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CHINESE WOMEN AT HOME.

"Morally they are China's better half—modest, graceful, and attractive." See page 82.

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A CYCLE OF CATHAY

OR

CHINA, SOUTH AND NORTH

WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY

W. A. P. MARTIN, D. D., LL. D.

PRESIDENT EMERITUS OF THE IMPERIAL TUNGWEN COLLEGE

MEMBRE DE L'INSTITUT DE DROIT INTERNATIONAL

MEM. COR. DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DE LA LÉGISLATION COMPARÉE, ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

SECOND EDITION

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

OLIPHANT ANDERSON AND FERRIER

1897

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TO MY GRANDCHILDREN,

AND TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES,

YOUNG AND OLD, I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME, IN THE HOPE OF

INTERESTING THEM IN THE FUTURE OF A GREAT NATION,

WITH WHICH OUR RELATIONS MUST EVER

BECOME CLOSER AND MORE

IMPORTANT.

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"On s 'oublie en parlant de soi."

PROSPER MERIMÉE.

"Schreiben Sie aus dem Gedächtniss auf, was Sie sich besinnen—nicht aus der Phantasie."

W. VON HUMBOLDT.

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PREFACE

FROM the prelude to China's first war with England to the present date is, roughly speaking, about sixty years—the length of a Chinese cycle, though for all I know Tennyson may have thought of it as a thousand years. To this period the following pages principally relate. During three fourths of it I was domiciled in China, dividing my life between South and North, and adding to the experiences of a missionary those of an employee of the Chinese government. For two years I served my own country at a critical epoch, when the treaties were negotiated which led to the opening of Peking.

My position in a college closely connected with the Board of Foreign Affairs gave me exceptional opportunities for observing the course of diplomacy in the Chinese capital for nearly thirty years. Yet my object is not so much to write a history of events as to exhibit the Chinese as I have seen them, in their social and political life. To some the personal element will add interest; to all, I would fain hope, it will add confidence.

Should the volume fall into the hands of any of my old students, they will, I trust, find in it the same sympathetic appreciation of their country and the same candor of criticism which, I am sure, they have learned to expect.

W. A. P. M.

AUDUBON PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

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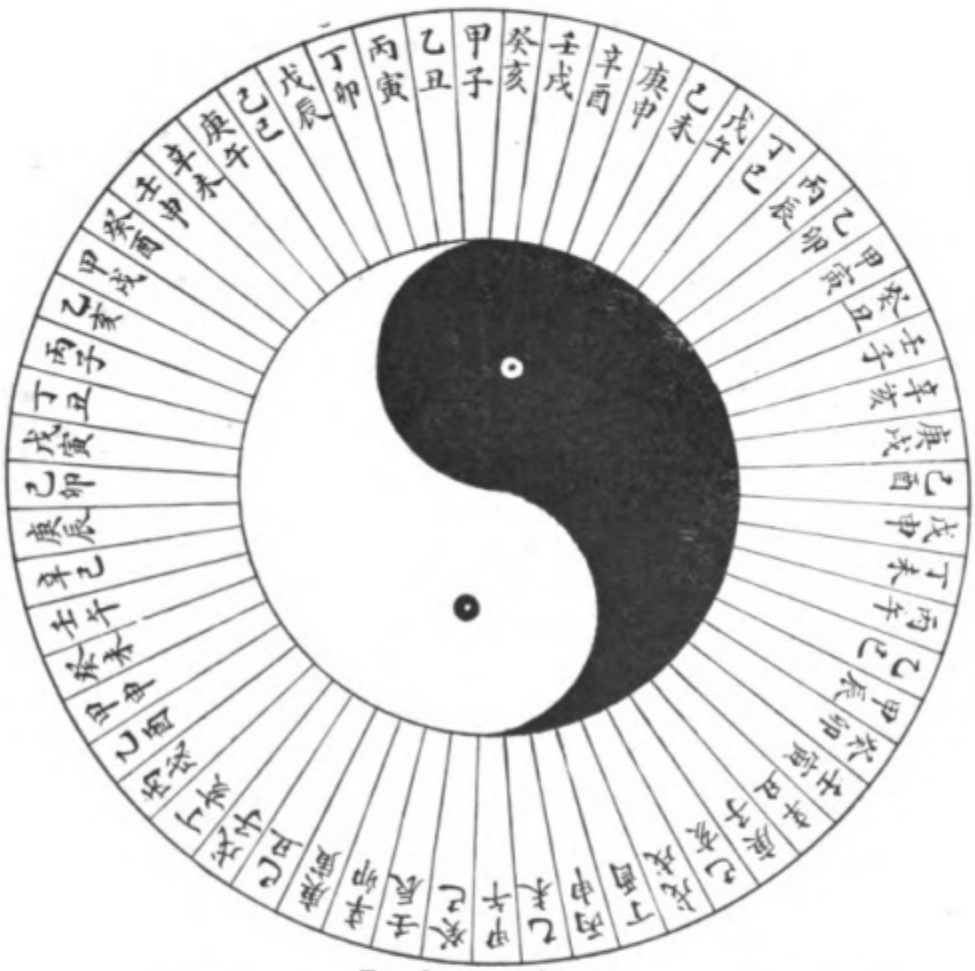

THE CYCLE OF CATHAY.

The Chinese Cycle consists of sixty years, each with a separate name. Their names are here ranged in the outer circle, and read from the top towards the left hand. The present year (1896) is the 32d of the 76th Cycle from the beginning of the Cyclic era. The figures in the inner space are the dual forces, Yin and Yang, symbolized by darkness and light, which form the starting point of Chinese philosophy.

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PART I

LIFE IN SOUTH CHINA

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LIFE IN SOUTH CHINA

CHAPTER I

FIRST GLIMPSES OF CHINA

Policy of seclusion — Opium war — Hong Kong — Canton — Foot-binding — Macao — The coolie-trade — The "term question"

EARLY in the morning of April 10, 1850, we* were startled by the cry of "Pirate! pirate!" from our Dutch cabin-boy; but instead of those freebooters, so dreaded in the China seas, we were boarded by a pilot, who soon brought the good ship "Lantao" to anchor in the harbor of Hong Kong, after a voyage of one hundred and thirty-four days from Boston—a voyage which may now be made in one fifth of the time. None but those who have worn out a considerable portion of their lives in doubling capes and contending with head winds, or with still more vexatious calms, can properly appreciate what steam has done to bring the ends of the earth together. The transformation may be said to realize the dream

* There were six of us, namely, Rev. Justus Doolittle, of the American Board, author of a well-known book on the "Social Life of the Chinese"; my brother, Rev. S. N. D. Martin, myself, and our wives, of the Presbyterian Board.

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of an ancient Chinese fabulist, who represents an imperial traveler as receiving from the gods a whip, whose blows had the effect of causing the earth to shrink to small dimensions.*

Politically, the place we saw before us was not China; the little rocky islet having been ceded to Great Britain in 1843, after the close of the war. The conquering power might as easily have annexed a province, or a larger island farther up the coast; but with the instinct of a maritime empire, which has led her to pick up such rocks as Gibraltar and Malta, Aden and Singapore, she chose to retain none of her conquests save this sea-girt mountain. Hong Kong possesses a magnificent harbor, easy to fortify, and commands not merely the approaches to Canton, but the whole commerce of the China coast, and, to some extent, that of Japan. From a mere fishing-village it had already grown to be a thriving town; and now it is a great city of two or three hundred thousand inhabitants. The Peak of Victoria, which we then saw rising before us in rugged majesty, is to-day crowned with magnificent buildings, to which the occupants are lifted by steam; and the sides of the mountain, then clad with tropical jungle, are now adorned by gay streets gleaming like golden bands on the shoulders of a naval Atlas.

One morning shortly after our arrival I set out for the summit of the Peak, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, saying that I would be home for early breakfast. Soon, however, the grassy carpet that seemed to extend to the top resolved itself into a network of creepers, overlying huge fragments of stone, and concealing cliffs which I had to scale in my stocking-feet. It was high noon when I reached the goal, and then I discovered a beaten path, which, had I known of it, would have saved me all that trouble and danger. I resolved thence-

* The traveler, an historical character, was the Emperor Muh, who reigned 1000 B.C. The fiction, founded on his travels, is as old as the era of the Punic Wars.

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forth not to attack a difficulty until I had surveyed it on all sides.

We were kindly lodged at the house of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of the American Baptist Mission, who made us feel at home by permitting us to pay our proportion of his family expenses —an arrangement indispensable for those missionaries who, living on grand routes of travel, keep open house for all comers.

My brother proceeded to the North in the "Lady Mary Wood," the only steamer then plying on a coast where there are now literally thousands, large and small. The rate of passage to Shanghai was exorbitant (about two hundred dollars in gold); and to save expense, as well as to get a view of several seaports on the way, my wife and I preferred to join a party in chartering a Portuguese schooner, or *lorcha*. Before going to bed on the day of our arrival—my birthday as well as my entrance on a new life—I wrote in my journal a long series of good resolutions. Luckily they were lost at sea, otherwise the contrast between purpose and attainment might now have been too humiliating. A retrospect is here required as a key to the situation.

My interest in China was first awakened in 1839 by the boom of British cannon battering down her outer walls. In the case of China, as in that of Japan, the policy of seclusion was recent, and was adopted by both for the same reason. China had always prided herself on having distant nations knock at her doors; and she encouraged them to come in by allowing their tribute missions to carry on trade duty-free. But a change of policy came with the discovery of a new route to the East by the Cape of Good Hope. When she saw Europeans arrive with stronger ships and better artillery than her own, her fears began to be excited. When she observed them pocketing the islands of the Eastern seas, and contending for fragments of the empire of her kinsman, the Great Mogul, she deemed it prudent to close her ports, leaving the

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gates ajar at one point only, namely, Canton, the emporium of the South.

The impression made by the unscrupulous aggressions of European adventurers is well set forth in a fictitious narrative called "The Magic Carpet," written by a Chinese author two centuries ago. "In the days of the Ming dynasty," says this Oriental apologue, "a ship of the red-haired barbarians came to one of our southern seaports and requested permission to trade. This being refused, the strangers begged to be allowed the use of so much ground as they could cover with a carpet, for the purpose of drying their goods. Their petition was granted; and, taking the carpet by the corners, they stretched it until there was room for a large body of men, who, drawing their swords, took possession of the city."

Japan at this period excluded all but the Dutch and the Chinese; but the merchants of those favored nations had to submit to be locked up at night like malefactors. China was more impartial, admitting all comers, and treating all with equal indignity and suspicion. Like Japan, she turned the missionaries out of doors and banished or butchered their converts, lest a religious propaganda should pave the way for political encroachment. The merchants she allowed to reside at Canton for only a short time in the year; and, with a natural prevision, she objected to their bringing their wives, since that indicated a disposition to stay. The first woman to set this restriction at defiance was the wife of an English superintendent of trade, and cannon had to be planted before her door to deter the natives from attempting her expulsion. Foreigners were confined to a suburb, and on no account were they permitted to enter the gates of the city. What is more significant is that native scholars were forbidden to teach them the mysteries of the Chinese written language. A teacher engaged by Dr. Morrison, the first English missionary, always carried poison, so as to be able by suicide to escape the clutches

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of the mandarins should he fall into their hands on the charge of being guilty of so heinous a crime. The reign of terror was somewhat mitigated when a teacher in the employ of Dr. Williams, one of our earliest American missionaries, was known in his comings and goings to bear in his hand an old shoe, that he might, in an emergency, pass himself off for a cobbler.

The conflict that put an end to this cowardly policy bears the malodorous name of the "opium war"; conveying an impression that it was waged by England for the sole purpose of compelling the Chinese to keep an open market for that product of her Indian poppy-fields. Nothing could be more erroneous. Grievances had been accumulating such as a self-respecting people cannot endure forever. "For one hundred and fifty years, up to the year 1842," says Dr. Williams, "a leading grievance was that proclamations were annually issued by the government accusing foreigners of horrible crimes." In 1816 a British ambassador had been refused an audience by the emperor because he declined to do homage by performing the *Koto*, or Nine Prostrations. In 1834 Lord Napier, British superintendent of trade, was not only denied an interview with the governor of Canton, but his letters were rejected because they were not stamped with the word *pin* ("petition"), a word which in Chinese expresses abject inferiority. Either of these indignities—not to enumerate others—might have furnished ground for a just war; and if England had promptly appealed to arms to prevent violence and vindicate honor, her record would have stood fairer than unhappily it does now. Interest had to combine with indignation before she could be roused to action.

Her opportunity, however, came when the Emperor Tao-kwang despatched a high commissioner to Canton to fill the office of viceroy and put a stop to the traffic in opium. The drug was already contraband by imperial decree; England had made no protest; nor would she have lifted a finger to pro-

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tect her people in their smuggling trade if Chinese cruisers had driven them from the coast. But when Commissioner Lin issued commands to the Queen as a vassal of China, and treated her subjects with unjustifiable violence, the question entered upon another phase. The opium was stored on ships that lay outside among the islands, but its owners were at Canton. Without taking the trouble to identify them, the commissioner surrounded the factories with a cordon of soldiers and threatened the whole foreign colony with death if their opium was not surrendered by a fixed date. To give them an idea of what they had to expect, a native opium-smuggler had shortly before been put to death in an open spot in front of the factories.

Captain Elliot, the superintendent of trade, who was at Macao, hearing of these high-handed proceedings, hastened to Canton to share the perils of his countrymen. Without himself having the least sympathy with their illicit commerce, he called upon them to deliver their opium to him for the service of the Queen, and then handed it over to the viceroy as a ransom for British lives. Over twenty thousand chests, valued at nine million dollars, were then destroyed by mixing the drug with quicklime and pouring it into the river. This property having been demanded by her representative for her service, the Queen was pledged to see that the owners were indemnified. An order in council authorized reprisals, to compel the Chinese to make amends for their act of spoliation. Thus began a war which was more fortunate for England than that which followed the destruction of her tea in Boston harbor. After many battles, in all of which the Chinese were worsted, it ended in the treaty of 1842, by which the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuchau, Ningpo, and Shanghai were opened to British trade. Not a word was inserted in the treaty in favor of the trade in opium; yet the result was, as foreseen, a complete immunity from interference; and the traffic flourished be-

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yond measure, the traders having nothing to fear and no duties to pay. Had England, after exacting due reparation, introduced a prohibition clause, there can be no doubt that China might have been freed from a terrible scourge. What a contrast between her opium policy and her antislavery legislation!

In the treaties which followed with France and the United States (1844) the subject of opium was likewise ignored. Had Mr. Cushing at that early date placed the abominable traffic under the ban of the law, and induced France to do likewise, the moral effect could not have failed to be excellent. But when Mr. Angell condemned it in his treaty, nearly forty years later, it was then too late. At the instance of the French minister, the persecuting edicts were withdrawn, Christian exiles were recalled from banishment, and the propagation of the faith was formally sanctioned. Roman Catholic missionaries had never ceased to carry on a secret propaganda, but they now entered the country in greater numbers, and Protestants began to establish themselves in the "open ports." Such was the state of things at the date of my arrival.

While waiting for our vessel we made a visit to Canton. A small steamer carried us across the bay and forty miles up the Pearl River to a landing-place in a suburb of the great city. Our host, Dr. Happer, was there to receive us, and we made our way to his house through a forest of junks, in a small boat sculled by a large-footed woman—a fine specimen of nature undeformed. It was the abode of a family, who crowded themselves into a stern cabin, leaving for the use of passengers the front cabin, which was neatly spread with matting and adorned with flowers. Babies born on these boats are aquatic by early habit, if not by instinct. It is said that they can swim when first thrown into the water; but, in case of accident, they always have a joint of bamboo strapped on the back, to enable their parents to fish them up. The river population would alone suffice to people a considerable city. It consists of three

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classes: the crews of junks that come and go; those who live and make their living on the river; and those who do business on land but lodge in boats for the want of a *pied-à-terre*. Among the boats moored to the shore a large number are richly curtained and ornamented with beautiful carvings. These are the so-called "flower-boats," mostly the abode of bedizened Cyprians, who are enrolled by the police and recognized as pursuing a lawful calling. The legal sanction of vice always indicates a low standard of morality.

As we stepped on shore we were greeted by a hooting crowd, who shouted *Fanqui, fanqui! shato, shato!* ("Foreign devils! cut off their heads!"). "Is this," I mused, "the boasted civilization of China? Are these the people for whom I left my home?" But, I reflected, if they were not heathen, why should I have come? They looked as savage and as fierce as cannibals—the junkmen being always half-naked. Not long before this Dr. Ball, an old missionary, being thrown into the water by the overturning of a boat, caught the cable of a junk and called for help. He was soon surrounded by a number of small craft, but not one of their greedy occupants would take him ashore until a promise of twenty dollars had been extorted. Whether that is to be set down to hostility or to cupidity, I leave the reader to decide.

Canton having been held to ransom instead of being taken by British troops in the first war, the native insolence of the people was in no degree abated. They even pretended that their assailants were driven away; and it is said they erected a monument to commemorate their victory! In the second war, which occurred in 1857, the Allies, now grown wiser, took good care to occupy the city. A great change was visible in the disposition of the inhabitants; but a generation has passed since then, and they now seem to need another lesson.

I observed that the heads of the men were covered with a coat of short frowzy hair, in striking contrast with the shining

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scalps we had seen in Hong Kong. The difference was due to the recent death of the Emperor Taokwang, for whom a rigid mourning of a hundred days was exacted of all under the scepter of China. In ordinary times, for a Chinese to let his hair grow is to risk his head; nor is it less perilous to shave it during a period of mourning. After the death of the Emperor Tungchih, in 1874, an officer in Yunnan was cashiered for calling his barber a few days too soon. The cue and the tonsure are emblems of subjection imposed on the men by their Tartar conquerors two hundred and fifty years ago. They did not, however, interfere with the women, who, uninfluenced by the ladies of the court, persist in compressing their feet and in dressing their hair in a style different from that of the Manchus.

The whimsical fashion which condemns Chinese women to totter on their tiptoes is said in the *Kingyuen*, or "Mirror of Research," to have originated between 300 and 500 A.D.; but native scholars generally maintain that the custom sprang from emulation of Lady Yang—a small-footed Cinderella—who bewitched the Emperor Minghuang twelve centuries ago. So light was her step that, Camilla-like, she "skimmed o'er the unbending corn," or, as the Chinese say, "over the tops of golden lilies;" but her imitators have since ceased either to run or to dance. The source of many evils and of no good whatever—unless it be that of keeping women at home—this usage surpasses anything we meet with in the West as an example of the tyranny of a perverted taste, the passion for a waspish waist or that for a flattened skull not excepted. These are sporadic or tribal; the other is national.

For thirty generations have the women of China groaned under the "torture of the boot"—what a pity their daughters are not born with feet of the admired type! Unknown in the days of Confucius, this practice has risen up in defiance of his maxim that "filial piety requires you to preserve your bodily members entire, as you received them from your parents."

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Were it connected with Buddhism, its self-inflicted torment would be more intelligible. In no way religious in origin, religion will have to be invoked for its abolition, teaching Chinese women the sin of mutilating or distorting the Creator's workmanship and inflicting cruel sufferings on their innocent offspring. When a tortured child shrinks from the ordeal, she is told that she must submit or become the butt of ridicule and be ineligible in the marriage market.

The streets, which in hot weather are completely shaded with awnings, are narrow, paved with flagstones, and gay with pendent sign-boards, the Chinese characters producing a fine pictorial effect. When you stop to read them the effect is comical. "Righteousness and Peace," "Benevolence and Justice," "Unselfish Generosity," "Friendship and Fidelity," and a hundred other high-sounding combinations are employed to set forth the virtues of the proprietors. One likes to see prominence given to the moral sentiments, but the suggestion of a difference between profession and practice is not agreeable. The wall which incloses the city proper is of stone, and, were it not hidden by houses, forms a feature in a landscape in which the only other objects that can be called picturesque are an occasional pagoda, two noble rivers, and the White Cloud Hills, seen in the distance. The population of city and suburbs is about one million.

The foreign factories, or residence of the mercantile colony, we found were in a crowded suburb, near one of the gates; but after the second war they were removed to a pretty island in the river called Shamien.

How happens it, it may be asked, that a large city like Canton is situated so far from the river's mouth? The same peculiarity is to be remarked in the case of all Chinese cities on rivers emptying into the sea. Does it not show that inland trade has been to them a more important factor than ocean commerce? Or were they placed at a distance from the sea-

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board to be out of the reach of pirates? So rife was piracy in the reign of Kanghi (1662–1723) that he ordered the whole population to remove inland, to the distance of thirty *li*, or ten miles, in order to starve out the freebooters.

During our ten days' sojourn we made the acquaintance of a number of persons who have left their impress on the course of events in China. The then British consul was Dr. (afterward Sir John) Bowring, governor of Hong Kong—poet and linguist. His best-known verses are the missionary hymns, "Watchman, tell us of the night," and "In the cross of Christ I glory," both so full of faith and fervor that one would hardly suspect their author of being a Unitarian.

Presenting a letter from one of his American cousins, Miss Maylin, a friend of my wife, we were invited to breakfast at the consulate. We met there the captain of a British man-of-war, to whom, as well as to us, Dr. Bowring expatiated on the principles of the Peace Society. He maintained that all wars might be avoided; and, in proof of the radical kindliness of human nature, he told us that he had succeeded in walking around the city, from the interior of which foreigners were not only excluded, but in the neighborhood of which they could not go about with safety. A gang of roughs opposed his passage with stones in their hands, but they laughed and dropped their missiles when he addressed them in their own tongue. Who could have imagined that this apostle of peace would be the author of the next war!

Dr. Peter Parker was in charge of a hospital which he had conducted for many years. He called it an ophthalmic hospital, because the skilled treatment of the eye made then, as it still does, the deepest impression on the Chinese. The hospital walls, however, were embellished with drawings of capital operations in more than one department of surgery. The first sermon I heard in Chinese was from Dr. Parker's lips, addressed to a crowd who were waiting for the moving of the

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waters. He afterward became United States minister, retired to Washington, and closed his days in a sumptuous dwelling near the Presidential mansion. His fame, however, rests on his work as a pioneer of medical missions.

Still more distinguished was the career of Dr. S. Wells Williams. Missionary, diplomatist, and sinologue, his life was many-sided, and in every situation he displayed a phenomenal power of systematic industry. Beginning as a printer to the American Board Mission, and entering the diplomatic service only when his printing-office had been destroyed in a conflagration of the foreign settlement, he closed his life in China by being *chargé d'affaires* for the ninth time. The government might have honored itself by making him minister. "The fact is," said Secretary Seward, when asked why it had not done so, "we have found him indispensable as a secretary of legation." Ministers might come and go, but he remained to pilot the new-comers and aid each by his wisdom and experience. Much as he was able to accomplish in the service of the government, he has done more as an author. Not to speak of minor publications, his "Middle Kingdom" is a storehouse of information on China not likely soon to be superseded. More problematical is the future of his "Chinese Dictionary," which, despite its many merits, can hardly hope for permanence without a thorough revision by some one familiar with the dialects of the North. Each of these works is broad enough for the pedestal of a first-class reputation. It must be remembered that the former was produced while he was engaged as a missionary, and the latter in such moments as he could snatch from his duties at the legation. "Here is a new page to be written for eternity," he said to me one morning during our negotiations in Tientsin. Such was his habitual feeling: each day was a divine gift to be accounted for: hence his conscientious industry. Besides contributing much to the opening of China, Dr. Williams had a hand in the opening of Japan, having learned

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the language from some shipwrecked natives, and accompanied Commodore Perry as interpreter in his expedition to those islands. I shall have frequent occasion to refer to him in the sequel.

The Rev. William Burns, of Scotland, a prominent saint in the missionary calendar, I reserve to be noticed in connection with Peking.

The Rev. A. P. Happer, M.D., our host, was already a man of note. Trained for medical service, he directed his energies chiefly to educational work and the translation of books. His monument is the Christian college at Canton. From the date of this visit to the close of his life, in 1894, he was my friend and correspondent. His last letter to me, perhaps the last he ever sent to any one, was dictated from his pillow on the day of his decease.

The Rev. Issachar Roberts, uncouth and eccentric, then gave no indication of the part he was to play in the great events of the near future; for it was he on whom fell the responsibility of giving shape to the religious element in the Tai-ping rebellion—a movement which but for foreign interference would have placed his pupil on the throne of China. With his uncouthness Bishop Smith had been so impressed that he took him as an example of the kind of man who ought not to be sent out, adding, however, the pious reflection, "Yet who knows but that God may have something for him to do? for he often chooses weak things to confound the mighty." "This sentence," said the bishop, speaking to me long afterward, "Roberts accepted as a prophecy, and bound it as a crown of glory on his head at a time when he had become famous as the teacher of a possible emperor." An instance of Mr. Roberts's eccentricity is worth telling. A young missionary, in a fit of melancholy, attempted suicide, and when discovered was slowly bleeding to death. A young woman, perhaps the innocent cause of the tragedy, ran to the nearest chapel and besought Mr. Rob-

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erts to come to the succor of the dying man. "Let the dead bury their dead, but I must preach the gospel," he replied, and proceeded to preach as if nothing had happened.

Before leaving Canton we visited the gardens of Howqua, one of the thirteen hong merchants who, prior to the era of the treaties, held a monopoly of foreign trade. They were situated on the opposite bank of the river, in a locality that bore the appropriate name of *Fati* ("Land of Flowers"). Though extensive, and abounding in strange forms of vegetation, they did not in the least resemble the "Leasowes" of Shenstone or the gardens of Alcinous—making no attempt at landscape beyond heaps of rockwork, which resembled mountain scenery as much as a brick resembles a house. Rows of evergreens,

THE GARDENER AT WORK.

twisted into the shapes of birds and beasts, gave us the first example of a form of bad taste peculiarly Chinese. The summer residence of the proprietor was crammed with curious furniture, one room being set apart for a collection of clocks of every pattern and principle. It was a museum, not a home.

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On our return trip we touched at Macao, a Portuguese settlement built on a peninsula walled off from the mainland, and called, for some reason to me unknown, the "Holy City." One sacred thing which it contains is a grotto, where, it is said, Camoens composed some cantos of the Lusiad, the immortal epic in which he celebrates Vasco da Gama and the opening of the East.

For three centuries Macao had thriven on a foreign trade, which it shared with Canton; but it is now overshadowed by Hong Kong and slowly falling to decay. Formerly the Portuguese paid the Chinese government a nominal ground-rent of six hundred ounces of silver. But they have now ceased to pay this trifling tribute and obtained a formal recognition of their territorial sovereignty—subject to the proviso that they shall not transfer the colony to any other power without the consent of China.

As the Portuguese in Africa were the last Europeans to abandon the trade in negro slaves, those in China have been the last to renounce the profits of the new slave-trade—the traffic in Chinese coolies. Driven from Hong Kong by British humanity, that infamous traffic found for some years a refuge in Macao, which it galvanized into temporary prosperity. It was finally suppressed by the stern determination of the Chinese government, encouraged by the public sentiment of the West. The most frequent destination of a coolie cargo was Peru or Cuba, the United States never—the spirit of our laws barring the way even prior to any direct legislation against the importation of contract labor. The first law of that class was enacted to preclude the introduction of Chinese coolies.

The number actually held in bondage in each of those countries was estimated at between sixty and a hundred thousand. The total embarked for all parts could not have been less than half a million. Most of them mortgaged their liberty without compulsion; but a large proportion were victims of land-sharks,

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who bought them from native kidnappers. Stories were rife of those miscreants throwing a strait-jacket over the head of any man or boy whom they might meet on a lonely path. By their depredations whole provinces were kept in a state of panic, and foreigners of every nationality were in danger of suffering for their supposed complicity in the vile traffic.

After securing the person of the victim, it remained to obtain his consent to embark. Dr. Ashmore thus describes the process:

"The coolies were said to enter into the engagement voluntarily. To ascertain the facts, the speaker visited Macao. The doors of the barracoons were found to be open, as stated; but on either side was stationed a Portuguese, armed with a heavy club, and egress was at the peril of the coolie's life. The contract-stand was visited. The coolies were marched up; the contract was read in a rapid manner by a Portuguese to a coolie, who probably did not understand a word of it. Then his hand was seized, and the impress of his thumb forcibly made on the paper. *This* was the *voluntary* signing of the compact." *

The voyage across the Pacific renewed the horrors of the Atlantic "middle passage," aggravated by its greater length. In the African trade, cases of mutiny were rare; but the Chinese, made of sterner stuff than the negro, in many instances butchered the white crew, and in not a few others scuttled or burned the ship from either revenge or despair. The following account of these atrocities I take from a valuable book on "Chinese Immigration," by the Hon. George F. Seward, formerly minister to China:

"The American ship 'Waverley,' laden with coolies, put into the port of Manila. Some of the Chinese asked to go ashore. An altercation ensued, in which one Chinaman was shot, and the rest were forced below and the hatches battened down.

* "North China Herald," September 6, 1895.

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These were not opened until the next morning, when two hundred and fifty-one coolies were found dead! In an outbreak on the 'Canavero,' an Italian ship, the coolies were similarly driven below and the hatches battened down; but, unwilling to perish by suffocation, they set fire to the ship. The crew escaped in boats, and the ship, with her cargo of human beings, was consumed.

"Nor were these tragedies exceptional. In March, 1871, Chief Justice Smale, of the Supreme Court of Hong Kong, delivered a decision in which the character of the Macao coolie-trade was dealt with at length. 'I have endeavored,' he wrote, 'to make up a list of vessels in which there have been coolie risings and destruction of ships. The list is not complete, but I believe that within a short period some six or seven ships, carrying about three thousand coolies, have been burned or otherwise destroyed, with an immense loss of life, including captains and a relatively large proportion of the crews.'"

The last ship to carry away such human freight was, I believe, the "Maria Luz." Putting into Yokohama, *en route* for Peru, one of her victims threw himself into the sea and swam off to a British man-of-war. The captain refused to give the fugitive up. The case became known to the local authorities, and, to its lasting honor, the Japanese government promptly restored the whole cargo to their native land. This was the *coup de grâce* to a gigantic evil.

Going one day to the London Mission Hospital in Hong Kong, my eye was arrested by the appearance of a sign-board, inscribed in Hebrew, with the rallying-cry of the Jews: "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord." Dr. Hirschberg, the physician in charge, himself a Hebrew, had prepared this in the hope of catching the attention of some wandering Jew. It was known that Jews existed in China, as everywhere else, a small colony of them having been discovered by Catholic missionaries. How little did I dream that it was reserved for

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me to penetrate to that colony in the far interior, which no European had visited for two centuries!*

In Hong Kong I became acquainted with Bishop Smith, the first bishop of the colony, who signed himself "George Victoria," from the official name of his see. Many years later, stopping at Hong Kong, we spent portions of two days at his "palace" on the hillside. Our Civil War was then in progress, and he believed that it would issue in the destruction of our Union—a result which he frankly avowed he desired, because we were "growing too great."

Dr. Legge, of the London Mission, was a man of stalwart mould. Earnest, indefatigable, and learned, while laboring with zeal and success in school and chapel, he translated the Confucian classics. That achievement obtained for him an appointment as professor in Oxford, where he has occupied his Chinese easy-chair for a score of years, after spending thirty as a missionary in the East. As long as his translations are not superseded, his name will be inseparably linked with that of Confucius.

During our stay at Hong Kong a sign-painter one morning climbed up and carefully erased a Chinese inscription over the door of Dr. Legge's church. The doctor had discovered that he had made a mistake in calling God *Chenshen* ("True Spirit" or "True God") instead of *Shangti* ("Supreme Ruler")! The "term controversy," after sleeping for two centuries, was thus showing signs of a fresh eruption. In the early period of the Roman Catholic missions it had raged with violence. The Jesuits championed *Shangti;* the Dominicans accused them of idolatry; and the pope ordered that, instead of *Shangti*, they should use *Tienchu* ("Lord of Heaven"), a name found in ancient writings as one of eight minor divinities worshiped by the Wall-builder (240 B.C.), but so little known that it was regarded as practically a fresh coinage.

* See Part II., Chapter IV.

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That decision was not binding on Protestants, who in translating the Scriptures stirred up the old question. Some thought that the pope had made a mistake in condemning *Shangti;* some adhered to *Tienchu*, while others preferred *Shen* or *Chenshen* ("God" or "True God"). The missionaries were charged with wasting years in disputing about the name for God before attempting to convert the heathen. Such, however, was not the case: each mission went to work with its own chosen terms—and the Spirit of God appears to have shown no marked preference for any, converts being as readily gathered by the use of one term as by another. The controversy has fortunately ceased without the intervention of a pope; but uniformity of usage has not been attained. Will not the native church settle it some day by using all three of the disputed terms? Sir John Bowring, to meet the difficulty, suggested that the letter Θ, used in Greek MSS. as an abbreviation for *Theos*, might be employed as an expressive symbol, the inner stroke representing unity and the circle eternity. It would, he said, be in harmony with the picture-writing of the Chinese, and each party might pronounce it according to its own shibboleth. But the suggestion fell to the ground, like a flower plucked from its stem, and died without fruit.

EXECUTION OF AN OPIUM-SMUGGLER.

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CHAPTER II

VOYAGE UP THE COAST

Amoy—Opening of a new church—Fuchau—Buddhism—Civil-service examinations—*Fungshui*, or geomancy—Missions—A glance at the map

ON the 7th of May we embarked on the lorcha "Macao," Captain José Maria, along with a goodly company of missionaries, who were bound for different points on the coast. The little craft was less than a hundred tons' burden; but that was her least fault—smaller boats have sometimes weathered a storm where larger ones have foundered. She was old and rotten; but, as we were to keep near the shore, there was reason to hope that in case of accident we might all escape to land "on broken pieces of the ship." Providentially, no serious harm befell us, though we were once dismasted, and once or twice in imminent danger of being cast away, for want of a pilot who knew the coast.

With pirates we happily did not come in contact, though the seas were infested with them. These lorchas, in fact, made a business of pirate-hunting when they were not doing a little buccaneering on their own account. The cry of "Pirates to leeward!" was indeed once raised, and, looking out, we saw a junk surrounded by small boats, and black with people, who were cutting away its sails and cordage. Captain Maria, from sheer habit, ordered his gunners to fire on them, but the shot flew wide of the mark. As we swept by, Dr. Welton, an English

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medical missionary bound for Fuchau, shouted out, in great excitement: "Give them another, captain!" We afterward twitted him on his readiness to prescribe iron pills, as well as on his mistaken diagnosis, since the junk, having struck a rock, was not a pirate at all, and the plunderers were wreckers—a very important difference.

Touching at Amoy to put off a passenger (Dr. Young, a medical missionary from Scotland), we stopped there four or five days, during which time we were hospitably entertained by the Rev. Alexander Stronach, of the London Missionary Society. On Sunday, attending the dedication of a new chapel belonging to an American mission, I was surprised to see a large and orderly congregation, among whom were a few new converts. The Rev. Mr. Doty delivered a fervid discourse, in which the syllables *Ap-ek-le-ap-han* recurred so frequently that I supposed I had got possession of a very useful phrase. Inquiring as to its meaning, I was told that it was merely the Chinese way of pronouncing "Abraham"!

Amoy is a flourishing port, about two hundred miles north of Hong Kong. Its situation is pleasant, and in the harbor there is the island of Kulangsu, then unoccupied, which is now the seat of a foreign colony. Adorned with abodes of wealth and luxury, it shines a gem on the bosom of the waters. Two hundred miles farther north we entered the river Min and sailed up to Fuchau, the capital of the province of Fu-kien, where four of our passengers were to find their station. The river is grandly picturesque, reminding one of the Hudson in the vicinity of the Catskills, with mountains, however, rising from the banks instead of being visible only in the background. On one side a series of peaks bears the name of Wuhu ("the Five Tigers"), and on the other stands Kushan ("Lone Mountain"), famed as the site of a Buddhist monastery. Visiting the monastery, I wrote some rambling verses, of which the first couplet ran:

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"The place where I stand is the Creator's shrine,
For, above and around, all, all is divine;"

and the last:

"Yet the 'glory of man'* is turned into shame,
And uttereth naught but an idol's name."

The repetition of "Omitofo," a name of Buddha, is the chief part of Buddhist devotion. It is not supposed that the god hears this, having entered Nirvana, a state of unconscious felicity; but it is prescribed in the ritual as a discipline well fitted to withdraw the mind from worldly thoughts. The acme of attainment nearest to Nirvana is to think nothing and to feel nothing, in which state the soul will of course enjoy perfect tranquillity. With such a discipline a highly intellectual clergy could hardly be expected. In general, the priests have stolid faces and eyes fixed on vacancy. Most of them are unable to read, the recitation of prayers being their sole duty. No longer doing anything to strengthen or renovate Chinese society, Buddhism clings to it as ivy clings to a crumbling tower, deriving its nourishment from the rottenness of the structure.

While at the monastery we were shown a tank full of large fish, which are in no danger from the treacherous hook; also a herd of fat porkers, safe from the butcher's knife. The latter were reserved to die of old age—a fortune so rare for swine that I have never yet heard a statement of the age a pig may reasonably hope to attain. Compassion for brute animals is an amiable feature of Buddhism, as well as of Brahmanism, from which it is derived. With us, a mystic like St. Francis of Assisi may fraternize with beasts and birds, or a poet like Coleridge apostrophize a young ass, "I hail thee, brother." A Buddhist is not sure that the ass may not be his father!

The Buddhistic doctrine of metempsychosis indisputably tends to lower the sense of human dignity, and if it conduces

* A Hebraism for "the tongue."

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in any way (which may be doubted) to the better treatment of lower animals, it does so at the expense of humanity to man. Was not Arjuna, in the Mahabharata, encouraged to slaughter his kindred in the opposing ranks by the suggestion that the "spirit changes bodies as a man doth a garment"? "It neither slays nor is slain; nor is there any essential difference between killing and being killed." As generally held, this doctrine is largely responsible for the prevalence of suicide, leading those who are hopelessly wretched to try their luck on another throw of the dice. Pictorially, the doctrine is represented by a wheel, or urn, from which six streams of life are seen to issue—insect, reptile, and fish from its lower half, bird, beast, and man from its upper portion.

WHEEL OF FATE.

On the hillside was a "hermitage"—not a secluded cottage where some meditative monk, in the shade of flowering creepers and soothed by falling waters, might woo the philosophic muse, but a small chamber built of rough stones, without door or window. It was occupied by a devotee, who was doing penance for imaginary sins committed in a former state of existence, and storing up imaginary merit with a view to improv-

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ing his condition in the next life. He had been immured for twenty-four years, the stones having been built up around him. They seemed to cut him off from the world; but he was still full of pride and avarice, and continued to carry the world in his heart. He never washed, and was therefore deemed very holy. Other priests shave the entire head; but his locks were allowed to grow, and, naturally, they were "shent with Egypt's plague." His finger-nails, which he was fond of exhibiting, looked like filaments of ram's horn or the legs of an octopus; each had a separate sheath of bamboo. Fine ladies in China have nails as long; but they are sheathed in silver.

Fuchau, which contains about 700,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the province of Fu-kien, and the chief center for the export of black teas. Standing on an undulating plain twenty-two miles from the sea, it is one of the cleanest and best-built cities to be seen on the coast of China. In order to give us a comprehensive view of it, some of our friends formed a party to make the circuit of the wall, not, as Bowring made it at Canton, on the outside, but on the top of the environing structure. We were provided with palanquins, each borne by two stout coolies; those who affect dignity have usually four. To foreigners the palanquins are indispensable as a shelter from heat and a relief from fatigue where horse and carriage are not available. This sage opinion, the result of experience, was at that time so far from taking shape in my mind

A COMMON SEDAN.

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that I allowed my coolies to carry the empty chair, or "sedan," as it is called, at my heels all day long, through repugnance to riding on the necks of my fellow-men. A tramp of ten miles—the walls measure nine—helped me, however, to get over that scruple.

