion for a girl who cannot work by reason of the pain she is enduring) ventures to remove the bandages, then the tears flow still faster, for to remove these destroys her prospects in life—her value in the marriage market, where she would be despised as a large-footed plebeian! The lily-foot is thus "the guinea

¹ By the latest accounts, I hear that these hopes have been in a great measure realised, and that she has recently made a very happy marriage.

stamp," and, moreover, is a standard of artificial beauty as decided (though by no means so injurious) as tight-lacing in some countries nearer home. Though the custom is known to have been in force for fully a thousand years, no one knows which of the legends referring to its origin is authentic. One thing only is certain, namely, that even Chinese men cannot really put a stop to it. The only possible reform must be made by inducing Chinese mothers to spare their own young daughters from this torture, and to choose large-footed daughters-in-law.

Well may the Chinese appreciate, as they undoubtedly do, the work of this and all other Medical Missions, which bring to their aid the skill and tenderness of European or American trained nurses and doctors.

I must say, that bright clean rooms and orderly dispensaries are in striking contrast to such glimpses as we have obtained of the native charities which exist in all large Chinese cities, and which, however well designed in the first instance, certainly fall very far short of practical usefulness, and are, without exception, chiefly noted for their dirt and mismanagement. There are homes for old women and homes for old men, which are the dreariest of almshouses—rows of dismal cells being arranged in the form of a quadrangle, divided into streets, and enclosed by a high wall. Here persons who have attained extreme old age are provided with food and a roof—an altar before which to offer worship to the guardian idol, and some sort of medical care.

Of the medicines administered we formed some notion on being informed that one of the industries of the Foo-Chow beggars is the rearing of snakes, which are purchased by the druggists and boiled down for medicinal use, just as in

the old Gaelic legends!¹ Snake wine (which is a preparation of wine and water in which snakes have been boiled to a jelly) is deemed a famous febrifuge; snake's flesh is also considered excellent diet for invalids. The snake is treated as we treat eels; its head is cut off, and its skin removed. The flesh is then fried or boiled, but instead of being eaten plain, it must be mixed with minced chicken.

Here and there, among the numerous odd varieties of street-stall, we see a quack doctor, who, seated beneath a great umbrella, offers infallible remedies for every evil that flesh is heir to. He deals largely in acupuncture and cupping with wooden cups. As regards internal medicines, he proves his stores genuine by displaying the skulls, paws, horns, skins, and skeletons of divers animals—such as bears, bats, crocodiles, tigers—bits of bark and roots, bunches of herbs, &c.

For a child stricken with fever these wise physicians prescribe a decoction of three scorpions, while dysentery is treated by acupuncture of the tongue! Pigeons' dung is the approved medicine for women during pregnancy! and water in which cockles have been boiled is considered the best remedy for skin diseases, especially for persons recovering from small-pox.

The flesh of rats, dried and salted, is deemed an excellent hair-restorer, and is eaten by women who detect any symptom of incipient baldness. A nicer preventive is the use of tea-oil, which is extracted from pounded tea-seed, from which also are prepared tablets of soap greatly in favour with Chinese ladies.

A remedy peculiarly repulsive to our ideas, but which here is much appreciated by aged persons, is human milk,

¹ See "In the Hebrides," p. 54. C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Chatto & Windus.

which is sold in small cupfuls. The story of the Grecian daughter who thus saved the life of her father here has its counterpart in the dutiful daughter-in-law who deprived her baby of his supplies that she might sustain her husband's toothless old mother! — an act immensely applauded in popular story and illustrated in art.

As an antidote for the acute inflammation of the skin caused by the poisonous sap of the chi-shu or varnish tree, which is used by the lacquer-workers, a crab's liver is administered in a strong decoction of pine-shavings. The latter is especially worthy of note, now that we too have discovered so many excellent properties in pine-resin.

But of course there are some genuine medicines in use. Foremost among these is a tonic of the nature of gientian root, to which almost supernatural virtues are attributed. This is the famous ginseng, which is the dried root of a wild herb, the *Panax quinquefolia*, of which considerable quantities are imported from Corea, Tartary, and the United States, but that which is found in the Chinese Empire is the most highly prized of all. It is an Imperial monopoly, and is sold to the ginseng dealers for its weight in gold. In their hands, however, its value increases in an even more startling manner than does the price of drugs in the hands of the British chemist, for though ginseng of inferior quality is sold at 25s. to 50s. an ounce, the more valuable pieces fetch from 300 to 400 dollars per ounce!! Such precious roots are stored in silken wrappings, within dainty boxes with silken covers, stowed within larger air-tight boxes; for a root so precious is worthy of all care.

But to counterbalance one real tonic, the Celestials have a score of eccentric medicines. Thus in a list of seventy-eight animal, fifty mineral, and 314 vegetable medicines

enumerated in one of the standard Chinese medical works translated by Dr Hobson, of the London Medical Mission, I find such curious items as "dried red-spotted lizard, silk-worm moth, parasite of mulberry-trees, asses' glue, tops of hartshorn, birds' nests, beef and mutton, black-lead, white-lead, stalactite, asbestos, tortoise-shell, human milk, stags' horns and bones, dogs' flesh, and ferns," all recommended as tonics. Burnt straw, oyster-shell, gold and silver leaf, iron filings, and the bones and tusks of dragons are stated to be astringent.

The so-called dragons' bones, by the way, are the fossil remains of the megatherium and other extinct animals which are found in Sze-Chuen and elsewhere, both in Asia and Europe, and which our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors esteemed so highly for medicinal purposes; indeed, any one acquainted with the leechdoms of our own forefathers, might suppose in glancing over these Chinese prescriptions that he was reading the medical lore of Britain until the eighteenth century! There is the identical use of ingredients selected apparently solely on account of their loathsomeness, such as the ordure of divers animals, from man down to goats, rabbits, and silkworms; there are preparations of fossil shells, of red marble, of old copper cash, of wormwood and saffron, dragon's blood and dried leeches, human bones and human blood, flowers, metals and minerals, dried toads, scorpions, cicadas, centipedes, spotted snakes, black snakes, shed skins of snakes, the bones, sinews, and dried blood of tigers, rhinoceros-horn shavings, various insects—these, and innumerable kindred horrors, hold a conspicuous place in the Chinese pharmacopeia.

Nor are these the worst. There are certain diseases which the physicians declare to be incurable, save by a decoction

:

of which the principal ingredient is warm human flesh, cut from the arm or thigh of a living son or daughter of the patient!! To supply this piece of flesh is (naturally!) esteemed one of the noblest acts of filial devotion, and there are numerous instances on record in quite recent years, in which this generous offering has been made to save the life of a parent, and even of a mother-in-law! A case which was held up for special commendation in the *Official Gazette* of Peking for July 5th, 1870, was that of a young girl who had actually tried herself to cut the flesh from her thigh to save the life of her mother, but finding her courage fail, she had cut off two joints of her finger, and dropped the flesh into the medicine, which happily proved equally efficacious, for, says the *Official Gazette*, "this act of filial piety OF COURSE had its reward, in the immediate recovery of the mother." This case called forth "boundless laudations" from the Governor-General of the Province of Kiang-si, who begged that the Emperor would bestow some exemplary reward on the child, such as the erection of a great triumphal arch of carved stone, to commemorate the act.

In less serious cases, a medicine compounded of the eyes and vitals of the dead is supposed to be efficacious, and it is supposed that children are sometimes kidnapped and murdered to supply these ingredients. It is even believed that leprosy may be cured by drinking the blood of a healthy infant, and it is said that lepers have frequently been known to attack grown-up persons with most literally bloodthirsty intent.

Another horrid form of these truly cannibal prescriptions requires the blood of a criminal secured at the moment of decapitation. Dr Macarthy and Staff-Surgeon Rennie happening to be present at an execution at Peking, observed that

the instant the head was severed, and ere the kneeling body fell over, the executioner produced a chaplet of five pith balls, of a sort of edible pith, each about the size of an orange, and these he soaked in the blood, which continued to spout in jets from the severed vessels. When thoroughly saturated, the balls were hung up to dry in the sun, when they were sold to the druggists under the name of "shue-man-tou" (blood-bread), to be administered in small doses as the last hope in a disease called "chong-cheng," which Dr Rennie assumed to mean pulmonary consumption.

This being the class of medicine which is administered to patients in the native hospitals, it is evident that the occasional cures must be attributed rather to accident than to scientific skill, more especially as, even in the administration of drugs which may really be valuable, there is no recognised system. Strange to say, in this country where crucial examinations attend each step in a literary career, no certificate or diploma of any kind is required in order to practise medicine, so that the majority of medical practitioners (such at least as are not out-and-out quacks) are men who have failed in the scholastic line!

Apparently the only check on quackery is the dread of future punishment, as a special place in the second hell is assigned to ignorant physicians who persist in prescribing for the sick. In the fourth hell are found physicians who have administered medicines of inferior quality, and in the seventh hell are those who have appropriated human bones from neglected graveyards, thereof to make medicine. All of these are condemned to centuries of torture (the latter being repeatedly boiled in oil), and are eventually sent back to earth in the form of loathsome reptiles. But the lowest depths of the lowest hell are reserved for the physicians

who misapply their skill to criminal purposes. These are subjected to the most ignominious punishment of all, being ceaselessly gored by sows! It must be some consolation to the sick to know that their interests are thus guarded in the spirit-world!

As to surgery, it is so little understood as to be scarcely attempted, and only in most trivial cases. Consequently the physicians who attempt the cure of external disease, hold a lower rank than those who attack internal maladies. These have the wisdom to subdivide their labour, so that while one man is distinguished in his successful treatment of children's disease, another is noted for skill in fever, and a third for the treatment of women.

But in truth the Chinese have little sympathy with bodily anguish, and are by no means sure how far the care of such sufferers, and the endeavour to alleviate their pain, may be pleasing to the gods, or accounted an act of merit. For, like the Jews, who asked, "*Did this man sin, or his parents, THAT HE WAS BORN BLIND?*" they look upon all grievous bodily or mental affliction as the just punishment of some heinous offence committed in a previous state of existence.

So even blindness, which is fearfully common, receives small meed of pity. There is, indeed, an asylum provided for a certain number of sufferers, but the dole of food which accompanies the right to a wretched roof is so very small, that it is absolutely necessary to supplement it by begging; consequently, the inmates go about in companies of about half-a-dozen, walking single file, each man guided by the man in front of him, while the leader feels his way along the street with his stick. It is a most literal case of the blind leading the blind. Occasionally they stop and yell

frightful songs in chorus, beating small gongs, or clacking wooden clappers as an accompaniment. Of course the deafened bystanders soon contribute infinitesimal coin to induce them to pass on, but the shopkeepers wait awhile, knowing that the sooner one lot depart the sooner will their successors arrive !

As regards the healing of the sick, supernatural aid is often sought in preference to administering drugs, especially at the time of the feast of the nativity of the god Shing Wong, which is celebrated at midnight. Kind relations bring the garments of their sick friends to be stamped with the great seal of the god—who, by the way, has two seals, one of copper and one of jade, and a higher price is charged for an impression of the jade seal. The raiment thus consecrated is carried back to the sick, who being therein clothed, and endowed with great faith, sometimes do recover !

Somewhat akin to this, is the only recognised cure for carpenters who are afflicted with ulcers. Within the walls of a monastery in Canton stands the venerable Flowery Pagoda, which was built in the sixth century by Loo Pan, the great architect of the era. After death he was deified, and is now worshipped by all devout carpenters. When suffering from ulcers they visit his pagoda, pick out a morsel of ancient cement from between the bricks, powder it and swallow it, with a large admixture of faith !¹

¹ How strangely the superstitions of East and West correspond ! In the autumn of 1885 the daily papers record how at the Chapel of Knock in Ireland, said to have been recently honoured by an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and now a favourite place of pilgrimage, thousands of devotees are picking out fragments of cement from the chapel wall, which cement, being reduced to powder and swallowed medicinally, is credited with many miraculous cures !!

It appears, then, that, however well meant, the native dispensary cannot be regarded as a very valuable institution! As to other forms of Chinese charity, I hear of clothing clubs, soup-kitchens, distributions of rice, and caldrons of tea bestowed gratis on all thirsty souls; but the most characteristic form of benevolence consists in presenting coffins to the temples, to be awarded by the priests to the most deserving poor. This last is a very favourite way of accumulating merit, and is one which is immensely appreciated, as there is an assured respectability in the possession of a good coffin, and to watch the seasoning of such an one is a delightful occupation for the leisure of declining years.

Though such almshouses as I have seen are assuredly most uninviting refuges for old age, I am told that in some cases they are really quite comfortable; such, for example, is a Widows' Home for ladies of good quality, who by some sad chance are left homeless. It is called "the Hall of Rest for Pure Widows," under which title are included not only the faithful widows who do not incline to a second marriage, but also those true-hearted maidens who, having been betrothed in early youth, have vowed on the death of their affianced spouse to remain faithful to his memory. So great is this virtue esteemed in the Celestial Empire, that in various parts of the country I have seen really magnificent triple triumphal arches of the finest carved stonework erected in honour of such unwedded brides or faithful widows!

Strange to say, the survivor of such betrothed pairs (whether man or maid) occasionally goes through the whole solemn ceremonial of a Chinese wedding, with the funeral tablet which represents the dear (unknown) deceased. Thus

a living man confers honours on his dead bride, which consoles her in the spirit-world. On the other hand, a living maid thus wedded to the tablet of her dead lord, forsakes her own family and is entitled to the position of a daughter-in-law in the house of her husband's mother. Truly it must be conceded that these are very odd people!



CITY OF FOO-CHOW.
LOOKING TOWARDS THE ARSENAL AND MOUNT KUSHAN.

CHAPTER IX.

IN FOO-CHOW CITY.

Within the Walled City of Foo-Chow—Street Life—Fire-Walls—Woo-Shih-Shan and other Hills—The Two American Missions—Temple of Confucius—Taouist Temples—Soapstone Figures—Foo-Chow Lacquer—Kingfishers' Feathers.

U.S. CONSULATE, *March 19th.*

WE started early this morning by tryst to spend the day with Mr and Mrs C. C. Baldwin, the veteran missionaries of the American Presbyterian Church. They live in the heart of the walled city, so this was an excellent opportunity for seeing "the Happy City," *alias* "the Banyan City"—for I am told that Foo-Chow bears both these meanings, and perhaps the last is the most appropriate, on account of the numerous trees which have contrived to secure crevices in the rocks and walls, there to grow and flourish.

Really it seemed like the sudden change from humdrum daily life into some strange, bewildering dream, to pass from these very peaceful green hills down to the busy life on both shores of the river (for there is a large Chinese population on the low ground of this island). Then crossing the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, with a pause to admire the river, the odd gaily-coloured junks, the picturesque town to

right and left, and the beautiful blue mountains, we sped onward through the busy bustling blue crowd, which, however, always most politely made way for our chairs. I may mention that, contrary to all custom, which assumes that women must wish to be secluded from public gaze, I always insist on having an uncovered chair, so as to see all round, so far as one pair of eyes can manage it. Most foreign ladies accept the dull dignity of closed sedan chairs.

We halted at one of the booths on the great bridge, that I might invest in a number of highly ornamental china bowls for tobacco-pipes. They are globular, and fit on to reeds about three feet long, which can be used as walking-sticks when not required for smoking, the bowl being movable. These are used by poor people for smoking coarse tobacco grown by themselves. Others use pipes of white metal, with a very small bowl. Wealthy folk smoke highly scented powdered tobacco in water-pipes, also with a big bowl.

On the further side of the river our route lay along a densely crowded street, three miles in length, ere we reached the gate by which we were to enter the city. Though certainly not "A Street of Fragrant Breezes," it was all full of interest—such quaint groups assembled round the portable stoves and clay ovens, such eager Chinamen gambling for red eggs, such gorgeous scarlet-and-gold street signs, and attractive shops all open to the street, such strange objects for use in the temples, or for burning in honour of the dead.

We passed beneath one or two of those strangely ornamental structures which commemorate good citizens, and also beneath the arched gateways of strong walls, supposed to be fireproof, or at all events intended to divide the city

into separate fire sections. These gateways across the crowded street are always ornamental, with a good deal of gay colour and several tiers of curly roofs.

At last we found ourselves at the great gateway of the city—that is to say, it is one of seven gateways lying on the four sides of the city. Like the walls, these great buildings are of brick on a foundation of granite. The walls themselves are about thirty feet high, and twelve feet wide on the summit, and their circuit is about eight miles.

Within this compass dwells a population of about 600,000 persons, crowded together in dirty narrow streets, while a good deal of the space is occupied by very picturesque rocky hills, on which are clustered temples and pagodas, shaded by banyan-trees. One of these hills is Woo-Shih-Shan, *alias* U-Shio-Sang, “the hill of the Black Stone.” Here, on an excellent airy situation, overlooking the densely peopled city, are clustered the buildings of the Church Mission Society, the most prominent of which—the Theological College—is now, alas! a picture of desolation and ruin, having been deliberately burnt in a riot got up a few months ago by the literati, whose influence is always anti-foreign, and especially anti-Christian.

On the same hill, shaded by fine trees, stands a picturesque old temple, which has for many years been “the town-house” of the British Consul. There is a British Consulate on the Foreign Settlement, but this is a more attractive home, and secures a right of residence in the city.

On another pleasant hill in the neighbourhood, near to another tall pagoda, is the American Presbyterian Mission, which was our first destination this morning, the home of the C. C. Baldwins, who, I believe, were the first to begin

work at Foo-Chow. They have stuck to their post for thirty years, many of which were apparently spent in fruitless labour, "toiling in rowing, and the wind contrary." But now, like all the other Christian workers of various denominations in this Province, they have the gladness of having gathered a very large number of devoted adherents, several of whom have already proved their faith by unflinchingly enduring persecution, even to death.

I believe my other American friends, the Stephen Baldwins, who live on Nantai, represent the American Methodist Episcopal Church; but all the Christian regiments here work in happy harmony, and these two American missions have enrolled about three thousand converts. They have now many out-stations scattered over the Province, where each native teacher forms a centre from which spreads a knowledge of the Christian faith. Between them they have about a hundred and fifty of such Chinese agents—zealous and earnest men; in truth, none but such would devote their lives to a service replete with danger, and which brings them only contumely, so far as this world's honour is concerned.

Each of these missions also has excellent and flourishing schools. The Stephen Baldwins on Nantai have a high school for boys, a theological school, a female training institution, a hospital, and a mission press. Their namesakes in the city have also kindred institutions, and personally they have facilitated the labours of all future workers in Foo-Chow, by compiling a dictionary of its peculiar dialect and idioms, and by various other literary work.

When we arrived, Mrs Baldwin was teaching a class of wide-awake-looking boys, for whose edification she made me trace my various wanderings on the great school-map,

apparently in the hope of making them realise that there *are* other countries besides China!

When the class was dismissed, we started to do a little sight-seeing in the city for my benefit. Our first object was to visit the great temple dedicated to the memory of Confucius, that wearisome sage, whose fossilised wisdom has petrified all original thought throughout the vast Empire ever since the sixth century before Christ. What he said and what he taught has from that time to the present been accepted as the sole rule of perfection, making all progress impossible, and all life one long retrogression.

Confucius, as we commonly write the name, is only a Latinised form of Koong-foo-tsze, whose temples are revered in every city of the Empire, and whose symbol is hung up in every schoolroom, that all the scholars may prostrate themselves before it every morning ere commencing the study of his writings, which are the foundation of all education, and on which the whole system of government is based.

On reaching the temple we found it closed, but were taken in by a circuitous way through tumble-down rooms and courts, finally reaching the temple itself, which is a fine old building and in good repair, but, like all Confucian temples, chillingly bare and cold and solemn. They are, in fact, simply ancestral halls consecrated to the dead, and even the presence of an image of Confucius himself is an exceptional and quite a modern innovation, and one which is very distasteful to his strict followers.

This temple, being truly orthodox, contains simply his memorial tablet, and those of the seventy-two most eminent of his three thousand disciples. The said tablets are simply the invariable tall, narrow, flat strips of wood, rounded at

the top, supported by a stand of handsomely carved wood, and inscribed with the name of the dead. That of "the most holy ancient sage" of course occupies the central place, and is inscribed as the "Seat of the soul of the most renowned teacher of antiquity." Those of the seventy-two most eminent disciples are ranged on either side of their great master, each in his appointed order; the first holding the place of honour on the left hand, the second on the right, the third on the left, and so on; while tablets to minor sages are ranged round the walls.

In addition to these pre-Christian sages, there are tablets to many more modern individuals who have been distinguished either for filial piety, or loyalty in official capacities, or public beneficence, but chiefly for remarkable learning (of course in the wisdom of Confucius). Special honour is also paid to women of distinguished virtue or filial piety. Their tablets are placed together in a separate hall, and incense is burnt before each.

Here everything is so chilling that even the great incense-burner, candlesticks, and vases are of solid granite, on a granite altar, and ponderous pillars of granite support the heavy roof. The worshippers who daily do homage to the sage, prostrate themselves in mute veneration, no words of prayer or definite expression of thought being required save on special occasions. There are fortnightly services in the temple, but those of chief interest occur in the middle of spring and of autumn, when solemn services are held here at dead of night, or rather, towards the eerie hour of about 3 A.M., when all the mandarins, the civil and military officials of the city, and the literary classes, assemble to do homage to the learned dead. All wear their official dress and hat, for, like the Jews, they deem it reverent to cover

the head during any act of worship. (Even in social life a gentleman calling on any person to whom honour is due, must keep his hat on until politely urged to remove it—an invitation which an ignorant foreigner might naturally be afraid to hazard!) As only the Viceroy and the Tartar General (civil and military representatives of the Emperor) may approach the shrine, all the congregation remain in the outer court, which is lighted by blazing torches wrapped in scarlet cloth, and placed on high poles—the civil mandarins are placed on the left side, which is the most honourable, and the military mandarins on the right.

For this same reason the Viceroy approaches the shrine by the steps on the left-hand side, and takes his place to the left of the altar, and the Tartar General (who takes a secondary position in the worship) ascends by the right-hand steps, and takes up his position to the right of the altar. Only the Emperor in person may approach the Confucian shrine direct by the central steps.

All these gentlemen are supposed to have fasted for two days previously, so they are fully prepared to do justice to the funereal banquet which follows. At these great festivals the offering laid before the altar includes every available animal commonly used for food, *i.e.*, a whole cow or bullock, several pigs, goats, sheep, fowls, ducks, &c. These creatures are driven to the temple on the previous day, escorted by a state official; also by musicians and men bearing strange banners with suitable inscriptions (in those quaint Chinese characters which are so much more decorative in a procession than any flag with plain English words!)

These animals are made to pass before the altar, while incense is duly offered; they then pass on to the slaughter-house, where each is carefully shaved and scraped till it is

as hairless as a Chinaman's face. The hair, wool, and blood are all buried, and the carcasses are laid in order before the altar, which is brilliantly illuminated.

The other offerings include 3 kinds of wine, 3 sorts of fruit, 3 varieties of flowers, and 9 different materials manufactured from silk, all of which must be white, marking the funereal character of the sacrifice. The Chinese reverence for certain symbolic numbers is here apparent in the prevalence of multiples of 3 and 9. To begin with, the invariable approach to a Confucian temple is through a triple gateway; 36 acolytes in four groups of 9 (each bearing a plume of Argus feathers) wait on the great official who, representing the Emperor, officiates as priest. These lads must be sons of men who have taken the literary degree answering to our B.A., and are dressed in its peculiar blue silk tunic, richly embroidered tippet, and strangely decorated hat.

As a preliminary to the service, the Imperial representative must wash his hands ceremonially, and offer incense—"the fragrance of an hour," as the incense-stick is called—elevating it high above his head, ere it is deposited in the great incense-burner. In the course of the ceremonial he must go up to the altar 9 times, presenting different offerings, each of which he elevates above his head before presenting it. On each of these 9 occasions he performs the Kow-tow, prostrating himself 3 times, and knocking his head on the ground 9 times. His example is followed by all the company, who kneel each on his appointed square of the stone pavement in the outer court.

How their heads must ache before the close of this very apoplectic devotional exercise!

The company of musicians (numbering, I think, 8 times

9) are robed in ancient academic dress—long blue robes edged with black. Many carry instruments of music supposed to date from the Confucian era! There are divers stringed instruments, and wind instruments, and very ancient bells, suspended from a wooden beam, and huge drums. But as these Confucian “fifes, sackbuts, and dulcimers” are now obsolete, and no one knows how to play them, the musicians merely feign to touch them, and are content with striking the bells and the great drums at intervals between their shrill vocal anthems. These, however, are accompanied by a full orchestra of all manner of dreadful modern instruments!

As a matter of course, the Chinese trace back their knowledge of music to a remote antiquity. They maintain that they discovered the division of the octave into twelve semitones, 3000 B.C., and that these were accurately rendered upon twelve bamboo tubes. Under the patronage of the Emperor Huangti, B.C. 2700, music rose to such importance that the office of music-master to the Imperial family was deemed the highest in the realm.

Music enjoys the privilege of having been highly commended by the great sage himself, who pronounced it to be the best medium for governing the passions of mankind. It is to be feared, however, that we poor moderns cannot be soothed by the identical melodies which calmed the Confucian contemporaries, and which the Chinese assert to have been eminently sweet and harmonious, though how they know anything about it, is hard to tell, as in B.C. 246 an iconoclastic Emperor, Tsin-shih-Huangti, ordered the destruction of all books, music-books, and musical instruments, so that the Chinese music of the present day must date from a subsequent period.

A letter addressed to Confucius, and written on yellow paper, is presented by the Viceroy, who prostrates himself before the altar, while a herald reads the letter aloud amid the most death-like silence. He then lays it on the altar, whence, at the close of the service, the same official reverently raises it in both hands high above his head, and carries it to the sacred brazier in the outer court, and therein consigns it to the flames, which are the sole authorised medium for transmitting messages from the living to those in the world of spirits.

Offerings of cakes and of wine in ancient brazen vessels are then presented and laid upon the altar.

I have already noted that on these occasions all the literati are supposed to be present, for even the most advanced thinkers, who despise all the foolish ceremonial and idolatries of the Buddhist and Taouist religions, profess the deepest veneration for the wisdom of Confucius; so they condescend to eat their share of the offerings as at a funeral feast; and, in truth, the reverence accorded to Confucius is simply a development of the ancestral worship which was the aboriginal religion of the land, and is the one real religion of China at the present day—the one all-pervading influence acknowledged by all, to whatever other religious body they may nominally belong.

His teaching concerned man's moral duty to his neighbour in the practice of politeness, benevolence, and wisdom—but as for his relation to the spiritual world, that was a subject on which he abstained from comment. Consequently his followers, finding no instructions on the worship of any god, consider that none is essential, and so the pure Confucian is a true Agnostic. The majority, however, combine reverence for his teaching with a nominal adherence to that of either

Buddha or Laou-tsoo. The latter was the contemporary of Confucius, but more imaginative, and his system has developed into the Taoist, whose temples and hideous idols we see in all directions.

I confess that the said temples, with all their extraordinary images and wealth of colour, have for me a fascination which is wholly lacking in the severely solemn temples of this excellent moral teacher. These hold much the same relation to other temples of China as the bare Shinto temples of Japan do to its gorgeous Buddhist shrines. They may appeal to the intellect, but certainly not to the artistic eye.

We wandered on from one temple to another, some picturesquely niched among grey rock boulders, and some in the crowded city, till I had a bewildering general impression of endless stone-paved courtyards, wherein strange buildings, consisting of eccentric roofs supported by one wall, and many elaborately sculptured dragon-pillars, are guarded by gruesome great beasts, carved in marble or cast in bronze, and approached by fantastic bridges and sculptured stairs; while legions of fascinating china figures (representing whole legends of mythology) cluster, thick as locusts, all over intricate tiled roofs, all turned up at the corners, and ending off with elaborate arabesques, as if infected by the frolicsome dolphins and curly dragons of bright-green crockery which disport themselves on the ridge-pole—their bright glare reflecting the sun-light, and the whole gaining brilliancy from the background of clear blue sky.

As to the interiors, it is useless to attempt to describe them, for though the eye detects endless variety, to the ear there must be a wearisome sameness in the oft-told tale of strange images and their votaries—images colossal or dwarf, gaudy or sombre, painted or gilded—shaven priests

in grey or yellow robes—hirsute priests in satin vestments of dazzling colour, braziers, incense, votive tablets, coloured and silk-fringed lamps, gorgeous canopies and huge umbrellas, and all the thousand other items, which to me are a source of such never-ending interest. When satiated with temples, there still remained the interest of the fascinating little shops.

The special industries of Foo-Chow are the quaintest little fat figures carved in soapstone, and a very beautiful sort of lacquer of which the manufacture is a secret known only to one family here, and most jealously guarded. It is smooth as satin, and the colours used are chiefly dull red and olive green. Beautiful large boxes are made of it, and table ornaments. Of these, one of the most fascinating designs is a lotus blossom resting on its own beautifully modelled leaves. Being a secret, and therefore a monopoly, each piece produced commands a high price, immensely in excess of that of other beautiful lacquers generally accounted precious.

But of all fascinating manufactures none is more attractive than the dainty and dazzling jewellery made of the exquisite metallic feathers of the blue and green kingfisher and blue jay, so worked into a setting of silver or gold as to resemble most beautiful enamel, yet with a silk-like gloss most puzzling on first inspection. This is the favourite style of jewellery here, and while great ladies wear it in the form of artificial butterflies, flowers, and leaves of the most refined work, very effective ornaments are made for their humbler sisters on a groundwork of base metal. As to the gorgeousness of theatrical decorations thus produced, words fail to describe it—such crowns and such splendid head-dresses of all sorts!

They are beautiful, but it is quite grievous to think of the wholesale slaughter of these lovely birds, involved by such a demand, and extending over so enormous a district, for it is not here only that these lovely feathers are so highly prized. I saw an immense deal of the same sort of work at Canton, not in the form of such delicately inlaid jewellery as that made here, but for the very showy marriage crowns, which are generally made of imitation gold. This is, however, merely the foundation on which to pile artificial flowers and other ornaments made of these lovely feathers, though considerably vulgarised by the free admixture of imitation pearls.

The gilded sedan chair in which the bride is carried is also richly decorated with a multitude of tiny wooden figures apparently enamelled, but really covered with morsels of these feathers. Fortunately it is not incumbent on a young couple to invest in one of these gorgeous crowns and chairs, as they are hired for the occasion. At Canton I also saw most exquisite hand-screens and large folding-screens, in which the feathers were applied to produce very effective designs (sometimes whole landscapes) on a golden background. Multitudes of quaint wooden figures, which appear at certain festivals in honour of the great Dragon, are also so closely coated with this glossy feather as to resemble fine porcelain.

The process of manufacture involves most delicate manipulation. Suppose a head-dress is to be made on a silver-gilt ground. The general pattern is marked out by strips of fine silver-gilt wire, which are soldered to the groundwork. The working jeweller sits at a table on which are arranged his tools and materials. These consist of strips of bright plume cut away from the rib, and neatly laid on a

sheet of paper; beside them lie several small, very sharp chisels. On a tiny charcoal brazier stands a cup of strong glue dissolved in spirit, and beside it lie some very fine paint-brushes. Holding the ornament in his left hand, with his right he dexterously cuts an atom of feather just the right size and shape for some piece of his pattern. Then, with a fine brush, he applies the glue to the metal, and thereon with the same brush lifts and deposits the morsel of feather, which he presses home with a smooth horn needle. From long practice, he works with a rapidity and dexterity wonderful to behold, and, moreover, is apparently quite undisturbed by the presence of admiring spectators, who are not shut out by any window, for every shop is open to the street, and you can watch all processes of manufacture ere buying your goods!

I was so fascinated in watching one of these patient neat-handed jewellers making a gorgeous bridal head-dress that I could hardly tear myself away. But the lowering sun warned me not to delay too long, for at 6.30 P.M. sharp, after some minutes of preliminary shouting and measured gong-beating, the gates of the city are closed, and the keys are sent to a head official, after which neither ingress nor egress is possible. So it is necessary ere then to be on which ever side of the wall you wish to sleep!

CHAPTER X.

FEMALE INFANTICIDE.

Foundling Hospital—A Young Wife—Paying Mothers to Nurse their own Children—The Sunday Difficulty—Commencement of the Mission in Foo-Chow—The Term Question—The Rev. Wong Kiu-taik—Sorely tried Converts—Steady Increase—Census of Foreign Missionaries.

AMONGST the native charities which we have visited is a Foundling Hospital, where unwelcome infants (chiefly girls) who have been abandoned by their unnatural mothers are carried, should they be found alive, and sometimes they are brought here and handed in anonymously by their own mothers. So far from being deemed a crime, infanticide is not even blamed by public opinion, nevertheless foreign influence has so far modified the views of the upper classes, that various semi-official proclamations have been issued, strongly condemning the practice, and pointing out that, as the destruction of girls must be displeasing to the gods, it must tend to defeat the object in view, namely, obtaining the Heaven-granted gift of sons to perform the rites of ancestral sacrifice and worship.

The Foundling Hospitals are built on the same plan as the others—rows of mean, dirty, damp cells, where, with-

out a pretence to cleanliness or comfort, wretchedly poor women are established as wet-nurses on a monthly wage of about four shillings, with a trifling additional allowance for getting the baby's head shaved! Each receives charge of a couple of the poor starved babies—some indeed are expected to take charge of three; and although such are allowed a dole of flour and water, to supplement the deficient supply of nourishment, it is needless to say that the miserable children are horribly neglected, and the sound of their ceaseless pitiful wailing is heard even before we enter this abode of infant misery. Oh! what a contrast to the happy and well-beloved babies of Japan!

Here the death-rate is of course enormous, and about a coolie-load per diem of dead babies is carried out of the hospital to receive uncoffined and unrecognised burial. Never was there a more practical illustration of the survival of the fittest! Such babies as survive ten months of this treatment acquire a definite value, like puppies which have had distemper, and they are purchased by childless couples who want to rear a servant to tend their old age, or else by provident parents who thus cheaply provide secondary wives for their sons—at least such are the ostensible reasons assigned to make the purchase legitimate. Even supernumerary sons are occasionally consigned to this hospital, whence they are probably removed by sonless couples who want to adopt an heir to offer sacrifice after their death. As to the doubly rejected children who have no promise of future beauty and whom no one wants, they are generally diseased, deformed, idiotic or blind, and so are eventually sent forth to swell the ranks of wretched street beggars.

There is little fear that the girls who are thus purchased as future daughters-in-law will turn out unsatisfactory, as

they are too much in dread of the alternative, namely, being reduced to the rank of servants, who are virtually slaves. But child-wives are sometimes provided just as cheaply by direct purchase from the parents, or by exchange. The other day, a lady was visiting a tiny Christian school in a village near here; she was particularly attracted by a bright little fellow, about eight years of age, who for some months had refused to worship the village idols, and who repeated various Christian hymns with much feeling.

The little chap carried in his arms a wee baby girl, and the lady naturally asked if it was his sister, whereupon he looked shy, and did not answer, but his brother volunteered the information, "She is his wife!" On further inquiry as to why so young a baby had been taken from its own mother, the boy's mother explained that had she purchased an older child, she would have required to pay a higher price, whereas, having a girl of her own of the same age, she had exchanged with a neighbour, who also had a son to marry, but as this baby was larger and fatter than her own, she had thrown in a dollar and some cakes to equalise the exchange!

I am told that the proportion of female infanticide varies greatly in different provinces. Throughout the province of Fokien it is unusually high; in fact, there are some districts in the neighbourhood of Amoy where thirty per cent. of all the girls born are put to death—strangled, or else drowned like so many puppies. Here in Foo-Chow, it is quite a common thing for a mother to mention that she has made away with three or four girls! But I am told that throughout the empire the numerical disparity of female children is always a painfully suggestive characteristic. Chinese students of Bible history find it almost impossible to accept the first chapter of Exodus as an accurate translation. It seems

to them so preposterous to assert that Pharaoh could have commanded that the boys should all be drowned, and the girls saved alive!

