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A CYCLE OF CATHAY

OR

CHINA, SOUTH AND NORTH

WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

W. A. P. Martin
✓
1896

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP



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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.

“ 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.

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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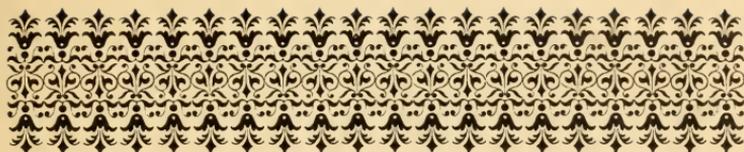
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PART I
LIFE IN SOUTH CHINA



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.

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.

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

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

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-

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-

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

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

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."

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-

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 kindness 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

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

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-

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,

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,

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.

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

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 different 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.

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.

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

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:

“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.”

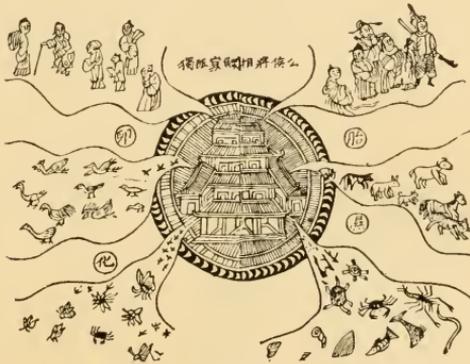
The repetition of “Omitofo,” a name of Buddha, is the chief part of Buddhist devotion. It is not supposed that the god hears this, having entered Nirvana, a state of unconscious felicity; but it is prescribed in the ritual as a discipline well fitted to withdraw the mind from worldly thoughts. The acme 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.”

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-

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



A COMMON SEDAN.

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

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

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.”

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

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,

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 lorch 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.

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-

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).

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-

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 Szechuon, 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.

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.



A CANAL IN NINGPO,

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

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

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,

“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

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,

as they must with the native characters. Old women of three-score 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.

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

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

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

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.*

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 *Ji*, 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.

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 hear.

聞 *Wen*, to ask.

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,

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

引

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

轟
轟

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 waanchee 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?

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 topline (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."

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.

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

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

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 argument, 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

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

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."

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.

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 pro-

hibited, 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-



THE THUNDER-GOD HURLING DEATH-BOLTS.

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

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-

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 lookout 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.”

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,"

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.)

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

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 fourscore. 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-

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,

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-

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 put an end to 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

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

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 *Kinku*, 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!"

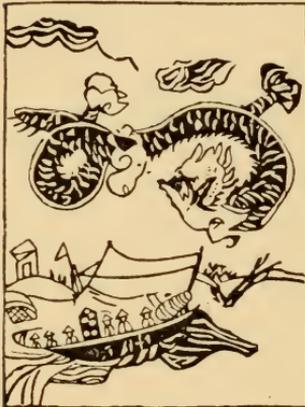
There he was, sure enough, in an earthen vessel, swimming in his own element. He was for the nonce a water-lizard, about four inches in length. The people had besought the god to manifest himself, and, going to the sacred pool, the first living form that met their eyes was this miserable amphibian. While 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

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.

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 im-



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

piously 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,

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 signification of *deva* in India and Persia.

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 would 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.

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



OPIMUM-SMOKER'S PROGRESS—PAST, PRESENT, 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."

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-

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.

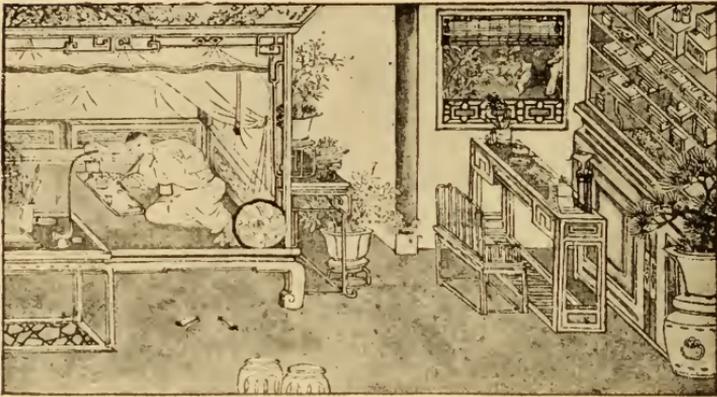
It was addressed to the British minister in July, 1869, ten years after the admission of opium as a dutiable commodity. Their object was to induce the British government to stop the import, while they, on their part, proposed to suppress the native production. The source of supply being dried up, the 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-

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.

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

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,

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 *chchien*, 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 ambushade, 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

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-

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

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 Fukiën—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.

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 evenings, 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

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

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*

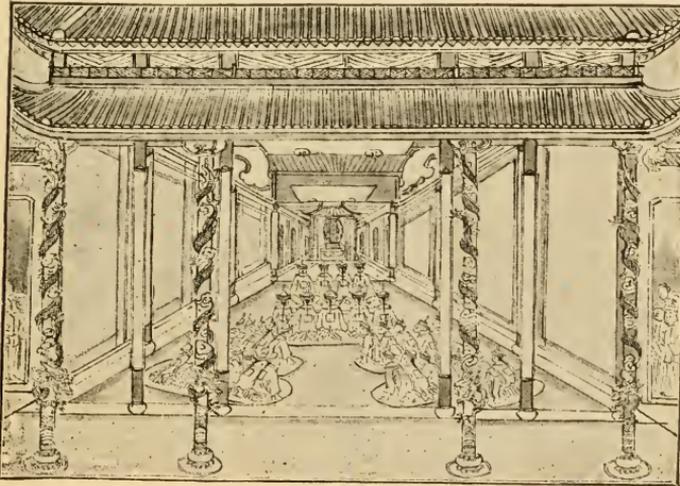
A motherless girl, she has been in the habit of having her own way; and when her father opposes the marriage, she elopes and goes to China. On arriving there, she is surprised to find herself wife No. 2. Nor is wife No. 1 so overjoyed at the return of her husband as to overlook the presence of a rival. 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

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-

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-

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 school-boy'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

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

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

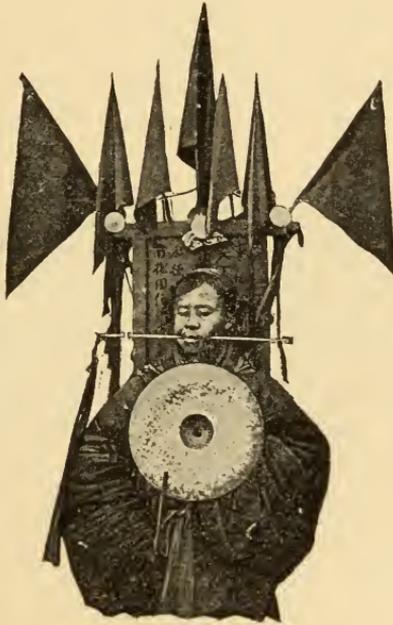
the universe. Meaning "reason" and "word," Tao resembles the *logos* of St. John, but differs from it in being an impersonal principle instead of a personal agent. "Conscious law is King of kings," says Emerson, educated in the school of Christianity.

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;

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

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 chopstick 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.

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,

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.

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;

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 unwallied 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

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 chopsticks 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.

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



WEST LAKE AT HANGCHAU.

the Sung 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

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

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

"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.

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

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 win-



THE NIGHT PATROL.

dows are of paper, with no shutters in summer, you may wake to find yourself minus a portion of your wardrobe.

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

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

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

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

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

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-

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,"

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

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.

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

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 after 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

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

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

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

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;

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

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

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."

“ 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 ;

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.

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,

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.

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

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-

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.

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 mast-head, 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-

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-

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

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

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-

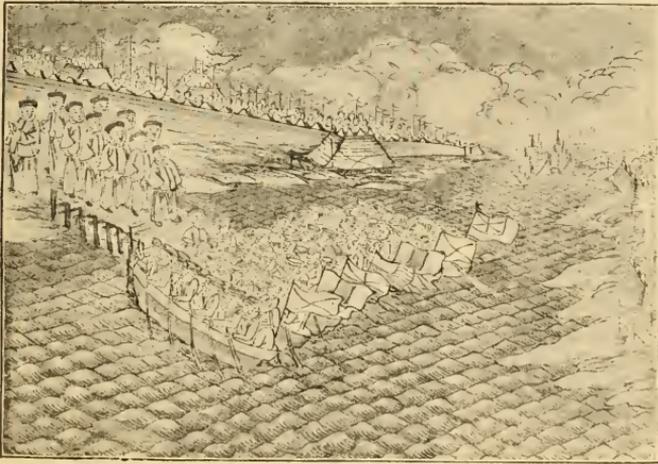
city in which his passage would be allowed. Chinese art is eminently original. A horizontal plane is represented by a steep gradient; in mountain scenery they pile Pelion on Ossa; and in depicting a crowd make them stand on one another's heads. Their sketches, like their speech, consequently require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

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

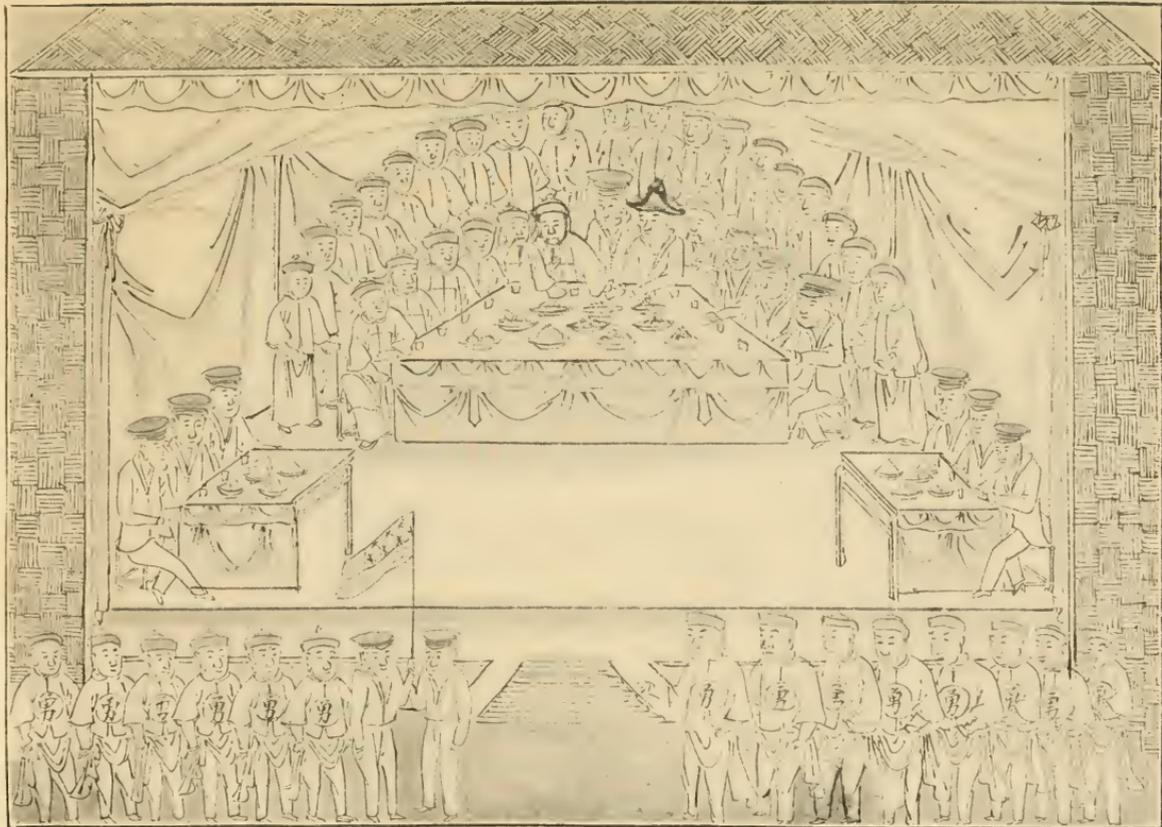
were charged with the missives of their respective ministers. A Chinese colonel who received the despatches, being asked to give a receipt, replied, "I am a soldier and cannot write."

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-



MEETING OF THE UNITED STATES MINISTER AND THE VICEROY TAN,

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

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,

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.

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?

"*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

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

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

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

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

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

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. T sien, 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

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

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,

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."

CHAPTER XI

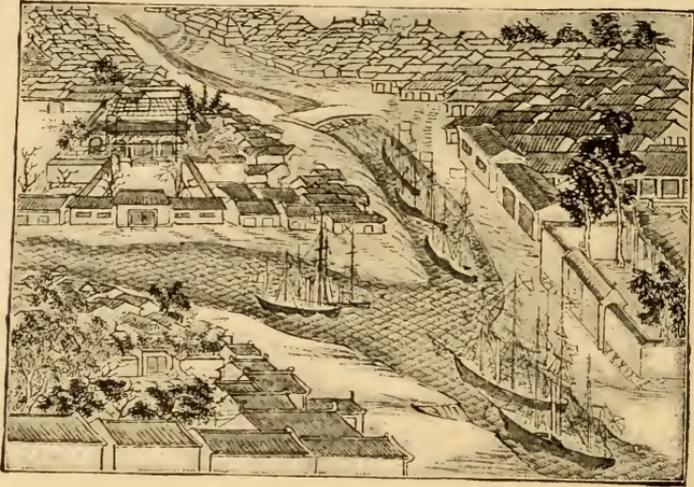
TIENTSIN AND THE TREATIES

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.

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

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.

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

花桂
沙納良

JOINT CARD OF KWEILIANG
AND HWASHANA.

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-

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 Hwasana, 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

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

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 vicerealty 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

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

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 unto-ward 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.

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

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

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-

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.

“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



WINE FOR THE MINISTER.

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

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-

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

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

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

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

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 project, 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

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.

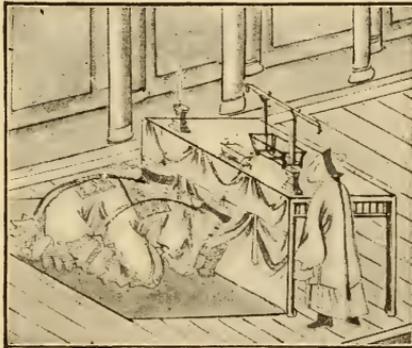
Strange to say,—perhaps not strange,—the man who weakly yielded to that menace six months later took the lead in giving to opium the status of a legal import. When the tariff came to be arranged at Shanghai he wrote a letter to Lord Elgin setting forth his fitness for doing his lordship's disagreeable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

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

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

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.

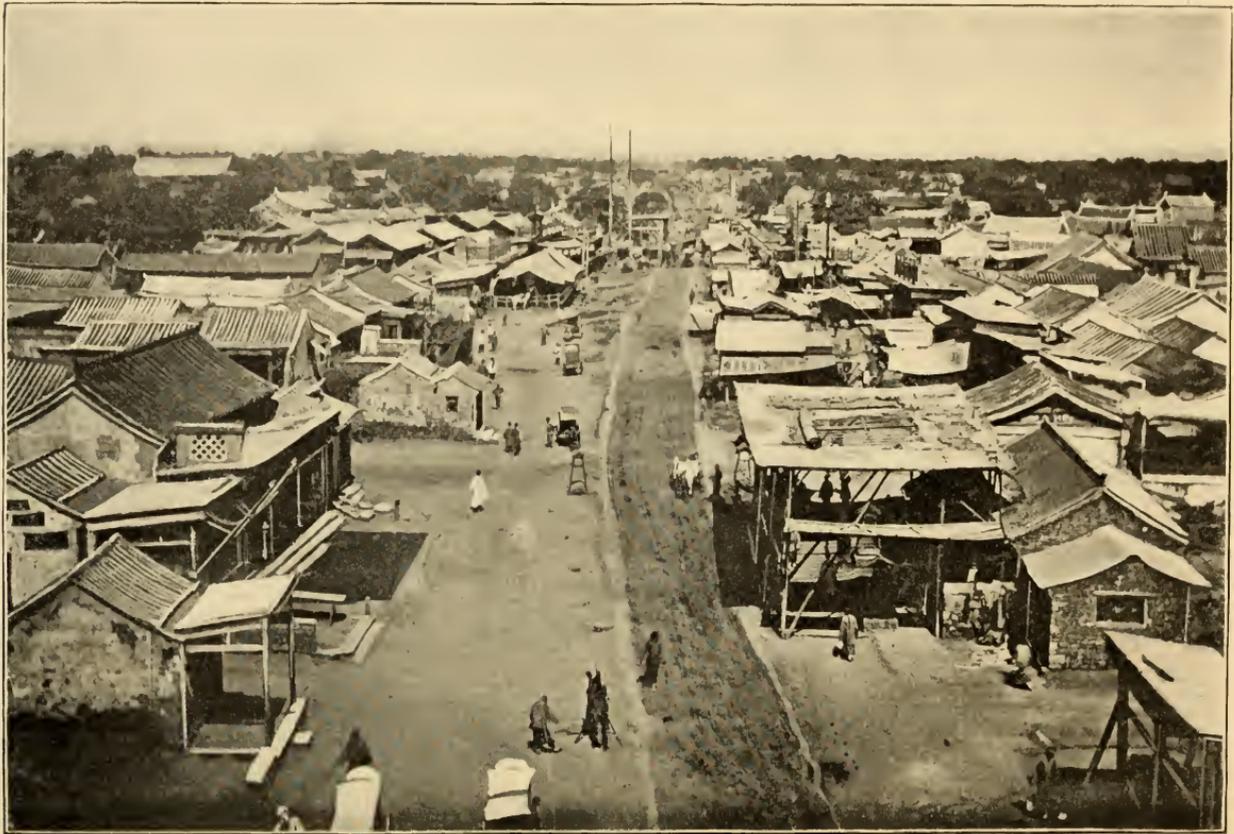
"After an absence of two hours he returned with the sign and seal of the imperial commissioners *to all his demands*. By what arguments they were persuaded to compliance it is not difficult to divine; but whether the prohibitory edict was a

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-



A STREET IN TIENTSIN.

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 briars does that of last year which was devoured by a prairie-fire.

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

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 earth-works on both sides of the river, the cannonade continuing with

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"?

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."

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.

"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 Chungchau, 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

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, Ho 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 took 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. Masini, 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).



UNITED STATES EMBASSY ASCENDING THE PEIHO.

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 truckers 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 truckers 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 pigtailed 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,

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.

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 Kia-hingsze, 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

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.

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:

" But whoso entereth within this town,
 That, sheening far, a 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,
 No 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.

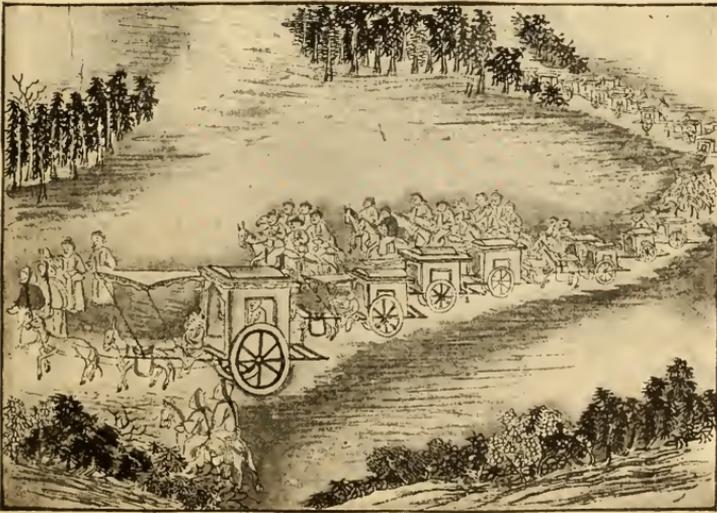
The viceroy's interpreter was a pupil of the first Bishop Boone, and bore the bishop's name. He was loud in his professions of Christian zeal, and so clever that I conceived high hopes of his usefulness. Not long after this he renounced Christianity, married two wives, and was made a district magistrate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

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.)

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."

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

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.

"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 dismantled, 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.

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

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

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

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,

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

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.

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.

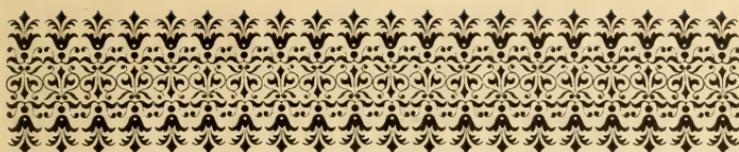
I conclude with two names, more eminent than any of the preceding—Robert Hart, and Hudson Taylor. From a budding interpreter the former has blossomed into the famous statesman known as the "Great I. G." His career, to which there is no parallel in the East or West, will be further noticed in connection 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.

PART II
LIFE IN NORTH CHINA



A GATE OF PEKING.

One of the sixteen double gates in the outer wall.



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

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

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

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

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

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 Chungchau, 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 twelve 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

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

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 worshippers. 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

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 GROTTTO

“ On yonder rock a monarch great
 Extols thy scenery sublime;
 And poets of a humbler state
 Scrawl here and there their homely rhyme.

“ ‘ I lift my hand,’ says one, ‘ and gaze
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.



BUDDHIST TRINITY AND WORSHIPERS.

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."

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

model of virtue, when, one day, a cow broke into his melon-patch and trampled all his virtues in the dust. With every stone he threw he launched a volley of filthy epithets such as made my ears tingle. If "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," how far is he from the holiness he simulates! . Another priest I heard cursing a street-lamp. He was drunk, which for him is a sorry excuse; but I was tempted to suspect that he "hated the light because his deeds were evil." While I have met with some who may be described as intelligent, devout, and orderly, of the great majority of these priests it is no libel to say that they are quite the reverse.

The philosophy of the Buddhists, like that of the Stoics, has for its aim to protect the soul from suffering rather than to arm it for conflict with moral evil. Their method consists in a course of mental discipline, involving an elaborate system of metaphysics and a comparatively pure code of morals. Designed not to hold the passions in check, but to extirpate desire, the spirit of their discipline is not aggressive, but repressive. Their ideal is light without heat, Buddha being the acme of intelligence. Their idea of a perfect world would be, if they possessed such a cosmical conception, a sun too remote to exert any controlling force, and with too little warmth to raise a breeze or to melt the ice on its surface—a world, in short, in which nothing noxious can flourish, nor, it may be added, anything beautiful or good.

CHAPTER II

FIRST YEARS IN PEKING

War averted—International law introduced—A school opened—Odd notions of natural philosophy—Church and mission—Queer converts

WHILE looking for a house in the city I spent the summer with my family in a temple three miles outside of the west gate. In one of the courts were two fine cedars, which attracted the eyes of officials engaged in repairing a palace. They wished them for pillars, and were about to cut them down when the priests begged me to intercede. In pleading for the trees I quoted an ancient poem beginning,

"Pi fe kan tang, Pu tsien pu fa,"

which answers literally to "Woodman, spare that tree." The officials were much struck with this classic fragment in the mouth of a "barbarian," and promised to spare the trees; yet a few days later, when I was absent, they sent and felled them.

In the autumn I succeeded in securing eligible premises, with space for school and chapel, near the Tsungli Yamen, in the southeastern angle of the Tartar city. The previous occupant was a mandarin with four wives. We got the place cheap because one of them had hanged herself there. A mandarin of my acquaintance had six wives; I never heard that any of them committed suicide, but they did tear each other's hair. In such cases, he said, he always turned on them the hose of



HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO HAD SIX WIVES.

a force-pump. The floors of our house were paved with tiles, wooden floors being a luxury unknown to northern Chinese, who, sensibly enough, carry a small floor attached to their feet in the shape of thick soles made of compressed cloth. For us, however, the tiles were cold comfort, and while they were being replaced by planks we lived in one of the wings, a pair of which are provided for every respectable dwelling.

One morning in October Mr. Burlingame came in with grave concern depicted on his usually bright and cheerful face. He informed us that, a serious difference having arisen between the British minister and the Chinese government, the former had struck his flag and broken off communications, adding that we might be compelled to quit Peking at an hour's notice. We had seen the war renewed in 1859 by this same minister, on grounds which, in the eyes of many of his own countrymen, were utterly inadequate. We now supposed that he was seeking an occasion for a fresh rupture.

The dispute was concerning the disposition of a fleet of seven gunboats purchased for the Chinese in England by Mr. Lay, inspector-general of customs. Intended to operate against the rebels on the Great River and neighboring sea-coast, they arrived too late for that particular service, Gordon's victories having so far broken the rebel power that the reduction of Nanking, their first and last stronghold, was only a question of time. Had they been required they could hardly have been used in those waters, as Commodore Osborne refused to take orders from provincial authorities, showing an agreement that he should be bound by nothing that was not countersigned by Mr. Lay.

That gentleman's "presumption," as they called it, in making himself master of the new force was greatly resented by the Chinese ministers. Their dissatisfaction was increased at finding that they were saddled with an expenditure of seventy thousand ounces of silver *per mensem*, which to them, in the low

state of their finances, appeared an enormous tax for a superfluous, if not dangerous, armada. When they addressed themselves to the British minister, complaining of Mr. Lay for having exceeded his powers, and expressing a determination to dismiss him and the fleet together, Sir Frederick Bruce warmly espoused Lay's cause. They refused to recede and he refused to consent. It was the "Arrow" case with variations and with improved prospects for a first-class conflagration. Happily there was a peacemaker on the ground. The Chinese laid their grievance before Mr. Burlingame, who, being a man of tact and ability, succeeded in warding off the danger.

Wensiang solemnly assured him that "sooner than submit to having the fleet forced on them, the Manchu government would retire beyond the Great Wall." He accordingly brought the question in all its gravity before Sir F. Bruce, and after three days of discussion the latter abandoned his position. Pacing the floor near midnight in the United States legation, he suddenly exclaimed, "The fleet may go." The crisis was passed. Details were easily arranged. The ships were sent to India and sold, and Mr. Hart, who had acted as *locum tenens* in Mr. Lay's absence, was installed in his place.