Within the inclosure rises a hill, covered with trees and rocks, with here and there a small house hidden in the foliage. This is the palladium of the city, an elevation which draws propitious influences from the four winds and pours them down on the people below. The Chinese believe in this sort of geomantic influence as firmly as we do in the lightning-rod. They call it *fungshui* ("wind and water"), from the elements that most frequently form the vehicle for good or evil luck. The notion probably originated in the observation that wind and water have much to do with commercial prosperity. But it has grown into a whole system of superstitious notions, as complex as the cabala and as pernicious as witchcraft. Our treaty contains an allusion to this potent system of evil in a clause which provides that in the purchase of a site for building "the local authorities shall not interfere unless there be some objections *offered on the part of the inhabitants respecting the place*." Some years later, English missionaries built on that hill, and the populace became so excited lest their presence might disturb its good influences that they rose *en masse*, and demolished church, school-house, and dwelling. In Hangchau, a magistrate having died suddenly, his death was believed to have been caused by a mission building on a hillside overlooking the *yamen*, or official residence. The missionaries were courteously invited to accept another site in exchange, to which they acceded rather than have their houses pulled about their ears. Instances of this kind of courtesy are too numerous to recount, but those just mentioned are sufficient to show what danger lies hidden under the name *fungshui*. It is a false science, with libraries to expound it and professors to teach it. Nor is any

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Chinese bold enough to build a house or dig a grave without calling in a professor to decide whether or not the site is auspicious.

Looking over the city, the eye rested on nothing worthy of note in the way of architecture; yet there was one object which it fixed on as illustrating the best side of Chinese civilization. This was the Civil-Service Examination Hall, consisting of low cells, sufficient to accommodate ten thousand students, with larger rooms for examiners, and elevated stages for the police —the whole inclosed with a high wall coped with prickly thorns. Each city, large or small, contains a similar establishment. Not merely may this be taken as characteristic of the educational system of China; there is, in truth, no public education apart from it; for, theoretically, the government encourages education for no other purpose than to provide itself with a supply of competent officers. To this end public schools are not thought necessary, though a few are endowed by the government, and conducted under official supervision. The essential feature is the motive to study—an impartial offer of honors and emoluments to all whose attainments come up to a required standard. That standard is unfortunately defective, consisting of literature without science, and of Chinese literature without any hint of such a thing as literature existing in foreign nations. It, moreover, directs the student exclusively to the imitation of ancient models, and thus interposes an obstacle in the way of progress. Admirable in its grand features, this system is the slow growth of thousands of years; but it needs to be inoculated (as it will be) with ideas from the West to adapt it to the changed conditions of modern life. The civil-service examinations, which are gaining ground in England, France, and the United States, are borrowed from the experience of the Chinese empire. Mr. Curzon acknowledges the obligation in this fashion: "A system from whose premonitory symptoms our own country, a tardy convert to Celestial ideas, is beginning to suffer."

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England certainly has not suffered from the competitive system in her Indian civil service, nor in her admirable consular service in China, both of which are supplied from "competition wallas." If she suffers anywhere, it is not from the system, but from its injudicious application. America, still more tardy in its adoption, is now convinced that it offers the only antidote for the corruptions of the spoils system. Its extension to an ever-widening circle is assured; though I do not suppose that a time will soon come when either our military commanders or our cabinet ministers will be chosen in that way. With us the examinations are specialized; in China their weakness is the want of special adaptation. With all their drawbacks, they have done more than anything else to hold China together, and help her to maintain a respectable standard of civilization.

So much of haphazard is there in the results of these contests that they are made the subject of systematic gambling. That circumstance also causes them to be regarded as a special arena for providential rewards or punishments. Students who are dubious as to their intellectual equipment are, as the day approaches, especially careful of their moral conduct. In lieu, however, of the weightier matters of the law, they are apt to substitute such humane acts as the rescue of ants that are struggling in the mud, the release of mice caught in a trap, or the restoration to their watery element of fish purchased alive in the market. Any one of these acts, done at the critical moment, inspires immense confidence, and who shall say that it has no effect on the result of the competition?

The Manchu quarter, set apart for a garrison of the ruling race, is a feature to be met with in China in only a few important centers. It proves that the throne, won by the sword two hundred and fifty years ago, must be held by at least a show of force. It offers to the view nothing of particular interest, and the general panorama of city and suburbs consists of what may be seen in any large town of the empire—square miles of

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gray tiles, the roofs of low houses, unnumbered and innumerable, the long rows of which are parted by paved paths, by courtesy called streets. To find anything picturesque, the eye has to wander away to the blue mountains rising in the distance, or to the silvery stream winding through a richly cultivated valley.

The Wan-sue-chiao, or "bridge of ten thousand years," a massive structure of rough granite, was a marvel of primitive engineering. We admired its rude solidity, little dreaming that in a short time it would be carried away by a flood, after having braved the fury of the elements for many a century. It was lined with stalls for traders on both sides of the roadway, such as one sees on the bridges of the Arno at Florence.

There were Protestant missionaries of four societies laboring at Fuchau, namely, those of the American Board, American Methodist, Church of England, and Swedish Lutheran. The stations of the three former have their ramifications far into the interior, and they have gathered a large following of converts, now a score of thousands, in lieu of the score of individuals whom they counted at the date of our visit. Nor are these all poor and despised. One member of the Methodist Church a few years ago gave ten thousand dollars to found a college; and the natives of the same church organized and supported a mission to Corea.

The Swedish Mission was brought to an end by a tragic occurrence which illustrates one of the perils to which missionaries are exposed in China. The two missionaries, Fast and Elquist, while returning from the lower anchorage, where they had gone to exchange their bills for silver, were attacked by river-pirates. Fast discharged a pistol, and was either killed or drowned. His companion suffered such a shock that his health gave way and he retired from the field. Nor was this a solitary instance of what, at times, may befall the stranger. The Rev. Walter Lowrie, of the American Presbyterian Board,

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was murdered by pirates near Ningpo two or three years before, and some years later the Rev. James Williamson, of the London Mission, was drowned by the same class of social pests in the Grand Canal near Tientsin.

As a mark of progress in the way of material renovation, I may mention that opposite the pagoda anchorage is now to be found an arsenal, naval school, and shipyard, from which a score or more of gunboats have been turned out and equipped. In 1884 the river at that point was the scene of a bloody battle, in which the carnage was all on one side. A French squadron of five ships, on the eve of hostilities, and with the intention of opening the ball then and there, entered the harbor and took up a commanding position. The Chinese commander, whom I knew personally, was a shallow, vainglorious civilian. Having eleven gunboats ready to engage them, he allowed them to pass the forts unchallenged, believing that they were wantonly leaping into the dragon's jaws; but the French, besides having heavier ships and better gunners, had the advantage of firing the first broadside. This was feebly answered, and when the smoke cleared most of the Chinese vessels were seen to be sinking and their crews struggling in the water. The arsenal was burned, and nine gunboats destroyed, with the loss of a thousand lives.

At Fuchau we were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Caleb Baldwin, of the American Board, who remained there long enough to complete their half-century of missionary life, reaping in age what they had sown in youth. After a delightful week on shore, we put to sea again; but on the first day out our lorcha was struck by a squall; her mainmast went over with a crash, and thus fortunately saved her from being capsized. Putting back to refit, we passed five days more with our friends, and then resumed our voyage, arriving at Ningpo on the 26th of June, having spent no less than thirty-five days *at sea*, groping among the islands and inlets that fringe the coast-line.

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Throughout our voyage the landward view was bounded by a range of hills, rising in places to the dignity of mountains. Their treeless tops and furrowed, sunburnt sides gave no hint of the charming valleys which they inclose, nor of the populous interior to which they serve as a bulwark.

Before going ashore to mingle with the people, let us take a rapid survey of the goodly land in which they dwell. Lying very nearly between the same parallels as the eastern half of the United States, China proper covers about an equal area, enjoying a similar range of climate and variety of productions. Her domain is the flower of Asia, as ours is of the American continent. Fronting on one ocean while we look out on two, her coast-line is very extensive, amounting to little less than three thousand miles, after deducting what she has ceded to Russia. Through most of this distance the coast is protected by a broken chain of islands, four of which are something more than specks on the bosom of the sea. Hainan, in the extreme south, is a tropical garden, larger than the State of Connecticut. Its climate is diversified by mountains and valleys, and its interior inhabited by savage tribes perpetually at war with the Chinese on the coast.

Much the same description applies to Formosa, the "Isle of Beauty," as it was called by the Portuguese. But in Formosa everything is on a grander scale. The island is two hundred and fifty miles in length by eighty in breadth. It is rich in coal, possesses oil-springs of unknown value, and produces vast quantities of camphor and sugar. With a view to defending it against covetous neighbors, it was lately "admitted into the Union," not as a territory, but as a state or province, one of the twenty-three which constituted the organized portion of the empire. English and Canadian missionaries have succeeded in planting here a large number of flourishing churches, some of which are among the civilized Formosans of the interior, the eastern part of the island being still in the hands of aborig-

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inal savages. Since the above was written, this gem of the sea has been transferred to the crown of Japan.*

Chusan is an island of great strategic value, commanding a portion of the coast which is studded with inlets and great cities. Fifty miles in circumference, it contains eighteen fertile valleys, whose productions would supply food for a large colony. The British took possession of it in 1841, and considering its many advantages, it is strange they did not think it worth keeping. The only trace of their transient occupation is a soldier cemetery, with broken gravestones. Dzungming, at the mouth of the Great River, will be described in another chapter.

The rivers of China are her glory, and one of them her special "sorrow." To the eye of a physical geographer they tell the whole story of the interior. Their number and magnitude correspond to the number and magnitude of the mountain systems, where they take their rise; their volume affords a clue to the area which they drain; and their sedimentary deposit shows the nature of the soil through which they pass. The Pearl River of Canton is navigable for small boats for over a thousand miles, affording one of the best routes of travel to the provinces in the Southwest. The Great River, or Yang-tse (so called from the ancient province of Yangchau, and designated "the Blue" by the French, but never by the Chinese), is in volume the third river of the world. It is without a rival in the population to which it gives access. Rising in Tibet, it traverses the whole of China, receiving affluents from half the provinces, and pouring into the sea a mass of water many times greater than the Mississippi. If the Nile has made Egypt, the vast plain of central China is the product of the Yang-tse and its northern compeer, the Hoang-Ho. The Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, reaches the sea after a tortuous course of nearly three

* The best account of this fine island is that given by Dr. MacKay in his "From Far Formosa" (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company).

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thousand miles from its source in the mountains of Tibet. Everywhere impetuous, it is of little use for navigation, being full of obstructions, and fluctuating in volume from a vast flood, submerging plains and drowning cities, to a rivulet that hides itself between high banks.

The ancient Chinese, who introduced civilization and subdued the aborigines, entered China from the northwest, following the course of this river. Their earliest capitals were on its banks, and the states renowned in ancient history were ranged on either side. The valley of the Yang-tse and the whole region to the south continued, up to the Christian era, to be the abode of savage tribes, which were only gradually absorbed and assimilated. The Yellow River is noted for its erratic changes of channel, at one epoch falling into the Yellow Sea on the east, at another finding its way to the Gulf of Pechili. At intervals of centuries it swings, like a huge pendulum, from the one to the other, a distance of five hundred miles; or, dividing itself between the two channels, reduces the province of Shantung to an island in its enormous delta. In 1852 the river broke its banks and astonished the world by rushing away to the north. In 1889 its vagaries were more unprecedented, as it broke away toward the south and joined its waters to those of the Yang-tse-Kiang. The labor of bringing it back to its northern bed, at a cost of thirteen million dollars, was a triumph of hydraulic engineering, reflecting infinite credit on the perseverance and enterprise of the Chinese people. After a year of unsuccessful effort they called in the aid of modern appliances—the electric light, turning night to day, and a portable railway, transporting materials formerly carried on the backs of coolies.

In ancient times, as history tells us, these rivers all ran riot; but their wild forces were working for the welfare of generations to come. They are still seemingly toiling to the same end, in driving back the sea and winning fresh fields for the ever-growing population. The rate at which the land is ex-

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tended by the action of the rivers has, I believe, no parallel in any other part of the earth.

Besides these first-class rivers and their affluents, there are numerous minor streams, from two to five hundred miles in length, which have scooped out harbors on the sea-coast, and which supply them with the products of extensive regions. With the exception of the Central Plain, which is formed by the alluvium of her two great streams, the whole of China is covered by a network of hills, which beautify the landscape and diversify the surface of the country. None reaches the snow-line except a single range in Szechuen, where the land rises toward the frontier of Tibet. Mount Ome, in the same province, which rises to the height of 11,000 feet, is sacred to Buddha. The Dragon and Tiger mountains, in Kiangsi, about half that altitude, are sacred to Taoism. The Taishan, in Shantung, is a high place of the state religion; while Wutai, in Chihli, is devoted to Lamaism.

Vast and varied are the mineral treasures buried in these mountain masses awaiting the dawn of an enlightened policy to make China one of the richest nations on earth. Except in her outlying dependencies (notably in Manchuria), she has but little gold or silver; but her coal-measures probably exceed those of any nation in the world, assuring to her the elements of power when the mineral resources of Europe are exhausted. The same hills that yield coal and iron contain extensive provision for electric force in their numberless waterfalls. Her population, which is not far short of four hundred millions,* bears witness not only to the fecundity of the people, but to the fertility of her soil and the salubrity of her climate. In the North, millet, wheat, and Indian corn are the principal cereals,

* If any one desires to obtain the most reliable information as to the distribution of this immense mass of human life, he will find it in Appendix A, together with some amusing facts in regard to the Chinese mode of dealing with their census. Tables relating to trade, etc., are added.

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while rice is the staple of central and southern China. Cotton and sugar-cane thrive in the South, and tea and silk are cultivated in two thirds of the provinces. Nearly all the fruits of the tropics, as well as those of the temperate zones, flourish in China. Forming a world in herself, and producing all that her people require, she would stand in little need of foreign commerce, were it not for the superior skill of Europeans in the industrial arts.

IRRIGATING RICE-FIELDS.

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A Canal in Ningpo.

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CHAPTER III

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE

Two forms and many dialects—Musical tones—Reducing a dialect to writing—Classical studies—"Pidgin-English"

NINGPO, like the other seaports, is not on the sea, but twelve miles inland, at the junction of two streams which form the river Yung; a smaller town, according to Chinese fashion, being situated at the river's mouth. The name does not signify, as generally stated, "peaceful wave," but the "city that gives peace to the waves"; the place being a fortress destined to hold sea-robbers in check.

The approach to the city is imposing. At the mouth of the river a rocky island, surmounted by a fortified monastery and girt with batteries, bars the entrance. On the northern side stretches the crenelated wall of Chinhai (the "Defense of the Sea"), a district city subordinate to the prefecture of Ningpo. On the other side, a range of hills, green with groves of fir, forms the boundary of a fertile plain, intersected by innumerable canals, which serve the double purpose of irrigation and transport.

All Chinese cities are walled, like those of Europe in the middle ages, suggesting a state of society in which the predatory elements are rife. Politically, they are divided into three orders; namely, chief cities of provinces, departments or prefectures, and districts—the last being of three classes: *cho*, *ting*, *hien;* but a more simple division is into mud walls, brick

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walls, and stone walls. Ningpo belongs to the latter class; its wall, twenty or thirty feet high and six miles in circuit, constructed of huge blocks of granite, gray with age and covered with creepers, but still in good repair, wears a venerable aspect, in harmony with the hills that rise in the background. On the top it is broad enough for a carriage drive; but it is never used for that purpose, nor even for walking, except by beggars, soldiers, and missionaries. In later years, when health required, I hired a soldier's horse and rode on the wall—the narrowness of the streets, unlike those of northern cities, not admitting of equestrian exercise.

We were received at Ningpo by the Rev. M. S. Culbertson, who, a few days later, removed to Shanghai to take part in translating the Scriptures, leaving us, in deep water, to sink or swim. We had, it is true, his house to shelter us and his servants to wait on us, but no words in which to express our wants. The first word we learned in the dialect of Ningpo was *zaban* ("fire-wood"), the cook having brought in a stick to make us understand that he wished to buy some. The next was *fanping* ("dollar"), which he represented by forming his fingers into a ring and pointing to the wood, the connection being sufficiently obvious. A teacher was found for us who knew not a word of English, and our only key to all his lore was the phrase *keh-z-soh-go i-sze* ("What does that mean?"), with which we were kindly supplied by a missionary friend. Beginning with object-lessons, he said something about *wongki*, which not being quite clear, he brought in a little dog, saying, "There it is," and burst into a fit of laughter at the thought that anybody could be so stupid as not to know *wongki*. Sometimes mimicry sufficed for explanation, as, for instance, when he ran back and forth, puffing and blowing, to make us understand that *holungtsaw* meant a railway train. As this teacher was unequal to the strain of imparting knowledge in this fashion through a whole day, I employed an

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auxiliary, who enabled me to continue my studies in the afternoon and evening. In a few days the mists began to rise, and our further progress, from an irksome task, became a fascinating pastime. My wife was my companion in study, keeping well up in the race until handicapped by family cares. She succeeded, however, in acquiring a good command of the local dialect, and found time to use it in winning to Christ some of the native women.

The spoken language of China is divided into a babel of dialects: those of the North and West forming one group, based on the Mandarin or court dialect; while those of the Southeast differ as widely as do the languages of southwestern Europe. As French and Spanish took shape under the influence of the original speech of Celt and Vandal, so these dialects point back to aboriginal tribes absorbed by the more civilized Chinese. This conjecture is borne out by the fact of a marked difference in physiognomy, e.g., between high cheek-bones at Fuchau and the oval faces seen at Ningpo. One or two words may suffice to show the extent of these dialectic variations. Man is in Peking *jin;* in Shantung, *yin;* at Shanghai, *nieng;* at Ningpo, *ning;* at Fuchau, *long;* at Canton, *yan*. Tide is in Peking *ch'ao;* at Shanghai, *dzaw;* at Ningpo, *dziao;* at Swatow, *tie*. Some of the dialects are soft, others harsh, the Ningpo being among the more mellifluous. So great is this difference that a proverb says:

> "I'd rather take a scolding at Suchao
> Than listen to a love-song at Siao [scil., Siaoshan]."

Through all the series runs a diatonic scale, with three or at most four tones in the North; a gamut of a full octave in the Southeast; and in the central region, about Ningpo, only one or two tones that require attention. Three of these tones (those heard at Peking) may be illustrated, according to Sir T. F. Wade, by the statement, "James is dead;" the question,

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"Is he dead?" and the answer, "He is dead." The difference between ground-nuts and ground nuts (ground in a mill) may also help to comprehend a distinction which it requires an education to perceive. How essential it is to intelligibility may be gathered from an experience of an English friend, who once sojourned at Fuchau. After studying the language for a month or two, he one morning directed his cook to buy eighteen *yangmi*, a plum-like fruit, called arbutus. To his surprise the man came home panting under a load of sheep's tails—the heavy fat tails of a certain breed being much prized—and excused himself for being late by saying that he had walked the streets all day, but had only been able to find twelve. They were *yangmi*, as well as the fruit, but there was a difference in tone.

By way of further explanation I may mention the following: In Peking I one day sent an attendant from the college to the Board of Foreign Affairs, to inquire, as was my wont, which of the Chinese ministers were there. Coming back in a few minutes, he made his report in three syllables, or one syllable in three tones: "*Hew* [2], *Hew* [3], *Hew* [4]." Simply this and nothing more; for, as it happened, out of nine members there were only those three present. Why Providence so ordered it I cannot divine, unless it was to supply me with this illustration. The Ningpo dialect being unwritten, and incapable of expression by Chinese characters, which, being ideographic in their nature, have a very uncertain phonetic value, we were reduced to the necessity of representing it as best we might by some application of the ever-accommodating Roman alphabet.

With no book or vocabulary to guide me—the Ningpo missionaries not having published anything of the sort—I was left to form my own system. I took the German, or rather Continental, vowels as the basis, and, with a few modifications, soon arrived at a mode of notation which enabled me to reproduce what I had written down from the lips of my teacher. The

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idea struck me of teaching him to write in the same way; and this was easily done, as we had got a new teacher of quick apprehension, by the name of Lu. In a day or two he was able to write separate words, and a week later I received from him a neatly written note inviting us to take a "tiffin," or noonday meal, at his house. Its lucidity and simplicity delighted me, and I exhibited it rather ostentatiously at the breakfast-table. A missionary physician, who had been seven years at the station and held the post of Sir Oracle, withered me with the sneer that if he had taught a native to produce such a thing as that he "should not think he had done a *haoze*," or work of merit. I next showed it to Messrs. Cobbold, Russell, and Gough, of the English Church Mission, visiting each in succession and explaining the system by which I proposed to teach the natives to write with Roman letters. They received me with the warmest sympathy; admitted the full force of the fact that one native had been taught to write in this way, and drew from it all the consequences which it seemed to justify. Before the sun had set on that to me memorable day, in January, 1851, we had formed a society for the purpose of fixing a definitive system for the writing of the "Ningpo colloquial." Other missionaries fell in with the movement one by one, and, last of all, the good doctor who had given my overture such an ungracious reception made amends by zealous and fruitful coöperation.

The next step was the preparation and printing of books. Causing a set of letters to be engraved on separate pieces of horn, I taught a young man to use them in stamping the pages of a primer. This was roughly engraved on wood, in the Chinese manner, called "block-printing," and deserves to be mentioned as the germ of a new literature, which, though restricted as yet to the use of the missions in that region, has proved itself highly beneficial.

The Chinese saw with astonishment their children taught to read in a few days, instead of spending years in painful toil,

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as they must with the native characters. Old women of threescore and ten, and illiterate servants and laborers, on their conversion, found by this means their eyes opened to read in their own tongue wherein they were born the wonderful works of God. So manifest were the advantages of the new system that at one time I imagined it would spread among the non-Christian Chinese. Up to the present date this expectation has not, however, been realized, but a similar experiment has been successfully tried at Amoy and Shanghai.

It ought to be tried on the Mandarin dialect, which is current through more than half the empire, though, this being written with Chinese characters, there is no urgent necessity for seeking another vehicle. If the experiment were satisfactory—and it could hardly be otherwise—who knows but some enlightened emperor might give it countenance, and make the Chinese language, as written with Roman characters, a medium for public instruction? Indeed, the Mongol Kublai Khan is said to have attempted something of the sort; but for success in such an undertaking imperial power is not the sole requisite.

The Ningpo dialect, though pleasant to the ear and easy of acquisition, is limited in territorial extent, being confined to a radius of fifty miles and a population of one or two millions, of whom three hundred thousand live in the city and suburbs. In the South it shades off through cognate dialects into the polytonic group of Fu-kien; and in the North and West into the harsher aspirations of the Mandarin family.

In applying our new mode of writing, each syllable is divided into initial and final, the syllable *ning* being, for instance, spelled n-ing; *hang*, h-ang; *long*, l-ong, etc.; the *final*, in every case, being regarded as a simple vowel, like *a* in *ba*. The new alphabet consists, therefore, of a series of initials and finals, less than fifty in number, and when these are acquired their combination in spelling is as simple as a word of two letters. This ingenious simplification was introduced by Messrs.

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Cobbold and Russell, who borrowed it from a rough kind of spelling found in Chinese dictionaries, for which the Chinese in turn are indebted to the Buddhists of India. The Emperor Kanghi, in his personal memoirs, prides himself on its introduction. Here are two lines of an ode for children, written by Dr. McCartee, and printed in the Roman letter (the syllables are numbered to aid comparison):

" Lae ng-la keh-pan siao-siao nying,
1 2 3 4 5
Ngo iao tch ng-la wo ih sing."
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

" Come, all ye little ones, I pray;
1 3 2 4 5
I have a word to you to say."
1 2 6 7 3 4 5

One of the most useful books prepared in the colloquial tongue was a hymn-book compiled by the Rev. H. V. Rankin. I contributed two or three hymns, that continue to be favorites; but the majority were made by my brother, who was gifted with a rare facility in versification. To learn to speak the Ningpo, or indeed any dialect of Chinese, is a simple affair in comparison with the reading of the learned language as it is found in the native books. Addressed to the eye rather than to the ear, this learned style is, as Dr. Medhurst said, an *occulage*, not a language. Its words, of which five or six thousand are in common use, are represented each by a distinct symbol. So arbitrary and vague are the relations between them as to make any system of classification incomplete, and convert the task of acquisition into a dead lift of memory. It began in picture-writing, but, like the Egyptian, soon passed into a phonetic stage, though it remains in a state of arrested development, without an alphabet.

With the local dialect I was compelled to begin in order

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to put myself in communication with the people, as well as to find my way into the higher mysteries of this ideographic system, which I shall call the "book-language." In six months I made an attempt at preaching. Mr. Rankin proposing to open the *exercises* with prayer, I did not object, but said I could hardly ask the Lord to convert anybody by means so feeble. In another six months I had acquired a free command of a pretty large vocabulary. In the third half-year was composed my first and perhaps my best hymn, beginning, *To dzing todzing Tien-Vu Tsing-jing.*

One objection to the new mode of writing the colloquial was its tendency to divert missionaries from the study of the ancient books. On others it may have had that effect, but not on me. Within three months of my arrival, i.e., as soon as I could understand the explanations of a native teacher, I applied myself with vigor to the study of the book-language. From religious tracts and native story-books, I entered on the classics, completing within the first five years the reading of the nine chief works which form the basis of Chinese literature. But for distractions, incident to active duty, I might have accomplished this in a shorter time.

Within this period I began to employ the learned or classic language for the purpose of composition, and wrote in it the *Tien-tao Su-yuen* (a book on the Evidences of Christianity), which has been widely circulated and often reprinted both in China and in Japan. It has, I believe, led to the conversion of many among the educated classes. *Deo soli gloria!*

Of the nine classics above referred to, five relate to pre-Confucian times, that is, prior to the sixth century B.C. Four contain the personal teachings of Confucius and his disciples. Native Christians can hardly be blamed if they discover in these two collections a fanciful analogy to the Five Books of Moses and the Four Gospels, relating, as they do, to something like an earlier and a later dispensation. In contrast, however, with

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our Holy Scriptures, the religious element in them is so faint and feeble as to suggest the aurora borealis rather than the life-giving sunshine. They recognize, under the names of *Shangti* and *Tien*, a Supreme Power, who presides over the destinies of men and dispenses rewards and punishments; but they do not inculcate the worship of that august Being. He is consequently forgotten by the people, and his place is usurped by idols. Yet so pure are the moral teachings of these ancient writings that no nation, with one exception, ever received from antiquity a more precious heritage. While some of the Sacred Books of the Hindus are unfit for translation, in the Chinese canon there is nothing to offend the most delicate sense of propriety. Referring to the nine works *seriatim*, I may give a paragraph to each.

1. The "Book of History" consists of fragments (more or less modified by redaction) treating of the first three dynasties; and, prior to the first (B.C. 2200), of a golden age, in which the throne was not strictly hereditary, but the prize of merit—good kings passing over their own offspring to adopt worthier successors.

2. The "Book of Changes," supposed to date from 2800 B.C., is esteemed an abyss of wisdom so profound that no foreigner (and, some would add, no Chinese) can hope to understand it. Without professing to understand it, I have no hesitation in saying that, under the guise of science, it is an absurd system of divination, and that it has done more than any other book to impose on the Chinese mind the fetters of obstructive superstition. It is to-day the text-book of fortune-tellers of every description, as it was four thousand years ago.

3. The "Book of Odes," an anthology of primitive poetry, which had its origin from 600 to 1100 B.C. Invaluable as a picture of life and manners, there is little in it to suggest the fire and fancy of the Greek muse, and nothing resembling the sublime poetry of the Hebrews. "You should read the 'Book

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of Odes,'" said Confucius to his son, "and you will learn the names of many birds, beasts, and vegetables."

4. The "Annals of Lu," compiled by Confucius, and charmingly amplified by his disciple Tso. This work is the recognized model for historic composition.

5. The "Book of Rites," a collection of court etiquette, social usages, and religious ritual, which has had a great influence in moulding the manners of the Chinese people. It has made them the most ceremonious nation on earth.

The later collection, called the Four Books, is the New Testament of China, though it resembles the Talmud rather than the Gospels.

1. The "Analects or Sayings of Confucius," which form the most important part of it, are so wise and good that many of them have passed into the current language in the form of proverbs. The Sage's most remarkable utterance is a negative statement of the golden rule—answering exactly to that given in the Book of Tobit, iv. 16.*

2. The "Great Study"—instructions for rulers how to accomplish the "renovation of their people." They are taught to begin by "renewing themselves" after the example of a good emperor who inscribed on his wash-basin the words: "Daily renew thyself." With such precepts and such examples, is it not strange that social regeneration is the last thing desired by the Chinese?

3. The "Just Mean." This is a theory of virtue, as the mean between extremes of excess and defect—eloquently set forth by the Sage's grandson, for whom the Sage himself serves as a perfect model.

4. "Discourses of Mencius," the St. Paul of the Confucian school, who, born a hundred and eighty years later than Confucius, revived his doctrines and gave them currency. He preached the principles of his master with the zeal of an apos-

* *Quod ab alio oderis, vide ne tu alteri facias.*

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tle, and rebuked vice in high places with the courage of a Hebrew prophet.

Building on this fair foundation, the Chinese have, in the course of twenty-three centuries, erected a magnificent structure. Its leading sections are:

1. Histories vast in extent and containing an unparalleled wealth of recorded facts. India has nothing to compare with them.

2. Philosophers, acute and daring in speculation, but by no means scientific in method.

3. Poets, nearly all of the lyric order, some of whom may challenge comparison with those of Greece or Rome.

4. Novelists, who developed the modern novel a thousand years before its appearance in *our* horizon.

Will not this colossal literature, in which is mirrored the life of one of the grandest divisions of the human race, some day claim a place in our seats of learning?

The following will serve to exemplify the origin of Chinese writing, and the manner in which pictures of objects came to express attributes.

TABLE OF CHINESE CHARACTERS.

日 *Jí*, the sun, its outline proving that the Chinese knew how to square the circle a long time ago. Does not the dot inside indicate that there are spots on the sun, a fact which the Chinese were among the first to observe?

月 *Yuih*, the moon, not taken at the full, because that might be confused with the sun, but in her ordinary state of incompleteness, the curved lines, as in other characters, being made angular to suit the modern pencil.

人 *Jin*, man, the prince of bipeds, his head being omitted as of no great importance.

木 *Muh*, a tree or wood, its branches, by the rule of contraries, turning down instead of up.

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門 *Mun*, a gate.

弓 *Kung*, a bow.

車 *Chü*, a wheeled vehicle. Seen from above, the wheels are projected as lines, and the body as a square.

口 *Kou*, mouth.

明 *Ming*, bright; an idea suggested by combining the two brightest objects.

旦 *Tan*, morning; from the sun rising out of the sea.

夕 *Sih*, evening; from the moon, slightly varied.

囚 *Ch'iu*, prisoner; a man shut up by four walls.

林 *Lin*, grove, forest; from trees standing together.

禁 *Kin*, to forbid; from two trees and the verb "to show."

婪 *Lan*, to desire or covet; a woman under two trees.

This and the preceding, say the Jesuit fathers, point back to the garden of Eden!

家 *Kia*, family; a pig under shelter, as a sign of settled life.

問 *Wen*, to ask.

聞 *Wen*, to hear.

These last, like most Chinese characters, consist of two parts, a phonetic and a radical; the former giving the approximate sound, the latter the sense in general. In one is a mouth,

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in the other an ear, to differentiate the meaning of similar sounds now marked by different tones, but anciently identical.

Yin, to draw or lead, as a string does a bow.

Hung, to rumble or roar, like many chariots; hence, to bombard.

These examples afford a hint of the charm attaching to the study of Chinese characters; tracing them from the simple germ of object-pictures through the complex combinations by which they form all the parts of speech and express all the concepts of the mind. But I am here not writing a grammar or a lexicon.

One day a Chinaman addressed me on this wise: "Assay! spose wanchee tail pidgin?" Here was a lingo I had never learned. What could he mean? Had he pigeons for sale? They count fish by the tail as we count cows by the head—did they count birds in the same way? By dint of questioning I found out that he desired to know whether I had any work for a tailor: "I say! suppose you want tailor business done, here I am." He was speaking "pidgin-English," a *lingua franca* much employed in the open ports as a substitute for Chinese. It grew up at Canton from the practice of learning English without a master—the little manuals prepared by the natives giving sounds incorrectly and syntax not at all. The following specimens may help the reader to form an idea of it; but should any one go to China he will find to his cost that pidgin-English, like any other language, requires time and attention to speak it correctly, not to say with elegance.

Master (hearing music in next house). Boy! what for makee too muchee bobbery that side?

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Servant. He cachee one piecee bull chilo (he is celebrating the birth of a son).

Master. That piecee boat, what for have got eye?

Servant. No got eye, how can see? No can see, how can sabby (*know* the way)? (N. B. All Chinese junks are provided with eyes.)

Master (concerned for the spiritual welfare of the heathen). Spose you learn joss pidgin (religion) all right: be number one, good man; makee die can go topside (to heaven) chopchop (quickly).

The British and Foreign Bible Society have published the Scriptures in the negro-English of Jamaica; will they not consider the advisability of giving the Chinese an edition in pidgin-English?

Here is a verse of Longfellow's "Excelsior," which will serve to show its adaptation to psalmody:

"That nightee time begin chop-chop.
One young man walkee; no can stop.
Maskee de snow; maskee de ice!
He carry flag wid chop so nice—
Topside galow."

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CHAPTER IV

SCENES IN NINGPO

The new church — Natives seeking a lost soul — Well disposed; why? — Study of Mandarin — Tried converts — Chapel preaching — Casting out a devil — Idol processions — Theatricals for the gods — The Chinese drama — Eyeless deities — Releasing a prisoner — Military antics

ON the river-bank opposite the city stood a row of pretty bungalows — dwellings and schools of the Presbyterian Mission. The site was breezy and supposed to be healthier than the interior of the city; yet, when the question of a house for myself and family came up, I decided in favor of the city. I wished to be near the people; the English Church missionaries were there; and what they could stand, we could. My colleagues remonstrated, and refused to build us a house within the walls; but my wife and I, not to be turned from our purpose, agreed to accept a small building attached to our new church, intended for a native catechist. There I spent six years, the most fruitful of my life; and there I came to know the people as I could not had I been content to view them at a distance.

The church was erected by the joint contribution of a "Brother and Sister," the Lenoxes of New York. Its foundations were laid about the time of our arrival, and I took my turn with other members of the mission in standing as watchman on the walls of Zion, to see that our Chinese contractors did not fill in with wood, hay, and stubble, instead of solid brick.

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This edifice, designed by the Rev. M. S. Culbertson, having a handsome portico with Corinthian columns, excited so powerfully the curiosity of the natives that an enterprising artist found it worth while to circulate a representation of it engraved on wood, and labeled the "New Bell-Tower." Crowds came to see it, and when it was nearly completed they were freely admitted to inspect the inside, in order to prevent or allay suspicion.

Early one Sunday morning a mob came thundering at our gate, demanding admission to the church. This time they were actuated by motives more serious than curiosity. A weeping mother led the way; and when I inquired what she wanted, she replied that her little boy "had lost his soul in the church the day before, and she wished access to the interior to look for it." The child, who had been playing there, had, on going home, been taken with a sudden fever (from exposure to the sun, perhaps), and was then delirious. In delirium the rational soul is supposed to be absent, and in this case its absence was ascribed to a fright caused by looking up to the height of the edifice, or down from some elevation to which the boy had climbed. The soul, according to the poor woman's belief, was still hovering in the hall like a bewildered bird. Entering the church with a bundle of the boy's garments, they prayed the *animula vagula* to perch on the bundle and return to its resting-place. This done, they departed, firmly persuaded that they had captured the fugitive soul.

The people of Ningpo were well disposed toward us, because, as they said, they had "experienced kind treatment at the hands of the British during the war." The city being occupied after a battle at the mouth of the river, the inhabitants were astonished to be protected instead of pillaged. Before the battle they were in mortal terror—in dread of the "red-haired barbarians," and in equal dread of their own soldiers. They were never tired of telling how Dr. Gutzlaff, formerly a missionary

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at Hong Kong, had been installed in the yamen of the prefect, and how careful he was to see justice done, so that if a soldier bagged a fowl it had to be brought back or paid for. Not only did this state of feeling make it safe and pleasant for us to promenade the streets—it opened to us the doors of many families.

A man of wealth invited us to preach in his house. He was a Confucianist, by no means so tolerant of idolatry as most of his sect. He had heard, he said, that we were carrying on a crusade against idols, and he desired us to persuade the women of his household to give up the worship of Buddha and cease to frequent idol temples. Official proclamations are often issued forbidding women to visit the temples; and a book, composed by an emperor, exhorts them to desist from the practice; but neither threats nor persuasions seem to have any effect. Nor on this occasion were our teachings more efficacious.

Our house was always open to visitors, strangers from five different provinces sometimes meeting in our parlor at one time. We were surrounded by yamens, the residences of officials, many of whom made polite calls; while the ladies exchanged visits with my wife. For society of this kind I soon found the local dialect inadequate, and took up the study of Mandarin, which is not merely the speech of court and officers, but a common medium for people of various regions. Its acquisition was easy, as the Ningpo is closely related to it—so closely, in fact, that a Ningpo man always speaks it badly because he does not take the trouble to study it. My Mandarin teacher became a Christian, and afterward did good service in carrying the gospel to the North.

Our teacher Lu, from whom we had learned the local dialect, also learned from us the way of salvation, and became a preacher. His wife, a refined and handsome woman, first followed him into the fold of Christ, then a sister, and last of all

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his mother, a devout Buddhist, who had bitterly opposed his change of faith. "Wait," she said, when her consent was asked, "until I am dead, and then you may burn my bones if you wish; but, while I live, keep clear of the foreign religion." Lu was neither strong nor courageous, but very sincere; and God gave him grace in this instance to break the bond of filial piety, which in China so often stands in the way of piety to God. There is many a would-be convert who says to the missionary: "Suffer me first to go and bury my father." It is pleasing to be able to relate that the son's prayers prevailed, and that the old lady became as zealous for Christ as she had been for Buddha.

Two other converts brought into the church about the same time were Dzing and Zia; the former a man whom I employed in the printing of romanized Chinese, the other a friend of his. Both had been devout in their way, leading a life of virtue according to their light, and striving to store up merit by the practice of religious rites.

The case of Zia merits a fuller notice. Obtaining his first notions of Christianity from his friend, he came to me as an inquirer, but in a frame of mind very different from that of most so-called inquirers. He was pugnacious and acute in argumen', but withal reasonable, and open to conviction. He came alone, and, Nicodemus-like, at night, bringing with him a written statement of his doubts and queries. One evening, instead of this he handed me a letter addressed to his elder brother, who held a lucrative office at the army headquarters. It ran thus: "For more than three months I have been examining into the religion of Jesus. Having plied the missionary with hard questions, all of which he has answered to my satisfaction, I know that it is true, and I am resolved to be a Christian." His brother made no serious opposition; but the family of his fiancée broke off the engagement without returning the betrothal presents, a circumstance which tested his firmness in

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no small degree, especially, he said, as he "had heard that the young lady was good-looking." More serious yet, his employers (he was clerk in a china-shop) threatened to dismiss him; and, most serious of all, his mother threatened to give him a beating. He manfully withstood this threefold form of temptation, sacrificed his bride, gave up his business, and took the beating, rather than renounce Christ. On the morning of his baptism, his mother, failing to move him by threats or entreaties, came to beg me, for a mother's sake, to withhold the rite. Without yielding to her request, I succeeded in mollifying her feelings. This bold confessor I put in charge of a school where he pursued a course in Christian theology while instructing his pupils. He subsequently became, and continues to be, one of the most successful of a large circle of native pastors, possessing in a high degree "grace, grit, and gumption," the three qualities which the Rev. Griffith John lays down as essential to the success of a missionary.

These young converts had to be examined for admission to a church of which I was not pastor, and their answers touching the mystery of the hypostatic union of persons in the Trinity came very near getting their instructor into trouble. Their statements were objected to as smacking of Sabellianism, which in them was imputed to ignorance, but in me was denounced as error. Two members of the Shanghai Mission, hearing of my heresy, addressed me letters of expostulation. One was from my friend Culbertson, and in tone was so moderate and rational that we were able to exchange a good many epistles without exhausting the subject or our stock of good-temper.

One advantage of my residence within the walls was the opportunity it afforded for conducting evening meetings in our city chapels. The smaller of these chapels, with seats for two hundred, was often crowded with an audience consisting mostly of artisans, who after their day's work came in to hear an exposition of one of our Lord's wonderful parables. As they

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went away I more than once heard them say to one another, "That discourse was better than a theatrical."

In the larger chapel, or church, as we called it, my audience was more select. It consisted in part of educated men, some of whom were teachers and preachers in the service of other missions. Feeling the want of a work on Christian apologetics or evidences, I resolved to make one, the *Tien-tao Su-yuen* mentioned in Chapter III. Arranging the topics in my own mind, I made them the subject of my evening discourses—not merely presenting my views, but discussing them with my hearers. Each morning I put into shape the matter which had been rendered warm and malleable by the discussion of the previous evening. I followed no authority, translated no page of any text-book, and rarely, if ever, referred to one in the course of my lectures. Matter and form grew out of the occasion, the result being a live book, adapted to the taste as well as to the wants of the Chinese.