One simple detail will illustrate the different estimate in which sons and daughters are held, even in families which have no wish to destroy the latter. In certain districts of Northern China (and probably elsewhere), the medical charge for vaccinating a boy is 800 cash, which is equal to about ninepence. The charge for vaccinating a girl is only 400 cash, as it is found that the people would rather run the risk of their daughter's beauty being destroyed, than pay for her at the same rate as for a son!

Probably, however, a more remarkable proof is one which has just come under my notice in this town. Prominent among the Chinamen who are truly friendly to foreigners is Mr Ahok, a merchant who, having begun life with little of the world's gear, has prospered so greatly that he now owns large stores all over the city. His history reminds me of the biography of "A Successful Merchant" in London town, for, like him, he has ever made a rule of most liberal almsgiving, increasing in proportion to the increase of his business, and truly it seems that a blessing has rested on all he has taken in hand.

Though not by birth of high estate, he has been created a mandarin in recognition of his many and far-reaching good deeds, one of which has been the salvage of innumerable girl-babies by the simple announcement that he would give an allowance of rice for a certain time to every mother who, purposing to destroy her unwelcome female infant, would abstain from so doing. It is found that when a woman has taken the trouble of rearing her babe through its early stages of existence, she grows fond of it, and rarely destroys it

wilfully. The number of Mr Ahok's pensioners varies considerably in years of plenty, or years of famine. During the recent bad years he has actually allowed rice to five hundred mothers to induce them to spare the lives of the innocents! Last year, I am told, the number was reduced to three hundred, but this number is now steadily increasing. Of course, it is only the poorest of the people whom he can reach by this means. As regards the well-to-do parents, who simply cannot be bothered rearing useless girls, who can never repay the cost of their keep, the only chance of influencing them is by means of a little body of native reformers who are now endeavouring to create a healthy public opinion on the subject. Of course the spread of Christianity is the only effectual safeguard—the only real antidote for a custom so widely established, and which, apart from its own iniquity, is held responsible for much of the immorality of this land.

As regards Mr Ahok's good work, it is virtually the act of a Christian, for, although he has not yet formally been admitted to their number, he has long been a regular attendant at the services of the American Mission, and never fails, by every means in his power, to help and honour all persons connected with Christian Missions, which is a good deal more than can be said for many foreigners who, by virtue of their nationality, rank as unquestioned Christians.

The difficulty in Mr. Ahok's case is not merely the usual question of the barbarous cruelty and personal danger of abstaining from the accustomed offerings on behalf of the dead, which is a far more real test than most Europeans could believe, but also the injustice which he may do to others by a total cessation from all Sunday trade, which is

always insisted upon as an absolutely necessary preliminary to Christian baptism.¹

He has in his employment fully a thousand heathen Chinamen, to all of whom a compulsory day of idleness would be a serious loss, especially as many have wives and children. But to engage to pay them wages for no work, by the same act which knocks off the profit of one day in seven, would be indeed a serious sacrifice, especially as it is one which is not made by even foreign merchants (foreign, hence at least nominal Christians), and which of course would thus place him and his Chinese partners at a terrible disadvantage among their competitors.

I do not mean by this to imply that foreigners' shops or mercantile houses are actually open on Sunday, but throughout the East an immense amount of business is

¹ This question proved a matter for long and most anxious consideration. Although for a while these apparently insuperable difficulties seemed to necessitate the continuance of Sunday work, Mr Ahok made his house and his great stores centres for Christian meetings on certain days of every week and month, and at length the very natural objections of his partners were so far overcome that it was decided to close all places of business on Sunday—not suddenly, but after due notice, and the issue to all old customers of an almanack to show on what days of the Chinese year the Sundays would fall, and an intimation that on those days no business could be transacted. Mr Ahok further resolved that all persons engaged in his service should receive their full seven days' wages, but made it a condition of remaining in his employment, that in place of serving him at their usual posts on the seventh day, they should all be present at a Christian meeting, and might thus have full opportunity of learning the tenets of the faith he had himself adopted.

It is much to be regretted that this great test experiment should have been tried at a season of such grievous commercial depression, that the results so far have not commended the movement to the non-Christian partners.

On a smaller scale, the strict observance of the Sabbath by individual converts in various parts of the country, and especially the extraordinary fact of abstinence from money-making work, has so astonished their neighbours as to attract great attention and provoke inquiry, which has resulted in numerous conversions.

transacted on the day of nominal rest. Not only do the heavy requirements of "mail-day" oppress the principals, but gangs of weary workers pour out from the tea-hongs and other factories on every day alike, the argument of the employers being that which I have already stated, namely, that the observance of a compulsory holiday would be anything but a privilege to those to whom it is no holy day. Therefore it is simply a question of how far the employment of "the stranger that is within thy gates" is legitimate.

Of course the native convert in India, China, or Japan, notes with wonder that the Sabbatical observance which is made an indispensable condition of his admission to the Church, sits very lightly on those already within its pale.

This little province of Fuh-Kien, although about the smallest of the eighteen provinces of China Proper (being only just about the size of England, and with a population of only twenty millions, out of the total of four hundred millions), is nevertheless one of the most interesting centres of mission work in the Empire.

Nowhere has good seed been sown in ground apparently more barren than this, which for many years proved so terribly discouraging to the few earnest men who first attempted to kindle one ray of Christian light in the dense darkness of a land so wholly given to idolatry.

The first effort was made by Americans in 1846, *i.e.*, two years after the port of Foo-Chow was opened to foreign trade. They were followed in 1850 by two clergymen of the English Church Missionary Society, one of whom was skilled in medicine, an agency whose value had already been proved at Amoy, in this same province. Hitherto the Americans had only been suffered to live at the suburb of Nantai. It was therefore deemed a great concession when

quarters were assigned to the medical Britons in an old temple on the Wu-shih-shan hill, in the heart of the walled city.

Within two years, one of the clergymen was removed to another district, as if a parish of 600,000 souls was not a large enough sphere for two men! But **THERE** lies the great difficulty of mission work in China—the problem of how one man is to teach one million!! This is not a figure of speech—it is the actual proportion of the total number of Protestant missionaries sent out by upwards of thirty different societies, to work among the 400,000,000 of China!

For three years Mr Welton toiled alone, acquiring great personal influence by his ministrations among the sick poor, about three thousand cases annually seeking his healing skill, and during all this time he ceaselessly strove to make known to them the love of the Great Physician. At length two other clergymen were sent to his aid, but his own health had broken down through over-work, and he only returned home to die.

The two new comers had scarcely mastered the difficulties of the language, ere one died of fever (having previously buried his wife), and the other was compelled by the illness of his wife to leave so isolated a post. Thus a fifth clergyman, the Rev. G. Smith, who had in the meantime arrived, and was still in the first agonies of battling with the language, was left utterly alone; and if any man or woman in Europe imagines that he or she has realised the pain of loneliness, just let them imagine what it would be to be **ALONE** among millions of contemptuous idolaters, not one of whom had one grain of sympathy for the foreign barbarian who could not even make himself understood!

This was the state of the C. M. S. Mission here at

the end of its tenth year. Not one convert, or the smallest prospect of one, had rewarded this effort, which had cost three valuable lives, besides invaliding others. It now became a serious question whether it might not be wiser to commence operations elsewhere. Mr Smith, however, pleaded hard to be allowed to remain in Foo-Chow, as there were three inquirers whom he deemed hopeful. It was a faint spark to result from such prolonged effort, but his petition was granted, and he was left to fan this feeble germ of life. In the course of the following year he had the satisfaction of baptizing four converts; within the next two years this number was increased to thirteen. But he was only destined to see the commencement of the harvest, and then he too was called to his rest.

Ere his death, in 1863, he was joined by the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, who thus, within a year of his arrival, was left in sole charge of the Mission. Within two months, he likewise was brought to the verge of the grave, and had to retire to Hong-Kong for medical aid. Thus the infant Church was left without any foreign pastor. Happily, in this extremity, a Chinese catechist, by name Wong Kiu-taik, was found competent to act as evangelist of the native Church, and thenceforth hundreds of his countrymen daily attended his preaching at two chapels in different parts of the crowded city. He was subsequently admitted to holy orders by Bishop Alford, and has proved a most earnest and able clergyman—the first Chinese pastor of Fuh-Kien.

His own simple story is most touching. He was a young landscape-painter, and was persuaded by his special friend (also a young artist) to attend the services of the American Episcopal Mission. What he there heard convinced him that the foreign religion was true. The despair and indignation

of his mother, when she realised his conversion, was unbounded. She drove him from the house with the most terrible of Chinese curses, forbidding his presence at her funeral. But though sorely troubled, the young man's constancy was nowise shaken; on the contrary, he only became the more earnest and zealous.

One day he received a message from his mother commanding him to come to her. He fully expected to find some plot for his destruction, and obeyed her behest with many an anxious prayer. She asked him if he was still determined to be a Christian, and it needed all his courage to reply that such was indeed the case. Judge of his thankful joy when she replied that if that was really his determination she would no longer oppose him, but he might live at home and be a Christian. He was baptized soon afterwards, at the age of twenty-three, assuming the name of Kiu-taik, "Seeker of Virtue."

For a while he worked as an evangelist in the service of the American Mission, but resigned his post in consequence of a difficulty which has sorely troubled the Christians of China—a difficulty known as "The Term Question," which is, in fact, a very painful dispute as to the Chinese word to be adopted as the best equivalent for the name of GOD. The decision of the American Mission was in favour of a term which Wong could not conscientiously use, as to his mind it conveyed an idolatrous meaning. He therefore left the Americans, and with their fullest recommendation joined the English Mission, in which he has done such good service.

The "Term Question" has been the source of much painful discussion among all sections of the Christian Church, and is one on which the ablest men and best of friends have carried on hot contentions, most unedifying to the Chinese

whom they desire to instruct. The controversy which has raged on the claims of three Chinese titles, has given birth to a dozen learned pamphlets. The first is SHANG-TI, "The Supreme God;" the second is T'IEH-CHOO, "The Lord of Heaven;" the third is SHIN, "Spirit."

The first of these terms appears the most rational, but its opponents say that the Chinese will naturally identify it with the Supreme Being whom they worship in the Temple of Heaven, and perhaps in so doing they might not be far wrong.¹ But the result of the dispute is that the first term is in use throughout the Fuh-Kien and Hang-Chow Missions, and is also used by the missionaries in Hong-Kong, though both in his preaching and in his translation of the Bible and Prayer-book, their bishop (Bishop Burdon) adheres to the term T'ien-Choo, which is that adopted by the Church of Rome. On the other hand, the term Shin is that sanctioned by Bishop Russell, and generally used in the Ningpo district and at Shanghai, as also by the American missionaries. Consequently the travelled Chinaman has a general impression that three sets of foreign teachers are advocating the worship of three Gods!

This then was the question which gave to the Church of England in Foo-Chow her first ordained native clergyman, and, as I have said, his earnest preaching has led many of his countrymen to adopt the faith which he so powerfully advocates.

In the following year, some undefined cause aroused the fury of the mob against Christians in general, and a savage persecution ensued, in which chapel, schools, mission library, and teachers' houses were destroyed, and many of the converts were cruelly maltreated. Then, as in a multitude of

¹ "WHOM therefore ye ignorantly worship, HIM declare I unto you."

more recent cases, the Chinese Christians gave proof of an intense reality of faith, ready to endure the loss of all things, even unto death.

I often wish when I hear men lightly quoting from one another the stock phrases which are accepted as conclusive evidence of the uselessness of mission work, and of the hypocrisy which it is supposed to foster in its converts (all of whom are supposed to be merely nominal, or attracted by gain), that the speakers would just take the trouble to inquire for themselves as to the truth of their statements. They would learn a very different story from the lips of men who really know what they are speaking about, and who would gladly give them a thousand details of individuals who have proved the intensity of their convictions, by voluntarily resigning lucrative posts in connection with idol worship, or involving Sunday work; by enduring bitter persecutions from their own nearest and dearest relations, deliberately giving up all ease and comfort in life, and accepting a lot of assured poverty and suffering, all in the one great effort to live worthy of the Light and Love which has filled their hearts—a Light which in many cases has long been steadily and bitterly resisted, ere it has thus triumphed.

In the case of this first general persecution at Foo-Chow, it led to the usual result of calling much attention to the new doctrine, and greatly enlarging the number of genuine inquirers, from which, one by one, arose individuals desiring baptism. Several European merchants were so much impressed by the constancy of these native Christians under such serious persecution, that they subscribed £1000 to build a church for their use in the heart of the city. This was opened in 1865, the bell which summoned the congre-

gation to worship being that rescued from the fore-castle of H.M.S. Childers, which had recently been wrecked on this coast.

It has been said by one of England's greatest preachers, that "The faith which does not seek to communicate itself to others, soon shrivels up." Here we find the converse most practically illustrated, for the most remarkable feature of the growth of this native Church has been that notwithstanding the persecution which such a course is almost certain to awaken, each man or woman who has grasped some idea of Christian truth, invariably tries to convince friends and neighbours, so that all over the country individuals are doing evangelists' work on their own account, and thus a multitude of tiny Christian centres are formed whence the light is certain ere long to radiate further and further.

As an example of how much one earnest man may effect, and also of how good seed lying fallow for years may yet come to light, Mr S. L. Baldwin tells of one of his converts here, by name Ching-Ting, a devoted Christian, who went about from village to village preaching the Gospel. At various places he was stoned, and finally was arrested and thrown into the common prison on some totally false charge, for which, nevertheless, he was condemned to receive seven hundred lashes with a triple leather thong, making the punishment equal to over two thousand cuts. Being so lacerated as to be incapable of walking, he was carried back to Foo-Chow, where a foreign physician stated that so severe a case of scourging had never come to his knowledge. But though in such intense agony that he could not repress his groans, he never ceased to plead with all around him to turn to the Saviour, who could give the

soul such perfect peace, though the body was racked with pain.¹

As soon as he was able to walk, he resumed his preaching work on the identical round where he had been so cruelly persecuted ; and so greatly has his word been blessed,

¹ Very touching is the simple confidence with which these fine frank natures accept and realise their newly found privilege of what St John¹ calls "our fellowship" with God. One young man, a candidate for baptism, was asked whether he felt that he truly loved the Saviour? Humbly but very earnestly came the answer—"I do ; I cling to Him, I am very, very close to Him." And this has been the testimony, proven by consistent lives, of thousands in China, and in many instances sealed by martyrdom.

From the south of China to the far north, all the converts, whether Catholic or Protestant, know very well that in embracing Christianity they render themselves liable to persecution in every form.

Thus at Christmas-time 1879, there was a fearful persecution in a district within a hundred miles of Canton, where a wealthy Christian convert, having determined to build a church in his village, was seized and tortured, to make him forswear Christ. *On his remaining steadfast, he was bound to a cross and swathed in cotton-wool saturated with oil, and so was burnt alive.* Four of his fellow-Christians were also fearfully tortured and mutilated, and then *they likewise (since they could not be induced to recant) were tied to crosses and burnt.*

Fire and frost are alike enlisted in this cruel work. From I-cho, a village seventy miles from Pekin, comes a story of prolonged torture, as the penalty for helping to commence a mission there. A friendly Chinaman negotiated the rental of a suitable house, for which a year's rent was paid in advance. But when the tenants came to take possession they were officially informed by the mandarins that no foreigners could be allowed to live so near the Imperial Tombs, as the good influences of the place would be destroyed.

The unhappy Chinaman who had hired the house was barbarously beaten, receiving a hundred blows from a strip of bamboo three inches wide, and twenty blows on his face with an inch-wide leather. Disabled by this brutal treatment, the poor wretch was then chained to a stone platform, and there left for seventeen days without fire, in the bitter cold of a northern winter (where for months together the ice on the river is a foot in depth). His undressed wounds had putrefied, and his condition was altogether horrible, when, on payment of a heavy fine, he was released, to act as a living warning to all who should in any way countenance the foreigners. So far, however, from this result being attained, the people seem to have been impressed by the injustice of the case, and, so far as they dared, proved friendly and respectful.

¹ 1 John i. 3.

that ere many months had elapsed, four hundred of his countrymen looked upon him as the instrument of their conversion.

In the course of his wanderings he went to the Isle of Lamyit, and there was astonished to be greeted by friendly people who said, "Oh, we know about this doctrine; it is not new to us," and then they told him that thirty years previously Mr Medhurst had come up the coast, scattering Christian books broadcast. They had received the Gospels of St Matthew and St John and other books, and had studied them, always hoping that some one would come and tell them more! So about sixty persons were quite prepared to become Christians.

As another instance of the spread of Christianity by purely native agency, I may quote that in the neighbourhood of Lo-Nguong (a town immediately to the north of Foo-Chow, where a great awakening commenced some years ago), on the very first occasion that an English clergyman, the Rev. T. R. Wolfe, visited one of the neighbouring villages, he was invited to a native house, where, in the great hall usually devoted to idols, he found that these had been banished, and replaced by tables on which lay Chinese copies of the Bible and the Prayer-book. He learnt that the whole family were in the habit of assembling here regularly for morning and evening prayer, which was conducted by the elder brother. Within a radius of nine miles from the central town there were ninety candidates for baptism, besides a great number of inquirers, and at the village aforesaid about one hundred persons had assembled, bringing their own rice, that they might be able to remain all day.

As a matter of course, such a movement was quickly

followed by an outbreak of violent persecution, in which the Christians suffered terribly, but nevertheless, almost without exception, they stood firm, and quite recently small congregations have come into existence at new villages in the neighbourhood. To one of these (the village of Iong-Tung) the Gospel was brought by one villager who had happened to attend a preaching in the village of A-chaia. He at once told all he had heard to his own neighbours, and very soon himself embraced the faith. His neighbours one and all joined together against him in cruel persecution, but he continued faithful unto death. No sooner was he dead, than the head-man of the village, who had been the leader of the opposition, became convinced that his persecuted neighbour was right, and so, putting away idols, he opened his reception-hall for Christian worship.

This exasperated his people, who proceeded to destroy his tea plantations, attacked his house, and drove him and his family from the village. After a while, however, their minds were changed towards him. He was invited to return, and his most violent antagonists were among the first members of a now flourishing congregation.

Another village in the same group has furnished a most remarkable parallel to the story of the Philippian jailer of A.D. 53. In place of Paul and Silas at Philippi, we have two Chinese converts at Lau-Iong. They were imprisoned on charges which the mandarins themselves admitted to be false, but were detained in consequence of bribes from the anti-Christian party. But such was their influence for good, that first the jailer himself and then a fellow-prisoner openly declared themselves Christians, and soon after were admitted to baptism. The two prisoners were placed in offices of trust in the jail, and were allowed to hold

Christian services every Sunday, for the benefit of their miserable fellow-prisoners, so there is good reason to hope that some of these have also been influenced for good, in which case they are quite certain themselves to become light-bearers in the dark places where their lot is cast.

From Peking comes a very remarkable Chinese version of the story of Cornelius, the devout centurion. His counterpart is a respectable farmer, who, while yet a heathen, has been noted for his devotion, his liberal almsgiving to the poor, and his large offerings to the temples. Several years ago he became possessed of a copy of the New Testament, some portions of which greatly impressed him as he read them over and over by himself. At length he dreamt that a messenger from heaven had appeared to him, bidding him spend no more money on idol temples, and promising that on the 23d day of the 7th moon he would meet a man who would tell him what he ought to do.

It so happened that in the 7th moon one of the native colporteurs was sent to that district to sell Christian books. The man, who is a simple-minded earnest Christian, also had a dream, which visibly impressed him with the belief that he was being called there for special work. On the very day indicated, he met the farmer, who invited him to his house, where he tarried for three days, expounding "the old, old story" to eager ears. I need scarcely add that the farmer believed and was baptized.

Such parallels to the conversions of Apostolic days are by no means uncommon here. Another which recently occurred in the neighbourhood of Ningpo, was that of a man whose sole means of gaining his living was by fortune-telling. This man, having become convinced of the truth, earnestly desired baptism, but his profession rendered it impossible

to receive him. Again and again he returned, declaring his faith and his true desire to become a Christian, but saying that he could not see his way to give up his fortune-telling, as he could find no other means of support.

This continued for some time; at length one morning when several candidates were to be baptized, they saw this man approach with a large bundle, which contained the whole of his fortune-telling gear, his books, his tablets, charms, and numbered slips of bamboo, and kindling a fire in the courtyard, he proceeded (like the sorcerers of old)¹ to burn them all in the presence of the congregation, and then, while the smoke of this burnt-sacrifice still floated heavenward, he joyfully took his place among the candidates, fully resolved to find some legitimate means of earning his daily rice.

Thus gradually does the leaven work. Now² the Church Missionary Society alone can reckon 5871 converts in this province of Fuh-Kien. Of these, 3106 have been admitted to baptism, and 1803 are regular communicants, and moreover, communicants to whom Church-membership is no matter of course—no mere inheritance, but the result of an intense individual conviction, and one which all are aware may any day lead not only to the destruction of all their worldly property, but also to the infliction of the most barbarous personal suffering, and persecution literally to the death.

Such persecution comes not only from outsiders, for, in the words of the Master, "A man's foes are they of his own household," and many have been driven to choose between professing their adherence to Christ, and giving up father, mother, brethren, wife, and children. Many wives, hitherto dutiful and loving, have refused to remain with husbands who would not worship at the ancestral altars; and on the

¹ Acts xix. 19.

² I have given the statistics for 1884.

other hand, women have been barbarously beaten by their husbands and mothers-in-law, to make them abjure their faith in Christ.

In the few instances in which learned literary men have joined the Christians, they have been deprived of their much-prized and hardy earned literary degrees, which implies the sacrifice of all worldly honour, or hope of official employment; and those who have hitherto been employed as tutors or schoolmasters for sons of the wealthy gentry, know that all their pupils will be taken from them. Moreover, so far from any pecuniary gain accruing to the converts, as is often so unblushingly asserted, these people (by nature so money-grasping) become specially distinguished by the liberal and systematic efforts they make—often out of their own poverty—to contribute to Church expenses, and to aid those still poorer than themselves.

The liberality of the native Christians has become proverbial among their heathen brethren. Thus in the case of one of the recent converts at Peking, who for conscience' sake had given up a lucrative post in connection with a Buddhist temple. For three years he continued in extreme penury, gaining a scanty living as a cobbler. At last, much to his surprise, and without any solicitation on his part, he was appointed paymaster to his "banner," a post which, in the hands of a Chinaman of average honesty, proves highly lucrative, owing to sundry customary perquisites squeezed off the pay of the bannermen.

When to their amazement they not only received their pay in full, without deduction, but were actually credited with some gain on the exchange, some set him down as a fool, but others maintained that "certainly he must belong to the religion of Jesus." He had not then openly pro-

fessed his faith, but such generosity was deemed conclusive evidence.

As an example of voluntary loss for Christ's sake, I may instance one man (by no means a solitary example) who had a flourishing business as a seller of opium (the accursed drug which, of their own free will, all the Christians wholly abjure). In order to become a Christian, Sing gave up his opium den, an open profession of his faith which made him fair game for the enemy. Again and again he was beaten and half killed, and robbed right and left by the servants of officials. Now he earns a scanty livelihood by selling salt and straw sandals; but, notwithstanding all his troubles, he is a happy-looking, venerable man, whose neighbours find they cannot help respecting him and his faith.

As regards the opium-selling, even the heathen would respect the man who gave that up, for of all the millions who within the last century have become victims to the use of the drug, there is not one who does not heartily abhor the weakness which first induced him individually to touch it, and who does not bemoan that such a temptation should ever have been put in his way. *No Chinaman ever speaks in defence of it*, or as if "moderate smoking" were permissible. ALL acknowledge it to be a baneful vice, but one against which they have not strength to contend. They say "it is not the man that eats the opium, but the opium that eats the man."

There is any amount of tobacco-smoking—that they consider all right, and they have other stimulants (amongst which must be reckoned much tea), and those who choose drink bad spirits; drunkenness from this cause is, however, almost unknown. But even the native Christians, who allow tobacco-smoking in their chapels and meeting-houses

during week-day meetings, all agree to the necessity of rigidly excluding any opium-smoker from Church-membership.

One thing worthy of note, is that in some cases the reason assigned for the persecution of Chinese Christians is precisely that which was urged by the Jews against the early Christians. "If we let them alone," said the Jews, "all the world will go after them." At Ku-Cheng, where within three years there were added to the Church a hundred and twenty most devoted Christians, the Chinese raised a riot, and tore up the foundation of their church, for, said they, "If we let them build this house, the whole neighbourhood will embrace their vile religion." There is every reason to believe that their fears are most just, for though the Chinese nature is to oppose everything new, once the new thing has succeeded in taking root, it is generally accepted as inevitable.

Concluding Note.—Though the total number of Chinese Christians forms a very minute fraction of the total population of this vast Empire, it is by no means insignificant compared with the very small band of preachers who have as yet devoted their energies to work in this gigantic field.

We must bear in mind that it is not yet seventy years since the very first missionary of the Reformed Faith set foot in China. Talk of a needle in a bundle of hay! a needle in an overgrown haystack would be but a poor comparison for one Christian commencing work alone among these four hundred millions! It was no wonder that six years elapsed ere in 1814 Tsai Ako, the first convert, was baptized.¹

¹ Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary in China, was a Scotchman, though born at Morpeth in Northumberland. In 1807 he was sent by the London Mission to endeavour to commence a mission in China. But in those days the route to the East practically lay in the hands of the merchants

For twenty-seven years Dr Robert Morrison toiled unceasingly, preparing the way for those who should follow, but during all those years only three fellow-workers came to his help. Until 1842 the actual mission work had scarcely begun. After this it became evident that the new religion was beginning to take root (a feeble plant in its infancy, but one which nevertheless may yet overshadow the whole vast Empire).

By 1853 the Protestant Missions numbered 350 Chinese communicants. In 1863 these had augmented to 2000. Ten years later showed a further increase to 8000, and now 22,000 well-proven converts kneel at the Christian altar, while about 100,000 regularly attend Christian services—not as a matter of form or of habit, but from determination to learn the truth, at whatever cost.

From this number have been selected about eleven hundred earnest and devout men who work as catechists, and a handful of the most able and eloquent have been ordained to the ministry. Yet even these, added to the five hundred foreigners now working in various parts of the Great Empire, are but as a grain of salt to a barrel of herring, as compared with the multitudes lying utterly beyond reach of their influence.

If you consider the mere size of China—that it is 104 times as large as England, 176 times as large as Scotland, 44 times the size

forming the East India Company, by whom such difficulties had been thrown in the way of missionaries proceeding to India, that it was deemed wiser for Mr Morrison not to apply to them for a passage, but to adopt the then difficult route *via* America. Thus he reached Canton in 1808. Once there, the Company were glad to enlist his great linguistic talent, and he was appointed translator to their factory at Canton, and thus at their expense, at a cost of £15,000, was published his great Chinese dictionary. This, however, was not ready till 1822. He had previously published complete translations of the New and the Old Testaments. He also established an Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca for English and Chinese literature, with a view to the propagation of Christianity. He died at Canton in 1834, but his body was carried for burial to the Christian cemetery at Macao, where also lie his wife and son. These neglected graves lie just beyond the garden where the exiled Portuguese poet Camoens composed his famous "Lusiad," but few who visit that garden bestow a glance on the grass-grown burial-ground.

of the United Kingdom—and then consider that Scotland alone claims the whole services of 3845 ministers, while Great Britain absorbs 35,000, each of whom finds work enough in his own sphere, it is evident that 1600 Chinese and foreign Christian teachers can only reach a very small proportion even of the people of China Proper, to say nothing of the vast outlying regions beyond.

I here subjoin a tolerably accurate numerical table of the representatives of thirty-one Protestant missionary societies who at present form the mission-staff of China.

BRITISH.	UNITED STATES.	CONTINENTAL.
China Inland Mission	American Board of Foreign Missions (Congregational)	Basel Mission
London Mission	Presbyterian Mission	Berlin Mission
Church Mission Society	Methodist Episcopal (North)	Berlin Foundling Hospital
Society for Propagation of the Gospel	Baptist Mission Union	Rhenish Mission
English Presbyterian Mission	Protestant Episcopal	
Wesleyan	Southern Baptist	—
British and Foreign Bible Society	Methodist Episcopal (South)	28
Baptist	Southern Presbyterian	—
United Presbyterians	American Bible Society	Grand Total 526
Methodist New Connection	American Reformed Mission	
Scotch National Bible Society	Women's Union	
Canadian Presbyterian	Baptist Mission, 7th day	
United Methodist Free Church	216	
Irish Presbyterian Church		
Church of Scotland		
Unconnected		
One Lady at Foo-Chow		
Society for Promotion of Female Education in the East		
232		

Of this total about 430 were on active service in the spring of 1884. The rest were mostly at home on sick leave. This return includes 103 unmarried women, but the wives of 240 married missionaries are ignored, though in most cases they are very effectual workers.

From the above table it is evidently impossible to form any accurate estimate of the progress of Christianity in China from the reports of any one missionary society. All the regiments of the Grand Army are at work, each doing their part, however feebly (and assuredly some are still strangely neglectful of this great recruiting-ground !); but one and all are surely undermining the old idolatries, and training a multitude of Soldiers of the Cross, many of whom will, in their turn, become successful recruiting-sergeants ! It must also be remembered that mission influence extends far beyond the circle of actual adherents—that prejudices have been modified, and confidence won from multitudes who as yet give no sign of any personal leaning to the foreign faith.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHINESE DINNER-PARTY.

Homes—Rich and Poor—The Ladies—An Adopted Son—The Place of Honour—Chinese Dishes—Beef Prohibited—Whale in Old England—"Summer Grass"—Birds'-Nest Soup.

U.S. CONSULATE, *March 20th.*

THE climate here at this season is wonderfully delicious—such clear pure air, and so soft and balmy. What a contrast to our British March!

This morning the bright sunshine was irresistible for sketching, so I went out with only one coolie and selected a very picturesque corner of one of the steep streets, between this and the river. I found standing room in the projecting shop of a civil young barber, who went on calmly shaving his customers, unheeding the crowd which immediately formed and pressed around. They were all perfectly civil, and deeply interested in watching the reproduction of each detail.

Returned here in time to start for a great Chinese dinner-party, which Mr Ahok most kindly gave in my honour, that I might taste all the national dishes. Having been warned that gay garments would be appreciated, we donned our most effective evening-dresses, and such jewels as we had

with us, and thus adorned took our places in the usual wicker arm-chairs, slung on bamboos, each carried by four strong Chinamen clothed in the invariable purplish-blue cloth, and wearing large straw hats. Mr Ahok's home is on this green isle of Nantai, and our way to it lay through the poor streets which lie along the river banks—very wretched slums, inhabited by the poorest of the working population, densely crowded, and painfully dirty and unfragrant. There seemed no end to the long narrow streets of dingy little shops; and I was beginning to wonder when we should reach the beautiful house of which I had heard so much, when suddenly our chair-bearers stopped before a gate in a dead wall in the street. We entered, and all within was like a scene in some other world! Passing through the great portal, we found ourselves in a large courtyard, leading into a succession of open courts and airy halls, lavishly decorated with fine carved wood and much gilding, and furnished with handsome blackwood carving from Canton—which is infinitely handsomer and more solid than the fine blackwood furniture of Bombay—beautiful scarlet draperies embroidered with gold, and lamps of fine coloured glass adorned with silken tassels. In the great hall a conspicuous place is occupied by the domestic altar, at which the ladies of the family daily offer the ancestral worship. Although the master of the house has not yet been baptized, he is himself a most devout and practical Christian, but he wisely deems it best to allow his women-folk perfect liberty of conscience.¹

The ladies have already got over the national prejudice in favour of the total seclusion of women, and though custom

¹ A wisdom which ere long resulted in their following in his footsteps. See Chapter XII.

would probably have forbidden their appearing in presence of Chinese men, they made no objection to our being accompanied by European gentlemen, and our pretty hostess came forward to greet us with the utmost courtesy and heartiness, accompanied by her little adopted son (adopted according to common Chinese custom, when there seems no probability of a woman having sons of her own, to perform ancestral rites on the death of the parents). In the present instance, the one bitter drop in this otherwise happy life-cup was that no son had blessed the marriage. So after the lapse of twelve years, Mrs Ahok made up her mind to adopt this "baby" boy, then six weeks old. He is now a fine little fellow, and a great favourite in the house, though he is by no means the only child about the place.

After the preliminary greetings, in accordance with Chinese custom, we exchanged particulars as to our "honourable ages," and we were assured that our pretty hostess was upwards of forty-three. I felt inclined to say, as I truly thought, that she looked younger, but that would have been uncivil, as in China advanced years are honourable, and youth is of no account. But I still suspect that perhaps as some English ladies like to clip off a year or two, perhaps Chinese ladies may tack on a few!

Our host next introduced us to his grown-up sons by a previous marriage, and to their young wives. All were exquisitely dressed in robes of the richest silk, stiff with the very finest embroidery in silken needle-work—the elaborately embroidered skirts being arranged in deep kilt plaits. Several of these silken skirts of different colours are worn one above the other.

By the usual course of prolonged torture, all their poor little feet have been reduced to such proportion that none

of their dainty little embroidered silken shoes exceed three inches in length. But those of our hostess, who is a lady of high birth, and emphatically "lily-footed," are literally only two inches long, which is considered a superlative beauty. I ventured to ask my host to give me a pair of these miniatures which had actually been worn, as otherwise no one in England would believe that they were genuine. He not only most kindly complied with my request, but has sent me a whole assortment of new shoes belonging to each lady in the house, together with exquisitely embroidered wrapping-cloths, which take the place of stockings.

It is always a source of wonder to see how much ground is covered by the home of a wealthy Chinaman, with its various halls, chiefly consisting of roofs and pillars, with hanging lamps and other decorations. Then there are all the separate quarters of the very numerous branches of the family, who live together in patriarchal style.

They conducted us through their several suites of pretty rooms, including all the bedrooms of the family, comfortably carpeted, which I fancy is a modern innovation. Piles of soft handsome quilts lay folded, ready for use, beside each beautifully carved four-post bedstead. These really are so fine that it seemed like gilding the lily to drape them with richly embroidered hangings.

Passing through various handsome reception rooms for Chinese guests, we were conducted to one prepared for foreigners, which was so purely British that we were glad when "tiffin" was announced, and we were conducted to a luxurious dining-room, and sat down a party of twenty, to what proved an excellent, but somewhat lengthy dinner, in twenty-five courses! This, however, was nothing remarkable, as a really elaborate dinner sometimes consists of forty

courses and a hundred dishes, and lasts for about four hours, the guests being expected to taste every dish as it is handed round, washing it down with innumerable cups of hot rice-wine (which is often scented and fragrant), and concluding with a large bowl of plain boiled rice, just to correct any previous indiscretion in the way of rich soups and incongruous mixtures.

The main feature of a Chinese feast seems to lie in the preponderance of gelatinous food, *e.g.*, sharks' fins, *bêche-de-mer*, sea-weed, isinglass in the form of birds'-nest soup; fat pork and fat duck are also favourite food. How these people would enjoy calves' head! but that, of course, is a forbidden luxury, being included in the Confucian prohibition (on utilitarian grounds) of beef.

On the present occasion everything was exquisitely refined, and of such unquestionable cleanliness, that the curiosity of tasting new dishes might be indulged without alloy. My host (who had placed me on his left hand, which he carefully explained to be the Chinese post of honour) had desired that, as each dish was brought in, an attendant should provide me with a neat little red ticket whereon was inscribed its name both in English and Chinese, and he himself kindly explained the nature of the multifarious dishes as each was offered, so I was able duly and intelligently to study the respective merits of birds'-nest soup with doves' eggs, sharks' fin soup, mushroom, turtle, and duck soups, in which last floated delicate small pieces of bamboo, somewhat resembling asparagus. Then came soup of *bêche-de-mer*, *alias* sea-slugs, which does not sound nice, but is really like gelatinous calves' head. Portions of all these were brought to each guest in small bowls of delicate porcelain. I may safely say that I tasted *everything* un-

common, and indeed I thought all the special dishes very good.