The dismissal of the fleet was a backward step, since its engagement had justly been regarded as a measure full of hope for the cause of progress, certain to compel the opening of mines and the establishment of schools of science. At the same time, being manned and commanded by Englishmen, it would contribute to keep the paw of the lion on the gateways of China. It is easy to see why Bruce was reluctant to part with it. That he consented to do so, all due allowance being made for Burlingame's powers of persuasion, was no doubt owing to a dread of facing the responsibility of another war. Instead of being, as generally supposed, a bellicose meddler, he was by nature indolent and peace-loving, endowed with much good sense, and not indifferent to the claims of justice.

The rejection of the flotilla is but one of several instances which show the animus of the Chinese in regard to all the appliances of Western civilization. To their eyes it is synonymous with steamer, telegraph, and railway. A year or two previous the first wire in the empire had been stretched from Shanghai to Woosung by an English merchant. It was demolished by a mob, with the connivance of the authorities, who dreaded any extension of English power or influence. A year or two later the first railway was opened at Shanghai by an English company, under a concession for a tramway. Finding no other way to check the innovation, the Chinese authorities purchased the plant and promptly destroyed it. Yet all these accompaniments of civilization were subsequently introduced under the pressure of war, actual or imminent. In less than a decade China was spending millions in the purchase of warships as a defense against the growing navy of Japan. Her first telegraphs were built in Formosa to supply quick intelligence of Japanese military movements; her first considerable railway, that from Tientsin to the northeast, was undertaken in a sort of panic occasioned by the Siberian railway scheme of Russia. The Chinese accept no new force which they are unable to control; nor do they adopt it at all until they are compelled to do so by the logic of events.

In November Mr. Burlingame introduced me to the Tsungli Yamen, with several members of which I had become acquainted during our treaty negotiations in 1858. The Chinese ministers expressed much pleasure when I laid on the table my unfinished version of Wheaton, though they knew but little of its nature or contents. "Does it contain the 'twenty-four sections'?" asked Wensiang, referring to a selection of important passages made for them by Mr. Hart. Being told something of the extent and scope of the work, he added: "This will be our guide when we send ministers to foreign countries." The translation, I explained, was not complete,

but I intended to finish it without delay. All I asked of them was to appoint a competent official to assist me in a final revision, and then to print it at public expense. "You will, of course, give me a decoration for it. I ask no other pay." They paid me in due time with substantial appointments, much better than empty honors, and titles and decorations were not forgotten.

A commission of four—all of high literary grade, one a member of the Hanlin Academy—was appointed by Prince Kung to aid me in the revision. This was done at the Yamen, and at the suggestion of Mr. Hart, the new inspector-general, the work was printed for the use of the government.

The enlightened spirit which had led Mr. Hart to make a selection of passages I have already referred to. As he had left Peking without seeing me, shortly after my arrival, he wrote me a letter from Tientsin, expressing pleasure at learning my intention to translate Wheaton, encouraging me to go on with the task, and assuring me that it would be well received by the Tsungli Yamen.

Very different was the impression which my undertaking made on M. Klecskowsky, the French *chargé d'affaires*. He said to Mr. Burlingame: "Who is this man who is going to give the Chinese an insight into our European international law? Kill him—choke him off; he'll make us endless trouble." Sir Frederick Bruce, on the contrary, when I spoke to him of my purpose, offered to do all in his power to further it. "The work would do good," he said, "by showing the Chinese that the nations of the West have *taoli* ["principles"] by which they are guided, and that force is not their only law."

The book was promptly reprinted in Japan, and Sir Harry Parkes, then minister at Yedo, sent me a copy of the first Japanese edition, with an expression of sympathy in my efforts to introduce the science. A similar diversity of feeling on the subject existed among the Chinese, some regarding the work

with suspicion, as the Trojans did the gifts of the Greeks. Burlingame accepted the dedication, and gloried in contributing something toward the introduction of international law into China.

With the help of my students, I have since given the Chinese translations of De Martens' "Guide Diplomatique," Woolsey's "Elements of International Law," Bluntschli's "Völkerrecht," and last, not least, a manual of the laws of war compiled by the European Institute of International Law. Most of these have been reprinted in Japan; and nothing additional on the subject of the law of nations has, so far as I am aware, been rendered into the language of either empire.

By some it may be taken as evidence of China's backwardness that for this as for other sciences she is wholly indebted to importations from the West. But is it strange that an empire which for two thousand years had no neighbors, only vassals, should be without the conception of a code controlling the intercourse of equal nations? The fact is, that in ancient times, when her vast territory was covered by a system of virtually independent states, she did possess a rudimentary code, which was made obsolete by their extinction.

The establishment of a school for the education of preachers, physicians, and engineers was a leading object in my removal to Peking. A plan for such an institution I had submitted to Dr. Lowrie, Secretary of the Board of Missions, but no action was taken in regard to it further than the publication of the paper in the "Home and Foreign Record." Showing this paper to Mr. Hart without adding a word in the way of solicitation, I was agreeably surprised by the offer of 1500 taels per annum from a government fund. The first year I spent 900 taels, the next 600, and the third only 500, barely one third of the sum offered, the difficulty of getting students from good families leading me to limit the scale of my operations. The best result of that half-abortive enterprise was the

preparation of a book on natural philosophy. In mathematics and astronomy the Jesuits, for two centuries in the service of the government, had done much, but in this department little or nothing, beyond imparting a few elementary notions of mechanics. How could they do more? Every branch of the physical sciences has been born or metamorphosed since their day.

As soon as my hands were free from my first text-book of public law, I set about the preparation of a text-book on natural philosophy. The need of it was imperative. The system of state education had for ages been confined to belles-lettres, ethics, and politics. The highest scholars knew no more why a stone falls to the ground or why water rises in a pump than did those of Europe before Newton and Torricelli. With them levity is a force as real as gravity; cold and darkness no less than light and heat. They find a ready explanation for all phenomena in the "play of dual forces"; *Yin yang kiao kan* is a formula as good to hide ignorance as many a phrase in vogue with us. Their chemistry has not emerged from the chrysalis of alchemy. They count five elements instead of our ancient four—metal being added, and wood taking the place of air, which is omitted as too subtle to suit their idea of substance.

A volume would be needed to show how all kinds of errors in philosophy, religion, and politics hide behind these "dual forces" and "five elements." Even such practical matters as the building of a house, the opening of a mine, or the construction of a road, are controlled by the rules of a false science, called *fungshui*, or geomancy. The power that shakes these pillars will bring down the whole edifice of superstition. It is not a blind Samson that can do it, but science with her eyes open. Hence the emphasis I lay on scientific education and the time I devoted to a text-book on natural philosophy. It cost me two years of work; and on the application of Mr.

Hart, to whom it was dedicated, it was printed at government expense, in seven thin volumes, the last giving elementary notions of chemistry, which till then had wanted a name. After the lapse of thirty years this book is not superseded, a revised edition having been recently printed. In the same line I subsequently prepared a work of equal extent on the applications of mathematics to physics. My "Natural Philosophy" has had the honor of being laid before the emperor, and a special edition has been struck off *in usum Augusti*—ten copies, required for his august eyes, being bound in yellow satin. It has also been reprinted in Japan, with the addition of a commentary.

In the oversight of my school, and especially in the conduct of two chapels, I was efficiently seconded by Mr. Tsao, a worthy preacher (not ordained), who was converted while teaching me Mandarin at Ningpo. Honest and truthful beyond most of his race, he had a weakness for strong drink that often got him into trouble. He was also given to fits of anger, which realized its definition as *furor brevis*. One Sunday morning, hearing a great "row" in the school, I ran in and saw the largest boy cowering in a corner and crying bitterly, while Tsao, then acting as teacher, stood over him, cudgel in hand, fire in his face, and no doubt fire-water in his stomach. When he explained that he had detected the lad buying a biscuit on the street I remarked that he might have found a better



A SCHOOLMASTER; ONE PUPIL RECITING WITH BACK TO THE TABLE, AND ONE DOING PENANCE.

way to show his zeal for the Lord's day; that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and that such an ebullition of rage was a worse offense than the purchase of a cake or the plucking of an ear of barley.

There were several Protestant missions at work, but they mostly began by opening chapels on lanes and alleys rather than on the great streets. Wensiang, the most influential man in Peking, and frequently called prime minister, expressed some concern at hearing of the crowds that frequented the chapels, lest a riot might occur. Inviting me to a special interview, he charged me with a message to the other missionaries, warning them to proceed cautiously, to avoid provoking opposition, and to keep their operations somewhat in the background. By that means the people would gradually get accustomed to seeing foreigners and hearing their preaching; there would then be no danger. I faithfully reported his advice, which was sound and well meant; but it did not hinder me from securing a good position for a chapel on a great street near one of the city gates. In the meantime a small church was organized by me with a membership as varied as the occupants of the Cave of Adullam. They came seeking admission from all motives but the right one. Most of them were miserably poor, though at the same time highly respectable, so far as rank was concerned. One of the first, who died early, had been an officer of some mark in Kashgaria. Another, who also died soon, claimed close kindred with a defunct viceroy. I had much satisfaction in seeing them die, for I felt that they were then safe from backsliding.

When the kinsman of the viceroy died I observed an aged church-member weeping as the coffin passed out of the chapel. "Was the deceased a friend or relative of yours?" I inquired. "Neither," replied the old man. "Why, then, do you weep?" "I weep," he said, "to think that when I die I shall not have so fine a coffin." A characteristic absence of altruism, Mr.

Smith* would call this; but we must not make too much of an isolated instance.

An ex-official was recommended for baptism by the Rev. William Burns, who, like St. Paul, felt called to preach, not to baptize. "I have always had a liking for you foreigners," he said.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because I have had a good deal to do with providing accommodations for embassies from foreign states."

"Which, for instance?"

"Hami; I was made to suffer for my kindness to them."

Now Hami is a small Mohammedan principality on the borders of Turkestan. That was his idea of "foreigners." The "kindness" he had suffered for was speculation. One day while waiting to see me he dropped on his knees and appeared to be engaged in silent prayer, having taken pains not to "shut the door," knowing that I was coming. On rising he asked me for a loan of fifty taels, and being refused took revenge by trying to drive all the sheep out of the fold. He showed them the old edicts against Christianity, and some of them were greatly alarmed.

One of our most promising members was a young man of good talents and good education, whose father had been imperial commissioner in Tibet. The poor fellow died a victim to opium. In Peking most missionaries have had at the outset a similar experience; but, notwithstanding the multitude of underpaid officials and starving stipendiaries who sought admission, the churches have grown in character as well as in membership.

The Rev. William Burns, having no permanent station, spent a few years in Peking. He lived near our house, hiring a cabin for forty cents per month, and limiting his expense for

* Author of "Chinese Characteristics" (Fleming H. Revell Co.).

food to five cents per diem. He was a constant attendant at my chapel, and once a week got a good meal at our house. Of more talent than judgment, he wasted his energies by wandering about—though it must be admitted that he accomplished much good in certain places, especially in quickening the spiritual life of the missionary body. Liberal in the way of charity, he was personally as abstemious as an anchorite, and when he died at Niuchuang the doctors ascribed his death to poor living. He is one of the first saints in the missionary calendar.

Most societies have taken care, perhaps on account of the difficulty of the language, to send to China men of respectable abilities and education; yet those whom they intrusted with the responsibility of founding missions in the capital were much above the average. Not to speak of any who arrived later than 1863, Burdon, of the English Church Mission, and Schereschewsky, of the American Episcopal, were subsequently raised to the bishopric, and both have proved that they were worthy of the dignity. Edkins, of the London Mission, and Blodget, of the American Board, were unmitered bishops, the former eminent as a sinologue, the latter noted as a man in whom nature, grace, and culture combined to form a model missionary.

For heroic self-denial the following incident is worthy of record. Mrs. Blodget had been sent home from Shanghai to snatch her from an early grave. For four years her husband stuck to his lonely post, quitting it for home only when compelled by the diseases of the climate. At Yokohama, hearing of the capture of Peking and the opening of Tientsin, he turned his back on wife and children and all the tempting visions of home, sought in North China the change required by his health, and founded a mission at the seaport and one at the capital; nor did he resume his intended voyage until five years later, when health again made it imperative.

In 1868, being called to a professorship of international law

in the new government college; I committed the interests of the mission to other hands, and went home for special studies prior to entering on the duties of my chair. My return to China was hastened by a letter from Mr. Hart informing me that the Chinese authorities were dissatisfied with the working of the college; in fact, that it was likely to be disbanded. I wrote in reply that I was not discouraged by the prospect—that even if extinct it might be resuscitated, or “if reduced to a vanishing-point it might be integrated to its full value.”



THE PEKING WATERWORKS.

CHAPTER III

THE GREAT WALL AND SACRED PLACES OF PEKING

Altar of heaven—Lama temple—Bridge in palace grounds—Mosque and pavilion—The Yellow Temple—Great Bell of Peking—Tombs of Ming emperors—Hot Springs—Grand Pass and Great Wall—Sketch of history—The empress dowager

A RESIDENT has no need to be in a hurry to see the sights of his own locality unless, as in Peking, there is danger of the show being shut up. Objects of rare interest that were formerly open to all the world are accessible no longer. Imperial temples and imperial pleasure-grounds are withdrawn from the public eye, leaving scarcely anything to make the place worth the trouble of a visit. Not that the government has grown less liberal, but because in the early years, after the *débâcle* of 1860, there was a minority reign, under which nobody thought it necessary to restore the ancient restrictions.

The attainment of his majority, when the emperor was expected to visit all these places, was the signal for shutting out the rest of mankind. No longer can a student of comparative religion, who has visited the sacred places of other creeds, be admitted to the Temple of Heaven, the scene of the most ancient ritual now observed on the face of the earth. The sun in his course looks on nothing built with hands so sublime in its suggestions as the *Ara Cæli* of Peking. Acres of polished marble, rising from all sides by flights of steps, culminate in a circular terrace, whose roof is the vault of heaven. The divinity there worshiped is the Ruler of the universe, and the priest

who officiates is the sovereign of the empire. Like Melchizedek of old, he is priest of the most high God, with whom he intercedes on behalf of his people, and to whom he offers an ox as a burnt-offering in acknowledgment of delegated authority. The cults of Buddha and Tao are of yesterday in comparison with this venerable relic of a purer faith, which in China has behind it a record of forty centuries.

Dr. Legge, the eminent missionary, before climbing the steps of this altar heard a small, still voice, which others might have heard had they but hearkened, saying: "Put off thy shoes; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The students in the British legation, less reverent, were for years wont to play cricket in its shady groves, which are so extensive as to interpose a belt of silence between the altar and the busy city.



THE EMPEROR AT THE PLOW.

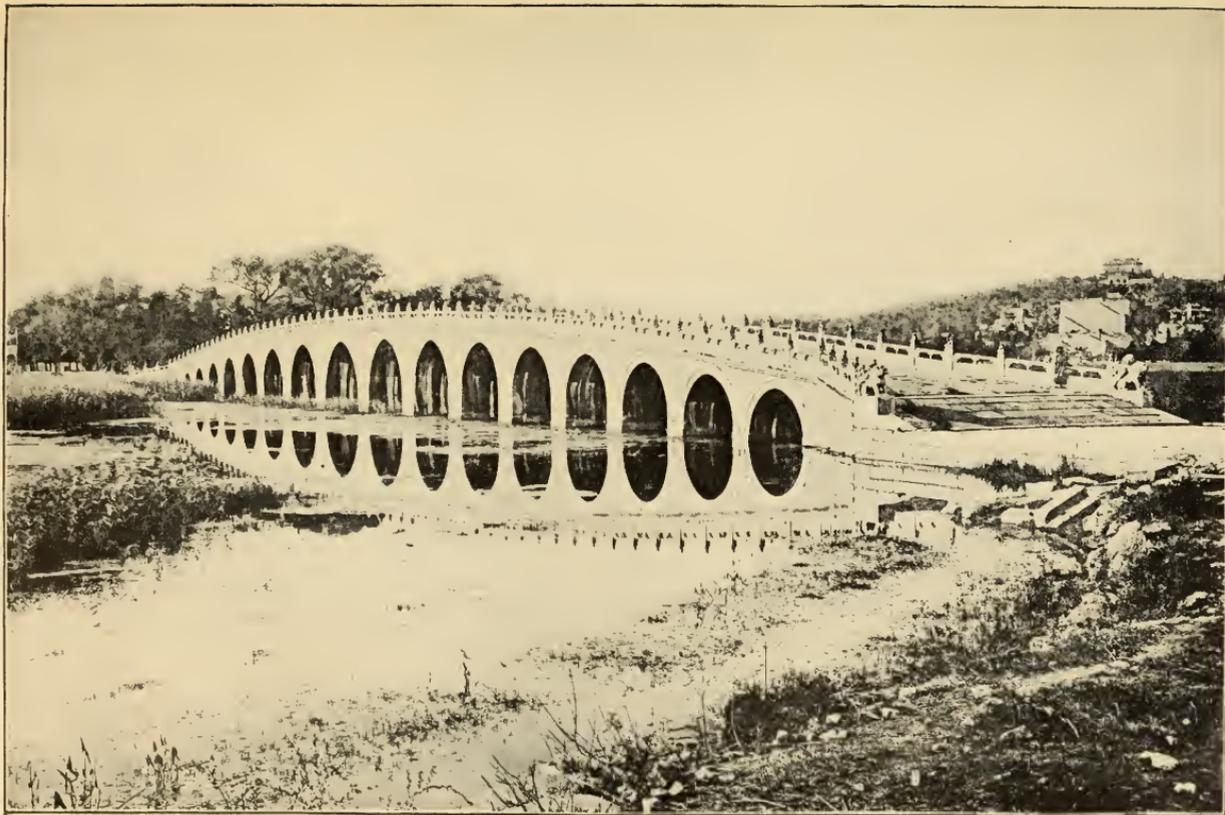
Equally invisible is the Temple of Agriculture, where the emperor honors the memory of the man who broke the spell of barbarism by teaching mankind to get their living from the soil, and where he does homage to husbandry by appearing in the character of a plowman.

On the opposite side of the city, in accordance with Chinese

notions of symmetry, stands an altar to Mother Earth; it is square because the earth has four corners.

Less to be regretted is exclusion from the Grand Lamasery, where of yore our student of comparative religion might freely apply his tape-line to the great Buddha to ascertain its place in the scale of divine magnitudes; where he might sometimes catch a glimpse of a living Buddha, and hear litanies chanted in the Tibetan tongue. Here twelve hundred lazy monks, filthy and vicious, are housed in the palace of a prince, who, on coming to the throne, gave them his dwelling and ordered them to be fed at his expense. So greedy are these recluses, whose first law is self-abnegation, and so indelicate is their mode of picking pockets, that a visitor always departed with the conviction that instead of visiting a house of prayer he had fallen into a den of thieves.

More to be lamented than any of these, except the first, are the Marble Bridge in the grounds of the city palace and the Hill of Longevity at the country palace. From the former the tourist could take in at a glance a scene of marvelous beauty—two “seas,” whose shores are fringed with the airiest forms of Oriental architecture. From the latter he looked down on a charming lake and around on ruins of sumptuous edifices wrecked by Anglo-Gallic vengeance. In each of these picturesque spots the Dowager Empress Tze-hi has built a palace for herself. To gratify her desire for privacy a central thoroughfare was closed, the people of the one side being obliged to make half the circuit of the city to reach the other. For her alone the lotus is to bloom; and for her, pagoda and pavilion mirror themselves in the placid waters. What matters it to her if the finest views are wiped from the map of the capital? What does she care if the disappointed tourist does go away lamenting that he was born too late—or perhaps too early, say a trifle in advance of the adoption of regulations like those that open to the public the abbeys and palaces of England?



THE ISLAND BRIDGE AND HILL OF LONGEVITY.

Even the city wall suffers from an intermittent prohibition. I once heard a Chinese minister discourse to Mr. Burlingame of the change that had come over foreign life in China. "Formerly," said he, "you foreigners were oppressed, but now you enjoy more privileges than the natives. For instance, no woman is allowed to walk on the city wall, but we know that where you go your wives must. Your ladies make it a promenade, and we say nothing about it."

While Hengki lived there was no question of access to the wall; but when the office of vice-governor fell to another, an order was posted at all the guard-houses, saying: "Foreigners have been seen walking on the wall and studying the topography of the city, a practice not on any account to be permitted." To me this was not pleasant reading, but to most foreigners it meant nothing; and to the guards it only meant that they might demand a larger *douceur* for opening the stairways.

Near the southwestern angle of the palace grounds stands a celebrated mosque, now falling to decay, and on the opposite side of the street, overtopping the palace walls, is seen the yellow roof of a pavilion, which must have been magnificent in its better days. These are connected with each other by a popular legend, which I here insert in a versified form. The name of the pavilion, *Wang-kia-lo* (the "Homeward View"), and a colony of the faithful who still speak Turkish, the descendants of retainers who came with the Mohammedan princess, may be taken as vouchers for its substantial truth. It dates from the reign of Kienlung, A.D. 1736.

"From wars in the West the monarch returning,
His new-gotten treasures in triumph displayed;
The fairest and brightest—'twas easy discerning,
Admired by all—was *Almanna the Maid*.

"Her eyes the soft luster of daybreak disclose;
Her blush—it surpasses the peach-blossom's glow;

Her motions are grace, and grace her repose ;
Her color eclipses the lily of snow.

“ Let dames die of envy, let monarch adore,
Yet in secret distress fair Almana repines—
The canker consuming the sweet flower’s core
The sharp-sighted monarch full quickly divines.

“ The glitter of images palls on her sight,
The din of idolatry deafens her ears ;
No face of a kinsman to give her delight,
No altar of Allah to quiet her fears.

“ A lofty pavilion of splendor divine,
O’erlooking a mosque of the faithful, he makes ;
With garden and terrace of Persian design,
With fountains and streams and cool shady lakes.

“ ‘ Here, lovely Almana, the pride of my eyes,
Here welcome thy kin, not again to depart ;
Be no more a stranger, here banish thy sighs ;
For the shrine of thy God is the home of thy heart.’

“ Almana looks up with a joy-beaming face ;
From that day and onward no creature so blest—
Restored to her God and restored to her race—
As the lady Almana, the Maid of the West.”

The Temple of Confucius we shall not pause to inspect, as we intend to make a special pilgrimage to the more famous shrine at the Sage’s sepulcher. The Peking temple possesses, however, a noteworthy adjunct in an ancient “School for the Sons of the Empire,” which we may see in passing. In this institution no teaching is done ; its functions consist in the enrolment of candidates for the civil-service examination, and the registration of graduates. Its courts are studded with stone pillars, which, overshadowed by venerable cedars, present the appearance of a graveyard. They are inscribed with the names of those who have won the third or highest degree, and the list runs back for six centuries. In an adjacent court

stands the "Hall of the Stone Classics," so called because in its spacious porticos are to be seen a hundred and seventy marble columns inscribed with the text of the Thirteen Canonical Books—apparently as a precaution against the fury of another book-burner. To this hall the emperor is expected to come at least once in his reign, to hear a lecture on the duties of his station.

Happily the Great Wall is not forbidden, though it might be on good grounds; and visitors continue to carry away, not snail-shells, such as Dr. Johnson said he had seen, but specimen bricks weighing a hundred pounds. When we visited the wall, we stowed our bedding in a cart and took donkeys from the city gate, that animal so despised within the walls being indispensable on country roads. The pass at Nankow, thirty miles to the northwest, we might have reached in one day had we not deviated from the highway to visit sundry objects of interest, such as the Yellow Temple, the Great Bell, the Hot Springs, and the Ming tombs.

The Yellow Temple, not far beyond the city moat, is a lamasery, vast in extent, but, unlike the greater one already mentioned, it offers nothing of interest except a marble tope to commemorate the death of a living Buddha. This holy man, next in dignity to the Dalai lama, came from Tibet by invitation of the Emperor Kienlung, and died of smallpox. The base of the monument is belted with tableaux in low relief, representing the birth, death, and spiritual struggles of the saint. To the Mongols it is an object of great veneration, and they always perform a koto before it, hanging handkerchiefs on it in sign of special prayer or vow, although it covers only the fallen mantle of his saintship, his body having been carried back to Tibet.

The religion of the lamas is Buddhism of a corrupt type, and prevails in Tibet and Mongolia. Its leading tenet is the reincarnation of Buddhist divinities in the person of those who

are destined to exercise spiritual or civil power—a doctrine unknown to the orthodox. As its prayers are made by machinery, turned by wind or water as well as by hand, you would hardly expect it to exert an influence for good; yet it seems to have made the Mongols less savage than the bloodthirsty followers of Genghis Khan, though it has not made them chaste, clean, or honest.



LAMA PRIEST, PRAYER WHEEL, AND IDOLS.

The Great Bell, four or five miles farther on, is one of the wonders of the world. Cast about five centuries ago by order of Yunglo, the first Chinese emperor who fixed his throne in Peking, it weighs fifty-three and a half tons, and is covered within and without with extracts from the Buddhist canon.

Why it was made here, and why it has remained in retirement, it might require a knowledge of astrology to unriddle. There is, however, a greater bell between heaven and earth, that of Moscow, weighing eighty tons—a fact that may please the pride of some Christians. Connected with this Chinese monster is a touching legend, which I thus render :

“ As a bee builds up her waxen cell,
Was built the mould for the giant bell ;
Carved and pressed and polished well
By the master’s cunning hand.

“ Twice has he lost the toil of years ;
And now he waits with anxious fears
The junction of propitious spheres
To speak his last command.

“ A lovely maid sits by his side—
Her mother’s joy, her father’s pride ;
One whom he hopes to see the bride
Of a noble’s eldest son.

“ As on the crane the caldron swings,
Into its jaws the maiden springs,
While back her little shoe she flings—
And the arduous work is done.

“ To save her father from failure’s shame,
To win for her father a deathless name,
She drowns herself in that sea of flame ;
But the bell her soul retains.

“ For now with the great bell’s dulcet tone
There mingles low a plaintive moan—
She calls for the slipper backward thrown,
*Wo hie**—her voice remains.”