One evening before service, going into a school-room above the chapel, I noticed a rusty sword hanging on the wall.

"Whose is it," I asked, "and why is it here?"

"It belongs to one of my friends," said the chapel-keeper; "I borrowed it to frighten away an evil spirit. The spirits, I am told, are afraid of a knife that has been stained with human blood."

"But what have you to do with evil spirits?"

"I am not much troubled in that way myself, but my sister-in-law is grievously tormented by one that pays her a visit every evening. Thinking a devil would not dare to enter the house of God, we brought her in here last night, and hung the sword on the wall."

"And did the spirit stay away?"

"No, not altogether; but he seemed afraid, and did not vex her much."

"No wonder," said I; "your faith was not strong enough.

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You and your sister-in-law ought to have trusted in God and not in a rusty sword."

I then went to see the patient, a pretty young woman of twenty-five, and finding that she needed medicine as well as instruction, I gave her a dose of castor-oil.

Inquiring a few days later, I was told that the evil spirit had not come again, "being put to flight by the bad smell of the medicine," as, in the Book of Tobit, Asmodeus flies from the smell of fish-gall. This was my first and last experience in casting out a devil.

At Ningpo a divinity much worshiped, because feared, is the thunder-god. While I was there a poet of local repute composed a commentary on the ritual for his service—as an expiation for the crime of publishing immoral verses, and to ward off his dreaded bolts.

THE THUNDER-GOD HURLING DEATH-BOLTS.

In all the cities of China except Peking, idol processions are frequent, and sometimes they are splendid and costly. In the capital they are forbidden, through fear that they might be made to cover an insurrection. Elsewhere they are occasionally prohibited, but for the most part they are encouraged by the officials, as gratifying a taste for spectacles and tending to divert the public mind from politics. At Ningpo the most popular is that in honor of the dragon. An immense effigy of painted silk is borne by hundreds of men, whose heads are concealed beneath its scaly folds as they wind through the narrow streets, presenting more the aspect of a huge centipede than the flying monster it is supposed to represent. This is followed by a troop of fairies floating in the air; each fairy being a liv-

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ing girl, often of great beauty, and gorgeously attired, supported by a framework of wires so contrived as to be invisible. These are followed by all sorts of objects, rare and strange. In one instance a pair of turkeys, borrowed from the British consul, were seen in the parade. By these shows the gods are thought to be propitiated, as also by theatrical performances. Every temple is provided with a stage directly in front of the idols, which are regarded as the chief spectators; though as the meats offered to them provide a feast for the people, so theatricals given to the gods are enjoyed gratis by the populace.

Spectators are expected to stand, as there are seldom any seats in a temple. Whether they listen depends, therefore, as much on their muscular endurance as on the drawing-power of the troupe. Whether sung like an opera or declaimed, as usual, in a strange dialect, the play would be unintelligible but for the costumes and acting. Still it exercises a strange fascination, and, being almost always historical, it serves to teach history and to inculcate virtue, as much as in ancient Greece, where

"To purify with pity and with dread,
Sage tragedy her moral lesson spread."

Lascivious plays are, however, not unknown; and partly on that account, but more because of lewd practices connected with the theater, women are not permitted to appear on the boards or to look at the spectacle. Theatricals in private houses are, however, exempt from official censorship. China has her Garrick and Kemble, but no Siddons or Bernhardt. Worst of all, she has never had a Shakespeare. Few plays possess any literary merit, and, like illegitimate offspring, they live or die unacknowledged by their authors. To the Chinese there would be nothing incredible in the theory that the real Shakespeare was Bacon. So great is the influence of the drama, that Buddhists, like some of the Christian fathers, have

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attempted to make use of it to inculcate their religion. Such plays, it need hardly be said, are too dull to please the public, as they lack the piquancy of vice.

In Chinese theaters, even the best appointed, there is no attempt at scenic effect, the only outward aid to the imagination being a change of raiment, often effected in full view of the audience. The actor in every case announces himself, and it seems strange to see one who has just been playing the villain strut on to the stage in gorgeous apparel and announce, "I am your humble servant, the emperor"—*Hia kwan Hwangti shi ye.*

The young brother of a rich banker one day applied to Mr. Burlingame for the loan of a suit of clothes—explaining that he was going to personate a foreigner. The minister kindly accommodated him; but it is doubtful that he would have done so if he had known the rôle to be played. The foreigner in such cases is not merely the butt of ridicule; he is always beaten in battle; and after being kicked and cuffed, he is chased off the stage amid the vociferous applause of a patriotic crowd.

Near the center of the city stood a ruined temple of vast dimensions. Its dilapidated hall retained no trace of its former grandeur except two rows of gigantic idols—nine on either side. These were the eighteen *lohan* ("arhats"), deified disciples of Buddha. Noticing one day that instead of eyes they had only hollow cavities, "What has become of their eyes?" I asked, turning to a crowd who had gathered about me.

"They were made of jewels, and thieves have stolen them," was the reply.

"Are these, then, the gods you look to for protection—gods that are incapable of protecting their own eyes?"

They laughed heartily at this home thrust, and I proceeded to speak to them of Him who planted the ear, formed the eye, and endowed us with understanding—that we might seek after Him and find Him.

Nothing is easier than to make the Chinese laugh at the ab-

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surdities of idolatry, nor is anything more difficult than to persuade them to give their idols up. I have known missionaries who made it a point to provoke merriment by exposing the ridiculous side of idolatry, but I thought they might have made a better impression had they taken it on the pathetic side. Is it not Cowper who says:

"'Tis pitiful to court a grin
When you should woo a soul"?

In the fall of 1853 Shanghai was taken by a body of rebels, not Taipings, but Triads; a secret society, so called from a form of oath which appeals to Heaven, Earth, and Man, the trinity of powers in the Chinese universe. The event caused much excitement at Ningpo, so near are the two seaports and so intimate their business relations. Everybody at Ningpo was expecting a similar rising, and the authorities were on the look-out for rebel emissaries. One Sunday, just as I was opening our afternoon service, a messenger came to say that a tailor, known to many of our people, had been arrested as a spy, and was about to be led out to execution. No time was to be lost, for executions were not attended with many formalities in those days, though, in normal times, the sanction of the emperor has to be obtained. Explaining to the congregation that when an ass falls into a pit it is a duty to draw him out on the Sabbath day, and charging them to pray for my success, I hurried away to see the mayor. He received me courteously, and told me that the young man had been examined (doubtless by scourging and suspension by the thumbs, though he did not say so); that no confession had as yet been obtained; but that a brass badge had been found on his person, which made it certain that he belonged to a secret society.

"Here it is," he added, producing the object with an air of confidence that seemed to say, "Now there's an end of the matter."

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On one side was the image of a woman, with the words, *La Fondatrice des Ursulines;* on the other the legend, *Elle est ma mère.*

"Is that all?" inquired the magistrate, when I had translated the inscriptions. "Then I may let him go." Scarcely had I time to reach home when the poor fellow appeared under guard and was handed over to me, naked, bruised, and emaciated from ten days of maltreatment.

Not far from our house was a parade-ground, to which I sometimes went to see military exercises. Nothing could be more amusing. The performance that ranked highest on the scale was horseback archery. A trench was cut a hundred paces in length, to spare the rider the trouble of guiding his steed. All he had to do was to start him in the trench, prick him to a gallop, and as he passed a target, distant some twenty or thirty paces, let fly his arrow. Mostly the arrows flew wide of the mark—so wide, indeed, that one day I saw a spectator brought down by a shot in the leg. Protected by a high satin boot, not much harm was done; but the occurrence excited as much commotion as if a battle had taken place.

Sham fights frequently drew me to the place, and were a favorite maneuver. Two lines of troops stood facing each other, one simulating tigers, clad in yellow uniforms with black stripes, their caps duly garnished with ears and bristles; the others, adorned with horns and shining scales, were supposed to represent dragons, though not mounted like our dragoons. At beat of drum they leaped into the air, and closed in combat, howling and roaring. No weapons were used, feats of individual strength taking their place. He was deemed victorious who could seize an antagonist and drag or carry him away as a prisoner. The combat ended, they further tested their strength by striving, like Ajax,

"Some stone's huge weight to throw,"

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or brandishing a sword that might weigh a hundred pounds. Nothing answering to our modern drill had then been introduced. The text-book of tactics was still that of Sun Wu, which dates from 550 B.C. Yet these people had seen British soldiers, and been beaten by them! Most of the soldiers had the word "brave" stamped on their breasts, and on their *backs* as well.

A GROUP OF BEGGARS. (SEE PAGE 78.)

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CHAPTER V

SCENES AND INCIDENTS

A liberal Buddhist — Cunning beggars — Invocation of devils — Imprecations and curses — Curious commemorations — Women at a temple — Avatar of rain-god — Chasing the flood-fiend — Evils of opium

IN those early days, when impressions were fresh and observation alert, something occurred almost every day to throw light on the character of the people. A few of the more noteworthy incidents I cull for this and the succeeding chapter, leaving them to speak for themselves, without much in the way of comment.

In seasons of drought, which occurred pretty frequently, the city was infested by beggars. Official relief was distributed, and the missionaries gave alms as they were able. The abbot of a large Buddhist monastery, a man of learning, who was in the habit of visiting me, came one day with a naïve proposal for coöperation in the work of relieving the poor. "You foreigners," said he, "have plenty of money; now, there is my temple at your service. Let us fill it with the hungry poor; you will feed them, and such of them as know letters may read your books; those who cannot read can at least repeat our Buddhist prayers." The good man was very sincere, both in his charity and his religion, but in this case he would have had the best of the bargain, as nine out of ten would have spent their time in reciting the name and titles of Buddha.

Besides people who suffered from temporary distress, there

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were a great many professional beggars, who during the day plied their calling as blind, halt, or dumb, and in the evening met together to spend their gleanings, suddenly recovering from their infirmities, as in Victor Hugo's "Cour des Miracles." Mr. Russell, of the English Church Mission, walking on the wall one evening, noticed a comfortable-looking party seated at table. Saluting them in passing, they politely invited him to take a cup of tea. To their surprise he accepted the offer, and, by way of opening a useful conversation, inquired, "What is your noble profession?" "We are beggars," they replied, to his surprise.

Mr. Cobbold, of the same mission, was one day accosted by a poor man who asked alms, holding up a bloody hand, which he said had been badly cut by river-pirates, to show that he was unfit for work. The missionary bade him follow to a hospital, which he did in hopes of gaining another penny. When turning away from the door he was gently drawn inside, and the doctor proceeded to dress the wound. The man winced terribly while the bloody bandages were being removed, and most of all when the last rag came away, revealing an arm and hand clean and sound. Cobbold's quick temper was roused, and the beggar carried away a wound, though he had brought none. Such fellows overtax the patience of a saint. It is recorded of Confucius, who was meek as Moses, that he once whacked one of them across the shins with his walking-stick.

Among my pensioners was a white-haired man, of near four-score. Falling ill, he was unable to come for his dole, and a younger man, his cousin, was permitted to carry him the daily allowance. At length, suspecting that something was wrong, I declined to send the dole. The young man declared that his relative was alive, and promised to bring him on his back, in proof of the fact. The next day he appeared at the usual hour, bearing on his shoulders a white-haired man, who re-

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sembled my pensioner as much as sickness resembles health. At first I accepted the claimant as genuine, but as soon as he opened his mouth the deception was apparent. Not a trace remained of the fine teeth of my octogenarian mendicant. I followed the example of Confucius; and the young man, persisting in carrying out the fraud, exclaimed, as he bowed his shoulders to the burden: "O my brother, what pains do I endure on your account!"

One of those poor old men, whom I encouraged to relate some of the experiences of his life, concluded his story of misfortune and disappointment thus: "I dream that I am dining with the governor, and wake to find that I am hungry. I dream that I am gathering pearls by the handful; but when I wake, my hands are as empty as my beggar's bowl." How many visions of wealth and grandeur are equally unsubstantial!

Begging is one of the pests of China. Buddhism encourages it, every priest being supposed to pass through a stage of mendicancy. In every city the beggars form a kind of guild, under the leadership of one who is called their king. By paying a fixed tribute to this potentate, an exemption from their importunities may be purchased. My wife several times attempted to reclaim young beggars, and to introduce them to some reputable industry. Several ran away, preferring their Bohemian existence, but two of them became honest craftsmen. A pretty child one day asked alms, and I replied by bidding him follow me to my door. He trotted after me in expectation of some copper coins, though better things were in prospect if he had only known it; for I was thinking of putting him to school or teaching him a trade. But, on looking round, the urchin was gone. Are not faith and patience essential to salvation?

Custom allows a mendicant to annoy people until they give at least a copper *cash*, equal to a tenth of a cent. You may at times see the importunate lay siege to a shop, ring a bell,

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blow a horn, or expose unsightly sores, to compel compliance with their demands. Some missionaries refuse to give anything in the street, disapproving of that mode of charity. I always gave, though not from the highest motives: first, to get rid of importunity; second, not to harden my heart by refusal; third, to be seen of men—violating the letter of his precept that I might not injure the cause of Christ by seeming to be uncharitable. Once a well-dressed young man, standing with a squad of fellows on a street-corner, thought to amuse them by addressing me in tones of noisy familiarity. Without turning my head, I tossed him a copper *cash*, and they roared with laughter.

One night my attention was attracted to a religious ceremony that was going on in the yard of one of our poor neighbors. Tables were spread, candles lighted, and with the smoke of incense arose the wail of a wild, weird chant. Leaning over the balustrade of our upper veranda, my ear caught the words: "Oh, all ye dead that have perished by violence—whether slain by the sword, drowned by floods, hanged by cords, or crushed by falling walls—and you, O Li, Me, Wang, Liang ["mischievous sprites"], come to the feast we have spread for your entertainment!" A conflagration had taken place the previous night, and this man, while doing a little salvage on his own account, was hurt or frightened by the falling of burning timbers. As he lay in a state of unconsciousness, his soul was supposed to have been carried away by some of the sprites above referred to. All such are believed to be malevolent. The feast was spread to propitiate them and to secure the release of their victim.

When a person dies abroad, the soul is called home to the family cemetery by ceremonies similar to these. Chü Yuen, a gifted poet, being sent into exile, compares his situation to that of such a soul, and writes an ode to solicit the return of the wanderer. The *Chao Hwen* is one of the most touching elegies in the Chinese language. Some, however, take it liter-

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ally, and ascribe the composition to his friend Sung Yu, who wrote it, they say, after the suicide of the poet. That sad event, which occurred about 300 B.C., is commemorated by one of the most picturesque observances of the present day. At the festival preceding the summer solstice a leading amusement is a regatta of dragon-boats, so called from their shape and ornaments. Nominally, they go out to search for the body of the dead poet; in reality, to race and make merry.

Chü Yuen's poems are a long jeremiad on the degeneracy of his times. They reflect a peevish, melancholy temper, and on reading them one is not surprised that he put an end to himself. The wonder is that he is honored by such a brilliant commemoration. Prince and councilor, his relative, the King of Chu, spurned his advice, whereon, Ahithophel-like, he went and drowned himself. His virtues, talents, and hapless fate are scarcely sufficient to account for the extraordinary honors paid to his memory.

An observance very similar in origin occurs in the spring—a three days' curfew; during which no fire is lighted and nothing but cold food eaten. Kietue, in whose memory it was instituted, lived in the ninth century B.C. He followed an exiled prince for twenty years, and when his master came to the throne, wounded by neglect, he hid himself in a forest. The prince set fire to the forest, and he perished in the flames. The eating of cold food is an impressive mode of recalling his sad fate, resembling somewhat our sacrament of the Lord's Supper; with this difference, that it has nothing sacramental in it, and that its hero never did anything deserving of commemoration. The painted eggs profusely displayed on that occasion remind us of our Easter usages. They are a convenient form of cold food.

In a street near the church I one day remarked an old woman railing angrily at a young man who was kneeling on the ground and bowing his head toward her while he muttered

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something, to me inaudible. Standing still to study the scene, as did many of the passers-by, I was moved with pity for the lad, who appeared to be so harshly treated, and yet was so respectful and penitent. "Just look at that boy," exclaimed the old woman, turning to me; "he is my adopted son. I took him when an infant and cared for all his wants with these old hands. Because I refuse to give him money to squander, the ungrateful wretch is now trying to pray me to death." I then for the first time noticed a stick of incense burning on the ground, and understood that the apparent act of reverence was not to invoke blessings, but a curse. In a little temple on the river-bank I once noticed a woman who was praying with great fervor and energy. Like Hannah of old, she was a "woman of a sorrowful spirit"; unlike Hannah, however, she was not asking for a blessing, but imprecating a curse upon some one who had done her wrong—whether a rival in the affections of her husband, or an exacting creditor, I was unable to make out.

The Chinese are prone to curse, but, in lieu of the curse direct, they revile one's ancestors, in this agreeing with the negroes of West Africa. A traveler on the Guinea coast relates that, struck with a soft strain chanted by his boatman, he asked his servant what he was saying. "He cussin', sah," replied the boy; "he cuss toder man's fader and moder." It is only from the gospel that men learn to "bless, and curse not."

In another temple, not a small one, also on the river-bank, I once saw two or three thousand women reciting prayers to Buddha, on the occasion of a festival. "Why are all the worshipers women, and what are they praying for?" I inquired. "They are praying that they may be born into the world as men," was the answer—so unhappy, as well as inferior, are they taught to consider their present condition. Morally, however, they are China's better half—modest, graceful, and

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attractive. Intellectually, they are not stupid, but ignorant, left to grow up in a kind of twilight, without the benefit of schools. What they are capable of may be inferred from the fact that, in spite of disadvantages, many of them are found on the roll of honor as poets, historians, and rulers. Some of the brightest minds I ever met in China were those of girls in our mission schools. Woman ignorant has made China Buddhist; will not woman educated make her Christian? The national literature needs women to purify it; for while the sacred books are pure, novels and jest-books are unspeakably filthy, which would not be the case if they were expected to pass under the eyes of women. An exception which proves the statement is the *Kïnku*, a collection of stories intended to be read aloud to women in the palace, and these are irreproachable in point of morals.

Not far from our church was the yamen or public office of the city prefect. During a season of intense drought I once saw a long procession of country people enter his courtyard, bearing in their hands branches of green willows, and escorting a kind of palanquin or litter woven of willows. "What is the object of this procession?" I inquired of one of the rustics. "We are praying for rain," he replied. "We have caught the dragon-king, and are bringing him to receive the worship of the magistrates. There he is in the palanquin; you can see him for yourself!"

There he was, sure enough, in an earthen vessel, swimming in his own element. He was for the nonce a water-lizard, about four inches in length. The people had besought the god to manifest himself, and, going to the sacred pool, the first living form that met their eyes was this miserable amphibian. While I was standing there a carpet was spread on the ground, and the prefect, in full robes, knelt down and worshiped the avatar of the dragon-king. The ceremony was repeated at all the yamens, and the people, as they restored the animal to the

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pool, felt that if they did not get rain it would not be for want of respect for the dragon-king.

A few years ago, during an overflow of the Peiho, a small snake was captured in the river, and brought to the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, who accepted it as the incarnation of the dragon, and, performing the koto before it, besought it to cause the waters to subside. Sudden and disastrous floods are supposed to be caused by a sort of dragon called *kiao* ("flood-fiend"). In the "Calendar of Hia," one of the oldest books, it is made the duty of a magistrate, at certain seasons, to lead the people out to hunt and destroy the flood-fiend. The mayor of Ningpo conformed to this ancient usage at least once while I was there, and the rustic folk, I was told, finding a black dog (a black poodle, no doubt) under a stone, took him for the mask of the flood-fiend, and as such put him to death.

THE WATMILUNG OR BOB-TAILED DRAGON, FIRED ON BY IMPIOUS FOREIGNERS.

A cloud-burst on one occasion caused great damage to life and property at Canton; the natives blamed foreigners for having provoked the calamity by firing on a dragon as he flew over their settlement. Here is a facsimile of a woodcut representing the dragon as he appeared incomplete in the clouds when the foreigners impiously discharged their cannon at him. The letterpress contains nothing additional except details of the calamity, for which, it insinuates, the foreigner is to be held responsible.

In the "Book of Changes," the oldest of the classics, the dragon is said to represent an emperor. Hence the use of a dragon as an imperial emblem on the national flag, the throne,

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and the vestments of majesty. The dragon myth sprang originally from an imaginary combination of crocodile and boa-constrictor. Is it not curious that the form which the Chinese give to one of their most beneficent deities should be the symbol of Satan? * (See Rev. xx. 1, 2.) How lamentable that this silly superstition should keep them from acknowledging the blessed and only Potentate, who has not left himself without witness, in that he gives rain from heaven and fruitful seasons !

At Ningpo I began to study the effects of opium-smoking, nor was it possible to dismiss the subject as long as I remained in China. The conclusion to which I was brought is, that to the Chinese the practice is an unmitigated curse. Whether it is worse than the abuse of alcohol among us I shall not undertake to decide. The contrast between the effects of the two drugs is remarkable. Liquor makes a man noisy and furious; opium makes him quiet and rational. The drinker commits crime when he has too much; the opium-smoker when he has too little. Drinking is a social vice, and drunkenness a public nuisance; opium-smoking is mostly a private vice, indulged at home; but even in opium-shops it is more offensive to the nose than to the eye or ear. Alcohol imprints on the face a fiery glow; opium, an ashy paleness. Alcoholic drinks bloat and fatten; opium emaciates. A drunkard may work well if kept from his cups; an opium-smoker is good for nothing until he has had his pipe. A drunkard can in most cases cure himself by force of will; the opium habit is a disease, which to break from requires, in all cases, the help of medicine. It takes years for alcohol to reduce a man to slavery; opium rivets its fetters in a few weeks or months. It does not take the place of tobacco, which, used by all classes as a more or less inno-

* Not stranger than the change of meaning which Christianity gives to the Greek *dæmon*, or the different significations of *deva* in India and Persia.

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cent indulgence, is indispensable to the opium-smoker; nor does it take the place of alcoholic drinks, which are consumed as much as ever. Even its moderate use unfits a man for most pursuits. A thousand opium-smokers were at one time dismissed from the army as disqualified for service. In the long run, the insidious drug saps the strength, stupefies the mind, and of course shortens the span of life. Its expense, though great in the aggregate, is nothing in comparison with the loss of time and energy sure to follow in its wake.

Most of these general statements, it is proper to say, have exceptions. I have seen men sink into their graves in a few months from the use of the drug; I have known others to use it for thirty years, but not with impunity. An example of the latter sort was a man who entered my service at the age of fifty. He was active and faithful, but died, in spite of medical care, because his stomach was so tanned that it could no longer digest food or medicine. Chenglin, vice-governor of Peking, told me that he had taken to it as an anodyne for grief at the loss of a child. Not long after that he succumbed to a flux which might have been cured by opium had he not been a smoker.

Many a bright student have I seen ruined by opium-smoking. In the earlier stages of the habit it is usually impossible to detect, but at length it reveals itself. One who was sent to France as interpreter to the Chinese envoy smoked himself to death as a relief from family troubles. When near his end he said his opium-pipe was his only consolation—*Mon plaisir unique*, he called it. Another, emaciated and sallow when he went to Russia, came back after some years fat and flourishing. He explained to me that the change was due to the giving up of opium, which, said he, "I was obliged to forego, because it was not to be had." At first the pipe is sought as a source of enjoyment, or an incentive to the passions; in later stages it is taken as a relief from pain.

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A score of medical testimonies that I took pains to collect agree as to the deleterious tendencies of the habit. A parliamentary commission recently reported rather favorably on the use of the drug in India. If they had been dealing specially, not incidentally, with the Chinese their report might have been different. The sentiment of China in regard to it is fairly expressed in a native tract with three pictures, representing the past, present, and future of the opium-smoker. Its brief legend is this: "The evils of opium are extreme. Tobacco, if you smoke a dry pipe, requires the service of one hand; if the water-pipe, of both hands. Opium enslaves the whole body. It wastes time, ruins business, and destroys the smoker and his family. Yet he is so bewitched that he does not wake up."

OPIUM-SMOKER'S PROGRESS—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

Missionaries, who see its ravages among the people, all denounce it. Chinese officers have of late made spasmodic attempts to save portions of their people from the rising flood. General Tso forbade the cultivation of the poppy in the Northwest and destroyed the crops. Governor Shen did the same in Shansi. These and many similar efforts were intended to prevent the poisonous drug from becoming a native product, within the reach of all. They had no reference to those able to buy a foreign luxury. Had the mandarins acted in concert, they might have suppressed the vice even after the legalization of the import; but they never pull together for any public purpose whatever. It is now too late. The native drug amounts to five or ten times the foreign, and the foreign trade is falling off. It is significant that Japan strictly prohib-

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its the use of opium, having before her eyes such an object-lesson as China. Count Ito told Li Hung Chang that they intended to root it out of Formosa. It is the darkest cloud that hangs over the future of China. "The desire for sleep on China's part," says the North China "Herald" in a leader on progress, May 31, 1895, "is a morbid feeling, induced by an injurious consumption of narcotics."

Did not Tennyson have China in mind when he wrote of

> "A land where all things always seemed the same;
> And round about the keel, with faces pale, . . .
> The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters came"?

How can a land be changed for the better if any large proportion of its rulers are crying in their hearts:

> "Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
> To war with evil? Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

What proportion of the people are infected it is impossible to say, as it varies from district to district—some kind of local option keeping the poison out of certain places, while in others, especially where the drug is grown, its pallid mark is seen on every face, not even women being exempt. A few native religious societies are operating against the evil, but the flood continues to rise. The best hope for checking it—though, we fear, a forlorn hope—is in the growing influence of the church of Christ. With the spread of Christianity a healthier moral sentiment will be awakened, which will become effective far beyond the pale of the churches.

If any one desires to know whether Chinese officials look on opium as a harmless drug, for the introduction of which they ought to be grateful to England, let him read the following extracts from a letter of Prince Kung and his colleagues.

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It was addressed to the British minister in July, 1869, ten years after the admission of opium as a dutiable commodity. Their object was to induce the British government to stop the import, while they, on their part, proposed to suppress the native production. The source of supply being dried up, the vice would die for want of nutriment. This would have cost them in duties on the foreign drug alone an annual sacrifice of £1,700,000—so much in earnest were they to rid their country of a growing evil.

"That opium is like a deadly poison," says this official document, "that it is most injurious to mankind and a most serious provocative of ill-feeling [between the two countries], is, the writers think, perfectly well known to your Excellency. The officials and people of this empire all say that England trades in opium because she desires to work China's ruin. For, say they, if the friendly feelings of England were genuine, since it is open to her to produce and trade in everything else, would she still insist on spreading the poison of this hurtful thing through this empire?

"There are those who say, stop the trade by a vigorous prohibition against the use of the drug. Now, although the criminals' punishment would be of their own seeking, bystanders would not fail to say that it was the foreign merchant who seduced them to their ruin; such a course would tend to arouse popular anger against the foreigner. Others, again, suggest the removal of the prohibitions against the growth of the poppy, as a temporary measure. We should thus not only deprive the foreign merchant of a main source of his profits, but we should increase our revenue to boot. We cannot say that, as a last resource, it may not come to this. But we are most unwilling that such prohibitions be removed, holding that a right system of government should appreciate the beneficence of Heaven and seek to remove any grievance that afflicts its people. To allow them to go to destruction, although an in-

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crease of revenue may result, will provoke the judgment of Heaven and the condemnation of men."

Having failed to obtain the coöperation of England, they were forced to license the home product. It is feared, however, that the measure is not "temporary."

A STUDENT IN HIS LIBRARY SMOKING OPIUM.

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CHAPTER VI

SCENES AND INCIDENTS (*Continued*)

A model riot—Portuguese violence and Chinese revenge—Bull-fights—Passion for gambling—Mixed marriages—The palace of ceremony—Honors to a laureate—An earthquake, and its effects—Taoist and Taoism

I ONCE saw a procession of country people visit the yamens of the city mandarins, with an object very different from that described in the last chapter. Shops were shut and perfect stillness reigned, as, twenty thousand strong, they wended their way through the streets, with banners flying, each at the head of a company and each inscribed with the name of a temple where that company held its meetings. "What is the meaning of this demonstration?" I inquired. "We are going to reduce the taxes," was the laconic answer. Petitions had been tried in vain, and now, driven to desperation, they were staking everything on a last appeal, with its alternative—revenge. The mandarins did not stay to hear them; and, throwing into heaps the furniture of their oppressors—silken cushions, gauze curtains, carved chairs, and other objects of costly luxury—the rioters applied the torch and consumed the whole as inexorably as the spoil of Jericho. A man whom I saw making off with something valuable was brought back, and his booty thrown into the fire; but he, I believe, escaped the fate of Achan.

Similar scenes were enacted at every yamen in the city,

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and, strange to say, the peaceful inhabitants were not molested, save that business was interrupted for a day. The conflict was with the mandarins only; the rioters were under strict discipline, and still professed loyalty to the supreme government. Entering the yamen of the *chehien*, or mayor, to watch the proceedings, I noticed a company of rioters guarding a portion of the building while their comrades were eviscerating the rest. Inquiring why they were mounting guard instead of joining in the loot, they answered simply, "This is the treasury, and no man shall touch the emperor's money." Their grievance was not taxation, but excessive charges made by local officers to cover the expense of collection. A month later the provincial governor sent against the rioters a force of fifteen hundred men. Caught in an ambuscade, these troops were beaten with a loss of fifty killed and twice as many wounded. I went with Dr. McCartee to visit the latter, and it was sad to see how they had been mauled and slashed by a lot of unarmed clodhoppers.

Force having failed to reduce the rioters to submission, the governor tried persuasion. He dismissed the obnoxious mandarins, and promised to put an end to their exactions if the ringleaders were delivered up. These men, Cheo and Chang, with a fine spirit of patriotism, surrendered themselves to gain their object and stop the plague of war. They were, however, put to death, as they knew they would be; but their grateful followers, no longer crushed by illegal imposts, erected a temple to their memory and now worship them as gods. I know of nothing that exhibits the national character to better advantage than this incident.

On another occasion, the people of an outlying district revolted against the exactions of a salt-farmer, marched into the city, and burned his house, without doing harm to any one else. Such are the methods these law-abiding people are at times forced to take to right their wrongs under a paternal

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government. I afterward witnessed a more sanguinary drama —unrelieved by anything noble—in a feud between the Portuguese and Cantonese. The latter were reformed pirates who had been reduced to submission by promises of official employment and liberal pay. They were under the leadership of two brothers, who were given rank in the imperial navy. Distrusting their honesty, the Ningpo fishermen engaged Portuguese lorchas to convoy their fleet and protect their fishing-grounds, paying no less than fifty thousand dollars for the season. The Cantonese endeavoring to wrest this lucrative business from the hands of their rivals—the old story of wolves offering to protect the flock—a series of sanguinary collisions took place, which led to the despatch from Macao of a Portuguese corvette, with orders to destroy the Canton squadron.

The junks sought refuge in the river, mooring near the Salt Gate; but their assailants, who had no respect for any sanctuary, took up a position within easy range and proceeded to sink them one after another—presenting in a time of peace a spectacle such as the West has not witnessed since the Vikings ceased to ravage the coasts of Europe. Such was the reckless violence of a people who carried on trade without the sanction of a treaty, and such the helpless imbecility of the Chinese authorities.

Our first intimation of the fray was the boom of cannon, followed by the whizzing of cannon-balls over our housetop. So near and so numerous were these messengers of death that we supposed the Portuguese had begun to bombard the city, and sought safety behind the walls of the church. One shot fell in the taotai's yamen, near by; another killed a girl half a mile beyond us. When the firing ceased, Messrs. Cobbold and Russell came to tell me of a rumor that the Cantonese were plotting to seize all Europeans and hold them as hostages, or to murder us in revenge. Going directly to the taotai, the highest mandarin in the city, we were shown the shot, a twenty-

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four-pounder, that had fallen in his courtyard. We were also confronted with Puliangtai, ex-pirate, and commander of the sunken junks. The taotai denied the existence of the alleged plot; but we nevertheless informed him and the ex-pirate that any attempt to play that game would be followed by swift retribution.

The ex-pirates found revenge in another way. Waiting till the corvette had quitted the China seas, they mustered their forces and prepared to attack the Portuguese. These, in expectation of an assault, had moored their lorchas at a bend of the river in front of their consulate, a quarter of a mile from a house to which we had then removed. Equal in numerical strength to their assailants, it was supposed that they would make a good defense. But the Cantonese, coming up on the flood-tide, instead of opening fire as anticipated, grappled with the lorchas, and boarded them with drawn cutlasses. Driven from their guns, which proved of no use, the Portuguese fled ashore. Many were cut down or shot in the back. Thirty or forty were seized, and, with hands tied, thrown into the river. Two or three fugitives I saw scudding across the plain, but whether they eluded their pursuers or not it was impossible to discover. The consulate was pillaged, and the flag of Portugal disappeared from the port. The Peking government, if it had heard of the occurrence, did not care to interfere; and the Portuguese did not dare to renew the conflict.

Nor was this the first massacre suffered by the Portuguese at the port of Ningpo. Mendez Pinto gives us an account, as graphic as it is credible (notwithstanding his doubtful reputation for veracity), of a more terrible wrath-storm that overwhelmed their settlement at the mouth of the river three centuries ago. The twin pursuits of the Portuguese, according to him, were trade and buccaneering. For high game they seized cities, and for ordinary pastime they levied blackmail, and in both they prospered exceedingly, until their cup was full, and then they were

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wiped out in a single day. Their unscrupulous proceedings did much to delay the opening of China to legitimate commerce. As pictures of the lawless license not uncommon in the "fifties," these scenes are perhaps not undeserving of the space here given to them.

I close this account with a comic incident that took place shortly before the expulsion of the Portuguese. One of that nationality, calling at my house, said something about "Mr. Martins" and a "small box," desiring me to go with him. I was at the time expecting a box from Shanghai; and, accompanying the messenger, I found, not a box, but a case of small-pox, a man named Martinez being the patient.

A feud existed between the junkmen of Canton and Fukien—the former levying blackmail on the latter—and one of their battles took place in full view of our house; the city authorities standing aloof and leaving them to fight it out. Even among those hardened freebooters one sometimes meets with redeeming traits. Witness the following incident, as well as my own adventure in Chapter VIII.

One day, when I was crossing the river, my servant, undertaking to relieve the ferryman at the oar, awkwardly tumbled into the stream. Unable to swim a stroke, he was bobbing up and down in the water, when a Cantonese, leaping from the high poop of a junk, rescued the drowning man. The latter, not content with verbal thanks, went aboard the next day with thank-offerings of considerable value. To his surprise, the Canton man declined to accept anything beyond a few fruits, satisfied with the consciousness of a good action. Ought not that act, so prompt and generous, to be taken as an offset to the heartless selfishness with which the Chinese are so often charged?

It may not be generally known that bull-fights are in vogue in some parts of China. The district of Kinhoa, not far from Ningpo, is equally celebrated for fierce bulls and fat hams.

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For want of transport, they feed both cows and pigs on rice. Every spring they hold a cattle-show, at which the chief attraction is the bull-fights, of which more take place than in any city of Spain, for the animals are pitted, not against man and horse, but against each other. The vanquished is seldom killed, but usually retires with head and shoulders covered with blood. When asked the reason for the cruel sport, "Sport! it is not sport, but business," replied a grave-looking man, who was either a philosopher or a wag, or perhaps a mixture of both. "We make the beasts fight," continued he, "to take the spirit of combativeness out of the air, so that men may live in harmony."

It goes without saying that the motive back of this philanthropic aim was the excitement of betting, for the Chinese are desperate gamblers, forcing all kinds of pugnacious beasts to do their fighting for them, while they do the betting. The quail, for instance, is with them a game bird, in this peculiar sense; and a quail-cock that kills half a dozen antagonists is worth ten times its weight in silver. The cricket, however, affords the highest sport; gay young men and decrepit old men are alike fascinated with the fun of seeing them snap each other's heads off. The capital was once taken by a horde of Tartars because the general in command was too much engaged with his crickets to prepare for its defense. Does not Daudet tell us something similar about a French marshal and his game of billiards?

"I don't eat meat any more," once said my donkey-boy, as he was trudging along by my side in another part of China. "It was hard to give it up, but now it would be hard to take to it again." Asking the how and the why, he told me this story:

"I was given to play," said he, "wasted my earnings, and stole things out of the house to stake on a game. In grief and despair, my father cursed me, praying that I might be struck

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dead. That was more than I could bear. I went away to a temple, got an incense-stick, lighted it under the open sky, and, knocking my head on the ground, I made a vow to heaven and earth not to touch a card for a year, and in the meantime to abstain from meat. Nearly two years have passed, and I now have no appetite for either. I intend to abstain from both till the end of my life." With him filial piety meant something, and his religion, vague as it was, enabled him to triumph over his besetting sin.

Yet another illustration of the passion for hazard. One day, when I was new to the place, I happened to enter a street near the Floating Bridge. It was filled with an excited crowd, who were madly vociferating and gesticulating. Thinking that I had come upon a riot, I turned aside to ask the meaning of the tumult, when I learned that I was in the Stock Exchange. Bids were made *viva voce* and accepted by the grasping of hands, the parties withdrawing to complete their bargain. The business going on at that time was the fictitious sale of Spanish dollars for copper *cash;* the quotations being brought by pigeon post from Suchau, two hundred miles distant. How vividly this scene was recalled to my memory by the confused roar heard at the Paris Bourse!

The town above mentioned as famous for bull-fights was the principal scene of a drama, in two acts, which, if brought on the stage by a skilful hand, might prove a "stunning" success. Mr. Gilbert is welcome to the plot, as it has cost me nothing in the way of invention.

ACT I.—*A Chinese Student in England*

The student Siaopo is the son of a respectable man of high literary rank who has embraced Christianity. Desirous of seeing foreign countries, he accompanies a missionary to England, paying his expenses by serving the missionary in the capacity

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of Chinese secretary. He also forms the central attraction in the missionary's lectures, where he is exhibited to prove the success of the mission in converting the heathen.

Discontented with his share of the proceeds, and his head turned by flattery, he quarrels with his mentor, and gives lectures on his own account.

Sympathizing friends gather around him who are indignant that a missionary intrusted with the education of the son of a nobleman should so far forget his duty as to exhibit the young mandarin as Columbus exhibited the savages from the New World.

Becoming one of the lions of the season, Siaopo is in much request in the salons of London, where a banker's daughter allows herself to be captivated by the almond and the olive, aided by gorgeous apparel, and the importance of a personage who tears himself away from her society to keep an engagement with the Earl of Clarendon.

Act II.— *The Banker's Daughter in China*

A motherless girl, she has been in the habit of having her own way; and when her father opposes the marriage, she elopes and goes to China. On arriving there, she is surprised to find herself wife No. 2. Nor is wife No. 1 so overjoyed at the return of her husband as to overlook the presence of a rival. She tries to expel the intruder; but as her husband prefers the lily to the olive, she goes stark mad and dies of a broken heart.

The lily does not long enjoy her triumph. In utter loneliness, hundreds of miles from the sound of a European voice, she begins to fade and longs for death. Before the end comes she is aroused by the news that a white man has been drowned by the wreck of a boat on the rapid river that flows by her Chinese home. Making her way to the scene of the disaster, she finds the victim to be an American general, who, after

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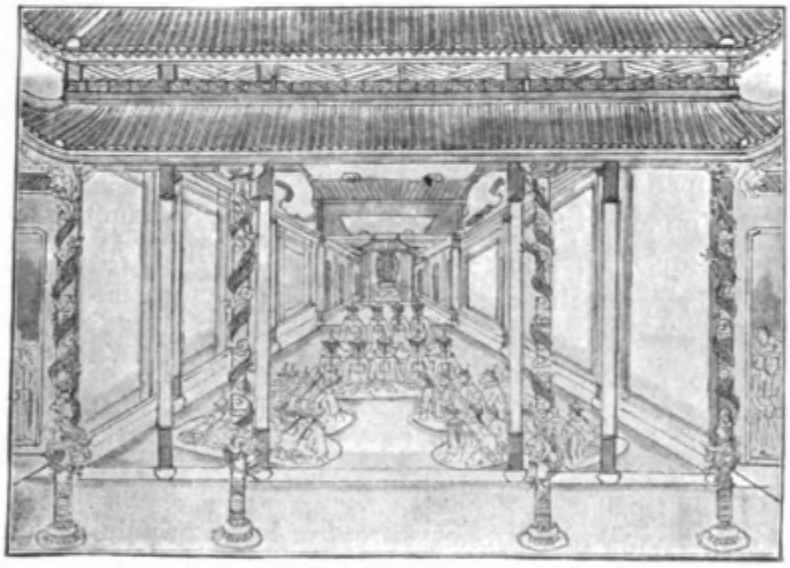
leading the Chinese forces against the rebels, went over to the latter. Being captured, he was being carried to Peking in irons, when a sunken rock came to the rescue, delivering him from his tormentors, and two countries from the dangers of an international complication.