Then came soup of lotus-seeds, and of ducks' tongues, and various sweet soups, after which followed small stews and ragouts of every conceivable meat except beef, which is never seen at a Chinese table, oxen and cows capable of working the plough being accounted too valuable to the farmer to be consigned to the butcher. Very severe penalties are attached to the slaughter of such animals. The punishment for a first offence is a hundred strokes with a bamboo, and then two months in the wooden collar. Should love of beef, or desire of gain, induce a repetition of the crime, a second judicial flogging is followed by exile for life from the province.¹

Neither fresh milk, butter, nor cheese are used by the Chinese; but a preparation of milk and sugar, curdled with vinegar, is so much appreciated, that in South China there are "cows' milk saloons" where, on warm summer evenings, epicures may indulge in this luxury.

As to cat, rat, and dog, those who are curious in such matters may procure them at restaurants in the city, but I understand that they do not grace the festivals of Chinese gentry. But what with roasts of the mouths of pigs, dragon's beard, vegetables, long-life fairy rice, Chinese macaroni, smoked duck and cucumber, salted shrimps, shrimps with leeks and sweet pickle, a very oily stew of sharks' fins,

¹ I suspect, however, that this statement does not apply to North China, as I was told in Peking, where the number of foreign residents is very limited, that 3d. and 4d. the lb. was the regular market price for beef and mutton.

I find, moreover, that in a standard work on Chinese native medicines, beef is classed with mutton, flesh of fowls, honey, &c., as a strengthening tonic. At Foo-Chow also, foreigners purchase beef at about 4d. the lb., but mutton is much dearer.

whales' sinews,¹ pigeons' eggs, fish-brains, crabs, roast ducks and mushrooms, stewed crab, fish with pickled fir-tree cones, pickled chicken with bamboo sprouts, ham stewed in honey, soles of pigeons' feet, "bellies of fat fish," sucking pig served whole, fried egg-plant, sliced lily bulbs, &c. &c., we found an ample succession of gastronomic interests. Then came peaches, pears sliced in honey, crab-apples and chestnuts preserved in honey and dried, loquots and cumquots floating in rich syrup, bitter almonds, walnuts, almonds with bean curd, date-cake, radish-cake, and sweetmeats innumerable and indescribable, for which the Chinese appetite seems insatiable.

The only thing conspicuous by its absence was bread, which is never eaten at dinner. All manner of delicate little dishes of preserved fruits and pickles, such as water chestnuts,² lotus seeds and lotus root, melon seeds and apricot kernels, were scattered about the table for the guests to play with between courses, and each was provided with a tiny silver plate for mustard, soy, or any other condiment.

In deference to our possible difficulties with chop-sticks, we were each supplied with lovely silver spoons of the

¹ As regards whale and similar articles of Chinese diet, it is interesting to remember that when in olden days whales habitually visited European shores, their flesh was sold in slices at the seaport towns, and our own ancestors deemed whale's tail and tongue choice delicacies, either roasted or served with peas.

Thus whale figures in the bill of fare of a London civic feast in A.D. 1425, and in Princess Eleanor de Montfort's book of Household Expenses, A.D. 1266, one entry is "Two hundred pieces of Whale, 34s."

Of other dainties which we no longer recognise as such, we find notes of the feasts provided for the Judges of Assize in A.D. 1596, and learn that at Winchester they were regaled with razor-fish, whelks, gulls, puffins, and kite-sparrows. At Dorchester they had dolphin, at Launceston porpoise served with furmenty, almond-milk, sugar and saffron.

² Water caltraps.

regular Chinese form, very short, with thick handles. Perhaps I may as well mention that chop-sticks are very like a pair of stout knitting-pins. They are either made of ivory, silver-tipped, or of polished wood, and both are held in the right hand. If you will thus hold two knitting-needles and try therewith to pick up grains of rice, you may judge of the difficulty of thus obtaining a satisfying meal! One set does duty for the whole meal, soups, savouries, and sweets.

Sam-shu, *i.e.* hot rice-wine, was freely served in beautiful little silver cups, engraven with characters signifying good luck. Hot almond-tea, peach-tea, and various other innocent drinks of the nature of cowslip wine were also passed round, so that ere the close of the entertainment we had tasted a most wonderful variety of things new and old!

Among the greatest delicacies provided for us were ducks' eggs of a very dark colour, and of incalculable age—antediluvian, perhaps, as nothing is considered respectably old in China unless it dates back some thousand years! But joking apart, the Chinese method of dealing with eggs is very curious. The charm of a lightly boiled fresh egg is quite unknown to the Celestial palate, which only recognises eggs when hard boiled, and much prefers them in advanced age.

For ordinary use, especially as a light diet for invalids, eggs are simply preserved by being steeped in salt water mixed with either soot or red clay, in which they are baked when required. But the truly refined process is to prepare a solution of wood-ashes, lime, and salt, mixed with water in which some aromatic plant has been boiled. This paste is run into a tub, and the newly-laid eggs are therein embedded in layers. The tub is hermetically sealed, and at the end of forty days the eggs are considered fit for use, but at the end of forty years they will be still better! They

become black throughout, owing, I suppose, to the action of the lime. But the white becomes gelatinous, and the whole tastes rather like a plover's egg hard boiled. As the value of this dainty increases with age, the Chinese epicure discriminates between the eggs of successive decades, treating his most honoured guests to the oldest and most costly, just as the owner of a good cellar in Britain brings forth his choicest old wines.

A very strange delicacy, which is prized not only as pleasant food, but also as a wholesome tonic, is a curious fungus¹ which attacks certain caterpillars while living, and after the larva has buried itself in the ground to prepare for its winter sleep, the fungus begins to sprout, kills the chrysalis, and a long stem appears above ground. This "summer grass of the winter worm" is collected, with the dead caterpillar attached, and is carefully dried in a combination of vegetable and animal food, which finds great favour.

So also does another dainty dish of the same class, which consists of silkworms in the chrysalis stage which have been left homeless by the unwinding of their silken cocoon. They are boiled and served with hot chillies. How Confucius came to overlook such wicked waste of the precious silkworm I cannot imagine. The dish, however, has the credit of being a cure for dyspepsia.

To-day's dinner had for me all the charm of novelty, even to the birds'-nest soup, which people in Britain suppose to be an ordinary article of diet, but which really is a very expensive luxury, as it takes about ten shillings worth of nests to make an extremely moderate bowl of soup, of the strength of rather weak beef-tea. Indeed, I suspect it is the belief in the iniquitous waste of using beef which has

¹ *Cordyceps Sinensis*.

given such high value to this nutritive substance, whatever it may be (isinglass or swallows' saliva !)

Mr Ahok has given me several nests as a curiosity. They are about the size of an average oyster-shell, and look as if they were made of pure isinglass. Of course all the feathers, grass, and seaweed have been carefully removed, before the nests come into the market. In point of fact, I believe that this pretty little white object is really a sort of bracket which the swallow builds out from the rock, as a support for the actual nest.

The supply must be something amazing, for I am told that Canton alone imports upwards of eight million nests annually ! Those chiefly prized are the nests of a small swallow with a dark back and ashen-grey underside,¹ but the nests of some other swallows are also serviceable. Myriads of these birds haunt the rocky seaboard of many isles in the Eastern Archipelago, where their nests cluster in thousands. On the coast of Java there are five caves which each yield one million nests annually. They are collected three times a year, after the young are fledged, the fowlers being let down the rocks by ropes, or else climbing up with the aid of ladders.

I am informed that some of these caves are farmed by individual merchants, and a story is told of how a spiteful skipper, who had quarrelled with one of these swallow farmers, revenged himself by turning out a whole colony of bird-loving cats in the cave, where they took up their abode, and waged ceaseless war on the swallows !

When the nests reach China, they are sold on the sea-coast for their weight in silver, but their value rises con-

¹ *Collocalia esculenta*.

siderably in the interior, varying from £2 to £7 per lb., the weight of an average nest being half an ounce.

What a fine thing it would be for Scotland if only the swallows of our Western Isles would take to feeding on the "Iceland moss" which grows so abundantly on the rocks, and there build brackets for their nests! What a new industry they might start for their country!¹

Out of consideration for European impatience of prolonged meals, this "luncheon" had been purposely reduced to the shortest limits of which custom admitted; nevertheless, the afternoon was well advanced ere we took our final leave of this truly hospitable and most friendly family, and returned here to receive sundry European friends.

¹ The marvel is to see so excellent a food-supply wholly unheeded. To see (as on the shores of Lismore and Port Appin) rocks fringed with a rich crop of the golden weed, which, when sun-dried and bleached, is so valuable and so nutritive; yet while men toil early and late to grow a scanty crop of oats, this self-grown harvest of the sea is as utterly ignored as the fungus-crop of the land! I have only seen one woman take the trouble to collect any, and she only gathered a small quantity, though it grew before her door, and she pronounced it equal to good corn-flour!

CHAPTER XII.

A FIELD FOR WOMAN'S WORK.

Some Notes on a Family History—The “Christian Doctrine” Child—
Work for Women—“Possessed of Devils”—“Answers to Prayer.”

AFTER this first introduction, I had many pleasant meetings with the various members of this family, and some details in their subsequent history have proved so interesting that I think I may venture to recount them here.

For one thing, various circumstances have combined to place Mr Ahok in the light of a public character—his wealth, his philanthropy, his unvarying support of foreigners even when in antagonism to his own countrymen. It matters not what denomination of Christians need aid in the support of schools and hospitals, his purse is ever the first to open. Amongst other deeds of true generosity has been the purchase of a house in a healthy situation in the country, which he furnished with a view to its becoming a recruiting home for any over-wearied mission workers.

As I mentioned in a previous chapter, not many months after my departure from China I received tidings that he had cut the Gordian knot regarding the difficulties of obedience to the Fourth Commandment, and had consequently been admitted to baptism by the American “Epi-

copal Methodist" Church. Few in England can estimate the moral courage requisite for such an act, even after the sacrifice of business interests had been decided upon. The revilings of his own countrymen had already expended themselves, but the undisguised scoffing of some members of the foreign community might well have been spared.

In his own family he stood alone, for no other member dared to face the wrath of the living and of the dead.

About this time Mrs Ahok expressed a wish to learn English, that she might be able to dispense with the services of an interpreter when entertaining foreigners. She therefore persuaded a lady of the English Church Mission who had charge of a flourishing school for Chinese girls, to allow her to come thrice a week to receive a lesson in English. Thus a real friendship was established between these two ladies.

After a lapse of some months, sickness entered this loving home. A little nephew and the darling little adopted son were both dangerously ill. The Chinese doctor could do nothing in the case, and the little nephew died. At last Mrs Ahok consented that her husband should consult the foreign doctor. The latter positively refused to prescribe unless a responsible English woman could be found who would stay in the house and watch the patient, and, in short, undertake to see that his directions were exactly carried out.

Of course the most natural friend to apply to was the English lady aforesaid, and it so happened that at this moment the girls at the Mission School had all been dismissed for their holidays, so she was free for some weeks, and quite willing to accept the anxious task, and was soon duly installed in charge of the sick-room. It proved a long

illness, and one calling for much patient care, which was at length rewarded by the complete recovery of the boy.

This was perhaps the first time on record that an English lady has actually lived in the home of a Chinese lady, and you can understand with what intense curiosity her every movement was watched.

Not a detail of her toilet was to be missed; but what she felt extremely trying was the extreme interest bestowed on her when she knelt in prayer, or sought a quiet time for Scripture reading. At last she felt this so oppressive that she rose one morning very much earlier than usual to secure the blessing of an hour *alone*. At the accustomed time came the inquisitive old mother (who all the time was doubly attentive to her own devotions before the ancestral altar). As usual she stood about on watch, but when noon came she could stand it no longer. "You have never prayed to-day," she said. "Oh yes," said Miss F——; "but I got up early that I might be alone." "Why," said the old lady, "surely you do not mind being looked at when you pray?" Miss F—— explained that she would certainly prefer solitude, greatly to the astonishment of her watchful guardian.

Of course she did not lose so excellent an opportunity of working in the Master's cause; but she did feel perplexed when one morning, after they had been reading the story of Hannah's prayer¹ and the birth of Samuel, the wife came to her and said, "You say that your God hears prayer, and gives you what you ask Him for. If you ask Him to give me a son, will He do so?" Miss F—— replied that undoubtedly He *could* do so should He see fit, but that it might not be for her good that He should grant such a prayer; adding, "If He *should* give you a son, would you

¹ 1 Sam. i. 11.

become a Christian?" This she would not promise, but replied that certainly the son should be one; and finally made Miss F—— promise that every day while she was there she should kneel beside her and pray for this great blessing—her one heart's desire.

• The adopted son recovered. The English lady left Foo-Chow for a while, and several months elapsed ere she returned to her work in that city. On doing so, she issued invitations to several of her Chinese friends to come and see her. Many responded, but her chief friend was conspicuous by her absence. Wondering at this, she soon found an opportunity to visit her at her own house, and asked her why she she had not come to welcome her. "Why, how could I come?" she replied; "have you forgotten what you prayed for?" In truth, that prayer, like many another offered in half faith, had indeed well nigh passed from a memory crowded with the busy events of every day's work. So it was in hesitating unbelief that the lady replied, "No, I have not forgotten. But——?" "Well, your prayer has been granted, and very soon I shall have a son!"

So spake the heathen mother. But the Christian lady (like those early Christians who prayed without ceasing for the liberation of St Peter, yet who greeted the messenger who announced that their prayer had been granted, with the exclamation, "Thou art mad!"¹) could not believe the words spoken by the woman, nor was it till her own hands received this specially God-given son, that she fully believed that her doubting prayer had received so gracious an answer.

Before the birth of this Chinese "Samuel" all idols were banished from the house, and so soon as the infant was born, the thankful mother, true to her word, desired that he should

¹ Acts xii. 5, 15.

immediately receive Christian baptism. I am not sure what baptismal name was selected, but from the hour of his birth, the poor little innocent has been saddled with a tremendous Chinese name, "Hung-kau-nié-kiang," which means literally "The Christian doctrine child."

Some months, however, elapsed ere the mother found courage to quite give up the worship of her youth, more especially that of the poor ancestors. Ere long, however, a letter from her husband announced the glad tidings that his wife and mother, and some other members of the family, had all joined the Christian Church.

I cannot forbear quoting a few words from this good man's own letter, written in English. "I am happy to tell you that on the 18th June (1882) my mother and wife, and my brother and his wife, were baptized. I hope they will carry on Christian work, and be able to live as true and earnest Christians.

"A few days later, my brother's wife gave birth to a baby boy. The mother and baby are both doing well. I think it is a special gift from God, and I hope the babe may grow up to be the means of doing God's work, and be a comfort to his parents."

The letter goes on to say that he now has two Christian meetings every week at his store, and a monthly one at his house. He speaks of family difficulties arising from the fact of one of his daughters being betrothed to the son of a heathen family, who, though she is living in her father's house, have the right to control her actions, and will not allow her to go to school or to church, but constantly speak evil of the Christians.

While Miss F—— was living in Mr Ahok's house, she made acquaintance with several other wealthy families, who

came to condole over the child's illness. To her amazement she was cordially invited to visit them also, in their own homes; and, though perfectly aware that her primary object was to teach Christian faith and practice, several mandarins (themselves heathen) urged her to come and instruct their poor ignorant wives.

To her astonishment, the more she went about, the more was she convinced that this invitation was no empty form, but the true wish of both the ladies themselves and their husbands. In one house after another the ladies thronged around her, entreating her to stay with them and to teach them to read. Unfortunately it was quite impossible for her to avail herself of these invitations, as she already had her hands over-full of work, and was, moreover, conscious of failing health, which soon afterwards resulted in the doctors ordering her to leave China.

I have no doubt that a personally winning and attractive manner weighed largely in evoking such cordiality from these Chinese ladies, but the fact of such invitations having been earnestly made, points unmistakably to the fact that here lies a vast field for Christian workers, which can only be undertaken by women; and, moreover, women very specially endowed with the peculiar talents requisite for a very difficult task. Probably very few English women are capable of doing successful work in Chinese zenanas, for its conditions are altogether unique. It is not enough that there should be "a willing mind," and a zealous love for the Master—there must also be a power of influencing others, a clear judgment, a loving heart, unbounded patience, and that rare talent, the power of teaching.

The physical strength of the zenana worker is a serious consideration; and whether she can stand the climate,

which, to some constitutions, is found so trying, she must have a talent for languages, to enable her to master the most difficult of all tongues, to speak it gracefully, and to read it in its own puzzling characters.

One of her most important studies must be that of the wearisome etiquette, on which no nation lays so great stress as do the Chinese. The formulas of speech, the civilities to be observed on entering or leaving a house, on welcoming guests or bidding them farewell, where and when to sit and when to stand, how to behave at table and on every other conceivable occasion—all these are among the topics that must be thoroughly mastered by the English lady who desires to make so good an impression on a Chinese household as to make her presence and her teaching acceptable.

Even a servant at a roadside inn is entitled to feel injured by such want of respect as might be shown by a customer taking the cup of tea which is brought to him in a careless manner, instead of courteously placing both hands beneath the cup! How endless then may be the causes of unintentional offence! which, however, are readily forgiven if the visitor is sufficiently alive to the danger, to offer some word of apology for his possible ignorance of Chinese custom.

Already a few workers have come forward who seem to fulfil these requirements, and who are ready to devote their lives to this labour of love. More are urgently needed, for truly the harvest is plenteous, and the labourers few. There are multitudes of homes to which admission may shortly be obtained, in which wives and mothers are now carefully training their sons to most devout ancestral worship—that mainspring of Antichrist, which lies at the root of all evil in China, and which forms the one insuperable bar to all progress. Win the mothers, and the sons will follow suit.

This is, indeed, laying the axe to the root of the wide-spreading tree of Chinese heathenism.

Picture to yourselves such a field for woman's work as is here offered to those able and willing to undertake it. As a sample I will speak of one home. It is a large house with eighty inhabitants, five generations there live together in patriarchal style. Many of these ladies *have not been out of the house for years*. And what have they to occupy them indoors? Embroidery—dress—possibly children to play with—making cakes and other things as temple offerings, and the never-failing worship of the dead.

To this house there enters an English lady, and the inmates of the big house crowd around her, and plead, "*Do stay and teach us;*" but she has other work to attend to, and is compelled to leave them. Must they be left? Has not Britain daughters who are fitted for this work? educated Christian women who find no special scope for their talents in this crowded land, but who there would find an ample field, rich in human interest—among women who, whatever may be their nature as heathen, become warm-hearted and affectionate so soon as a ray of Christian love strikes home to them.

Many also are capable of great intellectual development, and are moreover possessed of wonderful memories, so that, apart from the deeper joy of striving to bring the Divine Light individually home to these dull hearts, there is the satisfaction of knowing that whatever they learn is sure to be treasured, and passed on to others, and then again to others—

"Like circles widening round upon a clear blue river."

As an instance of how earnestly some Chinese women crave instruction, I may mention that the first pupil of

the London Mission Girls' School at Peking was a lassie who had actually disguised herself as a boy in order to attend school. Great was the excitement and indignation of the masters when this was detected. Happily a foreign lady came to the rescue and started a school for girls. It appears that in Northern China female education is utterly neglected, and few women, even of high rank, can read. In the south, however, it is different; and there are not only many schools for girls of good position, but some are instructed at home by private tutors, who find in them such apt pupils that China is by no means exempt from blue-stockings, learned in Confucian classics, and, moreover, holds in high honour the memory of sundry ladies who in successive ages have thus distinguished themselves.

There have even been instances in which ladies have found opportunity to display quite masculine talents. To say nothing of the two Tartar Empresses who have so long ruled the Empire from the seclusion of the Imperial palace, there is the case of a Chinese Joan of Arc who distinguished herself as a leader of the Triad forces in 1855. She assumed this position in order to avenge the death of her father, who had been captured and cruelly tortured by the Imperial troops. She repeatedly led the Triad army to the attack, when she fought like a fury, but was eventually captured and executed.

All these cases go to prove what good strong material there is to work upon, now lying fallow in these overcrowded houses.

Hitherto the contact between Chinese ladies and foreigners has been almost *nil*. As regards their humbler sisters, a great advance was effected when it was found possible to train middle-aged Chinese women, and send them as Bible-

women to teach their neighbours. In some places they are sent out, two and two, in order to teach wherever they can find opportunity ; and as a Chinaman greatly venerates an educated woman, it is found that in seeking to win the women, they very frequently influence the men also, and lead them to forsake idolatry.

But the case in point is how to carry the Light into the dull homes of ladies whose social status now holds them prisoner. Even supposing that some rumour of a brighter life has penetrated into one of these dull homes, how apparently hopeless a barrier is the feeling of its being a breach of propriety for a woman to come out of her seclusion, especially to speak to a man—and yet probably the Christian catechist of some neighbouring village is the only person who could give the desired teaching. Hence arise such pathetic incidents as one recently discovered at the village of Tong-A, where, day by day, the women assembled to learn from the lips of a little girl only five years of age, who, with the marvellous memory of her race, could already repeat the Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, some hymns, and many passages of Scripture. Truly a touching illustration of the words of the Hebrew prophet : "A little child shall lead them."

Another difficulty in the way of Chinese ladies seeking instruction for themselves, lies in the barrier of their poor deformed little hoofs. There are indeed some instances in which even small-footed women have contrived, Sunday after Sunday, for years, to hobble a distance of several miles to and from a Christian service (just as in Scotland I have known a poor cripple who through a long life rarely failed to drag himself many miles every Sunday to attend the ministrations of his favourite preacher), but such cases are

exceptional, and the mass of Chinese small-footed women are virtually prisoners, wholly dependent on the services of their large-footed attendants.

It is to minister to these, and to win from idolatry the mothers of the next generation, that English ladies are needed—ladies so truly in earnest that they can be content to win the sympathy and respect of their sisters, not merely by attention to essentials, but also to wearisome external ceremonies. Those who bring warm hearts to such work, will very soon awaken such abundant personal affection that they will find no cause to complain that their labour is unsatisfying.¹

One thing which, to all Christian workers among the Chinese, proves a very great charm, is the whole-hearted, resolute way in which they stand by their faith when once they have resolved to accept it. They are so intensely conservative that they are very slow to give up the worship of their ancestral idols, but when they do so they transfer to the new service more than the old zeal, and withal bring with them a simplicity of faith which looks for the working of miracles in answer to prayer, and so practically obtains them.

For truly I know not how else to describe some (out of many) incidents, which nevertheless cannot be gainsaid. The strangest of these have reference to a class of sufferers whom the Chinese themselves always describe as being

¹ In case these pages should fall into the hands of any lady who has any inclination for such work, I would venture to suggest that she should communicate with James Stuart, Esq., Church of England Zenana Mission, 9 Salisbury Square, London, E.C., or else with Miss Webb, 267 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, who represents the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, by whom also subscriptions will gladly be received from any who, unable to help in person, are willing to aid in sending others.

“possessed of devils.” They have distinctive names for true insanity, and for hysteria, catalepsy, and various forms of mental disease, and they draw the line quite distinctly between these and this “spiritual possession,” as it is invariably called, both by heathens and Christians.

The symptoms are so precisely those which were thus described in Biblical days, that foreigners, after vainly seeking for some medical term to express the condition of the victim, are fain to accept the Chinese solution. They find a being apparently mad, foaming at the mouth, tearing off every shred of raiment, and wildly appealing to God to let her (or him) alone. These paroxysms return at short intervals, and the Taouist and Buddhist priests are called in to perform costly and prolonged ceremonies of exorcism, which are continued till the paroxysm is over, and are renewed on its next return. One of these exorcisms consists in sacrificing a goat and anointing the brow of the sufferer with its blood. At other times goat's blood is administered internally, as being a powerful emetic; but in this case, instead of causing sickness, it is expected to counteract this devil-sickness.

In a considerable number of cases such as these, the native Christians have been appealed to by their heathen neighbours to see whether they could do anything to help them; and these, remembering how of old those who had faith in the Master were enabled to “cast out the spirits by His Word, and to heal all that were sick,” have sought to follow in their wake, and taking up their position beside “him that was grievously tormented with a devil,” have there wrestled in prayer with passionate earnestness, pleading that the true GOD would reveal His power in the presence of the heathen, and concluding with the Apostolic

words, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command thee to come out." Again and again their prayer has been granted; the wild tempest has been allayed, and the sufferer lulled to a condition of deep peace, whence, after a while, he has arisen to go forth "clothed and in his right mind" to tell his heathen brethren of the marvellous way in which he has been cured, and, in short, to become from that hour a faithful worker in the Master's cause.

It really appears as if some of the miraculous "signs and wonders" which prepared the way in the earliest days of the Church in Judea, were in some little measure permitted to the infant Church in China. Take the case of the man out of whom Jesus cast the legion of devils, who when he was "in his right mind" prayed Him that he might be with Him, but was commanded to *go home to his friends and tell them* what great things the Lord had done for him. So the man obeyed, and the result was that when Jesus returned thither, the whole multitude came out to meet Him, bringing all their sick to be healed.¹

This is precisely the story of at least one of the Bible-women near Foo-Chow. She had long been known to her neighbours as being "possessed of devils," and when the Christians found her, she was foaming at the mouth, wildly tearing off her clothes and struggling against one whom she addressed as "the Holy One" (a title she could never have heard used in the sense it conveys to us). The simple earnest prayers that were offered on her behalf prevailed: she not only was "healed," but came to seek instruction at the Mission, and to pray that she might be baptized. She there remained till she had succeeded in learning to read, and then would stay no longer, for she said she must return

¹ Mark v. 15-20; Matt. xv. 22-31.

to teach in her own village. Though very poor, she refused to accept of any salary as a Bible-woman, for she said, "The people will listen and believe when they see that I do not do it for gain."

So the next time that this remote district was visited by a clergyman of the Church of England Mission (the Rev. R. W. Stewart), he found that not only had this woman already induced several of her relations, who hitherto had been bitter opponents of Christianity, to give up their idols and worship God, but that a good many more had commenced to attend the Christian service and to wish to learn about it. In China such a beginning as this one year, means that five years hence there will be a large congregation in that place!

Another case of what the Chinese call being possessed by devils, is that of a girl eighteen years of age, who for years had been thus tormented, notwithstanding all the efforts of the exorcists. At last she begged her parents to apply to the catechist for help, as she had heard that the Christian's God had cured persons who like herself were grievously afflicted. Her parents rejected the idea as being quite too absurd. If any one could help, of course it was the idols, and they were able and willing to present offerings and pay for temple services. So they renewed their costly exorcisms without the smallest avail.

At length the entreaties of the poor sufferer prevailed, and the father went to the little Christian chapel and told his sad story to the catechist, who told him that if he wished God to cure his daughter he must first put away all his idols, and resolve to worship the Lord Jesus, and that then the Christians would pray for his daughter, and if it seemed well to God He would answer their prayer. The man was

in a great strait, for he revered his idols, yet he loved his daughter, and she was in sore distress. So he resolved to give up the idols, and then several of the native Christians, full of childlike faith, went to the house, and for two long nights they earnestly prayed that God in His great mercy would bid the evil spirit depart. That their prayer was heard and answered, they had most practical reason to believe, for on the morrow the sufferer was well—not a trace of illness remained, except extreme weakness, which passed away in a day or two, and the girl, now bright and intelligent, learnt "Our Father" as her first words of prayer from the lips of Patience, the catechist's wife.

Another woman was present who had been healed in just the same manner by "the prayers of faith." "Wonderful is the great power of God," said Patience, as she related the woman's history.

I will quote only one more instance of the cure of this peculiar phase of suffering, which, like those I have already mentioned, occurred in one of the country districts in the Fuk-kien Province (of which Foo-Chow is the capital). A poor woman, said to have been for long "possessed with a devil," became worse and worse; her friends, grieved to see her thus tormented, called in a soothsayer, who ordered the usual offerings at idol shrines. At last the family began to suspect that this man was simply extorting money from them, and it occurred to them to consult the catechist, and ask him to pray for her. This is in a district far away from those I have previously spoken of; but here, too, the prayer of simple faith availed, and the woman and her husband have ever since been regular attendants at Christian Church services.

These are but a few of the cases reported in this imme-

diate neighbourhood. But a long list of very remarkable cases of the same sort has been recorded by Dr Nevius, of Che-foo, in North China, as having come under his special observation, or that of his assistants. The reverend doctor has been described to me by a medical man, who is himself distinguished for singular strength of character, as being "the most hard-headed, matter-of-fact man I ever met." Yet so firmly is he convinced of the spiritual character of these physical afflictions, and of their supernatural cure, that he purposes ere long publishing his voluminous notes on this subject.¹

Possession.—This subject is so very remarkable that I think it is well to quote the medical testimony of so competent an authority as Dr J. Dudgeon, as given in his official report of his hospital at Peking. He says, "The Chinese believe in possession by evil or depraved spirits, which may inhabit the individual disguised as foxes, hedgehogs, weasels, or snakes. In the country there are small houses everywhere for the worship of these animals." (This is on the same principle as the worship of the thirteen medical goddesses, most of whom, such as the Goddess of Small-pox, represent divers diseases.) "The colours belonging to these are black, grey, yellow, and white respectively. The worship of the fox has been particularly prominent at Peking of late years, and so great were the crowds of people that flocked to its shrine, soliciting the cure of all manner of diseases, that the officials have lately had to order its removal to a temple." "The persons supposed to be 'pos-

¹ I had hoped to have received from Dr Nevius some details from his personal observations, but regret that they have failed to reach me in time for insertion here.

essed' seem to be in ordinary health, but on close inspection something odd and queer, especially about the eye and speech, may be detected. They seem to be beyond their own powers of will. What they do is done unwillingly; they feel compelled to act the way they do.”

Dr Dudgeon goes on to cite certain cases which came under his notice, but to which his medical skill seemed wholly inapplicable, and all attempts at cure futile. One was that of a man who, convinced that he was “possessed” by a fox-spirit, had partly opened his windpipe to give it exit. Though he had no pain, he frequently beat his breast, shoulder, and head violently. The more the doctor tried to reason him out of his phantasy, the more he belaboured his poor body; and though the wound in the throat received medical treatment, these constant flagellations effectually prevented its healing.

He gives in detail the history of a whole family of whom the majority believed themselves to be possessed by snake-spirits. They live in Manchuria, forty days' journey from Peking; and after enduring terrible miseries from these hallucinations (if such they be), the father, Mr Hsü, travelled to Peking to report the case to the official who is imperially appointed to the care of this branch of corporal and spiritual affliction. Apparently the spirits were running riot in the district, for, in the same village, in one family of the name of Hwang, consisting of seven persons, five had died from the persecution of spirits. In the family of Hsia, out of seven persons, five had died from the same cause; in the family of Lan, out of nine persons, seven had died, and so on, through half-a-dozen other families.

Mr Hsü came to the hospital to see whether the foreign doctor knew any special way of treating spirits, where

priestly exorcism had failed. He came several times and repeated his story without any variation. He said that his family consisted of himself, his wife, five sons, and two daughters.

First of all, a snake entered the body of his fourth son, who died. The corpse was carried to the mountains to be cremated, but when all the fuel was burned, there lay the body intact. A second time was cremation attempted with the like result. So the body was left on the hills, and a white fox came and devoured it.

On the same day a snake coiled round the leg of his second daughter and entered into her body. Her colour changed, she could not straighten her limbs, and eventually she died, and was carried to the mountains and there was duly cremated.

In the following year the snake took possession of the remaining seven members of the family, who all became unconscious, and were unaware of what was going on around them, or of their own actions. When apparently nearly dead, they all gradually recovered. After a while, however, the eldest daughter, aged eleven years, was again possessed by the snake-spirit, and also by that of a weasel, which sprang on to her head from the top of a wall. At first her arms and legs quivered and moved in all directions; presently, however, she could only move her hands and feet, and gradually became quite helpless and died. Then her father, who himself was under the control of the snake, carried her to the mountains and burnt her body.

Five months later his wife, aged thirty-nine, was also killed by the snake. As she was being placed in her coffin, two clouds, one white and the other blue, descended and covered the courtyard with so dense a mist that people could

not recognise one another. After the confining, the clouds disappeared, but they returned in the evening and hovered over the coffin until midnight, emitting a yellow light as brilliant as that of day. At midnight they vanished.

When Mr Hsü himself fell a victim to the snake-demon, he went to pray to "the Lord of Heaven," when straightway the heavens were rent by lightning and thunder, but still there was no deliverance. Then he resolved to come to Peking "to lodge a complaint," and as he left his door again two brilliant clouds, one green and the other purple, each some twenty feet in height, descended and stood by the house for the space of half an hour.

Such was the story earnestly related by this poor man, and which does not seem to have struck his Chinese hearers as by any means incredible; in fact, it seems to have exactly accorded with their own belief of spirit-possession.

The English doctor, however, seeing that any attempt to reason with the man (in order to convince him that this was all an hallucination) would be utterly futile, thought that possibly a harmless deception might be of use. So as the man firmly believed in the possibility of driving out the evil spirit which took the form of a snake, the doctor solemnly blindfolded him and with much ceremony pretended to go through an operation for the extraction of the snake, so working on the man's imagination that he struggled convulsively at the moment when the snake-demon was supposed to be cast out. The bandages were then removed from his eyes just in time to let him catch a glimpse of a large white snake drowned in a basin of water, which he was of course led to suppose was truly his tormentor. The man did believe this, and for the moment seemed relieved;

but his familiar spirit was by no means to be got rid of by any such foolish device, and a few days afterwards the doctor found "him that was possessed of devils" at the Buddhist Lamasery imploring the priests to chaunt prayers to drive out the evil spirit.

Of this *hsieh ping*, "disease of evil spirits," Dr Dudgeon remarks that it is sometimes accompanied by abdominal distension, and sometimes the disease goes to the head and the afflicted person turns black. With reference to the case which I have just quoted, he says, "This was evidently not epilepsy, nor hysteria, nor ecstasy, nor delirium like D.T. ; nor catalepsy, nor insanity, nor chorea. What was it? His outward symptoms when he presented himself suggested the latter affection. Every minute or two he cried out, and his body, but especially his head, was shaken convulsively. We tried the effect of nervine sedatives, but with no benefit. As the man knew nothing about the religion of Jesus, we did not attempt the Biblical method of casting out devils. Had we such a case again, I should feel inclined, from the success reported by the Rev. Dr Nevius of Che-foo, to try the Scriptural plan. As it was, we were poor exorcists."

While I am speaking of these subjects, I will tell you of one more prayer which certainly was honoured by a most direct and immediate answer in the sight of the heathen.

In the village of O-Iong lives a noble old man of the very unmusical name of Chung-Te. He was the first to embrace Christianity in that district, and as a matter of course has had much to endure for the Name he loves. For the first six months after his baptism he walked eighteen miles every Sunday to a village where a Christian service

was held. After that, a catechist tried to settle in O-Iong, but when three houses in succession had been pulled down about his head, he judged it prudent to retire. His place, however, was filled by another zealous convert, who now walked thirteen miles every Sunday to meet Chung-Te in his own village and endeavour to form a congregation.

But still Chung-Te was the sole Christian resident, and for long he stood utterly alone, except for the sympathy of a dearly-loved wife, who shared in his persecutions. She died, and not one neighbour would come near to help the worshipper of Jesus in rendering the last offices to the dying and the dead. Local custom there requires that when one has died, the body must be fastened to a chair in the reception-room in a sitting position, as if awaiting guests. All this he had to do alone, though no guests would come; and when it came to his insisting on a Christian funeral, with no idolatrous ceremonies, there was a frightful uproar, and he was seized and cruelly beaten, and the mob would have torn down his house had not the town magistrate happily interfered. He had one little daughter, who, child as she was, inherited her mother's devotedness. She was her father's only human comfort, but she had been betrothed in infancy to a heathen, who claimed his child-bride, and custom compelled the father to let her go.