In a vast amphitheater formed by converging hills, which are supposed to bring all good influences to a focus, repose the ashes of thirteen emperors of the last Chinese dynasty. The

* My shoe.

first was Yunglo, who rebuilt and beautified the city; the last, Chungchen, who hanged himself when his capital fell into the hands of a rebel. It was to Li Chuang that the dynasty succumbed, not to the Manchus, who, called in to avenge it, seated themselves on the vacant throne. Hence the respectful care taken of this noble cemetery, an official, said to be a scion of the ancient monarchs, being charged with the duty of ministering to their manes. Hence, also, the portal of their resting-place—all that now remains to them of their vast dominions—is adorned by a dirge from the pen of the Emperor Kienlung.

The mausolea are approached through ranks of colossal statues representing men and animals. That of Yunglo, who first removed the capital to the North, is far grander than the others—imposing alike by its proportions and severity of style. To have built it of stones quarried from the neighboring hills would have been comparatively inexpensive; but it was thought necessary to import teak-wood from Siam, as Solomon imported cedar from Lebanon. Five hundred years has this wooden structure stood the storms, and it looks as if it might brave them for a thousand more.

Tangshan, the hot spring, gives name and place to an imperial pleasance. Its buildings show no trace of Goth or Vandal, but through sheer neglect they are falling into irretrievable decay. The spring is a rift in the strata, through which rises a flood of almost boiling water, sufficient to supply half Peking if properly husbanded. Through want of enterprise it is wasted on the lakes and canals of a forsaken park.

Spending a night at Nankow, we gave a day to exploring the pass. At three points the hand of man has reinforced the fortifications erected by nature, viz., at the two entrances, thirteen miles apart, and in the middle, where, in addition to gateway and walls, you see a famous inscription in six languages, some of which are as dead as the Hittite.



THE GREAT WALL AT NANKOW PASS.

At the farther entrance only do we get a view of the Great Wall, properly so called, and then it is but an angle or loop of that which for 1550 miles skirts the Mongolian plateau and forms the boundary of China proper. Imposing in the boldness with which it climbs the cliffs, it grows sublime when you think of it as stretching from the sea of sand to the sea of salt. In some parts, however, it dwindles into a mere embankment of clay.

The pass, formed by a fracture in the mountain chain and widened by the erosive action of a small river, resembles some of those cañons seen on our Western railways, its grassy slopes winding with the stream and sprinkled with the snow of grazing flocks.

As we were sauntering along, our eyes fixed on this scene of quiet beauty, a well-meaning native stopped to exchange greetings, adding, as he rode away, "There is nothing to be seen here, but go on a little farther and you may see an open-air theater and hear the song of a story-teller."

To study the history of Egypt one should place himself on the top of the pyramids. To study the history of China there is no point of observation so favorable as the summit of the Great Wall. Erected midway between the hazy obscurity of early tradition and the restless age in which we live, it commands the whole of the moving panorama. So colossal as to form a geographical feature on the surface of the globe, its importance to us consists in its epoch rather than in its magnitude. It is to this epoch that our attention will for a little be chiefly directed; but from this vantage-ground we shall allow ourselves a few glances before and after, with the hope of conveying some faint impression of the unity of Chinese history.

Not long after the age when Alexander swept the chess-board of western Asia and combined its numerous nationalities into one empire, Chin-shi, the builder of the wall, did a like work for the states of eastern Asia. These states consti-

tuted the Chinese empire, a country which at that early period united the wealth of Persia with the culture of Greece. Nominally under the sway of one imperial house, they had been for some hundreds of years virtually independent, adjusting their mutual relations and waging internecine wars without interference from their powerless suzerain. The builder of the Great Wall was preceded by three dynasties of long duration, viz., that of Hia, 2205-1766 B.C.; that of Shang, 1766-1122 B.C.; that of Chow, 1122-255 B.C.

Looking beyond the first of these, we perceive the golden glow of the morning of history. In the midst of its deceptive haze we discern two figures which the Chinese have agreed to accept as models of princely excellence. They are Yao and Shun, the Numa Pompilius and Tullus Hostilius of the rising state. The simplicity of that primitive society is the mother of virtues, public and private. In the state Yao sets the example of an unselfish ruler, and in the family Shun is a paragon of filial sons.

Holding that a prince exists for the good of his people, and sensible to the infirmities of age, Yao adopted Shun as his successor, his own son being unworthy of the throne. Shun adopted Yu for the same reason. Yu (or Ta Yu), though deemed a sage, did not continue the unselfish tradition, but, by transmitting the throne to his son, "made of the commonwealth a family estate," as the chroniclers say. The imperial dignity has remained hereditary, with a solitary vestige of the ancient ideal, viz., that the emperor has theoretically the power of naming his successor, and in fact makes the election irrespective of primogeniture.

In the reign of Chung-kang, the fourth in succession (2159-2146), occurred an eclipse of the sun, which Professor Russell, of the Imperial College, has succeeded in identifying after a laborious calculation of no fewer than thirty-six eclipses. Professor Knobel, of Cambridge, has also pronounced in favor of

the trustworthiness of these ancient records, on the ground of astronomical data contained in a kind of calendar of the Hsia dynasty, fragments of which have come down to our times.

The area at that period comprehended within the empire was less than half of China proper, not a foot of territory on the south of the Yang-tse having been brought under its sway. The conquering tribe which formed its nucleus seem to have entered the valley of the Yellow River from the northwest, bringing with them some knowledge of letters, and the elements of a civilization which enabled them to overcome the savage races by whom the country was then occupied. Some they destroyed, others they absorbed; and the process of growth and assimilation went on for ages, until those heterogeneous elements were moulded into one people, the most numerous on the face of the earth.

This work of subjugation may be regarded as specially the task of the first dynasty, though it was not completed for ages, nor is it wholly complete at the present day. Under the second dynasty arose that feudal form of government which prevailed for more than a thousand years and came to an end in the epoch of the Great Wall. Of both, the records are exceedingly meager—scarcely extending beyond dynastic genealogy—the occupants of the throne, with a few brilliant exceptions, being so insignificant that their places in the succession are represented by numerals instead of names.

While the invention of letters dates from a period anterior to the first dynasty, it was not until the third that literature became an important factor in human life. King Wen and Duke Chow, its founders, set an example of devotion to study, and later on cultured statesmen appeared, who strove to aggrandize their native states, and philosophers, who, with broader views, aimed at the reformation of the people. Of the latter class the most noted were Confucius (551–479 B.C.) and Mencius (372–289 B.C.), both of whom merit high rank among the teachers

of mankind. Besides inculcating virtues of a noble type they sought by their doctrines to counteract the centrifugal tendency, which was a marked feature in the political movement of their day. They had never known anything better than the feudal system, and in their view the only cure for the disorders of the times was to restore it to its primitive purity—a state of things in which the vassal princes, to use the expression of Confucius, “revolved about the throne of Chow as the constellations revolve around the pole of heaven.” That system the builder of the wall was bent on eradicating; hence his hostility to the Confucian school.

Forsaken by its vassals or recognized under forms of mere empty ceremony, the house of Chow languished until 255 B.C. Occupying a district in Honan, which formed the special appanage of the imperial family, but for a long time exercising no control over its neighbors, and centrally situated, that district was described as Chung Kwo, the “Middle Kingdom,” a designation which succeeding dynasties applied to the whole of their dominions. In this year (255 B.C.), provoked by the cabals which found a focus under the shadow of a venerable throne, Chao, the King of Chin, great-grandfather of the wall-builder, entered the imperial capital; and the dynasty of Chow, the most famous in the annals of China, came to an end, after a duration of eight hundred and sixty-seven years.

The conqueror now performed two acts which asserted his accession to the vacant suzerainty. The first was to remove to his own capital in Shensi nine tripods of brass, which represented the nine districts of the empire, and were revered as the chief emblem of imperial power. The other was to offer a solemn sacrifice to *Shangti*, the “Supreme Ruler,” and to formally assume the character of high priest in conjunction with that of emperor—a twofold character which has always been recognized as belonging to the sovereigns of China. This king’s ambition was to resuscitate the empire, not to revolu-

tionize its institutions. The vassals of Chow were his vassals, and submission, not abdication, was what he required. Enjoying for five years a dignity to which his ancestors had aspired for many generations, he closed a prosperous reign of fifty-seven years. After two brief reigns, one of which had lasted only three days, his scepter was transferred to Cheng, his great-grandson, whom by anticipation we have styled Chin-shi, the builder of the Great Wall.

The young king, then thirteen years of age, succeeded at once to two thrones—that of Chin, the domain of his fathers, and that of Chow, or the empire, which placed him on the highest pinnacle of dignity that any Chinese statesman had ever conceived. Was he satisfied with this double heritage? If he had been, is it not probable that the wheels of the new chariot would have been made to run in the old track? But to credit him with planning the tremendous revolution which he was destined to achieve would be to allow him a precocity and a genius unexampled in history. The king was fortunate in having for his guides two statesmen of rare originality; but even they could not have conceived the entire program. They possessed the capacity to win in every conflict with his unruly vassals, and he (or his mother and grandmother, two remarkable women who acted as regents) always encouraged the bold measures of his chancellors. In all great revolutions the leading minds are more than one, though some one usually comes to be acknowledged as the master spirit. In this the master spirit was Chin-shi, who proved his claim to the title by an eventful reign of forty years; but his two chancellors bore each a leading part in recasting the destinies of the empire. One of these was Lü Pu-we, a merchant of Chao, the state with which Chin was most frequently at war. He had been to the young prince what Menchikoff was to Peter the Great; and, to complete the parallel, the tongue of slander connected each in a similar manner with the elevation of an empress. Of his

many services the most signal was to provide a worthy successor in the chancellorship.

Endowed with consummate tact and sublime self-confidence, Li-sze was just the man required to convert a dynastic change into a social and political revolution. In sagacity and courage he was the Bismarck of his day; and the task he had to perform was not unlike that which fell to the lot of the eminent German—the consolidation of the power of a new imperial house and the unification of a dissevered empire. As we shall see, he accomplished it with a thoroughness unattainable by the German chancellor.

It cannot be affirmed that he was superior in talents to his predecessors in office, but he was happier than they in being called to play the last act in a long drama. Most of them had acted the part of innovators. One had changed the tenure of land, another had reformed the mode of collecting revenue, a third had remodeled the army; and all, by introducing foreign methods and employing foreign agents, had drawn on themselves the hostility of the natives, who were naturally jealous of foreign influence. The wave of opposition reached its height in the days of Li-sze, and a petition was laid before the throne demanding the expulsion of all foreigners. The premier was equal to the occasion. Recounting in a counter-memorial the great services rendered by his foreign predecessors, he showed how his enemies, to satisfy their petty spite, would force their country to abdicate its destiny. "The Tai-shan," he said, "is a great mountain because it does not spurn the grains of sand that add to its height. The Hoang-ho is a great river because it does not reject any rivulet that offers to swell its volume." He went on to apply these parallels with such force that he not only stemmed the tide of opposition for the time, but left on permanent record a masterly argument for the employment of men of all nations who are able to bring superior gifts to the service of the state. In that day "foreigners" were those

who lived on the opposite side of a river or of a mountain range; to-day the word means those who dwell beyond the ocean. The eloquent plea of Li-sze, even at this distance of time, has had some influence in preparing the reigning house to welcome foreigners, who by new arts and new sciences contribute to the well-being of the empire.

When, in the twenty-sixth year of his reign, the emperor had destroyed the last of the hostile states, he resolved to signalize the event by changing the imperial title. Instead of *Tien Wang* ("Heaven-appointed King"), a title made venerable by the usage of nearly a thousand years, he substituted that of *Hoang-ti* ("Autocratic Sovereign"), proudly prefixing the syllable *Shi* ("the First"), that he might be remembered as the founder of a new order. The change of title implied a change of policy. This was nothing short of the complete abolition of the feudal system, a system consecrated by immemorial usage. When the hostile princes had been dethroned, two of his ministers besought him to install his own kindred in the forfeited dignities. Li-sze, being asked his opinion, replied that a "system which had brought about the destruction of the empire must itself be destroyed if the new empire was to be permanent." Instead of restoring the fallen powers under altered names, he recommended that their very boundaries should be obliterated, and that the whole empire should be divided into thirty-six provinces, whose governors should be appointed by the central throne and hold office for a limited term. His suggestions were adopted; at the same time the new title was proclaimed, as expressive of the altered policy.

If the overthrow of the rival principalities had cost centuries of conflict, the extirpation of their traditions was not likely to be attended with less difficulty. The scholars of the Confucian school were without exception devoted to the ancient régime, and plotted incessantly for its restoration. They deemed the feudal partition of the empire as sacred as a law of nature.

The books, in which that order of things was consecrated, were, as Li-sze pointed out, sufficient to call it into existence again. To obviate that danger he proposed that they should be committed to the flames; and so effectually was the order carried into execution that very few escaped. It was soon found that learned men, whose minds were stored with the ancient classics, were teaching them from memory; they might at any time reproduce them in writing, and many of them were known to be active in sowing the seeds of dissension. "Away with them," said the tyrant, as we may fairly call him; and four hundred and sixty of the most eminent were put to death, lest through them the old landmarks should be made to reappear on the new map of the empire. To the transformation effected by Chin-shi the unification of Italy offers a close parallel—the rise and growth of Sardinia answering to the rise and growth of Chin; the incorporation of Naples, the duchies, and the Papal States corresponding to the abolition of the feudal principalities. The unceasing effort of the clergy to bring about the resuscitation of the temporal power completes the resemblance.

Having, as he supposed, stamped out the embers of sedition within his dominions, the tyrant turned his attention to the dangers threatening his empire from without. On the west the mountains of Tibet formed a natural barrier; on the south the river Yang-tse held back the barbarous tribes who inhabited its right bank; on the east the sea was a safeguard, as the age of maritime warfare had not yet arrived; but the north was a quarter from which the kings of Chin had learned to expect their most troublesome though not their most powerful enemies. A strange idea then came into the head of the autocrat—that of walling them out. This had been attempted before the states were united, but it was futile, as the discontent or negligence of a neighbor had always enabled an invader to enter by a flank movement. At this epoch he had no neighbors. The whole empire, from the desert to the sea, was his;

and he resolved to construct a wall, not to supersede vigilance or valor, but to render them effectual in securing repose. A million of men were sent to the frontier, some laboring as masons, others serving as guards; and in ten years' time the work was accomplished.

Under the next dynasty a faint attempt was made to resuscitate the feudal states; but, though then and later they were employed by political agitators as "names to conjure with," the system was dead. Its spirit was extinct. The people chose to be devoured by one lion rather than by a gang of jackals; and the sovereign, finding himself in possession of autocratic power, was loath to part with it. The system of centralization exists to this day; and three monuments remain to remind all generations that Chin-shi was its author. These are: (1) the Great Wall of China, which he built; (2) the title *Hoang-ti* for emperor, which he was the first to adopt; (3) the name China, which is obviously derived from the house of Chin, which made itself famous by absorbing the other feudal states. Yet there is no man in Chinese history whose memory is execrated like that of Chin-shi. He is remembered as burner of books and butcher of scholars rather than as builder of the wall or founder of the empire.

From the Great Wall, looking down the stream of time, we observe in the foreground the dynasty of Han; and further away, in diminishing perspective, the numerous dynasties that have followed each other to the present day. Some have been brief, others partial in extent. Five of them have extended their sway over the whole of China, and held possession from one to three centuries. Each of these periods offers to the view some salient feature, something built into the framework of Chinese life, and forming a permanent addition to the inheritance of the Chinese people.

If the dynasty of Chin has the honor of giving to China the name by which it is known in other lands, that of Han (206

B.C.—203 A.D.) has bequeathed to the people the designation by which they prefer to describe themselves. Nothing but widely extended sway, coupled with long duration and brilliant achievement, could have impressed them to such an extent as to make them proud to call themselves the “sons of Han.” The Han period, which stretches over four hundred and sixty-nine years, is, as might be expected, peculiarly rich in monuments of intellectual activity. It is emphatically an era of reconstruction, when the Chinese people, delivered from the anarchy of the “warring states,” and emancipated from the tyranny of Chin, enter on a new career. Two things concur to make it forever memorable—the revival of letters, and the introduction of Buddhism. Amid the clash of arms and the strife of factions there had been small place for the cultivation of learning; but when, after two or three turbulent reigns, Wên Ti, a pacific prince, found himself in undisputed possession (179 B.C.), a search was instituted for the lost books. One after another the missing works began to come from their hiding-places, and the high premium placed on lost literature naturally suggested its fabrication. Spurious classics appeared in great numbers. Some of them were works of genius, and posterity has thought fit to preserve them, though reposing no more confidence in their genuineness than we do in the poems of Ossian. The invention of paper by Tsailun in the second century B.C. also contributed greatly to the multiplication of books. It was itself a result of the revival of learning, which created a demand for cheaper writing materials. Till then silk or bamboo tablets had been in use.

From the advent of the wall-builder, Taoism had been dominant and Confucianism under a cloud. By the revival of letters Confucianism was again raised to honor, without, however, any immediate repression of the rival creed, which throughout the Han period continued to be, with occasional fluctuations, in great favor. In the year A.D. 67, under the Emperor

Ming Ti, the triad of religious creeds was completed by the introduction of Buddhism from India. The apostles of Buddhism had no doubt found their way to China at an earlier date, and by this time they had attracted sufficient attention to lead to an embassy in quest of competent teachers. Such an embassy was a natural outcome of the unsettled state of the Chinese mind, agitated by the contentions of rival schools of religious thought. The emperor is said to have been prompted to this measure by a dream, in which he saw an image of gold representing a man with a bow and two arrows. In the Chinese name for Buddha the radical is man and the phonetic a bow and arrows. It is evident that the analysis of the character gave birth to this legend. It is curious to speculate what might have been the effect had Ming Ti's ambassadors gone farther west and met with disciples of the young and vigorous Christianity of that day.

In the Tang dynasty (A.D. 618-905) poetry, which appeared in the rudest ages, attained its highest pitch of perfection—Li Po and Tu Fu being the Pope and Dryden of an age of poets. Chinese poetry comprehends every variety except the epic, whose place is filled by semi-poetical romances. The Chinese theater now secured for the first time the honor of imperial patronage; a stage was erected in a pear-garden, whence actors are still described as “children of the pear-garden.” The Hanlin Yuan, or Imperial Academy, which crowns the culture of the whole empire, dates from this period, as does the art of printing, anticipating its discovery in Europe by at least half a millennium. The Sung dynasty (A.D. 960-1278) was marked by three things: (1) by the rise of speculative philosophy, the thinkers of that period being both acute and profound; (2) by expositions of Chinese texts, the most noted expositor being Chu-Fu-tse, from whom it is heresy to dissent; (3) by the reorganization of the civil-service examinations, which then received their final form.

The Yuen, or Mongol, dynasty (A.D. 1260-1341) is celebrated as the first dynasty of Tartar origin which succeeded in subjugating the whole of China, though for two centuries previous the northern provinces had been under the sway of Tartars, in spite of the Great Wall erected to keep them out. The dominions of Kublai were probably more extensive than those of any monarch of ancient or modern times. The completion by him of the Grand Canal, from Peking to Hang-chau, a distance of seven hundred miles, stands as a monument of enterprise alongside the Great Wall.

The intellectual character of the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1368-1644) is chiefly marked by the formation of encyclopedic collections and the codification of the laws. During the troubles which preceded the overthrow of the Mings, the Manchus, originally an insignificant tribe of Tartars, made themselves masters of the region to the northeast of the Great Wall. Called in as auxiliaries by a general in charge of the pass, who, under pretense of avenging the death of his sovereign, veiled a private ambition, they seized the throne, and in seven years saw the whole empire at their feet. The celerity of their conquest was equaled by the wisdom of their government. By adopting the institutions of the conquered they minimized the odium inseparable from a foreign domination and prolonged their tenure much beyond the average of Chinese dynasties. Among China's wisest rulers no one surpasses Kanghi (A.D. 1662-1723); nor among her empresses are there many to compare with the Dowager Tszehi, who, after a regency of nearly thirty years, is still the greatest power behind the throne. As a representative woman she deserves a fuller notice. A Manchu, and born of a noble house (the slave-girl story is a fiction), she was carefully educated—an advantage which in China falls to few of her sex, even of the noblest families. Becoming a secondary wife to the Emperor Hien-fung, she had the happiness to present him with an heir to the

throne. To signalize his joy he raised her to the rank of empress, his childless consort retaining a nominal precedence and occupying a palace on the east, while to her was assigned, by way of distinction, a palace on the west.

In the regency which on Hienfung's death the two ladies exercised in the name of their son she was the ruling spirit, as also in their second regency during the minority of her nephew, the present emperor. During the great famine in Shansi both ladies won the hearts of their subjects by a touching expression of sympathy, unsurpassed in the annals of any nation. Ascertaining that the cost of the flesh-meats that came on their table was about seventy-five dollars per diem, they announced that they would eat no more meat while their people were starving, and ordered the amount saved by their self-denial to be turned over to the relief fund. It is not a little to their praise that they reigned together more harmoniously than the joint kings of Sparta or the joint emperors of Rome.

Since the death of the eastern dowager, in 1880, the western has been more conspicuously absolute, though not more really powerful, than she was before. In the conflict with Japan she showed that her patriotism was equal to her humanity by pouring into the war-chest the millions that had been collected for the celebration of her sixtieth anniversary. Her hair is black (or was so), her eyes dark, her complexion subolive, and her feet of the natural size. I may add, the better to enable the reader to remember her, that her full name is TSZEHI TOANYU KANGI CHAOYU CHUANGCHENG SHOKUNG CHINHIEH CHUNG-SIH.

Under the Manchus the population has risen to more than nine times that of the Tang period, when it was only forty-five millions. The formation of encyclopedias and codifications, begun under the Mings, has been vigorously carried forward. Literary criticism is much cultivated, and the refinements of style are carried to a higher point than in any previous age.

Another characteristic is the cultivation of Western science, which was introduced under the last rulers of the Ming, favored especially by the earlier sovereigns of the Tsing, and is now actively propagated in the developed form which it has attained in our day. Along with science came the Christian religion, and with it a spiritual force which is destined to effect a profound revolution in the inner life of the Chinese.



TEMPLE ATTACHED TO THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN. (SEE PAGE 242.)

CHAPTER IV

VISIT TO A COLONY OF JEWS

Rough vehicles—Primitive roads—Alarm-beacons—Hills and minerals—
Wretched inns—People and cities—Moslems and Jews

THE dust of China's greatest sage reposes near the place of his birth, at Kiu-fu, in the province of Shantung. Ten days would have sufficed to carry me to the sacred spot, but, as I desired first to visit an ancient colony of Jews in the province of Honan, I spent four weeks wandering through the heart of China before arriving there, and after exploring the Yellow River proceeded to Shanghai by way of the Grand Canal and the river Yang-tse.

On the 2d of February, 1866, I set out from Peking on what was then a route untrodden by European feet; but so few are the changes that have taken place in the interior of that most conservative of empires that my narrative is to-day as true to the life as if its date were of yesterday. No new canal has been excavated nor any railway constructed in that region, nor has anything been added to the information then gathered concerning the Jews.

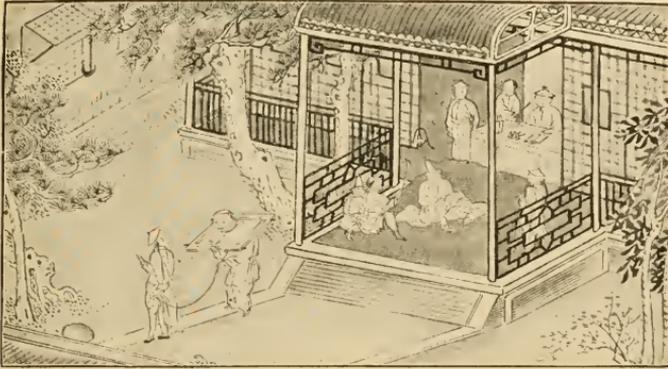
Kai-fung-fu, the abode of the Jewish colony, being four hundred and fifty miles to the southwest of Peking, I engaged a cart drawn by two mules to carry me there in fifteen days. Bestowing in it my baggage and a servant, I accompanied the vehicle on horseback, taking pains to keep in sight. As these carts have no springs, this mode of traveling by cart is to be

recommended on the score of comfort, the chief drawback being exposure to wind, dust, and cold. So indifferent are the Chinese to jolting that the master always takes the cart and puts his attendant on horseback. In less than a week, my horse becoming lame, I sold him for a song, and soon became reconciled to the snug berth of Yung-an, taking long walks to stretch my stiffened limbs.

After a full month of this luxurious mode of motion I had to descend to a humbler vehicle because the road became so narrow that it would accommodate only one wheel. My wheelbarrow, the common conveyance in that region, was pushed by one man and drawn by another, the passengers balancing each other by sitting on opposite sides when they did not choose to walk. Some of these barrows were fitted with mast and sail, so that when the wind was fair the driver had nothing to do but hold the helm and "keep her steady."

The highroad, as it winds through the plain, presents to the distant view the aspect of a river with wooded banks; a row of trees, mostly willow and aspen, being planted on either side, to supply shade to travelers and timber for the repair of bridges. Its course is traced by other landmarks which, if less graceful, are more striking to the eye of a foreign observer. I allude to the police stations and watch-towers that line the road at intervals of from one to two miles. The police stations, though presenting in conspicuous characters a list of the force, together with an official statement of their duty to "protect the traveler and arrest robbers," were nearly all deserted. The tranquillity of the country, however, is not such as to justify negligence, for we were informed that at one point of the road several carts had not long before been carried away by robbers. The watch-towers, built of brick and resembling the bastions of a city wall, are intended not only for observation but defense. In front of each are several little structures of brick, surmounted by a cone or semi-oval elevation covered with lime

and resembling a huge egg. These are always five in number, for what reason I am unable to say, unless because the Chinese reckon five colors in the rainbow and five virtues in their moral code. They are depositories of fuel, supposed to be ready for the lighting of signal-fires on the occurrence of any sudden



POLICE STATION.

alarm. It is not, however, flame but smoke that they use for signals, and the substance which they profess to employ for this purpose as possessing certain remarkable properties is *lang fen* ("excrement of wolves"). Here was a new use for the wolf. I saw one run across the road, but it was disappointing not to see flocks of them carefully tended by a wolf-herd for the production of this important substance. Both towers and beacons are falling to decay, and the impression made by their neglected ruins is that the day is not far distant when the telegraph of wolf's dung will be superseded by the electric wire.