This duty done, the unfortunate girl proceeds to Shanghai for medical advice, and finds a grave in a Christian cemetery.

Other instances might be brought in as side-plays—such as that of the son of an M. P., who on shipboard married, with all due ceremony, a Chinese widow employed as nurse for a missionary's children. In Shanghai he was ostracised for what he had done; though it would have been more rational to admit him to the gay circles of the foreign settlement, and to ostracise his wife.



THE PALACE OF CEREMONY.

Near our church was a shed which bore the imposing title *huang-kung*, or emperor's palace. It contained a throne, surmounted by a gilded tablet representing his Majesty, and in-

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scribed with the prayer, *Hwangti, wan-sue, wan-sue, wan-wan sue!* that is, "The emperor, may he live ten thousand years, ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years!" Here all the officials (and the same is true of other cities) were obliged to assemble on the accession of an emperor and on his birthdays, to do him homage; or, on his demise or that of any member of his family, to perform the rites of mourning. Noticing one day a throng of officials entering this hall of ceremony, each clad in a robe of coarse hemp, I entered with them to observe the performance. They had heard of the death of a dowager empress, but they talked and laughed gaily enough until the master of ceremonies cried out, *Quay pai*, when they sank on their knees, and brought the forehead three times in contact with the earth, raising, in the intervals, a melancholy wail. This was repeated three several times, and between the acts they talked and laughed as before. Some of them, as curious as myself, indeed, sought to cultivate my acquaintance and to learn from me how we are accustomed to do these things.

An imperial tablet is to be seen in most of the greater temples. Formerly the Mohammedans refused to admit it into their mosques, regarding the respect paid to it as idolatrous. Lately, however, they have waived the objection, in order to vindicate themselves from suspicion of complicity in the insurrectionary movements of their co-religionists. Might not the tablet, with great propriety, be set up in every Christian church, where, no prostrations being required, its presence would have no religious significance further than to indicate that the emperor was prayed for? Such a proof of loyalty would be valuable.

I heard once a concert of musical instruments accompanied by the explosion of fire-crackers in a cluster of cabins near our dwelling. The musicians, who bore festive banners and wore red tassels on their caps, had come to announce to the occu-

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pants of that humble abode that Changyun, a relative of theirs, had gained the first honor at Peking in a literary competition which takes place in the palace, and that the emperor had marked his name with vermilion, as scholar-laureate of the empire. The family of the poor student at once emerged from obscurity. The whole city rejoiced in their good fortune. The wife of the laureate was invited to visit the six gates and scatter rice by way of exorcising the bad luck which is believed to threaten many in consequence of the brilliant success of one. No wonder the winning of that proud position is the schoolboy's dream!

I may here also mention a circumstance of which I was not a mere observer, as in the preceding scenes. Standing one evening, lamp in hand, in the portico of the church, and talking to the sexton, I felt the floor move under me. I exclaimed, *Tien yao didong!* ("An earthquake"), and rushed down the steps with such force that I flattened the lamp against the wall of the court. About midnight we were wakened by a much harder shock, which seemed as if it would bring our house down. This, in fact, it helped to do; for it cracked the walls, as it did those of other high buildings. A wet season ensuing, the half-burned bricks which a knavish contractor had wrought into the building were reduced to pulp. One night, six months after the earthquake, we were aroused by the crumbling of the wall, and had hardly time to escape with our children when it came down with a crash. Happily, the tile roof was supported by wooden pillars—a mode of building well adapted to a country where seismic convulsions, if not frequent, are sometimes violent. As to the origin of earthquakes, the Chinese are as wise as the ancient Greeks—ascribing them to the restlessness of a huge fish instead of a giant. Sometimes, however, they refer them to the magic of foreigners, which they regard as more potent than Enceladus or Leviathan.

Among the strangers from distant places who found their

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way to my house, mostly drawn by curiosity, was a man from Hangchau, by the name of Chu. Besides being actuated by a worthier motive, he deserves mention as a typical Taoist. With him religious truth was a matter of supreme concern. He had studied Buddhism and incorporated much of it in his hospitable creed. Hearing of a new religion from the West, he undertook this journey with the hope of making further additions to his treasury of religious ideas. Nor was he disappointed in the result, though I was. For in Christ he recognized the latest manifestation of Tao, the divine principle, but he was not prepared to confess him as Lord and renounce his old master. In taking leave, he expressed his sense of the value of the new doctrine by inviting me to send men to preach it in the provincial capital, and promising to aid them in their mission. He was as good as his word, receiving my two catechists into his own house; and when his termagant wife made it too hot for them, he procured them lodgings at an inn, and paid their expenses, as he was well able to do, being a pawnbroker in easy circumstances.

During their stay he was assiduous in consulting the oracles of Taoism, and sent me by their hands communications fresh from the spirit-world in praise of the gospel of Christ, asserting its substantial identity with the teachings of all the ancient sages. This was not unlike the indorsement given to Paul and Silas by a votary of Apollo: "These be the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation." Only, in this case, the old spirit of Python was never exorcised. When the catechists revisited Hangchau, Mr. Chu was dead. Let us hope that he found in the other world "the way, the truth, and the life," which he sought here with so much ardor.

Tao, the name of his sect, signifies "way" and "truth" or "reason"; and it professes to lead to everlasting "life," i.e., a physical immortality. The principles that brought him into

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sympathy with Christianity he drew from the fountain-head of Taoist philosophy, an ancient manual called *Tao-te-king*, a guide to "truth and virtue," in which we find the precept, "Repay injury with kindness." Its author—Li-rh, known as Laotse, the "old philosopher," because, though contemporary, he was older than Confucius—closed a studious, uneventful life in the sixth century B.C. The keeper of many books, being royal librarian, he wrote nothing that we have heard of except the little treatise above named. The authorship of even that work is much disputed. It was extant, we know, however, in the third century B.C., and as tradition uniformly ascribes it to him, and as without it it would not be easy to account for his authority as the founder of a religion, we should be content to accept it as genuine. The seeds of Taoism are to be found in that book. Obscure as the fragments of Heraclitus, and, like the earlier philosophy of all nations, couched in a sort of rambling verse to aid the memory, it appears to be a collection of detached thoughts on the world, human society, and self-government. Of surprising breadth and penetration, as some of them are, they consist mostly of vague generalities, destitute of logical connection or precision. The author might be chargeable with the artifices of paradox and an affected singularity of manner, if both were not natural to a recluse who dissents from the ways of the world. In this he much resembles the earlier Christian writers. So near, in fact, does he approach to Christianity in thought and spirit, that some find in his writings traces of the Christian Trinity. Take, for example, his simple cosmogony: "One produced a second; the two produced a third; and the three produced all things." Again he says: "There are three inscrutable things that blend in unity. The first is not the brighter, nor the last the more obscure. Boundless in operation, there is no name to call them by." These "three things" are, however, not beings, but properties of Tao, the active principle of order in

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the universe. Meaning "reason" and "word," Tao resembles the *logos* of St. John, but differs from it in being an impersonal principle instead of a personal agent. "Conscious law is King of kings," says Emerson, educated in the school of Christianity.

Laotse never rose to the conception of mind on the throne of the universe. Monism was the starting-point of his theory —one substance, matter, capable of evolving mind. He teaches, though not in express terms, the possibility of acquiring such a mastery over physical nature as to defy death and work miracles. From these obscure hints, taken in connection with the more ancient "Book of Changes," his disciples deduced the twin doctrines of the transmutation of metals and the elixir of life, thus originating the practice of alchemy many centuries before it found its way into Europe.

Taoism was favored by the builder of the Great Wall, who butchered the followers of Confucius and burned their books. It was favored, also, by the founders of the following dynasty. Changliang, who did more than any other to place the Prince of Han on the throne, was a disciple of Laotse, and attained immortality, as it was believed, without death.

With the resurrection of the books in the succeeding reigns, Confucianism again obtained ascendancy; and in the first century of our era another rival appeared on the arena, in Buddhism, which was introduced from India. About the same time Chang Taoling, a noted master of occult science, a descendant of the Chang above named, was by imperial decree created pope of Taoism; a dignity made hereditary, as were the high-priesthoods of the other religions at a later epoch. For a long time the three creeds waged a bitter war, alternately persecuting and persecuted; until, after the lapse of many centuries, they arrived at a *modus vivendi* by dividing between themselves the dominion of the three worlds; heaven being assigned to Buddha, hell to Taoism, and this world to Confucius. Buddhism, it is true, continues to make much of hell;

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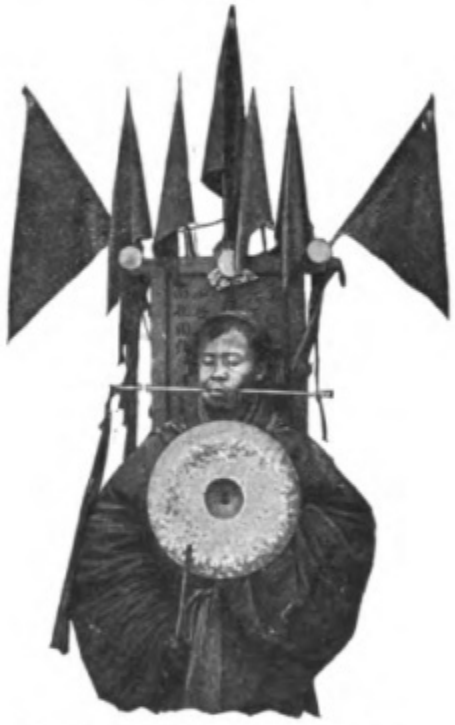
but, in popular belief, the Taoist hierarch has the control of demons. He lives on the Lunghu Mountain, in Kiangsi, in a palace resembling that of an emperor, in which visitors are shown long rows of sealed jars, containing spirits of evil, imprisoned by the arch-magician. They are arrested on complaint of those who suffer at their hands. His clergy have a monopoly of exorcism and witchcraft, constituting a vested interest in the superstitions of the people.



RAISING MONEY FOR A TAOIST TEMPLE.

Nor does the imperial state of the Taoist pope consist solely in a sumptuous palace; he has the appointment of civic deities, as the emperor has the appointment of mandarins. Every city has its tutelar divinity, as those of Europe have their tutelar saints. These are the souls of deceased mandarins; and the

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Taoist pope who makes and unmakes them exerts a spiritual sway that is not to be despised.

Beginning with matter, Taoism has developed a system very similar to the so-called "spiritualism" of our day. It peoples the universe with spirits of various grades, from all of which revelations are received through the *fulan* (or "magic pen"), a form of planchette that has been in vogue for many centuries. Many of its sacred books are referred to this origin. A chop-stick or poker, attached to a cross-bar, is supported on the hands of two persons in such manner that its point touches a layer of meal or sand, with which a table is covered. The spirit invoked causes it to vibrate, and the marks traced on the table are the response, which none but the initiated know how to interpret.

THE OLD PHILOSOPHER.

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CHAPTER VII

EXCURSIONS IN THE PROVINCE

A fair valley and a foul crime—The baby-tower—Preaching in Examination Hall—Brownsville and exogamy—A stage for a pulpit—Country hospitality—Village feuds—The provincial capital—A Chinese Venice—Tomb of an emperor—The flood in China—Stupid models—Clever lawyers

NOW that the whole country is checkered by the footsteps of them that sow beside all waters, my early journeys are hardly worth notice except as a record of exploration. One of these was to the beautiful valley of Ningkonggiao. A crystal stream, navigable for light canoes; green hills, that rise in high ranges on either bank; groves of tall fir-trees, interspersed with clumps of feathery bamboo, clothing the hillsides; and masses of castellated rocks, crowning the hilltops—such are the elements of a landscape rarely to be met with in the North of China, but not rare in the picturesque province of Chekiang.

The narrow valley is overcrowded with people, and I saw painful evidence of the prevalence of infanticide, in numerous handbills exhorting the people to spare the lives of their female children. One man whom I questioned on the subject said cynically that they put their girls out of the way because if spared to grow up they would bring disgrace on their parents. Another confessed that several of his female children—I forget how many—had been smothered in the hour of birth. When expostulated with on the enormity of the crime, he excused himself by shifting the blame upon his neighbors, who, he said,

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relieved him of that disagreeable task. Despite humane laws and humane literature, this shocking crime prevails in many, but not in all, parts of the empire. It is almost unknown at the capital, where it is forestalled by nipping the young life at an earlier stage. For so dark a blot on the honor of his country, strange to say, one of China's wisest sages is partly responsible. For was it not Mencius who said that "the greatest sin against filial piety is to have no son"? Everybody, therefore, marries as soon as possible—parents pushing their children into matrimony before they are out of their teens—and when that first of duties is fulfilled and the family sacrifices provided for, little regard is felt for supernumerary offspring, especially girls.

Strange again that this disesteem of the female sex, which marks them out for victims, and which, in spite of literary culture, stamps a people with barbarism, should be inculcated in the *Shiking*, one of the sacred books of the East. Here is a passage from the work cited:

"If a boy is born, in a downy bed
Let him be wrapped, in purple and red;
Apparel bright and jewels bring
For the noble child who shall serve the king.

"If a girl is born, in coarse cloth wound,
With a tile for a toy, let her lie on the ground;
In her bread and her beer be her praise or her blame,
And let her not sully her parents' good name."

On the outskirts of city or town may be noticed a low tower, more sad in its suggestions than the Parsee "tower of silence" seen at Bombay. It is the baby-tower, or receptacle for the uncoffined corpses of infants. No inquiry is made as to the cause of death; no ceremony is observed in sepulture. A hideous superstition comes in to aggravate the heartlessness of parental neglect.

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When a child dies before it is old enough to repay the care of its parents, it is looked on as the reincarnation of a creditor, to whom an unpaid debt was due in a former life. During sickness the parents nurse it tenderly, but the moment it expires their point of view is changed. They see in the corpse nothing but the mask of an inexorable dun; and, as it crosses the threshold wrapped in a coarse mat, a gash is made in the door-sill with a knife or ax to signify that the last tie is severed and that the spirit must not return to enter another body. Akin to this is the cruel practice of shifting the dying, whether young or old, to a temporary bed, often out of doors, lest the bedroom should be haunted by the ghost of the deceased. How unlike the tender teachings of the gospel!

Another journey undertaken was to Funghua, a mountainous district about fifty miles from Ningpo. The inhabitants, fierce and rude, were at that time reputed to be so hostile to foreigners that my teacher Lu refused to accompany me, predicting that I would get into trouble. Ascending the south branch of the Ningpo River, I found it so shallow where it emerged from the mountains that I had to change my boat for a sort of catamaran, made of large bamboos, whose hollow joints give it buoyancy. All the traffic and travel are carried on by means of these light craft, for the want, perhaps, of good roads. Similar craft, drawing only two or three inches, might be used with advantage on small streams in our country, if bamboos were plentiful and cheap. Drawn by tow-line or pushed by poles, it is slow work to make headway against the current; but downstream one enjoys a perpetual shooting of rapids, with just enough danger to impart a relish.

Installed in a suburban temple whose wooden framework had been standing for eight hundred years, I went into the city to look for a place to preach. Expressing my wish to some of the people, to whom at the same time I gave a few tracts, "Come," said they, "we will show you the Examination Hall;

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you shall preach to us there." "But will not your officers object?" I cautiously hinted, not wishing to expose myself to the ignominy of being turned out. "Not they," was the reply; "*we* built the hall, and we have a right to make use of it."

Taking possession of the barrack-like structure, which had seats and tables for four or five hundred, I made known my message to successive crowds for two or three days; now addressing them in set discourse, anon instructing individual inquirers, or refuting the cavils of objectors.

From Funghua I directed my steps to Si-wu, an unwalled town of some five and twenty thousand inhabitants. These all bear the family name of Wu, or Brown; and as Chinese law, more strict than ours, interdicts the marriage of persons of the same surname, no matter how distantly related, the people of Brownsville export their daughters to the neighboring town of Forestville, and receive the Misses Forest in exchange. A family system in which the branches take root without separating from the parent tree evidently requires such a law. To add a higher sanction, custom bestows on all the cousins to the fortieth degree the title of brother or sister. Thus to make all the women of a city *taboo* to all the men, is not that exogamy run wild? *Per contra*, so little regard is paid to relationship outside of the family name that the marriage of half-brother and half-sister is not prohibited.

Giving a few tracts to well-disposed persons, I was requested to preach. "If you desire to hear," said I, "you must provide me with a suitable place—I object to preaching in the street;" a practice, by the way, which I have always shunned as derogatory to the dignity of the gospel, though I do not deny that it may be admissible in some cases. "There is the theater," answered they; "perhaps that will suit you."

Conducting me to a vast temple, which bore the inscription, *Shü tsu Miao* ("To our First Ancestor"), they pointed me to a covered stage, from which I discoursed, to many hundreds

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of listeners, of our first ancestor and the God who made him.

At a village on the road I addressed a company under the shade of a tree, which, by the way, was not street-preaching. When I had finished, a respectable old man invited me to go to his house and breakfast, to which I readily consented. The house was well-built, commodious, and clean; the occupant being one of the better class of farmers who cultivate their own ground. The table was spread with a variety that betokened good living, rice-wine not being wanting. To me, however, there was a great want; there was no fork with which to

A FAMILY AT BREAKFAST.

take up the shrimps, eels, and chicken, which formed the chief dishes. My host, seeing me embarrassed in trying to convey to my mouth small morsels with two round sticks (the chop-sticks in universal use), made a sign to his daughter, who brought me the spindle of her spinning-wheel. With that I was able to spear my eels and shrimps with sufficient ease, but in a way that must have appeared uncivilized to Chinese eyes. Happily, there were no other guests and no spectators.

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From Brownsville it was my intention to proceed southward to a city on the sea-coast called Ninghai. Already on the way, I was deterred from going farther by learning that a rumor had preceded me to the effect that "a foreign general was coming with forty men," to help the people of a frontier village against those of a neighboring town, with whom they were waging one of those private wars so common in China. The war, it seems, had sprung from a watermelon seed. In the original quarrel, which grew out of a dispute about the price of a melon, a man was killed. In retaliation, two or three were killed, and thus the series went on expanding until, shortly before this date, some ten or twelve men of the northern village had been captured by their southern neighbors, bound head and foot, and hacked to pieces by the widows of those who had been slain by them or their party. Each woman as she gave a blow said solemnly: "Take that for my husband!" In China, especially in the South, the vendetta is no less obligatory than in Arabia or in medieval Italy.

Hangchau, the capital of the province, is classed with Suchau as one of the two finest cities in the empire. As a proverb has it:

"Shang yu Tien Tang,
Hia yu Su Hang."

"Above the heavens with splendor shine,
But Su and Hang are quite as fine."

No foreigner, to the best of my knowledge, had visited the latter since Amherst's embassy passed through it in 1816. My friend, the Rev. Henry Rankin, and I were permitted to pass the gates without disguise; but the people, not yet familiar with European costume, called us Japanese—a tradition of Japanese piratical incursions being still extant. We found the place vast in extent, inclosing several hills, and retaining some vestiges of imperial magnificence, having been the last capital of

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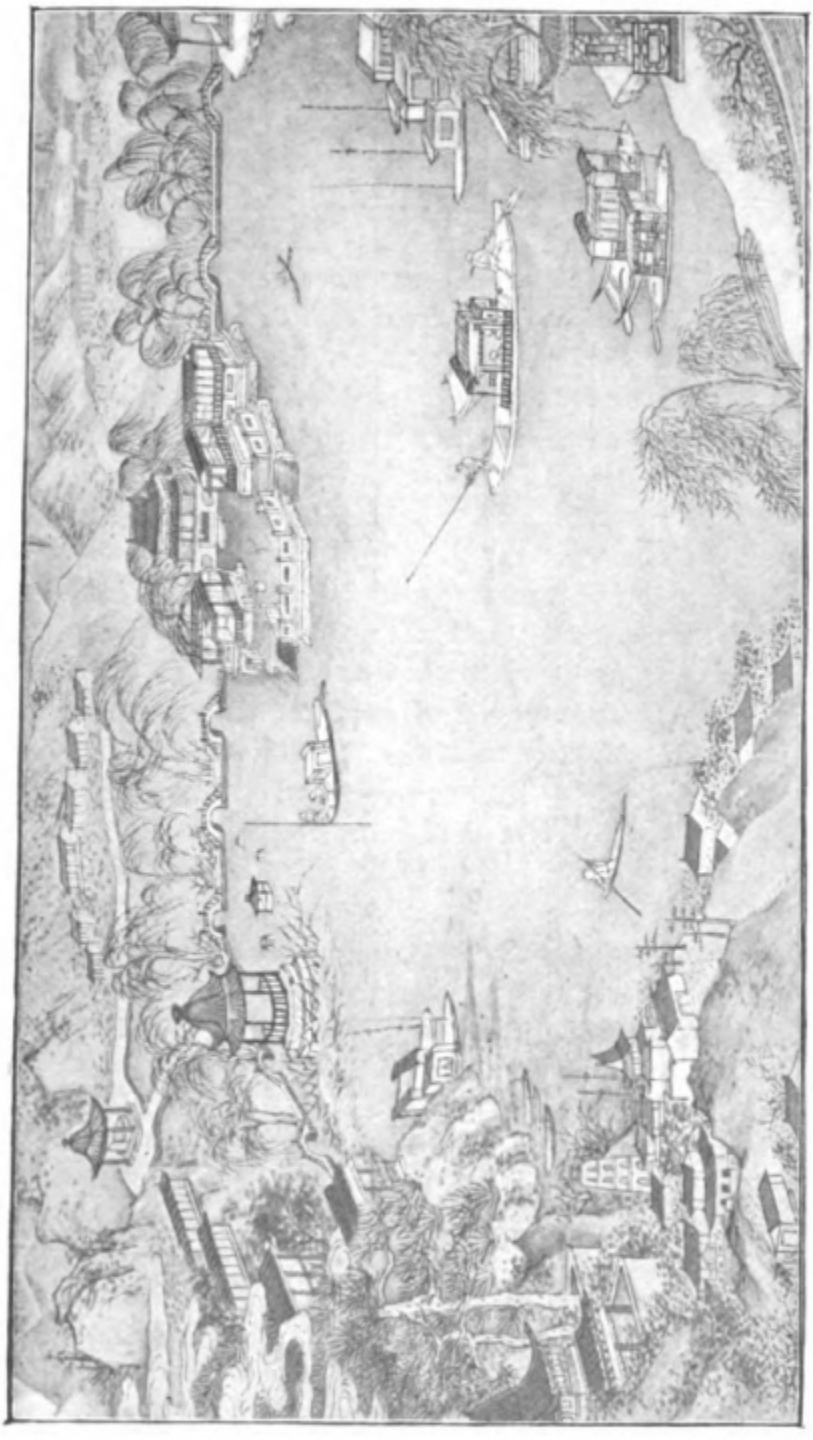

West Lake at Hangchau.

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the Sungs when they were driven south by the Mongols in 1278. Beyond the walls, on the western side, is a small lake, the shores of which are studded with pagodas and temples. In a monastery looking out on that lovely landscape we found a shelter for the night, taking leave with the sunrise of the next day, to the great relief of the *bonzes* (monks), who regarded us with undisguised suspicion.

Dr. Nevius and Bishop Burdon, who went there in 1858, were the first missionaries who succeeded in establishing themselves in that great city, where there are now three flourishing missions. The configuration of Hangchau Bay is such as to produce that rare marine phenomenon called the *bore*—a tide-wave that rushes into the river with a frightful roar, and presents in its incoming flow the aspect of a wall of water. That of the Hooghly, at Calcutta, is perhaps better known, and that of the Bay of Fundy is higher; but so extraordinary is the bore of Hangchau that in October, when it rises highest, the magistrates meet it with prostrations and burning incense, believing it to herald the approach of a sea-god.

On our way back we explored the city of Shaohing, in which, as in Venice, the streets are canals, and boats the common vehicles. While we were preaching and distributing books, a well-dressed man pressed through the crowd and invited us to take luncheon at his house. He was a *Chü-jin*, or Master of Arts, and belonged to one of the best families. His attentions were prompted, not by idle curiosity, but, as he courteously said, by a desire to "show proper respect to educated men from a distant land."

A mile or so from the wall stands one of the most famous shrines of the far East—the mausoleum of the Emperor Ta Yu (the "Great Yu"), who surveyed the empire, divided it into nine provinces, and founded the first great dynasty, B.C. 2100. A monument records his exploits, in tadpole characters, so called because each stroke resembles a nascent frog with a bulky head

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and wavy tail. No scholar of the present day can read it; it is accordingly accompanied by a transliteration into modern Chinese, whose forms became fixed in the fourth century A.D. The genuineness of this inscription is not unquestioned, though no one doubts its antiquity. The same may be said of the Yukung, a chapter in the Chinese Genesis, which professes to narrate Ta Yu's travels and achievements. But, if apocryphal, both documents, like most of their kind, owe their existence to the fame of an historical personage.

The facts of this emperor's history, making due allowance for hyperbole, are as related in other parts of the work we have mentioned. In the reign of Yao, it seems, a flood of waters covered all the level ground, "embosomed the mountains, and threatened heaven itself." A minister was put to death for having failed to bring the rivers back to their forgotten channels, and then his son was appointed to the vacant post, with, of course, the same penalty hanging over his head. This was no other than our hero, Ta Yu, who, after nine years of toil, during which he thrice passed his own door without finding time to enter, succeeded in accomplishing a task in comparison with which the labors of Hercules were child's play. So delighted was the Emperor Shun—himself the adopted successor of Yao—that he adopted the successful engineer, to the exclusion of his own son. Ta Yu ascended the throne, and showed himself equally arduous in the work of administration, "leaving the table thrice during one repast," as it is said, to give instructions to his officers; and, on coming out of his bath, hurrying away to business "without taking time to tie up his hair." To the present day he is held up as the national model of diligence, alike for sovereign and for subject.

"Great Yu was careful of every inch of time. We common mortals should not waste the tenth of an inch," is the translation of a pair of scrolls which set his example before the eyes of students in the hall of the Tungwen College, in Peking. Is

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not the appointment of Ta Yu to his father's post just what we should expect of a monarch like Yao, who made a law that "children are not to suffer for the sins of their parents"? And was not the disinheriting of an unworthy prince in Ta Yu's favor the converse of the same principle? In these degenerate days treason, even constructive treason, always entails the annihilation of a whole family. No wonder the Chinese look back regretfully to an age when the throne was the prize of merit!

Some have supposed that Ta Yu's flood was a remote effect of that of Noah, which occurred three centuries before. The latter was the subject of a Sunday-school lesson in the International Series, recently translated by a committee of missionaries. In the habit of giving the Chinese chronology alongside of that of Usher, they were a little startled, when the lesson came back from the printer, to read at the top of the page, which stated that "all the high mountains under the whole heavens were covered" the date "thirteenth year of the Emperor Chuanhü," implying that all was tranquil in China.

Near Shaohing we crossed the river Zaongo, which takes its name from one of the twenty-four models of filial piety. A ferryman having been drowned, his daughter, after seeking the corpse without success, threw herself into the stream in despair. After three days her body floated to the surface, bringing up that of her parent! Moral: the duty of suicide in a similar case.

The other models in this precious collection are not, in general, more worthy of imitation. One is a little boy, who lay on the ice to melt it, that he might catch a fish for his mother's breakfast. Another, a lad, who, on the occurrence of a thunder-storm, remembering that his mother was afraid of lightning, threw himself on her grave and cried, "Don't be afraid, mama; your son is here." Amiable idiots! *Arcades ambo!*

We have heard of a man of science who believed that

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"Little Jack Horner" veils a solar myth. In China the "four and twenty blackbirds" are taken seriously. Artists vie with one another in inventing illustrations; and scholars, even the most eminent in the land, solicit the privilege of writing a chapter to be printed in autograph!

Shaohing is famed for good wine and clever lawyers. Here is a story from a Chinese book of anecdotes, which shows how a Shaohing lawyer got his client out of a desperate "fix." A young man was charged with knocking out his father's teeth. Death, in consequence of the unfilial act, stared him in the face. Left alone with the criminal, the lawyer looked grave and walked rapidly round the room, talking all the while. "It's a bad case," he said, dropping his voice and whispering in the prisoner's ear. Suddenly seizing the ear between his teeth, he gave it a severe bite. "What do you mean?" said the prisoner, raising his fist. "I mean," said the lawyer, "that you are saved. You have only to show the prints of my teeth, and say that they were made by your father, whose teeth, being shaky, dropped out!"

In China there is a bench, but no bar. The legal profession is unrecognized by law, yet it is indispensable. In all trials, civil or criminal, the papers are drawn up by lawyers; but there is no jury for them to mislead, and they are not permitted to plead before the judge. It would do much to promote justice if they were employed in open court to examine witnesses, instead of leaving the judge to obtain his evidence by torture.

There are other trips of which I cherish pleasant memories. One was to "Snowy Valley," where there is a cascade that might vie with Yosemite; another was to Tunghu, an artificial lake seven miles in length and of great beauty; others, again, were to noted mountains or famous shrines. But all these must be passed over in silence, since we have tarried too long on the three that form the subject of this chapter.

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CHAPTER VIII

VISITS TO THE ISLANDS

Chusan—Queer ways of fishing—Puto—Priests, temples, and human sacrifices—Pirates—Experience as a prisoner

ONE of our summer resorts was Tinghai, on the island of Chusan, where, in addition to salt air, we had easy access to salt water. While there, I was one day startled by a splash not far from my window. Raising my eyes, I was horrified to see an old man sinking in a fresh-water pond, and I at once rushed to the rescue. Seeing me about to plunge in, the bystanders burst into a loud laugh, calling out at the same time, *Kaw ng, kaw ng!* ("Catching fish, catching fish!"). Just then the old man appeared above the surface, and, the water not being very deep, he stood up to take breath. Thrusting a fish into a wicker pouch attached to his loins, he dived again, taking pains to make as much commotion as possible with hands and feet while pursuing the fish in their own element. By frightening and bewildering them, he somehow succeeded in making them run into his hands, for he had no net or other contrivance for catching them.

One of the curious sights to be witnessed on the rivers and canals of central China is the practice of fishing with cormorants. Half a dozen of these birds may be seen perched on the edge of a small boat; one after another they plunge into the water, and each without fail returns with its prey. A ring about the neck prevents their swallowing the larger fish, which

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go to the account of their master. Another peculiar mode of fishing is to tilt a small boat in such a manner that the edge (to which is attached a narrow strip of white plank) is near the surface of the water. A sort of silver fish that swim in shoals, meeting the plank, leap over it and fall into the boat. Whether their fatal leap is prompted by fear or pleasure I have never been able to decide. Crossing the Ningpo River, I once saw a fine large carp throw itself into the ferry-boat. To me it appeared a piece of good fortune, but the boatman anathematized it furiously. He was sure that some member of his family was going to die. "For why should that kind of fish offer itself if there was not going to be a funeral?" he added.

In a Chinese town, on the stroke of 9 P.M., a chorus resembling a war-cry is heard from the public patrol, mingled with a confused racket from the rattles of private watchmen, who begin their vigils at the same moment. From time to time during the night, the patrolmen repeat their lugubrious yell; and your watchman comes to your window and discharges a volley of blows on his hollow bamboo just to let you know that he is awake. When you are away from home you may be spared this interruption to your slumbers; but as your windows are of paper, with no shutters in summer, you may wake to find yourself minus a portion of your wardrobe.

THE NIGHT PATROL.

While we were at the seaside, Mr. Russell discovered one

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morning that his trousers had disappeared. In the afternoon, when he showed himself on the beach in a pair of Dr. Macgowan's, the travesty of long and short was most amusing. Some one remarked that his legs were longing for their own garments and looking out for them. I have known a governor of Hong Kong to come back from a trip to the Great Wall clad in the borrowed habiliments of smaller men, and feeling that a new zest had been given to his excursion by his experiences at a Chinese inn.

Beyond Chusan, to the east, and parted from it by a narrow channel, lies the sacred isle of Puto. Like Iona in early times, and Mount Athos at the present day, it is exclusively an abode of monks, no native woman being allowed to live there on any pretext. This rule, however, is not enforced in the case of foreigners; and, taking our wives and children with us, we sometimes sought refuge there from the heat of Ningpo. On one occasion the mercury had risen to 106° Fahrenheit for three days in succession before we left home.

The island, which is nine or ten miles in circumference, rises to the height of three thousand feet, in a noble peak, called *Fotingshan* ("the Head of Buddha"). One of the monasteries, situated in a cove with a fine beach, contains a hall of great height, resting on pillars wreathed with dragons. These, the priests told us, were taken from the Palace of the Nine Dragons, at Nanking, being sent as a pious offering by the Emperor Yunglo when he removed his court to the North, nearly five hundred years ago.

In a part of the monastery overlooking the sea we found lodgings, in an apartment where there was a large image of Kwanyin, the goddess of mercy, the favorite divinity of the sacred isle. The priests permitted us to throw a white sheet over the head of the idol in order to secure our privacy, or, rather, to secularize the shrine. They were very accommodating, those priests, both in principle and in practice. One

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of them coming to see me, I apologized for receiving him in our dining-room, especially as a joint of meat was exposed to view. "None but the weak are offended by such things," he sagely replied. "Things are not as they appear. We know their properties, but not their substance; which, to go to the bottom, is either one thing or nothing." On returning the visit of this philosophic "bonze," I happened to admire in his room a gilded Buddha, which he at once took from its glass case and presented to me, accepting a dollar in return. The case contained the ashes of freshly burned incense.

In the daytime we climbed the hills or bathed in the surf, and in the evening inhaled the ocean breeze while we viewed the phosphorescent waves breaking on the shore in long billows of flame. To this phenomenon—the finest of the kind to be seen in this part of the world—Puto owes its fame as a sacred island. It gave origin and color to a legend that the goddess of mercy was seen to arrive in a ship of fire, burning but unconsumed.

On the further side of the mountain is an abrupt precipice overhanging a curious cavity made by the action of the waves. As the water rushes in and out with an awful roar, it is believed to utter, in praise of Buddha, a syllable of the language of Magadha, and is therefore called *Fan yin tung*, the cave of the *Pali* echo. So sacred has the place been rendered by this fiction that it has become a favorite resort for religious maniacs to commit suicide. In cases of severe drought it is not uncommon for some one to offer his life to procure rain—fulfilling his vow by precipitating himself into the boiling vortex. The dragon-pools all over the empire are scenes of similar sacrifices; and a lofty waterfall, five or six hundred feet in height, at Snowy Valley, near Ningpo, also has its victims. These are voluntary; but there are still traces in China of human sacrifices of a different kind.

When a Chinese army first marches against an enemy, it is

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customary to offer a human victim, usually a criminal, to the spirit of the banner. In 1854, when a rebel stronghold was taken by Sengkolinsin, a Mongol prince, the prisoners were offered in sacrifice to the manes of his fallen soldiers—their hearts being eaten by the victors to increase their courage. The horrid orgy is minutely described by a native historian without any note of reprobation.

Human blood is held to be the best cement for the foundations of high structures. There are numerous bridges whose stability is said to have been thus secured; and so obstinate is the old superstition that, when an English cathedral was erected in Shanghai, it was rumored among the natives that twenty children had been buried under its walls.

Anciently, it was customary every year to sacrifice a beautiful maiden to the god of the Yellow River. The rite, which was called the bridal of the river-god, was celebrated with great pomp and believed to protect the country from devastating floods. The practice was abolished, however, before the beginning of our era, a wise magistrate having thrown the priestesses into the river, declaring that no others could be so acceptable to the deity. About the same time, the Duke of Wei dying, his widow was bent on having slaves immolated on his tomb. The duke's brother, who had enjoyed the personal teachings of Confucius, said to her that as she was the favorite of his Highness she might immolate herself, but that no slave should be slain. She declined the honor, and the "grand custom," as it is called in Dahomey, ceased. When a wife commits suicide on the death of her husband she is praised as a model of virtue; and I have heard of two recent cases of the old Indian practice of suttee, or widow-burning—one at Fuchau, the other at Wenchau.

In 1855 our enjoyment of Puto was cut short by the appearance of pirates. The Chusan Archipelago was always more or less infested by them; and on our way out we had

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seen a band of them at a village on a neighboring island, giving a theatrical entertainment to the gods as a thank-offering for their success in capturing a sugar-junk.

Leaving our families on the island, my friend Russell and I returned to Ningpo, to send colporteurs to Hangchau with books for distribution at the provincial examination. This done, we were setting out for Puto, when a British merchant offered us arms to use in case of attack. We declined the weapons, convinced that we should be safer unarmed. Stopping in the harbor of Chusan to wait for a change of tide, we saw fifteen piratical junks pass in front of us, firing a few shots of defiance at some of the war-junks that lay at anchor. These made a show of pursuit, but soon returned to their moorings. As we were sailing in a direction opposite to that of the pirate fleet, we supposed the coast to be clear, and so proceeded on our way.

At our evening devotions, I read the first passage my eye fell on. It was in the fourteenth of John: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Remarking how suitable these comforting words were to our circumstances, I spoke of the prevalence of piracy as well as of other unseen dangers, adding that "the world's peace consists in safety of body; that which Christ gives, in tranquillity of soul." Russell followed with an extemporaneous prayer, in which he commended us to the safe-keeping of a faithful God.

Going on deck, as we approached a narrow channel we saw many lights dancing over the surface of the water, and heard an occasional discharge of small arms. In a solitary place this looked suspicious; and the next moment we perceived through the twilight the outline of seven large Canton junks lying at anchor. We pursued our course, hoping to pass them unobserved; but when we were just abreast of the fleet, a boat was

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lowered from the side of one of the junks and gave chase. The wind had fallen, and we were soon overtaken. Springing on board, the pirates began beating our sailors to compel them to slacken sail. Turning to us, they said, *Pu pa, pu pa* ("You have nothing to fear").

Our boat was lashed to the side of a large junk, and the freebooters made free with our fresh provisions—the only booty they found in our possession. The pirates were evidently disappointed. "Who are you," they asked, "that you have no goods? As you have no opium, you are not merchants; and as you have no firearms, you are not soldiers; who and what are you?" "We are missionaries," we quietly replied. "Missionaries!" exclaimed a handsome young man, whom we recognized as the leader of the prize crew. "You preach about Jesus—you are good men; we will not hurt you." He then told us that he had been in a mission chapel at Whampo, near Canton, and there heard missionaries preach the gospel. Becoming communicative, he added that he and his party, thrown out of business by the outbreak of rebellion, had been forced to take to the sea. "It was a bad business," he knew, "but there was no help for it."

In searching our persons for money, of which they found very little, they had stripped off my coat and taken away Russell's shoes and watch. My own watch, or rather my wife's, I had taken off and left at home, not wishing to risk the loss of an object which she held precious. Observing me in my shirt-sleeves, the young leader pointed to Russell and asked if we were not "all the same"? "Oh yes," said I; "but one of your *fokees* ["pals"] has carried my coat away." The young man left us and in a moment came back with the coat. The shoes, too, were restored, but not the watch; which, however, was brought to the owner for an explanation of the mode of winding and setting.

The young robber left us to our meditations with the en-

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couraging assurance that he would set us at liberty the next day. We, however, put little faith in his promise, as he was not commander of the fleet, but only of the gang that captured us. We passed the night without sleeping, thinking sadly of our families, who were expecting our return. Apart from such thoughts, sleep was out of the question, as squad after squad of sea-robbers, like fresh swarms of flies, kept coming to our boat all night, being either drawn by curiosity or attracted by the fresh stores we had laid in for family use. At daylight these were succeeded by a party of carpenters who commenced rigging up an additional deck, and piercing the sides with port-holes for guns. Approaching one of them, a hard-visaged wretch, I asked him what that meant, reminding him that the captain had promised to let us go. He replied by drawing his hand across his throat and pointing to the water. At this demonstration we felt that our end was near, and naturally had little appetite for breakfast, even if we had had anything to eat. In this extremity the promise we had read from the gospel recurred to us, and the "peace of God, that passeth all understanding," kept our hearts and minds.