But the brave-hearted Christian remained true to his colours, and never ceased striving to persuade others to become followers of his Master, so that he has come to be known throughout the district by the nick-name of "Praise-the-Lord." But the name is no longer one of contempt. Such has been the influence for good of this

solitary servant of the Cross, that not only has a Christian congregation been gathered together in his own town, but several smaller ones have formed themselves in the surrounding hamlets.

The incident to which I alluded occurred at a recent fire which broke out in one of the streets of O-Long. There was at first no apprehension of its spreading to that part of the town in which old Praise-the-Lord has his humble home.

Gradually, however, the flames swept nearer and nearer, and soon it was evident that the street was doomed. In this extremity, the heathen called upon their gods, and bringing out all their idols, they placed them in rows, hoping to check the advance of the flames.

This was too much for the zealous old Christian. Denouncing the folly of his neighbours in looking for protection to senseless gods of wood and clay, he seized the heavy mattock with which he works in the fields, and proceeded to belabour the poor idols till they lay in fragments. Then, in presence of the already wildly excited mob, he raised his hands to heaven, calling upon "the great Creator—the true God, his heavenly Father," to save him and his neighbours from the approaching flames.

It was not the first time that he had proven the promise, "While they are yet speaking, I will hear," and now he looked for an immediate answer, which should show to the heathen that the God who could stay the fire was the true God. Nor was he disappointed; almost before they could note any physical reason for the change, the flames seemed blown back upon themselves—the wind had suddenly veered round, and though many of the houses close by had been

seriously scorched, those of the old man and his neighbours escaped unharmed, and the marvelling crowd saw the conflagration recede as swiftly as it had approached.¹

¹ Though this incident is on so tiny a scale compared with the other, I could not hear it without recalling those thrilling deliverances from the great Hawaiian Fire-River, of the city which again and again has seemed to be on the very verge of destruction. See "Fire Fountains of Hawaii," chaps. xi. and xxiii. C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Published by Blackwood & Sons.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MANDARIN AT HOME.

A Wealthy Home—Melon Seeds—Dull Lives—Fine Clothes—Street Scenes—Street Cookery.

THIS afternoon we went by special invitation to the house of a very wealthy mandarin, who, being also a merchant, has mixed a good deal with the foreign community, and so has got over the national prejudice against outer barbarians. His women-folk, however, have as yet had little or no intercourse with foreigners, and he wished us to see one another.

Their home is in the heart of the great city, so, leaving this island in our wicker chairs, we crossed the river by the great bridge, and were carried for more than an hour through the densely crowded town which forms the suburbs of the great walled city. There seemed no end to the twists and turns of the long and foully dirty streets, where the extraordinary variety of bad smells makes the possession of a nose a serious drawback! At last we reached a high blank wall, forming one side of a dingy street, and on being admitted within its ponderous wooden gates, we found ourselves in the courtyard of a purely Chinese house.

The sudden change from the dirt and squalor and dense

population of the streets, to the large enclosure with luxurious houses and pleasure-grounds, which form a sort of patriarchal encampment for the family of a wealthy great man, is most startling. Our host, robed in rich dark-blue satin, came to receive us in the outer court, where, after many bows and much shaking of our own hands, pressing together our clenched fists, we left our chairs and coolies, and then passed the kitchen, and crossed another court, when we reached the great reception-hall, decorated with much beautifully carved very open woodwork, and furnished with the usual handsome small tables, and ponderous chairs of polished blackwood, with slabs of marble forming the seat and back. In honour of our expected visit, seats, divans, tables, and walls were decorated with the richly embroidered scarlet cloth covers, which are always produced on ceremonious occasions.

The weather being hot, we fully appreciated the cool shade of a small dark room, in which we were invited to sit a while ere being conducted to the presence of the ladies. Tea was of course brought in, in the usual small cups without saucers, but with covers resembling saucers fitting loosely into each cup—the use of the cover being to prevent the leaves from entering the mouth when drinking (for the correct way to make tea is to put a pinch of leaves in each cup, and thereon pour boiling water, every cup being thus made separately. Of course sugar or milk is never used).

On the little tables were set the invariable plates of sweetmeats and small cakes. But the quaintest addition to these are the little plates of water-melon seeds, which all the Chinese delight in picking open and nibbling, in accordance with a Chinese proverb which expresses the satisfaction of always having something in the mouth. In this respect the whole

race are like squirrels, for in every idle moment the entire population, rich and poor, find solace in cracking melon seeds with their teeth, picking out the seeds with the tongue, and spitting out the empty shell. As they walk along the street, or at the social chat, to beguile the tedium of a journey, or to lighten the cares of business, the infallible remedy is melon seeds. Even at the theatres the spectators are provided with little plates, and an attendant walks about with a large basket to replenish them again and again, so that the sound of the cracking seeds is heard incessantly, and the floor is invariably strewn with them.

They are offered for sale everywhere. In the districts where melons grow abundantly, the refreshing fruits are freely offered to all comers on condition of their saving and restoring the seeds. These are collected in great bales as articles of commerce, and form the chief cargo of many junks on the rivers. Small children, busy merchants, great mandarins, alike delight in them. At the New Year friends bestow on one another complimentary packets of melon seeds folded in red paper; and even the poorest coolie generally contrives to spare a few cash for the purchase of this luxury. I am told that this curious passion for melon seeds prevails throughout the Empire, and that the four hundred millions of Chinamen are all insatiable for these dainties!

One entertainment here provided for us was a musical box made in Hong-Kong, which played all the favourite purely Chinese airs, and we were astonished to find that several struck us as really pretty. As a general rule Chinese music is so terribly loud, and is played by so many utterly discordant instruments of various sorts, that the name suggests only ear torture, castanets and drums utterly drowning whatever melody may be produced by guitars,

flutes, and violins, which are supposed to play in unison with shrill human voices; but as neither voices nor instruments are ever strictly in tune, the combination is never harmonious, whether heard in theatres or temples, or shrieked by street musicians. Therefore, to have a real Chinese air rendered on a musical box, with no such additions, was a most unusual treat.

When we had sat the orthodox time in the cool recess off the great hall, we were taken into another room, where we found our host's two sons studying with their Chinese tutor. They are nice, well-mannered lads, with some knowledge of English. The oldest, who looked about sixteen, was married, and we found his young bride with her mother-in-law when at length our host conducted us to the ladies' quarters. Both were painfully shy, and shrank back awkwardly into a dark corner, not attempting to greet us with the ordinary elaborate forms required by Chinese courtesy. They just knew enough of English custom to know that foreigners dispense with such, and so they did not know how to act.

At the bidding of the husband we were obliged to do the correct thing, and examine their wonderfully dressed and jewelled hair, their exquisitely embroidered clothes, and the dainty shoes, literally only two inches long, which covered the poor little deformities which are forced to do duty as feet. Throughout this process the ladies stood utterly irresponsible, like mute automatons. Unfortunately we were not accompanied by a female interpreter, and our host, who spoke excellent English, positively declined to assume that duty, and soon retired, leaving us alone with the ladies, whom we then persuaded to sit down beside us. Being Canton women, both were highly rouged, the paint being

carried right above the eyes. The younger lady was very brightly coloured, but the elder had subdued the paint with powder. Attendants (whose larger feet enable them not only to walk naturally themselves, but also to carry their helpless tottering mistresses) brought for our inspection a tray whereon were displayed the family jewels, consisting chiefly of small pieces of bright-green jade and very good pearls, also dainty ornaments and gorgeous head-gear of brilliant kingfishers' feathers, so set in gold as to resemble the brightest and most costly enamel.

Of course we admired everything, but the position was oppressively dull, and as soon as we could venture, we took leave with all possible courtesy, and rejoined the gentlemen. Our host then exhibited piles of the ladies' dresses—dresses of silk and of satin, of every shade of texture for hot weather or cold, all plaited in kilt folds, and all most elaborately embroidered. He told us the price he had paid for each article, and also how vast a sum he had expended on his son's marriage-feast, and what an immense number of tables had then been spread. With special delight he related how, when he had left China on a visit to some foreign country, the custom-house officers would not believe that his multitudinous changes of raiment could all be his own wardrobe, and were not intended for sale.

Somewhat overpowered by all this gorgeous apparel, we made our ceremonious farewells, our host escorting us to our chairs at the outer court, when we again shook our own clenched fists up and down most vehemently, with lowly bows. I see really polite people raise the said fists to touch their bent foreheads in a devotional attitude, which, I believe, is the correct form of chin-chinning!

The great doors closed behind us, and we passed from

the presence of Dives to that of Lazarus. Once more we were in the filthy streets, and surrounded by wretchedly poor people and beggars clamouring for infinitesimal coin. Yet, as we were carried along, we caught glimpses of strangely picturesque scenes, and ere we neared the river, the shades of evening were closing in, the wayfarers had lighted the paper lanterns which they carry suspended from a wooden handle, and the shops had hung up their quaint lamps of transparent horn, or painted glass, or oiled paper, some octagonal, some oval, others globular, lamps of all colours, with a predominance of crimson or yellow. These, suspended from the overhanging balconies, shone on the tall scarlet or green signboards with their strange gilt characters. Then were revealed scenes of religious or domestic life in dimly lighted interiors—here a supper party, busy with their chop-sticks, devouring bowls of rice with savoury accompaniments—there the house-master, renewing the offerings of food and flowers on the family altar, and lighting the tapers and the incense-sticks for the evening sacrifice.

A man greatly in favour is the street cook, who, with his locomotive oven and a whole array of pots and pans, prepares savoury stews, which the wayfarers devour there and then with infinite relish. Those who wish for an hour's rest, or for a quiet talk with a friend, can secure both by entering one of the large tea-drinking halls, where covered cups are at once brought to them, each containing a measure of tea, whereon the waiter dexterously pours boiling water from a large kettle. Probably they will call for melon seeds and tobacco, possibly also for some sweetmeats; and ere they go their way they will have a second cup of tea for the good of the house, for all which entertainment they will

each pay about six cash, equal to about a halfpenny; or if they have been very extravagant in the matter of sweet cake, their liabilities may have run up to a penny a head!¹

¹ I confess that when, on returning to England, I have looked round on the squalid wretchedness and dirt of the densely crowded quarters in which our poor are huddled together, and have seen the hungry loungers gazing longingly through dingy windows at terrible slices of cold roly-poly, pies of leaden pastry, with an infinitesimal fragment of unknown meat, unsavoury sausages, sickening heaps of ready-shelled whelks, and other unpleasant-looking shell-fish—luxuries in which they could not afford to indulge,—my thoughts have travelled back to the Chinese street-cooks with positive veneration. And as to the luxurious halfpenny tea-hall, which takes the place of England's gin-palace, there indeed China does excel the barbarians of the West.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KUSHAN MONASTERY.

Paved Footpaths—Up the Mountain—Ancient and Modern Disciples of Buddha—Printing-press—Dormitories—One Hundred and Eight Vows—Opium-smoking—Votive Pigs and Fish—Refectory—Offerings to Small Gods—The Temple on the Stream—Rock Inscriptions—Bell Tolled by Water—Buddha's Tooth—The Great Temple.

March 21st.

THERE is one disadvantage in spring-time connected with expeditions by land in the neighbourhood of Foo-Chow, namely, that whenever we emerge from the densely packed streets of the old city, we find ourselves in the midst of that most hateful form of agriculture, paddy-fields, where the fresh young rice is growing in deep mud, with a shallow surface of water. In and out among these flooded fields wind narrow stone paths, barely two feet in width, but often raised to a height of from four to six feet above these little lagoons of liquid mud—and when (as is frequently the case) we meet a train of heavily-burdened coolies, or some foreigner or great mandarin being carried in his chair, there comes an anxious moment as to whether *we* or *they* are most likely to be deposited ignominiously in a very undesirable mud bath!

Beyond the paddy-fields we find regular paved roads

VOL. I.

R

leading up to various points of interest in the Paeling hills, such as monasteries or tea-plantations, and at every turn of the road we have fine views looking down on the valley, where the great Min River winds like a silvery ribbon through the labyrinth of small green fields.

A very favourite expedition (and one, moreover, which has the advantage that the greater part of the distance is done by luxuriously floating down the river in a comfortable house-boat) is to a famous Buddhist monastery, which nestles in a sheltered spot half way up the Kushan, or Drum Mountain, right above the Arsenal.

The mountain is 3900 feet in height, and the monastery is about 2000 feet above the river—a pleasant cool refuge in hot weather, and one to which the courteous monks frequently welcome foreigners requiring change of air. Here, in exceptionally cold winters, snow has been known to lie for a few hours.

This morning being clear and lovely we were early astir, and by 7 A.M. our good chair-coolies had shouldered their living burdens and were trotting us down to the river, where the house-boat lay in readiness. An hour's pull brought us down to the Kushan anchorage, a distance of about eight miles, but the tide was so low that we had to row some distance in the small boat, and then brave the dangers of a long plank and stepping-stones across deep mud, through which the poor coolies had to plunge, and then they carried us for half an hour along a narrow, tortuous path between flooded paddy-fields, where patient buffaloes and Chinamen were ploughing knee-deep in mud.

Thus we arrived at the base of the mountain, and then commenced the long and toilsome ascent of a great stairway of fifteen hundred granite steps, reminding me painfully

of the ascent to similar Buddhist monasteries and shrines in Ceylon. Here, as there, I believe that many of these mountain stairs have been fashioned as acts of merit or of penance by wealthy devotees. Probably to the same cause may be ascribed the ornamental rest-houses, five of which invite the pilgrim to repose on his journey to Kushan.

Above the long flight of stairs we found a well-constructed causeway of granite slabs, by which we passed along levels through the forest, past curious ancient tombs, and then still on and on by paved levels till we reached the monastery—a delightfully secluded spot in a snug green valley. It is a large but not very picturesque group of venerable buildings, eight hundred years old.

Three large buildings, with deep thatched roofs, widely overhanging, are arranged one behind the other, and enclosed by a great general court.

All monasteries that I have visited are constructed on the same principle. The outer gateway is invariably guarded by two huge and monstrously ugly figures, while four others equally hideous, and representing the incarnation of the genius of North, South, East, and West, occupy a second building, which is the hall of the gods. These are supposed to be the ministers of Buddha's will and pleasure. I cannot say he has displayed much taste in the selection!

Then we come to the Great Temple, which is a detached building in the middle of a great court, around which are cloisters, apartments for the abbot and for the monks, dormitories, a library, reception-room for guests, halls consecrated to many Hindoo gods (all of whom are supposed to do homage to Buddha), the great refectory and the kitchen, where of course vegetables only are supposed to find admission, neither fish, flesh nor fowl—not even milk,

butter, or eggs being tolerated by the sumptuary laws of the founder; as regards butter, it is in no case recognised by the Chinese as fit for food, and milk is so only when curdled and sweetened. But this vegetarian rule is not so hard as might at first sight appear, the majority of the brethren being men of low estate, and the fare of the working-classes consists almost entirely of vegetables, with perhaps a square inch of pork once a fortnight.

These various departments are each under the care of some divine guardian, to whom is dedicated a more or less ornamental shrine. Those of two gods, respectively named Weito and Kwan-tai, lie to right and left of the main quadrangle, these gods being considered the special guardians of monasteries. Kwan-tai being the God of War, must, I suppose, be reckoned as the Defender of the Faith.

In the dormitories a watchful god protects the sleepers, while in the monastic kitchen (as in that of every well-regulated family in China) the kitchen god receives devout daily worship.

But the great centre of all worship is, of course, the colossal image of Buddha, who sits enthroned on a gigantic lotus blossom. In some temples he sits solitary, in others he is represented by three images all exactly alike, representing the Past, the Present, and the Future—while another variety (more common in pictures than in images) shows him seated between two figures, equally cyclopean, apparently of beautiful women, but really representing two beloved Indian disciples, named Kashiapa and Ananda. These great central images are frequently very fine, and convey a feeling of intense calm and repose strangely in contrast with all the bewildering variety of extraneous gods, whose noisy worship is so diametrically opposed to the

whole teaching of the founder; and yet in every monastery there are numerous idols of all sizes, some of wood and some of copper, some of procelain, some of stone and some of clay—some gaudily painted, some lacquered and many gilt. Some monasteries are adorned with life-sized statues of the five hundred most saintly of Buddha's original disciples.

The shrine of the Goddess of Mercy is invariably conspicuous, and seems to rank next to that of Buddha. In some monasteries she has a separate temple.

Of course every monastery of any note prides itself on the possession of some relic of Buddha, whose fragments, rescued from the funeral pyre, must indeed have been multiplied miraculously! This is preserved in a bell-shaped dagoba, frequently made of white marble, resembling, on a very small scale, the cyclopean dagobas of the ancient cities in Ceylon. These in China are generally kept within a special hall, but sometimes in pagodas, whose seven or nine storeys are apparently designed to suggest multiplied canopies of honour, overshadowing the precious treasure below, just as in Burmah the Great State Umbrellas consist of from three to seven canopies piled one above the other on the same stick.¹

In some monasteries there are shrines of honour of the founder of that particular institution, as also of the most

¹ That this was the true origin of the Pagoda I have no doubt, the use of the Umbrella as an honorific symbol being most curiously exemplified on some of the oldest Buddhist sculptures in India, where relic-shrines are represented over-shadowed by from one to fourteen most realistic umbrellas, sometimes set side by side, sometimes arranged pyramidally. In one of these sculptures on the Amravati tope, a forest of no less than fifty lotus-leaf umbrellas is shown thus piled all over the summit of a dagoba. A cast of this curious sculpture is exhibited on the Grand Staircase of the British Museum (No. 39).

noted abbots who have therein ruled. As this office is only held for three years, an abbot must be a man of rare sanctity or ability to make much mark in so limited a period. Re-election for a second term is however not infrequent, but it does not follow that the most saintly abbots are the most popular! The election lies entirely in the hands of the senior priests.

Some monasteries have a private printing-press, where are printed devotional books of the Buddhist offices and broadsheets in honour of the Goddess of Mercy or other deities. I have several such, which were given me in various monasteries. The method of printing is that which has here been in use for many centuries; it has the advantage of extreme simplicity. The matter to be printed is cut on a block in high relief. Indian ink is then applied to the block, upon which a sheet of paper is pressed, and that is all. Where the demand is moderate and no one is in a hurry, this seems to answer very well.

This is a general summary of the chief features of such monasteries as I have seen, and I am told they are all on the same system, only varying in size and detail. Here at Kushan, provision is made for the accommodation of about three hundred priests and monks, that being the number who claim Kushan as their headquarters, but rarely are more than half that number on the spot. The rest are sent on ecclesiastical or begging work all over the country, to raise funds for the repair of temples, or to perform noisy and costly religious services in every house where a death has occurred, or where the mysterious illness of any inmate leads to the conclusion that the sufferer is "possessed of devils," who must be duly exorcised.

We were allowed a peep into the dormitories, which have

small compartments curtained off on each side, the slumbers of the inmates being consecrated by an altar at one end of each room. The privacy thus secured is, of course, designed to encourage meditation and prayer, as it doubtless does in many cases, for amongst the brethren there must be some of all sorts, as we readily inferred from the very varied types of countenance—some so calm and reflective, but many debased and sensual, fully justifying the contempt with which the majority of these shaven brethren are regarded by the secular community.

Of the former, we were told that some subject themselves to agonising penances in their zealous determination to triumph over the poor flesh, and that, not content with fastings and flagellations, they voluntarily submit to having their flesh seared with a sharp-pointed red-hot iron, one such scar denoting each monastic vow. The number of these varies in different parts of the Empire, nine or twelve being the most common. But some devout souls make a hundred and eight vows, and endure a hundred and eight burnings to imprint them on their memory. These fiery reminders are generally made on the forearm, but some proclaim their devotion to all beholders by thus scarring their forehead, which, of course, gives them the appearance of having suffered from smallpox. Others burn off a finger as a self-imposed penance. Some have been known to burn off a whole hand, and practise other forms of self-torture, quite ignoring the fact that all such actions were prohibited by Buddha.

But, on the other hand, it is well known that a very large proportion of these men assume the yellow robe late in life to secure an easy-going idle sort of livelihood, while some herein seek an asylum from the legal punishment for divers

crimes. The law, however, does not recognise any right of sanctuary for murderers. Of course, the vows of these unworthy brothers are continually broken, and not only are prohibited meats freely brought in for private consumption, but further, the cubicles designed for silent meditation become sanctuaries of the opium-pipe, indulgence in which is acknowledged, by every Chinaman without exception, to be an unmitigated evil, though so few who have once yielded to it have the courage to endure the physical and mental misery which invariably attends giving it up. But so many priests of all ranks are the slaves of this most insidious of vices, that there appears to be a mutual agreement to ignore its practice in the monasteries.

We passed on to inspect a court wherein sundry fat pigs, fowls, and other live stock, which have been brought to the temple as "offerings," are allowed to live in peace, and die of old age. It is an act of merit thus to secure them from all danger of being put to death, and a handsome sum is of course paid down for their permanent maintenance. The monks are supposed to be such very strict vegetarians that should the hens chance to lay eggs, they (the eggs) forthwith receive decent burial! Another form in which the same class of merit is acquired, is by the purchase and release of pigeons, or small caged birds, which are captured for this express purpose by special bird-catchers, who herein find a fairly lucrative profession. Others again bring fine carp and other freshwater fish, which have been purchased alive from the fishmongers, and which are set free in the great temple-tank, there to live merrily ever after, being fed at stated hours. The tank at the Monastery of the Flowery Forest at Canton swarms with tortoises which have been thus rescued.

We entered the refectory just as the brethren were assembling, in answer to the beating of a large wooden drum, shaped like a nondescript animal. All had assumed their cowls as the monastic form of dressing for dinner. Tables are arranged all round the hall, and all the monks sit with their backs to the wall, so that all may face the abbot. The laying of the table is not elaborate, only two empty bowls and a pair of chop-sticks being placed for each person.

When all had taken their places, at a given signal they rose, placing the palms of the hands together in a devotional attitude, while one of the number beat a small prayer-drum, and the abbot recited a long prayer, after which one of the monks went outside and placed a small heap of cooked rice on a red pillar (red being the colour of good luck, and hateful to evil spirits) as an offering to all the minor gods who might have been inadvertently overlooked in the general worship. Having done this, he snapped his fingers thrice, and the small gods came in the form of birds and accepted the offering. Then followed a long grace, during which an attendant went round, filling each man's bowls with rice and green vegetables, which all proceeded to devour hungrily in total silence.

Leaving the brethren to the enjoyment of this frugal fare, we found a pleasant spot outside of the monastic courts where we might indulge in a non-vegetarian luncheon without risk of shocking the stricter brethren, not that any objection is made at this monastery to their visitors publicly feasting on prohibited flesh, consequently picnic-parties from Foo-Chow or the Anchorage occasionally select the main court for very elaborate luncheons, a proceeding which scarcely seems in good taste.

Following a tempting path along the hill-side, we came to a very pretty temple of carved wood painted deep red, with curved roofs of grey tiles. It is built right over a very narrow cleft in the rock, from beneath which there formerly flowed a rushing torrent, but its noise was so distressing to a very holy old saint who formerly lived here that it hindered his devotions, and so he prayed that it might be silenced, and ever since then the stream has been well-nigh dried up, and only a low soothing murmur tells of the rippling waters low in the gully.¹

The rocks hereabouts are all covered with large inscriptions deeply engraven, and filled with red paint. Many of these are in the old seal character, and even the most modern are in the regular Chinese character, which, to the uninitiated, always looks so very mysterious. It is really distressing to learn that though many of these imperishable inscriptions are really poetic aspirations, a considerable number merely record the visits of certain notable pilgrims to the monastery, and are in fact only an elaborated version of Smith or Jones' scribbles on the Pyramids or elsewhere!

A little further we came to a very pretty kiosque, consisting only of pillars supporting a highly fantastic roof. This overshadows a rock, on which are engraven and gilded a multitude of tiny gods. I believe that these represent the five hundred Lohans (which in Old Sanscrit hymns are

¹ How strange a parallel is the legend of this Buddhist hermit, to that of St Francis of Assisi, as related by his successor at the Convent Delle Carceri on the Monte Subasio. Here a tiny chapel on the brink of a deep rocky ravine commemorates how when St Francis here sought peace for meditation, the noise of the running waters so distracted him (how I do sympathise with these silence-loving saints!) that he rebuked the mountain torrent. And the reverent stream obeyed, and from that hour until this present day it has hushed its turmoil, and no matter how fiercely the rain-storms sweep the mountain, it flows in hushed stillness.

called Arhans), spiritual beings, never seen of men, but whose voices are sometimes heard in these shady groves at early dawn, chanting the praises of Buddha.

From a water-spring beneath this rock-altar flows a streamlet, which, being led through the mouth of a stone dragon, thence falls so as to turn a wheel which acts on cogs; these in their turn jerk a rope, which swings a small beam of wood suspended horizontally from the roof. At every rebound, this beam strikes the outside of a large bronze bell, producing a very deep-toned, melodious boom, which is heard afar up on the mountain. Thus by the action of the Dragon-Fountain the waters have continued throughout the long ages to pay their ceaseless tribute of praise to Buddha. It is a very pretty scene; but in order to realise it, you must mentally fill in a thousand details of Chinese fancy—odd bits of grey stone and red-wood carving, ornamental stone bridges, bright flowers, and rich foliage, sunlight and warm deep shadows, and, over all, the great mountain towering to the blue heaven.

Returning to the monastery, we were taken to see one of Buddha's holy teeth, which is kept in a dull crystal casket in a securely locked shrine. An elephant's tooth lies before it, as an appropriate votive offering. The Buddhists of China have a good many such relics of their great leader; I confess that having long ago done homage in Ceylon to the lineal descendant of the only genuine article, I looked on these with distrust, and not without good reason.¹

¹ Captain Gill has told us how in Northern China he was taken to see "The Tooth of Heaven," which he found to be merely a bit of red sandstone shaped like a tooth! The worshippers must certainly have supposed that Buddha was addicted to chewing betel and areca nut! The relic occupied a small temple, the roof of which, however, did not cover the stone itself, the Chinese believing that were this done, the god of thunder would devastate the town.

Far more interesting than the spurious relic of a dead past, was the afternoon service in the great temple, in presence of the Three Pure Ones, *i.e.*, three gigantic gilded images of Buddha, which, although symbolising the Perfect Buddha of the Past, the Present, and the Future, are all exactly alike, and are each overshadowed by a gilded canopy. Large gilt statues of the disciples of Buddha are ranged on each side of the temple. Three very handsome altars of black lacquer, with gold and crimson decorations, red candles, and altar vessels of pewter, are dedicated to three different groups of idols, and one large central altar stands in advance of these three. The usual handsome banners and richly coloured lamps light up the sombre shadows of the roof.

The great service of the day is held at 4 A.M. every morning, when all the inmates of the monastery must be present; many are necessarily absent from the afternoon service, having work to attend to. Nevertheless there was a large muster, and we had a good opportunity of noting the variations in the dress of divers ranks. The majority wear the orthodox yellow robe, but some have a yellow cowl, some a rose-coloured or lilac ecclesiastical hood, while others wear a grey robe. Even the best-dressed priests all have their robes made of many pieces patched together to keep up the semblance of the tattered raiment of poverty. Some hold in their hands rosaries of large black beads and some of small beads, but I did not notice whether all had these. Of course all heads are closely shaven—bald as billiard-balls of pale yellow ivory!

The ritual was very elaborate, accompanied by many prostrations and genuflexions, and at one point in the service, the whole congregation, who had been standing sideways

to right and left, veered round to the altar, recited some formula, and made a low bow.

Time and tide bade us hurry away, so we could only look hastily into the side chapels, in one of which are numerous images of the thousand-armed Goddess of Mercy. On one of these minor altars I observed a vulgar black bottle doing duty as a flower-vase!—a strangely incongruous object in the midst of so much gilding and colour, and such beautiful pieces of fine old china.

Retracing our way through the forest, along the stone pavement, and down the long stairs, we reached the paddy-fields at sunset, and found the patient men and beasts still ploughing. The house-boat was now able to come alongside, so we were spared the horrors of re-crossing the mud, and an hour later we reached the green isle in time for a pleasant non-vegetarian dinner-party.

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPLE THEATRES.

Ecclesiastical Plays—Entertainment for Gods—A Blue Crowd—
Hunting Scene—Ballet—American Mission—A Fine View.

March 29th.

I HAVE been very much amused to-day by a great "Sing-Song" at the Ningpo Joss-house, or, I should rather say, the great guild of the Ningpo merchants in Foo-Chow, for the place is really their club; and in China, a temple, with its attendant theatre, forms a necessary feature in every well-regulated club.

I must say that of all the odd methods ever devised by any nation for combining amusement with religion, I know of none so quaint as the theatrical entertainments provided by wealthy Chinamen for the edification of their gods. In Europe we have had miracle-plays, such as still attract crowds to Ober-Amergau; but the intention of these is emphatically to convey deep religious impressions to the minds of the people, whereas the temple-plays in China are solely intended to amuse and propitiate the idols, who are supposed, in common with their worshippers, to have a passion for the drama, and to share their wonderful power of endurance as regards the length of their plays, some of

which are dragged on for three whole days, from dawn to sunset.

“Lingering sweetness long drawn out” exactly describes a Chinaman’s ideal “Sing-Song,” but to foreign ears the sweetness which so entrances the Mongolian is a torture of shrieking discord, which very soon becomes intolerable. One great advantage, however, is that these plays are all in the open air. Moreover, they are generally acted in full light of day, as in the province of Fuh-Kien, of which Foo-Chow is the capital, theatrical performances in temples at night are forbidden, except on very special occasions, as are also illuminations, on account of the danger of fire.¹

At these temple-plays no seats are provided, and there is no payment; they are the great and gratis entertainments of the people, who attend in crowds. It is a strange sight to look down upon that densely packed yet ever-restless throng, almost all dressed in blue—that sea of flat faces and shaven heads which fills every available corner of the temple court, and of the steps leading up to the altars, above which the idols sit enthroned. The stage is always a separate

¹ In some great cities there are regular theatres conducted on the same business system as our own, with a regular tariff for admission. My experience of theatres of this class was limited to two—one in Shanghai, and one in San Francisco, and I need only remark of these, that they were two too many; although on each occasion, foreigners had been specially invited by Chinese gentlemen, on the understanding that the plays selected should be irreproachable.

On the other hand, I rarely missed the opportunity of attending a temple play, and though, of course, I could not understand what was said, I have no reason to suppose that these were objectionable; in fact, as the lives of the Chinese gods and goddesses are chiefly remarkable for their strict morality (as contrasted with the mythology of Rome, Greece, Egypt, or India), it follows that the plays most pleasing to them are such as inculcate virtue, and show the penalties due to vice. Certainly, as scenic effects, these were almost invariably quaint and attractive.

building facing the temple—a sort of kiosque, open on three sides—its beautifully carved, curly roof being supported on carved pillars. The court is enclosed by open corridors with galleries, in which seats are provided for the mandarins and principal citizens.

In the lower corridors many barbers ply their trade diligently, for skull-scraping and hair-plaiting is a business which must not be neglected, and which can be successfully combined with the enjoyment of the play. Vendors of refreshments find a good market for their wares.

Regular playgoers soon learn to discriminate between the different troupes who travel about the country just as theatrical companies do in Europe, and whenever a very wealthy mandarin wishes to gain popularity with the gods, and with his fellow-citizens, he engages a first-rate troupe with magnificent properties, and the performance is admirable: But sounds of theatrical music may attract you a few days later to the same temple, and you may find a wretched company of the veriest sticks, clad in shabbiest raiment, having been engaged by some poorer merchant. Then in place of a dense crowd of most respectable citizens, the audience is composed of a limited number of the lowest of the people.

As a matter of course, the very best troupes are engaged by the great mercantile guilds for their magnificent temple theatres, and these are always worth visiting.

On the present occasion, having gone to the Ningpo Guild with Mrs De Lano, we first obtained a tantalising glimpse of the scene from the roof of a neighbouring house, where one of our Chinese friends was sitting with his sons. Wishing for a nearer view, but not caring to face the dense crowd, we entered the guild (which is practically a club) by

a side door, which took us right into the actual temple, where the kindly priests put us into a good place just in front of the great altar, whence of course we had a perfect view, and a stranger scene I never beheld—the temple, the theatre, and the side courts one mass of richest carving in wood and stone, crimson and gold, with the grey, curiously-carved roofs harmonising with a brilliant blue sky. The pillars supporting both the theatre and the temple are powerfully sculptured stone dragons.

The vivid sunlight gave intensity to the dark shadows, and brilliancy to the gorgeous dresses of the actors. Round the galleries sat mandarins and merchants drinking tea and cracking melon seeds, and the court below presented a closely packed sea of blue shoulders, and heads either visibly shaven or covered with the orthodox small black satin cap.

We were told that the play which was being acted was in old Manchu. To our unaccustomed ears the difference in sound from modern Chinese was unappreciable; but we noted the absence of "pig-tails," and the prevalence of immensely long black moustaches, which are a thing unknown in this land of clean-shaven faces, where the right to wear a thin straggling grey beard and moustache is a privilege of advanced age.

Having no interpreter, we failed to gather the plot, but the loss was probably not serious, all we cared about being the scenic effect; and we gazed till we were weary at ancient Emperors and Empresses, mandarins and courtiers, clothed in silk and satin, and most exquisite embroidery in gold and bright-coloured silks. Such gorgeous gold dragon embroidery! how we wished we could have brought it home for decorative hangings. There is no theatrical sham

about it—it is all *bona-fide* genuine hand-work, very handsome and costly. Some of the mandarins' head-dresses were very quaint, those of governors of provinces being adorned with the two immensely long tail feathers of the Reeves pheasant, which are fully six feet in length. These great men are further distinguished by the funniest little flags floating from each shoulder like wings; these, with the long feathers, suggest a likeness to some gigantic insect.

The faces of the actors are coarsely painted, some being of a ruddy brown, laid on so thick as to shine. The service of the play is all done by men in the commonest blue coolie dress! It is so odd to see them moving about among the gorgeously arrayed principal actors. There is no attempt at stage illusion — no curtain, no shifting of scenes, beyond the most primitive alterations in the stage furniture. If a culprit is to be killed by fire from heaven, you see a coolie climb up and scatter an inflammable powder, to which he sets fire. The victim, of course, falls dead; but a moment afterwards he gets up and walks (or at least crawls) off the stage!

Some of the women's dresses are exquisite as specimens of rich embroidery, and it really is almost impossible to believe that these dainty little ladies are really all men; no woman is ever allowed to appear on the Chinese stage. How the actors contrive to be such perfect actresses passes my comprehension, but even the small feet are perfectly simulated, and the uncertain mincing gait, as also the shrill feminine voice, which is produced by a high ear-piercing falsetto, which after awhile becomes most irritating to the listener, and makes us hope that Chinese ladies do not really talk like that at home.¹

¹ I remember once as a great treat sending an unsophisticated Scotch maid

I was told that these male prima donnas command very high salaries. One whom we saw in San Francisco had been imported from Peking on a salary of 10,000 dollars a year.

The orchestra is barbaric in the extreme, the accompaniment to sentimental or sorrowful scenes being a squeak produced by a horse-hair bow on a fiddle with one horse-hair string. The more energetic passages, which are delivered in resonant tones, are emphasised by a thundering clamour on a brass gong, heightened by the clashing of large cymbals, and rattling on metal and wooden drums; after this deafening noise the ping of small banjos, or even a solitary trumpet-blast, is quite a relief. Happily in these temple-plays the orchestra is not so powerful as at a regular theatre, where the tremendous din continues throughout the play—pantomime, speeches, and battles each having appropriate accompaniment.