Through this portion of my journey the eye of the traveler rests on but one natural object that can truly be denominated picturesque; this is the long range of Si-shan hills, which, meeting him outside the gates of Peking, runs parallel to his course for nearly four hundred miles. The highest peaks

covered with snow and glittering like a thousand gilded domes, their rugged sides resembling the wave-worn shore of a long-retired ocean, they form at first a pleasing contrast to the unvarying level of the subjacent plain. But when the traveler has opened his eyes on what seems to be the same landscape each morning for a fortnight he grows weary of their uniformity and seeks relief in speculating on the varied wealth that lies concealed beneath their monotonous surface. Silver they certainly do contain, but the mines of Shansi, whether from defective engineering or other causes, are no longer remunerative, and have ceased to be worked. Of gold nothing has so far been discovered, but coal is found there in rich deposits, and along with it abundance of iron—the most precious of all metals. Here, then, on the line of this imperial road along the base of this range of hills, is the track for the first grand trunk railway in the Chinese empire.* Except in the capital of Honan I failed to find on this long journey anything that could be termed a decent lodging-place. The larger inns are caravansaries, like those of western Asia, for the entertainment of camels; the smaller offer accommodations for foot-passengers only. None is more than one story in height, and all have floors of earth, with a divan of brick or wood to serve for a bed at night and a sofa by day. The guest provides his own bedding, and his food too if he is nice on that point. Many of the inns are kept by Mohammedans, as I learned to my cost. One day, when my servant had set the table and I was about to begin my breakfast with a slice of ham, the innkeeper appeared, and implored me by all that was sacred to abstain from pork, for his sake if not for my own. Sending it away, I addressed myself to a piece of corned beef. To this the host also objected, saying that the cow was a sacred beast; and it is so in southern China. To spare his feelings

* A railway to Hankow, over this very route, has been recently projected and sanctioned, but its construction is delayed by want of funds.

I said I would break my fast on bread and butter. "Not on butter, I beseech you," he exclaimed; "butter, too, is forbidden. My dishes have not been greased with it for five years." Swallowing my dry morsel with a cup of tea, I left the place, resolving the next time to steer clear of an innkeeper encumbered by such a combination of prejudices.

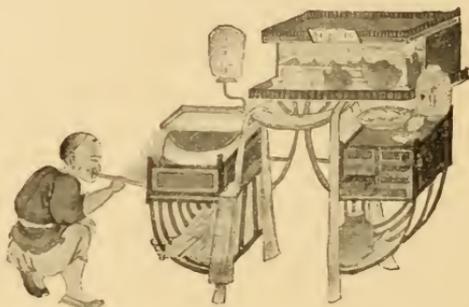
In places the country had been swept by hordes of rebels, and it was scarcely possible to obtain at any price a chicken or an egg, while rice was out of the question, and coarse millet the only food procurable. Unwalled villages had been reduced to ashes, and their wretched inhabitants, who were living in mat sheds, had their remaining possessions loaded on wheelbarrows in readiness to fly the moment their sentinel should report the approach of marauders. In one of those villages the most comfortable lodging I could obtain for the night was a mill turned by a buffalo. Spreading my mattress



MY BEDSTEAD.

on the nether millstone, as the cleanest available spot, my weary limbs found it a bed of down. Portable kitchens were much in demand, not merely as enabling one man to serve many

families, but making it possible for him, like the snail, to run away with his house on his back. In one place the inn was too poor to afford a candlestick; but by way of substitute the innkeeper showed me a trick which would have delighted the economical Diogenes. Cutting a turnip in half, he turned the flat side



A PORTABLE KITCHEN.

down, and thrusting into it a bamboo chopstick, "There's your candlestick," he said, in a tone of triumph. My candle, supported on that sharp stick, gave as good a light as if it had rested on silver. In most of these inns the whitened walls serve the double purpose of ledger and visitors' book, the names of lodgers being scrawled there, along with their accounts and various effusions in prose or verse. In one was a pasquinade on Lady Shen, the wife of the prefect, who must have been a remarkable woman to exercise a "reign of terror over her husband, and through him over the whole district." In another I read in verse this confession of an opium-smoker:

" For a time I dallied with the lamp and pipe;
Pleasure became disease, and I sought in vain for antidotes;
Now, in poverty and pain,
I am glad to consume the ashes from another's pipe."

His experience may be taken as that of a large class. To these rude verses add rude pictures, not always decent, and

you have an idea of the embellishment of the wayside hotels. As an index of the state of morals, I may mention that in many places singing-girls were importunate in offering their services, which were not confined to music.

Away from great cities the people always exhibit a friendly and unsuspecting disposition. "He speaks our language," they said; "if his whiskers were shaven off he would be as good-looking as we are." They asked me not from what country but "from what province" I came, and occasionally inquired whether I was Tartar or Chinese. In one case the most learned man in a village, after talking with me in the evening, came back in the morning to say that he had not been able to find the name of my country in his "Dictionary of Universal Knowledge." I inquired the date of the work, and found it was two hundred years old. Arriving late and starting early, I usually escaped annoyance at the hands of the curious; but where I stopped for Sunday their curiosity knew no bounds. Gathering in immense throngs, they would force themselves into my inn, breaking down doors and windows, and were only appeased when I came out and placed myself on view. When I spoke to them on the truths of religion they listened respectfully, and they were always glad to get a few tracts, though not many were able to read them. One man said he had received a Bible from a foreigner, but remembered only one word of its contents—the name "Yehowa." That name, I told him, was the subject of the whole book; and it served me for an excellent text.

Except in the districts affected by rebellion, the people appeared well fed and well dressed; and the absence of beggars testified to the comfort of their social condition. In one village every man wore two hats, one superposed upon the other. Before noting it down as a custom of the country I learned on inquiry that those people were coming home from a fair, where each had provided himself with a new hat for

the new year, to begin the next day. The next day the new one only was worn. The shops and gateways were adorned with new inscriptions on fresh red paper, everybody appeared in bright apparel, and the streets were thronged with people paying visits of ceremony. My innkeeper threw himself at my feet and wished me a happy New Year, expecting and receiving the usual *cumshaw*, or gift, the word meaning gold-dust. My servant performed the same ceremony, and then asked my permission to offer the prescribed token of respect to his mother. She was far away; but, turning his face toward Peking, he bowed his head to the earth nine times and wished her long life—a beautiful expression of that filial feeling which has created the worship of ancestors and made it a living force among the Chinese people.

In China a city always has a wall; and it is sometimes called a large city when it has very few inhabitants. After leaving Peking I passed through more than twenty cities, of four grades in political importance, Pao-ting and Kai-fung, with a population of one and two hundred thousand respectively, being the largest. Isolated farm-houses were nowhere to be seen; the people all congregate in villages for convenience and mutual protection. The country is thus deprived of its beauty, and what Akenside calls

“The mild dignity of private life”

is practically unknown. Through the greater part of the region that came under my view the population was sparse compared with that on the sea-coast, though the soil is extremely fertile. The cities were in most cases empty fortresses, their streets here and there spanned with honorary portals. One was inscribed to a father and son, who had both risen to the rank of cabinet minister; another recorded the fact that one family had for four generations given a viceroy to some province of the empire; a third was in honor of a widow, and bore the legend:

“ Her virtue was as pure, and her heart as cold, as ice.”

This does not imply that chastity,

“ Pure as the icicle that hangs on Dian’s temple,”

is at all rare. It only means that Madam Ping, being left a widow at an early age, had resisted all temptations to marry again. Such portals are erected at private expense, but not without a license from the emperor, which it costs something to obtain. A similar portal, spanning the roadway near a humble hamlet, informs the passenger that “ here were born six or seven famous kings of the dynasty of Shang ” (i.e., between three and four thousand years ago). It was amusing to note that the names of these kings were not given, but that of the public-spirited donor was duly recorded.

I passed through a deserted city, whose walls of baked clay were in good condition, though their facing of brick had been removed. It had been the capital of Chao, a small but war-like state in the feudal period, when Babylon was in her glory. Fancy could conjure up the armies that had issued from those silent gates; and the Chinese, who have a dread of ghosts, always give it a wide berth at night, though they are not afraid to pass through in daytime. Another spot of antiquarian interest was the town of Yangku, which is supposed to have been the site of an astronomical observatory in the reign of Yao, 2300 B.C. At present it contains nothing suggestive of science.

The existence in Honan of a colony of Jews, who profess to have entered China before our era, has long been known to the Christian world. They were discovered by Jesuit fathers in the seventeenth century. In 1850 a deputation of native Christians was sent among them by Bishop Smith and Dr. Medhurst. Two of the Jews were induced to come to Shanghai, and some of their Hebrew manuscripts were obtained; but up to the

date of my journey they had not, so far as we are informed, been visited for more than two centuries by any European. It became therefore a matter of interest to ascertain their present condition, and this, as I have remarked, was the chief consideration that induced me to make Kai-fung-fu an objective point in the course of my inland travels. There is reason to believe that in earlier ages there were many other congregations of Jews located in different parts of China. A synagogue at Ningpo, now destroyed, formerly contributed one or more copies of the law to their brethren in Honan, and Chinese writers speak of a sect called *Hien-kiao*, supposed to be Jews.

On arriving at Kai-fung-fu, I inquired for the Jewish synagogue, but getting no satisfactory answer from the pagan inn-keeper, I went for information to one of the Mohammedan mosques, of which there are six within the walls. I was well received by the mufti, and the advent of a stranger from the West, who was reported to be a worshiper of the "True Lord," drew together a large concourse of the faithful. "Don't be uneasy," said the mufti; "these are all believers; I want you to tell them about Jesus, the son of Mary." He pronounced the name with reverence, as that of one of the most illustrious of their prophets; and seldom has a missionary preached to a larger audience of Moslems than I addressed that day from the pages of the New Testament. The Jews he denounced as *kafirs* ("unbelievers"), and he evinced no very poignant sorrow when he informed me that their synagogue had come to desolation. It was, he assured me, utterly demolished, and the people who had worshiped there were impoverished and scattered abroad. "Then," said I, "I will go and see the spot on which it stood;" and directing my bearers to proceed to the place indicated by the mufti, I passed through streets crowded with curious spectators to an open square, in the center of which there stood a solitary stone. On one side was an inscription

commemorating the erection of the synagogue, and on the other a record of its rebuilding; but to my eye it told a sadder tale—not of building and rebuilding, but of decay and ruin. It was inscribed with *Ichabod*—“the glory is departed.” Standing on the pedestal and resting my right hand on the head of that stone, which was to be a silent witness of the truths I was about to utter, I explained to the expectant multitude my reasons for “taking pleasure in the stones of Israel and favoring the dust thereof.”*

“Are there among you any of the family of Israel?” I inquired. “I am one,” responded a young man whose face corroborated his assertion; and then another and another stepped forth, until I saw before me representatives of six out of the seven families into which the colony is divided. There, on that melancholy spot where the very foundations of the synagogue had been torn from the ground and there no longer remained one stone upon another, they confessed with shame

* Much interesting information touching the Jews in China may be found in the twentieth volume of the “Chinese Repository,” which contains also the report of the deputation above referred to. From this source I borrow an extract from the inscription on that monumental stone: “With respect to the religion of Israel, we find that our first ancestor was Adam. The founder of the religion was Abraham; then came Moses, who established the law and handed down the sacred writings. During the dynasty of Han (B.C. 200—A.D. 226) this religion entered China. In the second year of Hiao-tsung, of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 1164), a synagogue was erected in Kai-fung-fu. Those who attempt to represent God by images or pictures do but vainly occupy themselves with empty forms. Those who honor and obey the sacred writings know the origin of all things. Eternal reason and the sacred writings mutually sustain each other in testifying whence men derived their being. All those who profess this religion aim at the practice of goodness and avoid the commission of vice.” It is affecting to think of this solitary stone continuing to bear its silent testimony after the synagogue has fallen and the voice of its worshipers ceased to be heard. Like that which records the story of the Nestorian missions in China, it deserves to be regarded as one of the most precious monuments of religious history.

and grief that their holy and beautiful house had been demolished by their own hands. It had for a long time, they said, been in a ruinous condition; they had no money to make repairs; they had, moreover, lost all knowledge of the sacred tongue; the traditions of the fathers were no longer handed down and their ritual worship had ceased to be observed. In this state of things they had yielded to the pressure of necessity and disposed of the timbers and stones of that venerable edifice to obtain relief for their bodily wants.

In the evening some of them came to my lodgings, bringing for my inspection a copy of the "Law" inscribed on a roll of parchment, without the points, and in a style of manuscript which I was unable to make out, though I had told them rather imprudently that I was acquainted with the language of their sacred books.*

The next day, the Christian Sabbath, they repeated their visit, listening respectfully to what I had to say concerning the law and the gospel, and answering as far as they were able my inquiries as to their past history and present state. Two of them appeared in official costume, one wearing a gilt and the other a crystal button; but, far from sustaining the usual character for thrift and worldly prosperity, they number among them none that is rich and but few that are honorable. Some, indeed, true to their hereditary instincts, are employed in a small way in banking establishments (the first man I met was a money-changer); others keep fruit-stores and cake-shops, drive a business in old clothes, or pursue various handicrafts, while a few find employment in military service. The prevalence of rebellion in the central provinces had told sadly on

* I afterward obtained from them two rolls of the law, and after a little practice found myself able to read them with sufficient ease, the chief difficulty being the want of the customary vowel-points. One of these rolls I procured for my friend, Dr. S. Wells Williams, who presented it to the library of Yale College.

the prosperity of Kai-fung-fu, and the Jews have, not unlikely owing to the nature of their occupations, been the greatest sufferers. Their number they estimated, though not very exactly, at from three to four hundred. They were unable to trace their tribal pedigree, they keep no register, and never on any occasion assemble together as one congregation. Until recently they had a common center in their synagogue, though their liturgical service had long been discontinued; but the congregation seems to be following the fate of its building. No bond of union remains, and they are in danger of being speedily absorbed by Mohammedanism or heathenism. One of them has lately become a priest of Buddha, taking for his title *Pen-tao*, which signifies "one who is rooted in the knowledge of the truth." The large tablet that once adorned the entrance of the synagogue, bearing in gilded characters the name "Israel" (*I-sz-lo-yeh*), has been appropriated by one of the Mohammedan mosques. Some efforts have been made to draw over the people, who differ from the Moslems so little that their heathen neighbors have never been able to distinguish them by any other circumstance than that of their picking the sinews out of the flesh they eat—a custom commemorative of Jacob's conflict with the angel. These Jews, in commemoration of the principal land of their sojourn on their way to China, formerly called their religion *Tienchu Kiau* (the "religion of India"). This name, being in sound, though not in orthography, liable to be confounded with that of the Roman Catholics, was later on abandoned through fear of their being involved in the fierce persecution which fell on the Christians of China. They then called themselves *Tiao-kin-kiao* ("sinew-pickers"), from a name first given them in derision by their heathen neighbors. (See Gen. xxxii. 32.)

One of my visitors was a son of the last of their rabbis, who, some thirty or forty years ago, died in the province of Kan-su. With him perished the last vestige of their acquaintance with

the sacred tongue. Though they still preserve several copies of the law and the prophets, there is not a man among them who can read a word of Hebrew; and not long ago it was seriously proposed to expose their parchments in the market-place in the hope that they might attract the attention of some wandering Jew who would be able to restore to them the language of their fathers. Since the cessation of their ritual worship their children all grow up without the seal of the covenant. The young generations are uncircumcised, and, as might be expected, they no longer take pains to keep their blood pure from intermixture with Gentiles. One of them confessed to me that his wife was a heathen. They remember the names of the Feast of Tabernacles, the Feast of Unleavened Bread, and a few other ceremonial rites that were practised by a former generation; but all such usages are now neglected, and the next half-century is not unlikely to terminate their existence as a distinct people.

Near the margin of the Poyang Lake there stands a lofty rock so peculiar and solitary that it is known by the name of the "Little Orphan." The adjacent shore is low and level, and its kindred rocks are all on the opposite side of the lake, whence it seems to have been torn away by some violent convulsion and planted immovably in the bosom of the waters. Such to me appeared that fragment of the Israelitish nation. A rock rent from the side of Mount Zion by some great national catastrophe and projected into the central plain of China, it has stood there, while the centuries rolled by, sublime in its antiquity and solitude. It is now on the verge of being swallowed by the flood of paganism, and the spectacle is a mournful one. The Jews themselves are deeply conscious of their sad situation, and the shadow of an inevitable destiny seems to be resting upon them. Poor, unhappy people! As they inquired about the destruction of the Holy City and the dispersion of their tribes, and referred to their own decaying

condition, I endeavored to comfort them by pointing to Him who is the consolation of Israel. I told them the straw had not been trodden underfoot until the ripe grain had been gathered to disseminate in other fields. The dikes had not been broken down until the time came for pouring the fertilizing waters over the face of the earth. Christian civilization, with all its grand results, had sprung from a Jewish root, and the promise to Abraham was fulfilled that "in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed."*

* Three years after the date of this visit I addressed a letter to the editor of the "Jewish Times," of New York, embodying the observations here given, and proposing the formation of a Jewish mission. The appeal excited some discussion among the Jews, but produced no further result —if I except sundry letters in Hebrew, which I was requested to forward to a people who had forgotten the language of their fathers. In my letter to the "Jewish Times" I said, and now repeat, that "the rebuilding of the synagogue is indispensable to give this moribund colony a bond of union"; and that, "without this, nothing can save it from extinction."



A SUBURB OF PEKING.

CHAPTER V

PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS

The Yellow River ; its new course ; periodic changes—Temple and sepulcher—Outline of Confucianism—The state religion—The three creeds blended—The Grand Canal

FROM Kai-fung-fu I proceeded in a northeasterly direction as far as Kiu-fu, the Mecca of the empire, which I reached after a circuitous journey of eight days, in which I twice crossed the Yellow River, my route following the course of its new bed.

The sepulcher of wisdom will detain us with the hoary past, the fierce and turbid stream carries our thoughts irresistibly to the future. Spurning the feeble efforts of the natives, it waits to be subdued by the science of Western engineers ; and, too rapid for the creeping junk, it has rushed into the sea at a more accessible point than its ancient mouth, as if for the express purpose of inviting steam navigation. When I first saw it I felt disappointed. The huge embankment, crenelated like the wall of a fortress, winding through the plain as the Great Wall winds over the mountains of the North—almost as great a monument of industry and vastly more expensive—excited my expectations. But the river itself lay hidden between its banks, waiting for the melting of the winter snows to call it forth. Equal in length to the Yang-tse-Kiang, it could not at that season boast one twentieth of its volume of water. The diagonal course pursued by the ferry-boat at Kai-fung-fu, as it is swept down by the current, is estimated in the Chinese guide-book at no more than two thirds of a mile ; the actual

width opposite the ferry landing is less than half that distance. The greatest depth at the then low stage of water did not exceed six or seven feet, so that ferrymen were able to use their poles all the way from one bank to the other. The Peiho below Tientsin makes quite as respectable a figure. I could hardly have realized that I was viewing one of the chief rivers of the East, but for the enormous embankments, which are so wide apart as to make allowance for an expansion of seven miles. At the point where I crossed it in Shantung it had gained considerably both in breadth and depth, and thence to the sea it is no doubt much better adapted for navigation by large vessels, though its mouth will require to be kept open by dredging, or by the automatic method which Captain Eads employed to muzzle the Mississippi.

In this part of the river's course the number of junks is greatly increased, though in Honan there appeared to be little communication between distant points. Numerous boats were carrying coal to Funghien, not far from the provincial capital, but I was unable to discover one that was bound for a more distant port. I was resolved, if I could obtain any kind of craft, to commit myself to the current and explore the river through its new channel; but my efforts were in vain. No boat was lying at the crossing, except those that belonged to the ferry; and I was informed that all the intercourse between the capitals of Honan and Shantung, distant three hundred miles and both situated on the bank of the river, is carried on by land. Of the truth of this statement I had ocular evidence in the large number of carts and wheelbarrows which we met on the way, a whole fleet of the latter, with sails spread, scudding before the wind, reminding us of what Milton says of the

“ Barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive,
With wind and sails, their cany wagons light.”

This deficiency of junk navigation is to be ascribed only in part to the rapidity of the current, which makes the downward trip dangerous and the return voyage next to impossible. The best explanation is no doubt to be found in the unsettled state of the country, the banks of the river being until recently infested by ferocious hordes of banditti. From a geographical point of view the exploration of the Yellow River is one of the most interesting problems of the age.

It is not perhaps generally known that in the immense departure from its late channel, which excites the astonishment of the age, the Yellow River is returning to a long-forsaken pathway. Its vagaries are minutely traced in the *Yu-Kung Chue-Chi*, a hydrographical work, from which we learn the curious fact that the river divided its waters between the two principal channels for one hundred and forty-six years, and that it was not till the reign of the Mongols, six hundred years ago, that it became settled in its southern bed. The author concludes with the expression of an earnest desire that the troublesome stream, which bears the name of "China's sorrow," may be induced to return to its northern course. After the lapse of two centuries his wish has been gratified. With this opinion the Chinese government appears to concur; for, the river having burst its southern embankments in 1889 and rushed away toward the Yang-tse-Kiang, the gap was closed at immense expense and the wanderer brought back to the northern channel, in which it had flowed since 1852.

Situated in a fertile plain, with a range of hills in shape like an arc of an ellipse, to bring the *fungshui* influence to a focus, Kiu-fu, the goal of my pilgrimage, is deemed equally favorable for the birth or the burial of great men. Trade it has none. It prefers to live on the emoluments which a grateful nation has thought fit to confer on the greatest of its benefactors. A lineal descendant of the Sage has here his

palace, with the title of duke and ample domains. Twelve of the nearer branches of the family and sixty of the more remote have likewise been provided for by imperial bounty. It is here that the remains of Confucius have slept for three and twenty centuries, while his doctrines have swayed the mind of the nation with undiminished authority, and his memory continues as green as the cypresses that shade his sepulcher.

The city is in the form of a rectangle, a mile in length by half a mile in breadth. One end of the inclosure is occupied by the temple of Confucius. The tomb, which is outside of the city, is connected with it by an avenue of stately cedars. This avenue bears the name of *Shen Tao* (the "Spirit Road"), meaning that the spirit of the holy man, when invoked with proper rites, passes through these trees back and forth between tomb and temple. He has a temple in every city of the empire, and his effigy is adored in every school-room in the land. His worship is accordingly not localized; hence little zeal is shown to make the pilgrimage to this holy city. Yet tomb and temple are both on such a scale of magnificence as to be worthy of an empire whose most sacred traditions are here embodied. The temple is a vestibule to the tomb, and we shall visit that first.

On the last day of February, just as the sun was rising, I presented myself at the great gate; but as the porters saw me approaching they closed it in my face. That meant nothing more than a demand to be paid for opening it. A red card thrust through a crevice, with a promise of *cumshaw* ("gold-dust"), proved effectual, and the great shrine stood open before me. The moon being at the full, a company of young men in rich attire were paying their devotions to the spirit of their illustrious ancestor. I was politely requested to amuse myself in some of the adjoining courts until the service should be completed. It was not long, chiefly consisting of the *Koto*,

or Nine Prostrations, accompanied by a repetition of the titles of the Sage, in form something like a hymn of praise :

“ Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!”

In the meantime I entered a spacious court, paved with stone and studded with sculptured *pai-lows*, or honorary gateways, that lead nowhere. From this I passed into another of equal extent, which had a little canal meandering through it, excavated for the sole purpose of giving occasion for a dozen or more beautiful bridges of shining marble. A third court contained a solemn grove of funereal cypress, some of the trees being of enormous size, and their deep shade profoundly impressive. One of them, if, as alleged, it was planted by the Sage himself, is more than two thousand years old. Beyond these, in another court, stood a forest of granite columns, range on range, each covered with laudatory inscriptions and sheltered by a pretty pavilion. Each column had been erected by a sovereign of the empire; some of them, dating as far back as the dynasties of Han, Tsin, and Wei (from fifteen to twenty centuries), were so defaced by time as to be illegible. The habit of taking printed copies from the stone had helped to obliterate the inscriptions. Some of later dynasties were more distinct. One by the Emperor Chêng Hua, 1465 A.D., particularly attracted my attention. It styled Confucius the “Heart of Heaven, without whom we should have been wrapped in one unbroken night.”

The library was a wooden tower, four or five stories in height, in the finest style of Chinese architecture. Instead, however, of being filled with books it is tenanted by innumerable pigeons. If it ever contained books, there is now no trace of them. The central shrine, where I had seen the descendants of the Sage at their devotions, resembles the Confucian temple at Peking, but is vaster in its proportions. Like all of its kind, it consists of a long hall, rising in one story to

a great height. In this, however, the front pillars are of stone instead of wood; and a more important difference is the fact that here the Sage and his principal disciples are represented by statues of stone, while elsewhere they have only tablets inscribed with their names. The statues are not the work of a Phidias, and the simple tablets, which even here are the chief objects of adoration, are far more impressive. The tablet of Confucius bears on it the inscription, "The seat of the spirit of the most holy ancient sage, Confucius." Numerous inscriptions on gilded tablets, some fixed in the vaulted roof, others pendent from the ceiling, set forth the Sage's virtues in phrases like the following:

- "The model teacher of all ages."
- "With heaven and earth, he forms a trinity."
- "His virtue is equal to that of heaven and earth."
- "He exhausted the possibilities of nature."
- "Of all the sages, he was the grand consummation."
- "His holy soul was sent down from heaven."

The tablets of seventy-two out of his three thousand disciples who became conspicuous for wisdom and virtue are ranged on either hand, each in a separate shrine; while in niches around the walls are to be seen the tablets of some of his eminent followers of later times, all participating in the cloud of incense offered to the great master. Attached to this building are several others, though less conspicuous, one of which is devoted to the memory of the father of Confucius, of whom there was nothing to be remembered except that he died too early to influence the character of his famous son. A shrine to the "Holy Mother" pays deserved honor to the woman who trained and taught China's teacher. His ancestors for five generations have places of honor, and wear the posthumous title of prince, though in life they were poor and unknown.