It was not long before the young leader came with his crew to take possession of his prize. As they were spreading out their provisions in preparation for breakfast, he kindly inquired if we had taken ours. "Not yet," we replied; "but we shall have some tea made," we added, with a sense of relief. Offering him a cup—the only thing we had to offer—he pronounced it of bad quality, and sent to fetch a box which he said was better. We, of course, praised the flavor of his tea, and he, with Eastern politeness, made us a present of the box. Reassured by this friendly act that our lives were in no immediate danger, though we thought it probable we should be held to ransom, we ventured to remind him of his promise to let us go. "So I will," he answered. "Then why are you making alterations in our boat?" we asked. "Because I have use for it,"

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he replied. "I took another boat last night smaller than this; you shall have that instead." Ordering the boat referred to, which had only one boatman, while ours had six, to come alongside, he put us in possession of it. Giving us a jar of wine as a parting present, he laid his hand on his heart and waved us adieu, promising to call and see us at our lodgings on shore.

The pirates did, in fact, go on shore, but they did not find their way to our monastery. If they had they would have found our rooms deserted; for, hearing of their landing and not caring to renew the acquaintance, we took our wives and children and hid ourselves among the rocks. The sequel of the story is soon told. The pirates were liable to repeat their visit at any moment, and we thought it prudent to regain the mainland as soon as possible.

The first to leave the island was Mr. Cobbold. Entering the channel where our adventure occurred, he was horror-struck to see several of the pirates still anchored there. To retreat was as perilous as to advance. He and his wife and children, accordingly, threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat, and the boatman, who was a fisherman, covering them with his nets, they passed the danger unperceived. The rest of us followed soon after without waiting to hear from Cobbold, but by this time, happily, the pirates were gone.

At the mouth of the river we communicated with H. M. S. "Bittern," Captain Vansittart in command, who started in pursuit of the pirates in tow of a Chinese steamer. Tracking them to Shipu, he found their whole force of thirty-seven heavy junks waiting the attack in a narrow inlet. In men and metal they much outnumbered their assailants, but science tells in such encounters. The Englishman shelled them at a safe distance, setting their junks on fire, when most of the pirates escaped to the shore. Our boat was identified by a letter found in the cabin bearing my wife's address. Not only was it exempted

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from the general destruction, but its captain was permitted to carry away a cargo of spoils, as compensation for what he and his men had suffered. Of the generous young leader to whom we owed our lives we never heard again; and, as steamers have now become numerous in these waters, no such piratical fleet has since that day been seen on the coast of China.

A BUDDHIST MONK BEATING A WOODEN DRUM.

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CHAPTER IX

THE TAIPING REBELLION

On the Great River—A modern Mohammed—Mixed Christianity—Foreign opposition—A questionable policy

A REBELLION that succeeds is never forgotten, having for its monument the state or dynasty to which it gives birth. All others are consigned to the limbo of abortions. To this law of destiny the movement headed by Kossuth in Hungary, and that which came so near unbinding our own sheaf of arrows, are no exceptions. Nor is that of the Taipings, which, after rolling its sanguinary flood over more than half the provinces of China, and threatening to overthrow her ancient paganism along with her Tartar rulers, was suppressed by foreign intervention. Yet it deserves to be remembered, if only for the peculiar spirit by which its leaders were animated. I watched its waxing and waning with the deepest interest; came in contact with active agents on both sides; and at least endeavored to exert some influence on the course of events.

The Manchu dynasty now on the throne has been, take it all in all, the best link in the long succession; yet the Chinese have never been quite reconciled to a foreign domination. Tartar prestige was destroyed by the successes of the English in the so-called opium war, and latent discontent began to show itself in various quarters. In 1852, just ten years after the Treaty of Nanking, the world was electrified by the news

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that a body of native Christians, goaded to revolt by official persecution, had placed themselves at the head of the malcontents and were leading them on to victory. Starting among the mountains of the extreme South, their chief, Hung Siu Chuen, asserted a claim to the throne when his followers were only a handful. Leaving his rocky fastnesses, he had the courage to face imperial armies in the open plain. These he either defeated or evaded, and without wasting time in sitting down before any walled city which he might fail to take by assault, he pushed on to the North, with growing forces, until he struck the Great River at the famous mart of Hankow, eight hundred and fifty miles from the sea.

Till then Hung had been reported to the throne as in full retreat, while the government troops were in hot pursuit; but he grew stronger by defeat, and his flight was always to the North. Capturing Hankow and the two neighboring cities, he freighted a thousand junks with their spoils, and swept down the river like a winter flood, until he reached Nanking, the southern capital. This and not Peking he made his objective point, because Hungwu, who expelled the Mongols and founded the native dynasty of Ming in 1388, had made it the seat of his government. A better reason would have been its natural advantages, had he known how to profit by them, as the most commanding site for the capital of the empire. Nanking fell a'ter a brief investment, and the Manchu garrison of twenty-five thousand were butchered to a man. The rich cities of Yangchau and Chinkiang, with others of less note in the vicinity, became an easy prey.

Seated in the palace of the old Ming emperors, the first half of Hung's mighty undertaking was accomplished. History presents few pages more brilliant than this part of his career. Sherman's march to the sea must be combined with Garibaldi's successful assault on the kingdom of Naples, backed by only a thousand men, to furnish an adequate parallel. Happy for

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him had he, like Garibaldi, found a Cavour to convert his insurrection into a revolution!

The fall of the old capital into the hands of any body of insurgents would have been matter of grave concern for the whole world; but when those insurgents were known to be Christians—not simply fighting for empire, but carrying on a crusade against the paganism of their country—the excitement knew no bounds. Merchants began to speculate as to the effect of their success on trade; missionaries discussed its probable bearings on the propagation of the faith; and diplomatists—the only class who were free to investigate for themselves—sought the earliest opportunity for ascertaining the facts by a visit to Nanking.

I too resolved to see for myself, though I had no man-of-war to wait on me or national flag to float over my head. Young and ardent, the dangers of the attempt but served to render it more fascinating. Accompanied by a native Christian, I took passage in a small coasting-vessel, and we encountered a storm, which compelled us for a time to seek shelter among the islands. At Shanghai I hired a native junk and purchased a skiff; the former to carry me as far as the imperial squadron below Chinkiang, the latter to enable me to run the blockade and enter the rebel lines. These preparations were made with the utmost secrecy, the American minister having forbidden his countrymen to hold communication with the rebels; and to elude the vigilance of the United States marshal, I put to sea from Woosung in a thunder-storm.

After a rough night, in passing from one river to the other we found ourselves abreast the island of Dzungming, a place that deserves mention as one of the curiosities of geography. Thirty miles in length, incomparably fertile, smiling with rice-fields and vegetable gardens, interspersed with the habitations of six hundred thousand souls, and forming by itself an administrative district of no small importance, it is the youngest

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birth of the sea. The precise date of its emergence is impossible to fix. That occurrence, however, was accepted as an offset for the subsidence of another locality, and made sufficient impression on the public mind to give rise to a proverb for unexpected compensations: "Down goes Tungking; up comes Dzungming." The name, if not the event, dates from the Ming period, which began in the fourteenth century. As soon as a few thrifty peasants got a foothold, they fortified their position by embankments in such a way as to protect their fields from erosion, and to encourage the turbid waters to deposit there the alluvium brought from distant mountains. Thus have nature and man wrought together, creating a new physical feature on the face of the earth.

During the night my skiff had gone adrift, but I counted on obtaining another near my destination. After working our way against the current for two days, we reached the neighborhood of Chinkiang, which commands the transit of the Grand Canal. There we saw war-junks at anchor, and imperial batteries on shore. Being hailed from a battery, I ordered my boatmen to give no heed to the summons, but to hold on our way on the further side of the stream, and trust to its width for protection against any chance shot that might be sent after us. Instead of a shot a boat came in pursuit, and, having many oars, it soon overtook us. Leaping aboard, the soldiers began to handle our boatmen roughly for their disobedience; but when I showed myself they desisted, and retired without asking a question, taking me for one of the foreign officers in the imperial fleet.

If they had taken the trouble to search, they might have found on my person a compromising document—nothing less, indeed, than a letter tendering my services to the rebel chief. No sooner were their backs turned than I promptly destroyed it, not choosing to hazard discovery in passing the next encampment. Ascending a few miles farther, I endeavored to

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induce fishermen to carry me to the rebel outposts; but they refused to incur the risk at any price, being in danger from both parties. My own boatmen refused for the same reason. After lying concealed all day in the high reeds, I reluctantly gave the word to drop down the stream, under cover of night, to avoid another visit from the batteries. We were hailed as before, but, owing to the darkness, not pursued. A greater danger was encountered farther on. On shore a flambeau was waved to attract our attention, and a voice warned us not to proceed, as there were "pirates in the offing." "More likely the pirates are on shore," I said to my boatmen; and dropping anchor at a safe distance from both, we waited for day, when, resuming our course, we reached Shanghai without further molestation. My attempt to visit the rebel headquarters with no other means at my disposal was certainly foolhardy, and well it was that it failed. There are few men who have not reason, if they but knew it, to thank God for failure as well as for success.

In the humor in which the insurgents then were—flushed with victory and wild with fanaticism—no foreigner could have exerted any beneficial influence. To them the restraints of morality were as flax in the flames; and what purpose would it serve to attempt to mould the theology of a people who received revelations from Heaven?

Two years later a missionary did succeed in reaching the rebel camp, one whose prestige was unique, the Rev. Issachar Roberts, of Canton. From him in earlier days the chief had received religious instruction; he was now invited to aid him in the enlightenment of his people. It was a splendid opportunity, but no good came of it. Was it owing to inveterate corruption in the insurgents, or to want of tact and breadth in Roberts, or to both? Was it because he sought to curb their thirst for blood and plunder? Or did he give offense by seeking to induce them to adopt immersion and abandon the new mode

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of baptism which they had invented for themselves?—viz., the washing of the bosom with a towel dipped in water, in token of cleansing the heart? However this may be, he soon quarreled with his catechumen and had to fly for his life.

Unsuccessful in my attempt to observe for myself, I was fortunate in meeting with natives who had been among the insurgents. One of these, a Ningpo man, had been pressed into the rebel ranks at Chinkiang. He had fought many a battle, with government guns in front and rebel spears behind. He had suffered from hunger and cold; and, tired of an existence as monotonous as it was hopeless, he seized the first chance of escape. Though himself something of a poltroon, he bore strong testimony to the confidence and courage of the original Taipings. Believing in the divine mission of their leader, the rebel army never despaired, even in the midst of disaster. Once they were cut off from communication with Nanking, and reduced to extremities—the Tartar general, who was also governor of the province, directing his whole force to the reduction of Chinkiang, as a woodman cuts the roots to fell a tree. Messenger after messenger had been sent to Nanking for succor; but there was no response. At length, when it seemed as if they could hold out no longer, a veteran officer volunteered to make a supreme effort to elude the besiegers and obtain relief. "If," said he, "I am successful in reaching our chief, and if he promises succor, you will learn it by seeing a quantity of charcoal coming down with the current." How eagerly they kept their eyes on the broad river! How their hearts leaped when, on the third day, they saw the expected signal! Those floating coals kindled their hopes anew; and, making a determined sortie to meet the reinforcements from Nanking, the imperial camp was attacked on both sides, the governor was slain, his troops were scattered, and the siege was raised.

This was a typical incident, such as occurred many times;

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the rebels, when driven to their last ditch, gathering courage from despair and winning a brilliant victory. Of their religious usages, so strange and novel in the eyes of Chinese, I had learned something from other sources; but it was intensely interesting to hear this young man tell how their chief styled himself younger brother to Jesus Christ, called God his Father, published the ten commandments, and imposed on all his subjects the observance of a Sabbath day, on which their highest officers ascended the pulpit and thundered against idolatry and the Tartars.

The stoppage of trade throughout the vast region exposed to their incursions, and their stringent prohibition of opium, created a prejudice against them in a mercantile community; and foreign ministers were disposed to favor any form of interference for the suppression of what they regarded as a horde of brigands. At this juncture I published a series of letters addressed to Caleb Cushing, showing that in rapine and cruelty the Taipings only conformed to the historic type of Chinese revolutionary bodies; that in the principles they professed lay the germ of a new order of things, such as it would be vain to expect from a superannuated dynasty running in the grooves of precedent; but asking for them nothing more than the observance of a strict neutrality. Those letters, it was said, changed the current of opinion, and delayed the day of intervention; but it came nevertheless, and it sealed the fate of the Taiping dynasty. The suppression of a revolution by force *ab extra* always reverses the wheels of progress; and in this instance who can tell by how many centuries it has postponed the adoption of Christianity by the Chinese people?

While it is true that nothing but the active aid of foreigners saved the Manchu government at more than one critical moment in the course of this long conflict, it is equally certain that the ignorance of the rebel chief is primarily responsible for his disastrous failure. Confident in his destiny, and following

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the example of Hungwu, he contented himself with sending an expedition into the northern provinces, in utter neglect of the sea-coast with its ports of trade. He was not aware how much the conditions of success had altered. Above all, he failed to perceive that the casting vote for the occupant of the dragon throne was in the hands of merchants from the West. Instead of descending promptly to Shanghai, where he might have strengthened himself by the resources of commerce and by foreign munitions of war, he left these advantages to his enemy. To both parties Shanghai proved to be the pivot of destiny.

This man, who came so near playing a magnificent rôle, was named, as we have said, Hung Siu Chuen, a native of Hwahien, in the Canton province. In early youth he had aspired to literary honors, and had gone to Canton to compete for them. While there he met with Liangafa, a native evangelist, a disciple of Morrison, and received from his hands a tract which made a deep impression on his mind. In this tract the name used for God was *Shangti* ("Supreme Ruler"), a title to which the ancient Chinese had always attached their highest ideas of the Supreme Being. The new creed under an old name took possession of his whole soul, and he began to propagate it. Feeling the need of further instruction, he again repaired to Canton, at a distance of several hundred miles, in quest of a missionary. There he was received into the house of the Rev. Issachar Roberts, an American Baptist. He departed, however, without the rite of baptism; and when he introduced the rite among his followers it was neither immersion nor sprinkling, but, as above described, a *tertium quid*, not less expressive.

At that time Hung seemed to have formed no political designs, and failed to impress his instructor by any very remarkable quality, unless that of earnestness. His earnestness proved contagious. A company of believers was soon gathered; and in teaching them, he, like Mohammed, supplemented existing

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texts by fresh revelations. Persecution, which never sleeps in a country where every departure from tradition is heresy, drove these unoffending believers to self-defense. Their first victory transformed them into a political faction. Other factions, already in arms, were absorbed, the leader accepting their aid on condition of their adopting the new faith. From this point, or perhaps from the hour of his conversion, Hung's career conforms so closely to that of the Arabian prophet that he might be suspected of taking him for his model, were it not certain that he was totally unacquainted with the history of Mohammed. Like causes produce like effects. Like Mohammed, Hung derived his first impulse from Christianity, with which he blended something of Old Testament Judaism; and, like him, he shaped his teachings to suit the habits of his people.

He sanctioned robbery and violence, and himself set the example of polygamy, an example eagerly followed by his subordinates, who had no scruple in filling their harems with the wives and daughters of their enemies. His camp, like that of Moses in the wilderness, was a school of religion. Each company chanted a hymn as they sat down to meat; and every seventh day (the seventh being observed by mistake instead of the first) his captains ascended the pulpit and preached long sermons, in which the possession of an earthly kingdom was made more prominent than the joys of a heavenly paradise.

Hung distributed among them manuals composed by himself, which, to aid the memory, were mostly in verse, some of them replete with Scripture truth, others full of extravagant fancies. Here are a few specimens of both. In an "Ode for Youth" he says:

"Let the true God, the great Supreme Ruler,
Be honored and adored by all nations;
Let all the inhabitants of the world
Unite in his worship morning and evening."

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"Above and below, look where you may,
All things are imbued with the divine favor;
All things were created in six days, perfect and complete."

"Jesus, his first-born Son,
Was in former times sent by God;
He willingly gave his life to redeem us from sin;
After his resurrection he ascended to heaven;
Resplendent in glory, he wields authority supreme."

"Honor and shame come from one's self."

"Keep the ten commandments,
And enjoy bliss in heaven."

In contrast to these pure doctrines, we have the following in another book of verse:

"He [the Chief] was received up into heaven,
Where the great God personally instructed him,
Gave him odes and documents,
With a seal and sword,
And majesty irresistible.
The celestial Mother was kind and exceedingly gracious;
The celestial Elder Brother's wife was virtuous and prudent."

In a "Book of Decrees" we read:

"The great God said, on the top of Kaolao Hill
There is a pencil in the form of a cross;
Pray, and you will get a response."

Not only does Hung take "the bride, the Lamb's wife," of the Apocalypse in a literal sense; Chinese dualism and his own sense of symmetry incline him to give a consort to the Heavenly Father. He had never heard of Mormonism, but his reasoning is that of the Mormon hymn:

"In the heavens are parents single?
No! the thought makes reason stare;

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Truth is reason—truth eternal
Tells me I've a Mother there"—

not a deceased parent, but the "eternal feminine."

In the "pencil in the form of a cross," he appropriates and Christianizes a well-known Taoist mode of divination called *fulan*.* Special revelations were, however, mostly received through Yang, his prime minister, as a spiritualistic medium. The door was thus opened to unlimited corruption and imposture.

Once, when Hung had broken some of the regulations which he had promulgated as laws of God, he signified a wish to make expiation. The premier immediately went into a cataleptic fit; and in that hypnotic condition, personating the Heavenly Father, ordered his Majesty to receive forty blows of the bamboo.

The Taipings, like the revolutionists of France, to borrow the words of Sir Walter Scott, "changed everything—from the rites of religion to the fashion of a shoe-buckle." They changed the style of dress, and ordained that instead of shaving the head, which is a mark of subjection to the Manchus, their adherents should let their hair grow. This caused them to be stigmatized as "long-haired robbers." They altered, in many instances, the orthography of the Chinese language; e.g., writing the word for "soul" with a radical for "man" instead of "devil," because, as they said, the devil ought to be cast out. They changed the title of the sovereign from *Hwangti* to *Wang*, because the former seemed to infringe on that of *Shangti*, the Supreme Ruler. *Tienchao* ("Celestial Empire") they turned into *Tienkwo* ("kingdom of heaven"), a Scripture phrase; joining with it the words *tai ping* ("great peace"), to indicate the coming of a time when the "nations shall learn war no more." Their chief was called, mostly in irony, *Tai-*

* See p. 106.

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ping Wang (" Prince of Peace"). The doxology in honor of the emperor, " May he live ten thousand years," they retained, but evolved from it a whole system of new titles, ordaining that the prince next in dignity should be entitled to a doxology of nine thousand, the third to eight, the fourth to seven, and so on in a diminishing series, according to a formula of $n - 1$. The principle of a civil-service examination they accepted; but the books of Confucius were banished, and those of Jesus Christ substituted—texts for competition being selected from the Old or the New Testament, an edition of which was published by them at Nanking.

Had the tremendous significance of this innovation been duly appreciated, might it not have led Western governments to assume a different attitude toward the rising power? It showed the grim earnestness of the insurgents, not less devoted to the Bible nor less ready to die for their convictions than Huguenot or Covenanter, giving mortal offense to the learned classes by decanonizing the books of Confucius, but opening the way for a new career by cutting the leading-strings of antiquity. Nor was this a bid for recognition by the Western powers, of which they knew little and for which they cared less. A little more knowledge would have prompted them to push their way to the sea and put themselves in communication with Christendom without delay.

Their neglect of Shanghai was, as I have said, a fatal mistake. The first result of that oversight was the capture of the city by a nondescript body of harpies, known as Redheads. They belonged to the Triad Society, and had no sympathy with the reforms proposed by the Taiping chief. Some of their foremost men had been servants in foreign employ. One of them was Ahling, "Skinner's horse-boy." Though not connected with the insurgents at Nanking, they were regarded as fighting in a common cause, and their conduct was such as to make the foreign community, horrified by scenes of blood,

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ready to welcome any expedient for the restoration of peace. The Redheads were expelled after a long siege by the aid of the French, who breached the walls. In 1860 the English in a similar manner aided the imperialists to retake Ningpo,* which a few months previous had fallen into the hands of the Taipings, who had taken most of the large cities in the provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsu. They approached Shanghai, but were deterred from making an attack by finding it defended by a combined force of the allied nations.

In the meantime, General Ward, an American adventurer, took service under the taotai of Shanghai, and there organized a native force with a nucleus of foreigners of various nationalities. He it was who first showed what could be done with Chinese soldiers by arms, discipline, and valiant leadership; retaking city after city, and crowning an unbroken series of victories by falling bravely under the walls of Tseche. To him belongs the honor of turning the tide and teaching the Chinese to help themselves; nor have they been slow to acknowledge their obligations to him—erecting, after their fashion, a memorial temple at Sungkiang, the chief scene of his exploits. The United States consul, who happened to be a missionary, was invited to assist at its dedication. He doubtless "rent his garments," or at least divested himself of his white necktie, when he saw incense and roast pigs offered to the manes of the defunct general.

Colonel Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, succeeded to the command of Ward's force, raising it to higher efficiency, breaking the rebel power, and insuring the fall of their capital by the recapture of Suchau.

When Nanking was recovered, in 1864, after a siege as protracted as that of Troy, the same scenes of butchery took place that had followed its capture by the rebels. The chief and

* I was in the United States, or I might have had some notes of the rebel occupation.

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many of his followers committed suicide to escape vengeance. An incident which occurred shortly after it fell into the hands of the Taipings may be mentioned here as illustrating the condition of the Chinese mind. The governor of Canton, being ordered to destroy the family tombs of the rebel leaders, reported to the throne that on digging them up he had found a terrapin covered with green hair. Thinking this uncanny animal might have something to do with the rise of the rebel power, he had pinned it to the earth with copper nails dipped in lime!

In the "Life of Dr. Judson" we are told that, on the outbreak of the first war with Burmah, the king ordered a lion which had been presented by the viceroy of India to be imprisoned and starved to death, lest by some magical influence he should contribute to the success of British arms. Judson, who was confined in the same prison, witnessed the dying agonies of the noble beast, and then sought and obtained the privilege of occupying his vacant cage. This fetish philosophy the Burmese borrowed from China. Among the presents sent the Emperor Kiaching, in 1816, by the King of England, it is said there was a burning-glass of great power. No sooner had the embassy left the capital than a council was called to decide what should be done with it. All agreed that it was a magical eye, which would enable a foreign potentate to see into the palace; and after being broken to pieces it was buried in the earth. This story is probably true, though I have not been able to verify it. Nothing could be more in harmony with the Chinese way of thinking. For such superstitions Christianity is the best, if not the only, remedy—rooting up along with idolatry its entire brood of geomancy, fortune-telling, and magic.

In 1860, when Peking was taken by the Allies, the rebels still held many strong positions in the valley of the Yang-tse. The emperor having fled to Tartary, Lord Elgin thought

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seriously of opening negotiations with the insurgent chief, but was deterred by the opposition of Baron Gros, who, adopting the views of Roman Catholic missionaries, disliked the insurgents because their religion was reported to be of a Protestant type, and because, being iconoclasts, they had not taken care to distinguish between Christian images and pagan idols.

Bishop Mouly, who, in a pamphlet styled a "Memorial to the Throne," had vindicated his co-religionists from suspicion of complicity by denouncing the insurgents as converts to Protestantism, enjoyed, no doubt, a sort of triumph. But his policy was not marked by that far-reaching wisdom with which the Church of Rome is credited. For are not Protestants easier to convert than pagans? And would not a ruler who styled himself the "younger brother of Jesus Christ" be more likely to submit to the Holy See than one who calls himself the "Son of Heaven"? Protestants the insurgents were not. Protestant missionaries disowned them; and Colonel Gordon, as devout a Christian as any that followed Cromwell, felt that he was doing God service in mowing them down.

Looking back at this distance of time, with all the light of subsequent history upon the events, we are still inclined to ask whether a different policy might not have been better for China. Had foreign powers promptly recognized the Taiping chief on the outbreak of the second war, might it not have shortened a chapter of horrors that dragged on for fifteen more years, ending in the Nienfei and Mohammedan rebellions, and causing the loss of fifty millions of human lives? Is it not probable that the new power would have shown more aptitude than the old one for the assimilation of new ideas, as in chemistry nascent elements enter into combinations that are impossible for those that have long enjoyed a separate existence?

In international politics it too often happens that present in-

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terests are allowed to outweigh prospective advantages. Thus it came to pass that, more than once when the insurgents were on the verge of success, the prejudices of short-sighted diplomats decided against them, and an opportunity was lost such as does not occur once in a thousand years.

THE GOD OF WAR.

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CHAPTER X

THE "ARROW" WAR

Expedition to the North—Fruitless negotiations—Capture of Taku

IN the autumn of 1856 a chance spark at Canton produced an explosion that shook the empire and opened wider the breach already made in the wall of exclusiveness. The occurrence was on this wise. The lorcha "Arrow," a Chinese vessel flying the British flag—a privilege for which she had, in conformity with a vicious system then in vogue, paid a small fee to the government of Hong Kong—was seized by the Chinese authorities, and her crew thrown into prison on a charge of piracy. The British consul, Mr. (afterward Sir Harry) Parkes,* lodged a protest, claiming jurisdiction on the ground that the lorcha was registered in a British colony, and demanding not merely that the prisoners be restored to the deck of their vessel, but that the British flag be hoisted at the masthead, in expiation of the affront offered in hauling it down.

The viceroy Yeh, who was notoriously proud and obstinate, yielded so far as to send the captives under guard to the consulate. It takes two to make a quarrel, but no two could be better fitted to produce one and to nurse it into a war than the two who were parties in this dispute. Had prompt release of the captives been accepted as sufficient amends, there would have been no war—at least, no "Arrow" war; but the consul, young, hot-headed, and inexperienced, unwilling to abate a jot of his demands, refused to receive the captives. They were car-

* See p. 422.

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ried back to the viceroy, who, in a fit of anger, ordered them to be beheaded. He was a truculent wretch, who boasted of the thousands he had decapitated for complicity in rebellion; no wonder, therefore, that he was hasty in cutting off the heads of a dozen boatmen.

At this stage Mr. Parkes referred the matter to Sir John Bowring, governor of Hong Kong; and the viceroy proving obdurate to all attempts to extract an apology, the governor placed the affair in the hands of Admiral Seymour. That brave officer, having lost an eye by the explosion of a Russian torpedo in the Baltic, could see only one way to negotiate. Appearing before the city, he invited the viceroy to meet him outside the gates. The stubborn old mandarin declining the interview, he announced his intention of calling at the vice-regal palace. This he did at the hour named, though he had to blow up one of the city gates in order to keep his engagement. He, however, reckoned without his host; the viceroy was not at home; and the little squad of marines, only three hundred, withdrew to their ships, their daring feat having had no other effect than to fan a firebrand into a conflagration. Scarcely had they retired when the foreign quarter was set on fire by an infuriated populace. The foreigners took refuge on the shipping, and the shipping dropped down the river to Hong Kong.

The little settlement at Hong Kong was in no small peril, its chief danger being a possible rising of the Chinese. But overwhelming as were their numbers, they refrained from open action, trusting perhaps to the effect of poison, which Alum, the city baker, mixed with his dough. The mixture was too strong and defeated its object; only two or three died, though many suffered; and it was agreed on all hands that for once there was too much *alum* in the bread.

This rupture was recognized as the beginning of a war, and troops were despatched to the scene; and the British govern-

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ment—by no means so selfish as usually represented—committed the mistake of inviting the coöperation of the other treaty powers. The French were asked with the idea of keeping alive a simulacrum of the Crimean alliance; but this brought embarrassment rather than help, and led to the French conquest of Annam—their first expedition against that empire being an episode in the war with China. America and Russia had no ground for taking part in the hostilities. But the French emperor, who had suffered many a murdered missionary to go unavenged, just at this juncture met with a case—that of Père Chapdelaine—which served him as a pretext for joining his forces with those of the English. His real motive was to checkmate his allies and prevent their gathering the fruits of an inevitable victory.

In December, 1857, Canton was taken, and the viceroy was captured and carried away to Calcutta, where he died. Meanwhile trade at the northern ports was uninterrupted, and the Emperor of China appeared utterly indifferent to what was going on at Canton, considering the conflict as a local disturbance of no great moment. To wake him from his dream of supremacy the Allies resolved to transfer the scene to the North. America and Russia, though remaining neutral, seized the opportunity as favorable for the revision of their treaties. The following spring saw four powers knocking at the outer gates of the capital—two of them with the gentle tap of friendship, the other two with the heavy blows of belligerents.

The first war had relaxed but had not overthrown the exclusive policy and haughty pretensions of China. Four additional points of commercial contact had been gained, but the court itself was still inaccessible. Ministers accredited to the emperor must content themselves with an occasional interview with a provincial governor. There was no possibility of their complaints reaching the throne.

In 1854 the British and American ministers had presented

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themselves at Taku in the hope of opening the way to Peking, but they were sent back with their letters in their pockets. The next year a letter of President Pierce was returned to Fuchau with its seal broken, accompanied by a message that it must come by way of Canton in order to receive attention. The young Emperor Hienfung, far from profiting by the experience of his father, thought only of restoring the old régime. When he ascended the throne, in 1850, Chang Ki Shin, one of his ministers, adjured him, by the shade of his father, to impose the same restrictions all along the coast that had previously existed at Canton, but to "aim at securing order in his own dominions prior to any demonstration abroad." The Queen of Great Britain sent him, by way of Taku, a letter of congratulation on his accession, and this is the way he received it: "Foreigners," he says in a decree relating to it, "are under obligation to be grateful for our generosity; but their recent proceedings in forwarding despatches direct to ministers of state can be looked on only as contumacious and insulting."

With a man of such a spirit peace was impossible. Relations required readjustment, and the "Arrow" afforded an occasion, as opium had done. In both cases, so far as the immediate question was concerned, British arms were upholding the weaker side. As to the merits of the "Arrow" case, Sir John Bowring appears to have thought himself in the right; for he took the extraordinary step of having his correspondence with the Canton viceroy circulated among the Chinese on the seaboard. Mr. Sinclair, the British consul at Ningpo, handed me a copy and asked my opinion. I replied that it showed the Chinese authorities to better advantage than the British. His own impression, he said, was the same. He accordingly distributed none at that port.

Hearing that the United States minister, Mr. Reed, was going to the North, it occurred to me that by joining the expedition I might see stirring events and perhaps find a new

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field for missionary enterprise. The northern dialect I had acquired several years before, and my command of it had been improved by frequent intercourse with Chinese officials. The United States consul, Dr. Bradley, having no paid interpreter, had engaged me for occasional duty in that capacity. Annoyed that I refused to accept money for my services, he exerted himself to procure for me a position in connection with the American legation. My application, supported by him and by Dr. Williams, then Chinese secretary to the legation, was successful. The answer was brought by a special steamer, the "Antelope," which conveyed me to Shanghai, where I was accepted by Mr. Reed as interpreter for the court dialect.

CHINESE PORTRAIT-PAINTER

Desirous of preserving sketches of remarkable scenes, there being no kodaks in those days, I took with me a young artist of Ningpo, who, from professional ambition rather than for pay, consented to accompany me as a body-servant, the only capa-

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city in which his passage would be allowed. Chinese art is eminently original. A horizontal plane is represented by a steep gradient; in mountain scenery they pile Pelion on Ossa; and in depicting a crowd make them stand on one another's heads. Their sketches, like their speech, consequently require translation.

Mr. Reed and his secretaries, including Consul Bradley, proceeded North in the "Minnesota," with Captain Dupont (afterward Admiral), leaving me to follow in the "Antelope," whose captain was a notoriously "tough customer." Imagining that I might have scruples about leaving port on Sunday, Captain Dupont had informed me that my wishes would be respected. When, however, I expressed a preference for putting to sea on Friday, Captain Lynch objected on conscientious grounds, and insisted on weighing anchor on Sunday, April 2d, also on conscientious grounds. With a conscience so constructed I thought it best not to interfere. At Taku our frigate was anchored twelve miles from the batteries; the ships of the other ministers, being of lighter draft, were nearer in, but outside the bar and far beyond cannon-shot. The "Antelope" had been chartered for a tender, but she was too large for the purpose, and only succeeded in crossing the bar by the help of a Russian vessel after emptying boilers and bunkers. She then got aground in an awkward position near the forts; and in carrying communications, instead of steaming in and out I was compelled to make use of a sail-boat.

On my arrival, Mr. Reed showed me a despatch from Tan, the viceroy of Chihli, announcing his appointment to negotiate on behalf of the emperor, and inviting him to an interview. I was also given a copy of the President's letter to the emperor to translate into Chinese. To those accustomed to them, forms of address are of little consequence; but Hienfung must have been either amused or indignant to find himself addressed by President Buchanan as "great and good friend,"

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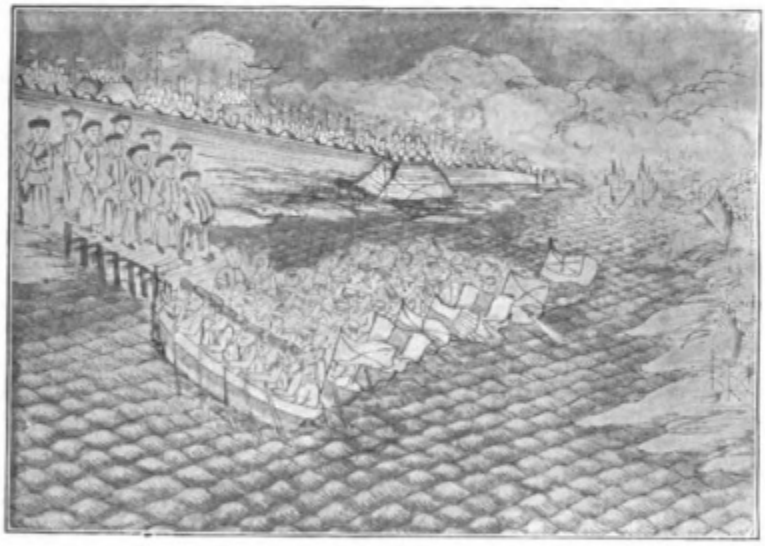
when Queen Victoria styled him "most high, most mighty, and most glorious prince." The viceroy's letter, which was identical with that sent to the other envoys, had in each case the name of the foreign country a space lower than that of China. By three of the envoys the communication was promptly sent back for correction; and it came again in due form, with an apology throwing the blame on a copyist. The Russian minister, Count Poutiatine, made no objection, not caring to risk for a trifle his position as friend of China and possible mediator. But such things are not trifles with an arrogant government like that of China.

On the 24th instant, going ashore to convey the answer of Mr. Reed, I was taken on a British gunboat, along with Mr. (afterward Sir Thomas) Wade and the French secretary, who



BATTERIES AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEIHO

were charged with the missives of their respective ministers. A Chinese colonel who received the despatches, being asked to give a receipt, replied, "I am a soldier and cannot write."

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The British and French ambassadors, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, declined to meet the viceroy because he was not styled a "plenipotentiary"—a pitiful quibble, which had the effect of reopening hostilities. The neutrals were not so exacting; Mr. Reed and Count Poutiatine each arranged for a separate meeting.

An occasional extract from my journal may serve to reproduce the scenes of those eventful days.

"April 20th. An interview took place to-day between the Russian count and the viceroy, with whom are associated two other commissioners, Chunglun and Wurguntai, Manchus from Peking. He remained three hours, and succeeded in averting a hostile collision. While they were engaged in conference, six gunboats of the Allies crossed the bar and steamed in directly toward the batteries. All was excitement on shore; preparations were made to annihilate the intruders, and but for his solemn warning a battle would have taken place there and then. Forbearance, he said, would be taken as a proof of friendly disposition, and would facilitate an amicable settlement. The viceroy replied that he had stringent orders not to permit a ship of war to pass the bar. His Tartar colleagues were clamorous for war, but Tan took the count's advice, and the gunboats were allowed to drop anchor within easy range."

"May 3d. Mr. Reed's meeting with the viceroy took place this afternoon. In the forenoon, Dr. Williams, Consul Bradley, and I went to the batteries to arrange certain details—to ascertain whether the place of meeting would be decent and commodious, the landing safe and convenient, etc. Nor was this a superfluous precaution. The Chinese have so many ways of putting petty indignities on foreigners that it is not safe to trust the preparations for such an occasion entirely to their sense of propriety. There is neither jetty nor wharf, and an appalling expanse of mud to be bridged or forded. Clamber-

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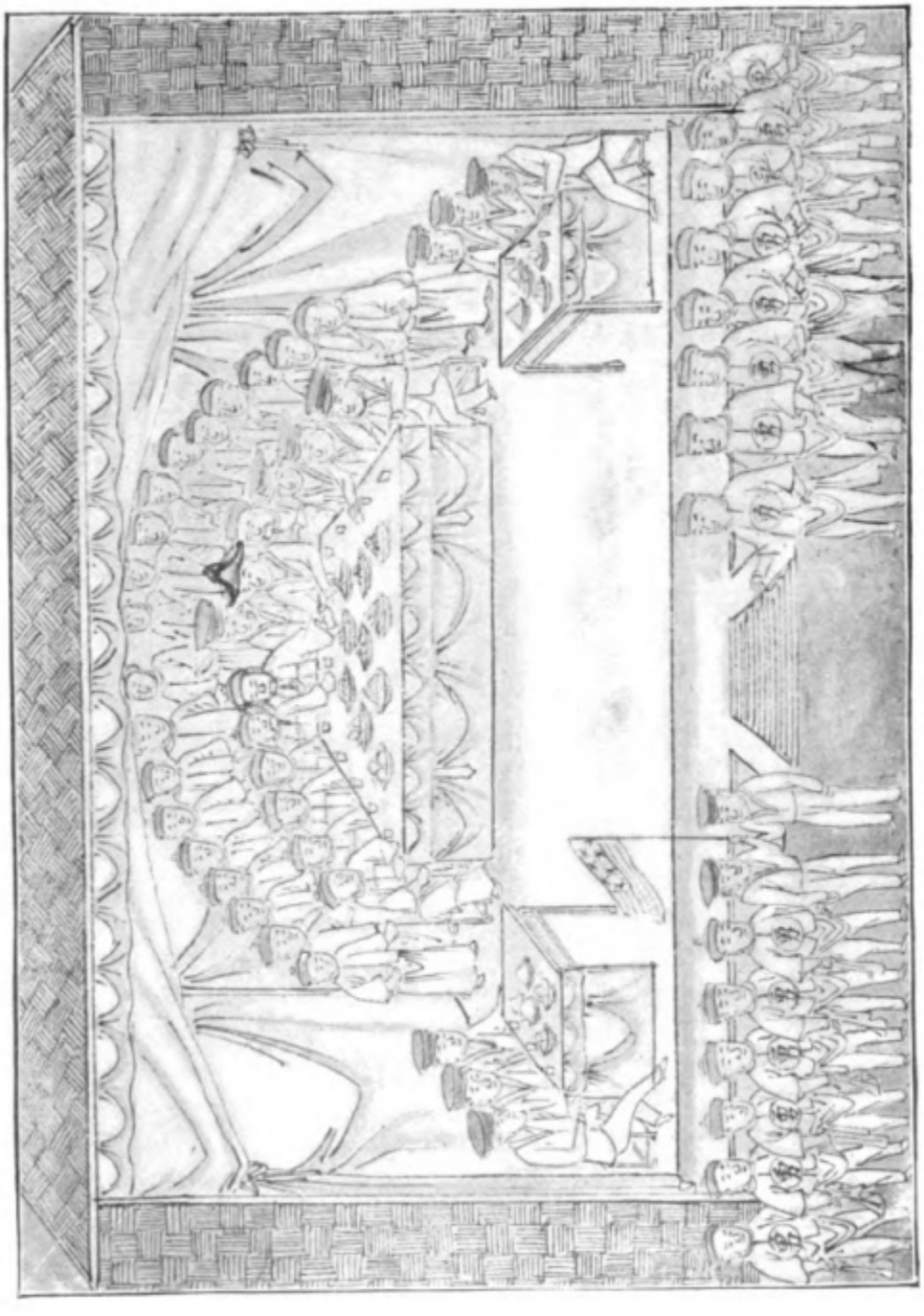

MEETING OF THE UNITED STATES MINISTER AND THE VICEROY TAN.