But the plays themselves are all sound and fury, with a most exhausting display of bluster, bellowing, braggadocio, rant, and display of demoniacal rage and ferocity. The marvel is how such frowns and such contortions can be kept up, especially as one marked feature is that of eyes "bursting from their sockets," as the saying is.

Now and then it is evident that an actor is really full of quiet humour, and that he contrives to infuse some gleams of fun into his heavy part, much to the pleasure of an appreciative audience.

After various episodes in Imperial life, we were favoured with some most exciting hunting scenes, in one of which

to the Italian Opera in London. She was, however, much disgusted, for, said she, "I am sure that no real leddies and gentlemen would go skirling and throwing themselves about in that fashion!"

an Amazon queen shot a tiger with bow and arrow. It was a noble Chinese tiger, with beautiful fur, much handsomer than the hairy tiger of India, and it had fierce green eyes. It rolled over quite dead, and the attendants tied its legs to a bamboo and carried it off in triumph. The illusion was not improved by the very patent fact that it wore large white-soled Chinese shoes on its hind paws!¹

Then followed a sort of ballet, alternating with really excellent acrobatic feats. Poles and horizontal bars were erected, and clowns and tumblers, all carrying fans, favoured us with various gymnastic performances, a good deal like those of our own athletes; but a special character was given to the whole by the extraordinary figures of the *corps de ballet*, who rushed in between each gymnastic feat, while the singers and musicians screeched and yelled, and vied one with another which could produce the most deafening noise. The effect of the whole was that of a most hideous and perplexing nightmare; and the long-sustained shrill falsetto, without any change of tone, in which these male actors converse in their feminine characters, fairly gets on one's nerves after a while.

¹ The acting of this troupe was excellent, and I was much amused a few weeks later, when visiting the Fop-Chow Guild at Ningpo, to find the identical company acting this identical piece! Rather an odd coincidence.



A HILL OF GRAVES,
FOO-CHOW.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OFFERINGS OF THE DEAD.

The Hill of Graves—Foo-Chow Arsenal—Potted Ancestors—A Picturesque Funeral—Longevity Boards—Chinese All-Souls' Festival—The Ten-Year Festival—Ancestor Worship the Key to Chinese Life—Service at the Temple of Imperial Ancestors at Peking—Compulsory Mourning Seclusion—Influence on Judicial Decisions—The Great Bar to Christianity—The Three Souls—The City of the Dead—Spirits in Prison—Release from Purgatory—Offerings to Beggar Spirits—Enormous Annual Expenditure.

Foo-Chow, *April.*

STRANGE to say, the place which was made over by the Chinese authorities to the British, as the site for this foreign settlement, is a cluster of green hills, which are all dotted over with ancestral graves. How the dead have been induced to tolerate our presence and our buildings it is impossible to say; doubtless the officials have made additional offerings, and have duly explained to the dead that they really could not help themselves, and only yielded to the brute force of the barbarians!

This was done in the most literal manner when the authorities determined on establishing the Arsenal at Pagoda Anchorage, for, as a matter of course, many graves were dotted over the land required for the immense workshops. So a great feast, lasting four days, was held to appease the

wrath of the dead thus disturbed for their country's good, and they were humbly besought to take up their quarters at a temple which was then built for their special benefit high on the hill-side, above all the foreign houses.¹

The whole country is strewn with graves; the dead are buried here, there, and everywhere, wherever the astrologers declare that they have found a lucky site; and though certain sunny hill-sides are pretty closely covered with picturesque horseshoe-shaped tombs, the graves are never crowded together as in cemeteries.

So in this foreign settlement, while the grassy hills are crowned by luxurious foreign bungalows, the slopes are marked by a free sprinkling of these homes of the dead, some of which, judiciously placed beneath the shadow of fine old gnarled fir-trees, are really very ornamental and in good taste. Some are shaped like a gigantic trefoil, formed by the combination of three horse-shoes, showing where three honoured members of some great family have been buried in one group, and some are embellished by handsome scroll-work, and guarded by weird stone animals.

Some very old graves are neglected and broken, revealing their hid treasures, which in this case are not the accustomed ponderous coffin, but red earthen jars, in which are stored the bones and dust of some poor wanderer who has died far from home, but whose remains have been charitably brought by some friendly fellow-workman to be laid with kindred dust, in order that the spirit of the dead may share in the annual offerings of the family. These are familiarly known as "the potted ancestors!"

¹ We may be very sure that the truly conservative Chinese have not failed to recognise the retributive vengeance of the spirits in the lamentable destruction of this offending Arsenal!

From the verandah where I frequently sit, I command an excellent view of all the near grassy hills sloping down to that strange "City of the Dead," where hundreds of coffins lie, each in its hired house, awaiting the lucky hour for burial, for in death, as in life, every detail must be regulated in obedience to geomancers and fortune-tellers.¹ I need scarcely say with what keen interest I watch the various processions and ceremonies connected with the funerals and with the worship of the dead, which are constantly passing before us.

These three first weeks in April are specially devoted to the service of the dead—they are a prolonged "All Souls' " festival, here called Ch'ing-Ming. During its continuance, the whole population seems to be in a state of movement, for every one who can possibly manage to do so, visits the graves of his family in person; and as men, women, and children all go forth in troops, the ceremony partakes rather of the nature of a cheerful picnic. Family parties arrange for a day's "outing," and start from the crowded cities on a holiday excursion, combining duty with pleasure. They

¹ Besides the edicts of the stars affecting individuals, they are supposed to influence almost every day of the year, rendering these specially lucky or unlucky for specific actions. There are certain days on which no man in his senses would shave, lest he be afflicted with boils; others on which no farmer would sow, else a bad harvest would follow. There are days on which no man would buy or sell property; others when to dig a well will insure finding only bitter water. To open a granary on certain days would be to admit mice and mildew. To begin roofing a house on a given day betokens having soon to sell it. There is one day on which no householder would repair his kitchen fireplace, as his house would inevitably ere long be burnt. Another day is shunned by match-makers, as insuring ill-luck to the wedded pair. One day is especially dreaded by shipbuilders, for to commence building a ship, or to allow one to sail thereon, is to court shipwreck. So in the rearing of cattle, the care of silkworms, in travelling or in staying at home, days of luck or ill-luck must be specially observed, lest the stars in their courses should fight against the presumptuous mortal who ignores them.

have perhaps to walk many miles over hill and dale, bearing the stores of good things, which their ancestors happily only care to smell, so that they themselves may count on an excellent feast on their return home.

The offerings which are so pleasing both to the dead and to the living, are carried on trays, or else in large flat baskets of split bamboo, slung from the ends of long bamboos which are balanced on the men's shoulders. They include a variety of cakes, roast ducks, fowls, fish, and sometimes a pig roasted whole, or perhaps only a pig's head with his tail in his mouth, which is symbolic of the whole animal. Of course the value of the offerings varies with the wealth or poverty of the family, but the poorest must provide some food and some paper money, and many invocations on yellow paper.

In each family party, one member is told off to carry the hoe with which to weed the grave. From it hang suspended many strings of paper cash and paper sycee (the block money, like little silver shoes or boats), representing fabulous sums of Celestial coin. Others carry samshu, *i.e.* sweet rice-wine, in joints of bamboo, which form nature-made bottles, and others again bear the paper semblance of all manner of useful objects, such as clothing, trunks with separate great locks for external application, writing materials, opium-pipes, sedan-chairs, houses, horses, and even attendants, all made of pasteboard or paper, not forgetting incense and candles, for the dead are in the Dark World, and require light.

As in duty bound, on reaching the graves, some of the women weep and wail piteously, but they soon commence helping in the task of weeding and tidying the ground, and spreading the feast. All the good things are arranged on little dishes before the tomb, which is covered with the

invocations on yellow paper. The incense is lighted, the ancestral spirits are summoned by ear-splitting beating of brass gongs or cymbals. Then the leader of the party puts on a long blue robe, and an official hat with a red tassel, such as is worn by the literary class, and proceeds to read the special liturgy appointed for this occasion, entreating the dead to guard and bless the living, to protect them from evil spirits, to send them good things of all sorts.

Then all the paper offerings are burnt, and the flame is fed by a moderate libation of rice-wine, which thus becomes invisible and available for spirit use; all the paper gifts are in like manner transmitted to the unseen world, there to become tangible and very useful to the recipients. While the flames ascend heavenward all the family prostrate themselves, and strike their heads on the ground nine times. The ancestors having meanwhile absorbed the essence of the good meats, the hungry human beings are at liberty to pack up the otherwise untouched dainties, and carry them away to be consumed at the family feast.

One day last week I watched a very grand funeral at which the chief mourners were women who wore loose white dresses in token of the deepest woe; the men wore a rough sort of blouse of sackcloth, with a white sash round the waist. Every one present wore some piece of white, in lieu of our crape. First came the bearers of large white paper lanterns—always picturesque objects. Then a band of musicians dressed in white, and making a horribly discordant noise with drums and gongs to drive away evil spirits. Then came men carrying trays of cakes and other good things for the funeral feast. These were followed by more musicians apparently trying to drown the noise of the first lot. These wore common blue clothes. After them

came coolies carrying pigs roasted whole, kids, and various other savoury meats set out on trays.

Then followed a highly-decorated sedan-chair, in which was carried the tablet of the deceased, with tapers burning before it. Behind the tablet came a group of men dressed in red, carrying a large red flag with inscription in golden characters. Next came the coffin—very handsome and solid, formed of four large boards rounded on the upper side, and about four inches thick. They are called longevity boards, and their value is a matter of great interest and importance. They are invariably bought unpainted, that the purchaser may select the grain of wood he prefers.

When the procession reached the lucky spot selected for the grave, the coffin was deposited on the ground, whereon the mourners beat their heads, wailing bitterly; while two yellow-robed priests performed some office of religion, incense was burnt, and a multitude of crackers fired to terrify the demons. Then the coffin was laid in its place, and wailing and cries of lamentation rent the air. When the grave was filled in, more crackers were fired by delighted small boys with shaven scalps and long pig-tails—joss-sticks were lighted and stuck in bamboos, and so planted round the grave. The feast was spread and left for a while, that the hungry dead might feast on its essence. Then the survivors carried off the gross substance for their own use, and marched off pretty cheerily, while all the musicians combined their efforts to drown sorrow by such a din that must surely have driven away the affrighted devils.

Far more pathetic than this rich noisy funeral was one which I saw yesterday just below this house, and which touched me greatly from its simplicity. It was that of a very poor woman, and with the exception of the men who carried

the body and dug the grave, the only mourner present was a fair-faced child, perhaps six years of age, in white funeral dress. When the men had finished digging the grave, some one came and apparently told them that they had mistaken the "Lucky Site," for after a prolonged altercation they set to work to dig another a little further off, leaving the little child alone beside the bier, whereon lay the dead mother beneath the shabby piece of thin red cloth which served as a pall. It was a most pathetic scene in real life, and made one long to comfort the little desolate creature, whose very foreign features and complexion too plainly suggested the poor woman's sad history.

When the second grave was finished, and the dead laid therein, the child was instructed to light the incense-sticks and burn some paper money and yellow paper prayers, and then all was over, and only a few scraps of half-burnt yellow paper strewn on the newly turned sod marked where lay one more "ancestor," to whom that little child must continue to do homage to the last hour of his life.

On the edge of the fir-wood just beyond this house there is one grave in which I take a special interest, for the sake of the poor widow whose proceedings I watch day after day with never-ceasing wonder. She always arrives about the same hour, and, sitting down on the grave, commences a low pitiful wailing. Though the ceremony is somewhat theatrical, this voice of mourning is inexpressibly sad. Gradually she works herself up to a pitch of apparent agony, and throws herself prone on the grave, weeping and wailing, and calling on the dead by every endearing name. Her cries re-echo from hill to hill, like the coronach of the Celts; they certainly are most distressing to us, the unwilling hearers! By the time when one might suppose

THE OFFERINGS OF THE DEAD.

... with crying, and her head splitting with
... young woman always comes to fetch her. She
... tidies her dress, and then the two walk off
... chatting quite cheerily!

Many mourners bring letters to the dead, which they
leave on the upright tombstone, laying a stone on the
top to prevent its being blown away. Others, of a
different turn of mind, spread some vegetable (I think it
is only to be truly acceptable the offerings to the dead

... by the nearest male relative, who
... the eldest son or his heir. Should the
... without issue and his brothers have sons,
... appointed his heir, and succeeds both
... his final duties. He may be a mere
... the sacred rites of Ancestral Worship
... Master of Ceremonies. The main
... upon him are—oft-repeated acts
... and also before the ancestral
... the dead of many generations, and
... together in a great hall. Sometimes
... in his own home. At each of
... offerings of material objects, to be
... the use and comfort of the dead.

... to have three souls, one of which
... the world of darkness to undergo
... the hands of the judicial gods of
... remains with the corpse in the
... over the tablet which bears
... Hall. Every large family has its
... apart from the family tombs. All
... stand rows of

these tablets, representing many departed generations. They are all much alike, from the tablet of the Emperor to that of the poor student, consisting simply of a narrow upright wooden slab, on which are inscribed the name and the honourable titles of the dead—the said slab being mounted in a richly carved stand.

Friends who desire to comfort their dead must therefore make separate offerings on behalf of each of his three souls—so they must by turns visit the grave, the Ancestral Hall, and the temple of Cheng Hwang, the deity into whose jurisdiction the soul has passed.

No one can be long in China before he discovers that Ancestral Worship is the keystone of all existence in the Celestial Empire. It permeates all life, affecting even the most trivial details of everyday existence, and is an influence tenfold more potent for keeping the people in the bondage of gross superstition than all the countless idols of the land, inasmuch as it compels every man to be for ever looking backward instead of forward, in fear lest he should by any action offend his very exacting ancestral spirits. In short, from his birth to his grave, the chief aim and end of every Chinaman is this constant propitiation of the dead.

It has been well described as a most degrading slavery—the slavery of the living to the dead—a system of worship and sacrifices which must be offered ceaselessly, not necessarily from love to the departed, but in order to avert calamity should their displeasure be incurred by any neglect or departure from ancient custom. It is a system of fear which controls every act of life and all social organisation, affecting alike the Imperial throne and the meanest coolie—in short, it is this system which has

fossilised this vast Empire, and holds all China's millions frozen in its icy grasp.

No matter what other religion he professes—Buddhist, Taoist, Confucian—every Chinaman's first duty is the care of sacrificing to his ancestors. This was the primitive religion of the land, and from it were derived the systems both of Taou and Confucius. Sacrifices were offered to deceased sages and shades of ancestors in pre-Confucian times, and the great philosopher himself taught that the dead must thus be honoured as though actually living. So it was only natural that the year after Confucius died, a funeral temple should have been erected to his honour, in which were buried his musical instruments, his boots, and articles of dress which he had worn.

By Imperial command sacrifices were offered to him, as they continue to be to this present day, in temples without number. I have already noted¹ that the most distinguished sages of the Celestial Empire are honoured by having their monumental tablets ranged on either side of that of their Great Master, and receive a due share of reverence. But I doubt whether the term monumental correctly describes these tablets, for their name, "Shin-wei," means "the place of the soul," suggesting the actual presence of one of the three souls. Considering that every city in China has a Confucian temple, the souls must be capable of infinite multiplication!

The great sage inculcated filial reverence as the primary obligation of mankind, and rigidly do the majority of his disciples obey his teaching, though others seem to consider that the practice of filial duty is only required after parents are dead. But no matter how bad a son may have been

¹ See Chapter IX.

from his boyhood till the hour when his parents die—from that time forth his whole anxiety centres in appeasing their anger by such prayers and offerings as shall ensure their comfortable reception in the Spirit-World—not for their sakes, but for his own, lest by any means they should return to torment him, accompanied by a multitude of spirits more vicious than themselves. For the dead are mighty, and will jealously avenge the smallest omission in the accustomed ritual in their honour. Thus the undutiful son is at once transformed into a most punctilious observer of every religious form required in ancestral worship.

For this reason, it is of the utmost importance to every Chinaman to leave a son, whose duty it shall be to offer the oft-repeated sacrifices which ensure his comfort in the Spirit-World. Sooner than leave no son to fulfil this obligation, he will, if possible, adopt one, otherwise his hungry spirit will be dependent on getting a share of the offerings which, three times a year, are made by the charitable public for the benefit of the destitute dead. It is, of course, necessary that the person thus adopted to perform the filial rites should be younger than the supposed father, and even where the interests of the Empire are jeopardised by a slavish obedience to this rule, it is none the less rigidly adhered to.

This was strikingly exemplified when, on the early death of Tung Chi, the late Emperor of China, who died without issue, it became necessary to select his successor to the vacant throne. In the interests of the Empire it would have appeared desirable that this honour should be conferred on some experienced and able statesman, selected from the numerous adult princes. To this course, however, there was one insuperable objection, fully recognised by all concerned, namely, that the new Emperor must necessarily

be junior to the deceased, as otherwise he could not have offered the necessary ancestral worship.

The only person capable of fulfilling this condition was a boy under four years of age, who was accordingly solemnly crowned Emperor, under the title of Kwang Sü, and the affairs of the Empire were once more committed to the care of the two Empress Dowagers, during a second long minority. But it was not enough thus to secure tranquillity for the soul of Tung Chi. His death without issue had left his father, Hien Fung, without an heir on earth to provide for his necessities. In order to avert the terrible consequences that might ensue were the father's interests neglected, the infant Emperor was officially constituted heir to Hien Fung, with the promise to the spirits that his first-born son should be the especial heir of Tung Chi—a decided case of counting unhatched chickens!

I doubt whether the whole record of earthly worship can produce a more remarkable scene than that when, on his accession to the Imperial throne, a newly-crowned Emperor—the Son of Heaven—goes in solemn state to the roofless Temple of Heaven at Peking, there to offer sacrifice in his character of High Priest, and formally to announce to the Celestial Rulers the new titles and dignities assumed by him, as their Filial Descendant. The announcement thus made to heaven is also conveyed to the deceased Emperors, who (besides receiving worship and offerings in other temples specially dedicated to them) are even here exalted to a position only second to that of the Supreme Being. As the idea of sacrifice is that of a banquet, and a banquet involves the presence of honoured guests, the Emperors formally invite their Imperial ancestors to come and share the feast with Shang-te, the Almighty, who thus receives honour by

the act of filial piety, which pays the highest conceivable homage to parents.¹

Equally remarkable are the ceremonials of the Imperial worship in the Tai-meau or "Great Temple" at Peking, known to foreigners as the Temple of the Imperial Ancestors, which lies on the south-east of the principal gate of the Emperor's palace; that is to say, in the most honourable situation possible. In its chief hall are ranged the Imperial tablets of the last ten generations, Emperors and Empresses being arranged in pairs, all facing the south. In secondary halls are stored the tablets of numerous persons of such distinguished merit as to entitle them to be spiritual guests at the sacrificial banquets. Imperial relatives occupy the eastern hall, and loyal officers the western. As the tablets face the south, the east lies on the left hand, which is the post of highest honour.

A complete set of offerings are presented before each Imperial pair. Husband and wife each receive three cups of wine, two bowls of soup, and a table and stool on which are laid suitable clothing. The Emperor, however, receives two pieces of silk, and the poor Empress gets none. She, however, receives an equal share in some other pieces of silk, which are laid together with incense and lighted candles, the carcass of a pig, a cow, and a sheep, and twenty-eight dishes, all of which are duly set in rows before the tablets of each Imperial couple. Hence there is apparently no objection to a wife sharing her husband's meal in the spirit-land, though she could not possibly do so on earth.

Then the Emperor on his knees addresses prayer by

¹ I am greatly indebted for details respecting Ancestral Worship to Dr M. T. Yates, of the Southern American Baptist Mission, and for these concerning Imperial Worship to Dr Edkins, of Peking.

name to each of these, his deceased predecessors, both Emperors and Empresses (whose titles in each case number from twelve to twenty words), craving their acceptance of these expressions of unforgetting thoughtfulness on the part of "their filial descendant, the Emperor." This prayer is inscribed on a yellow tablet. The musicians and choir then chant songs of praise, while the Emperor presents the pieces of silk for the adornment of his ancestors. The silk and the prayer-tablet are burnt together in a brazier in the eastern court of the temple. The silk and other offerings to meritorious officers are burnt in the western court.

Then follows a very remarkable sacramental service, which appears to be a distinguishing feature of all the great ceremonials at which the Emperor is himself the High Priest, namely, the solemn receiving, on low bended knee, of "the Cup of Blessing," and "the Meat of Blessing." On this occasion, *after the Emperor and his nobles have partaken of the sacred elements, the officer in charge of "the Blessed Wine" places a cup before each of the tablets, representing the Imperial ancestors, both male and female, that all may share in this Communion of the Dead.*

In the course of this solemn service the Emperor is required to kneel sixteen times, and *to knock his forehead on the ground no less than thirty-six times!* All his nobles are required to do likewise. This is intended to show the exceeding importance of every act of filial piety, and to prove that the Emperor is indeed an example of virtue to all his people.

Besides this great National Temple, there is another Imperial Ancestral Temple within the precincts of the palace at Peking, and also a temple at the tomb of each

Emperor: But every family of any importance has its own ancestral hall, wherein are stored the tablets commemorating all their dead; and the whole country is thickly strewn with temples to the honour of sages, saints, or heroes, all of whom are honoured in much the same way.

The most casual visitor to China cannot fail to note the multitude of temples of this class, even should he pass unawares by the "family mausoleums." But those who dwell in the land, very quickly become aware how mighty and real an influence this ancestral worship exerts in every direction.

However Chinamen may differ on other matters, such as systems of religion, social position, dialect, &c., this is the one point on which all the four hundred millions are agreed—it is the one faith which all alike hold in awe and reverence, and which is indelibly impressed on their minds from their earliest infancy. It takes precedence of everything. The man who holds the most important government office is not only excused for its neglect, if he can show that he was engaged in some ceremonial connected with his ancestral duties, but should one of his parents die while he is in office, he is actually *obliged* to retire from public life for a period of many months—no matter how critical may be the public interests thus sacrificed to an iron custom!

Thus a man holding office in the extreme south of China, having left an aged grandmother in the extreme north of the Empire, is liable at any moment to receive tidings of her death, accompanied by the Imperial order to attend her obsequies, and to remain mourning in seclusion for a hundred days. Should he be a man whose dignity requires the attendance of a large retinue, the mere item of his travelling expenses is apt to be serious. A Viceroy of Canton

who was thus summoned to Peking to mourn for his grandmother, chartered a special steamer at a cost of 10,000 dollars to convey him and his suite to Taku. He suffered so terribly from sea-sickness, however, ere reaching Shanghai, that he actually disembarked there, and performed the journey by land, sending only his baggage by the specially chartered steamer. It is to be hoped the grandmother appreciated the honour done to her!

But so great is the difference between the ceremonial mourning required by an ancestor or a descendant, that the man who must go to all this trouble on the death of his grandmother, need not even wear mourning for his daughter (certainly not if she was married), nor does he in any way interrupt his official work. I have been told of a government official whose married daughter died in his house, but he attended his *Yamun* the same day just as usual!

So entirely is the duty of the living to previous generations recognised as a national interest, that even judicial decisions are controlled by this strange faith. When a man is found guilty of a crime worthy of severe punishment, the magistrate, ere passing sentence, inquires whether the parents of the culprit are living—how long it is since they died—whether he has any brothers, and if so, whether he is an elder or a younger son. Should it be found that he is an elder or only son, and that either parent has died recently, his sentence will be very much lighter than it would otherwise be, as no magistrate would willingly incur the responsibility of subjecting a man to such imprisonment as would compel him to neglect these sacred duties.

The judge whose duty it is to pass sentence of death on a criminal, must nerve himself to face whatever evil may be stirred up by his vengeful spirit (probably he will make

large offerings and apologies to the dead). But the fact of his having held this office, precludes him from all chance of ever being raised to the high dignity of Prime Minister, as it is deemed unsafe to intrust such an office to one against whom any in the spirit-world may be supposed to desire vengeance, which might be accomplished by bringing calamity on his public work.

As even the highest lines of political life are thus influenced by the belief in this all-pervading presence of the malignant dead, still more largely does it affect every individual existence. Most of the sorrows of domestic life in China are traced to this source. The selfish anxiety to secure ministering descendants as early as possible leads to betrothals in extreme youth, which constantly result in life-long misery. The little bride may prove childless, and the necessity of securing male heirs leads to polygamy, the fruitful source of domestic heart-burnings and quarrels.

Sometimes, however, it is the sonless wife who, like Sarah of old, claims her right to obtain a son by her handmaid, or, at least, by a secondary wife. This Chinese custom is occasionally the source of trouble among the converts, in the case where a man has declared himself a Christian, and his wife continues heathen. He himself may be the essence of fidelity, but when his wife persistently urges her claim to the services of Hagar, the husband is apt to concede the point, and then realises too late that Christianity admits of no Ishmaels, and that the modern Abraham is excommunicated as a bigamist.

To the claims of ancestral worship is also due the lamentation which too often greets the birth of a baby girl, whereas the birth of a son is the occasion of the utmost rejoicing. Thus it is that ancestor worship lies at the root

of the appalling female infanticide of China, a practice about which there is no concealment, being fully sanctioned by public opinion. (But even a male child which dies from natural causes at a very early age, is not considered worth propitiating by funeral expenses, so the poor little body is disposed of with scanty reverence. Its parents do not follow it to the grave—at least not in North China—lest this should prove a bad precedent, and others should also die. For the same reason the body must not be carried out by the door, but must be handed over the wall to a coolie, who undertakes to carry it to one of the baby-towers which are built as receptacles for such corpses, outside the city wall; he is accompanied by a servant, who goes to see that he does not dispose of his burden in the first open drain !)

As a matter of course, this whole system is the greatest bar that could by any possibility be devised to check the adoption of Christianity. The Chinaman who confesses himself a Christian, and refuses to perform the accustomed acts of ancestral worship, thereby consigns all his ancestors for the five previous generations to a state of perpetual beggary. He brings on himself the curse, not only of all the living—*i.e.* all his kinsmen, friends, and neighbours, but of all the omnipotent dead whom he is most bound to revere and to provide for, and whose curse it must be terrible indeed to incur.

Perhaps he himself may have so far realised the teaching of Christianity as to be convinced that his dead ancestors require no aid from him; still it is hard to say so, to be misjudged and scouted by all his fellows, condemned by all his superiors, and, worst of all, subject to the blame, the entreaties, the tears of all his women-folk—his mother and his wives—to say nothing of his “sisters, and his cousins,

and his aunts," all with one accord pleading for the unhappy dead.

Worse still, there are not lacking instances in which parents have come to a son whom they knew to be halting between two opinions, and have deliberately informed him that, should he so disgrace the family as to become a Christian, they would at once commit suicide. You see, by becoming a Christian, he would unfit himself for the performance of his duties as their heir, and become practically as useless as if he had been a girl. Consequently, as his life was not worth preserving, they would at least take their vengeance; and, according to Chinese law, the man who by his misdeeds drives his parents to kill themselves, is a malefactor worthy of the worst form of death, namely, decapitation, which is not only the direst disgrace which can be inflicted on a man in presence of his fellows, but also ensures his signal punishment in the next world, where headless spirits receive very small pity, for their appearing there in such a plight is a certain proof that the newly deceased has been ignominiously despatched from earth, and is consequently quite unworthy of respect in his new state. Thus are the ancestors avenged on their unworthy descendant!

This belief in the far-reaching consequences of decapitation was curiously exemplified during the Chinese rebellion, when wealthy men, whose friends had been thus executed, craved permission to purchase their heads that they might stitch them on to the dead bodies, hoping thus to deceive the officials in the spirit-world. Sums of upwards of six hundred dollars were thus paid by officers of the Imperial army for the recovery of a single head. But while thus careful for the welfare of their own dead, the same belief

enabled these barbarians to intensify the horrors of defeat, and carry their vengeance into the future life, by decapitating every rebel corpse, even breaking open the coffins of their dead in order thus to insult the poor skeletons, whose solid "longevity boards" were then utilised in repairing the wooden pavement of the streets.

So terrible is the suffering thus entailed on the poor disembodied spirit that there have been cases in which officials, charged with the execution of this sentence on some person of rank, have been so far moved to mercy as to connive at his suicide by inhaling gold-leaf, or some such strictly respectable method of entering the world of spirits.

I am not sure if the benefits of propitiating ancestors ever rise above a negative prevention of evil, the object being to avert the ill-will, which they are supposed to bear to the descendants who in any way fail to provide for them. Consequently should one of the family fall ill, the relations immediately offer sacrifice and worship before the tablets of their ancestors, deeming it probable that the illness is the punishment for some omission of duty. Should the sufferer fail to recover quickly, a wise woman or spirit-medium is summoned to tell them whether the offended spirit is one of their own ancestors, or some poor beggar-spirit which, having been neglected in the distribution of general charity, takes this means of compelling attention to its necessities.

Should the spirit's interpreter trace the illness to the displeasure of a family ancestor, large quantities of paper money are immediately burnt before the ancestral tablets. But if the mischief has been caused by a discontented beggar-spirit, the offering is burnt outside the door. Should this fail to bring relief to the sufferer, the priests are called

in to exorcise the spirits and guard the doors that they may not enter again. If the sick man becomes delirious it is supposed that a demon-spirit has carried off one of his souls, whereupon some member of the family goes out, carrying a lantern to light the spirit back, and luring it to return by a peculiar anxious cry.

When a person is lying at the point of death, his (or her) very best clothes are laid out on the bed, and after his friends have washed him with warm water in which aromatic leaves have been boiled, he is dressed from head to foot, in order that he may appear in the spirit-world to the very best advantage. Should he unfortunately die before being thus dressed, it is necessary to call in the aid of a very low caste called the Ng 'Tsock, whose position is so degraded that they are prohibited from worshipping in public temples, and who cannot be made more unclean even by touching a corpse. These, therefore, are summoned to wash and dress the dead, while the relations kneel around.

Of the importance attached to this last change of raiment, we have touching proof in a letter addressed just before his death, by the Viceroy of Kwang-si to the Emperor, giving up the seals of office. He bemoans that having commanded his Majesty's forces for several months, he has failed to subdue the Taiping rebellion. This failure, he says, "shows my want of fidelity—my not being able to support my aged mother shows my want of filial piety. After that I your servant am dead, I have ordered my son Kae to *bury me in common clothes as an indication of my fault.*"

The dressing having been accomplished, certain things are placed in the mouth of the corpse; these vary with his rank. A mandarin of the highest grade is provided with a piece of gold, a piece of silver, a bit of jade, a pearl and a

precious stone—a very good mouthful! On the next four ranks are bestowed small jade ornaments and a bit of gold; still descending in the scale, the jade is omitted, and small pieces of gold and silver suffice. Still smaller folk are entitled to three bits of silver, one bit of silver, down to three copper cash or three sorts of grain.

When a man dies, the first care of his friends is to place at the door of the house a cup of cold water—a custom for which no satisfactory reason is assigned. Then a suit of really good clothes must be burnt, together with most of the dead man's wardrobe—his boots and shoes, bed and bedding, horses and houses, sedan-chair, opium-pipe, melon seeds, and any other luxuries or necessaries which he appreciated in this world, for all these things will be equally necessary in the spirit-world, where they cannot be obtained, though they can so easily be transmitted thither by the simple process of burning them. So the newly-arrived dead is absolutely dependent on his male heir for all these things; and his reception in the spirit-world will be considerably better if he arrives well clothed than it would be should he appear in beggarly want.

Many and great are the expenses to which a family is subjected through the death of one member. Not only, as we have seen, must they immediately burn all his best clothes (as it is understood that genuine articles should be sacrificed for his original outfit, though paper representations are equally efficacious later), but it is deemed important that all funeral arrangements should be the very best that can be provided, and the survivors often impoverish themselves for years to provide what is considered a decent burial. The corpse must be arrayed in new clothes, with a cap and satin boots (such a dress as the deceased would

have hired for the day, had he been going to attend a feast).

As to the coffin, the price of which may range from £5 to £500, it is essential that it should be as solid and expensive as possible. But these are often provided beforehand; for dutiful sons will stint themselves for years in order to present their parents on their sixty-first birthday with really handsome coffins—cheerful birthday presents, which thenceforth form part of the household furniture; and should the family have occasion to “flit,” the ponderous boards are carried with them, no matter at what inconvenience.

In the hill districts you may chance to meet some great official on the march. The ladies of his zenana are carefully stowed away in covered chairs, and this domestic procession is completed by a small caravan of mules laden with “longevity boards,” ready for all emergencies! So essential is the provision of a good coffin, that the Chinese form of insurance, instead of having reference to the comfort of old age, goes to entitle the subscriber to a coffin and grave-clothes. To secure this he must for sixteen years be a member of a “Long Life Loan Company,” his annual subscription being something less than a shilling. Benevolent persons present coffins to the temples for the use of the very poor.

The adoption of Christianity nowise lessens the pleasure of being well provided in this respect, any more than it lessens the satisfaction of a good Scotch housewife of the old school in the winding-sheets so carefully stored for her own last sleep and that of her gudeman. There is at this moment a dear old Chinese grannie living in refuge at the English Mission here, having been rejected by all her kindred, save one daughter, on account of her earnest acceptance of Christ. The daughter earns three dollars a week, which

keeps them both, and the old lady is quite happy in the possession of a good coffin wherein to leave her poor old soul-case when the glad summons "Home" shall come at last.

Of course, in this, as in all other tropical or semi-tropical countries, funeral arrangements have to be made pretty rapidly when the moment of death does come, so it is well to be prepared. Within the coffin is placed a layer of lime on which the head is laid, and above him is spread a shroud of white silk. Supposing him to be a wealthy person, several coverings are added, which, although each lined with white silk in token of mourning, are of brilliant colours, varying with the rank of the deceased, bright red betokening the three highest grades, dark red, green, purple, ash-colour, and white, denoting the descending scale.

Noblemen of the five highest grades are entitled to have their coffins coated with red lacquer, and the highest of all, answering to our dukes, may further decorate them with a pattern of golden flowers. Similar sumptuary laws regulate every detail of funereal, as of all other ceremonial customs.

The precise number of sheep to be sacrificed, of tables of offerings to be spread, and the sums of sham money to be burnt, are clearly laid down for persons of every shade of rank. So also is the precise amount of land which each may cover with his monument, and the height and thickness of stone slabs to be used (all of which are calculated by multiples of 9). The tomb of a great man may cover a radius of 90 feet from a given point; a small man may not exceed a radius of 9. A ducal slab is 36 inches wide and 90 inches high. The stone figures and stone animals which guard the approach are also strictly apportioned to such only as are entitled to such honour.

The absence of ill-omened black from a Chinese funeral,

with the exception of the coating of black lacquer on the coffins of minor mandarins, takes from it all the sombre gloom which we associate with such. Sometimes the hearse or bier is canopied with scarlet silk, and decorated with much gilding, while the men who bear it (often a large company) are perhaps dressed in green, with spots of bright colours. In the house of the deceased a streamer of dark crimson, floating from a bamboo, is placed near the tablet of the deceased, and on it his various titles are written in letters of gold. Friends send gifts of blue or white satin banners, with adulatory sentences concerning the dead, also in golden characters. In the case of wealthy folk all these banners are very large and handsome, and being ranged round the walls produce quite a gaily decorative effect.

In the first agonies of grief, visiting-cards of plain white paper are used in place of the ordinary large crimson cards. After a while salmon-coloured cards are substituted, on which the mourner is described as "the man in dutiful grief." When he enters on the third year of filial mourning the red cards are resumed, but marked with a character descriptive of mitigated affliction. Any letters written during this period must be upon white paper, in token of mourning, the envelope being enfolded in a strip of pale pink or buff-coloured paper.

Amongst other symptoms of mourning, a mandarin removes the button from his hat (or if he chance to be an Imperial prince he removes his crimson silken knot), no decoration of any sort being worn except the tassel, and the ordinary red tassel is replaced by a white one. If he is a rider he covers his saddle with white.