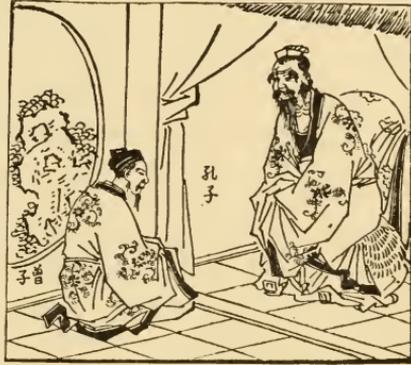
The most curious of these collateral shrines is one to the "Holy Lady, the wife of the Sage." As she was divorced, it

suggests the dilemma that if put away for cause she does not deserve a shrine; if without cause the Sage was not worthy of his. A well where the Sage is said to have drawn water, and a hall filled with portraits on stone of himself and his disciples, were the last objects of interest that I had time to inspect.

On my way to the city gate I noticed a gilded inscription on a marble arch at the entrance of a street, informing the passer-by that "this is Poverty Lane, where Yen Hui, the favorite disciple, formerly dwelt." He died young, but left behind him an invaluable example of love of study and contempt for luxury. Beyond the gate, pursuing for half a mile the graceful curves of the "Spirit Road," I came to a column marking a limit, where riders are required to dismount and proceed on foot to the entrance of the Campo Santo. The wall of the holy ground incloses a space of about ten acres, shaded by great trees and filled with tombs of the Sage's descendants, excepting an area of two or three acres on the side facing the city, which is occupied by a mound so large that it might be described as a hill. This is the Sage's tomb. The earth of which it is formed is a more enduring monument than brick or stone, and a few spadefuls are added every year, so that, with the flight of time, the hillock may yet become a mountain. A paved court and a granite column comprise all that art has done in the way of embellishment. On one side an old tree leaning on crutches informs you that it was planted by the hand of Tze-kung, one of the most eminent in the inner circle of the Sage's school; and near it a tablet marks the site of a lodge in which this devoted disciple passed six years watching by the grave of his master. The very grass that grows within this inclosure is sacred, endowed with powers of divination much beyond what we attribute to witch-hazel. It gives rise to a brisk trade, which I encouraged by buying a bundle of stalks, in number seven times seven; not that I cared to learn from them the secrets of futurity, but to prove that I had won the honors of a hadji.

Though he has a temple in every city, Confucius is not deified; he is never invoked in the character of a tutelary divinity. The homage paid him is purely commemorative. It is not, therefore, a direct obstacle to the acceptance of the Christian faith. While teeth, toe-nails, and hairs of Buddha are distributed over half of Asia, there are no such fragments of Confucius. Near Suchau is to be seen a monument marking a spot where his hat and boots were buried—as the buckskin trousers of General Washington are preserved in our national museum.

It is remarkable that Confucius, Buddha, and Laotse all flourished in the sixth century B.C. Confucius, after a brief experience in official life, devoted himself to the work of education, con-



CONFUCIUS GIVING A LECTURE.

scious of a heaven-appointed mission, and feeling that in that way he could best shape the destinies of coming ages. He died at the age of seventy-three, in 479 B.C. Among the sages of the pagan world he comes nearest to Christ in virtue and influence. His popularity in the West is due in some degree to the Roman toga, under which he was introduced by Jesuit missionaries. The same is true of Mencius, the second Sage, as he is called. Their Chinese names, *Kungfutse* and *Mungtse*, are too jagged to enter the Occidental ear. Confucius was not an originator: he was a reformer, selecting from past and present whatever he deemed worthy of preservation. "I am not an author, but an editor," he said of himself. In this way, without assuming the rôle of prophet, he gave to China a cult that reaches all classes, and a code of morals which, however

deficient in depth and power, still serves as a bond of social order. His attitude toward religion has been misunderstood. He was not an agnostic in the modern sense. Superior to the superstitions of the vulgar, he taught his disciples to "respect the gods, but not to go near them." Yet few men have ever been more penetrated with reverence for the Supreme Power of the universe, whom, to avoid irreverence, he calls by the vague designation of Heaven. His conception is not wanting in personality, for he ascribes to Heaven the attributes of moral government and providence. Once, when in great peril, he allayed the fears of his followers by declaring, with sublime confidence, that "if Heaven had decreed that the world was not to lose the benefits of his doctrine, his enemies could do nothing against him." He admits prayer in more than one passage. When he was sick, his disciples proposing to pray for him, he replied, "I have long prayed," an expression which his commentators make to mean that he never prayed at all. To him it is due that the worship of Heaven still survives, for which the emperor officiates as high priest.

Questioned as to a future life, he declined to dogmatize or speculate. "We know not life; how can we know death?" was his cautious answer. Yet he enjoined the worship of ancestors, a cult which has done more than any abstract teaching to cherish a belief in the survival of the soul. His agnosticism was essentially different from that combative type which seeks to destroy faith in supersensible existence. Confucius was above all a teacher of morals. So consonant is his system with that of Christianity that the golden rule, in a negative form, is its first law, and charity and humility among its leading virtues. He was not a Christ, but a Moses. The chief defect of Confucianism is one that is inherent in the "law," which, though "holy, righteous, and good," is yet "weak through the flesh." It is lacking in spiritual life; and, while now and then an individual may be met with who is striving to live up

to its precepts, it is no libel to say of the bulk of its noisiest professors, i.e., of the whole body of so-called literati, that they are steeped in formalism and hypocrisy.

The state religion is not Confucianism, though founded on it. To the worship of Heaven it adds the worship of nature in its chief material forms, such as the earth, sun, moon, and stars, mountains and rivers. To the cultus of ancestors it not only adds that of heroes, but expands itself so as to take in many of the divinities of Taoism and Buddhism, thus forming a compound of the three religions. Logically the three are irreconcilable, the Taoist being materialism, the Buddhist idealism, and the Confucian essentially ethical. Yet the people, like the state, make of them a unity by swallowing portions of each. In ordinary their lives are regulated by Confucian forms, in sickness they call in Taoist priests to exorcise evil spirits, and at funerals they have Buddhist priests to say masses for the repose of the soul. Besides the women and the priesthood the two sects last named have very few professed adherents, though the whole nation is more or less tinged by them. The men (at least those who can read) almost without exception profess to be followers of Confucius.

In the heterogeneous compound that forms the religion of the people a large element is the worship of brute animals, or rather of their spiritual types, as with the North American Indians. The most popular shrines in Peking are those of the fox. Whether snake, hedgehog, or weasel comes next in favor it may not be easy to decide. This animal-worship is an excrescence of Taoism, and its existence proves the feebleness of the other creeds.

Is it possible that they should be otherwise than feeble, when all they require is conformity to a lifeless ritual? Preaching is not unknown, but as a practice it is non-existent. That which most resembles it is an exposition of the maxims of Kanghi, which the government instituted early in the eighteenth cen-

ture in imitation of and in opposition to the preaching of Christianity. Originally semi-monthly, the observance is now moribund, so that lectures are seldom given, and they have ceased to attract attention. Contrast with this a state of society in which the bulk of the people go to church from week to week to be instructed and encouraged in the duties of religion and morality, and you have in large measure the secret of the difference in moral tone between Christendom and China. The electric fluid pervades all nature; but was it not in Christendom that it came forth like the flames of Pentecost to create a new era and to supply a new source of light and power? Its energy is no longer restricted to the land of its birth, nor is the renovating power of the Holy Spirit, which in due time may be expected to put new life into the dry bones of the old systems of China.

From Kiu-fu to the old bed of the Yellow River it was my intention to proceed by land; but my cart-driver, taking alarm at rumors of rebels, refused to go farther, and I was compelled to seek for some other mode of prosecuting my journey. The canal was suggested, and I made my way in that direction slowly, painfully toiling on, now on foot, now on a wheelbarrow, anon mounted on one of the imperial post-horses or seated in a mandarin's carriage. At length ascending a hill, I beheld the Weishan Lake spreading its silvery expanse at my feet. Embosoming an archipelago of green islands and stretching far away among the hills, to my eye the scene was too pleasing to be real. I distrusted my senses and thought it a mirage, such as often before had mocked my hopes with the apparition of lake and stream. When my guide assured me that it was no deceptive show I gave way to transports not unlike those of the Greeks when, escaping from the heart of Persia, they caught a distant view of the waters of the Euxine, and shouted, "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*"

Taking passage at the foot of the lake, I glided gently down

with the current and reached Chinkiangfu, a distance of three hundred miles, in less than a week. For comfort commend me to a Chinese canal-boat, with no passengers and no noise. If you are not pressed for time you have no reason to sigh for smoky steamer or rattling railway. Through this portion of its course the canal deserves the appellation of "Grand." For the first half, extending to the old bed, it varies from eighty to two hundred feet in width. Seething and foaming as it rushes from the lake, and rolling on with a strong current, it has the aspect of a river. Near this point it parts with enough of its water to form a navigable stream, which enters the sea at Hai-chau. Beyond the old bed of the Yellow River its waters are drawn off by innumerable sluices to irrigate the rice-grounds, until it is reduced to about forty feet in breadth and four in depth. Recruited, however, by a timely supply from the Kauyu Lake, it recovers much of its former strength, and flows on to the Yang-tse-Kiang with a velocity that makes toilsome work for trackers.

To what extent the canal may be practicable for steam navigation is a question not without interest. My mind had been occupied with it for some days, when I happily had the opportunity of seeing it subjected to the test of experiment. Just off the city of Kauyu, where the canal reaches its minimum depth, I met a tugboat from Shanghai towing a flotilla of war-junks. The tug would be able to reach the city of Tsingkiangpu, but not to go beyond it on account of the locks, or water-gates, some of which are only twelve feet in width. As the canal now is, propellers of three feet draft and ten feet beam, making up in length what they lack in other dimensions, might drive a profitable trade between Chinkiang and Tsiningchau, a distance of four hundred miles; but the utility of the canal would be greatly enhanced by adding a lock or two in the shallower portions and increasing the breadth of those that now exist so as to admit the passage of larger vessels. A little engineering

at its point of intersection with the new course of the Yellow River would supply an abundance of water to a portion that is frequently dry, making its facilities for junk navigation equal to those of its best days. It would then be possible for small steamers to make inland voyages from Shanghai nearly to the gates of Peking.

Apart from any question of steam, the canal deserves to be kept in repair, as an alternative route for the supply of the capital in case of war. Through a vast network of rivers and canals it opens a waterway to all the great cities of central and southern China. Extending from Peking to Hangchau, over seven hundred miles, it is in its way as unique as the Great Wall. The completion of the work, if not its inception, is the chief glory of the Mongol house of Kublai Khan, which reigned six hundred years ago.



COLOSSAL IMAGES—MING TOMBS. (SEE PAGE 249.)



DR. MARTIN, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE TUNGWEN COLLEGE.

CHAPTER VI

THE TUNGWEN COLLEGE

Made president—School of Interpreters—Attempt to introduce the telegraph—Opposition to improvements—Ill-starred professors—An eccentric German

THE founding of a state is a commonplace event, but not if the scene be the banks of the Congo. So the history of a college may not be devoid of interest when located in the capital of China. In lieu of scholastic details, we shall have side-lights on Chinese life—young students and old students, professors and officials, passing in review.

Arriving after my furlough in September, 1869, I called on Mr. Hart to learn the state of the college. "It is," he said, "still in existence," adding that he had made up his mind to place me at the head of it, and to hand over to me a lump sum annually from the customs revenue to keep it running. "I will not decline to trim the lamps," I replied, "but it must be on condition that you supply the oil," meaning that I would accept the presidency, but not the charge of the finances. The latter, at my insistence, he consented to retain in his own hands, and for twenty-five years from that date he discharged his part of the compact with noble fidelity. How I acquitted myself of mine will appear in the sequel. Of the college, properly so called, he is the father, I a dry-nurse—*leonum arida nutrix*, I should call myself if the Chinese had made a better show in the late war. On the nomination of Mr. Hart I was appointed president, the Chinese ministers asserting in

their despatch that he had but given expression to a purpose which they had already formed. Before sending this despatch they subjected me to an informal examination as to my knowledge of mathematics, handing me a paper of questions. Who prepared the questions, who read my answers, I never knew; but my solutions must have been accepted as satisfactory evidence of fitness to preside over a scientific school.

On November 26, 1869, I was inducted into office, in presence of several members of the Tsungli Yamen and of Dr. Williams, the United States *chargé d'affaires*. Mr. Hart was not present, but sent a cordial note of congratulation, in which he drew an augury from the clouds that were breaking away. The students, about forty in number, were presented in classes by the proctor, Pin, commissioner to Europe, and performed the salaam of allegiance, making a pleasant spectacle in their long robes and tasseled hats of ceremony. My inaugural discourse was in Chinese, and one of my illustrations so tickled the fancy of the grand secretary, Pao, somewhat renowned as a poet, that he turned it into verse, which he wrote on a pair of beautiful scrolls and presented to me as a souvenir of the occasion.

Mr. Hart had known me in Ningpo. He had also observed my half-abortive attempt to build up a mission school, in reference to which he had said to me, "If any man could make it succeed you can." In regard to this enterprise he probably entertained the same doubt accompanied by the same confidence. One ground of his confidence was the favor with which I had always been regarded by the Chinese authorities. Three of the ministers I had known before coming to Peking. With the others, including Prince Kung, I had become well acquainted through frequent interviews. In his treatment of me, the prince was uncommonly gracious, always taking both my hands in his, after the cordial manner of the Tartars, in marked contrast with the frigid salute of the Chinese, which even between intimate friends consists in each shaking his own

hands at a respectful distance. Impressed by my acquaintance with native authors, Chinese scholarship being more rare among foreigners than it is at present, he conferred on me the title of *Quansi*—a high-flown literary appellation, by which I have since been familiarly known among the Chinese.

The prime object of the college is to train young men for the public service, especially as agents of international intercourse. The first suggestion of it (if I may recapitulate its earlier history) came from the British treaty, which contains a provision that English despatches shall for a period of three years be accompanied by a Chinese translation, within which time the Chinese government was expected to provide a corps of competent interpreters. To meet this obligation, a class in English was opened in 1862, and French and Russian classes in the year following. As a sample of the way in which many things in China have a name to live when they are dead, I may mention that this Russian class was not new. It had a record as an existing institution dating back to the middle of the eighteenth century, having been created to meet the exigencies of intercourse with Russia in the reign of Kienlung. For many years there had been native professors but no students. At the time of its incorporation in the School of Interpreters the only link connecting it with the past was an old professor who knew no Russian. He brought no students and no books, and was himself promptly superseded by a native of Russia, leaving of the ancient school as its contribution to the common stock nothing but a name, or rather *nominis umbra*. Yet was that shadowy name not wholly devoid of value in a country where the most formidable objection is that of innovation.

The following extract from a memorial of Prince Kung and his colleagues, addressed to the throne in October, 1861, throws a curious light on the history of the college at this stage of its existence, showing what efforts they made to launch the institution without the help of foreigners :

“In the tenth year of Hienfung (1860) we had the honor to lay before the throne a statement of new measures, rendered necessary by the events of the late war. Among other things, we stated that a knowledge of the character and institutions of foreign nations is indispensable to the conduct of intercourse. We accordingly requested your Majesty to command the viceroy and governor at Canton and Shanghai to find natives well acquainted with foreign letters, and to send them, with a good supply of foreign books, to the capital, with a view to the instruction of youth to be chosen from the Eight Banners.

“The viceroy of Canton reported that there was no man whom he could recommend, and the governor of Kiangsu reported that though *one* candidate had presented himself, he was by no means deeply versed in the subject.

“This explains the long delay in carrying our plan into execution. Your Majesty’s servants are penetrated with the conviction that to know the state of the several nations it is necessary first to understand their language and letters. This is the sole means to protect ourselves from becoming the victims of crafty imposition.

“Now these nations at large expense employ natives of China to teach them our literature, and yet China has not a man who possesses a ripe knowledge of foreign languages and letters—a state of things quite incompatible with a thorough knowledge of those countries.

“As therefore no native candidates were sent up from Canton and Shanghai, we have no resource but to seek among foreigners for suitable men.”

In the English department the first instructor was Mr. Burdon, now Bishop of Hong Kong. He was succeeded by Dr. Fryer, who has since become distinguished as a translator of scientific books in connection with the arsenal at Shanghai. He resigning, the post was offered to me by recommendation of Messrs. Burlingame and Wade, to whom the Yamen applied

for advice. The pupils being few and the salary small, I spoke slightly of the position when it was first proposed. "True, it is not great," said Burlingame, "but you can make it great," a remark that showed how clearly he perceived the possibilities of the place.

Prior to this he had conceived the idea of establishing a college with the surplus of an indemnity paid for American property destroyed at Canton, and of making me head of it. At his request I drew up a plan for the institution, but he failed to get the fund, which twenty years later was restored to China, and after all deductions amounted to between three and four hundred thousand dollars. His own scheme being in abeyance, he was glad to find me a place in the educational service of the Chinese.

Selecting a lucky day for the ceremony, Hengki, one of the ministers, came to the legation, and in presence of Mr. Burlingame handed me a letter of appointment from the Tsungli Yamen. It was on red paper, and, avoiding any allusion to pay, stated that the sum of a thousand taels (\$1330) per annum would be allowed for "horse and cart, paper and pens." Later on my pay, under a new contract, was called an "allowance for wood and water," though amounting to five times that figure. These terms sound whimsical, but do we not forget that our word "salary" means an "allowance for salt"?

In accepting the charge I was careful to stipulate that I should give only two hours per diem to my new duties. After a few months' experience, seeing no prospect of expansion, I begged permission to resign. Instead of acceding to my request, two members of the Yamen, Tung, minister of finance, and Tan, minister of justice (formerly viceroy), sent for me and endeavored to persuade me to withdraw my resignation.

"Why," they asked, "do you wish to give up your post? Is your pay insufficient?"

"No," said I, "not for the time I give."

"Has any one offended you by a want of respect?"

"Not in the least; students and all have been kind and courteous."

"What then is the matter? Why do you ask to resign?"

"To be candid," I said, "the care of only ten boys who learn nothing but English is for me too small a business. It looks like throwing away my time."

"If that is the ground of your objection," said they, "you are mistaken. You will not always be limited to ten. Then consider the destination of these boys. We are growing old; some of them may be required to take our places. The emperor, too, may feel inclined to learn foreign languages; who knows but some of your students may be called to teach him?" A prophetic forecast, as it turned out, that was quite remarkable.

A view so gratifying to one who regards effective influence for good as the first object in life decided me to stay, though I had gone so far as to offer to find a successor and had spoken in that sense to Mr. Goodrich. Goodrich, however, declined the place as liable to turn him aside from preaching the gospel. I retained it, as promising to open a field of influence much wider than I could find in the wayside chapels of Peking. Which was right? Perhaps neither, perhaps both.*

* Here is a composition of one of my younger students. It is the more comical from the evident seriousness of the writer.

"All the human beings of the various nations throughout the world should respect the God; because he is the source from which the wealth, happiness, blessing, etc., are derived, and it is he who gives fortune or misfortune to the people. Although people cannot see his appearance, yet they should respect him as though he is in the presence before their eyes; because he can secretly give rewards to those who have done good deeds, and punishment to those who are bad. On thinking of this, I will relate a story in which a man was punished by the God on account of his having disobeyed the God's order, and which runs as follows: Once a German named Jonah was ordered by the God to go to a certain

Besides teaching English to my ten pupils, I gave them lessons in the use and management of the telegraph. With a view to the introduction of that wonderful invention, I had myself taken lessons in Philadelphia; and I had brought with me, at my own expense, two sets of instruments, one on the Morse system, the other with an alphabetic dial-plate, easy to learn and striking to the eye. Before taking charge of this class I invited the Yamen to send officials to my house to witness experiments. Prince Kung deputed the four Chinese who were aiding me in the revision of Wheaton. During the performance they looked on without giving any sign of intelligence or interest; one of them, a Hanlin, or academician, observed contemptuously that "China had been a great empire for four thousand years without the telegraph." On being shown a few toys they were delighted, spending much time in catching magnetic fish and in leading or chasing magnetic geese, chuckling

place for preaching, and he promised to do so. Notwithstanding his promise, he disobeyed the order, and, instead of going to his destination, went to another place by a steamer. During the voyage, a great storm suddenly arose, which caused the steamer being unable to go on forth. So the Captain said that there must be a bad man among the passengers, and lots must be cast in order to point out who is the bad man. After this work had been done, it showed that Jonah was a bad man, so the Captain asked him what bad action he had done, and he told all what had happened to him. According to the usage that Jonah should be thrown into the water, but the Captain would not throw him into the water, for if he were not to be so done, the vessel would be upset, and all the passengers would be imprecated to death. When Jonah threw himself into the sea, the storm began to cease, and the vessel went away safely. However, Jonah did not get drowned, because when he was throwing himself into the water, a whale was opening its mouth, and he just fell into it. He lived in the whale's stomach for three days, and afterward when the whale breathed the air, he was vomited out alive. Thus he began to offer up prayers saying that he would never venture to go against the God's wish, and afterward he was saved by a steamer, and went to the place appointed to him by the God to preach."

all the while over the novelty of the sport. In letters they were men, in science children.

Fearing that the higher ministers might be prejudiced by the report of these incompetent witnesses, I offered to bring my instruments to the Yamen for their inspection. They gave me a room to set them up, and on the appointed day assembled to see the experiments. Everything went off well, the old men being almost as childlike as their clerks, only they toyed with the telegraph instead of fish and geese, sending bell signals, wrapping copper wires about their bodies, breaking or closing the circuit, and laughing heartily as they saw sparks leaping from wire to wire and setting hammers in motion. The performance terminated, as usual, with a breakfast, at which Mr. Hart, just returned from Europe, was besides myself the only guest. When I told him of the success of the exhibition, he remarked dryly, "Every little helps." In my opinion it was not a "little" thing; nor was it a little thing in that of Tung, the minister of finance, who came to see the instruments so frequently and studied them to such good purpose that he learned to send messages. He also assisted me to construct an alphabet of initials and finals on such wise that the needle would spell a word by pointing to two characters as simply as *b-a*, *ba*. The grand secretary, Wensiang, also thought my apparatus worthy of more than one visit.

For a whole year my instruments remained there, and I removed them only when I became convinced that there was no hope of any immediate result. They are now stored as old lumber in the museum of the college.

In January, 1874, General Rasloff, the envoy of Denmark, asked me if I could arrange for some of his people belonging to the Great Northern Company to exhibit their instruments before the ministers of the Yamen. I invited them to perform in our college hall, and asked the ministers to be present. Their apparatus was elegant, but the Chinese ministers were

less impressed by it than by a very simple telegraph made entirely of native materials by our own students. It worked well, and the Danish officers looked on it and its operators as Moses and Aaron must have looked on Jannes and Jambres, their competitors in thaumaturgy.

A few years later I fell into conversation one day with a hard-fisted peasant, who was cultivating a stony field high up on the western hills. "Why do you foreigners not take the empire?" he asked. "Do you think we could?" I inquired in return. "Certainly," he replied, pointing to a line of telegraph stretching across the plain below—"the men who made that are able to take possession of the empire." His brain had not been addled by an overdose of Chinese classics; and China is full of such men, but unhappily they are under the heel of the literati.

But we are anticipating. There was as yet no "hall," no college; only a school of interpreters, and nothing more. That school was the germ of the expanded institution. It was installed in spare buildings attached to the Yamen; its name, *Tungwen Kwan*, which the college still retains, signifies "School of Combined Learning"; and the time had come when Chinese statesmen felt the need of other kinds of learning besides languages.

In 1865 it was resolved to raise the school of interpreters to the rank of a college by adding a scientific department and admitting students of high attainments in Chinese learning. The scope and motives of this undertaking are set forth in two memorials by the prince and ministers.

In the first they say:

"The school has now been in operation nearly five years, and the students have made fair progress in the languages and letters of the West. Being, however, very young, and imperfectly acquainted with the letters of their own country, their time is unavoidably divided between Chinese and foreign

studies. Should we, in addition, require them to take up astronomy and mathematics, we fear they would not succeed in acquiring more than a smattering of anything.

“The machinery of the West, its steamers, its firearms, and its military tactics, all have their source in mathematical science. Now at Shanghai and elsewhere the building of steamers has been commenced; but we fear that if we are content with a superficial knowledge, and do not go to the root of the matter, such efforts will not issue in solid success.

“Your Majesty’s servants have accordingly to propose, after mature deliberation, that an additional department shall be established, into which none shall be admitted but those who are over twenty years of age, having previously gained a degree in Chinese learning. For we are convinced that if we are able to master the mysteries of mathematical calculation, physical investigation, astronomical observation, the construction of engines, the engineering of watercourses, this, and only this, will assure the steady growth of the power of the empire.”

No sooner were these proposals laid before the throne than they were made a target for bitter attack by mandarins of the old school. A second memorial replies to these objectors. In both the prevision and breadth of view are truly admirable; but how lamentable that men of such intelligence should be forced by national bigotry to repudiate all sympathy with the civilization of the West!

Defending their action in the later memorial (1866), they say:

“We have now to explain that in proposing these measures we have neither been influenced by a love of novelty nor fascinated by the arts of the West, but actuated solely by the consideration that to attempt to introduce the arts without the sciences would be likely to prove an abortive and useless expenditure of public funds. Those who criticize this proceed-

ing object that it is at present not an affair of urgent necessity ; that we are wrong in renouncing our own methods to follow those of the West ; or, finally, that it would be a deep disgrace for China to become the pupil of the West.

“ Now not only do the nations of the West learn from each other the new things that are daily produced, but Japan in the Eastern seas has recently sent men to England to learn the language and science of that country. When a small nation like Japan knows how to enter on a career of progress, what could be a greater disgrace than for China to adhere to her old traditions and never think of waking up? ” *

Besides suggesting sundry other regulations for the new enterprise they conclude by proposing that the cadets of the Imperial Academy (the Hanlin), “ being distinguished for literary attainments and but slightly burdened with official duties, shall be required to enter the Tungwen College and prosecute the study of science, which it is certain they would find a matter of easy acquisition.”