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ing over a number of junks drawn together to serve for a temporary landing, we were beset by a swarm of soldiers, in black jackets with red borders, and caps ornamented with red crests of horsehair. They were finer looking fellows than any I had seen in the southern provinces—as tall and heavy as the average of our (American) rank and file. They endeavored to stop our progress; but we pressed on until we were met by a phalanx of blue-and-white-buttoned mandarins.

"Chairs were placed on the soft mud, tea was brought, and we were invited to be seated until Colonel Chin should make his appearance. To take seats would be to fix the meeting of our committee of arrangements in that unseemly spot. We accordingly sipped our tea standing and resumed our march. Perceiving that we were not to be deterred from our purpose, the mandarins ceased to oppose us; the long lines of infantry drawn up on the bank of the fosse parted, and we were ushered into a spacious tent hung with blue. Soon the soldiers about the door began to form, and Colonel Chin entered between the files. He shook hands with us cordially in Tartar style; offered tea and sweetmeats; assured us that nothing should be wanting to a proper reception of the minister, received a despatch for the viceroy, and then graciously escorted us to our boat."

The place of meeting was a marquee in front of the central fort. It looked out on a dreary mud-flat; but the nearer scene was gay with banners and alive with mandarins, civil and military, clad in rich costumes, their caps adorned with the button indicative of rank, and many of them wearing a peacock's feather as a reward for special service. Whether civil or military, Chinese officials are divided into nine grades. The two highest have their caps surmounted by globes of bright or pale red; the next two by globes of bright or dull blue; the third pair by crystal and white; and the last three by gold or gilt diversely marked. The first three are styled *ta jin* ("great man"), the second trio *ta laoye* ("great father"), while the last

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are simply *laoye* ("old father," or "elder," equivalent to "signor").

Mr. Reed arrived at four o'clock, saluted by three guns and a flourish of music. He was met by the assistant commissioners outside the tent door, the viceroy waiting inside and seating him on his left hand. The members of his suite were ranged on the same side, while Tan's colleagues and assistants were disposed on the right. Few things strike a foreigner as more strange than this left-handed courtesy, especially as the people are not left-handed. Their usages are in such marked contrast to our own as to be highly becoming for our antipodes. In reading a book, they begin, as in Hebrew, at the end. In mourning they wear white; they keep their hats on where we take ours off. Honors flow upstream, so that deceased ancestors derive titles of distinction from their worthy offspring. They place the family name before that of the individual, and say Smith John instead of John Smith. The magnetic needle, they say, points to the south, while we say it points to the north; though in this, as in many other disputes, both may be right. So numerous, indeed, are these differences as to lead us to suspect that the same cosmical law that placed their feet opposite to ours must have turned their heads the other way.

"In comparing credentials, the question of the viceroy's 'powers' naturally came up. 'True, you have a commission to negotiate,' said Mr. Reed, 'but you are not a plenipotentiary.' 'In this empire,' replied Tan, 'there is only one plenipotentiary; that is the emperor.' 'But can you sign a treaty without reference to Peking?' asked Mr. Reed. Tan, with some hesitation, answered in the affirmative—the fact being that he kept couriers going between camp and capital, and never thought of assenting to anything without being sure of his master's approval. This involved little or no delay; and, as it made him the mouthpiece of the throne, the negotiations were really conducted with the emperor and his cabinet,

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which, in this day of telegraphs, has come to be the universal practice.*

"At the opening of the interview, the viceroy spoke of our President as *Kuo Wang* ["vassal prince"]. I drew Mr. Reed's attention to this, and he demanded that he should either pronounce the word "President" or give our chief the same title as his own. Tan stammered out *Po-le-si-tien-teh* a time or two, and then accepted the alternative, pronouncing *Ni-men-ti ta Hwangti* ["your great emperor"] in a derisive tone."

The viceroy had a haughty air, but he was a man of ability, and our intercourse with him was not other than agreeable. His name was what the Chinese call lucky, signifying, by analysis, "*early words* with the *West*." The acquaintance which I formed with him and with Chunglun, one of his two colleagues, was afterward useful to me at the capital, where both became members of the Council for Foreign Affairs. I met also at this time a handsome young Tartar of my own age, with whom I had much to do in later years. This was Chunghau, afterward superintendent of trade at Tientsin, governor of Manchuria, member of the Board of Foreign Affairs, minister to France, and ambassador to Russia. He was then a tao-tai in the suite of the viceroy.

"Little time was given to compliments, and less to the fruits and confectionery with which the tables were loaded. No rice-wine was brought in, and I note this as the first official meeting of considerable length that I ever saw without it. In the course of the interview, Mr. Reed mentioned that he was bearer of an autograph letter from the President to the emperor, but that he would not deliver it until he should be assured, by imperial rescript, that it would be received and properly answered.

* In 1895, Li Hung Chang, though styled a plenipotentiary, did not dare to agree to a cession of territory until he had referred to Peking. In fact, all the points of this treaty were submitted to the emperor before signature.

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Tan having engaged to procure the rescript, Mr. Reed exhibited a letter of President Pierce, which, having been sent from Fuchau instead of Canton, had been returned with the seal broken; adding that if anything of that kind should be repeated it would lead the United States to assume an attitude of hostility toward China—a warning which subsequent events proved to have had a good effect. He also referred to his despatch to the Council of State, sent from Canton, and requested a copy in proof of its having reached its destination.

"A second meeting took place on the 10th, the viceroy having procured a copy of the despatch and informed Mr. Reed that he had received a rescript ordering him to forward the President's letter. He had in the meantime been furnished with a summary of Mr. Reed's proposals as to treaty revision. The interview was intended for the discussion of this program. Mr. Reed introduced the business of the day by inquiring for the paper containing the 'summary of points,' which he had sent to the commissioners on the previous Saturday. Tan produced a *copy*. 'But where,' asked Mr. Reed, 'is the original document?' 'This is a true copy,' replied Tan, 'and will answer just as well.' 'But I should like to see the original paper,' pressed Mr. Reed.

"*Tan.* The original is preserved for the inspection of his Majesty. I was afraid of soiling it, and so took a copy for my own use. It is a correct one, you may rest assured. I would not dare to falsify it.

"*Mr. Reed.* Is the paper I sent you at hand?

"*Tan.* It is.

"*Mr. Reed.* Will you oblige me by sending for it?

"*Tan.* It is not convenient for me to do so at present.

"*Mr. Reed.* Now tell me the truth; have you not sent it to Peking?

"*Tan.* I have.

"*Mr. Reed.* But did you not assure me it was at hand?

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"*Tan*. It may as truly be said to be at hand at Peking as if it were here, for I can obtain it if desired.

"At this impudent subterfuge Mr. Reed lost patience, and cautioned the high commissioner against resorting to any kind of prevarication in the future, as it would inevitably undermine that mutual confidence so indispensable to successful negotiation. Tan renewed his protestations of undeviating veracity, and had he been required to swear by the Styx, it is probable he would not have declined the oath."

The importance attaching to this apparently trifling preliminary may not, perhaps, be obvious. Mr. Reed had the sagacity to suspect that Commissioner Tan had already violated his engagement to agree upon the whole treaty before asking the imperial pleasure respecting any part of it, by submitting in advance the program of points, which must embarrass our negotiations and might defeat them altogether. Tan, too, had acuteness enough to discover Mr. Reed's object from his first inquiry; hence his anxiety to evade a direct answer. He was not in the least disconcerted by the attack on his veracity; for truth is not a point of honor with the Chinese, and adroit lying is with them admitted to be one of the prime qualifications of a mandarin. The opinion the emperor has of his own officers is not a whit more favorable. Nor is this surprising, for he more than any one else is the victim of their deceit. Half a century ago, when the heads of departments and chief mandarins of the realm were rendering to their master an account of their stewardship at a great periodical reckoning, Tao-kwang, after passing them all in revision, deliberately told them that "not one of them knew what truth was."

Notwithstanding this unpleasant introduction, the conference was amicable, and the discussions free and easy. All the proposed amendments were passed in review; the champions of conservatism and of progress exerted all their powers, and the contest was maintained until near night. Particular advantages

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were gained and lost, but no important or permanent result was achieved. Near the close of the meeting, Mr. Reed expressed a desire to have a copy of the imperial rescript relating to the President's letter. The commissioners had referred to it in their last communication without quoting its language, and this led him to suspect that it might contain something unsatisfactory. Tan promised to send it in the morning, and Mr. Reed agreed to resume negotiations the next day at noon, provided its contents should meet his expectations. He was about to rise to take leave when Tan preferred a modest request. Though he had shown himself reluctant to concede even the most moderate demands or to satisfy the most just claims, such as those for indemnity for American property destroyed by the Cantonese, he nevertheless had the assurance to beg Mr. Reed to "enlighten the English on the principles of justice," and also to "employ his influence with the Russians toward the settlement of the boundary question pending between them and China."

The opinion I had formed of Commissioner Tan from the first interview was confirmed by this. It was admitted on all hands that he must have attained his high position by his talents, and that the emperor could not have intrusted the defense of the old régime to an abler champion. His voice had a nasal twang, disagreeable at first; but the speaker of Mandarin soon forgot this blemish in admiration of his diction, which was fluent, elegant, and pure, without any trace of provincialism. Mr. Reed's was concise and perspicuous, and well adapted for accurate translation. He exhibited so much skill, too, in availing himself of incidental developments, parrying the thrusts of his adversary, and guarding American interests at every point, as to prove that, whatever his past experience might have been, he was unquestionably a master in the dialectics of diplomacy. A Chinese junk is contemptible in comparison with one of our steamers, but an able mandarin is

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a match for our best diplomats. It is a curious coincidence that in this preliminary joust a Philadelphia lawyer was met by one from Shaohing, a city with a special reputation for acute lawyers.

"Early on the 11th instant came a despatch from Tan, inclosing a copy of the rescript. Mr. Reed's suspicions were confirmed: its language, though not insulting, was far from satisfactory. His Majesty condescended to receive the President's letter by way of Tientsin instead of Canton, but dropped no hint of any intention to answer it at all, much less to answer it in equal terms. Nothing short of an explicit promise from the emperor himself, to answer the letter in terms of equality, would satisfy Mr. Reed; and he resolved to suspend the interviews until an edict to this effect should be obtained."

Going on shore to announce this decision, I was witness to a striking ceremony. As I approached the batteries, I observed a large body of troops drawn up in front of the marquee. Three guns were fired; a flourish of music succeeded; the troops dropped on their knees and bowed their heads to the earth. The three commissioners appeared in green palanquins, each borne on the shoulders of eight men; and the soldiers remained kneeling until the dignitaries entered the tent.

The next day Dr. Williams and I went again to carry a despatch, and by Mr. Reed's advice we availed ourselves of the opportunity for informal communication to further his objects. We were received by the *fantai*, or provincial treasurer, and the general in command of the garrison, both wearing red buttons, while numbers of blues and whites, who had stood in the presence of the viceroy, now took seats and joined in conversation. On this and subsequent occasions I interpreted for Dr. Williams, who, though an accomplished Chinese scholar, was not at that time familiar with the dialect of the North.

"Desirous of impressing the mandarins with the importance of admitting trade at other than the five ports, he alluded to

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the fact that a considerable commerce had sprung up at many points on the coast. 'That illegal traffic,' said the fantai, 'does more harm than good. Opium is one of its staple commodities. Sir John Bowring asserted, when I met him here four years ago, that opium is as harmless as tea. But we know it is not harmless. That pernicious drug is wasting the property and destroying the lives of our people. Additional ports will of course be opened, but which I am unable to say.'

"*Dr. W.* Your sovereign receives embassies from neighboring states, such as Siam, Corea, etc.; why not open the gates of his capital to the envoys of the great nations of the West?

"*Fantai.* It is solely from fear of giving offense that he hesitates to do so. A certain rite is required of them, with which *you* would be unwilling to comply. They are vassals, and perform the koto; you are brethren, and would require to be treated on a footing of equality.

"*Dr. W.* Brethren did you say? Is it treating us like brethren to keep us standing outside of the door?

"*Fantai.* When brethren have once divided their interests and set up separate establishments, good feeling is best maintained by remaining apart. There is danger, too, that some foreigners, if admitted to the capital, might abuse the privilege for the accomplishment of sinister ends.

"*Dr. W.* The residence of a British minister at the capital would have prevented any such misunderstanding as the present.

"*Fantai.* It is useless to insist on that point. We may as well drop the subject. It has been tabooed by the high commissioners.

"*Dr. W.* Our minister has shown himself satisfied with the credentials of the viceroy; but as the Allies insist on the appointment of a plenipotentiary in a strict sense, would it not be wise to yield the point rather than provoke further hostilities?

"*Fantai.* The idea of a plenipotentiary is incompatible with

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the genius of an absolute monarchy. In all your reading of Chinese history have you ever met with such a title?

"The fact being referred to that Keying got it coined for the occasion when he signed treaties after the opium war, these mandarins roundly asserted that it was forged by himself, not granted by the emperor—as if his use of it could be concealed from the eye of majesty. Before taking leave, Dr. Williams explained why the President's letter was not delivered as proposed; and this drew from the fantai an assurance that the commissioners would urge the Council of State to induce the emperor to answer it in equal terms.

"'Nothing,' said Dr. Williams, 'will be accepted as a sufficient guarantee but an edict from the emperor himself. Failing that, our negotiations will not be resumed, and the friendly relations between our countries will be materially impaired.'"

On the 17th Mr. Reed received a communication from the viceroy inclosing another rescript relating to the President's letter. It was as follows:

"We shall be pleased to receive the President's letter of state, and, as America is not a tributary nation, we shall reply to it without making use of any haughty or arrogant expression, reciprocating his civility in the same terms."

This was the document that Mr. Reed had been laboring for a fortnight to extract from the Chinese, and it was worth all the pains it cost. Besides securing our country from the old indignities of contemptuous silence or studied insolence, it contains an admission such as the "Son of Heaven" had till that day never made to any other power, viz., that "America is not a tributary." In the earlier annals the other treaty powers all appear as tributaries!

The condition *sine qua non* being complied with, Mr. Reed decided to deliver the letter without further delay, assigning to Captain Dupont the honor of presenting it. Being directed to arrange an interview for this purpose, I proceeded to the

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batteries, where I was met by the fantai. That worthy neglecting to seat me on his left, and asking rather unceremoniously what I had come for, I first took up the point of etiquette, reminding him that irrespective of rank I was entitled to the honors of a guest; and when he had given me the proper place, I coolly informed him that the affair was such that I could not communicate it to any one lower than the viceroy. He retired, and, the viceroy coming in, the interview was quickly arranged, both officials being somewhat struck by the cheekiness of a young interpreter.

If the President's letter were handed at all to the viceroy (it is now the custom to hand such autographs directly to the emperor) that should have been done by Mr. Reed. It was a mistake to yield his place in a grave ceremony merely to pay a compliment to Captain Dupont. In the course of conversation Captain Dupont suggested to the viceroy that China ought to send consuls to look after her people in the United States.

Viceroy. It is not our custom to send officials beyond our own borders.

Dupont. But your people on the farther shore of the Pacific are very numerous, numbering several tens of thousands.

Viceroy. When the emperor rules over so many millions, what does he care for the few waifs that have drifted away to a foreign land?

Dupont. Those people are, many of them, rich, having gathered gold in our mines. They might be worth looking after on that account.

Viceroy. The emperor's wealth is beyond computation; why should he care for those of his subjects who have left their home, or for the sands they have scraped together?

Such was the sublime indifference at that time manifested by China toward her emigrant offspring! Nor was it merely indifference. Her laws prohibited their going abroad. They

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were not enforced, and our treaty of 1868 sanctioned emigration to the United States. But the old laws continued to be a source of vexation to wealthy Chinese returning from the East Indian Archipelago until they were repealed two years ago at the instance of the Chinese minister to England.

"May 19th. The obstacle in the way of our negotiations being removed by the transaction of yesterday, it was agreed that they should be resumed and carried on by means of deputies. Tsien, the fantai, was appointed to appear on behalf of the commissioners, and Dr. Williams was deputed by Mr. Reed. They met at eleven o'clock this A.M., at the usual place of conference, where we spent four hours in continuous discussion. Nor was this a long time for reviewing a program of thirty-three articles. What those articles were it is not now necessary to say. Many of them were agreed to, subject to the approval of the ministers, when Mr. Consul Bradley was introduced, and, handing a letter to Dr. Williams, remarked that he had conveyed us intelligence that would bring our negotiations to an abrupt termination.

"The letter was a brief note from Mr. Reed informing us that the Allies intended to storm the forts at ten o'clock the next day.

"The arrival of a messenger whose character and position were such as to lead them to suppose that he could not have come on any but important business awakened the suspicions of the mandarins. At another time it might have been taken as referring to the business in hand, but the feverish state of apprehension in which they then were naturally led them to connect it with the movements of the Allies. They looked serious, but betrayed no agitation or curiosity, and we, on our part, felt bound to avoid disclosing by word, look, or gesture a secret intrusted to our honor.

"Our first impulse was to break off the now useless discussion, but that would have been throwing off the veil of secrecy

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and acquainting them with the startling intelligence as plainly as if we had sounded a trumpet in the camp. We accordingly continued to advance propositions and to refute objections, with as much gravity as if we were building something more durable than a house of straw destined to be scattered by the tempest of the morrow. It was late, however, and the declining sun soon brought us an excuse for retiring.

"Dr. Williams left with the fantai a copy of his beautiful lithographic map of China, which the old mandarin received with great delight, saying that it was the very thing he wanted to acquaint him with the geography of the empire! A lead-pencil, which Dr. Williams gave him at the same time, he pronounced 'a precious stone of rare value, unknown in China.' We also presented to him and his associates several tracts and Christian almanacs. The appearance of the latter, which contained the ten commandments, immediately provoked such expressions as they had already elicited more than once. 'Take them,' said the mandarins, 'to the English and French, to teach them not to covet or to kill.' They asked when we would meet them again. Poor fellows! it would have taken more than human ken to answer that question."

The limit of time having expired, the gunboats began to bombard the forts at the hour named. The Chinese batteries replied with vigor, many of their shots whizzing over the deck of the "Antelope," which, at low tide, was hard aground in an ugly position between the combatants. Captain Dupont and many of his officers had come in from the frigate to witness the fight. It amused me to see how they dodged when the first ball flew over us, though I dodged too. The knowledge that when thunder is heard the bolt has passed by does not prevent this involuntary action of the muscles. As successive balls came hurtling through the air in our direction a cry was raised, "They are firing at us!" But the alarm was soon allayed by observing that the shots came at regular intervals

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of five or ten minutes, evidently from one gun, and that, passing over us, they all fell in the water some hundreds of yards beyond. That gun, as we afterward discovered, was fixed on an immovable frame! Considering their poor artillery, the Chinese fought well. Instead of striking in half an hour, as some had wagered, they held out for two hours and a quarter. During this time the wooden structures upon and within the batteries were fired by bursting shells, and the ground rendered untenable for the defenders. Wherever a gun continued to reply it was dismounted by a well-aimed bomb. At length the Chinese camp lapsed into silence, and disappeared in a blinding sheet of smoke. No outward sign of submission was given; the flags continued to wave until they were shot away, or consumed by the flames.

Soon after the last shot from the shore, the victors took possession of the field without further resistance; and an hour later I joined a company of our officers who went to inspect the battle-field. It was a sickening sight. Trails of blood were to be seen in all directions, and in some places it stood in pools, while the corpses of soldiers were roasting in their burning barracks. Some headless trunks told us that they had been cut down by their own people; and some were found chained to their guns, pierced by foreign bullets.

The most interesting objects that fell into the hands of the victors were two copper cannon and a set of silken scrolls. The guns were eighteen feet in length and of exquisite workmanship. Each bore the following legend in large characters: *Chi-i-ta-tsiang kuin* ("This is the general who quells barbarians").

The scrolls were white and blue, the colors of mourning, and had evidently decorated the funeral chamber of a great lady. They were picked up in apartments occupied by the viceroy by Captain Saumarez, of the gunboat "Cormorant," who requested me to translate them. The lady, however,

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could not have belonged to Tan's family, as his residence was at Paotingfu, and there is no greater breach of official etiquette than to carry the insignia of mourning to a post of public duty. Some of the scrolls are worth transcribing just to show the estimation in which a woman is sometimes held in China. They are in parallel couplets, and each pair forms a strophe of an elegy. The whole poem describes her influence in the various relations of life.

1. "Possessing rank by imperial gift, favor rested on her door-posts and grace on her household. Decorated by imperial decree, her virtues were diffused at home and her reputation published abroad."

2. "Exciting the studies of her son, as with a stimulant of bear's gall, her excellent example is worthy of imitation. Clothed in shining vestments, she has gone up to the true life; and her benevolent countenance—where shall we look for it?"

3. "Having taught her son to follow her example and keep to the classics, she saw him pluck the *cassia* [the degree of A.M.]. Aiding her husband to display his virtues, her gentle influence flowed over her kindred, and she commanded the hearts of her relations."

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CHAPTER XI

TIENTSIN AND THE TREATIES

Tartar plenipotentiaries—Pourparlers and signature—Episodes, tragic and comic—The whole a mirage

"Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of this imperial theme."

ONE is the occupation of Canton, the second the capture of Taku. What will be the next? What will the Chinese do now? Will they make a stand at some more defensible point beyond the reach of gunboats and heavy ordnance? Will they hold Tientsin and block the way to it by sinking junks in the narrow, tortuous river? For a day or two these questions were much discussed, but in less than a week they were solved *ambulando*, some of the gunboats moving up to the city without opposition. The well-to-do people and the women had fled, showing that they had not heard of the humane treatment accorded to captured cities in the former war and to Canton in this. They expected, as in Chinese warfare, that pillage, murder, and violence would be the order of the day. The country people, however, care little which party gains the victory. One of the gunboats running aground on the way up, four hundred peasants were hired to get her afloat, and they tugged away as lustily as if they had not been helping the enemies of their sovereign. To speak of the Chinese generally, patriotism is a word not found in their vocabulary.

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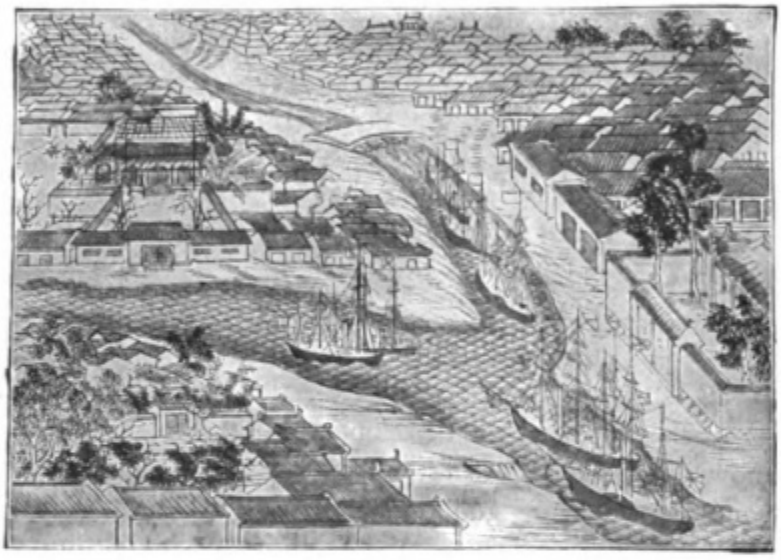
All they know of it, in its broader sense, is to boast of China and vilify foreigners. In lieu of it, they inculcate loyalty to the government, a sentiment chiefly confined to official classes. Their local attachments to clan, district, and province are exceedingly strong; but between these are hereditary antipathies



GUNBOATS IN THE GRAND CANAL; TAOIST TEMPLE AT THE JUNCTION.

which an invader might easily turn to account. It is to the absence of the fiery passion of patriotism and to the support derived from the sober sentiment of loyalty that the reigning dynasty owes its long tenure; for the average Chinaman has no politics. His mind is free from the most disquieting of all subjects, and it may be said of him, with a slight modification, as of the Frenchman under the Bourbons,

> "He's happy, reign whoever may,
> And *eats* and *sleeps* his misery away."

For the neutrals the situation is a little humiliating. Their card-house-negotiations have been "knocked into pi." Will

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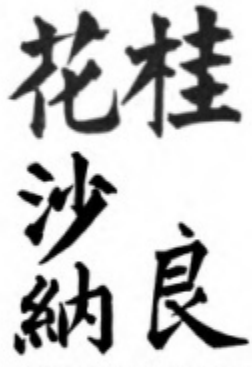
they wait till the belligerents have signed a peace before again trying their hand, or will the latter, as in most wars, object to their presence? Trusting largely to moral force, Lord Elgin desired their coöperation as well as that of his militant allies, and allowed them the freest facilities for communication, acting, in fact, as if a state of regular war did not exist. The neutrals, on their part (especially the Russian), desirous of keeping an eye on the proceedings of the English and French, lost no time in following them to their new scene of operations. The "Antelope" having to wait for higher water, both ministers ascended the river on the Russian steamer "America."

We were hospitably welcomed by the civic authorities, and the residence of a salt merchant overlooking the river was placed at our disposal. Mountains of salt covered with thatch were visible on the farther bank. It was the property of the government, which makes a monopoly of this commodity and derives a large part of its revenues from that source.



JOINT CARD OF KWEILIANG AND HWASHANA.

A letter, on red paper and in a red cover, announced the appointment of two new ministers soon to arrive from Peking. They were Kweiliang, a Manchu, senior grand secretary; and Hwashana, a Mongol, field-marshal of the blue-bordered banner. Their cards accompanied the communication, and this time the title of plenipotentiary was not wanting.

The Haikwang, or "Sea-light Temple," two miles from the city, was fixed on for the place of meeting. The new ministers appeared with a pompous retinue. The old ones did not show themselves; but they were behind the scenes pulling the wires and coaching the "plenipotentiaries." The latter had requested that they might be present at this interview, but Mr. Reed objected that he could not meet them as long as their

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promise to procure an answer to the President's letter was unfulfilled.

After the usual compliments were exchanged, Mr. Reed handed me a paper which he desired me to render in Chinese, at the same time informing the commissioners that it contained a summary of his views, which he had placed in writing for the sake of precision, and requesting them to listen attentively and defer questions until they should hear it to the end. During the reading their clerks were busily engaged in noting down the several points.

The new ministers assented in general terms to all of them, and proceeded to comply with the demand expressed under the first head. Taking up a package, enveloped in a wrapper of yellow silk, Kweiliang slowly removed the cover, disclosing a sheet of paper of the same imperial color, which he raised reverentially above his head. He then presented the sacred document to Mr. Reed for his inspection, accompanied by a copy to be retained. This was the edict for which so much ink and so much blood had been shed at Taku. It contained the all-important word insisted on by the allied ministers, but its contents showed that, while the emperor yielded to necessity in inscribing a new title on his official register, he was still unwilling to introduce a new principle into his political system. While nominating Kweiliang and Hwashana as "plenipotentiaries" he confined their discretion within very narrow limits, empowering them to concede "only what might be reasonable and mutually advantageous," and restraining them from yielding "anything detrimental to China." Who but his Majesty was to decide on the "reasonable, advantageous, and detrimental"? Were not these cautionary conditions a revocation of the very powers conferred, when their necessary effect must be to lead his ministers to ascertain beforehand the will of the emperor on every important point?

Returning the ambiguous document, Mr. Reed in turn ex-

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hibited his own credentials and placed a translation of them in the hands of the commissioners. He then proposed that for the sake of expedition the articles of the new treaty should be referred for consideration to deputies under the direction of the ministers, and that the ministers themselves should only meet to sign and seal the document when it should be completed. This being assented to, Mr. Reed named Dr. Williams as his representative, and desired to know whom they would appoint to meet him. Kweiliang named Pien, a shrewd, thin-visaged, thoughtful man, who had made some figure in the negotiations at Taku. Mr. Reed objected on the ground that, wearing only a crystal button, he was not of sufficient rank to be pitted against the second man of our legation. Kweiliang spoke of a high official in the suite of Hwashana, and Mr. Reed desiring to see him, he was called out. A short, vulgar-looking Tartar stepped from the crowd of officials with the air of a bashful school-boy. This was a Chinese introduction, and it left us ignorant alike of his name and position.

"What is your honorable name?" I asked on behalf of Mr. Reed. "Chang," was the blunt reply. "And your office?" To save his modesty another answered for him: "He is an adjutant-general of the Hankuin and a hereditary noble—a *tsze*, or viscount." This was dignity enough to atone for the want of brains, and the ruby that flashed on the crown of his cap shed a luster over his stolid countenance. Mr. Reed was satisfied, and merely hinted that Pien might be associated with the viscount as a kind of prompter.

The hour for the meeting of the deputies being agreed on, Mr. Reed complained of the emperor's delay in sending the promised answer to the President's letter, and insisted that it should be forthcoming at their next meeting, which he proposed should take place on the ensuing Thursday; but Thursday was the last day of a short month, and they preferred

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Friday, not knowing (heathen that they are) that Friday is equally unlucky.

Owing to the failure of the "Antelope" to arrive at the time expected, Mr. Reed was accompanied on this occasion by only a small guard of marines. But the absence of any force which might be construed into either menace or ostentation was altogether befitting the pacific attitude which he had constantly maintained.

In a few days he was notified that the imperial letter had arrived, and a day was set for its delivery. On descending from his sedan, he was conducted by Kweiliang to a table curtained with yellow satin, on which, supported by a frame, lay a wooden tube of the imperial color carved with imperial emblems. This was the long-expected letter. The mandarins eyed it with awful reverence, and spoke of it with suppressed voice. They stood for a moment embarrassed and hesitating, and Mr. Reed thought they were waiting for him to kneel. It had indeed been privately proposed that he should do so, and he had refused. But how could he be sure that they were not bent on exacting some other humiliating rite? To forestall this he said, "I shall observe no other ceremony than that with which the President's letter was received by the viceroy." They assented, and Kweiliang, raising the tube in both hands, placed it in those of Mr. Reed, who, respectfully elevating it, gave it in charge to his son. The business of the day being thus summarily despatched, Mr. Reed and his suite were shown to seats, while the mandarins, all but a few of the highest, remained standing. On this occasion Tan and one of his colleagues made their appearance. The haughty viceroy looked crestfallen. He retained his button, but his proud plume was gone; and he hung his head as though conscious that he had forfeited that. And so he had, according to Chinese law; but in his memorial reporting the loss of the forts, while accusing himself and begging for punishment, he

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succeeded in throwing the blame on others who were more directly responsible. It was also rumored that he made the emperor believe that the forts would have been impregnable but for a high tide, which crippled the defense and favored the attack. At this time his fate was undecided, but eventually he escaped with no heavier penalty than being stripped of his viceroyalty and sent into a brief exile.

Kweiliang, the first commissioner, was an old man of seventy-four, of kindly aspect and gentle demeanor; his colleague, Hwashana, some twenty years his junior, had a martial air and something of the brusqueness of a soldier. The two were spoken of as Kwei and Hwa, the former signifying "Cassia" and the latter "Flower," a combination not unfitting for the Flowery Land, as they fondly call their country. A third "plenipotentiary," whose name had long been known to the world, was also unexpectedly present. This was Keying, who made peace with the British at Nanking in 1842, and signed the French and American treaties at Canton in 1844. To our great surprise and to the evident mortification of the other commissioners, he had suddenly come to life a few days previous. Arriving as a nondescript adjunct to the new commission, he was now announced by Kweiliang as "plenipotentiary." A decree, he said, had just come down elevating Keying to a rank coördinate with himself. The original he was unable to exhibit, as it contained other matters of state, but he would send a copy of the portion relating to Keying.

Mr. Reed advised the commissioners to avert threatened calamity by prompt concessions to the Allies, and as the day for signing his treaty was drawing near, he inquired whether it was their wish that he should leave Tientsin immediately afterward. "Oh no!" they replied; "we entreat you to delay your departure in order to help us in our difficulties."

Returning to the rooms of the legation, Mr. Reed removed the seal from the mysterious tube and drew forth a magnificent

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scroll four feet in length by two in breadth. Its margin was embellished with prancing dragons and birds of Paradise. Within this fancy border was the imperial letter in Manchu and Chinese. The tube or case was of bamboo, and the paper of the same material. If his Majesty had intended to send with his epistle an object fitted to illustrate the habits of his people he could not have selected anything more appropriate than a cylinder of this magnificent grass. The variety of uses to which it is applied by Chinese ingenuity is endless. They make masts of it for their smaller junks, and twist it into cables for their larger ones; they weave it into matting for floors, and make it into rafters for roofs; they sit at table on bamboo chairs, and eat the tender shoots of bamboo with bamboo chop-sticks; the musician blows a bamboo flute, and the watchman beats a bamboo rattle; criminals are confined in a bamboo cage, and beaten with bamboo rods; paper is made of bamboo fiber, and pencils of a joint of bamboo, in which is inserted a tuft of goat's hair; despatches, written on such bamboo paper, are carried, like the emperor's letter, in a bamboo tube slung across the shoulders of a mounted courier.

The following is the letter, slightly abbreviated:

"We, the Autocrat of the Great Pure Empire, wish health to the President of the Great United States.

"Having received the commands of Heaven to rule the circuit of all lands, we view with the same benevolence all peoples within and without the wide seas.

"Since our mutual intercourse was settled by treaty more than ten years ago nothing occurred to disturb the peace until the English and French last year, disregarding their treaties, violated their obedience at Canton. The ministers of the United States observed their obligations and gave them no aid. We are much pleased by their conduct.

"The United States minister has now handed up the letter

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under reply, in which your respectful expressions manifest the same friendly feeling. In it you desire that your minister may reside near our court; but there are many things in such an arrangement which cannot be effected without difficulty. Hitherto the foreign envoys have all come from countries that pay tribute; but the United States is numbered among our friends, and if, on the arrival of your envoy, anything untoward should happen [scil., any dispute about ceremonies], it might mar the harmony of our relations.

"Moreover, our Middle Kingdom has no ministers residing in other countries, and arrangements of this kind ought to be reciprocal.

"The minister of the United States is now at Tientsin, where he is negotiating with our high officers, and their intercourse has been mutually agreeable. As soon as their deliberations are concluded he should return to Canton to attend to the commercial duties of his office as usual. This will tend to perpetuate the friendship of our countries, and we think that you, the President, will be pleased with such arrangement.

[Emperor's seal.]

"HIENFUNG, Eighth year, fourth moon, twenty-sixth day [June 7, 1858]."

A letter of Hienfung's grandfather to George III. in 1816 begins: "The Supreme Potentate, who has received from Heaven the government of the world, issues this imperial mandate to the King of England. Let him be thoroughly acquainted with it." Though both open with an assumption of universal sway —a set phrase, which will continue to be used as long as the dynasty exists—the earlier is a "mandate" to a vassal, the later an epistle to a "friend," in which all claim to suzerainty is implicitly renounced. This is progress, and the man who elicited this expression deserves no little credit for his efforts.

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The reappearance of Keying, and his sudden exit from the diplomatic arena, form a tragic episode in the history of our proceedings. The young emperor began his reign by a violent recoil from the policy of his father. As he could not openly repudiate the treaties made by Taokwang, he vented his wrath on the ministers responsible for advising such disgraceful concessions. The chief of these was Keying. The decree by which he was struck down in 1850 will serve to show the spirit of the government:

"As for Keying, his unpatriotic and pusillanimous conduct is to us a matter of unmixed astonishment. When he was at Canton he seemed only anxious to make our people serve the interests of foreigners. Recently, during a private audience, he spoke to us of the English, how greatly they were to be dreaded, urging a mild and conciliatory policy, not suspecting that we were aware of his knavish object, which was nothing else but to obtain rank and emolument for himself. The more he speaks the more does he expose himself, so that at the last we have come to entertain for him the same contempt we feel for a yelping cur."

Whether or not he descended into private life breathing the prayer of Aristides, that his country might never need to recall him, it is a striking proof of the perplexity of the emperor that in this crisis he thought of the old servant whom he had treated so shamefully. Keying, on his part, was profuse in professions of ability to deal with the "unruly barbarians." He was expected to aid the inexperience of Kwei and Hwa, but his own purpose was to supersede them.

On the 10th instant he called on our minister at his lodgings, and from the tenor of the interview it was evident that he had retrograded from the liberal ideas he was believed to entertain fifteen years before. He informed Mr. Reed that the emperor's reply to the President's letter had arrived and would be delivered the next day. It would, he said, be a joyful day

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for the United States when an epistle from the great emperor should be placed in the hands of the American minister," and proposed that Mr. Reed should rehearse the ceremony of the occasion. The latter declining to do this, "Of course you will receive it on your knees," he added. "Not I," said Mr. Reed; "I kneel to no other than the Lord of heaven." "But the emperor is the same as God," said Keying.

Without noticing this prime article of the mandarin's creed, which makes the emperor grander than the Grand Lama, Mr. Reed cut the matter short by declaring that he would show no form of respect which Commissioner Tan had not shown in receiving the letter of the President. Another proposal of the old mandarin was still more absurd and puerile. He requested that Mr. Reed should "move his steamer a little farther down the river," saying that "it would quiet the heart of the emperor" and "augment his own influence"—arguments that were not as heavy as the anchor of the "Antelope."

Mr. Reed returned his visit the next day, and on the following morning a messenger from Kweiliang brought the news that Keying had set out for the capital.

Lord Elgin had refused to meet him, throwing in his face a private memorial of his found at Canton, which betrayed a duplicity unavoidable in those who are intermediaries between this conservative empire and the aggressive West. Finding that his name had lost its magic, he imputed his defeat to his colleagues, and set off to explain matters in person.

They, dreading his machinations, resolved to be beforehand. Despatching a fleet messenger, they denounced him for deserting his post without orders. He entered the gates a prisoner, and received from the emperor the present of a silken scarf, which meant permission to hang himself. To appreciate this mark of imperial favor—a favor not unlike that which Nero bestowed on Seneca—one must take into account the Chinese horror of decapitation. It not only secured that his body

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should return entire to Mother Earth, but exempted his family from any stain of disgrace.

After the opening interview Dr. Williams and I repaired daily to the temple to meet the deputies of the Chinese ministers, the results of each day's conference being reported to our respective chiefs. Yushan, one of the junior deputies, was a fine specimen of the Manchu race. Handsome and clever, I was much struck by the winning frankness of his manner; nor was he less impressed by something in me—just what, it would be difficult to say; the novelty, perhaps, of meeting a foreigner who was neither a savage nor a fool. His father had been governor of Ili; his ideas of foreigners were therefore based on what he had seen of Turkomans and Kalmucks. On parting I gave him my book on the Evidences of Christianity, which disposed him to be friendly to our missionaries in two of the cities of Shantung where he was afterward prefect. When he returned to the capital he sought me out, and our relations grew more intimate with years until he closed his career by being governor of the province of Shansi. Just before leaving for his high post he gave me a pair of scrolls inscribed with a couplet in praise of me, or rather of our friendship:

> "His learning is vast, and all his teachings are in harmony with truth.
> He has friends far and near, but I am the most intimate."

Yushan was accustomed to call me brother, and he overstepped the etiquette of his country to introduce to me his nieces, who were young ladies, along with his own children. He frequently said, *Pi-ts yu yuen* ("We must have been kinsmen in a former state").

"June 11th. Some people came to complain that the inhabitants had been frightened away from a whole street by a company of British soldiers, who proceeded to plunder the empty dwellings. They were recommended to petition Ad-

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miral Seymour, from whose justice and humanity they would be sure of obtaining redress.

"This is the first case of disorder that I have heard charged on the British troops at Tientsin, and on subsequent investigation (at which I assisted by request of Captain Hall, R.N.) the damage proved to be insignificant. The depredations of a Chinese garrison, if such a thing existed at Tientsin, would far exceed the license of these barbarian victors.

WINE FOR THE MINISTER.

"This reminds me of a beggarly present which Mr. Reed received from the gentry of Tientsin a few days ago. It consisted of two sheep, two jars of rice-wine, a few cakes and fruits, with eight broad-brimmed straw hats, one for himself and one for each of his suite. The reason assigned for this complimentary offering was that the 'American soldiers [a guard of a dozen marines] had been so well commanded that the people had been able to remain in quiet.'"

"June 12th. Paid a visit to the *kung-kwan* (hotel) of the Chinese plenipotentiaries, which was equally unexpected by them and unintended by us. The circumstances were these:

"Mr. Reed's colored valet and a Chinese servant of Captain Dupont were walking near the city wall, when they were assaulted by a mob. The latter was dragged away, but the former succeeded in escaping with the loss of some of his clothing. Fearing the poor boy might be torn to pieces by

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the populace, Captain Dupont ordered his handful of marines to seize their arms, and sallied forth at their head, determined, if possible, to effect a rescue. I accompanied the gallant captain, as without some one through whom to communicate the Chinese would have been at a loss to understand the object of this demonstration. A quick march of a mile brought us to the neighborhood where the assault was said to have taken place, but we could hear no tidings of the missing boy. Passing in front of a large building which was evidently an official residence, it occurred to us to inquire there; for who so likely as the mandarins to be acquainted with the circumstances of a street riot?