The front of the head is left unshorn, producing a very untidy appearance. In the case of mourning for the Emperor

no head-shaving is allowed for a hundred days—only the combing and plaiting of tails. In truth, the death of an Emperor weighs seriously on the domestic arrangements of the people. For one thing, no marriage may be contracted for twenty-seven months from the ill-fated day, the penalty for disobedience being decapitation—the most ignominious of all forms of execution in Chinese estimation.

Ere the deceased is concealed from the sight of his friends, he lies in state with a fan in one hand, and in the other a strip of paper with a prayer inscribed on it. Thus he remains for several days, during which the relations feast and mourn by turns, musicians play shrill music on discordant pipes, and the priests do “joss-pigeon,” the low class Ng 'Tsock having previously scared all evil spirits from the room by violently beating the floor at each corner with a large hammer.

Beneath the coffin, which stands on trestles, is set a lamp, which is kept burning day and night to give light to the soul (one of the three) which remains beside the corpse. The oil in the lamp is constantly replenished by the chief mourner. If the deceased has a wife and family, all absent members are summoned to the house, where they must on arriving creep about on all fours. Chairs and beds are prohibited luxuries for the first seven days. The family must sit on the floor, and sleep on mats spread near the coffin. No cooking may be done in the house, so the mourners are dependent on the voluntary contributions of their neighbours, and whatever is sent to them must be eaten with their fingers, as the intensity of their grief does not allow of using chop-sticks.

The amount of merely physical distress involved by the death of a parent is truly serious. Thus a great man

announces the death of his father, by sending to each of his friends an enormous card (really a sheet of paper) about a yard and a half long and broad in proportion, whereon he states that he and all his relatives and descendants are on their knees before the coffin, beating their heads upon the ground and weeping tears of blood; smaller people send out similar invitations on light-brown paper, in an envelope of the same; certain days are named on which (on presentation of this card) friends who wish to mourn (*i.e.* to pay a visit of condolence) will be admitted. They are received by the unfortunate chief mourner crouching on his hands and knees, sobbing, weeping, and groaning, and then relapsing into howls. This sort of thing is resumed as often as any friend happens to call in the course of the hundred days of filial mourning!

When it becomes positively necessary to close the coffin, its edges are closely cemented with mortar, and, unless the funeral is to occur immediately, the coffin is varnished and deposited in a place of honour, either in the home itself, or in one of the small houses built for this purpose near the cemeteries. Thus it may lie for years awaiting a lucky hour for burial, and night and morning dutiful hands must burn incense to the spirit of the dead; and at all festivals, paper money and clothes must also be burnt, and the priests must receive large offerings, in order that by the fervour of their prayers the soul may be delivered from the Buddhist Purgatory and enter the rest of Paradise.

At the end of the aforesaid hundred days, the tablet of the dead is placed upon the ancestral altar, and the dutiful son reasons with his parent, and points out that as the body which he formerly inhabited has now been dead for one hundred days, it is full time that he should take his place

amongst the other ancestors. Then all present do homage to the tablet, and make a sacred bonfire of their deep mourning clothes. They now assume blue instead of white—clothes, shoes, and hair-ties being all blue.

A provident Chinaman is not content with superintending the making of his own coffin. He also endeavours during his lifetime to secure a last resting-place for himself and each member of his family. So a geomancer is employed at a high rate of pay to fix upon a lucky site for the grave, or as a Chinaman would say, to ascertain at what spot the Fung Shui is most favourable. When this has been decided, the piece of land is bought, vaults are prepared, and a mound in the shape of a horse-shoe is erected above each grave. Hence many of those which we see, await persons who are still living. It is of the utmost importance to secure a spot well shielded from the baneful, blighting influences of the north, but fully exposed to all sweet influences from the south. Such a grave is so well pleasing to the dead, that the prosperity of the living holding such ground is almost assured.

But it does not follow that the dead will at once be carried to his rest in this nicely prepared grave. The priests and the *feng-shui* professors do not allow their prey to escape so easily. The professor, whose long experience cannot be questioned, declares that the influences of air and water are unfavourable, so the coffin must be temporarily deposited in the nearest City of the Dead—strange resting-places, which, I believe, have a place in all Chinese towns.

At Canton I spent a long day in the City of the Dead, wandering in the great wilderness of nameless graves.¹ Here, in Foo-Chow, there is a similar city, though on some-

¹ See Chapter III.

what a smaller scale. It lies in the grassy valley at the foot of this green hill. In each case I entered a walled enclosure, and, passing by a temple with gilded images at the gate, found myself in a labyrinth of streets, arranged just as in a city of the living—streets of small houses, in each of which from one to three ponderous coffins are deposited, there to wait for months—perhaps for many years—till the geomancers declare the *feng-shui* to be favourable.

A large screen is set between the coffins and the door, doubtless to check the travelling propensities of the dead, who, as we have seen, are supposed to have a fancy for moving in straight lines, and object to going round a corner.

For all these houses a monthly rent is paid. Sometimes, after this has continued for many years, and still the *feng-shui* professor forbids burial, the survivors grow weary, and stop payment. Then the coffins are removed to a suburb of wretched outhouses, there to await permission from the authorities for burial somewhere on the barren hills which form the vast cemetery, all dotted with countless graves of the nameless dead. Even these wretched huts, to which the unremunerative coffins are banished, are precious to some of the living—miserable beggars who creep here at night to find sleeping quarters beside the dead.

In the City of the Dead each little house contains an altar, with very cheap altar-vases of the coarsest green pottery. Large silk or paper fruits and lanterns hang from the roof, and life-sized paper figures guard the four corners of each room. In some there are really gorgeous scarlet and gold state umbrellas, but all are of pasteboard, so that there is nothing to tempt thieves to break into this Silent

City, or to molest the fine old Buddhist priest who remains in charge of the place.

Ere the coffin is carried to this place of waiting, the priests come to perform a funeral service in the house of the deceased, which (in the case of a wealthy man) is all draped with unbleached cotton—curtains of the same hanging before the doors. The widows and other chief mourners wear sackcloth, with a head-dress of the same, whilst other relatives wear unbleached cotton, white cloth shoes, and the men have their plaits tied with white cotton braid. On the coffin rests an ornamental shrine containing the tablets of the deceased. In front of the coffin is placed a screen similar to those in the houses in the Cities of the Dead, which are supposed to check roving spirits. Before this is set a long table laden with lighted candles, incense-sticks, offerings of food, dishes of sweetmeats and preserved fruits, heaped in pyramids. On other tables are arranged perhaps thirty bowls of all manner of meats and an incense-burner.

Half-a-dozen priests, some in yellow and some in black robes, chant prayers, while one periodically rings a small bell, and another incessantly beats a skull-shaped drum. Meanwhile a company of musicians keep up an intolerable din on divers unmusical instruments, and the women wail at intervals. The mourners make obeisance to the ancestral tablet, and burn incense-sticks before it.

If the dead has been of such rank as to entitle him to such honour in the world to come, a whole company of life-sized figures, representing mandarin attendants, are ranged in the outer court, some bearing the large scarlet umbrellas which invariably figure in the processions of great men. A cardboard horse and a fine model of a house are probably among the useful objects which swell the bonfire, whose

flames waft both attendants and goods to the land whither the dead has passed. Such a house may be about ten feet in height, and has a frontage of twelve feet or more. It contains reception-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and halls, and is furnished with pasteboard tables and chairs, whereon are seated pasteboard models of the dead and his attendants. His boat and boatmen, his sedan-chair and bearers, are all ranged round this house, which would be a source of endless delight to English children as the perfection of a doll-house. The priests sprinkle rice and wheat on the roof, and then with much bell-ringing and ceremony they set fire to the whole concern.

For forty-nine days the mourning continues, and on every seventh day the women of the family assemble to wail piteously, while they rehearse all the merits of the deceased. About a fortnight after death the spirit is supposed to return to his old house; but instead of coming quietly, just to visit his relations in a peaceable fashion, he is invariably escorted by a host of other spirits, who are exceedingly unwelcome to the living. Of course the priests—either Taouist or Buddhist—are called in to exorcise the dead man's new friends and drive them from the house. So for three days and three nights a grand ceremonial is kept up.

The principal room in the house is stripped of its ordinary furniture, and is decorated with rich ecclesiastical hangings, embroidered with various symbols, of which the spirits are supposed to stand greatly in awe. In the centre of this room the ancestral tablet is placed on a raised table, and all the relatives and friends of the family assemble to worship before it, seeking by most humble confession and humiliation to appease any anger which the deceased may

feel towards them, and promising every sort of good deed in time to come.

Meanwhile five, seven, or nine priests, in gorgeous vestments, march round the prostrate worshippers, chanting and bowing, and ringing their small bells.

In a vacant room a table is set, loaded with good things, and with chop-sticks placed all round it. When the family party are about to feed, the chief priest enters this room, and waving his staff of office, pronounces an incantation, and invites the spirits to come and eat, but desires them to do no mischief. When, on the third day, the ceremonies are concluded, he repeats his incantations, and pointing to the north, south, east, and west, commands all the spirits to depart, and on no account to presume to disturb the peace of the family. As this injunction is accompanied by much beating of gongs and a grand discharge of fire-crackers, the spirit-guests are so much alarmed that they forthwith take flight, and the grateful family have to pay a very large bill for this priestly deliverance from their unseen foes. These days of mourning often involve an expenditure of many thousands of dollars!

But their expenses are by no means to end with the seven times seven days. On the contrary, so long as there is a chance of extorting money from the survivors, so long will the well-known Oriental custom of "squeeze" be carried on, so the power of mitigating purgatorial pains is next brought into play.

It is supposed that life in the invisible World of Darkness is a counterpart of that in this earthly World of Light. Every condition of life on earth is there reproduced. From the Emperor down to the smallest official each grade is represented, and the man who dies while holding any

Government rank receives similar standing in the spirit-world. His wife also retains her honoured position. Hence, on the death of such an one, all the municipal authorities must of necessity go to worship at her tomb on certain days. The learned man who holds a literary degree is credited with the same in his new abode, and is entitled to the same relative respect as would be due to his rank on earth. (Considering that many students go up for examination again and again, year after year, till they die of sheer old age and hard mental work, it is satisfactory to know that their hardly-earned honours do not end with this short life!)

These are the happy and distinguished few. The mass of men pass away to become "spirits in prison," subject to all the pains and persecutions which the Chinese have such good cause to associate with confinement in their own most horrible prisons. From the moment of death the spirit is supposed to be at the mercy of beings answering to the very venal police and prison authorities of earth. These accordingly must be bribed freely to induce them to show mercy to the captives, and they include a whole army of detectives, attendants, doorkeepers, messengers, and executioners.

The latter carry out the decrees of the gods, and the punishments awarded to evildoers are only intensified editions of the tortures practised on the living in Chinese courts of justice. In several Chinese temples I have seen a hall set apart to represent the torments of the ten Buddhist hells, and more repulsive chambers of horror could not possibly be conceived. The penalties assigned for every form of sin are there exemplified by groups of dolls supposed to be human culprits undergoing every form of torture which the ingenuity of devils could devise. Some

are being sawn asunder, having first been bound between two planks—others are thrown into a rice-pounding mill and crushed, men are crucified, women torn to pieces by devils. Some are devoured by hideous and repulsive reptiles, others are thrown into caldrons of boiling oil.

There is no known crime for which a special torture has not been here devised. Priests who have decoyed boys from their homes to bring them up as monks, are frozen in iceponds. Suicides are tormented with unquenchable thirst and gnawing hunger, and an ever-recurring consciousness of the agony of mind which led to their self-destruction (and yet some suicides are greatly honoured!) Fraudulent trustees are suffocated in black sand-clouds. Unfaithful wives, undutiful children, false soothsayers, scribes who have undertaken to write letters for the ignorant and have deceived them, persons who have failed to make way in the street for the blind or the aged, sacrilegious thieves who have scraped the gilding off of idols, men who have printed bad books or painted wicked pictures, men who have sown discord in families—these and a thousand other evildoers have their exact penalty duly apportioned.

From the summit of a high pagoda they are compelled (“as Sorrow’s Crown of Sorrow”) to look back at the happy scenes of their early innocence, and there behold in a mirror the semblance of the loathsome reptiles whose forms they must assume on returning to earth after long ages of torment, such as being incessantly devoured by wild beasts, torn by redhot pincers, plunged in pools of blood, having their tongues torn out, and any other pleasant pastime which can be devised by malevolent imps. There are devils with pitchforks to encourage such as shrink from the

very material sea of fire, and the whole hideous scene is overlooked by a gigantic and most repulsive image, with blood streaming from eyes and nostrils, who is ever on the watch to seize the souls of the dying.

Knowing, as we do, how many a poor Irish family will starve themselves sooner than fail to pay for the masses whereby the priests promise to obtain the liberation from Purgatory of some loved friend, we need scarcely wonder that with such representations as these to stimulate the sympathies of the living, the Chinese priests, whether Taouist or Buddhist, herein find a most profitable source of revenue. For though it is considered to be almost a matter of course that the dead should have to undergo a considerable period of purification in Purgatory, their pains may be greatly modified and shortened by the generous offerings of their descendants; and well do the priests know, that should the male relations incline to economy in this matter, they can extract large monies by working on the sympathy and affection of the women.

Consequently it is on the influence of the wives and mothers of China that the priests chiefly rely for the maintenance of their lucrative trade in purgatorial pains, and until foreign ladies can acquire such influence with Chinese ladies as shall emancipate their minds from this priestly thralldom, the work of spreading Christianity in China will necessarily be slow, and its difficulties well-nigh insuperable.

Naturally this heartless trade is most successfully plied while the family are still in the first depths of woe. Probably ere long it will be revealed to some priest (who from his well-known spirituality is certainly deep in the counsels of the purgatorial gods) that the poor dead man is in sore tribulation, and indirect means are found to convey to the

widows or mother of the dead the pitiful tidings that their dear deceased is in a deplorable condition in the dark spirit-world, and is likely ere long to be made still more miserable.

The family, greatly moved by this sad revelation, send for the priest, and beg him to investigate the matter, and see what can be done. In due time his reverence reports that undoubtedly the poor man must have been a greater sinner than they supposed, and that he lies bound in a place of torment. The only thing to be done for his relief will be to hold another three days' course of meritorious service, on a more magnificent scale than before, and at a heavier cost.

The family anxiously inquire for what sum they can obtain such a service. The priest having carefully calculated the largest sum he can possibly hope to extract, fixes the sum at (let us say) a thousand tael (the value of the tael fluctuates with the price of silver; it used to be equivalent to about 6s. 8d., now it is only worth about 4s.) The wretched family declare that it is impossible for them to raise such a sum. The priest regrets their inability to do so, but reminds them of the sufferings of their relation. After a family conference they offer him half the sum. This is peremptorily refused. Presently they raise the offer to two-thirds. After much hesitation he agrees to undertake the work for that sum, though he states that it will be far more difficult to accomplish it.

Again the chief room in the house is stripped and decorated with temple hangings. The monumental tablet of the sufferer is placed in the centre of the hall, surrounded by little idols. Day and night a company of priests march slowly and solemnly round and round the tablet, chanting their

litanies to an accompaniment of ecclesiastical drums and gongs. Meanwhile many anxious friends assemble, and they and the priests must all be well entertained for several days at the expense of the mourners.

Probably about the evening of the second day, the principal priest present sadly and solemnly announces to all present that, after these endeavours, their poor kinsman is still in the same sad plight, and the authorities in the spirit-world will on no account release him for so small a sum; so that, unless the balance can be raised, all that has been done has been in vain. The afflicted family again hold conclave. The women are always tender-hearted to the suffering dead, and social custom and fear of the vengeance of the dead compel the men to give in, so if there really is no more money in the house, they go forth to borrow the needful sum, and on their return hand it to the chuckling priests. The incantations are then renewed with far greater energy than before—the bell rings more frequently, the drums are struck incessantly, the weeping family are wrought to a pitch of the highest excitement.

This continues till the third day, when again the abbot, or the chief priest present, inquires of the spirits what causes the delay, and so he ascertains that the poor sufferer has been uplifted to the very brink of the pit, but cannot get out—that he is clinging to the brink in imminent danger, fully discharged by the real judicial authorities, but detained by the officials in charge, who will not let him go till they receive a bribe. This information fully appeals to those who know the customs of Chinese prisons, so the family never doubt its truth, but in frantic grief collect whatever jewels or other treasures they possess, and carrying them to the pawnbroker, contrive to raise the sum required,

whereupon the priests once more set to work, and about nightfall announce that the spirit has been released, whereupon a volley of fire-crackers is discharged and gongs are beaten frantically to warn the spirit to flee far away from the horrible prison.

For awhile the family are left in peace, but they have no assurance that, should they increase in wealth and become worth a second plucking, they will not be subjected to another revelation from the spirit-world, which custom and public opinion would not suffer them to ignore.

For the dead have no Haven of Rest to which they may attain to be free from danger. There is no Lord of Justice and Mercy in the world beyond the grave. *Theoretically* the Buddhist *may* attain to a blissful Nirvana, but the four hundred millions of China believe practically that the departed roam at large in a realm where devils and demons rule, and where they are as entirely dependent on the gifts of their friends as are the captives in a Chinese prison. Hence the obligation of ancestor worship.

Certainly a man endowed with much forethought can make some provision for his own future comfort. The priests have considerably organised a bank for the spirit-world. To this the provident may remit large sums during their lifetime, and can draw on the bank as soon as they reach the Dark Country. The priests periodically announce their intention of remitting money on a certain day, and invite all who have any to deposit or bring it. All who feel doubtful of the generosity of their next heirs, accordingly come and buy from the priests, as much as they can afford, of the tinfoil paper money which is current among the spirits. It is an excellent investment, as for a handful of brass cash, altogether worth about one penny, they will

receive sycee, *i.e.* the boat-shaped blocks of silvery-looking tinfoil, bearing a spiritual value of about thirty dollars! Paper houses, furniture, and clothes may in like manner be purchased and stored beforehand, in the happy security that neither moth nor rust shall corrupt them, neither shall thieves break through and steal.

When the depositor (probably a poor coolie or an aged beggar) has invested his little savings in this precious rubbish in the ecclesiastical bazaar, he delivers it to the priest, together with a sum of real money, as commission. For this the priest gives a written receipt. All this *din* is thrown into a large boat. (It is a framework of reeds, with bamboo mast, and its sails and planking are of paper.) When all the depositors have made their payments, the priests walk several times round the boat, chanting some incantation, then simultaneously set fire to both ends, and the paper fabric vanishes in a flash of flame.

The priests bid the depositors keep their certificates with all care, and give them to some trustworthy person to burn after their decease, whereupon the said certificates will reach them safely in the Dark World, and they can draw their money as required. All this seems to be implicitly believed by these people, who in all other respects are probably the most astute business race in the whole world! Such is the strange power of a grovelling superstition.

Notwithstanding all precautions, the spirit-world does include an incalculable host of miserable beggar-spirits, who have either died in war, or in far countries, or at sea, or of famine, and whose bodies have not been recovered, or who have left no relations to sacrifice to them, or who, having relatives, are nevertheless neglected. All these are wholly dependent on the doles of the charitable, who, three times

a year, contribute large sums, which they invest in *din*, i.e. paper imitations of coins of divers value, especially of sycee (the large boat-shaped blocks of silver money), which are formed for spirit use in paper models covered with tinfoil.

Very curious, indeed, are these oft-recurring propitiatory sacrifices, which are offered in every provincial city throughout the vast Empire. Every family in every city must contribute to the fund which, by appeasing the spirits, shall secure the public good. The idols of the city are brought out in highly decorated sedan-chairs, and attended by a mounted bodyguard and a host of officials, and followed by coolies laden with the offerings of the faithful, and by a crowd of penitents—women with dishevelled hair, and men chained and manacled in self-inflicted punishment. These are people who, suffering from some calamity, attribute it to the influence of some unknown spirit, and thus plead for the interposition of the gods.

For several successive nights, priests from all the temples parade the streets with torches and lanterns, displaying the paper money and other offerings suspended from bamboos, and beating gongs with maddening noise, to attract the attention of all the unfed spirits who may be wandering at large in the city, and for whose use a portion of the general offerings are burnt at every street crossing, every road and alley, all along the banks of the rivers or canal, and especially at all the bridges, where rows of lucky red candles are lighted. But the most picturesque feature of this worship is the nocturnal procession of fire-boats on the rivers. At Canton, where this festival is held towards the end of August, certain boats are set apart for this service, and the wealthy citizen who desires to appease the spirits of drowned men, hires a boat and a whole company of priests. Every

line of the boat, every rope and mast, is decked with paper lanterns, producing a soft fairy-like effect. While the priests chant their prayers for the dead, they throw blazing paper money and paper clothes into the river, beating gongs to attract the spirits. All around the great boat float lesser ones, each with a blazing fire, to give light to the spirits, that they may not fail to see the offerings. Moreover, small earthenware saucers containing a little oil and a lighted wick, are set floating on the stream in the wake of the large boat, and add their glimmering rays to the thousand points of reflected light which combine to produce so strange a scene.

Once in ten years a great festival is held in this city for the consolation of the dead. The principal temples are fitted up with rows of booths for the sale of every sort of thing which the dead can be supposed to require—hats and garments, boots and shoes, spectacles and fans, horses and houses, sugar-plums, furniture, and gold and silver money; but above all, opium, with pipes all ready for smoking—these, and many more, all made of paper and cardboard, are devoutly offered to the dead. Amongst these numerous shops, even the pawnbroker and the money-changer are duly represented. In the temple courtyard is placed a terrible image of the Lord of Hell, and groups of his victims are represented in the act of receiving gifts from the living.

The festival continues seven consecutive days, during which all manner of religious processions parade the streets, and the tall pagodas are illuminated every night. The Buddhists and Taouists unite their forces to make a more showy procession, and the images of Buddha and Laoutsoo, the founders of the two faiths, are carried in highly-decorated chairs, escorted by their respective priests—the

Buddhists in their yellow robes, scarlet mantles, and shaven heads; the Taouists in robes of gold-brocaded green satin, with their hair plaited and rolled up, and fastened with a peculiar tortoise-shell comb.

At the close of the festival, all the pasteboard shops and their miscellaneous contents are heaped together to form a vast bonfire, the smoke of which finds its way through the gates of Hell, or rather of Purgatory; and there, I suppose, all the acceptable offerings of the pious donors assume a spiritual form, suited to the requirements of the spirit-world.

In connection with these offerings to propitiate the dead, a very remarkable survival of the primitive Horse-Sacrifice is occasionally practised, in divers provinces. Instead, however, of being a sacrifice to the Sun, this is a ceremony for the propitiation of Water-Demons, who are supposed, at the bidding of the neglected dead, to have vented their malice on the living; therefore if several cases of drowning have occurred in a district, it is supposed that the Water-Demons must be soothed. So a white horse is led to the brink of a lake or river (probably he is garlanded with flowers, and is laden with a sack of charms written on yellow paper, which are eagerly bought by the multitude, as amulets for the protection of their homes).

On reaching the river bank the poor white horse is thrown to the ground, and its head is cut off. The blood is collected in an earthenware vessel, and some of it is sprinkled over the paper charms to make them more effective, while the rest is mingled with sand, and placed in a boat, together with the head and legs of the horse. This boat heads a procession of gaily carved and gilded boats, wherein are priests, both Taouist and Buddhist, and villagers

armed with matchlocks, which they discharge to terrify the demons, while some one in the foremost boat sprinkles the blood-stained sand on the waters. On reaching the boundary of the district, the horse's head is placed in the earthenware jars and is buried in the bed of the stream.

Thus the Water-Demons are appeased; and as large offerings of pasteboard property are burnt for the use of the neglected dead, and several days and nights are devoted to religious services on their behalf, it is supposed that they likewise ought to be content.

Archdeacon Gray has chanced to be present on two occasions when this remarkable sacrifice has been offered in the immediate neighbourhood of Canton, and describes how on one occasion it formed a feature in an immense funereal service which was held in a great cemetery, where multitudes of friendless poor were buried. Several persons had recently been drowned in the neighbourhood, and it was supposed that the uncared-for dead were in league with the Water-Demons to punish the living for their neglect. So forty thousand persons assembled, and for three days and nights there were religious services on behalf of their spirits. Among the general offerings were upwards of two hundred arm-chairs of bamboo wicker-work which were burnt, with a full complement of life-sized attendants. There were fine dramatic entertainments at the temporary theatre, and brilliant processions of dragon-boats decorated with gorgeous banners of most costly silk.

The decapitation of a white horse was the crowning feature of this Holy Fair, but so ungracious were the Water-Spirits that ere the day was done, there was a collision of boats in which half-a-dozen women were drowned!

Besides these public offerings, many persons burn large

offerings at their own doors to ensure the spirits giving them full credit for their alms, and so refraining from molesting them. And while all this lamentable waste of substance is going on, the starving beggars find it hard to extract the smallest copper coin wherewith to purchase a handful of rice to appease their hunger—for fear, not charity, is the ruling motive in all this display; and often must these miserable beggars long for the hour of death, which shall raise them to the dignity of becoming objects of dread to the living. Then will they never cry in vain, for superstition has sharp ears, and the slightest unusual sound disturbing the silence of night is interpreted as the call of a hungry spirit—it may be only the rattling of a thin oyster-shell, too loosely set in the window-frame, and shaken by the wind—but it is enough to arouse the sleepers, who go outside the house to burn an offering of paper money. Within the house are placed all manner of charms to prevent the entrance of such unwelcome visitors, and a sword-shaped ornament made of hundreds of copper cash tied together with red thread is often suspended over the bed, as the surest of all charms for this purpose.

When I speak of all these offerings as “lamentable waste,” it is because, although the larger portion are only made of paper, these represent considerable national loss from an industrial point of view, owing to the immense number of men and women, who, instead of being employed on work useful to the living, are solely engaged in manufacturing every conceivable paper object which may thus be transmitted to the dead, in the course of these oft-recurring offerings.

Of course this is a subject on which it is extremely difficult to obtain anything like accurate statistics, but

enough is known to prove that the sums annually expended throughout the Empire in connection with these offerings to the dead are altogether amazing. In the first place, it is estimated that in every Hsien or county, the average annual expenditure, at the three annual feasts on behalf of the destitute dead, is about eighteen thousand dollars. Now the eighteen provinces of the Empire are divided into 1620 Hsien. Thus we obtain an annual average of thirty million dollars (£6,000,000) expended on this one branch of the worship.

Secondly, the population of four hundred million persons may be said to represent eighty million families, each of which annually expends on its own ancestors an average of a dollar and a half, making a total of 120,000,000 dollars. (Of course multitudes of the very poor can only give much smaller sums, but the wealthy give immense offerings in this manner in payment to the priests, for oft-repeated masses for the repose of the dead.)

Further calculations of the sums expended in each province for the propitiation throughout the Empire of the Hsien-deities and the Foo-deities—all on behalf of the dead—run up a grand annual total of a hundred and fifty million dollars, or £32,000,000 English!!

It must be allowed that these Offerings of the Dead—this never-ceasing burden of propitiating insatiable spirits, is in truth a heavy item in the annual expenditure of the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SINGULAR ENTERTAINMENT.

Sing-Song at the Canton Guild—Afternoon at the Play—Summons to Dinner in the Mandarins' Gallery—Selection of the Evening Play!—Imperial Palace—Visit to the Gates of Hell—Pantomime.

I REALLY am becoming quite a *connoisseur* in temple theatres! They are so unique and so very characteristic that whenever I find myself near a temple whence unwonted discords proclaim a sing-song, I make a point of halting and going in, if only for a few minutes. Some are very shabby, and one glance suffices, but others are really most fascinating, and enable one to form a very good notion of old Court dress and similar details.

To-day we went by special invitation to a most gorgeous entertainment at the Canton Guild, which is to continue for three days at the expense of two wealthy Chinese tea-merchants and the compradors of the city,¹ continuing daily from sunrise till long after midnight, this being one of the special occasions when the prohibition of nocturnal entertainments is rescinded.

As the guests of one of the aforesaid wealthy merchants, Mr Ah Lum met us, and conducted us to an excellent

¹ Managers of business-houses.

place in the mandarins' gallery, where comfortable chairs are placed in groups round many tiny tables. Though somewhat less striking in point of scenic effect than the Ningpo Guild, this also is an exceedingly handsome building, with fine curved roofs, very rich in detail, supported on pillars, another roof on pillars affording some shelter to the crowd of spectators from the pitiless rain which has poured all the afternoon and most of the evening. In honour of this festive occasion the whole place was decorated with scarlet cloth, and beautiful flowers and shrubs in porcelain vases.

Not wishing to spend a whole day there, we thought it best to go immediately after luncheon, but as soon as we were seated, bowls of excellent birds'-nest soup, with fine macaroni, were brought to us, with the correct chop-sticks, which at the bidding of our host were mercifully exchanged for dumpy little china spoons. Afterwards covered cups of tea were brought in, and whether we drank them or not, relays of hot cups were placed beside us every half-hour.

We came in for the end of some long piece in which the hero was a magician wearing a hideous red mask and a long black beard. He was armed with a magic wand, and long peacock's feathers drooped from his head-dress. He wore a richly embroidered blue satin robe with white sleeves, and four flags of crimson silk with golden fringe fluttered from his shoulders to represent wings. This ugly monster had carried off a beautiful small-footed woman. Of course we knew that *she* was a man, as no woman ever appears on the Chinese stage, but her acting was so very natural and so essentially feminine that we could scarcely realise this fact, which was often impressed upon us. How the effect of the small feet was produced, was the most puzzling

thing of all ; but the lady tottered about in the most natural style, carefully displaying the little deformed "golden lily feet," and bestowing upon us most bewitching glances from behind her fan, as if craving our sympathy, while pouring forth her tale of sorrow in a shrill high treble—a most singular falsetto, which all these masculine actresses seem able to assume. The father of this beautiful lady and another man each aspired to being made Emperor. The other man showed his ambition by painting his face of a glossy brown like a mask. All the Court dresses were splendid, and the solemnities were relieved by the buffooneries of a very funny Court fool, who wore a queer sort of straw bonnet !

The magician argued and scolded in a more manly sing-song, quite as wearisome to the ear, and gesticulated and whirled himself wildly about, while the dreadful orchestra banged vigorously on gongs and kettledrums, beat wooden clappers, clanged cymbals, and produced dismal wails from various stringed instruments, the whole resulting in a never-ceasing series of most excruciating discords. Then another couple appeared upon the scene, but evidently their wooing was not sanctioned by the gods, for suddenly, amid flashing flames, a magnificent joss, clothed in black satin embroidered with golden dragons, appeared on a high pedestal. The culprits fell at his feet as if dead. Rising and trembling, the man, after a long struggle, obeyed the command of the god, and cut off the woman's head. Her blood spirted all over him—a horrible sight ; but, to prevent its being too realistic, the corpse quickly rose and tottered out, while the hero caught up a sham head which had been rolled to his feet !

Then the scene changed. The Empress of China (also

a man!) appeared in most gorgeous apparel. She was a really pretty woman, with clear pale complexion and aquiline nose. By means of careful painting, the eyes attain to something of the oblique angle which is considered so very high-class, but which really is not very common.

We now had to return home to receive another mandarin, who was bringing his wife to tea with us, but our friend kindly insisted on our returning to dine with him at the Canton Guild at 6 P.M., which we accordingly did, being summoned in due form by a servant bringing us his master's enormous red visiting-card, which signified "Come, for all things are now ready." It appears that the sending of this intimation is *de rigueur*. The omission would imply that the original invitation had been a mere formality, not meant to be accepted, so the unceremonious guest who should present himself ere receiving this final summons, might possibly find that no feast had been prepared!

We found all the little tables in the mandarins' gallery spread for a Chinese feast, with all manner of odd and end dishes to be nibbled and tasted in the intervals of the real courses, which were brought in, one bowl at a time, whence our host and his friend helped us all with their own chopsticks. The cooking was first-class, and we thought many of the dishes excellent, such as shark's-fin soup, pigeon's-egg soup, ducks' tongues, samlin fish, bamboo shoots, fishes' brains, stewed ducks' feet, sinews of whale, stewed pigeon and mushrooms, roast sucking-pig and fungus, water chestnuts, *bêche-de-mer*, little balls of meat in dough, and a multitude of other good things. It was a very prolonged feast, and all the time the play was going on for our entertainment.

Our host being one of the principal persons present,

several of the boy actresses waited on us, and kept our tiny wine-cups constantly filled with hot sam-shu, or suee-chow, a weak rice wine, feeble cider, perry, or other decoctions of fruit, plum wine, rich and rare, or ethereal draughts of rose-water, evidently deeming it the height of hospitality to hold the said wee cups to the lips of our English gentlemen, compelling them to drain the cup each time, which, considering that they only hold a thimbleful of the feeblest wine, very like the cowslip wine of our childhood, was not a serious trial of their drinking capacities! But the pretty ladies kept up their feminine character quite gracefully, and allowed us a close inspection of their tiny feet, which left us more puzzled than ever as to how they *could* walk, and what they could have done with their own large feet!

Presently, at the bidding of Mr Ah Lum, the *prima donna* brought me two long tablets of polished ivory, on which were inscribed in Chinese characters the names of about twenty plays, and I was asked to select whichever I pleased. This I might really have done (with the assistance of my more learned companions), as the company were prepared to act any one of them with equal readiness, their memory and powers of endurance being alike marvellous.

Of course none of us were so rash as to comply, so I handed the tablets to our host, who selected a play which he thought would interest us, and certainly nothing more extraordinary could be conceived! There was a Chinese Emperor with a long white beard, and a pretty Empress with delicate features and aquiline nose. Both wore wonderfully jewelled head-dresses, and rich robes embroidered with dragons. They sat together beneath a huge State umbrella. Around them stood nobles in gorgeous apparel, and a gigantic magician with beard reaching to his knees.

One hand played with his beard, the other waved a fan, on his head was a jewelled helmet. He was attended by a dwarf, old and bearded. He, too, was gorgeously arrayed, and he bore a sword and a standard, which last was simply a dragon impaled on a spear. In the background were more magicians, soldiers, and musicians, each fearful and wonderful to behold and to hear!

Then there was a boat scene, and a free fight on board, which was a wonderful display of agile fencing, and leaping, and tumbling, and all manner of acrobatic feats.

Presently the magician carried off the lover of a beautiful lady—a great mandarin—and consigned him to the care of a company of Buddhist priests, in the richest of vestments. These persuaded him to join their order, and to say the mystic words O-mi-to-fu, so when next he met his lady-love he was vowed to celibacy.

Then the Emperor, much impressed with the power of the magician, prayed to be allowed a glimpse of life within the gates of hell. Thither accordingly he and his counsellor were transported, and they (and we) looked in, and beheld all the tortures which in the Canton and other temples are so vividly exemplified of images, being realistically acted! Wretched men with iron chains round their necks, and struggling horribly, were dragged in by hideous devils, with fire flashing around them. One was sawn in two across the chest; another across the skull, the ends of the saw moving on each side, and the blood streaming—a most sickening sight!

Then a small-footed woman was dragged in and turned head downwards into a mill, into which the small feet were slowly dragged. A man was thrown into a rice-pounding machine. A woman (in effigy) was carried in, and

flaming devils tore her limb from limb. We were told afterwards that we might consider ourselves fortunate in not having been compelled to witness a crucifixion, which is so common a punishment in China!

Some of the punishments awarded strike straight home to the crimes committed. The man who had stolen a mule was represented as having been swallowed by a gigantic fiery horse, and the head of the culprit protruded from a hole in its chest! Priests who had received money for masses which they neglected to say were condemned to read aloud for ever from very small print by the light of a very dim lamp. Thieves had their fingers cruelly crushed; murderers were devoured by a burning thirst, and though surrounded by water cannot obtain a draught. Mandarins who have proved tyrants are imprisoned in cages, wherein they cannot stand upright. Bad nuns are made to ascend a high tower whence they may look back to the scenes of innocent childhood, and forward to a menagerie of loathsome reptiles whose forms they are condemned successively to wear.