In the spring of 1866 Mr. Hart made a hasty trip to Europe with two great objects in view. One was to engage professors ; what the other was may be inferred from the fact that he brought back a lady who was rich—in personal attractions. In the former, as might have been predicted, he was less fortunate. Of the five men brought out one died on arrival, another was forced by mortal disease to leave Peking before entering on his duties, two proved recalcitrant, and likewise found early graves. The only exception to this series of fatalities was Monsieur Billequin, who has just passed away at Paris after a quarter of a century of distinguished service. To him more than to any other belongs the honor of introducing our modern chemical science into China, the home of ancient alchemy.

* Beginning thus early to be influenced by the example of Japan, what a pity the Chinese have been so slow to follow it up!

A special interest attaches to the case of Johannes von Gumpach, who was engaged as professor of astronomy. He was a German, calling himself "baron" and posing as a man of mark and merit in the world of science. As to his merit, the best testimony is that of Professor Fritsche, of the Russian observatory, who said to me, *Philolog vielleicht er sei; Astronom ist er nicht* ("Philologist perhaps he is; astronomer he is not"). What mark he enjoyed was in the character of an Ishmaelite, whose attitude is opposition and his element controversy. What contributed most to his notoriety was his announced determination to overthrow the Newtonian theory of gravitation—for attraction substituting the pressure of space, which he defined as "the unagglomerated or unitary portion of the cosmos." The earth, he asserted, is not like an orange, but like a lemon, i.e., a prolate instead of an oblate spheroid. In theology he was a pantheist, believing, as Dr. Williams phrased it, "that there was not enough of God in any one place to hurt him"—a view which in these days would hardly suffice to make him singular. Many other strange notions he held, which, like the electric spark, only required the approach of an opposite to leap forth. One day in summer he was on his way to Patachu, when his cart, laden with books, was swept away by a torrent caused by a sudden shower, the subsiding waters leaving books and manuscripts as landmarks for miles on both sides of the road. When I condoled with him he exclaimed, "Ah, that water! It has lost me the labor of twenty years and prolonged the reign of Newton perhaps for centuries." Yes; perhaps for centuries another Gumpach may not appear! During my absence in the United States he was dismissed for refusing to accept the duty assigned him—that of teaching mathematics. My appointment to the presidency, a position to which he had aspired, supplied him with a fresh grievance, and he posted away to Shanghai to prosecute Mr. Hart for breach of contract. A Shanghai jury gave him eighteen hundred pounds damages,

but that judgment was reversed by the privy council on appeal, and after dragging out a precarious existence for a few years without employment he died in a state of extreme destitution. With all his eccentricity he was a man of quick wit and varied acquirements. His weakest point was the desire to get a living without having earned it.



PRINTING WITH BLOCK AND BRUSH. (SEE PAGE 308.)

CHAPTER VII

THE TUNGWEN COLLEGE (*Continued*)

Cradle of an empress—Our college press—Two observatories and two astronomies—Opposition to the college—Superstition in high places—Old students—The emperor learning English—Official appointments—Introduction of science into examinations for civil service—Translation of books—Medical class and Chinese medicine—Wedded to ceremony—General Grant's visit—Religious impressions.

A ROMANTIC story is connected with the site of the college. The property formerly belonged to Saishanga, a prime minister of Mongol extraction. It was confiscated when he was thrown into prison for ill success against the Taiping rebels. His son, Chungche, a Master of Arts, begged to share his captivity. The old general died in disgrace, but days of glory were in store for his family, a reward, as is generally believed, of filial piety. The devoted son, winning the third degree, was examined in presence of the emperor, and his name marked by the "vermilion pencil" as *Chuang Yuen*, or scholar laureate of the empire. Never before had the first of literary honors fallen to the lot of a Tartar bannerman. So high is the distinction that his daughter, the Lady Aleuta, a maiden of great accomplishments, was selected by the empress regent as a fit consort for the young emperor. Brief, however, was her enjoyment of imperial grandeur, for the untimely death of her lord led her to commit suttee by starvation. Her father, who was raised to a dukedom, still lives. He was born in those

buildings, and it is believed that the hapless empress was also born there.

In 1866 new buildings were erected in anticipation of the arrival of new professors, and others have since been added. They are of one story, in the regulation style of Peking, with tile floors and little ornament. Each principal building has in front of it a paved court, flanked by smaller houses or wings. The entire space is occupied by seven such quadrangles and two rows of low houses, which, together with the wings, furnish accommodation for such of our students as are allowed to lodge within the gates, as well as for a corps of college servants, thirty or forty in number.*



BARBER SHAVING STUDENT'S HEAD.

The whole group resembles a barrack, or rather a camp.

In the public buildings of the Chinese, their palaces excepted, there is nothing imposing. Even the Hanlin Yuen, the headquarters of the Imperial Academy, is a poor structure, its greatness being in the institution, not in the architecture. Our press building and observatory are deserving of notice, aside from

* These are "hereditary slaves of the palace," and form an aristocratic appendage — keeping before the eyes of our students an instructive illustration of the evils of idleness and ignorance. A mild kind of slavery exists in China, the poor being allowed to sell themselves or their children. The rights of slaves are defined by law, and moral teaching does much to humanize the "peculiar institution,"

their style. In the art of printing, which has effected such a revolution in the social condition of mankind by cheapening books and diffusing knowledge, China led the way by her system of block-cutting, or stereotyping on wood. Invented in the eighth century, some intimation of it must have been conveyed to Europe by the Polos or others in the thirteenth, if not earlier, suggesting, probably, Gutenberg's invention of printing with movable types. In China the idea of divisible type was not unknown; but attempts to embody it in clay or porcelain were failures, and no experiment of type-casting in metal is on record. An effort to produce metal types, not by casting, but by engraving on cubes of copper, was made in the reign of Kanghi, long after Gutenberg; but the copper proved too tempting to light-fingered compositors, and when Kanghi's grandson desired to print the *Tushu*, an encyclopedic collection of Chinese literature, the costly font was found too incomplete for use.

At present metallic types are in extensive use, but all the fonts came from matrices made by foreigners, mostly missionaries. A mission press belonging to the American Board was in operation in Peking before the opening of our college, and there our examination papers were printed. The grand secretary, Wensiang, admiring their neatness and the expedition of the process, I gave him a handful of types sent me by their maker, Mr. Gamble, a mission printer in Shanghai. These were the seeds from which sprang our printing-office, where books have been printed for the emperor as well as for the college, the old printing-office of the emperors having been recently burned. When I suggested that we should have a small plant for college use, he asked me for an estimate of the cost, and requested Mr. Hart to procure three times the amount. The whole cargo was dumped promiscuously into a poor shed in a vacant lot, where it was impossible to make it work. On my pointing this out, he gave me no immediate answer, but sent

me a day or two later a lot of workmen with a message to put up such a building as I thought proper. The ground required filling, and for that I wished to use rubbish which in the course of ages had formed a hillock within the college grounds. The Yamen objected that its removal would injure the *fungshui*, or luck, of the locality; so that little hill still continues to attract good influences impartially to the halls of science and to the chambers of diplomacy. Strange compound of conservatism and progress!

In the matter of an observatory it was not so easy to induce the Yamen to take action. It might collide with the prerogatives of the Board of Astronomy, an antiquated corporation which claims a monopoly of the heavens because it already possesses an observatory—where, however, nothing is observed except eclipses, the observance (not observation) consisting in burning incense and beating tam-tams to frighten away a voracious dragon. That establishment was erected under the direction of the eminent Jesuits, Schaal and Verbiest, and equipped with apparatus, usual in that day, wrought in bronze by Chinese workmen from their designs. Globe, azimuth, quadrant, armillary spheres, have been standing on a terrace on the city wall for two hundred years, exposed to all weathers; yet they look as fresh as if of yesterday. Visited of all visitors as marvels of metallurgy, they are utterly useless for any practical purpose. No telescope is found among them, nor is it likely that anything of the kind was ever used by the missionaries, though Galileo's great invention had been known to the world for more than a century. Did the church which condemned the doctrines of Galileo discourage the use of his telescope? Certain it is that those worthy men, so distinguished for ability and learning, persisted in making the earth the hub of the universe, and rejected the system of Copernicus, which Galileo was punished for propagating.

The plea for a new observatory to go along with the new

astronomy required little argument. The Yamen admitted its necessity and promised that we should have it as soon as a suitable site could be fixed upon. Several sites were proposed, but in each case the earth-spirits (*fungshui*), like the Titans of old, made war on heaven, and it was nearly twenty years before we obtained a site free from objection. In 1888, under a new ministry, the signs were interpreted more liberally, and the long-desired edifice was authorized, with a limit of three stories in height. That, however, was high enough to make property cheap in the neighborhood. If it had been built by missionaries a mob would have torn it down; but, sanctioned as it was by supreme authority, they silently shook their fists and moved away.

One of the best products of our astronomical department is an abridged translation of the nautical almanac. It is eagerly sought by the old Board of Astronomy for comparison with their own calendar, which continues to be the official standard. The latter indeed possesses a value to which our science makes no pretension, viz., a careful discrimination, on principles unknown to us, of the good or evil influences of the stars, resulting in a division of days into lucky and unlucky. All this is given out by imperial authority, and the people conform to it. No man thinks of beginning a journey, laying a corner-stone, planting a tree, marrying a wife, burying a parent, or any of a thousand functions in public or private life, without consulting this convenient oracle. The late archimandrite Palladius told me that he found this calendar useful, as it enabled him to select an unlucky day for his visits to the Russian legation, four miles distant, when he was sure to find the streets unobstructed by marriages or funerals. Apropos of the calendar, a native writer gives us the following piece of satire. A young man, hearing a cry of distress, ran to the rescue and found his father buried under the ruins of a fallen wall. "Be patient, my father," he said; "you have always taught me to do nothing without

consulting the almanac. Just wait a bit until I see whether this is a suitable day for moving bricks."

In the old observatory astrology still reigns, and all China is subject to her sway.

Of our professors nine are foreigners, namely:

W. A. P. MARTIN, D.D., LL.D., President, and Professor of International Law (State University, Indiana, U. S. A.);

C. H. OLIVER, M.A., Vice-President,* and Professor of Physics (Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland);

J. DUDGEON, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology (University of Edinburgh, Scotland);

S. M. RUSSELL, M.A., Professor of Astronomy (Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland);

CARL STUHLMANN, Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy (Hamburg, Germany);

Monsieur CH. VAPERAU, Professor of French Language and Literature (Paris, France);

Herr V. VON GROT, Professor of Russian (Novgorod, Russia);

Herr A. H. WILZER, Professor of German (Saxony);

W. MACDONALD, B.Sc., Professor of English (Dingwall, Scotland).

In addition to these there are four native professors, of whom three teach Chinese and one mathematics.

Our students—all on paid scholarships—are limited to one hundred and twenty. They are of two sorts—those who begin with languages, and those who begin with sciences. The former are drawn from the Bannermen of Peking, and as a rule come to the study of a foreign language with but little knowledge of their own. The other division contains both Chinese and Tartars, and their literary standing must be sufficient to admit them to examinations for the civil service. Among them are found all three of the regular degrees, and many who came with the

* Now president.

lowest degree have while in the college succeeded in winning the highest. One, Mr. Wang Fungtsao, has plucked the bright honor of a membership in the Imperial Academy. The college is accordingly regarded with much respect by the literati, and students from the best families are anxious to enter. This was not the case at first. The call for cadets from the Hanlin Academy was viewed as an indignity to Chinese learning; and



PROFESSOR LI AND HIS MATHEMATICAL CLASS.*

Wojin, president of the academy, protested so energetically as to keep them away. Nor did the enmity of Wojin stop here. During a severe drought, which occurred soon after my return to China, he instigated one of the censors to denounce the college as the cause of the calamity, an abomination which must be removed before the clouds would send down their showers.

Prince Kung, who detected the face of Wojin behind the mask, induced the emperor to issue a decree censuring him for "nonsensical babbling," and authorizing him to establish a college to be conducted on his own principles in competition with the Tungwen. Not only did the old chauvinist decline the

* For an account of Professor Li, see Part II., Chapter IX.

challenge, knowing that the "native men of science," of whom he had boasted, were figures of speech, but he refused a seat in the Tsungli Yamen, which the prince offered him as a means of education, because it would bring him in contact with people whom he never called by any other name than *yang kwetsze* ("foreign devils").

It was no small triumph for the college to survive an attack led on by the champion of the literati, aided by such portents as they were able to evoke from the discord of elements. How susceptible the Chinese are to such arguments may be inferred from the fact that the emperor is held responsible for the course of nature as well as for the order of his people. Calamities, from whatever cause, are charged to his account. Even eclipses of the sun and moon are taken as indicating that there is something wrong in his conduct, or in that of his consort. How much the teachings of science are needed to cure superstition in high places may be seen by an incident that occurred some years later. Prayers, in which the emperor takes the lead, having failed to procure rain, a wise man suggested that the drought was caused by a tiger, who controls the winds, getting the better of a dragon, who rules the clouds. "If," said he, "your Majesty will order a tiger to be thrown into the sacred pool, that will give the dragon the upper hand, and we shall have rain." By the emperor's order they threw into the pool a skeleton of a tiger, which was easier to get and safer to handle than the living beast. It was bought cheap, as an article not much in demand in time of peace—tigers' bones being sold by apothecaries as a specific for the imparting of courage. By the irony of fate, it devolved on Prince Kung and Wensiang, the protagonists of progress, to carry into effect this pitiful piece of imperial humbug.

I was once called on by Wang Wenshao, an eminent member of the Yamen, to explain the appearance of a comet, which had suddenly confronted him in a menacing manner as he was

going to the palace in the early morning. Apprehensive of some dire calamity, my arguments gave him but little comfort, and when three days later he was denounced for complicity in a fraud on the treasury, he was convinced that the comet foreshadowed his downfall. Though himself free from guilt, he was held responsible for the acts of others, and had to retire for a time from the public service. He is the successor of Li Hung Chang in the vicerealty of Chihli.

Quick of apprehension and patient in application, Chinese students succeed well in scientific studies. They have always shown a marked preference for chemistry, perhaps because it is the offspring of Chinese alchemy, of which they have read so much in native literature. One day, after the close of a chemical lecture, a member of the class was discovered to be on fire. Out of zeal for science he had purloined a stick of phosphorus and secreted it in his vest-pocket. It proved more difficult to conceal than the Spartan's fox. In languages they are not so ready, owing, perhaps, to the peculiarity of their own, which has no alphabet, no gender, number, or tense, and a very narrow range of syllabic sounds. We accordingly never require a student to apply himself to more than one foreign language, and for them the mastery of one is a rare attainment. The four schools, English, French, Russian, and German, are therefore supplied with distinct sets of students. The full course (of sciences and one language) extends over eight years. Diplomas are not given, as in Western colleges, but those who are distinguished for proficiency are rewarded by mandarin rank. This is conferred once in three years after a *takao*, or great examination. In the annual, quarterly, and monthly examinations money prizes are given amounting to one thousand dollars per annum. There are four proctors who attend to the temporalities and assist in governing the students.

The maintenance of discipline is not difficult, owing partly to a habit of respectful submission inculcated at home, partly to a

quiet, unexcitable temperament. During the five and twenty years of my administration we encountered no turbulent outbreak, though in one instance I was met by the silent opposition of the whole body. A lad who had been to Europe and spoke French was admitted, in the hope that he would help the students of the French department in speaking the language. Imagine my surprise to find that not a student would speak to him. He had been a servant in the French legation. Menial servants and their children for three generations are by law excluded from the civil service. It was a mortal wound to the pride of our young Tartars to have a lackey thrust into their midst as their fellow and equal. Fortunately, to relieve the stress I found a good pretext for dismissing him. His father (by adoption) complained to me that the young man, though receiving an allowance of thirteen dollars per mensem, an ample income for a poor family, had given him no share of it. He was unfilial; whatever his talents, without filial piety he could not be retained. The *soi-disant* father was sorry that he had made complaint.

At the opening of the college prior to my presidency a good deal of sport was made of certain "frisky lads of forty" who were expected to learn foreign languages. Most of those "old fellows" were speedily extinguished, leaving only half a dozen of the more diligent. Seeing one of them leading a pretty child one day in the street, I inquired, "Is he your son?" "My grandson," he answered, with a smile.

Among our students marriage is the rule, instead of being, as in American colleges, a rare exception. Asking a beardless youth why he looked so sad, "I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, "but my son is dead." By the way, they are all beardless until they become grandsires or are old enough to be such. Confucius twice had a father and son among his disciples, and in two instances we have had the like among our students. In the examinations for the civil service three generations, perhaps

four, may be seen together in competition. As a candidate is never superannuated, it is not an uncommon thing to win a degree at sixty or upward. Even when conscious of failing powers an old scholar will persist in the race, "faint yet



MR. CHANG TOYI, ENGLISH TUTOR TO THE
EMPEROR (SUMMER DRESS).

pursuing," assured that at last the coveted degree will be conferred as the reward of patience, if not for literary merit. Such honorary degrees I have known to be conferred by imperial decree at the age of ninety-six.

Those who have served a term or two in diplomatic or consular employ are permitted to reënter the college and revive their studies while waiting for

a new appointment. They are usually given the charge of a class, with the title of tutor, or employed as official translators. About four years ago two such alumni, Messrs. Chang and Shen, returning from abroad, were, in fulfilment of Tung's prophecy, appointed to give English lessons to his Majesty, Kwangsü. To show them honor as his teachers, the emperor permitted them to sit in his presence while princes and other grandees were kneeling. The importance of attitude may be illustrated by a dispute between a barber and a chiropodist. "You should treat me with more respect," said the former, "because my business has to do with the head and yours with the feet." "Or, the contrary, you ought to rise up before me," said the latter, "as you have to stand before or behind

your humblest customer, while I am allowed to sit even in the presence of majesty."

As the half-hour for the lesson was about 4 A.M. the teachers had to start for the palace shortly after midnight and wait sometimes for hours—a duty so fatiguing that they obtained permission to divide the burden. The Emperor of China is probably the only man who ever had two professors at one lesson. The dual system may do for dignity, but it has its inconveniences. One of the tutors complained to me one day that the other had pulled his sleeve and corrected him in the pronunciation of a word. I warned them that where doctors disagree the consequences are always bad, especially where the pupil is an emperor.

For a long time their august pupil was very punctual, rarely losing a day, and showing considerable aptitude for reading and writing. In speaking he was not at all proficient; how could he be when his teachers never dared to correct his mistakes? All conversational exercises were given him in writing, and by him copied out, his teachers previously bringing them to me for approval. Besides Chinese, an emperor always studies Manchu and Mongolian. His people are not therefore greatly surprised at his taking up English, though they regard it as an act of sublime condescension.

There was a rush to learn English when the emperor first began, princes and ministers of the presence applying for books and instruction. Their zeal flagged, and the emperor's too, when the foreign envoys declined a New-Year's audience, for which his Majesty was preparing a speech in English.

The venerable student above spoken of as a grandfather eventually obtained the governorship of a city. Many of our students get similar positions. Some have been transferred to a military school, of which two are directors, and some have entered the telegraph service; but the best of our graduates find employment in the diplomatic and consular services. Sev-

eral have risen to the rank of consul-general and *chargé d'affaires*. One—the academician—has had the honor of representing his sovereign at a foreign court.* During the war with France one was sent to Canton as military engineer because he



MR. SHEN TOH, ENGLISH TUTOR TO THE
EMPEROR (WINTER DRESS).

knew how to calculate the path of a projectile—a fact which, like a flash in the dark, reveals two things: the poverty of trained officers, and the hazy ideas of the higher authorities.

The indirect influence of the college on the leading officials of the empire, and through them on the institutions of the country, has not been inconsiderable. Its principal achievement in the last-named direction is the introduction (though limited) of science into the

civil-service examinations. This measure, decreed in 1887, had been under deliberation for twenty years; governors and viceroys had recommended it, but it was not adopted until the government obtained, through our college, some conception of the nature and scope of modern science.

The papers of successful candidates in the provinces are sent up to the Tsungli Yamen for reference to the college, and those who attain the third, or highest, of the regular degrees (the doctorate) are made fellows in the Tungwen College, giving it the status of a national university.

* As minister to Japan before the war.

Again and again had I represented to the cabinet ministers the desirability of engrafting science on the civil-service examinations. The grand secretary, Paoyun, replied that it would be easy if once decided on. "If we could only reverse the order of the three trials, making the third first, the work would be done." The third is nominally devoted to science, but so much neglected is it that it has little or no influence on the success of the candidate. Another grand secretary, Shenkwefen, said in answer to my advice to open schools for science in the provinces, "We shall some day open the civil-service examinations to the sciences. Students will then find masters for themselves just as they do in their literary studies, in which the government rewards proficiency but does not provide schools."

In two instances provincial superintendents of education made attempts to introduce the study of mathematics without waiting for orders from the throne. As early as 1874 Tufamen, the "grandfather" above referred to, accompanied a superintendent to Hunan as examiner for mathematics, but no candidates offered. In 1885 a call for mathematical papers was sent out by the superintendent of education in Shantung, and a few were received; but nothing short of an imperial decree could turn the mind of the empire into a new channel. In this case the measure is so cautiously guarded that the most conservative can hardly object to it, and yet it admits the edge of the wedge. In the end it is sure to bring about an intellectual revolution.

The object of the college in its primary stage was, as we have said, to supply interpreters; but from oral interpretation to the higher function of interpreting the literature of one people for the benefit of another is a natural and almost a necessary step. When I took charge I organized a corps of translators, consisting of professors and advanced students. It was approved by the Yamen, and provision was made for rewarding the diligent and successful.

The works translated comprise, not to mention many others, such subjects as international law, political economy, chemistry, natural philosophy, physical geography, history, French and English codes of law, anatomy, physiology, materia medica, diplomatic and consular guides, etc., most of which have been issued from the college press for gratuitous distribution among the officials of the empire. Such works are a lever which, with such a fulcrum, must move something. If the creator of a science bores an artesian well, does not the translator lay the pipes for irrigation?

Many years ago we formed a medical class, which was placed under Dr. Dudgeon, of the London Mission, who was and continues to be the best-known practitioner in the northern capital. Laboring, like most medical missionaries, chiefly for the impecunious, the doors of palaces are also open to him. *Aequo pulsat pede regum turres, Panperumque tabernas (absit omen!)*. The Yamen gave him, as I proposed, the title of professor, and invited him to lecture, but refused to permit our students to receive clinical instruction at the mission hospital. Ten years were thus lost, the lectures amounting to nothing more than the communication of ideas such as ought to form a part of a liberal education. A change of ministry occurring, I again proposed that the class should receive practical instruction at the hospital. The new ministers consented, but they declined to expand the class into a medical school for fear of encroaching on the domain of the Tai-i-Yuen, an effete college of medicine which has charge of the emperor's health and is supposed to possess a monopoly of medical science. "The fact is," said a leading minister, "I do not myself believe in foreign medicine." Hence the want of any provision for the sick and wounded in the late war, a want which had something to do with the shameful discomfiture of the Chinese troops.

Of all the sciences, that which he calls "foreign medicine"

is destined to effect the speediest conquest. Like telegraph and railway, war will compel its adoption. Soldiers who when wounded are left to perish will not take any risks, especially since Confucius lays it down as the "first of duties to return your body to earth complete as it came from your mother."

The viceroy Li, who *does* believe in foreign medicine, opened a school for military surgery two years ago—too late, however, to be of much service in the war with Japan. Native practitioners cover all sorts of wounds with plasters; they never amputate, probably out of deference to the above-cited maxim of their Sage, which requires a soldier to bring home a whole skin. For the same reason they never dissect a human subject, and scarcely know the position of the greater viscera. Yet to cure certain diseases they do not hesitate to drive a needle through the body where it is liable to encounter vital organs. If the patient dies he has the consolation of dying entire. In the treatment of medical diseases an experience of millenniums must have hit on a number of useful remedies by haphazard if not by research or science, but most of their medicines are inert and some of them inexpressibly disgusting.

Similia similibus curantur is with them an old saw. A writer in my employ, who was suffering from the itch, calcined a toad and drank the ashes—it being prescribed probably because its warty skin bears some resemblance to the disease. When I was weakened by an obstinate cough one of my students presented me with a pair of bear's paws, assuring me that they are a sovereign remedy to restore strength. For rheumatism he would have given me pills made of the sinews of a deer. "Poison cures poison" is another of their therapeutic laws, which places many a life in jeopardy. Hence serpents and insects that are the most venomous are the most prized. Of this assertion the apologue of the "snake-catcher"* is part proof, and for the other part I have had ocular evidence, hav-

* See Chapter VIII.

ing seen them catching scorpions for medicine with lanterns at night among the ruins of old houses. "Dried scorpions" appear in the customs returns of Tientsin, whence they are exported, not to foreign countries, but to other parts of China.

They have a queer way of classifying diseases according to the five elements. A writer attached to the United States legation, being taken with fever in one of our expeditions to the North, said that it was caused by "too much wood," and that the best remedy would be "earth." In fact, was he not suffering from life on shipboard? and would he not be cured by life on land?

For extreme cases they have great faith in medicines derived from the human body. According to Dr. Macgowan, no less than thirty-two of its parts or products enter into the *materia medica* of the Chinese. The brain, eyes, gall, liver, are specially sought for; and a frightful massacre of foreigners was once caused by a rumor that sisters of charity were decoying little children to be made into medicine. Nor is this merely a superstition of the vulgar. A governor of Jehol (brother of the well-known Chunghau) reported to the throne that a vagabond being detected in stealing children's eyes to make into medicine, he had caused him to be summarily decapitated. Some of these drugs are used for magical purposes, for in China magic and medicine go hand in hand. Medical missions are doing much to dispel a superstition so dangerous to the peace of society. They are also striving to raise up a native faculty to supersede the quackery of the old school.