"Approaching the door, a whole cohort of mandarins of the lower grades made their appearance. They had heard of the disturbance, and, promising that the boy should be immediately restored, begged us to go back. With this request Captain Dupont declined to comply, and, as he was about to advance, they became apprehensive of further trouble and invited us to come in. Captain Dupont consented, thinking that would stimulate them to prosecute the search. As the huge doors closed on us, marines and all, the street was jammed as far as the eye could reach with a tumultuous crowd. It was easy to perceive that their excitement was occasioned by something more than the appearance in the street of a few armed foreigners, but what that something was we were at a loss to divine.

"Ushered into a spacious and well-furnished hall, the marines mounting guard in the vestibule, we were served with tea, fruits, and confectionery. In a few minutes Major Chang showed his familiar physiognomy and endeavored to quiet our apprehensions respecting the safety of the boy. Captain Dupont insisted that the boy should be brought there, and we were preparing to make ourselves comfortable until the demand should be complied with, when it occurred to me to in-

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quire to what officer we were indebted for our unexpected entertainment.

"'Kwei Chung-tang,' was the reply. 'This is the residence of Kweiliang, the minister of state.' We were confounded, not that we entertained such an awful reverence for a minister of state, but at the awkwardness of our predicament. We had 'caught a Tartar,' and Kweiliang was a larger one than we had any idea of capturing. We attempted to apologize for our rude intrusion; but as well might Admiral Seymour have apologized for finding himself in the yamen of Commissioner Yeh after breaching the walls of Canton. It is true the doors were opened to us and we were invited in, but it would have been impossible to convince the Chinese that we did not intentionally direct our march to the gate of their chief minister, *in terrorem;* and the threat of Captain Dupont, that 'he would allow an hour for the restitution of his servant, in default of which he would repeat the visit,' was not calculated to remove that impression. The tumult at the door as we were entering was now explained, and the crowd, which was large enough to have torn us piecemeal, quietly parted to give us egress when they saw that we appeared, not, as they had perhaps anticipated, with their chief minister in chains, but with friendly mandarins to lead the way.

"When we reached the legation we found the boy already there. He had been sent back in a sedan, and his cotton trousers, which had been torn off by the mob, were replaced by a pair of silk. Our march to the hotel of the imperial commissioners was the prelude to a demonstration of a more serious character.

"Captains Dew and Osborne, of the English squadron, were set upon the same day in the streets of Tientsin, and escaped with their heads but without their hats. Resolved either to put an end to such attacks or bring on open hostilities, they took a hundred marines and proceeded toward the city. The

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gates were shut against them, but there was no other show of resistance, and, scaling the walls, they seized some of the residents, whom they carried on board and detained overnight. It was a bold foray, and shows how helplessly this great city lies in the grasp of the foreigner.

"These occurrences indicate that the people are growing restive under military occupation. Not that they are incited by disorders on the part of the allied soldiery—the cause lies deeper: they are starving. From the arrival of the first ship at the mouth of the river the port has been in a state of virtual blockade. All business is at a standstill, and thousands of the inhabitants, destitute of employment or food, are waxing fierce as famished wolves. They are not brave but desperate, and are beginning to clamor, I am told, to be allowed to precipitate themselves like an avalanche on the little troop of foreign invaders. 'We may as well fall by their bayonets as perish with hunger,' is the low, sad plaint which wants but a little more pressure to turn it into a terrific war-cry.

"The principal business which detains Tan, the governor-general, at this center of disturbance is said to be the preservation of order among his unruly subjects. They are described as more turbulent and warlike than the people of the South, given to settling their disputes by an appeal to arms rather than to the law, and engaging with field-pieces in pitched battles, with which the mandarins dare not interfere. They would furnish the raw material for excellent soldiers.

"June 14th. Engaged at the 'Sea-light Temple' seven hours with the Chinese deputies discussing the 'articles.'"

"June 15th. Occupied in the same way for five hours."

"June 16th. Another heat of seven hours. These protracted sessions, which leave me neither time nor strength for anything else, suggest the query whether treaty-making is not called 'negotiation' *quia negat otium?*

"To-day we completed the preliminary discussion. On the

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18th the ministers are to affix their seals. Of all the articles, thirty in number, that which relates to religious toleration was the most difficult to agree upon. When first proposed it appeared likely to pass unchallenged. But suspicion of what might be entering the Inner Land under the name of religion has led the commissioners to subject it to a severe scrutiny. They fear that it may be made the pretext for political interference. They have sense, too, to perceive that an element so antagonistic to the institutions of a pagan country as Christianity necessarily is cannot be compatible with the continuance of the present state of things. They would be glad to exclude the transforming and regenerating principle, but, thank God, it is no longer within their power to do so.

"The deputies acknowledged to-day that the emperor had intended to interdict the propagation of Christianity, but that he refrained from doing so out of regard for the four great nations interested in its extension.

"The 18th of June was approaching, and Mr. Reed gave us notice that he intended to have his treaty signed on that day, imagining that posterity would somehow connect his name with that of Wellington. There was still a hitch connected with the wording of the toleration clause. That article, now the chief glory of the treaty, was suggested by Dr. Williams. How much interest Mr. Reed took in it is apparent from his saying to us, 'Now, gentlemen, if you can get your article in—all right! But, with or without it, I intend to sign on the 18th of June.'"

On the morning of the fateful day Dr. Williams informed me that he had lain awake all night thinking about the toleration clause, and that a new form had occurred to him which he thought would prove acceptable. He reduced it to writing, and I suggested that we should order our chairs and go straight to the hotel of the Chinese ministers to settle the matter without further delay. This we did, though we

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had never gone there before except by accident, as above related.

The deputies met us for consultation, and their chiefs accepted Dr. Williams's text with an unimportant verbal change. It now reads: "Art. 29. The principles of the Christian religion as professed by the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches are recognized as teaching men to do good and to do to others as they would have others do to them. Hereafter those who quietly teach and profess these doctrines shall not be harassed or persecuted on account of their faith. Any person, whether a citizen of the United States or a Chinese convert, who, according to these tenets, peaceably teaches and practises the principles of Christianity shall in no wise be interfered with or molested."

It would be a mistake to suppose that the toleration of our holy religion in China depended entirely on this stipulation in the American treaty. It was France who, in 1844, led the way in procuring the revocation of persecuting interdicts and the issue of an edict of toleration. Is it to be imagined that she needed our example to prompt her to secure by treaty what she had gained by imperial placet? The fact is that each of the other treaties contains an article in favor of Christianity, and the advantages secured by them must have inured to us even had ours remained a blank. Its omission, however, would not have been a blank, but a blot.

The phraseology of the British treaty, signed the following week, was on this point conformed to that of the American. Says the Bishop of Hong Kong in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "It is right that the friends of Christian missions on both sides of the Atlantic should know how much they are preëminently indebted for the Christian element *in the wording* of the treaties to the hearty zeal, sympathy, and coöperation of his Excellency William B. Reed, ably seconded by his secretary of legation and interpreter, Dr. Williams and

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Rev. W. A. P. Martin, names well known in connection with the missionary work in China."

That the Chinese commissioners so readily accepted the principle of religious toleration was a matter of surprise, as their experience with a fanatical horde of semi-Christian insurgents was not adapted to allay apprehension. The explanation, however, is not far to seek. They feared that if they should reject our demands on that head the foreign powers might still turn to the rebels, who were in great force in the central provinces. Their acceptance of this article is not therefore to be compared with the spontaneous insertion in the Japanese constitution of a clause securing complete freedom of conscience. It was not the result of growing light, but of fear.

Another clause of the treaty, which is something more than an ornament, is that which provides for the good offices of the United States in cases of difficulty with other powers. Thus to be a permanent peacemaker is a position which any minister might be proud of securing for his country. This provision, however, emanates not from Mr. Reed, but from Kweiliang, who, on looking over the projêt, took up his pencil and added the lines relating to that subject, showing that he understood enough of geography to perceive that among the four powers the United States was the only one that had no temptation to encroach on Chinese territory.

The treaty was signed on Waterloo Day, Mr. Reed making a point of putting it through before the belligerents did theirs, as if everything he gained by negotiation was not due to their arms, and as if he would not have had a better chance to gather up results by waiting until theirs were concluded. In a Chinese fable, a fox, walking a few steps in advance of a tiger, imagines that the consternation of the beasts is due to his presence. "To-day," exclaimed Mr. Reed, "I have performed the greatest act of my life." The vanity that could

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find greatness in a treaty obtained under such circumstances might readily believe that William B. Reed was the chief actor on the scene.

The treaty contained nothing about the opium-trade, though there was an article denouncing and forbidding it in the first draft. Well do I remember the blank surprise of the Chinese deputies when I informed them that the anti-opium article was withdrawn. The reason for this backward step I was not at liberty to disclose, but I am now. Had Mr. Reed discovered the nugatory nature of such a stipulation he would have deserved credit for perspicacity. Without making that discovery he backed down under a menace from Lord Elgin to introduce into the British treaty an article in favor of opium.

Strange to say,—perhaps not strange,—the man who weakly yielded to that menace six months later took the lead in giving to opium the status of a legal import. When the tariff came to be arranged at Shanghai he wrote a letter to Lord Elgin setting forth his fitness for doing his lordship's disagreeable work.

Mr. Reed had no fixed principles; he had gained his appointment by becoming a political turncoat. His proposal to prohibit opium was intended to win popularity, his introduction of it into his tariff was designed to obtain the credit of a daring initiative. We have seen how much he cared for the toleration clause. He only tolerated it in hopes of currying favor with religious communities at home. He said to us (Dr. Williams and myself) in so many words—words that we felt as an insult—that he expected us to make the religious people of our country fully sensible of what he had done for their cause.

The British treaty of Tientsin is a marked advance on that of Nanking, but it contains an omission, as Paddy might say, which stamps Lord Elgin's diplomacy as a failure—the omission to add Tientsin to the list of open ports. Had this been secured it would have prevented the recurrence of hostilities.

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Mr. Reed, who had a habit of swinging round to the views of Lord Elgin, said that he was "glad that it was not to be made an open port; for if opened it would be a nest of intrigue, besides affording European powers a position from which they could overawe the capital"—just as if overawing were not the thing most needed.

"June 19th. The new treaty being concluded, the duty next in order was to restore to the Chinese an original copy of the old one, found in the viceroy's yamen at Canton, along with copies of the English and French treaties. The lucky hour selected by the commissioners for receiving it was 4 P.M., at which time Dr. Williams and I conveyed it to their lodgings.

KWEI AND HWA SENDING A DESPATCH TO THE EMPEROR.
(THE DESPATCH IN BAMBOO TUBE RESTING ON SUPPORTS.)

They were about despatching a courier to the emperor, and had just completed the elaborate ceremonial which they go through on all such occasions. It consists in lighting tapers and burning incense before the document inscribed with the emperor's name, and performing before it, as if in the imperial presence, the *koto*, or nine prostrations.

"The object of their memorial was to ascertain the pleasure of his Majesty touching some points in the English and French

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treaties. The demands of the Allies and the reluctance of the emperor to accede to them had thrown the commissioners into a sad state of perplexity, and old Kweiliang remarked despondingly that, however faithful they might be, it would be impossible to escape being censured by their master. He denounced Keying as a hollow-hearted deceiver, and commended himself and his colleague as men of unimpeachable integrity, at the same time protesting in the most solemn manner that they had not the remotest agency in bringing Keying to his unhappy end. [A year later Hwashana met the same fate, swallowing gold to escape a judicial process.]"

"June 25th. This morning Mr. Reed had what he supposed to be a final interview with the imperial commissioners at the temple of the Wind-god, where he had met Keying. At parting he shook their hands, expecting to see them no more, but scarcely had he reached his lodgings when a messenger came with a request that he would come to their hotel as quickly as possible on urgent business. A similar request was sent to the Russian minister.

"On arriving the neutral ministers were told that an imperial decree had been received, in which H. I. M. positively rejected several of the most important demands of the English. A paper was produced which professed to be an extract. In this the emperor was made to say that he would 'negative with ten thousand vetoes any proposition to place a resident minister at Peking; that unrestricted intercourse with all parts of the empire for purposes of trade could by no means be allowed; and that, the banks of the Great River being disturbed by rebels, its navigation was not to be treated of.'

"'You see,' said Kweiliang, addressing himself to the two ministers, 'how importunately the English urge their demands, and how decidedly our great emperor rejects them. Between the two our lives are in jeopardy. If we sign a treaty containing these concessions we shall be condemned as traitors. If

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we refuse, the English will renew hostilities, and we shall be put to death for failing to bring them to terms. But for myself, if I must die I prefer to fall with hands unstained by the guilt of betraying my country. In this emergency it is to you that we look for help. Your honorable nations have always been our friends, and we have just confirmed our friendship by renewing our treaties. We entreat you therefore to use your combined influence to induce Lord Elgin to recede from these unreasonable demands. Our every hope depends on your exertions.'

"While uttering this speech the voice of Kweiliang, enfeebled with age, became tremulous with emotion. The neutrals assured him of their sympathy (what could they do less?), but were unable to quiet his apprehensions with anything better than the vaguest promises. Throughout the interview Hwashana maintained a stoical composure, and his bearing on this, as on other public occasions, was characterized by a severe dignity worthy of the 'grand marshal' of the blue-bordered banner."

"June 26th. From the tone of this interview I was disposed to augur unfavorably as to the prospects of the fête our English friends were expecting to celebrate, and feared that those officers who had come up from the outer anchorage to witness the signing of the treaty would be parties to a less pacific spectacle. But at 6 P.M. the marine companies were drawn up in front of Lord Elgin's lodgings, and he came forth amid the blare of a military band and the cheers of the allied squadrons. Banners of every color floated in gay festoons from the mastheads of the steamers, and the yards were manned to do honor to the occasion.

"After an absence of two hours he returned with the sign and seal of the imperial commissioners *to all his demands*. By what arguments they were persuaded to compliance it is not difficult to divine; but whether the prohibitory edict was a

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myth, the extract exhibited to us a forgery, and their pathetic appeal to the intercession of the neutral ministers only a subterfuge of baffled diplomacy, or whether they have devoted themselves to a future but inevitable doom, to avert from their country a present calamity, are questions which do not admit of so ready a solution."

"June 27th (Sunday). The French treaty was signed this evening. Gallic taste and ingenuity succeeded in eclipsing the pageant of yesterday. The hour was so fixed that the splendors of a torch-light procession shed over the return of the baron an air of triumph. All the vessels of the combined squadron received him with prolonged cheering, and as he entered his domicile a blaze of pyrotechny hailed the finale of the war with China."

"July 6th. The four treaties, combined in one despatch, were sent to Peking by a fleet courier, while the commissioners waited in breathless suspense for the imperial rescript. At length the vermilion pencil deigned a reply. 'We have seen their memorial and know its contents,' was its oracular utterance. The commissioners felt relieved that it had not come charged with a thunderbolt, and thought the foreign plenipotentiaries ought to be equally satisfied; but those unmeaning words afforded no assurance that the treaties would ever be ratified, and nothing short of such a guarantee could warrant the Allies in withdrawing their forces; for what evidence have they that on the removal of pressure the emperor will not repudiate the acts of his ministers? They resolved to apply the screws and compel an explicit promise of ratification. Gunboats were despatched to the outer anchorage with orders to bring up a thousand additional troops. The mere demonstration proved sufficient, and peace is maintained at least for the present."

The temple that was the scene of our toils deserves a parting notice. It is now known as the Treaty Temple, but its Chi-

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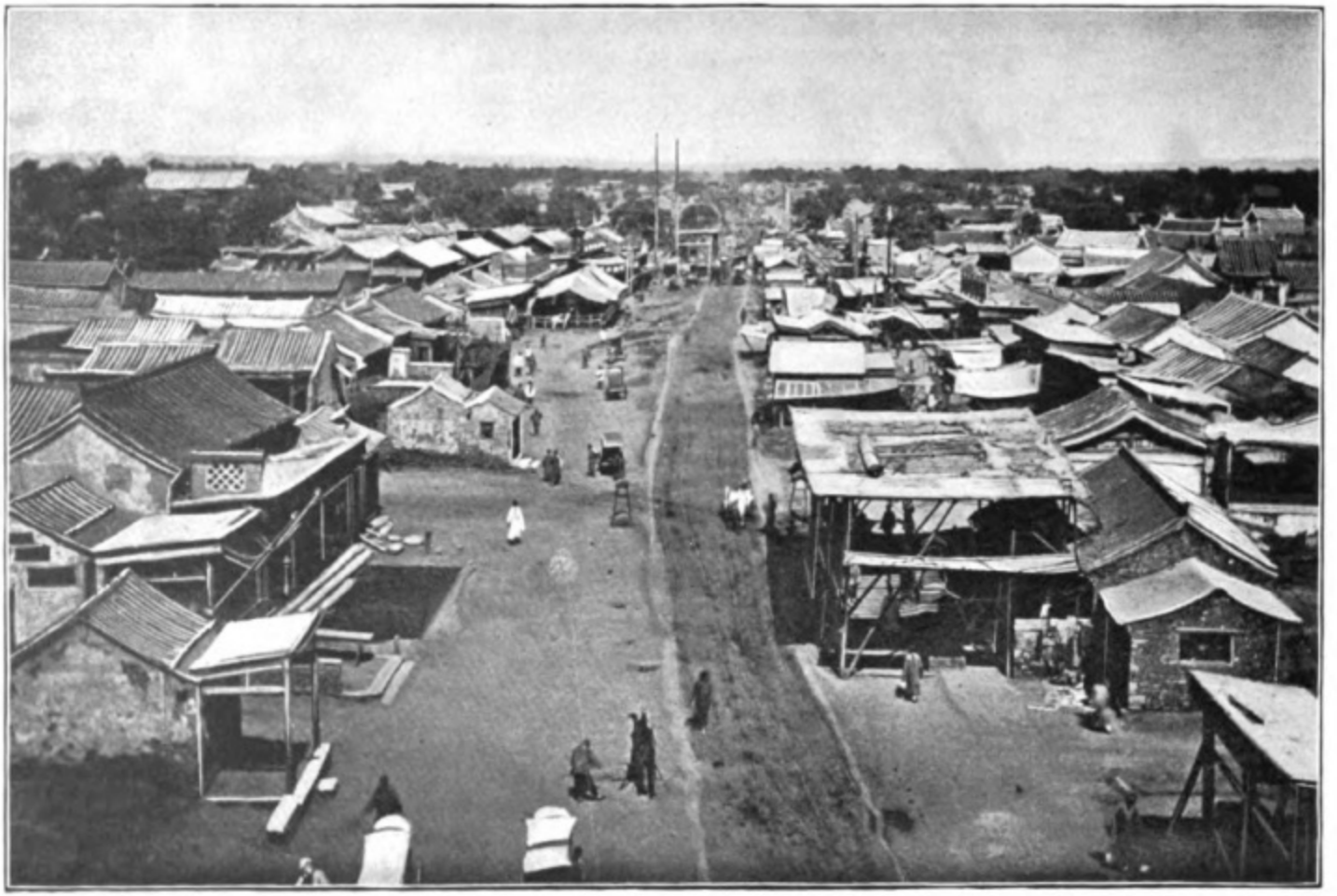

A Street in Tientsin.

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nese name, Haikwang, signifies "sea-light," or "sea of light." In crossing the expanse of heated sand in the midst of which it stands we often saw a mirage, which I suppose gave rise to its name. The Buddhists are idealistic in their philosophy, holding that all appearances are unreal. Who knows that they did not build their temple in that barren spot just because there they had before their eyes a symbol of the deceptive nothingness of all things?

Before the middle of July the pomp of embassies and the glitter of arms had faded from the scene, as transient as a mirage, and, may we not add, as unsubstantial, seeing that nothing was secured and that two years of war were lurking within the veil of the future.

Had Tientsin been opened to trade and gunboats been stationed in the river, there could have been no pretext for a fresh rupture. Situated at the junction of the Grand Canal with the Peiho, it is the entrepôt not only for the capital but for the entire belt of northern provinces. Its population, then about three hundred thousand, has more than doubled, and in the volume of its trade it now ranks high on the list of open ports. The foreign settlement, two miles below the city, is a city in itself, and might well serve the Chinese for a model if they were not too proud or too prejudiced to accept one. When a block of native houses happens to burn down the new buildings, instead of rising in a new and improved style, reproduce the old ones as exactly as this year's crop of briers does that of last year which was devoured by a prairie-fire.

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CHAPTER XII

THE WAR RENEWED

Repulse of Allies at Taku—Mr. Ward's visit to Peking—Reception by the viceroy—Journey overland—Ascent of Peiho—Scurvy treatment—Refusal of koto—Expulsion from the capital—Exchange of treaty—A strange presentiment

EARLY in 1859 our new minister, Hon. John E. Ward, touched at Ningpo with his secretary, Dr. Williams, on his way to the North, and invited me to accompany him as I had Mr. Reed the previous year. Mr. Aitchison, a clever young missionary of the American Board, joined the expedition as assistant interpreter.

The British and French ministers had not yet arrived at Shanghai, but the Chinese ministers who had signed the treaties were waiting there to intercept them and obtain, if possible, the surrender of certain disagreeable rights. One of these was the navigation of the Yang-tse-Kiang, another the residence of foreign ministers in Peking. To renounce them would have been to throw away the best fruits of the war.

Bruce and Bourboulon, the representatives of England and France, bent on proceeding to the capital and suspecting bad faith, refused to see the Chinese ministers in any other place. Mr. Ward, playing a very different part, rightly enough consented to meet them. Two interviews took place, one at the house of Heard & Co., where Mr. Ward lodged, the other at a yamen in the Chinese city. At both a conspicuous figure

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was Ho Kweching, viceroy of the two Kiang. A native of Yunnan, he had, as he told me, gained the degree of *Chüjen*, or Master of Arts, at the age of sixteen. Not over forty, he was a fine specimen of the physique and intelligence of his race. A year later the poor fellow was beheaded for not defending Suchau, the provincial capital, against the Taiping rebels. At these interviews, which were chiefly occupied with eating and drinking, nothing took place worthy of record except that the Chinese solicited the good offices of Mr. Ward to induce the English and French to reopen negotiations at Shanghai. The effort, if made, was ineffectual. About the middle of May a combined squadron of the allied powers was again lying off the Taku bar. This time, in addition to the natural barrier, the entrance to the river was closed by *chevaux-de-frise*. The batteries had been rebuilt, probably with the aid of Russian engineers, and, as the allied force learned to its cost, armed with guns of a formidable type.

Landing in front of the batteries, we were met by several officers without uniform (official intercourse being forbidden), who informed us that all access by water was barred, but that if we chose to proceed to Peking by land the way was open. The English and French ministers were resolved to ascend the river, though their predecessors had neglected to stipulate for that privilege, and, indignant at finding the entrance closed, they committed to their naval commanders the task of opening it.

At midnight on June 24th the explosion of a shell burst the chain. A single shot from the batteries indicated that the act of aggression was observed on shore, then all relapsed into silence. The next day while parties were removing the iron stakes no notice was taken of the proceeding, and so few signs of life were discernible that many thought the batteries deserted. About 3 P.M. the gunboats steamed in and opened fire. Instantly a blaze of chain-lightning ran along the earthworks on both sides of the river, the cannonade continuing with

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little intermission until nightfall. In the meantime Admiral Hope was wounded, and our gallant Commodore Tatnall put off through the thick of the fight to express his sympathy. On his way back his cockswain was killed and his boat shattered by a shot from the Chinese side. Beyond this plucky display he gave a substantial proof of sympathy by towing up a flotilla of launches containing a storming-party of five hundred men, exclaiming, as he threw diplomacy overboard, that "blood is thicker than water."

That speech has echoed round the world. No heart responds to it more truly than mine. Would that the ties of blood might not only make war impossible between the kindred nations, but unite the two flags to impose peace on the rest of mankind! Yet, noble as was the impulse, the move was hardly politic for those who were intending to go to Peking.

When the first shots convulsed the air a frightened dove lighted on the rigging of our ship, where it was observed and admired as a symbol of neutrality. Needless to say, it flew away when our flag was compromised. The succor was too late to be effective. It was near sunset when the party landed, and night came before they had passed the belt of mud separating them from the forts. They then found themselves confronted by an obstacle for which no calculation had been made—a broad, deep moat full of water. Without pontoons or boats it was impossible to cross, and as the devoted band stood on the brink they were mown down by volleys of musketry from the ramparts, the aim of the Chinese being guided by fire-balls thrown into the air. In a few minutes half the force were killed or wounded, and the remainder, with or without orders, floundered back to their boats. All was done that courage could do, but the bungling of the admiral made disaster inevitable. What is to be said for a man who so miscalculates the tides and misunderstands the ground except that "he was brave"?

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The loss in killed and wounded footed up four hundred and sixty; the gunboats made no impression, and the light of day revealed the fact that six of the thirteen were *hors de combat.* The discomfiture was complete, and the Allies retired to the south to prepare for another campaign. Of the Englishman in such circumstances it may always be predicted, *mox reficit rates quassas.*

The war was rekindled, and the Chinese were accused of bringing it about by treachery. But were they wrong in barring the way to a city that was not opened by treaty? Had the allied ministers a right to expect to reach Tientsin in their steamers when they had neglected to secure it by stipulation? Not only were they aggressors in firing the first shot, they were clearly wrong in the whole issue.

It was evident that the war had to be fought out, that things could not remain as Lord Elgin had left them; but it is a thousand pities that the occasion for unchaining England's thunder should be in one instance to exact payment for the destruction of a prohibited drug, in another to procure satisfaction for the insult implied in the Chinese exercising summary justice on their own people, in a third a mere quibble of words, in the last the assertion of a privilege which the negotiators had forgotten to secure. The renewal of the war was the only way to permanent peace, and there is reason to believe that the Mongol prince and his party intended to bring on a conflict; but it grieves one to see the more enlightened party so continually in the wrong. What estimate will a Chinese statesman on such a retrospect form of the morality of England?

Since writing the above I find the following in Lord Malmesbury's "Journal," under date of September 16, 1859: "Accounts from China very sad; and if true Mr. Bruce is to blame. It is reported that the Chinese sent word [to the envoys] that the Peiho was blocked, but that if they went by another road farther north they would be received."

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When the smoke had cleared away Mr. Ward set himself to consider what course remained for him to pursue. Unlike his predecessor, he came north by agreement with China. At the time of his coming there were no belligerents, and if the English and French chose to make themselves such and get themselves beaten that did not in any way bind him to follow their example. He had no objection to proceeding to Peking by any route the Chinese might offer, and it was possible that the Chinese might welcome the presence of a neutral in order to put their assailants in the wrong. Was it not possible too that a neutral might in consequence of this disaster secure the vantage-ground of a mediator?

His reasoning was sound, but was he a neutral? Was he not compromised by the action of our commodore? He, however, had no misgivings, and drew up a despatch addressed to Hengfu, the new viceroy, whose camp was at Peitang, ten miles to the north. Steaming cautiously in that direction in our smallest boat, the "Toywan," we found the water everywhere so shallow that we were unable to approach the shore. Taking the despatch, and accompanied by Mr. Ward's brother and a midshipman, I put off in the captain's gig. The gig, however, took the ground when half a mile out. Not to be balked, I threw myself into the water and proceeded on foot, followed by the others. When we were yet distant from the landing about a hundred yards half a dozen men in plain dress dashed into the water and came to meet us, at the same time warning us not to advance. We waited their approach, and, waist-deep in mud and water, held a parley, endeavoring to induce them to permit us to land and deliver the despatch to the viceroy. "No," said the spokesman, who was no rustic, "it would cost you your lives. You say you are our friends, but how do we know? In fact, on seeing your ship we sent for a body of Tartar cavalry. They are coming," he exclaimed, looking landward with anxiety painted on his countenance.

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"Give me the despatch and get back to your ship." Nothing remained but to take his advice, and, as he manifested such dread of what might happen, we hastened our retreat as much as mud and water would permit. As, wet and weary, we clambered into the gig we saw a body of Tartar horse gallop down to the water's edge. Had they caught us in the act of attempting to land, there can be no doubt that, under the irritation of the recent battle, they would have shot us down without ceremony. A flag that had floated over the enemy's barges would have been no protection.

A reply came the next day, inviting our minister to an interview. We were shown the proper channel and received with much pomp, passing between long files of soldiers armed with matchlocks, who had their matches lighted ready to shoot us at a sign from their commander, a precaution never taken at our interviews with the former viceroy.

On July 19th we set out for the capital, escorted by a body of Chinese officials and soldiers, at the head of which I was glad to find the tao-tai Chunghau, whose acquaintance I had made the previous year. With him was associated Chang, a brigadier-general, with a red button. The latter took pains to inform me that he was a Mohammedan, expressing his belief in the substantial identity of his religion and mine.

Mohammedans in China manifest very little of that antipathy to Christians which in western Asia has been handed down from the crusades. Some of them entered China by sea as early as the rise of Islam, and the tomb of an uncle of the Prophet is still pointed out at Canton. But the growth of their communities has been chiefly due to gradual infiltration from Turkestan. Among the first to arrive from Turkestan was a body of auxiliaries hired by one of the emperors from the Caliph Al-Mansur to aid in a war with Tibet. They do not, as in Africa, carry on an active propaganda, though they have never ceased to gain strength from the accession of proselytes, and their

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whole number is probably not far short of ten millions. Their principal colonies are in Yunnan and the three provinces of the Northwest, the former being known as Pantais, the latter as Tunganis. During the troublous times succeeding the Taiping rebellion the Mohammedans in both regions threw off the yoke of China; but, having no connection or coöperation, they were suppressed after a long and desolating conflict. The Pantais succumbed to treachery rather than force, Ma Julung, the chief agent in their suppression, being a Moslem. The rebels of Kashgar were overcome by tactics which none but a Chinese would think of employing. The invaders halted long enough each year to plant and gather a harvest. It look ten years, but patience triumphed.

At the present moment the Tunganis are again in revolt, encouraged probably by rumors of the Japanese invasion. They have overrun the whole of Kan-su and are threatening the capital of Shensi; but it is not likely that they will be able to hold their ground, unless it should suit the policy of Russia to give them aid and countenance. They are said to be armed with rifles of Russian make.*

In general the government has treated them with liberality and forbearance, admitting them freely to military office. Some of them have also attained civil offices of high grade, though in such positions they keep their religion in the background. Masinî, a viceroy of Nanking, was of Mohammedan family. He was killed by a co-religionist in revenge for a personal injury.

Before starting Mr. Ward had forbidden his interpreters to speak to the natives on the subject of religion, but on second thoughts he withdrew the embargo, saying that he had no wish to be held up to odium before the eyes of the American peo-

* It has not suited the policy of Russia to favor them, and their fortunes are on the wane (February, 1896).

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UNITED STATES EMBASSY ASCENDING THE PEIHO.

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ple. My experience was, as I assured him, that the more freely I spoke to the Chinese on the subject of religion the more friendly they showed themselves. The presentation of the claims of Christianity has never in any case excited a tumult, mobs and outbreaks having always been connected with anti-foreign feeling, if not with magical superstitions. A residence built on high ground will give as much umbrage as a church.

Two days in carts drawn by mules across a thinly peopled country brought us to Peitang, on the Peiho, ten miles above Tientsin. Here we found boats waiting for us, one of which, a kind of three-decker drawn by sixteen men, was set apart for the minister. The current being strong, we made little headway, and our poor trackers had toilsome work in mud and water, reminding me of my experience in those mixed elements. We moored at night, and in the morning were not surprised to find that some of the trackers had "made tracks." The loss was soon repaired. While we were at breakfast on the upper deck a crowd assembled to gaze at us, and half a dozen soldiers swooping down upon them, each secured a man. The victims were dragged away by their pigtails and harnessed to a boat over which floated the banner of a free country!

We were the guests of the emperor, and our wants were provided for with imperial munificence. Not merely were the high officials whom I have mentioned made responsible for our safety: some of the mandarins attached to their suite were charged with the duty of purveying for the embassy. At our first stopping-place they called for our Canton comprador and cooks to ascertain what the "barbarians" were accustomed to feed on, as they desired to send orders in advance. To their dismay not a man in the culinary department could speak a word of Mandarin. So they sent for me, and I interpreted between them and their own people. Had our cooks been sufficiently educated they might have communicated in writing,

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as the written language is no more affected by difference of dialect than are our Arabic numerals.

The scenery was of that monotonous description which belongs to an alluvial plain covered with crops interspersed with trees; not a hill was visible until we approached the vicinity of Peking; yet the river has a physiognomy of its own. High embankments, new and old, broken and whole, with heaps of material for renewing them, testify to the unruly character of the stream. Another equally striking witness is the absence of anything better than mud huts from the villages on its banks, no one choosing to build a good house where it is liable to be engulfed. No place on earth presents a more squalid aspect than this waterway to a great capital. The people, nevertheless, appeared well fed, and swarms of children, coming on to fill the ranks of China's millions, appeared supremely happy. Their chief pastime—and it must have been delightful—was to divest themselves of clothing, if they had any, and slide down a slippery bank, finishing with a plunge in the water. There is no alchemy like youth and health.

It took us five and a half days to reach Tungcho, the port of the capital, distant by water about one hundred and twenty miles. Here we were again provided with carts, but we found them intolerable on the stone-paved highroad. The mandarins of our escort courteously yielded their horses, taking our carts in exchange, and thus we reached the gates of the city, when we were requested to resume our seats in the carts in order to make our solemn entry.

It was a mistake for Mr. Ward to accept a cart in the first instance. The envoys of Corea always travel in that fashion, but in Peking officers of the higher grades are carried in sedans, and he should have claimed the same privilege. He did, in fact, but yielded to the objections of the viceroy—it was his only weakness, unless his consent to the action of the commodore be counted another.

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The streets were lined with thousands of people, who had evidently taken their stations long in advance, waiting to see the conquered barbarians led in triumph. There can be no doubt that we were represented as prisoners, or rather as a vanquished enemy who had come to make submission.

We were lodged in a well-furnished house and luxuriously fed, but we were guarded like criminals. The Chinese ministers called on us the next day; they were still Kweiliang and Hwashana, with the addition of Seih, a former tao-tai of Shanghai, a man suspected of being the author of much of our humiliation and disappointment. We were not allowed to go abroad in the city, but were consoled by the assurance that when our business was finished we should see everything under the guidance of an official escort. Nor were we permitted to visit the Russian minister, the far-famed Ignatieff, who was installed at the mission not far from our lodgings, engaged in selling arms and neutrality for large slices of territory. He had succeeded in reaching Mr. Ward while on the river with a very cordial letter of welcome; but when a party of Russians, Ignatieff among them no doubt, came to our door in the city they were rudely repelled by our guards, and not even a visiting-card was allowed to come in.

We had two formal interviews with the Chinese ministers, and numerous informal meetings with Seih, the obstructive tao-tai. The first was at our hotel, the next at a great temple near the north gate of the imperial precinct—the Kiahingsze, in going to which we got a glimpse of the imperial hill crowned with picturesque pavilions.

The first thing on the docket, as we were informed, was to see the emperor, after which the exchange of ratifications would take place. But what about the ceremony? We were coolly told there could be but one, viz., the koto, or Oriental prostration. Our minister objecting, a discussion ensued which was protracted for a fortnight, the Chinese yielding so far as

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to waive the koto and offer to accept kneeling instead. "I kneel only to God and woman," replied Mr. Ward. "The emperor," rejoined Kweiliang, in terms identical with those employed by Keying, "is the same as God."

Day after day they hammered away on this point, and it naturally grew both sharper and hotter, Mr. Ward holding firm, and authorizing me to say that he would sooner lose his head than bring his knees to the ground. At length we were notified that his Majesty was so desirous of seeing us that not even a kneeling posture would be required; our minister would have before him a curtained table so that he should *seem* to kneel. To this Mr. Ward assented; not, however, without demanding that it should be distinctly understood that he *would not kneel.* Kweiliang replied that two chamberlains would seize him by the arms, saying, *Pu kwe, pu kwe* ("Don't kneel, don't kneel").

I rather thought that instead of trying to prevent his kneeling they would push him to his knees, especially as Seih said slyly, "Nothing is required of you, but when you see the emperor you will be so overcome with awe that you will fall down of your own accord."

Mr. Ward had faith in the firmness of his own will, and a day was fixed for us to go out to the summer palace. The hour came, our uniform was donned and horses were at the door, when in came the ill-boding ex-tao-tai to say that the emperor "insisted on the full ceremony. His Majesty had heard of the part we took in the recent combat, lending a ship and landing two hundred marines! He required the koto in proof of sincere repentance."

The wily Chinaman evidently expected that we would surrender at the last moment, but Mr. Ward replied by directing us to take off our uniform and send away the horses. The ex-tao-tai left us in anger, and the next day came an imperial mandate commanding Mr. Ward to quit the capital and to exchange copies of the treaty with the viceroy at the sea-coast.

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From the moment of our first meeting in the capital the gentle old Kweiliang had assumed a menacing tone, quite unlike anything he had before exhibited. His change of manner Mr. Ward ascribed to the fact that official spies and princes in disguise were always present; he was therefore bound to do his best to bully us into compliance. He would have done better to refer it to his own violation of neutrality, an imprudence which placed him at the mercy of the Chinese.

The emperor, we were frequently told, was very angry. Impetuous and arbitrary we knew him to be, and sometimes the thought crossed our minds that heads might pay the forfeit of the stubborn and unyielding knees. In a trying situation, Mr. Ward displayed courage enough to atone for the questionable diplomacy that had got him into such a scrape. In refusing to kneel he confirmed the Chinese in a belief, which they had expressed during the first war, that "foreigners had no knee-joints."

We turned our backs on the capital with perhaps as much pleasure as we had experienced on entering its gates. How could I foresee that for me there were held in reserve within that fortress of conservatism thirty-one years of busy, happy life! I left it free from any illusion as to its vaunted magnificence. Whatever of the grand or beautiful it contains has to be sought for; the general aspect, that forces itself on all the senses, is one of decay and dirt. The walls are imposing, the outer one inclosing a circuit of twenty-three miles, and that of the Tartar city, fourteen; but the shops are mean, and the streets, though wide, are filthy in the extreme. No building is more than one story in height, and blind walls facing the streets shut in from view the mansions of the rich and great. There is no better description than the following lines from "Childe Harold," which I then wrote in my journal as expressive of my first impression. A libel on Lisbon, they are true of Peking:

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"But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down
'Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e;
For hut and palace show like filthily.
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt,
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt!"

Ratifications were exchanged with the viceroy Hengfu at the town of Peitang, whence we had started. On the completion of the ceremony he said to Mr. Ward that he had a "prisoner to release, an American who had been captured in the battle, one of the party sent to the aid of the English." In vain Mr. Ward protested that we had not fired a shot or contributed a man. Here was the man, and he was brought out to confront us, the viceroy betraying a malicious pleasure in our anticipated conviction. The fellow proved to be a Canadian, and confessed that he had called himself an American in hopes of securing better treatment. He had been in the United States, he said, but had never taken the oath of allegiance. The viceroy's interpreter made him say that, "though he had been in the United States, he did not belong to their religion." I corrected the mistake, and the viceroy insisted on my continuing to interpret to the end of the interview. We took over the Canadian, and passed him on to the British admiral.

The viceroy's interpreter was a pupil of the first Bishop Boone, and bore the bishop's name. He was loud in his professions of Christian zeal, and so clever that I conceived high hopes of his usefulness. Not long after this he renounced Christianity, married two wives, and was made a district magistrate in the interior. Among the graduates of Christian schools such defections are happily the exception, not the rule.