Fraudulent trustees are suffocated in dark sand-clouds; and, as I have already had occasion to observe,¹ physicians who have collected bones from old graves to make medicine² are boiled in oil; sacrilegious robbers who have scraped the gilding off idols or shrines are hung up

¹ Pages 174 and 310.

² This is not the only illegal use to which the bones of the dead are applied. Amongst many other forms of witchcraft practised by Chinese dabblers in the black art, it seems that one class of witches are the special avengers of ill-treated wives, at whose request they collect the bones of infants, and (while invoking the aid of the evil genii of these little ones) they reduce the bones to fine powder, which the vengeful wife is instructed day by day to administer to her husband in divers drinks, hoping thereby to effect his death.

and disembowelled; backbiters and slanderers are transformed into reptiles; men who have destroyed good books are hung up by the feet and flayed alive. Those who have been cruel to their parents are trampled on by wild horses, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The executioners of these luckless victims wore hideous masks and eccentric raiment, and were attended by troops of satanic imps.

The scene changed and showed a bridge, over which the good walked safely, but the wicked fell into the river, to be devoured by hideous and repulsive reptiles. Then we were shown a great stone gateway with only a circular opening, through which multitudes of people passed to symbolise a new birth, while devils lay in wait outside seeking to capture those who had been wicked when on earth.

After this we had some delightfully grotesque scenes. The stage was covered with all manner of zoological specimens—frogs, lizards, turtles, pigs, crawling reptiles, and a very tall ostrich. Then fairies appeared, and a fairy in a huge shell snapped up a turtle, and otherwise molested the animals, but they in their turn were harried by a huge bird. A troop of monkeys next appeared, and were attacked by men, who got the worst of the fight; but a multitude of insects came to their rescue—beetles, grasshoppers, and butterflies,—these fought with the great big monkeys and overcame them. These actors were tiny Chinese children, adorned with wings.

It was exceedingly amusing to see the matter-of-fact way in which the various actors calmly slipped off their animal or insect skins and masks, and revealed themselves in their ordinary working clothes while still in full view of the audience! After awhile a gigantic red cock stalked in, in

a feather coat, strutting and crowing, and pretending to eat the insects, who crawled beneath him and disappeared!

Again the scene changed to the Imperial Palace at Peking. I do not mean to imply that there was any scenery, for there is never anything of the sort, the Imperial throne and its surroundings being very simply suggested; but the magnificent five-clawed dragons, embroidered in gold on raiment and on banners, tell their tale unmistakably, inasmuch as terrible penalties attend the use by any subject of this Imperial symbol.

The present scene showed the Emperor in great bodily suffering, and his son praying for his recovery. Crowds of anxious courtiers grouped around. Another son had been falsely accused of some crime; but a stately old mandarin pleaded for his life with impassioned fervour—really a fine piece of acting. Then the finding of the son's girdle enabled him to prove an alibi, and all ended happily.

It was now 10.30, and we thought we had seen enough, so we took leave of the hospitable host who had provided for us so unique an accompaniment to a feast!

CHAPTER XVIII.

FENG-SHUI.

An Anti-Fire Charm—The Rain Dragon—Taken for a Convict!—The Dragon Stone—A Taouist Temple—Goddess of Sight—Modes of Divination—Sceptical Proclamations—Of Divers Superstitions—"Feng-Shui"—Excuse for Burning the C. M. S. College—The Riot—Question of Compensation—English and American Treaty Rights—Incongruous Claims.

U. S. CONSULATE, NANTAL.

MY first pleasant day with Mrs Baldwin in the heart of the city only made me eager to see more under the same kind auspices, accordingly good human ponies shouldered me and the wicker chair once more, and trotted off hither. Passing the Ningpo Guild, where the throng of blue-clad Chinamen, and the unmistakable sounds of a theatrical orchestra, announced that a sing-song was going on at the temple theatre, I went in for a few minutes, and saw some really pretty acting by a first-rate troupe of gorgeously-apparelled actors. The officials offered me a good seat, but being already rather behind time, and having about three miles to go across the busy city, I had to hurry on.

Halting at the American Mission only long enough for an ever-welcome cup of Europeanised tea, we straightway started through slummy streets to the venerable walls of the

city, along whose ramparts we travelled till we reached the Great North Gate, a ponderous two-storied building, commanding a splendid, widespread view of the city, the plain, the windings of the river, and the great range of encircling mountains.

Close by the gate stand seven water-jars of stone, each enclosed by a stone railing. It is believed that so long as there is water in these jars there will be no fires in the city of Foo-Chow, therefore it is the duty of a special official to see that in the driest summer the water is never allowed to dry up.

Certainly the Great Dragon, who regulates all matters relating to fire and water, is very strangely influenced. In Canton some years ago, there was a terrible drought which defied all efforts of priests and soothsayers. Prayers and fasting, public humiliation and prolonged religious services were all in vain, till at length a magician revealed to the officials that the one action which would ensure the favour of the Dragon-King, was that the Great South Gate of the city should be closed, and that water-tubs filled to the brim should be placed in the gateway. In these tubs frogs were to be placed, and the geomancer promised that rain should be granted in answer to their croaking. The said croaking was considerably intensified by the amount of annoyance to which the luckless frogs were subjected by the small boys of the city, and by a singular coincidence the much-desired rain soon followed!!

During our excursion this morning I had an amusing illustration of how different may be the effect of any given subject on different minds. I had already discovered that my favourite large black fan, which in England was the height of fashion, was quite incorrect here—that only a

coolie would carry a black fan, and that its broad folds were essentially masculine—at least twice the correct width for a lady's use! This morning the rock of offence was my indiarubber chain, which I flattered myself could not be distinguished from jet, and which has the merit of being certainly less brittle! Well, when we were being carried in our chairs on the city walls, this caught the eye of a party of Tartar soldiers, one of whom explained the situation to his comrades, "Look at that woman's iron chain," he said. "Undoubtedly she is a convict who has been banished for some offence, and now they are carrying her away!" (They, meaning Mrs Baldwin and the chair-coolies!)

Profiting by the hint, I hid the obnoxious chain, and we descended into the Tartar city, where we saw a wedding-party, and noted that the women wore three rings in each ear, and that their hair was strangely dressed and covered with jewellery, consisting chiefly of flowers made of small pearls and bright kingfishers' feathers. We saw the roofs of the Great Hall where candidates for literary honours undergo the terribly exhausting examinations which cost so many lives. It seemed to be the counterpart of that which we had already seen at Canton.¹

Then we visited sundry temples where priests of divers creeds all received us courteously, and did the honours of their very curious, but by no means cleanly, shrines. In one, on the same hill as the American Mission, a civil young priest took us into an inner shrine to see a great block of polished black limestone, twelve feet in height by five in width, and one and a half in thickness, which is covered all over with beautifully carved dragons. It is raised on a great pedestal.

¹ And of another which I subsequently visited at Peking.

Another point of interest was a fine Taouist temple, the roof of which is supported by about thirty huge monolithic pillars of granite, where (in singular contrast to the calm smooth-faced shaven gilt images in Buddha's temples, or to his own, with the invariable curiously curly hair) there are huge images with straight hair and very long black moustaches; and in the side-court, a series of gilt images like Tartar mandarins mounted on gilt horses, and escorted by gilt servants. This is one of the great military temples for the Tartar soldiery; its chief priests were arrayed in robes of green satin, and their long hair was plaited and rolled up, and surmounted by a small peculiarly shaped comb of yellow tortoise-shell. The Buddhist priests are, of course, well shaven, and their yellow robes are sometimes enlivened by a rose-coloured stole, while the inferior orders appear robed in grey.

We are becoming quite *connaisseurs* in vestments and images!

In one of the side chapels of the great Taouist temple, we noticed a goddess who apparently is the guardian of sight; and a very careless one she must be, judging from the amount of blindness we see, due to neglected ophthalmia. But none the less do her votaries bring to her shrine votive offerings of spectacles—small paper spectacles from the very poor, and enormous ones of calico from richer sufferers, Chinese spectacles being at all times large and cumbersome objects. Another of these side chapels is occupied by the Goddess Kum-Fa, the patroness of mothers, devoutly worshipped by all women and girls. She is surrounded by a great array of Celestial nurses, each tending a young baby, and to each is assigned some special function in the care of every infant, either before or after its birth. All these

must be propitiated by women who hope to become mothers, while those whose little ones are sick, may buy packets of tea in the temple, and offer them to the goddess, who graciously permits the mother to take back the said tea, mingling it with ashes from the sacred incense, and thence preparing a consecrated and healing drink to be given to the sick child.

There is a very favourite method of ascertaining the will of the gods, which I constantly see practised in the temples. It is called divination by the Ka-pue, which is a wooden object the size of your two hands, shaped like an acorn, but made in two halves—one convex, the other flat. The person who wishes to consult the oracle kneels reverently before the image of the god or goddess whose counsel he craves, and having explained the subject on which he wants advice, he takes the Ka-pue from off the altar, passes it through the smoke of the incense, and then throws it upward before the idol. According to the manner in which the two halves fall, so he reads his answer. If both fall on the flat side, he knows that his prayer is refused, or that he had better give up his project. If both fall on the rounded side, it would appear that the god really has no opinion to offer; but when one falls flat, and the other falls round, the omen is excellent.

Another very common mode of inquiring into the future is by means of a number of strips of split bamboo, each numbered. These are placed upright in a bamboo stand, which the inquirer takes from off the altar, and gently shakes till one falls out; this he hands to the priest, who compares its number with a corresponding number in a book, from which he reads an oracular reply. An amiable priest at Canton was good enough thus to favour me with

some details of futurity, but I cannot say the information vouchsafed was very remarkable.

A curious glimpse into one class of superstition was recently afforded by a proclamation issued by the Governor-General of this Province, whereby incantations to bring about the death of others are declared to be illegal and hateful offences. The subject is chiefly interesting from its close affinity to a form of witchcraft which is still occasionally practised in Britain.¹ "You are forbidden," says Governor Wang, "if you have a grudge against anyone, to practise the magic called 'Striking the Bull's Head,' that is to say, writing a man's name and age on a scrap of paper, and laying it before the bull-headed idol, and then buying an iron stamp, and piercing small holes in this paper, and finally throwing it at the man on the sly with the intention of compassing his death."

Where such superstitious practices as these are common, we need not wonder at the facility with which the learned gentry contrive to rouse the fanaticism of the people to a very dangerous pitch, by circulating the most puerile rumours, which are generally directed against the Christians. Such was the widespread rumour that those initiated into Christian mysteries were required to swallow a medicine composed of the eyes of corpses, and to destroy their ancestral tablets!

One of the most serious of these scares was the Shan-sin-fan or "genii powder plot," when emissaries were employed

¹ So recently as December 1883 a case was tried at the Inverness Police Court, in which the cause of offence was the discovery of a clay image with pins stuck through it, in order to compass the death of a neighbour, a discovery which resulted in an assault. Many similar cases have been discovered both in England and Scotland. See "In the Hebrides," p. 263-265. C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Chatto & Windus.

throughout all the Southern Provinces to distribute small powders, which they assured the people would prevent calamity and disease. Of course these were eagerly sought after, when suddenly, as if by magic, placards appeared in every direction, warning the people that the powder was "a subtle poison issued with sly venom by the foreign devils," with the intent that within twenty days the victims should be attacked by a terrible disease which none save the foreign missionaries could cure, and that they would only do so on condition of the sufferers becoming Christians, and practising all manner of vile crimes.

So intense was the excitement thus aroused, that a general persecution ensued—the native Christians were beaten and half killed, their houses and chapels destroyed, and for some time a foreigner hardly dared to set foot in the city of Foo-Chow, far less in the villages.

Of course, before very long, the people realised that they had been befooled, and had attacked their peaceful neighbours without cause; so then, of course, they were rather ashamed, and more inclined to think well of the faith to which these had proved so steadfast, and which had taught them to be so strangely forgiving.

Nevertheless there are still two superstitions so deeply rooted in the national mind that an allusion to these is at any time sufficient to arouse the mob.¹ These two ruling forces are FEAR AND REVERENCE FOR THE DEAD, and the

¹ Again I must say, Europe need not scoff at Chinese superstition. While the cholera was raging at Naples in September 1884 it was currently believed by the peasants that they were being poisoned with "cholera powder" scattered by the doctors and police, by order of Government! An English physician, who was collecting geological specimens on the volcanic isle of Ponza, was compelled to leave the island because the inhabitants could not be convinced that he was not manufacturing this dreaded cholera powder!

mysterious, undefinable FENG-SHUI; and truly it seems impossible for any one who has not had long experience of this extraordinary and incomprehensible race to realise the extent to which all social and domestic life is influenced by these twin forces, which are so inextricably blended and seem to permeate all things—even such as at first sight would seem to have no sort of connection with either.

The literal interpretation of "Feng-Shui" is Wind and Water, but what idea the term conveys to a Chinaman's mind no one seems able to define, beyond that it has to do with the good and genial influences which are ever moving gently from the south, and also with the baneful influences which come from the north, and which may possibly be disturbed by any alteration of existing physical surroundings. It seems almost impossible for a foreigner to arrive at any exact understanding of this great overruling belief of the millions of Chinamen, yet no one can be many hours in China ere the term becomes so familiar as to make its solution a matter much desired. Apparently it has especial reference to the repose of the dead, and the influence of the mighty host of disembodied spirits upon the welfare or adversity of their living human successors on this earth.

It is something intangible and indescribable, yet omnipotent—a vague, shadowy spirit of evil, which stands in the way, and effectually bars every effort in favour of progress and civilisation.

It is the mainspring of that ultra-conservatism which, like a mightily resistant breakwater, so stoutly wards off the inflowing tide of all modern inventions, practically declaring the only safe condition of existence to be one of utter inertia, in which nothing old shall be disturbed, and nothing new attempted.

In short, a whisper of "Feng-Shui" raised by the literati, and passed on to the populace, suffices at any moment to inflame their deadliest superstitions and incite them to all manner of mischief. Each man takes it personally, and as a warning cry that something is being done which may annoy his dead ancestors, in which case they will inevitably begin by taking vengeance on him.

Why does a Chinaman object to his neighbour building a top storey to his house? Because his doing so may disturb the Feng-Shui—those gracious influences which now come straight over the city to the hall of his ancestral tablets, or to the graves where his dead are laid. .

Why does he object to the making of a railway? Because the whole country is dotted with ancestral graves, each of which has been dug on a site selected after long consideration, and repeated payments to a soothsayer deeply versed in the mysteries of Feng-Shui—a spot selected as that of all others most certain to attract those gentle southern influences, and well shielded from all baneful blasts from the chill north. So to make a railway would stir up the spirits of countless past generations, and let loose on the country a whole army of unquiet and malevolent ghosts.¹

¹ As standing examples of the reality of this opponent to material progress we have the history of the railway from Woo-Shing to Shanghai, which, after it was in full working order, was bought up by the Chinese Government at a great cost, only to be torn up on this account, and all its plant safely deported to Formosa, where it was deposited, and left to rust upon the beach.

Then, too (when Li Hung Chang, the great advocate of progress, had succeeded in forming the Kaiping Coal Mining Company with a view to developing the vast mineral resources of his country), after four years had been spent in boring and shaft-sinking, the reactionary party raised the Feng-Shui spectre, asserting that the sickness prevailing in the Imperial Palace at Peking was due to the disturbance caused to the spirit of the Empress Dowager by all this tunnelling within sixty miles of her tomb! So by Imperial edict the work so displeasing to the dead was arrested.

Is it desirable to sink a mine? or to erect a windmill or a watermill? Great consultation is requisite before perpetrating a deed which may so greatly disturb the influences of air and water.

Do I wish to build a high wall on my own honestly purchased land? My neighbour may object that, by so doing, I turn aside the course of the spirits, who always come from that particular quarter to do him good. So if I persist in building my wall, the chances are that he will raise a mob and come to pull it down, and neither the Chinese nor the British authorities will move a finger to obtain redress for me. If, on the other hand, I venture to pull down an old wall on my own land, my neighbour may be equally annoyed, as I thereby open a straight course by which malevolent spirits may reach him from an unlucky quarter.

As good a definition of the undefinable as can well be obtained was given to me by Monsignor Gentili, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ningpo, who described the Feng-Shui as being the path of the Great Dragon, who rushes through the air just above the houses, spouting blessings in showers from his nostrils. He flies straight forward, unless by evil chance he should strike against some high building, in which case he turns aside at an angle, and so the houses beyond lose their share of his blessing. Hence the jealous care of Chinese house-builders lest any one should build a house higher than his neighbour, and the singular uniformity of domestic architecture as seen from any high ground in the cities.

Hence, too, the mystic adoration of the shadowy, indefinite Dragon which figures so largely in all Chinese art, literature, and religion, recurring in a thousand forms. His

image, carved and gilt, is twisted round the ridge-pole of the temple, and peeps from beneath the eaves. On the Imperial banner he reigns supreme, distinguished by an extra claw, and even in domestic art he is represented in gorgeous embroideries of silk and gold, and sometimes is dimly revealed on the silken hangings on the wall—most masterly paintings in Indian ink, but so shadowy that not till we have gazed for a while do we clearly discern the dimly delineated monster, half veiled by misty clouds, flames, or waves, all of which indicate those natural forces which he controls.

The same law which compels the Dragon to move in straight lines regulates the movements of all spirits, to whom anything of the nature of a zig-zag is peculiarly puzzling. For this reason those who have assisted in the murder of a female baby are very particular to carry it to the grave by a path of this description, so that the baby spirit may fail in its endeavours to return, should it seek to avenge itself on its unnatural parents.

This, too, is the reason why in Chinese houses the doors and windows are all placed irregularly, never facing one another, and especially why we often see a meaningless-looking bit of wall placed just outside the outer gate, and a little larger than the entrance. It serves the same purpose as the screen which is placed between the door and the coffin in the house of the dead. The spirits in their flight will strike this wall, and instead of rushing into the house by the open doorway will be turned aside. It never occurs to them to double round the wall, and so find their way in!

Thus do fear and reverence for the dead combine with the mysterious Feng-Shui to form the ruling principle of all

existence in China. They are the twin giants whose power all acknowledge, and against whom all resistance seems useless.

This may appear rather a tedious digression on a very non-sensical subject, but unfortunately it is one which throughout this Empire is a living reality, and one which is not only a bar to all scientific and material progress, but also often involves real danger and persecution to the promoters of Christian work—as we most fully realised this morning when looking upon the blackened ruins of the Theological College of the Church Missionary Society, which was burnt last August by a mob stirred up by the literati on this very ground. The Mission had for twenty-eight years remained in fairly peaceful possession of this site, which very soon after their arrival in 1849 was offered to them by these very literati in exchange for that which had previously been assigned to them at the foot of the hill.

The inmates of the Mission were on the best of terms with the townspeople around them, and with the priests of the temples on the said hill. But as the number of converts increased, so did that of men desiring special training to fit them for the work of catechists.

In 1877 there were forty-five resident students, and it became positively necessary to provide quarters for them in a proper college. Negotiations were accordingly commenced for the purchase of a piece of land close by the Mission premises. Here a single-storied house could have been advantageously erected, and the owners of the land were most willing to sell it. But the mandarins (jealous of the increasing influence of the Mission, and greatly encouraged in their hostility by the fact that various outrages against Christians in different parts of this province had been allowed

to pass over unpunished and unredressed) positively forbade the sale.

The members of the Mission were therefore compelled to make the most of their own resources, and on re-examining their own ground they found that by much ingenuity they could contrive to erect a very good building on a small foundation within their own enclosure, which hitherto had been used as a rubbish-heap. By planning a second storey, larger than the base, and a third, which should overlap both, the whole being built up against the hill-side, a house was designed which should supply forty-eight tiny rooms for students, a large dining-room and lecture-room, and a study and lecture-room for the European in charge.

In China it is necessary to act warily in all things, and to make sure of official sanction in all details, so these plans were submitted to the British Consul, who personally inspected the site, and gave his written consent to the erection of the college. Builders were engaged, and soon the work was in full progress, without any objection being made from any quarter.

In the course of the summer it was completed, and the students had just got comfortably settled, when Lin-Ying-Lin, a notorious leader of the anti-foreign party, who had been absent at Canton, returned to Foo-Chow, and immediately afterwards, several friendly heathen came and warned the missionaries that this man was stirring up mischief, and that unless he were apprehended there would be a riot. They added that the Viceroy had sanctioned the destruction of the college. This was duly reported to the British Consul, to whom also the Chinese authorities now presented a formal complaint that the Mission had encroached upon land not belonging to it. This was positively untrue (as

was easily proven, an old photograph coming in very useful as a witness which could not lie), but it furnished the desired excuse.

It was then agreed that the official mandarins should meet the clergy on the Mission ground to examine the boundaries amicably, and see whether, as was averred, the boundary wall had been moved. Meanwhile, however, the literati had raised the cry of "FENG-SHUI!" to rouse the ignorant people. They now declared that the building of foreign houses on the hill would destroy the Feng-Shui of the city; that to this cause were due various fires in the city, the death of several distinguished men in distant parts of the country, and sundry other disasters.

So on the day of the official visit of the four mandarins, they were escorted not only by their own fifty followers, but by at least as many more unruly men not belonging to the town, but hired from native villages, and wild with excitement, having been freely supplied with wine at the neighbouring temple (to which the wine had been brought for this purpose on the previous day).

After some delay, the English Consul arrived, followed soon after by ten mandarins with a party of *unarmed* soldiers. The mob began throwing stones at the college, and the Consul asked the mandarins to interfere. They refused, saying "it was only boys' play!" and moreover, in a very uncourteous manner, bade him "hold his peace." So he actually was obliged to stand by, while the mandarins sat calmly down in their sedan-chairs literally superintending the destruction that ensued.

The mob having broken into the college, amused themselves by dragging out the furniture, and all the students' clothes and books, of which they made a bonfire. Then

the new college was set on fire, and finally the other school was torn down. All night the mob stayed about the Mission premises, tearing up the garden, and yelling out fearful insults to the inmates—a terrible night indeed for these English clergymen, with their wives, and the English ladies in charge of the Chinese Girls' Boarding School.

On the following morning the hired mob returned, and tried to break into the Mission-house and the school, but happily the ladies, with all their fine family of Chinese girls, were able to escape by a back door, whence they made their way down the rock into the street, where the real inhabitants of the city, who are most friendly to both the English and American Missions, crowded round them, expressing their shame and grief at the outrage, saying they would gladly have come to the rescue had they dared, but that they knew that interference would only result in the destruction of their own houses. They at once gave the names of the few gentry who had instigated the whole riot—a handful of petty land-owners—the big gentry having kept quite aloof in all this matter.

This four-mile flight across the city, through densely crowded streets, was no easy task for such a company, including small-footed girls, to whom walking is a terrible difficulty, but they received no annoyance whatever from the people, and at last reached the foreign settlement in safety.

After the ladies had escaped, the clergy who stayed to defend the Mission-house were hotly besieged. That siege furnished one characteristic incident which is pleasant to record. All doors and windows had been barricaded, save one, which could not be fastened in any way. When the besieged heard the rioters assemble at this point, they gave

up all for lost. To their amazement, however, they saw the handle being turned backwards and forwards without any result, and once or twice it opened a little bit, but instantly closed again, and at last they discovered the secret, which was, that two strong men, who were kindly disposed to the missionaries, had mingled in the crowd on purpose to protect them, and from morning till night they held possession of this door, pretending to be using their utmost strength to open it, but in reality preventing any one from approaching !

This being a case of aggression too serious to be slurred over, the Consul made a formal complaint, requiring the Chinese officials to make restitution, agreeably to certain clauses in the treaty of Tien-tsin. Accordingly, in due course of time, orders came from Peking to the Viceroy here, desiring that the college should be rebuilt, compensation made, the literati warned, and rioters punished. This satisfactory edict was duly proclaimed, but there apparently the matter rested for about four months, when the Viceroy sent Laboo, the naval commander, to submit to the members of the Mission—the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, the Rev. L. Lloyd, and the Rev. R. W. Stewart, three clergymen of the Church of England—the written draught of a most equitable offer of compensation, including the granting of a new lease of the same ground, the rebuilding of the college on the adjoining site, and various other items.

This was the Viceroy's own proposition, and it was submitted on two separate occasions to the members of the Mission, who were perfectly satisfied ; but notwithstanding all their entreaties and expostulations, the British Consul positively refused to accept the terms, affirming his resolu-

tion to have a much larger indemnity for the outrage. Unfortunately the claims which he made (and which have been detailed by the Chinese to several foreigners) were of such a nature that the Viceroy could not entertain them, so the good opportunity was lost, and at the end of January the tide turned again, a new official, the great Ting (formerly Governor of this Province), having appeared on the scene to investigate matters as Imperial Commissioner. So, now, nothing more is heard of the Viceroy's offer; which, indeed, he now denies having ever made, for in this country men swear backwards or forwards, in any way which suits the powers that be!

This new man has turned the whole question against the Mission, on the ground of their encroaching (though that has been entirely disproved), and for the last three months nothing has been done openly, though there can be no doubt that the time has allowed for ample coaching of native witnesses.

After Sir Thomas Wade¹ arrived here, about three weeks ago, the authorities pretended that in accordance with the treaty they had brought the ringleaders to justice, and they published a list of the principal culprits and their sentences. It is well known that, with the exception of Lin-Ying-Lin, whose license to teach was nominally suspended for a short time, not one of these men was in any way concerned with the riot! They are known to be simply a set of wretched jail-birds, taken from prison, and promised exemption from worse penalties if they would confess to having led the Wu-Shih-Shan riot, which, of course, they are thankful to do. The only item suggested as compensation for the Mission is a ridiculously small sum, simply nominal, to

¹ H.B.M. Minister for China.

cover the whole loss of college, school, &c., and a small sum to the students to replace their burnt clothes.¹

So now the great Wu-Shih-Shan case has reached a most extraordinary stage altogether unprecedented in history, The Chinese have placed their case in the hands of a clever English lawyer—a Q.C.—under whose auspices these incendiaries, with hands uncleansed from the guilt of arson, are to be allowed to appear as plaintiffs against the missionaries in an English court of law!! these being thus dragged into law expenses as defendants!! The anti-foreign party are now exultant, and openly express their hopes that their new leader will succeed in dislodging the Mission from the city!

On the other hand, all the native Christians in town and country are in despair. Every day deputations arrive at the Mission from all parts of the country, praying that no concessions may be made, as any such would endanger all their lives. As it is, their position is at best a most unenviable one, owing to the well-founded conviction of

¹ That such things *are* done in China is well authenticated. After the Tien-tsin massacre it was stated that of the sixteen men supposed to have been the true murderers, only six were executed; the other ten were allowed to escape, and ten persons were substituted, who were known on all hands to be innocent. So far from being abhorred as murderers, they were looked upon as martyrs to a holy cause. Five hundred taels were paid for each victim to his surviving relatives, one hundred taels being paid in advance for the purchase of handsome coffins and silk grave-clothes. The balance was paid with much ceremony after the execution.

The heads of the victims, instead of being exposed in a wooden cage on the city walls in the usual manner, were sewed on again, to secure for the dead an honourable entry into the world of spirits, and the bodies were then restored to their friends to be laid out in state, preparatory to a public funeral.

So perfectly was this substitution of victims understood that the Russian Consul-General entered his protest against this second Tien-tsin massacre, but the representatives of the other foreign powers deemed it expedient to let it pass unquestioned.

their own officials, that they need not hope for protection from the British authorities, notwithstanding the clause in Lord Elgin's Treaty of Tien-tsin, which stipulates that "all persons teaching or professing the Christian Faith, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities—nor shall any such, peaceably pursuing their calling, and not offending against the laws, be persecuted or interfered with."

The same treaty entitles British subjects to hold land in the interior of the country in their own names—a concession which is likewise granted to Russian, French, German, and American subjects, whose right to do so is not only freely acknowledged, but whenever, in any riot, their property is injured, or chapels destroyed, reparation is made without delay or hesitation. As regards British subjects, however, their rights under this clause are so wholly ignored that the Church of England Mission is compelled to hold all its out-stations in the name of Chinese converts!

The very practical result is, that although the Church of England has upwards of one hundred out-stations¹ in this province, each under the care of a native catechist, the land is in every case held in the name of native Christians, and so when English Mission property is destroyed by rioters, the real owners are simply told that they have no business to be there! And as to the protection secured for native Christians, it is a dead letter, so long as they are connected with the English Church. One outrage after another passes unnoticed.

For instance, about three years ago, in the city of Kieng-Ning-Foo, a paid gang of ruffians seized both teachers and students, stripped them and hung them up naked on trees,

¹ These have now been increased to 130.

heaping every conceivable insult upon them—forcing such filth into their mouths that some of them fainted. Finally, they were marched naked through the streets, and subjected to such indignities that the teacher, the Rev. Mr Ling, a good and faithful native clergyman, died from the effects of their maltreatment. But the outrage was allowed to pass unpunished.

Again, only two months before I came here, a riot was stirred up at Tik-kau in the same district, when the literati issued proclamations demanding the expulsion of all Christians from the district; considerable damage was done to mission property, and the converts were grossly insulted. The Mission here was much censured for reporting so trivial a matter at the British Consulate, and the matter was ignored. Consequently last week we had a postscript from the same district, the four native teachers having been carried in here all but dead. Two are dying; indeed, the mob left them for dead on the street, after kicking and battering them all over, and finally set fire to their clothes. The other two escaped, thanks to their having been thrown into the river under the impression that they were already dead, but though bruised and maimed they survive.

These men had assembled from their several villages at the bidding of the mandarins, on the pretext of a judicial examination into the previous riot, but it was the beating of the official gong at night that summoned the mob which dragged them from their beds and beat them till they were left for dead! Then the mandarins appeared on the scene in the guise of sympathetic protectors, and sent them down here.

But for these, and numerous other aggressions, there

appears no prospect whatever of redress—on the contrary, men of unassailable character have been thrown into loathsome Chinese prisons, and there left to languish for months, on no other ground than their friendliness to the Christians.

On the other hand, if anything of the sort occurs to the American Mission Stations, the U. S. Consul insists on the Chinese at once rebuilding the churches and paying compensation for damage done; and so well do the mandarins know this, that they frequently volunteer repairs and compensation without even waiting to be asked. For instance, within the last few days news has come of a serious attack by an armed mob on an American chapel. In *this* case, the Chinese magistrates immediately interfered, compelled the rioters to pay all the expenses of rebuilding the church, medical attendance for the wounded, to find six months' security for the safety of the persons who had been assaulted, and, moreover, to pay a fine as compensation to the sufferers—*which, however, these (albeit Chinamen, and very poor men) declined to receive, lest the purity of their motives should be suspected!*

One singular feature in the present difficulty is the very arbitrary distinction which is drawn by the British authorities between the protection due to Mission or mercantile property, as if, as some one once remarked, the British subject who sells Bibles is not entitled to exactly the same protection under treaty rights as the man who sells opium or any other foreign merchandise! The fact that the one hopes to benefit the Chinese, and the other seeks only his own profit, of course does not weigh in this balance—all that is asked is fair play. Certainly, as regards the concession to Chinese prejudice, which is

deemed so essential in the present instance, it must be admitted that all the opposition which has ever been stirred up against Missions and Bible-sellers is as nothing compared with the vigorous and prolonged efforts which were made by the Chinese for the exclusion of opium, but in that matter their most just remonstrances were silenced by the roar of artillery !

But there is no gainsaying the fact, that many persons look upon missionaries and their work as altogether a mistake—an annoying effort to bring about undesirable and unprofitable changes. What a pity it must seem to such thinkers, that St Columba or St Patrick ever took the trouble to come to Britain, or indeed, that a handful of low-born Jews should have presumed to preach in Greece or Rome—to say nothing of their little troubles with the literati of Judea. As regards obedience to **THE MASTER** whose Last Commandment these troublesome missionaries are trying to carry out, *that* may be all very well in theory, but not in practice ; and as to a Chinese St Stephen, they have neither interest in, nor sympathy with any such, even when his martyrdom is enacted almost at their doors !

To an unbiassed stranger like myself, continually receiving kindness from all ranks and conditions of my fellow-countrymen, few things are more remarkable than the singular indifference of the majority of the mercantile community in Oriental countries to all missionary matters, their attitude both towards missionaries and native Christians being generally that of cold neutrality. Indeed it seems a marvel how the two streams can flow, side by side, in a far country, with so wondrously little social blending—a curious position for the two great sections of a Christian community.

In the present instance, however, a very real interest has from the beginning been aroused, from the fact that the tenure of the Mission lands in the city is precisely similar to that by which all the foreign community hold their ground on this hill of Nantai, overlooking the native streets—so if this sort of thing is to be allowed to go unpunished, the literati may any day bring hired mobs to prove that these large foreign houses disturb the Feng-Shui of the multitudinous dead whose graves lie all around us. If this idiotic plea is admitted as a sufficient reason to compel a British subject to leave a home occupied for twenty-nine years, it may be raised about any spot. Here there is no concession (*i.e.* ground made over to foreigners, as at other ports)—only individual houses, most of which were built under pressure of the newly made (and then enforced) treaty. The very hill on which they stand is said by the Chinese to be the backbone of the Great Dragon, so there is no reason why the same cry should not be raised here any day.

When the United States Consul erected his flagstaff at this Consulate, a demand was made for its immediate removal on Feng-Shui grounds; but as he simply refused to listen to such rubbish, the people contented themselves with making an image of a little devil firing at the flagstaff. This still stands on a ridge-pole near here, and is supposed to neutralise the evil!

So well do the foreign residents here realise the danger of yielding to these outcries, that soon after the Wu-Shih-Shan outrage (aware that such matters are apt to be slurred over) they deemed it necessary to take personal action in the matter, by sending a memorial on the subject, signed by all the leading merchants of Foo-Chow, to the Secretary of

State for Foreign Affairs,¹ expressing their sense of the gravity of this premeditated outrage, their knowledge of its having been connived at by the Chinese officials, their conviction of the validity of the Church Mission title-deeds, and their hope that in obtaining ample redress for the injuries inflicted on the Church Missionary Society, steps might be taken to convince the Chinese authorities of Foo-Chow that the treaty rights of Her Majesty's subjects cannot be violated with impunity.

So far, however, from any redress having been obtained, the case has now assumed the phenomenal form of this extraordinary lawsuit, whereby an unprincipled gang of anti-foreign conspirators are suffered to invoke English law in justification of felony, and the aggrieved missionaries, having first been burnt out of their house, are now required to secure legal counsel for their defence! Of course every merchant on Nantai knows that this precedent of submission to Feng-Shui-ite mob law applies with equal force to every foreigner holding land or house property, so day by day each move of either side—the Mission or the Chinese—is watched with keen interest, for this is regarded as a great test case, and every one is anxious to see how it will end.

The Chinese officials have unfortunately a strong and well-founded impression that the members of this Mission need not hope for support from their own Consul, who in fact has repeatedly and openly expressed both to English and American residents his hope that they will be compelled to abandon their premises in the city, and furthermore, by a singularly incongruous combination of ideas, suggests the probability that the Chinese authorities may testify their joy at the expulsion of the Mission, by pre-

¹ Lord Salisbury.

senting to the foreign community a piece of land suitable for a Race-Course!! a form of barter which some of the most secular members of the community declare would really be "obtaining the much-desired Race-Course at too great a price!!"

That the question of the Race-Course has actually been mixed up in the terms of compensation demanded for the outrage, has been distinctly stated both to Englishmen and Americans here and in Shanghai by wondering Chinese officials! Certainly this is rather a singular way to deal with the interests of a great English company, even if it is only Ecclesiastical!!

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

A Calm Sunday—Visits to Wu-Shih-Shan—Choice Selection of Sites—
New Interpretation of Old Laws of Custom—Acquisition of the
Race-Course—One Injustice Leads to Others—Persecutions—Better
Days—Good out of Evil.

WITH MRS FRY, BESIDE THE RIVER,
PALM-SUNDAY, *April 5th*, 1879.