Though claiming superiority in the realm of "internal disease," the Chinese are ready enough to concede our skill in "external" or surgical cases. I was once telling a number of mandarins of a marvelous operation performed by Dr. Dudgeon in removing a tumor from a young man's throat. "Oh yes," said the grand secretary, Shen. "I know all about that; the patient was my cousin."

Ceremony, not enjoined but spontaneous, was a large element in our college life. After a vacation each division, clad in festive robes, made a salaam to their own instructor, and all to the president. After leave of absence, long or short, each student came to make his salaam, and the same in more elaborate fashion on being advanced on the pay-roll or promoted in the mandarinic scale.

The most ceremonious people on earth are the Chinese. Their "ancient kings," so the books say, "shook their robes and kept the world in order"—a display of gorgeous vestments and scenic rites impressing their vassals with religious awe. Nor is the ceremonial of a court function less imposing at the present day.

Ceremony as an instrument of government runs through the whole framework of society. One of the six departments of state is a board of rites. It includes the duties of a ministry of worship and education, but questions of state ceremony and official etiquette form the subject of its gravest deliberations. On such occasions as imperial funerals or marriages, it issues a program, extending to the size of a volume. That of the sixtieth anniversary of the empress dowager filled two such volumes, covered with red satin, the festive color.

A book containing three thousand rules of etiquette is studied at school, so that a well-bred lad always knows how to do the right thing at the right time. He is never embarrassed, but goes through the prescribed forms as a soldier does his drill. For each occasion he has a special dress. On the death of a parent he puts on white, unbleached, unadorned, but he restrains his grief until the robe is properly adjusted—and then he howls. If he chance to meet you on New-Year's morning he offers no salutation unless he happens to be in proper costume, apologizing, and promising to come for the purpose suitably attired, informing you even whose robes he expects to borrow. Robes of ceremony are hired for the occasion, and often do duty for

more than one individual. Two or more drive in one cart from house to house, one going in and making his obeisance in full dress, while the others wait their turn at the door. You are amused to see the same tasseled cap and robe of sable reappear at intervals of a few minutes with different face and figure.

The first of the three thousand rules is, "Let your face and attitude be grave and thoughtful;" the second, "Let your steps be deliberate and regular." Our students, accordingly, deem it undignified to engage in gymnastics, a slow, solemn walk being the only exercise they can be induced to take. For them there are no rough-and-tumble games like foot-ball or cricket. Another rule says, "If rain is coming take it, but do not quicken your pace." A scholar who prided himself on his dignity of carriage once jumped a brook to escape a shower; when finding that a boy had witnessed his performance, he gave him a piece of money and exacted a promise of secrecy. Dignity of carriage is enforced by a costume that impedes motion. A company of civil mandarins, with satin boots, embroidered vest, cap adorned with a peacock's plume, and button distinctive of rank, would make a sensation in the gayest court of Europe.

Among our students all the nine grades are represented except the first. As they keep their caps on instead of holding them in the lap or stuffing them in their pockets, the hall, filled with one hundred and twenty students on some state occasion, presents a decidedly respectable appearance.

Of the gala displays that have occurred in the history of the college none has been more worthy of note than the visit of General Grant in 1878. The college being attached to the Yamen (not as Thomson, an English traveler, has it, "the Yamen within the gates of the college"), it was arranged that this visit should follow his reception by Prince Kung, who escorted the general to the college gate. Our students, in festive costume, looked well as they rose to receive our illustrious

visitor. One of them read on their behalf an address composed by himself, and presented a handsome fan as a souvenir of the occasion. Contrary to his wont, General Grant replied in a speech of considerable length, the novelty of the audience having sufficed to loosen the tongue of the silent man. In 1894 the Hon. J. W. Foster, late Secretary of State, was received with similar honors.

After what has been said of their stiff adherence to etiquette it is due to the students to add that their uniform politeness to me was the effect of good feeling, not of ceremony. On one occasion the official gazette containing an uncomplimentary reference to foreigners, the students took pains to mutilate our class-room copy before it came into my hands. Of their feelings I was not always quite so careful. In the school for interpreters an English class were reading a book of descriptive geography, when they came on a passage describing the Chinese as of a "dirty buff color." They took no offense at the uncomplimentary phrase, but I regretted that I had not kept an eye to leeward.

In the school-room when I first entered on duty there was a placard containing sundry regulations and forbidding the teaching of the Bible. When I was called to the presidency this was removed by the proctors, leaving me free to use my own judgment. Though the nature of the institution precluded the regular teaching of religion, I always felt at liberty to speak to the students on the subject, and requested professors not to allow their classes to skip the religious lessons in their reading-books. A favorite subject for discussion was the creeds of the pagan and Christian worlds. They usually treated it more intelligently than a Chinese in his book of travels, who, returning from the West, stated that the principal sects in the United States were the *Shaykeer* and *Kwaykeer* (Shakers and Quakers).

Though deterred from professing Christianity by social con-

siderations or lest it should prejudice their official career, most of them gave it their intellectual assent, frequently expressing in writing or otherwise a belief that a time would come when it will supersede Buddhism and Taoism. They never hinted that it will supersede Confucianism, for they are all Confucianists. While they are wont to ridicule the superstitions of the people, they entertain a profound reverence for their great Sage as a Heaven-sent prophet. When China accepts Christianity the Confucian star will pale, but not disappear.

One of the students came to my house one day to beg me to invite a foreign doctor to see his mother. Falling on his knees and knocking his head on the ground, he vowed that he "would be a missionary" if God would spare her life. She



MR. TCHING, WIFE AND CHILD.

died, and he did not become a "missionary."

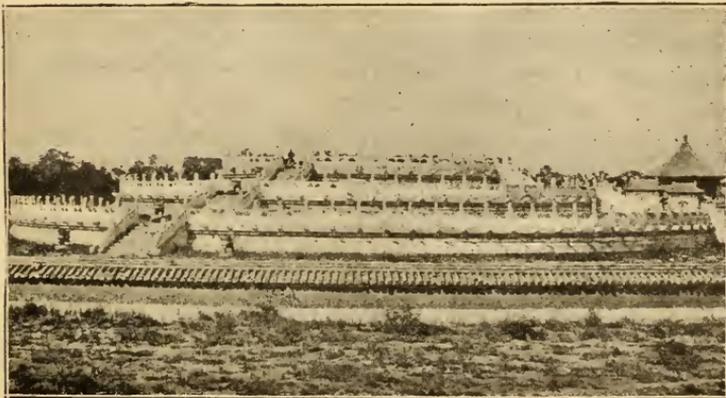
The same young man, on the eve of going abroad as interpreter to a legation, coming to take leave, Mrs. Martin cautioned him against the vices and seductions of Paris. "Haven't I read the story of Joseph?" he replied. "Do you think I would yield to temptations like that?"

To the credit of the Chinese ministers be it said, the creed of a student never seemed to

make any difference in his official prospects. Mr. Tching, who has had a brilliant career in Europe, being more than once *chargé d'affaires* in Paris, is a Roman Catholic of old family—

a Christian in fact as well as in name. Two or three Mohammedans have obtained good appointments, one having been consul in Japan.

Such success as the college has achieved has been the fruit of a long struggle with obstinate conservatism. Unlike the Japanese, who adopted the Western system in all their schools from kindergarten to university, the Chinese were so well satisfied with their old style of education that they never dreamed of reforming or supplementing it to any great extent. The college was established as a concession to the demands of a new situation—to supply a limited number of trained officials, not to renovate the whole mandarinat. Deep and permanent as its influence must be, how much grander would be its destiny if it were made the starting-point of a new departure! In founding it Prince Kung and his associates confessed themselves influenced by the action of Japan. Now that the schoolmaster has conquered, under the uniform of the soldier, will they not extend the system and place the whole education of the empire on a new basis? The future of China depends on it.



ALTAR OF HEAVEN. (SEE PAGE 242.)

CHAPTER VIII

MANDARINS AND GOVERNMENT—THE TSUNGLI YAMEN

Mandarins not a caste—Their grades, their training, their virtues and defects—Independence of the people—Limitations of monarchy—Formation and character of the Yamen—Strange recruits

IN forty years' intercourse with Chinese officialdom I became acquainted with mandarins of all grades, civil and military, from policemen to princes. The average foreigner takes a mandarin to be a sort of Brahman of a superior caste, exalted and peculiar. But in Chinese society there is no unalterable stratification, nor is there outside of the Tartars any class possessed of hereditary privileges; for the orders of nobility recently conferred on a few of those who supported the government in its struggle with rebellion, and two or three who previously enjoyed such distinction as representatives of ancient sages, are not sufficient to constitute a class.

"Ministers and generals are not born in office," is a saying constantly cited to encourage the aspirations of youth. They are told without reserve that by learning and wisdom they may rise to the one, or by feats of valor attain to the other. In theory there is no road to office but the thorny path of competition. A government that makes this the rule is pure. One that sets it aside even partially is branded as corrupt. Such, in popular estimation, is coming to be the character of the Tatsing, or "Great Pure," dynasty, because within the last forty years it has declined from the standard of earlier reigns, in

every season of distress from war or famine replenishing its exchequer by the sale of honors or office. Yet so cautiously is this done that not one in ten of the mandarins owes his elevation to direct purchase.

The commonest form of purchase is that of the privilege of competing for higher degrees without passing through lower grades. Where actual office is brought into market it is generally coupled with the condition that applicants must have gained one or two degrees in the regular way. In either case a certain respect is paid to the competitive system, so that people have not wholly lost confidence in it nor ceased to stake on it the labor of a lifetime.

This is a democratic feature in the Chinese constitution, in theory offering to all the inspiration of equal opportunity, and it still exerts an incredible influence in promoting education and maintaining loyalty. But in their official forms there is nothing democratic. No officer, high or low, is chosen by the suffrages of his fellows; all are appointed by the emperor, and from that hour they constitute a body apart. They spring from the people, but they do not, as with us, revert to the people; for, barring crime or blunder, they are in the public service for life. If once in office, real or nominal, money, flattery, family connections, and sometimes ability, will serve to open the road to further advancement. China is in this respect no exception to the common experience.

“This mournful truth is everywhere confessed:
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.”

To render the segregation of its mandarins more complete the government inculcates a code of official manners and imposes an embargo on intercourse with the untitled vulgar. I have known men cashiered on that ground, though it usually covers graver charges, such as that of engaging in trade, which to the whole mandarinat is strictly prohibited. So distinct are

they from the people that a special name like *mandarin* (which is Portuguese for *quan*, "ruler") seems not inappropriate.

Mandarins, whether civil or military, are divided into nine grades, distinguished by a globular stone or button, that shines on the apex of a conical cap like a gilded ball on a church spire.* Their long silken vestments are in case of civil servants embroidered with birds of gentle disposition and tuneful note; for the military they are emblazoned with ferocious beasts of prey. In any further remarks I shall confine myself to the former, partly because my experiences have been chiefly among them, partly because in China the civil service is the more important. The low estimation in which the military are held accounts in some measure for the misfortunes that have lately overtaken the empire. Military mandarins are mostly illiterate, the ground of selection in preliminary tests being feats of strength, skill, and agility, such as throwing a hundred-pound stone, fixing an arrow in a bull's-eye, or turning a double somersault. I have known some who possessed the strength—and the intelligence—of an ox.

A mandarin's first privilege is exemption from torture. When therefore it is thought desirable to extort a confession from one, even of the humblest, it is necessary to obtain an imperial decree stripping him of his official cap, which, like the magic cap of Siegfried, shields him from violence. It is derogatory to the dignity of a mandarin to go afoot. The military are required to mount a horse, while civilians are carried in a sedan or a cart, a usage older than Confucius, who, when asked to sell his carriage for a charitable object, replied that "being a mandarin he could not go on foot." A sedan with two bearers may be enjoyed by any one who can pay for it; but prior to England's first proof of prowess foreigners made use of it at the risk of being dropped in the street if they met a mandarin. A chair with four is what all mandarins are entitled to in the

* See p. 151.

provinces, but only the highest in the capital, where all others must be content with carts, or, in lieu thereof, must take a horse or mule—never a donkey, the royal beast of Palestine being in Peking so irredeemably plebeian that no respectable native will venture to ride it within the walls.

When mandarins, no matter of what rank, enter the sacred precinct of the "forbidden city" the awe of majesty falls upon them, and they all come down to their feet, unless by special favor they are granted a horse or a chair and two, an honor conferred only on the aged or the meritorious.

Civil mandarins are always men of education, and being, with rare exceptions, the pick of a thousand or it may be of ten thousand, they are men of keen intellect, the flower of their country's culture. The "Book of Rites," with its three thousand rules, being one of their text-books, they are *au fait* in ordinary politeness, to say nothing of official etiquette. But for a foreigner to appreciate the charm of their manners he must go through the same discipline and form his taste by the same standards. Manners are their strong, or rather, I should say, their weak point; for they are prone to

" Polish up the knocker of the great front door "

to the neglect of the furniture within. Possessing very little general knowledge, they are absolutely without the essential requirements for special duties. I have known a man fill, successively, a post of presiding officer in five out of the six chief departments of state, in which that of rites or ceremonies was the only one whose business he had ever studied. Why should he take the trouble to learn the business of any one office when he knows that each is only a stepping-stone to something beyond? After all, are there not clerks to keep the Yamen running? These clerks, with or without degrees, are the real rulers though not mandarins, each having a specialty in which he be-

comes expert. Without them the government of a district, not to say of the empire, would be impossible.

To become a mandarin in the regular way a man must go through the prescribed curriculum and win its higher honors. A student fresh from the schools by a well-written essay wins the third degree and is rewarded with the governorship of a district city. Here he is "father and mother to the people," and sits under a canopy inscribed with the words, "Ye all are my children." His duties are as multifarious as those of the head of a household. He directs the police, collects the taxes, inspects the schools, superintends the public charities, attends to the interests of agriculture, holds inquests, and his spare time, if he has any, is given to the functions of a judge in a court of first instance—all this without other training than that which comes from experience. His salary is miserably small; three hundred dollars perhaps, with an allowance of three times as much to "*encourage probity.*" Notwithstanding this suggestive inducement he ekes out his income by irregular methods, some of which are sanctioned by custom and some practised though not sanctioned. If they grow rich, the fact is proof of peculation, and they are liable to be compelled to disgorge, as Peking pigeons are made to empty their crops after filling them at the public granaries. Chang Chewan, a cabinet minister, was not long ago called on to explain the circumstance that a bag of silver had been seen entering his gate; and Wen Yu, another cabinet minister, having lost three hundred thousand ounces by the failure of a bank, was cited before the emperor to render an account of the methods by which he had amassed so great a fortune. "May it please your Majesty," he said, "that little pittance was all due to the favor of your ancestors, and it was all I was able to save in thirty years of public service." A merchant may keep his wealth, but not a mandarin, unless he conceals it with great skill.

Mayoralties are divided into four classes, nominally from the importance of the post, really from the amount of probable emolument—some of them yielding, under skilful cultivation, from sixty to a hundred thousand taels per annum. Enjoying a respectable revenue and ruling with the authority of a little king, a mayor has reason to be satisfied even if he does not grow into a *taotai*, or prefect. "I would rather be a mayor in China than President of the United States," said a Chinese *chargé d'affaires* to me when he saw our chief magistrate relegated to private life.

In a country where there is no free press and no ballot-box the district mandarins enjoy an almost autocratic immunity from interference. So general is the tendency to make the most of their opportunities that Chinese writers assert that among them corruption is the rule, and integrity the exception. Passing by a lonely mountain, Confucius heard the wail of a woman. Inquiring the cause of her grief, he was told that her husband and son had been eaten by tigers. "Why do you live in such a place?" asked the Sage. "We came here," she replied, "to be free from exactions." "Mark that, my children," said the Sage, turning to his disciples; "evil officers are more dreaded than tigers." This is from an ancient book, but it is constantly cited as applicable to the present day.

In the same vein a modern writer, who lived a little more than a thousand years ago, tells of a family who, to be free from oppression by mandarins, chose to dwell in a dismal swamp and subsist by catching snakes for medicine. Good officers do exist, nevertheless. Witness the boots now and then to be seen hanging at a city gate—I have myself seen such—left there by a departing magistrate, at the request of the people, as a hint that his successor should walk in his steps. Witness also innumerable anecdotes such as the following:

A poor woman appealed for help to a new magistrate.

"What do you wish me to do for you, my good dame?"

"The fame of your honor has come in advance. You always pity the poor, and I have been told you will give every poor family a donkey."

"I shall think about that; but while I am thinking you may go out and buy me a pound of salt."

When the salt came he learned that the woman had to pay for it three times the regulation price. Sending for the shopkeeper, he imposed a fine, which he handed over to the woman, saying, "Now go and buy your donkey."

The predatory tendencies of provincial magistrates are aggravated by the fact that they are strangers from abroad, the law forbidding them to take up a post within two hundred miles of their birthplace or to form marriage ties of any kind within their districts. As a device for making the mandarin wholly dependent on their sovereign nothing could be better. They have no local attachments, no home except a cradle and a grave, and in their perambulatory movements they are not permitted to stop at one post long enough to acquire an influence which might become a danger. Toward the people its aspect appears to be benevolent, securing impartiality in administration and protecting them from the tyranny of great houses, who would otherwise usurp the local government. It has, however, the disadvantage of delivering them into the hands of strangers, who, as their tenure is brief, do not scruple to make hay while the sun shines.

If it be asked why the people submit to such a system, I answer, because on the whole it works to their advantage. The family council, in which disputes are settled and crime sometimes punished, serves, moreover, as a buffer between them and their magistrates.

The framework of Chinese society rests on a *patria potestas* as extreme as that of ancient Rome. Filial piety, which means paternal authority, is the ground-law of the empire. The head of the family is a diminutive type of the divinely appointed

head of the state. Sons and grandsons, instead of being scattered to the winds by a centrifugal force, are expected to cleave to the ancestral tree, and, banian-like, take root in its shade. The family is therefore more complex than with us, the grand-sire reigning over it with the power of a monarch, thrashing or maltreating his offspring, who continue to be minors as long as he lives. When several such units of one stock are combined in a class, with temple, cemetery, and glebe-lands in common, the power of their elders is such that if they do not defy the magistrate they can at least dispense with his services. They do not shrink in certain cases from inflicting a death-penalty. I have known a youth to be drowned by order of such a council; prodigals and other incorrigible offenders are sometimes buried alive, care being taken in such cases that the corpse shall bear no trace of a wound; otherwise official interference will be inevitable.

There is no country like China for home rule of this description, and it extends to villages, especially where they consist of one or more clans. Schooled in these patriarchal institutions, the people in rural districts grow up with a thorough indifference, if nothing worse, toward their mandarins; nor beyond the payment of a moderate tax do they concern themselves about the government. It is said of the Emperor Yao, who lived four thousand years ago, that, being on a tour of inspection, he heard an old man singing to the sound of his lute:

“ I plow my ground and eat,
I dig my well and drink;
For king or emperor
What use have I? ”

An emperor of the present day, if he made such tours, might in many a place have the same experience, and, like the venerable Yao, rejoice to be forgotten.

So far are the Chinese from presenting the aspect of an op-

pressed people, that no people in the world are more exempt from official interference. You might spend days in a Chinese town without seeing a policeman. Every man seems free to do what is right in his own eyes. He throws his garbage in the street, and no one calls him to account. He stops his cart in the street, and everybody turns out without complaining. In most places, though not in the capital, on the occurrence of a marriage or funeral, in both which the festivities last for several days, he may enlarge his house by taking in a part or the whole of the street; and other people submit to the inconvenience, knowing that time and circumstance will bring their revenge.

The legal imposts are not oppressive, and if a greedy officer ventures to add too much to the burden, the people may petition for his removal or, in extreme cases, band together for armed resistance. Resistance on a large scale becomes rebellion, which may lead to revolution. It is not a little singular that the very books that consecrate the rights of kings make provision for this last remedy. The right of rebellion is taught and enforced by the example of holy sages who took up arms to deliver the people from tyranny. The monarch rules by the will of Heaven, but Heaven's will is manifested through the people. ("Heaven hears through the ears of my people," said the wise Shun.) If through his misconduct their hearts are alienated his commission is forfeited and their allegiance may be transferred to another. *Tien ming wu chang* ("The divine right does not last forever"), say the holy books.

It is thus that dynasties are changed, and the title of a new one when once established is as good as that of its predecessor. The transfer of power is not made, however, without a terrible sacrifice of life. History counts twenty-four dynasties in about four thousand years, making a long average of comparative tranquillity. Reigning by the will of Heaven, the emperor is of course absolute in theory, but in practice no ruler of any

country is less capricious or tyrannical. In the absence of constitutional limitations, this is secured by a careful system of education, which aims at three things: first, to imbue him with a sense of responsibility to the Sovereign of the universe and to the spirits of his ancestors; second, to inspire him with respect for existing institutions; and third, to instruct him how to employ the machinery of government. He rarely abolishes any portion of that machinery, however effete or obsolete; nor does he readily consent to any addition that may have the appearance of innovation. Barnacles accumulate, and the hull of the ship is never scraped.

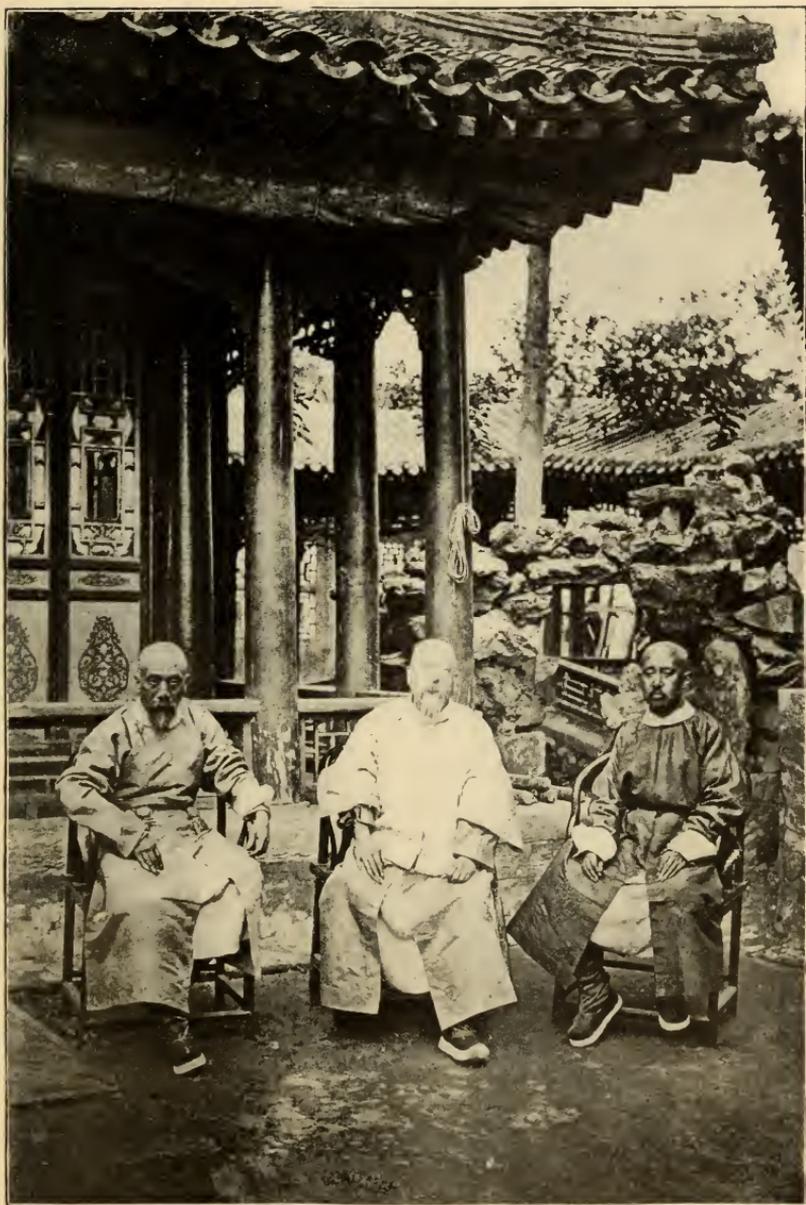
In the general administration the leading departments are six, viz., the boards of civil office, of war (or military office), of rites (or education and religion), of justice, of finance, of public works. Any question coming before the emperor, no matter through what channel, is not likely to be decided without many formalities and much deliberation. In ordinary matters he indorses the document with the words, "Let the proper board take cognizance," in which case its action is definitive. If the indorsement says, "Let the proper board report," a more careful investigation is assured, but the emperor almost uniformly sanctions the advice of the board. The cases in which he departs from it are mostly those that relate to rewards or punishments, in which he displays his sovereign prerogative in acts of generosity or mercy. In matters of extreme moment all six of the boards are sometimes required to consult, aided by several other metropolitan tribunals. The collective wisdom of this august parliament is never rejected; the emperor conforms to it as the best means for securing the support of his people. Besides responsibility to Heaven and the people he is taught to feel himself answerable at the bar of history, his daily words and acts being noted by official scribes, who dog his footsteps like a shadow.

Though I had seen much of official life at Ningpo and dur-

ing our expeditions to the North, it was in connection with the Tsungli Yamen that I had the best opportunity for studying the Chinese mandarin. This is a new tribunal, called into existence to meet the necessities of intercourse under new conditions. Among the six boards there was no portfolio of foreign affairs; the nearest approach to it was a colonial office outside of the six called *Lifanyuen*. To that office all foreign affairs had been referred—all Western nations who had sent embassies being inscribed on its books as tributaries. When they came as conquerors and stipulated for intercourse on equal terms a new vessel was required to hold the new wine of equality and fraternity. The Tsungli Yamen was invented. It was, however, an evolution from the colonial office. The second syllable, *li*, which signifies control, serves to connect it with the latter in a way characteristic of Chinese conservatism and soothing to Chinese pride.