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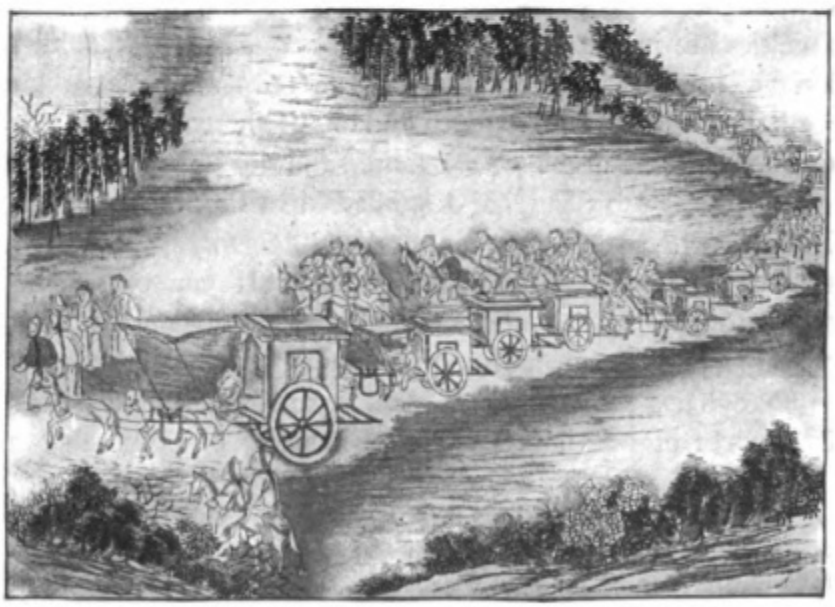
The Rev. W. Aitchison, assistant interpreter, died on our way to the coast. A graduate of Yale, and of more than average ability, he suffered from feeble health and low spirits, dying, as Dr. Fox said, because he had "made up his mind not to live." Carried in a litter on the backs of mules, he breathed his last alone on the road and was buried at sea, curiously fulfilling a prayer or presentiment expressed in the following morbid effusion found among his papers:

"Let no friend be near to close my fixed eye
Or bend his ear for my last faint sigh;
Be not the churchyard my place of rest;
Let no hallowed dust fall on my breast;

"Where sleep my fathers, let me not sleep;
May loved ones o'er my grave ne'er weep!
Let no speaking marble mark the spot
Where 'neath the clods my body shall rot."

Putting "waves" in place of "clods," never was a seer's second sight more exact.



THE EMBASSY ON THE ROAD TO PEKING. (SEE PAGE 187.)

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CHAPTER XIII

LAST VIEWS OF NINGPO

A Chinese steamer and its owner—A steamer short of coal—Actors before the curtain.

MY trips to the North had the effect of directing my attention to that part of the empire as a field of labor, and of detaching me from Ningpo, a city of which I can truly say, "With all thy faults I love thee still." * There I had passed ten years of youthful energy, years in which the mind is most susceptible to impressions from new scenes, and in which the faculties are in the best state for the acquisition of a foreign language. But my wife and I had suffered from malaria, and we hoped after a visit home to find on the shores of the Northern Gulf a fresh arena with a more salubrious climate.

For passage to Shanghai I applied in writing to Mr. Chang Luseng, a native gentleman who had recently purchased a steamer. He replied in polite phrase: "If you will condescend to accept such accommodations as my poor ship can offer I shall esteem it an honor to convey you and your family to Shanghai. In so doing, I shall regard myself as discharging a debt of hospitality which my country owes to scholars

* Laurence Oliphant, writing in 1859, speaks of Ningpo as the "city which decidedly ranks first among those at present open to Europeans. It is also celebrated for having produced some of the ablest scholars in China."

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from afar." When I tendered payment he declined to receive it, showing that the last sentence of his note was not a conventional courtesy.

With Mr. Chang I was already somewhat acquainted, and our relations became more intimate, ripening into a friendship of many years. A scholar by profession, and born to the inheritance of wealth, he may be taken as a type of the best class of Chinese literati, those in whom a knowledge of ancient learning does not beget a prejudice against modern science. He had been much struck by the medical skill of Dr. McCartee, and learning that most medicines in the West are prepared by the rules of chemistry, he requested the doctor to teach him something of that science, actually filling two large folios with notes on the subject. Three years later, when I met him in Shanghai and showed him the manuscript of my translation of Wheaton's "International Law," he at once perceived the bearing of the work, as indispensable to the new place China was called to occupy among the nations. He foresaw too that the book would attract the attention of the highest dignitaries in the land, and, unsolicited, he wrote a preface which exhibited a comprehension of foreign relations very rare at that epoch. While it served to give wing to the book, it no doubt had something to do with opening for him a door to diplomatic employment. He was sent as minister adjunct to Japan, and on his return appointed to a prefecture near Peking. His younger brother, Chang Tingfong, came to the United States as attaché to the Chinese legation. Subsequently for more than ten years he has held a secretaryship in the legation in London. When I first met the elder Chang he was young and handsome despite his shaven pate and dangling cue. Having already won a baccalaureate in the civil-service examinations, he might have counted on high preferment if he had adhered to the beaten track. He saw, however, that new forces had come on the stage which must inevitably change

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the old order. Abandoning the business of verse-making, he struck out a novel career by purchasing the steamer above referred to, the first Chinese in private life to make such a venture.

His ship did but little in the carrying trade, as he found it more profitable to chase pirates, in which exciting pursuit his range was not limited to any particular portion of the extensive sea-coast. On a cruise to the North he once put into the port of Kiaochau, where a steamer had never been seen. Going ashore, the local mandarin arrested him, and he narrowly escaped being thrown into prison. The official let him go, but reported him to the throne and had him deprived of his insignia of rank, not for the violation of any existing law, but for frightening the people by bringing a "fire-ship" into that quiet seaport.

Mr. Chang was rather deficient in the religious sense, but he had common sense enough to perceive the absurdities of the popular superstitions and the benefits China might reap from the introduction of Christianity. Coming to my house in deep sorrow shortly after the death of his wife, he said that at the funeral he had refused to conform to a very important item in the Buddhist ceremonial, adding that she was so virtuous and good that it would be an outrage to represent her soul as carried off to hell between two devils. The paper images of those devils had consequently not appeared in her funeral procession. He published an essay to prove that China had derived more benefit from Christian missions than from foreign commerce.

Another voyage on a native-owned steamer is worth mention. Finding myself in Shanghai in 1862, after my return from the United States, I desired to go to Ningpo before proceeding to the North. Taking passage on a small steamer which had just been purchased by Mr. Wang, a Ningpo man, on the way down I made acquaintance with the fortunate possessor.

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"My little steamer," said he, "is to come back by way of Chusan in two days. If you are ready I hope you will honor me with your company; but if you are not ready at the precise time we can wait for you a day or two, so you need not hurry." I took care to be on time, but, to show that his courtesy was not confined to words, Mr. Wang refused to allow me to pay for my passage. The termination of this voyage (the first for the little steamer under Chinese management) was extremely comical. When fifty miles from port the engineer reported that he was short of coal. A strong tide was against us, and our last lump was in the furnace before we entered the Wusung River. Again the engineer came to ask what was to be done. "Shall we drop anchor and take the chances of getting help from some passing steamer?" "No," said the owner; "there is no telling how long we should have to wait. Burn the gun-carriages." The guns were dismounted, and the heavy wooden frames put into the fire. In half an hour the steam again got low. "Burn the tables," said the owner; and they had actually begun on the tables when a steamer hove in sight and relieved our distress. Through it all the owner was as calm and collected as an Indian warrior contemplating the flames of his funeral pile.

Ningpo, where I had formed lifelong friendships, served a long apprenticeship in Chinese studies, and had done some of my best work, I never saw again. Looking back, the eye rests on several persons of more or less distinction.

The most remarkable figure in the foreign community was Miss Aldersey, an English missionary, who was unconnected with any society. Born with beauty and fortune, she escaped matrimony, not for want of temptation, for she was known to refuse at least one offer. She was early attracted toward the missionary work, but remained at home nursing her aged father until he no longer required her care; then she spent some years in Java, and finally, at the close of the war, came to China.

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Though not young when she left home, she learned to read Chinese, and to speak it in a way to be understood by her pupils if not by strangers.

Sparing no expense, she leased a large house in the midst of the city, and opened a school for girls. It was a model institution, though too early in the history of the station to yield the best results. For three years at her request I ministered to the church in her house, and I cherish a vivid impression of the energy displayed by that excellent woman, notwithstanding a feeble frame and frequent ailments. The impression she made on the Chinese, whether Christian or pagan, was profound. The latter firmly believed that, as England was ruled by a woman, so Miss Aldersey had been delegated to be the ruler of our foreign community. The British consul, they said, always obeyed her commands. Several shocks of earthquake having alarmed the people, they imputed the disturbance to Miss Aldersey's magic power, alleging that they had seen her mount the city wall before the dawn of day and open a bottle in which she kept confined certain strong spirits, which proceeded to shake the pillars of the earth. No wonder they thought so. The wonder is that they did not burn or stone her for a witch. Her strange habits suggested something uncanny. The year round she was accustomed to walk on the wall at five in the morning, and with such undeviating punctuality that in winter-time she was preceded by a servant carrying a lantern. A bottle which she carried in her hand really contained "strong spirits," the spirits of hartshorn, which she constantly used to relieve headache and as an antidote for ill odors.

In the summer, unwilling to leave her school to go to the seaside, she would climb to the ninth story of a lofty pagoda and sit there through the long hours of the afternoon, sniffing the wind that came from the sea. At such times she was always accompanied by some of her pupils, so that her work

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was not for a moment suspended. So parsimonious was she of time that she had them read to her while taking her meals. A favorite pupil was Sanavong, a young widow of twenty summers, who had been in the school before her marriage. Less dark than her sisters, a tinge of sadness rested on her pretty features that spoke of more than common sorrow. But, alas! such griefs as hers are not infrequent under the despotic organization of the Chinese family. Betrothed by her parents without any choice of her own, she had been married when scarcely out of her childhood to a man she had never seen. The young man dying soon after, she remained with his parents as a drudge and chattel. They reproached her with having brought ill luck into the family. The fault was really that of an astrologer, who, on comparing their natal stars, predicted that the union would be happy; but the thought that their son had been the victim of a mistake did not make them more lenient in their treatment of her. They resolved to compel her to marry again, that they might free themselves from an evil influence and recoup themselves for the money spent in presents to her parents. But widows are at a discount in the Chinese marriage market even more than elsewhere. The amount offered in the way of presents, or, to speak plainly, purchase-money, did not satisfy them. They could get more by selling her without the conditions of honorable wedlock; and this they were about to do when, the affair coming to the ears of Miss Aldersey, she to rescue the poor girl became her purchaser, violating the letter of English law in order to carry out its spirit. Eventually Sanavong married a native preacher, who had a country parish. In my itinerations I once lodged at her house, and was greatly struck with the grace and dignity with which she presided over a Christian household.

Many such households call Miss Aldersey blessed, and I can truly say that in the long list of devoted women who have labored for China I know of no nobler name than that of Mary

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Ann Aldersey. The following letter of Sanavong, written in her own simple English and addressed to her benefactress on the latter's resignation of her school, is a cardiphonia that speaks for both.

"MY VERY DEAR MISS ALDERSEY: I beg you to receive my little present; it is only to show I remember your kindness to me; I hope you will use it to show you like it. It is a Chinese bag; I thought you might like to see such.

"May the Lord bless your old age, and let you see a thousand and a million sinners come to look to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, while you are yet alive.

"When I heard you were to leave us here, how sad I felt! for you have just been like my mother to me. Yea, my own mother has not been half like you. I was just a young helpless widow and a motherless child cast upon the wide and selfish world; but I quickly remembered one text, John xiv. 18, which you bid me to remember when I was thirteen years old. At that time I was about to leave school. [She was going to be married.] You said to me, 'Sanavong, you will not be alone; your Saviour will be with you there.'

"Pray the Lord for me, my very dear Christian mother, that I may be the Lord's useful and faithful, wise, humble servant in this bitter and sinful world. When we are no more in this world we will be with our blessed Saviour, to rest in heaven, to part no more.

"Yours affectionately,

(Signed) "SANAVONG."

Dr. D. B. McCartee was the pioneer of the station and founder of the Presbyterian Mission. Genial and gifted, he was a great favorite with the Chinese as well as with foreigners, acquiring among the former a high reputation for

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medical skill. A man whom he had restored to sight by operating for cataract exclaimed on opening his eyes, "I never thought foreigners looked like that," meaning his physician. He had been blind for seven years, and always heard them called *hungmao* ("redheads") or *kwetze* ("devils"). One day I assisted at the amputation of a man's leg, when the physician, on tying the last ligament, fainted away. His nerves were too delicate for such rough work, and he long ago renounced the shedding of blood. For some years he occupied a chair in the University of Tokio, and now, after fifty-two years in the East, he is still doing missionary work in the capital of Japan.

Another prominent member of the Ningpo mission was the Rev. M. S. Culbertson. His monument in Ningpo is a large brick church of which he was the architect, and his memory is preserved among missionaries by a version of the Scriptures which he made conjointly with Dr. Bridgman.* Educated at West Point, along with Halleck, Beauregard, and Sherman, Culbertson held a commission as second lieutenant in the United States army when the pressure of religious convictions impelled him to join the spiritual crusade in the far East. If he could have seen through the veil of the future might he not have decided differently, and lived to lead the armies of his country, instead of filling an early grave on a foreign shore?

Mrs. Coulter, daughter of President Crowe, of Hanover College, was among the playmates of my childhood, and it was a welcome providence that brought us together in that far-off mission. Her husband, who had charge of the mission press, dying

* Dr. Bridgman was the pioneer of American missions to China. Sent to Canton by the American Board in 1830, he found there Dr. Morrison, the sole representative of the missionary movement from the side of Great Britain. He founded the "Chinese Repository," a magazine that did much to make China better known to the outside world, and in 1847 removed to Shanghai to join a committee in the translation of the Scriptures.

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on the threshold of his work, she returned home and has taken a leading part in missions to the freedmen of the South, training in the meantime her two sons for positions of distinguished usefulness. One of them has been president of the Indiana State University, and now presides over Lake Forest University, Illinois.

The Rev. H. V. Rankin and his wife opened a boarding-school for girls, which continues to flourish. After twenty years of not unfruitful labors, he fell on the field, leaving the memory of a character which I should pronounce faultless if I dare apply that epithet to anything human.

The Rev. S. N. D. Martin, my brother, was another associate in the work of foreign missions. Two years my senior, he has been to me *dimidium animæ*. His figure mingles with the recollections of my childhood and youth. As boys we often quarreled and sometimes fought, I not having learned the Chinese doctrine, so important for the peace of families, that a younger should always be in subjection to an older brother. As we grew in years our affection gained in strength. At college we attended the same classes, joined the same literary societies, and fell in love, not with the same girl, but with sisters. Fortunately I fell out, or I should not have had the lifelong companionship of one who to me has been more than half of my soul. After eight years of missionary service he was compelled to retire by a disease of the throat, of which he was first made aware by a hemorrhage brought on by the exertion of swimming a river in returning from preaching in the city. What a nice bit of romance might be made of this in the interest of missions—a devoted missionary exposing his life every day in swimming a river to preach the gospel! But at the risk of spoiling a picture truth compels me to state that there *was* a ferry-boat, and that he took to the water from an aquatic habit formed in early youth. The hymns which he composed are still sung in the native churches of that region, and the pulpits of

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those churches are largely filled by pastors who were trained in a mission school under his care. The college at Hangchau claims the succession to that school, which was first opened by the Rev. R. Q. Way.

. One of my most intimate associates was Dr. Nevius, late of Chefoo. He was the first missionary to establish himself at Hangchau, the capital of the province, unless Bishop Burdon may contest that honor, and one of the first to break soil in the province of Shantung, where so rich a harvest has since been gathered. The great day of accounts will alone reveal the extent of his apostolic labors. Besides planting churches he displayed his breadth and enterprise in transplanting some of our best American fruits, which have proved a great boon to the people. His wife, who survives to write his biography, is a remarkable woman. Shortly after entering the mission field she was under the necessity of returning home to avoid a threatened collapse. Her husband offered to accompany her. "Never," she replied in my hearing; "sooner would I die than take you from your work."

Frail as she appeared, she had before her nearly forty years in the foreign field, during which, in addition to other forms of activity, she did much to naturalize our church music in China. She has long since lost her own sweet voice, but hundreds of voices trained by her continue the service of song.*

Of Bishop Russell and Messrs. Cobbold and Gough, an admirable trio, who formed the English Church Mission, I have spoken already. To them the two Moules, one a bishop, are worthy successors, all five graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin.

In the American Baptist Mission were three men of note: the Rev. J. Goddard, a translator of the Bible; Dr. D. J.

* The biography is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, with an introduction by me.

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MacGowan, a physician of rare intelligence; and the Rev. E. C. Lord, who, though a good scholar, a good preacher, and a good consul, is, like Henry VIII., best known for the number of his wives.

I conclude with two names, more eminent than any of the preceding—Robert Hart, and Hudson Taylor. From a budding interpreter the former has blossomed into the famous statesman known as the "Great I. G." His career, to which there is no parallel in the East or West, will be further noticed in connection with Peking. The latter, who rules as many men, and with a sway not less absolute, is the Loyola of Protestant missions. When I first met him he was a mystic absorbed in religious dreams, waiting to have his work revealed—not idle, but aimless. When he had money he spent it on charity to needy Chinese, and then was reduced to sore straits himself. When the vocation found him it made him a new man, with iron will and untiring energy. He erred in leading his followers to make war on ancestral worship, instead of seeking to reform it; still, in founding and conducting the China Inland Mission, he has made an epoch in the history of missionary enterprise.

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PART II

LIFE IN NORTH CHINA

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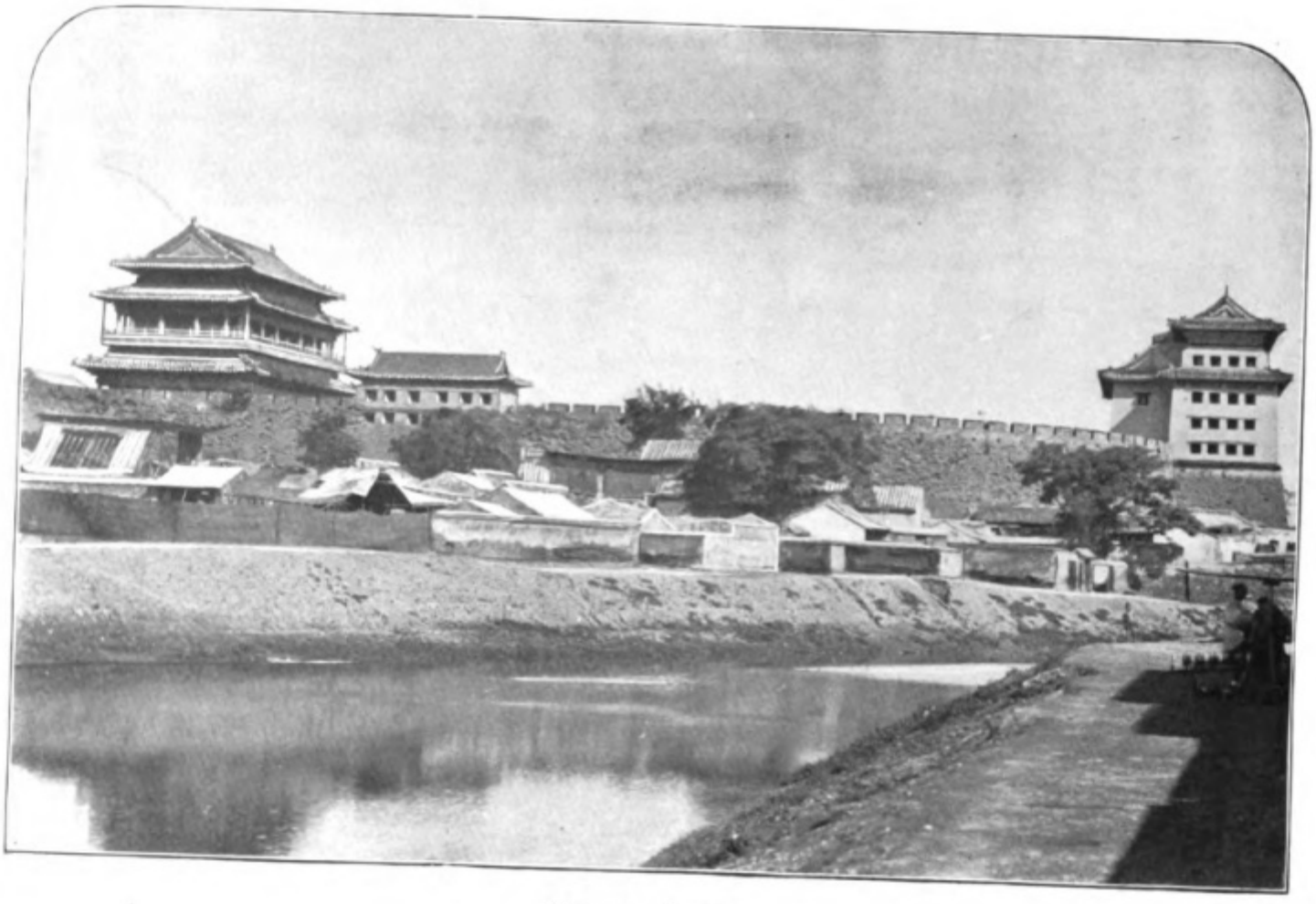

A Gate of Peking.

One of the sixteen double gates in the outer wall.

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LIFE IN NORTH CHINA

CHAPTER I

REMOVAL TO PEKING

The capital captured—Scenes at the hills—Temples and priests

FROM the day of the defeat at Taku a storm was gathering that was destined to burst on the palaces of Peking. One thing, and only one, could have averted it; namely, that the Chinese should treat the American minister with generous confidence, secure his good offices, and give evidence that they meant to ratify the treaties. They lost their opportunity by fiddling while Rome was burning, quibbling over the details of an absurd ceremony. By the indignities to which they subjected us they showed the English and French ministers what was in store for them if they had presented themselves, and convinced the Allies that the rupture was premeditated.

In August, 1860, the feeble redoubts at Peitang were taken without the firing of a shot, the Chinese either imagining that the shallows would prevent a landing at that point, or that the Allies would be foolish enough to repeat the tactics of the previous year. A march of ten miles placed the forces in rear of the great forts at the mouth of the Peiho. Impregnable from the

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front, they were not so strong on the landward side, and they were soon in the hands of the assailants, notwithstanding a defense brave enough to excite the admiration of Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley, then commanding a division of the British force.

Tientsin fell without a blow, and poor old Kweiliang appeared on the scene once more, his master supposing that the victors would be induced to play over again the farce of the Mirage Temple and the fruitless parleys of the previous year. This time they felt strong enough to advance to the capital, and diplomacy was brushed aside. Twice the Chinese made a stand, and twice they were put to flight, though the Allies had a force of only twenty thousand to oppose an immense horde of foot and horse. It was the old story of discipline versus numbers. On the wall of an inn near the scene of one of these battles I found a pasquinade in Chinese aimed at the Tartar general, concluding with the couplet:

" When he fights and runs away,
Is it war or is it play? "

From the other battle, which took place at a bridge over the canal near Peking, was derived the title of the Duke of Palikao, who, ten years later, figured in the defense of Paris.

Prior to the first battle overtures had been made by Chinese commissioners with a view to stopping the advance of the army and arranging terms of peace. Consul Parkes, accompanied by a score of officers and men, was sent under a flag of truce to meet these commissioners. Finding that the Chinese were preparing an ambush, Parkes succeeded in giving the English general notice of the fact; but when he applied for a pass to return to the English army (the battle having begun), he and his party were made prisoners. Overjoyed at having in his hands the author of the war, the Chinese commander (Sengkolinsin, the Mongol prince) overwhelmed him with a torrent of

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abuse and had him consigned to a separate prison. There he was incarcerated with a single companion, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Loch, governor of the Cape; while his companions were marched to the summer palace, where they were left to perish, bound hand and foot. When the emperor heard of the defeat of his troops he fled to Jehol, beyond the Great Wall.

The city held out, its defenders trusting to the strength of its wall (from forty to fifty feet in height and nearly as much in thickness), a formidable structure if properly manned. The summer palace, from which the emperor had fled, was more exposed. The inclosure, six miles in circumference, and forming a city in itself, was unfortified, and thus was easily taken, though a small army of eunuchs fought bravely in its defense. The discovery of the corpses of those British soldiers—the hapless victims of treachery and cruelty—filled the army with indignation and led Lord Elgin to order the destruction of the palace—a proceeding not permitted by international usage, but one which he felt at liberty to employ with a people who showed no regard for the laws of civilized warfare. Sir Thomas Wade, who was Chinese secretary to Lord Elgin, has since told me that the motive was not so much vengeance as a humane desire to strike at the court without destroying the people—the Yuen Ming Yuen being situated seven miles beyond the city gates. For three days the smoke of its burning rose toward heaven, and, borne by a northwest breeze, hung like a pall over the haughty capital, striking terror into its authorities and inducing them to open the gates only half an hour before the time set for the bombardment.

Heng-ki, who had been *hoppo*, or port collector, at Canton, and subsequently became minister in the Tsungli Yamen, had befriended Parkes and Loch and procured their release. To him also belongs the merit of having induced the military mandarins to open the gates by assuring them that the victors would keep their word and spare the city. The inhabitants

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were paralyzed with fear, expecting nothing but death and pillage, the looting and burning of the summer palace not tending to quiet their apprehensions.

Liu, an old Tartar mandarin, told me that on the day when the troops were to enter he barred his doors, assembled his family about him, and drank deeply to fortify himself for the dreadful act he had resolved to perform, which was to throw the women and children into a well and then jump in after them. Preparations for the same grim sacrifice were made in many houses, but messengers passed from door to door, shouting: "Be not afraid; the English have entered and are doing no harm."

Prince Kung, one of the emperor's brothers, coming forward as plenipotentiary, a treaty of peace was signed with each of the belligerents, and in a few days the barbarian force with its irresistible arms was on its march to the sea. One Englishman alone remained in the capital—Mr. Adkins, afterward consul, whom I had known at Ningpo as student interpreter. He had the courage to pass the winter in a prince's mansion that had been fixed on for the residence of a British minister. "A treaty extorted by an enemy under your walls is a brand of infamy," was a maxim of the Chinese feudal age. Often have I heard it cited, with the addition, "How much more a treaty signed within the walls!" meaning that China would repudiate the engagements then entered into if ever she found herself able to do so. It is a curious illustration of the slenderness of the thread on which the destiny of a nation sometimes hangs that on Hienfung's abandonment of Peking it was a serious question with the Allies whether they should set the empire on its legs, or go to Nanking and negotiate with the rebel chief.

There was a third solution, from which, if they thought of it, they were deterred by mutual jealousies or imaginary difficulties. A Chinese legend represents two friends as seeing a nugget of gold in their path and passing it by because neither

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was willing to profit by being the first to pick it up. Our two ambassadors were perhaps equally disinterested; but if the representatives of the same powers were to-day in the same situation, does any one suppose that they would leave the nugget undisturbed? Would they not take it, if for no other reason than to prevent its falling into the hands of other powers?

Despite his fine intellect and high culture, Lord Elgin was singularly unfitted for dealing with the peculiar problems that were constantly cropping up in the course of the China war. After the capture of the viceroy at Canton the governor and mandarins were happy to be permitted to exercise their functions under English authority; and now that the capital was taken and the throne virtually vacant, would not all the mandarins of the empire have been glad to do the same? Elgin's omission to open Tientsin when he first had it in his power was, as I have said, a glaring blunder; nor was it a less blunder to fail to reorganize the empire on European principles when he had the capital in his possession.

In December, 1857, in a private letter written before the walls of Canton, after describing the industry of the people and the fertility of the plains, and looking beyond to the hills that reminded him of "heather slopes in the Highlands," Lord Elgin adds: "I thought bitterly of those who for the most selfish objects are trampling underfoot this ancient civilization." A man of more nerve and less sentiment, once master of Peking, might have thought of replacing that "ancient civilization" with something better.

Intelligence of these events reached me while I was at home on furlough, and I returned to China in 1862 with a view to opening a mission in Peking. Detained in Shanghai by the death of Dr. Culbertson, who had the editorial supervision of our mission press, I employed a portion of my time in translating Wheaton's "Elements of International Law," a work that was to exert some influence on two empires as well as on the

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course of my own life. The want of such a book had early forced itself on my attention, and I was proposing to take Vattel for my text, when Mr. Ward recommended Wheaton as being more modern and equally authoritative.

In the following spring I wrote to Hon. Anson Burlingame, our minister at Peking, proposing to complete the translation for the use of the Chinese government. He gave me much encouragement, assuring me of his aid to bring it before the mandarins, and in June I took passage for the North. At Tientsin I was cordially received by Chunghau, superintendent of trade, whom I had first seen in 1858, and with whom I had become better acquainted in the following year, as chief of escort during our journey from the coast to the capital and back to the sea. Looking over the manuscript of Wheaton, he was struck with its adaptation to the wants of China in her new relations, and promised to write on the subject to Wensiang, the leading minister in the Tsungli Yamen, or Board of Foreign Affairs, then newly organized under the presidency of Prince Kung.

Leaving my family at the seaport, I went on to the capital, where I found Dr. Williams in the city and the American minister at the hills twelves miles to the west. In the zenith of manhood, of medium height and stout of frame, his broad brow stamped with the impress of intellect, and a ripple of humor playing about his lips, the whole aspect of Mr. Burlingame was winning and impressive. He and his charming wife welcomed me as if I had been an old friend, and insisted that I should lodge with them instead of returning to town. They were at the Sanshanan ("Temple of the Three Hills") or Tremont Temple, as the name was happily rendered to keep alive their memories of Boston, a temple which for thirty-three years has continued to be the summer home of the American legation. Sir Frederick Bruce, the British minister, was installed near by at the "Temple of the Spirit Light," whose attractions were a

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fine pagoda and a fountain of delicious water gushing from an overhanging cliff. I found Sir Frederick under a gauze tent, besieged by an army of mosquitos. It was under a curtain supplied by him that I passed my first night at the hills.

In the afternoon Burlingame proposed an excursion to a rocky eminence overlooking these temples. He and Bruce led the way, while I helped Mrs. Burlingame to climb the rugged steep. At the top we were joined by two or three young men, one of them *chargé d'affaires* for Russia. Burlingame suddenly mounted a stone and began a speech, in which he extolled the deeds of all the Bruces, from Bruce of Bannockburn to Elgin, viceroy of India, and his brother, the minister to China, and concluded by dubbing that bold promontory "Mount Bruce." We threw up our hats with a shout, and, a passing cloud contributing a few drops, the christening was complete.

Bruce was not an orator, yet he managed to stammer out his acknowledgments, and, pointing to a higher peak at the head of the valley, gave it the name of Burlingame. The two peaks in foreign usage still retain the appellations of the pioneer ministers, though the Chinese continue to call the one "Tiger's Head" and the other "Green Mountain." The general name of the locality is Patachu ("the Eight Great Places"), six famous temples besides the two mentioned being planted at conspicuous points on the sides of a picturesque gorge. No account of life at Peking is complete without some notice of these hills, in which the foreign community takes refuge from the heat of summer.

Peking occupies the focus of a parabola formed by the junction of two systems of hills, one fringing the Mongolian plateau and sweeping eastward to the gulf, the other bounding the highlands of the west and extending south for four hundred miles to the banks of the Yellow River. Carpeted with grass, but destitute of trees, excepting a few groves planted in sacred

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places, the hills rise, range on range, like the waves of a green sea, to the height of respectable mountains, some of the peaks measuring from four to five thousand feet.

In the vicinity of the capital the most picturesque valleys have been selected for Buddhist monasteries; flourishing while the summer palace was in its glory, these are now falling to decay. Their votaries being few, the priests are glad to augment their revenues by letting to foreigners the spacious guest-rooms, no longer required for the accommodation of native worshipers. The "Temple of Long Repose" forms a vestibule to the sacred ground. On its wall some poetic visitor has inscribed a few lines, which I thus paraphrase:

"Oh, who can to thy altars come,
Thou House of Long Repose!
And not forget his earthly home,
With all its cares and woes?

"Thy purling streams are crystal clear,
Thy hills of emerald green;
And from this charming belvedere
Unfolds a fairy scene.

"Here cloistered in this mountain vale,
As in another sphere,
Of peace or war they hear no tale,
Nor mark the passing year.

"When bells are chimed and prayers are said,
They sit in silent thought.
How few like them a life have led,
That fears and wishes naught!"

All these temples enjoy pretty views, their monkish founders showing decided taste in the selection of sites suitable for self-mortification. The prospect widens as you ascend, until you reach the Pearl Grotto, the highest of the eight, which sheltered me and mine for fifteen summers. Here it expands

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so as to take in the vast plain with its boundaries of distant hills. The great city of Peking, with its glittering palaces, is the central object of interest; while the Hunting Park on the south, the summer palace on the northwest, the Hill of Longevity—where the empress dowager lives in retirement, surrounded by a sumptuous court, and visited every five days by the emperor, who performs the koto at her feet—and, finally, two rivers and a lake complete a panorama unique in its beauty and grandeur. The impression produced by this landscape on the poet-emperor Kienlung is preserved in an autograph poem graven on a rock at the entrance.

"Why have I scaled these misty heights?
Why sought this mountain den?
I tread as on enchanted ground,
Unlike the abode of men.

"Weird voices in the trees I hear,
Weird visions see in air;
The whispering pines are living harps,
And fairy hands are there.

"Beneath my feet my realm I see,
As in a map unrolled;
Above my head a canopy
Bedecked with clouds of gold."

This is not bad to come from a crowned head, for poetry, like mountain flora, deteriorates at great altitudes. Better are the thoughts of nameless bards whose chance effusions I have endeavored to gather up in the following lines:

TO PEARL GROTTO

"On yonder rock a monarch great
Extols thy scenery sublime;
And poets of a humbler state
Scrawl here and there their homely rhyme.

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"'I lift my hand,' says one, 'and graze
Apollo's crown of golden light;
Downward I cast my eyes and gaze
On eagles in their airy flight.'

"'Yon boundless plain,' a second says,
'With countless peaks on either hand,
The vastness of the globe displays,
And, with the view, my thoughts expand.'

"'My panting steed,' another writes,
'Has brought me to this mountain shrine;
And, while I tread these dizzy heights,
A thousand worlds above me shine.'

"The glittering roofs of Cambalu,*
Encompassed by its massive walls,
To me arrest the roving view —
I stoop to count its palace halls.

"There, on the bosom of the plain,
Gleams, like a gem, an azure lake;
While silvery lines show rivers twain,
That devious courses seaward take.

"What wonder that in such a spot
The view should poetry inspire,
When passing clouds around this grot
Tip all these flinty rocks with fire!"

Chinese Buddhism displays very little originality in the style of its architecture; one type runs through all its gradations, varied only by the necessity of the situation or by limitation of extent. A gateway adorned with four huge idols of frightful mien—supposed literally to scare away evil spirits—opens into a paved court, with a long building of one story resting on massive pillars of wood in front, and lower buildings extending like wings on either hand. This quadrangle is followed by

* The Tartar name for Peking.

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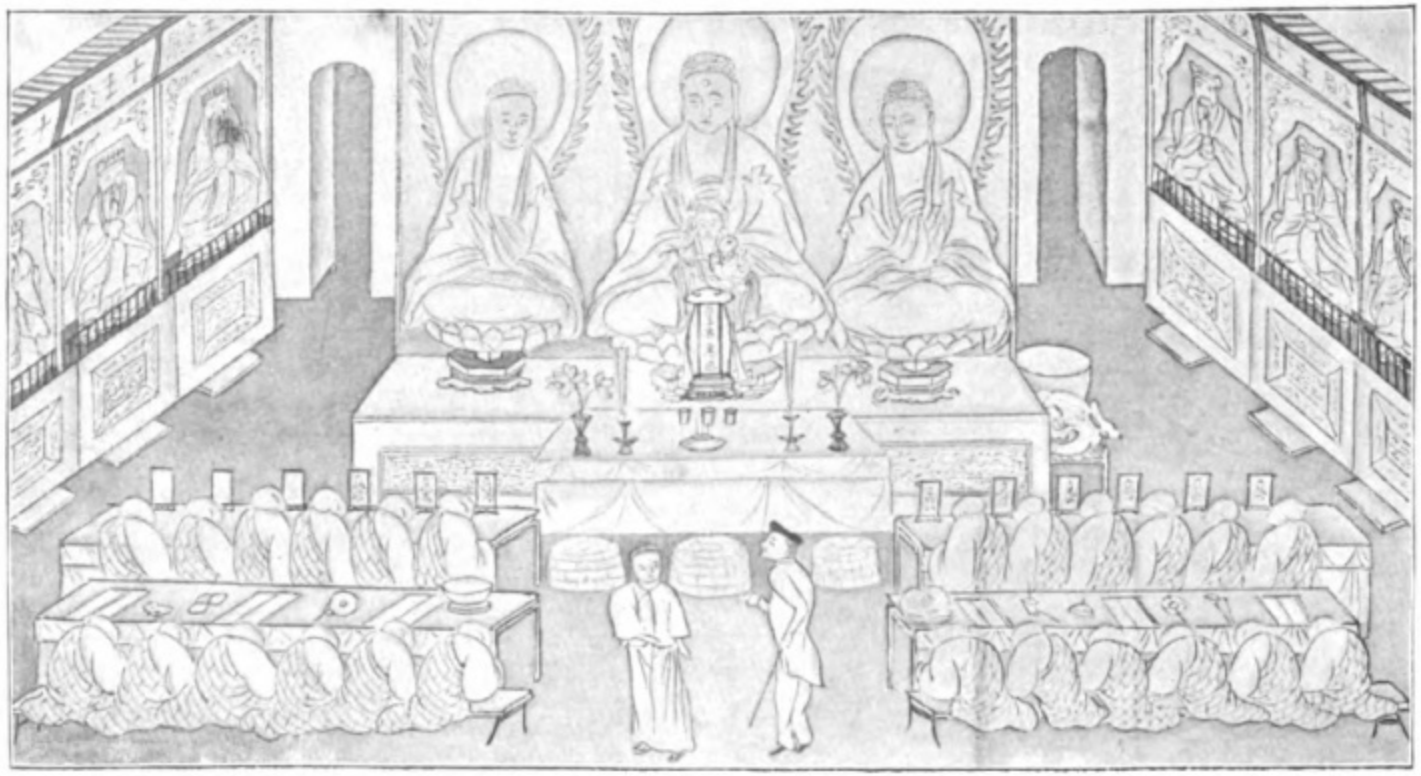

BUDDHIST TRINITY AND WORSHIPPERS.

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another exactly similar, and that again by a third, the series often extending to six or seven. Of the transverse halls the loftiest is set apart for the "three precious ones," the Buddhist trinity,* and the others for lesser lights in the Buddhist pantheon. The side rooms are used for lodgings for the priesthood and temple servants, additional courts outside of this parallelogram or echelon being provided for guests.

Nearly all the temples have two flag-masts in front of the gate. The more magnificent have a drum-tower and a bell-tower, with sometimes a pagoda; and in the vicinity of Peking apartments styled a "traveling palace," for the use of the emperor, which, however, his Majesty does not visit oftener than once in a century. The pagoda is not a necessary adjunct, as it sometimes beautifies a landscape or occupies a commanding view without the presence of a temple, being supposed to shield a neighborhood from malign influences.

Theoretically contemplative, pious, and virtuous, as a matter of fact most of these bonzes, or monks, are lazy, ignorant, and immoral. As such they are unsparingly satirized in Chinese popular literature. Nor is their state of decadence to be wondered at; for they are not drawn to the cloister by a spiritual impulse, but adopted as apprentices to a trade. This consists in the chanting of prayers, partly or wholly in an unknown tongue, the written Chinese being to most of them no less strange than the Pali. The ritual once learned by rote, they have little temptation to make further progress in knowledge. Their libraries, some of them very large, are covered with dust and seldom exposed to view, excepting a few sacred books arranged on a horizontal wheel, on which to turn them around like a praying-machine is deemed an act of merit.

* The Buddhist trinity is *Fo*, *Fa*, *Seng* ("Buddha, the law, and the priesthood"). It is not a trinity of persons, yet it is represented by three images, commonly explained as the Buddhas of the "past, present, and future."

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The "wheel of the law" is a metaphor for the doctrines of Buddha.

The ranks of the bonzes are recruited chiefly from the poor and destitute, but instances are not rare of criminals taking refuge among them and paying handsomely for the privilege of asylum; when, with shaven head and changed name, their detection becomes a matter of difficulty. The common estimate of these priests and their votaries is expressed in a well-known Chinese fable: "'My child,' said an old mouse, 'don't

A BUDDHIST ABBOT.

go near the cat.' 'Why, mama?' inquired the little one. 'She has become religious: I have seen her shutting her eyes and saying her prayers.'" So gentle and inoffensive was an old priest at Pearl Grotto that I had come to regard him as a

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