PALM-SUNDAY! A hot, still, very Oriental day. We have enjoyed the greater part of it sitting on the verandah watching the shipping and wondrously clear reflections, for it is a great calm.

In the forenoon we went to the English Chapel for foreign residents on the isle, which is quite independent of the Missions, but there were so very few people present that the chaplain announced that the sermon he had intended to preach would be unsuitable, so he dismissed the congregation!¹

¹ This very easy-going system of non-attendance at even one service a week, cannot impress the Chinese mind with a deep sense of European appreciation of Church privileges! Hence such an incident as I noticed last Sunday morning, when a large garden near the church swarmed with the rather picturesque but exceedingly shabby retainers of a big Chinese official who (well knowing the importance supposed to attach among Christians to Sunday observance) had appointed the hour of service as that in which to meet European gentlemen for the discussion of business relating to the Great Trial.

This being the only service of the day, we have had ample leisure to enjoy the river.

Oh how lovely this evening has been! Mount Kushan looming grand through the warm sunset haze, and then dreamy moonlight pictures—great curiously-shaped junks floating past with the tide—swiftly and silently, like spirits, or like a scene in some strange pantomime. A number of sampans lie moored along the shore, right under our windows, but all their people are asleep, and perfect silence reigns.

Would that all life might be equally peaceful! Unfortunately that seems too good a boon for this world, and many of my best friends here—those of all others who most desire peace—are at present forced into a daily strife which is terribly hard upon them. I mean, of course, all the members of the English Church Mission, who, day by day, are being worried almost past endurance, by the various moves of all their antagonists.

I have been several times to visit them in their home on the Wu-Shih-Shan hill—such a pleasant home, and commanding such a beautiful view of the city and all the country beyond—quite an ideal spot for their work, well raised above the filthy town (wherein most of them work all day, but have the unspeakable boon of coming home at night to a clean atmosphere, right in the pathway of every breeze). Such surroundings of grey rock, grassy hill, and shady trees must be an unspeakable boon in the heart of a great city, and their advantages are plainly shown by the fresh healthy look of all the nice Chinese girls in the boarding-school of the Female Education Society. I have never in any country seen a more satisfactory, happy-looking lot. It is also the centre of work of the English Medical Mission.

It does seem hard indeed that these useful societies should be subjected to so much annoyance and persecution. The mere notion of the lawsuit is bad enough, but they have secured a loyal defender in Mr Nicholas Hannen, the Crown Advocate, brother of Sir James¹—and as every one here agrees in the conviction that by no possibility could the case go against the Mission in a fair trial, it seems that the best thing to do, would be just to let it go on, and thus the Society's rightful possession of their ground will be established beyond question.

This, however, is by no means the view taken by the Chinese, who are confident that in the hands of their English counsel, their unrighteous cause is secure. Every delay and every concession has made the literati and small gentry more determined to oust the Mission from the city, and day by day they wax more insolent.

Ever since Sir Thomas Wade arrived at the Consulate here, he has been most anxious to effect a compromise, by inducing the Mission to resign all their rights to the excellent site on the breezy hill which they have held since 1850, in exchange for such a site as the Chinese may be disposed to offer. As the representatives of the C. M. S. cannot possibly abandon their right to remain in the city, the alternative offered is a home in the foul overcrowded streets. What that means, at its very best, can scarcely be realised by any one not personally acquainted with the horrors of a Chinese city. The site they now have is the best and airiest in the city; nevertheless, for peace' sake, and in compliance with the strongly urged wishes of the British Minister (who considers St Paul's adherence to his rights

¹ Another brother, Mr Charles Hannen, holds a high position here, under the Imperial Government, in the Chinese Customs Service.

as a Roman citizen wholly inapplicable to the case of a British subject!), the members of the Mission agreed to exchange their site for one on any other hill, or even rising ground, within the walls.

But the Chinese are not nice people to deal with when they once detect a tendency to undue compliance, which invariably produces corresponding arrogance, and I am told by an unbiassed English merchant (whose very unusual tastes have made him familiar with the native town) that the sites which have been offered have simply been a succession of insults, each being more impossible than the last. The first was on the edge of a foul stagnant canal, which receives the drainage of the whole dense mass of native houses all around—a canal which all through the burning summer sends up a sickening miasma of poisonous Chinese stench. (Foreigners, if compelled even to pass near such places, hurry on, with handkerchief covering mouth and nose!) This site was highly recommended, because the canal would afford such excellent facilities for drainage!

As it was manifestly impossible for the Mission to agree to this exchange, they were, a few days later, summoned to consider the merits of another still fouler spot, in the heart of the city, which is simply a collection of the most revolting pools of sewerage—in fact, for ages has been nothing else—and all through the rainy season the whole neighbourhood is covered with water. To this choice spot the harassed and disheartened clergymen were led, with the assurance that the Chinese officials would fill up these pools and make quite a nice site of it!

As the victims could not see it quite in that light, another delightful site was offered, and next day they were led to the bank of a stagnant pool, 300 feet long by 70 broad,

which receives all the drainage of another dense mass of Chinese houses in the very heart of the city. Nothing short of practical experience can convey any notion of the foul filth of these crowded streets, and their endless successions of fearful smells, of which one never-failing supply is diffused by the economical customs of the Chinese with regard to night-soil, which at all hours of the day is carried through the streets in uncovered buckets (slung from bamboos on men's shoulders) to be spread over the neighbouring fields.

The foreign residents who are not missionaries, think it bad enough if business compels them occasionally to be carried through the streets in a chair, and *few of the ladies here have ever been inside the city gates!* With regard to these peculiarly loathsome spots which are offered as suitable homes for English ladies and children, with the flourishing schools of healthy Chinese country girls, the doctors affirm, and common sense certifies, that it would be fatal for foreigners to attempt to live on any one of them—one pleasing item to be considered being the fact that these streets are never free from small-pox.

It was of course impossible for the representatives of the C. M. S. to accept of such an exchange on behalf of the Society. After this the small gentry waxed insolent, and refused to hear of any compromise short of the expulsion of the Mission from the city, and now placards have been stuck all over the town stirring up the people to destruction of all churches, and expulsion of all foreigners, declaring their own mandarins to be a set of children, and that neither they nor the soldiers are to be feared. In fact, the Wu-Shi-Shan outrage is but one proof of the hatred of all foreign influence by this faction, which, gaining nothing by trade, fears only the loss of its own power.

Further negotiations being now impossible, the lawsuit is to take its course.

This final crisis has developed rapidly, for the friendly Chinese, who know every turn of affairs in the city, maintain that only last month, when the Viceroy and great mandarins heard that the British Minister was coming in person, they were fully prepared to concede such terms of restitution as they supposed he would certainly demand.

I need scarcely say that all these details are matters of intense interest to every one here, of whatever nationality, so extraordinary is the position of a great British society thus compelled to defend itself before an English judge against the accusation of red-handed incendiaries, acting on the directions of an eminent English lawyer!

Note.—Ere this trial came off I had left Foo-Chow, and was at Ningpo on a visit to Bishop Russell, when tidings reached him of the end of "The Great Wu-Shih-Shan Case"—tidings of great surprise and sorrow.

I also received various letters from friends at Foo-Chow, all of whom had watched the trial with keen interest. As these letters exactly coincided in all their details with those received from other persons by Bishop Russell, I may assume that they were accurate, and I shall therefore quote some extracts from that of a totally unbiassed American.

"The trial is over, and though the verdict is not yet formally given, the Judge has left us no room to doubt that his decision will result in the expulsion of the missionaries from the city. We are all amazed at a verdict which has only been made possible by allowing technicalities of English law, never previously heard of in China, to be dragged into the question in a most extraordinary and utterly unprecedented manner, so as to bear in direct opposition to the Chinese custom regarding all land leases.

"The ground on which the trial was at first based was the

charge of encroachment, but that accusation broke down utterly and was abandoned, so the question was then shifted to the legality of the lease—which lease was signed by two directors of the temple, for, and in the presence of, the whole body of directors, and is worded precisely as Chinese leases always are. Strange to say, though the month and year are always entered, a blank is invariably left where *the day* of occupation would naturally be entered.¹ This is the invariable custom, nevertheless the judge announced in court that he would declare the lease void on this ground!

“There was no jury, so the verdict rests entirely in the hands of the Judge,² who, as you are aware, only arrived in China a few months ago, after long residence in Sierra Leone, consequently he can know little of Chinese custom. During the trial he resided at the Consulate, and it can be no breach of charity to say that the tone of feeling there is not favourable to the missionaries.

“From the very beginning of the trial the Judge showed a decided bias against them, and indulged in most uncalled-for remarks, implying that the statements upon oath of these highly respected clergy of the Church of England were not to be relied upon.

“In the same strain the English counsel for the Chinese, having taken the deposition of a Buddhist priest (who was proved to have absconded with 500 dollars—paid in advance by Mr Wolfe to the temple, for land—and to have become a Taoist priest in order to escape the Buddhists, and who did not scruple what lies he told to cover this transaction), declared that in the statements of the two ministers of religion it was clear that the truth lay with the Buddhist! Much more was added of the same nature.

“In short, the manner in which these British gentlemen have been addressed in presence of the Chinese (while these have all along been treated with most marked consideration), has made all who value even-handed justice indignant, and you know how readily the Chinese mark and interpret the smallest symptoms of

¹ It is so in all the leases held by Bishop Russell in North China, and in those of all other persons whom I have heard speak on the subject.

² Mr French, Chief Judge of Her Majesty's Supreme Court in China.

official discourtesy as a proof that they may readily adopt the same course.

“It certainly has been a remarkable experience to find British ingenuity devising and teaching the Chinese new lessons in the art of amalgamating English and Chinese law for the oppression of the Church of England Mission!” . . .

Extract from another letter from an American :—

“April 4, 1880.

. . . “The English Mission is now entirely dislodged from Wu-Shih-Shan. Its houses there are almost pulled down, and the ground is undergoing purification by the continual burning of candles and joss-paper !

“SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE OUSTING OF THE MISSIONARIES, THE LONG-COVETED RACE-COURSE HAS BEEN SECURED, as you will see by the enclosed clipping from a Foo-Chow paper !

“Of course you heard the final verdict in the lawsuit, deciding that ‘The Plaintiffs,’ ‘*in accordance with Chinese law and custom,*’ could resume possession of the property by giving three months’ notice that the grounds were positively required for the use of the adjoining temple (this being *in clear opposition to established custom* in these leases, which here are frequently taken instead of perpetual leases, and are accounted equally secure, inasmuch as neither party can withdraw, so long as the rent is paid).

“You might possibly imagine that having driven the English Mission from the hill, the small gentry would have left them in peaceful possession of their various small holdings in the city—chapels, schools, and catechists’ houses. So far from this, they have been subjected to a series of incessant annoyances and persecutions, all in direct opposition both to the treaty clauses and to Chinese custom (regarding tenure of houses).

“The aggressors are so emboldened by impunity that they no longer take the trouble to call up the ‘Feng-Shui’ spectre, by pretending that new foreign buildings on a hill are at fault. Old long-inhabited native houses in a street are declared to be equally objectionable, if the inhabitant is known to be a Christian in connection with the English Mission !

“ Now, is it not a remarkable thing that while your Britannic Consul does not obtain common justice for his people, here at the Treaty Port, not only is the American Mission left in undisturbed possession of its hill and all other property, but our United States Consul is at the present moment, without any trouble whatever, obtaining redress from these self-same Chinese officials, for an assault on an American Mission station 150 miles in the interior? The ringleaders have been captured, and are to be sent here for punishment.

“ This is no exceptional case. It is the invariable rule. So surely as an assault is committed, so surely do remonstrance and restitution follow, and there is never any question as to the right of American missionaries to acquire property either at Treaty Ports or in the interior. And yet this undisputed right of American subjects is founded solely on Article XII. of the British Treaty,¹ which says ‘ British subjects, whether at the ports or other places, desiring to build or open houses, warehouses, churches, hospitals, or burial-grounds, shall make their agreement for the land or buildings they require at the rates prevailing among the people, equitably, and without exactions on either side.’

“ This is made to apply to us by a clause in the American Treaty of 1869, which says that ‘ citizens of the United States shall enjoy the same privileges, immunities, and exemptions in respect to trade or residence as may be then enjoyed by citizens or subjects of the most favoured nation.’ So you see that our rights are actually founded on that clause in Lord Elgin’s treaty, of which British subjects are denied the benefit !”

(As a proof of the difference between the rights claimed (and therefore acknowledged) by Americans and British subjects, I may mention that on two occasions when it has been necessary for the Mission to obtain certain sites, *these have been rented on perpetual lease from the Chinese by Americans, and have afterwards been transferred to the English, THE DEEDS BEING REGISTERED IN THE AMERICAN CONSULATE*, where it is a matter of never-ending wonder

¹ Signed at Tien-tsin, June 26, 1858 ; ratified at Peking, October 24, 1860.

why, of all foreign powers, British subjects alone are, by the action of their own representatives, subjected to these special disabilities?)

For upwards of two years more the Church of England continued subject to much persecution, and the workers were nearly worn out with ceaseless harassing anxieties. They deemed themselves fortunate, however, in being allowed to retain their three churches in the city, and in being allowed to go thither unmolested to aid the native clergy and catechists in ministering to their oppressed flocks, but all other property in the city was taken from them.

For a while they were compelled to disband their theological students, having no place in which to accommodate them. So soon, however, as it was possible, a native house was secured for their use near to the temporary quarters in which the refugees first found a resting-place, after their compulsory removal to Nantai. These were very inconvenient, but endless difficulties were thrown in the way of any better site being obtained.

Better days were however in store. In 1883 Sir Harry Parkes was appointed H.B.M. Minister at Peking, and very shortly afterwards a marked change was evident in the attitude of the Chinese officials at Foo-Chow.¹ Various provincial difficulties of long standing were rectified, and confiscated churches restored. Moreover an excellent site in a very good and healthy situation in the open country was offered to the Mission in exchange for that which they had purchased. Pecuniary gifts from sympathetic friends supplemented the small sum which had been paid by the Chinese officials as compensation for the burnt college, and by the close of the year an excellent building was completed, with accommodation for fifty students, each provided with a separate small room. To the college is attached a chapel, seated for two hundred and fifty persons, and the very first service herein held

¹ Alas! for all British interests in China, but doubly grievous for the cause of Christian Missions, was the bitter news received in London on Sunday, 22d March 1885, announcing that Sir Harry Parkes had that morning died at Peking from rapid typhus fever.

was the ordination to priests' orders of the Rev. Ngoi-kai-ki, an excellent clergyman, and, moreover, an Honorary Mandarin of the fifth Military degree (I note this, because, as yet, so few men of any social standing have joined the Christians). It is the old story, here as in Judea, "Have any of THE RULERS of the people believed?" Mr Ngoi has had to face many a trouble on account of his Christian faith, not the least to a Chinaman being the official annulling of his hard-earned literary B.A. degree. Moreover, for many years his wife was a bitter opponent of the Christians, and her unkindness made his home very miserable. Gradually, however, she quite changed, became a most devout Christian, and she and her three children were baptized together.

Mr Ngoi, who has hitherto been in charge of a country parish, has now been appointed Native Principal of the new boarding-school for boys, which has been built near the college, also on an excellent site, with accommodation for sixty boys, a first-rate playground, and comfortable quarters for masters. An admirable feature of this school is the opening of an industrial school in connection with it; so that the boys, having devoted half of each day to study, may in the other half be instructed in useful trades. Thus when their schooldays are over, they will be fitted to start in life as able Christian tradesmen. Such of the elder boys as show a distinct talent or inclination for work as teachers, are allowed to give up attending these industrial classes, that they may devote their full time to study.

The Girls' Boarding-School shares in the general comfort of ample space, and forty boarders give good promise of future influence in many homes.

A commodious new house has also been built for women who come to study with a view to retiring to their own villages as Bible-women—a class greatly needed, and of extreme usefulness. Of course in China, women can only be reached by women, more especially women of the upper and middle classes. Hence the somewhat unusual feature of finding that *the converts number considerably more men than women*. The baptisms in the Fuh-kien districts for the year 1882 show a return of *two hundred and two men, and only sixty-two women*. It is hoped that the work

of the Bible-women in Chinese homes will soon show a very different return. Twenty-four such women are now under instruction by the wives of the clergy.

Now that all the prolonged vexations of the persecutions and the Unjust Trial are well past, those most deeply concerned are able to believe that all has been over-ruled for good, and that in some respects (notwithstanding the extra fatigue entailed on the clergy by the long daily walks to their work in the city) the position of the Mission has actually been benefited. It is found that the students—men, boys, and girls—work better in the purer atmosphere, and there is space for further overflow should numbers increase.

Moreover, proximity to the foreign settlement has distinct advantages in bringing the subject home to the notice of many who formerly scarcely realised what work was actually going on, who probably had never in their lives entered a Chinese school or chapel, and whose sole ideas of native Christians were derived from having once had some very dishonest servant *who called himself* a Christian. Now that the Mission is so well established in the immediate neighbourhood of the foreign community, its existence is self-evident, and creates an interest which finds expression in such kindly acts as occasional treats to the children, and largely increased sympathy with the long-tried members of the Mission.

The same happy change is also very apparent throughout the Province. At numerous villages (where till very recently a foreign teacher had to face the probabilities of insult and riot, and where, for perhaps a number of years, one solitary convert alone held his ground in spite of all persecution) there are now flourishing congregations of from fifty to a hundred persons. And whereas five years ago there were only half-a-dozen little country village schools, there are now upwards of forty, with a prospect of considerable increase of the number of scholars, of whom fully one-half are children of entirely heathen families, but are nevertheless committed by their parents to the careful training of the hitherto hated and despised Christians!

As a matter of course the bombardment of the Arsenal by the French at once raised a fresh storm of persecution, which, however,

the mandarins did their utmost to allay. It was deemed expedient to recall all foreign teachers within the limits of the Treaty Ports, but the converts thus left to themselves held their ground bravely, and (notwithstanding the bitter taunts and contempt of their heathen neighbours, who declared them traitors to their country, whom it would be well to exterminate) they went calmly on their usual way, all Church services being held with accustomed regularity, and well attended.

It may be that in years to come, *when China has taken her place as THE GREATEST CHRISTIAN NATION IN THE WORLD*, such troubles as these will be remembered, as we in Britain remember the persecutions of the earliest Christians by our pagan ancestors.

But meanwhile, as regards the present position of the Church in this Province, it would appear that here, as elsewhere, the darkest hour preceded the dawn—

POST TENEBRAS, LUX !



JUNKS AND SAMPANS ON THE MIN RIVER.

CHAPTER XX.

JUNKS AND SAMPANS.

Trade on the Bund—Rowing Junks—Odd Vessels—Religious Services
—A Gay Funeral Barge—Sampan Life—Contrast English Canal-
Boats—The Roman Catholic Mission—Easter Morning—High
Mass—Easter Psalms—Among the Junks—Temple-Theatre.

*Chez MRS FRED. FRY,
BESIDE THE RIVER MIN,
April 7th, 1879.*

BEING on the very brink of the water, this is a most delightful house from which to watch all the endless combinations of picturesque boat and quay life. The latter includes a good deal of street trade—many girls with boxes of pretty silken artificial flowers come to tempt the sampan women, and barbers carrying their stock-in-trade in two ornamental red cases, wait for skulls to scrape. I observe that they use no soap!

But the eye does not linger long on the shore, for the attractions of the river are manifold. At certain states of the tide the stream is literally covered with native vessels of all shapes and sizes, silently gliding up stream or down, as the case may be. It is so extraordinary to watch large junks coming down the river, mid-stream, propelled only by two gigantic sculls, one on each side of the ship, and each worked by about a dozen men. The end of this huge oar

is attached to the junk by a strong leathern thong, and the scull works round and round, somewhat on the principle of a screw.

All the time the men are at this, or any other work involving combined labour—such as rowing, or dragging a heavy cart—they keep up a ceaseless chorus. One chants a long story, probably describing the events of the day, and at regular intervals all join in a shout of “Hei-yei!” occasionally varied by a shower of “Yoi haie ai ah!” It sounds as if the song must be a serious additional labour, but like the cheery choruses of Jack Tar, they appear really to assist work.

There are generally a multitude of singularly picturesque junks lying at anchor just below the great Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages—the Wan-Show-Keaou—and I have several times spent hours of delight rowing about among these to select the most striking group; and then, the house-boat being securely moored at the point thus chosen, I have been able to sketch in perfect peace, undisturbed by even the most friendly crowds.

But no brush—certainly not mine—could convey any correct impression of these strange scenes—these extraordinary combinations of form and colour. Here we have a whole flotilla moored side by side, and we look up at the extraordinary high sterns, so fantastic in shape, and covered with brilliant pictures of huge birds and gruesome dragons, or groups of mythological scenes. Emerald green, scarlet and crimson, white and gold, sienna and madder and prussian blue, are so freely used, that even the gorgeous and very varied banners can scarcely excel the brilliancy of the vessel. But the overhanging stern and huge unwieldy rudder cast deep shadows, which are carried down in the

reflections, and the grey granite bridge, and grey and white clouds softening the blue sky and the distant hills, harmonise the whole. The great rudder (whose size atones in some measure for the exceedingly small keel) is perforated, so as to offer less resistance to the water.

The prow of these vessels is shaped and painted to represent the face of a gigantic and most gaudy fish, with huge staring eyes, and the heavy anchor hangs from its mouth. Very quaint, too, are the huge sails of brown or yellow matting, or white cotton, supported by cross-ribs of bamboo. After a wet night, all the sails are run up to dry at early morning, and when half-furled, the bamboo ribbing is singularly suggestive of the wing of the flying-fish, from which doubtless the idea was first taken. The great masts are of one solid piece of wood—no attempt at scientific mast-building! As nothing in China is left to individual taste or caprice, even the very varied colouring of the junks is all regulated by law, those of different provinces being distinguished by a red, green, or white border, on a black ground, round the bulwarks. Those belonging to this province are green-bordered. The hull is generally white, affording a good surface for the emblematic phoenix which is invariably represented as standing on a rock surrounded by tempestuous waves, thus symbolising safety. It is incumbent on all shipowners to repair their vessels every second year—rather a serious business, considering how elaborate is their decoration.

Now we may change our position, so as to watch the great timber-junks taking on their cargo. I say *on* advisedly, for it is all tied on outside, and only the stem and stern of a laden vessel are visible, so great is the bulk of timber fastened to her on either side; of course she thus becomes

exceedingly buoyant, for the cargo is self-supporting, floating on its own account.

What a pity it is that words should be so utterly powerless to convey any idea of form and colour! Though I have done my best to give you some notion of the strange river scenes which so fascinate me, I know that it is quite impossible for you really to form any conception of their brilliancy and quaintness.

Especially attractive as scenic effects, though well-nigh maddening to the ear, are the frightfully noisy religious services whereby the crew commend themselves to the Sea Dragon and to the goddess Tien-how, or else to Loong-moo, the Dragon's mother, when a laden junk is on the eve of sailing. The crew assemble sometimes on the bows, sometimes on the very high stern of the vessel, which is a wonderful arrangement of carving and colour. A temporary altar is erected, on which are spread all manner of offerings, and beside it kneels the leader of the ceremonies, probably the skipper himself, while one stands forward uplifting a sort of brazier full of blazing joss-paper, which he holds up towards the sun, while others produce an ear-splitting din on gongs and cymbals.

During the service the whole vessel, but especially the stern, is decorated with banners of every shape and every conceivable device. Finally the offerings are taken from off the altar and are cast into the sea to propitiate the Sea Dragon, whose protection having been thus invoked, the junk starts on its seaward journey. One notable feature in the sacrifice is the slaughter of a fowl; part of its blood is sprinkled on the deck, and part on pieces of "joss-paper," which are then affixed to the door-posts and lintels of the cabin.

These Chinese sailors do their best to disprove the European proverb, "The danger past, and God forgotten," for, on reaching their destination, their first care is to proceed to the temple of Tien-how on land, and there give thanks, and present thank-offerings, which include samples of the cargo. Thus on some of the isles of this coast, where fish-curing is carried on, it is customary for the sailors to present small red bags full of salt, each bag bearing the name of the donor. These are heaped upon the altar of the goddess.

These sailors, like those of other lands, have their special pet superstitions. They are sorely afraid of evil spirits, whom they believe to flit about on the waters and on the breezes. When becalmed, they whistle for the wind, just like European sailors; and they have notions of luck concerning ravens, which sometimes alight on the rigging, exactly corresponding with the ordinary respect for the albatross. To shoot a raven would be deemed a heinous nautical offence.

Besides the great three-masted junks, which are the giants of the river, a thousand lesser craft ply to and fro, giving life to the whole scene. Here come floating down boats laden with red crockery jars—jars like those in which are stored ancestral bones when brought from afar. There are fishing-boats with what appears in the distance to be a most picturesque triangular brown awning, but which turns out to be nets spread so as to dry. Just beyond lie several cormorant boats, with the demoniacal-looking birds perched like the familiar spirits of the curious-looking object beneath the huge bamboo hat.

Now more timber-rafts approach, bringing fresh stores from the mountain forests to be here consigned to the great

junks; and house-boats, each with its pleasant company of holiday-makers.

And now a very picturesque boat floats silently by, laden with many blue-clothed people, and a large object draped with scarlet, and ornamented with green boughs. It is a pleasant bit of rich colour, and its reflections mingle with those of the bright blue sky and hills, so there is nothing about it to suggest that it is really a funeral party.

Ere long another funeral floats by, but of this the mourners are all clothed in white, and some wear sack-cloth. Here, too, the coffin is covered with a scarlet pall, and from the stern droop green branches, festooned with scarlet cloth, and beautiful white banners embroidered with green dragons.

Here, there, and everywhere lie the pretty little sampans, some moored to the shore, others busily plying to and fro across the river, earning small coin by carrying passengers. This boat life is to me a source of endless interest.

In no other condition of life have I seen such practical proof of the old truism, that "man wants but little here below." Here the "little" is a small boat about the size of two four-post beds, set end to end, and covered in at night by a series of telescopic sliding-roofs of bamboo matting. In these very close quarters a whole family stow themselves away, and contrive to live in marvellous harmony—not only a man and his wife, and their children, but frequently the grandparents also, for here they are born, they marry, and they die; it is the only home they know, and though the men may go away to work on the junks, this is the "home, sweet home," to which they long to return.

Here they all cook and sleep and worship—for no matter how tiny the boat, the family altar is never crowded out. It occupies the place of honour in the stern of the boat, and through the day it is protected by a little sliding-door, which is drawn aside at the hours of worship, revealing the household gods and miniature ancestral tablets, which are coloured red, the names of the dead being inscribed in gilt characters. Though these people are so poor that it is all they can do to earn their daily rice, the very poorest contrive to lay aside a few cash to buy a handful of flowers to lay before the little image of either Teen-how, the Queen of Heaven, or the Goddess of Mercy with the young Child, and a few sticks of incense to burn, when at sunrise, and at sunset the family commend themselves specially to her care. In the evening some hang up a paper-lantern on which the name of one of the gods is inscribed in large characters—not a costly offering, but in their case quite in the proportion of “the two mites.”

You would naturally imagine that the crowded boats must be dirty and perhaps full of fleas. On the contrary, their cleanliness is simply incredible. There is never a dirty corner in a sampan. Every crevice is alike kept scoured, so that not a speck of dirt is to be seen; and what with paint, oil, varnish, and “elbow-grease,” these little homes are as spic and span in their way as a Japanese tea-house; and these sampan children are just as clean, and as quaint, and as preternaturally good as the delightful children of Japan. The youngest treasure of the family is generally strapped on to its mother’s back while she sculls the boat, and the “deposed king” is secured from drowning by a long cord fastened round his waist, and a small buoy attached to his back, so that if he should

happen to tumble overboard, he can easily be fished up again.

So the foreigner who has a sampan to take him across the river or to some of its countless points of interest, is scarcely conscious that while he sits in state beneath the principal bamboo awning, half-a-dozen grave little persons, with curiously shaven heads, are stowed away beneath a smaller awning astern, beside the long steer-oar, which is probably worked by their tidy mother, in the neatest "Bloomer" dress of indigo-coloured stuff—a comfortable blouse and short wide trousers reaching to a little below the knee—and bare feet—her glossy black hair always neatly dressed and ornamented by some fancy pin or bright artificial flower.

These sampan women look the very picture of ruddy health and good temper, and their little ones take after their parents. If their wardrobes are not over well supplied, they certainly are clean, and kept well aired, long bamboos acting as drying posts, from which, banner-like, flutter the blue household garments. There is even a corner of the roof reserved for a few flower-pots, for even in these floating homes the Chinaman's love for plants and talent for gardening asserts itself.

What astonishes me most of all is the multitude of these boats, which literally seem to be as the sands of the sea. Wherever I have yet been there is the same swarm, and I am told it is the same at every town on every great river throughout this vast Empire. At Canton I was told that there alone the sampan population is estimated at three hundred thousand persons, *i.e.*, just thrice as many as the whole canal population of Britain.¹

¹ See page 77.

I suppose that till Mr George Smith told us about these last, few of us realised that we even owned such an item as 25,000 house-boats (or barges), nor even that Britain possessed 4800 miles of river and canal as the water-way on which they ply ; but one thing patent to the most careless glance is the squalid misery and dirt and degradation of life on board of such boats, and all I have known or read concerning the canal-boats of Britain comes back to my mind in most sad contrast when looking on these bright happy families.¹ And yet the wages of the former would appear boundless wealth to the latter, who toil all day so cheerily for the very minimum of life's necessaries. Monsignor Gentili, the Roman Catholic Bishop, who is intimately acquainted with the sampan people, many of whom are members of his flock, tells me that often the whole earnings

¹ Humiliating indeed is the contrast between the canal population of Christian England and that of heathen China, as revealed by the few philanthropists who have so far gone out of their way as to attempt to humanise the former. Of course they have found some bright exceptions, but the majority were ignorant of the very first elements of Christianity, and indeed of humanity—more brutally degraded than the most untutored of savages. It is not very long since a canal boatman was proved to have wilfully turned away from the cries of a drowning man because there was no certainty of reward for saving life, whereas he could surely claim a reward of five shillings for every dead body recovered from the canal !

In the dingy cabins of these dark, dirty barges, in an atmosphere redolent of blasphemy and immorality, there were found stowed away about 60,000 British children, poor untaught little ones—over-worked, beaten, cursed !—whose sole training consisted in the ready blows and the foul words so freely showered upon them. No domestic altar nor morning and evening worship for these—as for “the heathen Chinese.” “Children in canal-boats don't say prayers,” said one of these poor little ones to a friend who fain would have taught her. And this was actually the condition of 100,000 of our own fellow-countrymen until, in the year 1882, Mr George Smith (the deliverer of unnumbered thousands of British children from the slavery of the brickfields and these canal-boats) succeeded, with infinite difficulty, in getting his “Emancipation” and “Education” Acts, not only passed, but into working order.

of a family by a day's fishing does not amount to more than twopence, and though the equivalent, forty cash, will certainly go farther than our twopence, we need scarcely wonder that after each meal the family purse is generally empty!

The Bishop gave me various other interesting particulars about the Roman Catholic Mission in China.

Long before China had begun to dream of making concessions to foreigners, devoted Jesuit missionaries continued to effect an entrance in the guise of Chinamen; some secured a footing by reason of their scientific attainments, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries their converts became exceedingly numerous, including a considerable number of men holding high official rank. One thing which gave these early teachers an immense advantage over those of later days is the fact that they were untrammelled by the heavy weight which now attaches to all English teachers, on account of their national connection with the opium trade.

Those early Catholic missionaries were as free to preach as had been those Indian missionaries who came here, B.C. 250, to spread the doctrines of Buddha, which were equally "foreign" to China, and, nevertheless, soon effectually took root in the Empire.

Nor were the Mahomedan preachers less "foreign" when they arrived here in the seventh century, and uncompromisingly declared the unity of God and the iniquity of idolatry. They too have overspread the Empire from Peking to Canton, having mosques everywhere, and rigidly adhering to their own faith. So numerous are they, that in some parts of the Northern and Western Provinces no less than one-third of the inhabitants profess this creed, while *the total number of Chinese Mahomedans is estimated at thirty millions.*

The Jesuits made such good progress that they might very well have secured a permanent and important position. But the usual rash blending of things temporal with spiritual seems to have first roused violent opposition, and terrible persecutions ensued, in which seventy French priests and many more of other nationalities were martyred.

Still, notwithstanding every edict and every attempt to suppress and expel them, they have bravely held their ground, and after the signing of the treaties they resumed the attack in good earnest. Now they reckon their native converts at upwards of one million,¹ while their working

¹ A number so enormously in excess of the converts of all other Christian denominations may at first sight seem startling, even in view of nearly three centuries of work, and the larger number of workers. It must, however, be borne in mind that (although St Francis Xavier's wholesale baptisms, by sprinkling the gaping crowds on the banks of the Indian rivers, could scarcely count in the present day) the change from Buddhism to Catholicism is very much simpler than to unadorned Christianity.

For instance, how easy is the transition from the worship of either Teen-how-shing-moo, "the Holy Mother, Queen of Heaven," or that of the Goddess of Mercy with the young Child, and the lilies and the dragon (sometimes serpent) under her feet, to that of the Holy Mother with the Infant Saviour standing on the serpent's head. As to the whole company of Buddhist saints, with the golden glory encircling every head, they are scarcely to be distinguished from those of Christendom. The total suppression of the second commandment in the Roman Decalogue does away with all difficulties regarding the use of "graven images," and as the Catholics have never published any Chinese translation of the Holy Scriptures, their converts are in no danger of discovering too much on this or any other subject.

All that custom has endeared to the outward senses of the Buddhist he may retain in the Church of Rome. Use of images, rosaries, incense, holy water, ringing of consecrated bells, prostrations, fasting multiplied, reiteration of short prayers, a gorgeously vested and shaven priesthood, monasteries and convents, belief in Purgatory, intensely realistic pictures of the tortures of a material Hell—above all (that which is by far the most difficult for a convert to give up), ancestral worship in the form of Masses for the Dead, in services scarcely to be distinguished from those which he has ever believed to be the highest act of worship.

Moreover, the rule of life on various points is very much less strict than

staff consists of 41 bishops, 664 European priests, 559 native priests, 34 colleges, 34 convents—the latter representing both European and Chinese sisters. It is unfortunate that their very hostile attitude towards Christian teachers of all other denominations, and the consequent anti-Protestant instructions which they disseminate, verbally and in print, make it difficult for these to recognise them as true fellow-workers.

Easter Day.

The sampan people continue to afford me infinite interest, for so many boats lie moored close under our windows that we cannot avoid seeing them. The last thing at night, as I look out into the clear beautiful moonlight, they are for the most part calmly sleeping, though some few are always astir; and no matter how early I may awaken in the lovely dawn, they are all astir. Babies of all sizes are being washed, and dressed, and fed,—and they always look happy and bright,—and then the boats are scrubbed and made beautifully clean.

that required by Protestant teachers, and *faute de mieux*, obedience to Church rule is, in a multitude of cases, allowed to pass in place of intelligent worship. Especially as regards observance of Sunday is the law relaxed, the poor being allowed, by special Papal dispensation, to work in their fields or their shops, after being present at Mass.

That a large proportion of the aforesaid million converts were really so only in name has been clearly proven by the fact that, during the late war with France, although many have nobly endured persecution even unto death, a multitude of the half-hearted have relapsed to idolatry, so that these numbers have shrunk to less than one-half. The Roman Catholic Church in China has paid dearly for the protection which France (while persecuting the Church in Europe) so zealously extends to all persons professing the faith in foreign lands, chiefly, it is to be feared, as a cloak for political intrigue. Consequently their interests are identified.

Now, however, a Papal Legate has been sent to Peking, and there well received, the authorities declaring their willingness to recognise the Roman Catholic as an authorised religion, provided it is independent of French protection.