Launched in 1861 on a small scale, with three ministers under the presidency of Prince Kung, it expanded until it now counts in ordinary eight or nine ministers and as many under-secretaries, or chiefs of bureaus. Under these, again, are an army of assistants, exclusive of scribes who are not in the line of promotion. In this service promotion is more rapid than in any other—possibly because it is deemed dangerous or disagreeable to have anything to do with foreign affairs—and every under-secretary or assistant is entitled to expect a step in advance once in three years. It thus happens that scholars of the second or third degree (for no others are admitted), who enter the Yamen as apprentices, are in about ten or twelve years graduated as prefects, or taotais, or drafted off to legations as secretaries, to be promoted to a chargéship or ministership according to tact, talent, and a judicious application of palm-oil.

The president of the Tungwen College, who maintains a direct correspondence with the Tsungli Yamen, is brought at all points into contact with this phalanx of mandarins. Be-



TSUNGLI YAMEN AND MINISTERS OF STATE.

SHEN.

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sides elaborate entertainments at the Yamen, to which the incumbent of the office is often invited by princes and other high dignitaries, some of the ministers have been in the habit of attending the examinations of the college, and it has been the present writer's duty to dine with them at the college four or five times in the year, and on business to meet some of them every day in the week. These ministers comprise most of the heads of the six boards and always two members of the imperial cabinet. They have daily access to the throne, and, collectively, form the most powerful tribunal in the empire, issuing orders to viceroys, and able at the same time to enforce them if they choose to do so. The emperor always complies with their request when they assure him that there is no other way out of a difficulty. It is accordingly far easier for them to procure the removal of a refractory viceroy than it is for the governments of England or the United States to impose their will on Australia or California in matters touching the Chinese. Yet it is surprising to see how patiently they sometimes brook opposition. Formerly it was the regular thing for the frontier authorities to refuse to recognize their passports for travel in Tibet. I remember to have seen a complaint on that head addressed in German to Prince Kung by an Hungarian count. He had shown his passport to General Tso, viceroy of the Northwest, who was carrying on war with the rebels of Kashgar. The old general flouted the mandate of the Yamen and put himself in open rebellion against it. *Hier bin ich der Herr; das Yamen hat nichts in meinem Gebiete zu thun*,* was his answer to the application, and the Yamen took the rebuff more patiently than the count.

Toward all propositions coming from the representative of a foreign power their normal attitude was that of opposition, a position from which they were only to be dislodged by a protracted siege. It was accordingly surmised that the machine

* "I am master here; the Yamen has nothing to do in my jurisdiction."

had been contrived on the principle of a micrometer-screw, to minimize motion, not to expedite business. In some instances a foreigner, weary of waiting for the council to assemble a quorum and come to an understanding among themselves, posted off to Tientsin and got what he wanted in an hour from the viceroy Li Hung Chang, who had special powers, making a change of venue both possible and politic. Proud of his promptitude, the viceroy was once scoffing at the Yamen's diplomacy as decidedly slow, when I said, "It is precisely the case of the two dragons: the one with nine heads is no match for the one with nine tails. The former looks formidable, but the latter can slip through a thicket in half the time." His Excellency perceived the application, and his tall form grew taller as he seemed to feel his superiority to the composite body at Peking.

In the early years of the Yamen all foreign powers were inclined to be dictatorial, particularly those which so lately had China at their mercy. One of the ministers, who had been port collector at Canton before its pride had been brought low, once said in my hearing, "Formerly the foreigner was cuffed and abused, but the tables are turned: now it is the Chinaman." With this feeling, was it not natural to oppose to the push of the foreigner that *vis inertiae* in which China so conspicuously excels? Ignorance made them cautious; knowing nothing of foreign countries, what could they do but feel their way?

Seu Kiyu, ex-governor of Fu-kien, was made a member of the Yamen on account of his knowledge of geography. He had compiled a text-book, in which he says that "Rhode Island is remarkable for having a brazen Colossus bestriding its harbor"! In the previous reign he had been disgraced for the publication of this very book, which was thought to betray proclivities that were un-Chinese. His recall therefore was a good sign, even if his archæology was slightly at fault. *Dans le royaume des aveugles, les borgnes sont rois.*

I was once breakfasting with two ministers at the college, when one of them referred to an item of Indian news, in which the name *Piluchi* (Beloochistan) occurred. "Piluchi," interposed the other—"is not that the same as *Pilu* [Peru]?" For a minister of foreign affairs this was nearly as bad as Palmerston's making Sir Somebody governor of Labuan, and then turning to his secretary with the question, "Where is that island anyhow?" Incredible as it may appear, I have heard a Chinese minister ask the same question about Burmah. Among those grandees the only man who ever showed familiarity with geography was Sichen, a Manchu, president of the Board of Civil Office. Being in my room with the grand secretary, Yen, and several other ministers, he noticed a set of relief-maps hanging on the wall. Picking out India, though unable to read English, he ran his fingers over the mountain-tops and named the countries adjacent. He might not have known so much about other parts of the world; India is a quarter to which they are accustomed to look with mingled fear and hope.

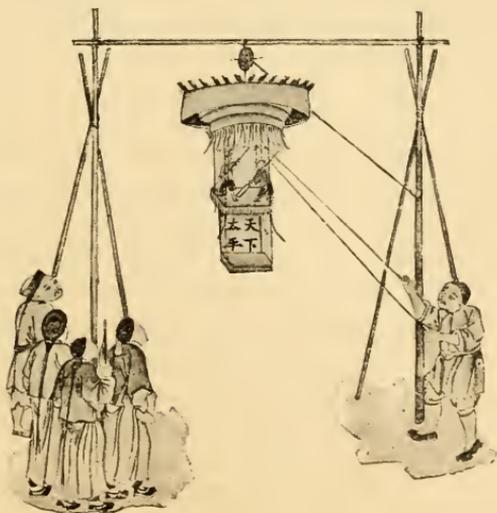
Of all strange things in China nothing is stranger than the way in which this high tribunal recruits its membership. It is, as Chenglin, one of the body, explained to me, an expedient for averting external opposition by substituting internal friction. "You know," he said, "that the plans of the Tsungli Yamen sometimes go down before the force of outside antagonism. A clever censor or powerful viceroy gets the ear of the emperor, who forthwith quashes our wisest schemes. In such a case Prince Kung has a way of his own to deal with the difficulty. He memorializes the throne to give his opponent a chair in this council for foreign affairs. The prince knows that, once here, he will not be slow to find out that his Highness's policy is the only possible way of getting along with foreign nations. For that reason and no other were Mao and Shen brought into this Yamen." The first-named rose from a vice-presidency in the censorate to be president of the Board of Civil Office; the

other from the governorship of Shansi rose to be grand secretary, with the title of *Chungtang*. Both became loyal colleagues of the prince—of course after a little instruction in foreign relations, beginning with a few lessons in geography. A further instance is the case of Wojin, mentioned in a former chapter. Who knows but the old academician might have been as thoroughly converted had he not refused to submit to the educating process? Certainly no members of the Yamen have ever been more satisfactory to deal with than those two.

“Our true policy,” observed Shen to me, “is to make use of foreigners, but not to let them make use of us.” At another time he inveighed against Mr. Yungwing, who had rendered great services to his country, and might have rendered greater but for the suspicions to which his progressive spirit and foreign tastes made him liable. “I don’t like him,” he said; “he has married an American wife.” He evidently feared that through the wife America might use the husband for some sinister end. “Western cabinets,” I replied, “are not so suspicious. Baron Stoeckel, a Russian minister, married an American, and was kept at Washington thirty years. Baron Bunsen, Prussian minister, married an Englishwoman, and was sent to London, where he remained fifteen years.” At that time Bismarck had not yet enacted or enforced the rule that a member of the diplomatic service must not marry an alien, a rule under which Mr. von Brandt, one of Germany’s ablest representatives, was compelled to leave Peking. For a contingency of this kind the diplomacy of ancient China affords no parallel. The nearest precedent is the case of Sunwu, a general who killed his wife lest, belonging to a hostile state, she should stand in the way of his obtaining a command.

Before his appearance at the Yamen, Mao had acquired notoriety in Peking by the suppression of a Buddhist temple. Crowds were drawn to it by a report, which they found correct, that a huge brass idol had become warm—palpable proof that a di-

vinity had come to dwell there. The place became known as *Jefosi* ("Temple of the Warm Buddha"). The excitement ran high, and Mao, who was charged with the supervision of that quarter of the capital, deeming it dangerous to the peace of the city, resolved to close it. The priests protested, and menaced him with the anger of their god. "If he is really a god," said Mao, turning to the frightened worshipers, "let him strike me dead. If I live another half-hour you may know that your living idol is nothing but a clever deception, and that you have been cheated by these greedy priests." Nothing happened to him within the half-hour, the crowd dispersed, and the doors were sealed. Wishing to verify the story, I asked him if it were true. He said it was, and I complimented him on his courage. He had, moreover, the courage to say to several ministers, with whom the present writer was at breakfast, "If everybody presented the claims of Christianity as Dr. Martin does we should not have much reason to object to it." I had given each of them a copy of my book on the Evidences.



A STREET SHOW IN PEKING.

CHAPTER IX

NOTABLE MANDARINS

A prince of the blood—A Chinese statesman—A Chinese scholar—A Manchu scholar—A Manchu statesman—A Chinese diplomat—A Chinese professor

SOME of my mandarin friends have been brought on the stage incidentally. If the reader desires a closer acquaintance he may find it in the following notices, which are not given as complete sketches, but by way of supplement. Besides typical scholars, whose talents raised them from obscurity, there are among them two or three from privileged classes, who, though born to high station, have through force of character exerted a profound influence on the destinies of their country.

1. *A Prince of the Blood*

Prince Kung, a younger brother of the obstinate and ill-fated Emperor Hienfung, has for twenty-five years first and last been chief minister of foreign affairs and chancellor of the empire. This eminence he owes to the intelligence and courage that enabled him to come to the front at more than one critical moment in the fortunes of his house. His star rose in storm and darkness. The emperor had fled to Mongolia, and, in default of any responsible person with whom to treat, the ambassadors (or one of them) were thinking of turning to the rival power at Nanking, when, in October, 1860, Prince Kung, then thirty years of age, came forward with credentials em-

powering him to negotiate a peace. They were struck with the dignity and composure which he manifested in a very embarrassing situation. The prince had never seen a foreigner, and he was not backed by any visible force; the defenders of the capital having been routed, the summer palace sacked, and the city taken. Yet so far was he from giving way to demonstrations of grief, like Jules Favre on signing his treaty of peace, that he betrayed no sense of weakness and endeavored to obtain the best terms possible. He was fortunate in having to deal with men who were noted for moderation, and who were as anxious as himself to set the prostrate empire on its feet again. The convention, followed by the withdrawal of the invading forces, brought him into great favor with the emperor, who required him to remain at Peking as his representative.

Dying in exile, partly from chagrin, partly from the effects of a dissolute life, Hienfung left an infant son, with two widows to contest the honors of motherhood. Empress No. 1, though childless, claimed the child by virtue of her position as legal consort. Empress No. 2, originally an inferior wife, was the real mother. Raised to imperial rank in recompense for giving an heir to the throne, she was not required to waive her maternal rights. Here were materials for a conflict in which, had not both ladies been gentle and discreet, a sword more formidable than that of Solomon might have settled the dispute. Sushun and Toanho, two princes of the blood, taking possession of the infant, conciliated the ladies by proclaiming a regency in their name and bringing the new emperor back to Peking. Prince Kung was an obstacle to their ambition, and he was marked for destruction; but, acting on the advice of his father-in-law, the astute old Kweiliang, he was too quick for his enemies, who were seized and decapitated. The imperial ladies, grateful for deliverance from the self-constituted guardians of their son, proclaimed him *Icheng-wang*, or "joint regent." They, according to the court phrase, "gave audience

behind a curtain," but he was "to be consulted on affairs of state."

When the ship was again in smooth water, with foreign wars ended and internal rebellions suppressed, the regents thought they could do without their pilot. The empress mother was a bold woman, of high ambition and higher genius. She could make a tool of her colleague, but felt that she was not sovereign as long as she was obliged to obtain the approval of Prince Kung before her decrees should go into effect. Trumping up a charge of arrogance and disrespect toward the emperor, which sounded comical in the mouth of a child of ten, the two ladies issued a decree stripping the prince of all his offices and confining him a prisoner in his own palace. Within three days this was followed by another announcing that "the prince had thrown himself at the foot of the throne and with flowing tears confessed his faults." He was pardoned, and his numerous offices restored one after another, with the addition of new dignities, but the title of "joint regent" never reappeared.

Lank in figure, swart in complexion, and so near-sighted that he appeared to squint, Prince Kung was not a handsome man, to speak in the past tense, though he still lives. He was, however, kindly and gracious in demeanor, and his rapid and energetic utterance made an impression of independent strength which he was far from possessing. Best known as president of the Board of Foreign Affairs, he was head of the administration in all its branches; but he never acted without the advice of his subordinates, and his speeches were nothing but a summary of their deliberations. Son of one emperor and brother of another, he may be taken as a fair sample of the stuff the present rulers of China are made of.

My relations with the prince were frequent and cordial. Besides compliments of various kinds, he on one occasion showed me an extraordinary mark of consideration. One of our professors, while acting as interpreter to a foreign minister, had

given him serious offense; the prince, instead of arbitrarily ordering his dismissal, called for me, stated the case, and left the decision to me. Relegated to private life ten years ago on account of French aggressions in Annam, the prince was kept in the background by the jealousy of his brother (father of the present emperor) as long as the latter lived; but the "old pilot" has lately been called to the helm again. Though infirm in health, China is once more indebted to his wisdom and moderation for peace with a conquering power. He seldom appears at the Tsungli Yamen, the special presidency of that council now pertaining to his cousin, Prince Ching.

These two are the only princes with whom I became acquainted, with the exception of a Mongol prince who came to my house to ask me to put him in the way of learning English. In Russia princes are as numerous as counts in France, in both countries the title descending to all the sons or being assumed by them. In China, on the contrary, they are few, confined to the Tartars, and the law sets a limit to their increase. The son of an emperor is a *Chin Wang*, or "prince of the blood." A son of the latter is *Chuin Wang*, or "prince of the second order." His son is no longer a *Wang*, but a *Peila*, i.e., not a prince at all. Their dignity fades as the circle widens, and the nation is saved from the burden of a growing incubus.

2. *Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Statesman*

No Chinese name, after that of Confucius, is so well known beyond the borders of China. Yet Li Hung Chang resembles Confucius about as much as his Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV., resembled Christ. He has grown rich by methods not approved by a nice morality, though sanctioned by the customs of his country; but his wealth would require to be multiplied a hundred-fold to reach the figure of five hundred million dollars, sometimes attributed to him. One of those methods was

brought to my notice by a mandarin from the South, himself rich. He was expecting an appointment in the viceroy's province, and yet he congratulated himself on slipping through Tientsin without seeing him, assigning as excuse for not calling that it was "too near the great man's birthday."

His location has lifted him to the light. Holding for a score of years the leading viceroyalty, that of Chihli, which makes



LI HUNG CHANG AT FIFTY.

him chief guardian of the throne, while his brother (who bears the sobriquet of "Bottomless Bag") has through his influence held successively the viceroyalties of Hankow and Canton, he is by far the most powerful of the great satraps.* His qual-

* Since this was written he has been called to take up the office of chief of the privy council in Peking, of which he has long held the honorary title. He is therefore in fact, as in name, *Shosiang*, "prime minister" of China.

ities of intellect and character are set off by a commanding stature—he stands six feet two—with features rather Persian than Chinese. At the age of seventy-three he retains all his mental force and no small measure of physical vigor. His seventieth anniversary was celebrated with great pomp; the pageant, with its shifting scenes and the poems to which it gave birth, filled a large album, a copy of which sent me by the viceroy was appropriated by one of his native admirers.

Holding the key to the capital, all envoys from Western courts must pass him *en route*, and they seldom fail to pay him the compliment of a more or less formal visit. He is easy of access. Travelers ambitious of seeing celebrities are always able to find him at home, while special correspondents are sure to consecrate a few columns to the most distinguished representative of the Chinese race. He is a man who under any circumstances must have come to the front, because in early manhood he distinguished himself as a scholar, winning in his native province of Anhui the degrees of bachelor and master, and in the metropolitan examinations the doctorate in letters, followed by the supreme distinction of a membership in the Imperial Academy; but had he depended on letters alone his promotion would have been less rapid. Fortune favored him by calling him to participate in the war against the Taiping rebels. Wearing the honors of the reigning house, he was pledged to loyalty, while the excesses committed by the insurgents, as they swept over his district, impelled him to take arms in the cause of law and order.

Tsengkofan, an older academician, who headed the imperial troops, gave him a cordial welcome, and to his patronage next to his own talents Li owes his brilliant career. In five years he found himself in command of the forces of eastern Kiangsu, with General Ward and his trained battalion recapturing city after city, all their successes being set to his credit. When Colonel Gordon succeeded to the command of Ward's

force, and compelled the rebels to surrender the great city of Suchau, the capital of the province, Li was raised to the governorship. The act for which he is best known is his violation of the terms of capitulation, and the perfidious murder of the rebel chiefs while feasting them in his tent. For that act Gordon threatened to put a pistol-ball into his head, and for that act the Chinese government adorned his cap with the buttons and feathers of the highest rank. On the final suppression of the rebellion Li came in for a place in the new-made peerage, being created an earl in perpetuity.

An exception to the law of rotation, Li has held one post for twenty years, apparently as fixed as the pier of a bridge, which keeps its place however the tide may come and go. The prospect of permanence encouraged him to busy his fertile brain with plans for improvement which a stranger and sojourner would not have had courage to undertake. So indispensable has his charge of the chief viceroyalty been considered that he was made an exception to another rule, to which all Chinese officials are bound both by law and by religion. On the death of his mother it became his duty to lay down the insignia of office and spend three years mourning in sackcloth. A special decree required him to wait for a convenient season to indulge his grief. When he renewed his petition the empress regent relented so far as to give him three months' leave of absence, instead of three years and a new post.

While the majority of mandarins have to contend with poverty in early life, it was Li's fortune to be born rich. His father was a landed proprietor with mandarin rank, and sufficiently opulent to have more wives than one. Our viceroy was the child of an inferior wife. Rumor whispered that this lady was a remote relation of the family and of the same name; the union was therefore illegal. It further said that at the age of eighty, having in her own name (Chinese women

retain their maiden name as do those of Russia) to acknowledge certain presents from the empress regent, her son induced her to write Ki for Li, that the secret of her marriage with her forty-seventh cousin might not come to the ears of the throne.

During his long tenure of the viceroyalty Li has established a character as a friend of progress; but that is not synonymous with being a friend of foreigners. May it not be the reverse, for have not all his efforts been directed toward arming his country for war? If she has come to grief in her conflict with Japan it is not Li's fault, but her misfortune in having but one such man. Under his auspices the navy was built, the two naval fortresses were equipped, naval and military schools established, coal-mines opened, a merchant marine organized to fight foreigners in the field of commerce, an army of a hundred thousand armed and drilled; finally, a railway, intended to meet that of Siberia, constructed as far as the terminus of the Great Wall. Like all great leaders, Li has understood how to select his agents. His chief representative in creating the splendid fleet of the China Merchant Company was Mr. Tang King Sing, who was educated in a missionary school, and trained to business in the great house of Jardine & Matheson. Writing to me about specimens of coal and iron which he desired to have analyzed at our college, Mr. Tang said, "The viceroy leads, but I am the man that pushes."

Li and his wife have shown themselves conspicuous patrons, not of medical missions, but of certain missionaries who won their confidence, notably Dr. McKenzie and Mrs. Dr. King.

Residing in Peking, I have had only two interviews with the illustrious vice-emperor. Calling on him five years ago, I was no stranger, nor was I treated as such. Many of my students were in his employ, one of my books had been honored with a preface from his pen, and correspondence had passed between us before as it has since that date. The one disagreeable feature in our meeting was that, a Chinese exclusion bill

having newly become law, he was full of bitterness against my country, venting his wrath the more freely as he considered me in the light of a Chinese official. He dwelt on the subject at the greater length because he desired me to act as a sort of envoy to represent the feelings of his government to the President and people of the United States.

It was not the act of exclusion so much as the manner of it that roused his ire. Its passage, in violation of previous stipulations, was bad faith; that this was done while a newly signed treaty was under consideration, in which China took the initiative by agreeing to stop emigration, was discourteous, to say the least; while the fact that, for political effect, it was rushed through on the eve of an election gave him a poor opinion of our form of government. When his fire had somewhat slackened, I ventured to suggest that if he would look at home he would find a state of things not altogether creditable to China.

"What, for example," I asked, "are Americans to think of those murderous attacks on foreigners of every nationality and occupation?"

"Those," he replied, "are the work of an excited populace; but the oppressions to which our laborers are subjected come from your government, and a government that enacts iniquity is no government [*pu chengkwo*]. What would you think if I" (he said *wo*, using, as it were, a very big *I*) "should expel your missionaries?"

"I should think," I replied, "that you were turning your arms against your best friends. I should also say that you were violating a precept of Confucius, which forbids you to vent your displeasure on the unoffending."

This quotation from his own sacred book staggered him, and, bursting into a laugh, he said, "I have no intention of doing anything of the kind; I only spoke of it for the sake of argument. The missionaries are good men, I know, but your

code of morals is defective, as it seems to me, in one point: it lays too much stress on charity and too little on justice."

In letting fly this Parthian arrow he meant that he would like a little less zeal for missions and a little more respect for treaty compacts. The conversation, of which I give only an outline, was thoroughly characteristic. In discussions with foreign envoys he is prone to banter, saying disagreeable things "for the sake of argument," and attacking with feigned asperity. His thunder is usually followed by a burst of sunshine, and no man knows better how to intersperse the light and shade, but he is deficient in that polished self-restraint which marks the well-bred mandarin.

In our next interview I received his thanks for sundry services of a semi-diplomatic character which I had rendered to the Chinese government during my stay in the United States. After hearing my report he presented his two younger sons, and desired me to examine them in his presence as to their proficiency in English. When I recently passed through Tientsin on my homeward journey he was away on a tour of inspection to those twin fortresses that have so lately fallen into the hands of the Japanese. The treaty of peace was the crowning act of his busy life. His rank, age, and character all marked him out for that mission, though it was pathetic to see the man who had done most for the defense of his country knocking in suppliant guise at the gates of the conqueror. His credentials are contained in the following decree:

"Being desirous of establishing sincere relations of amity with the Emperor of Japan, we specially appoint Li Hung Chang, earl of the first rank, senior grand secretary, viceroy of Chihli, and superintendent of trade for the northern ports, to be our ambassador, with full powers to confer with plenipotentiaries appointed by Japan, to settle the terms of a treaty of peace and to sign and seal the same. . . .

"The terms of the treaty agreed upon must, however, be

submitted for our inspection, and if found satisfactory they will receive our imperial sanction."

Let it be noted that the formal title of plenipotentiary, which the Emperor of China never bestows until he is beaten in battle, is not wanting here. How could it be when the peace mission of Changyinhoan a month earlier was rejected for want of it? But what does it signify after all when the condition is appended that the terms agreed on "must be submitted for our inspection"? This means prior to signature as understood by Li himself, who asked and obtained the privilege of corresponding with his government in cipher. Is it not true, as Commissioner Tan declared, that "the emperor is the only plenipotentiary"?

Li's conduct of the negotiations, charging as it were up a hill, displays a rare combination of courage and tact. Beginning with the proposal of an armistice, he promptly declined it, leaving the Japanese to do their worst rather than comply with the conditions annexed, namely, the surrender of the fortresses and munitions at Taku, Tientsin, and Shanhaikwan. Returning from his first interview with the Japanese plenipotentiaries, he had the good fortune to be wounded by an assassin, whose ball was so near proving fatal that the best surgeons did not dare to extract it. That single shot saved many a bloody battle; for the Emperor of Japan, yielding to a generous impulse, granted the armistice without condition, apparently to expiate the crime of his subject. The same sentiment led him to mitigate the severity of the terms demanded by his representatives. Those concessions were not, however, like that of the armistice, a spontaneous expression of feeling. They were made in answer to Li's criticism of the Japanese draft of the treaty. That criticism, so comprehensive and acute that it deserves to take rank among the ablest documents of its class, was drawn up by him on his bed of suffering. He had, it is true, the advice of that most

accomplished diplomatist, the Hon. J. W. Foster, but the paper as a whole expresses fairly the mental grasp and fearless spirit of the heroic old man. Seldom has a state paper in similar circumstances proved equally effective. In the way of indemnity it led the Japanese to deduct a hundred millions of silver dollars from the amount demanded, while in the way of territory it induced them to withdraw their demand for the cession of Mukden, the old Manchurian capital, as well as the belt of land lying between it and the fortieth parallel. To those who are able to appreciate them these results have something of the aspect of a triumph; yet it is unhappily but too certain that the name of Li Hung Chang will be branded with infamy by his ignorant countrymen as that of a man who consented to the disintegration of the empire.

A pleasing episode in the events of those days is a letter of sympathy from the Japanese Christians of Nagoya, which, though one among many, seems to have made a considerable impression on the mind of the Chinese ambassador. Instead of simply returning thanks, as he might have done, he replied at length in terms both courteous and feeling. Here is a portion of his letter dictated from a bed of pain: "He is deeply moved by the kind solicitude expressed in your address, and feels that the prayers you have offered for his recovery cannot have been unheeded by the Power who controls human destinies. His escape from sudden death was little short of miraculous, and he believes that his life has been spared for some wise purpose. He may yet do some good to the world, and perhaps render a service to his country in endeavoring to restore peace."

On the whole his mission to Japan has enhanced my admiration for the character of China's greatest statesman.

3. *Tungsuin, a Chinese Scholar*

Not only was Tungsuin a model scholar, he was a gentleman of perfect polish. He took a fancy to me when we first met,

in 1863, my fondness for Chinese literature forming the first link in our attachment; and for many years he was my friend and patron, aiding me with his ministerial influence. Being twenty years his junior, I was able to show him deference without loss of self-respect. He died at the age of eighty-five, keeping up his literary activity to the last.

A voluminous author, he gave me copies of all his principal works, one of which, a topographical history of the Grand Canal, extended to forty-eight volumes. They were all written in the hurry of official life in such scraps of time as he was able to pick up in intervals of business or in hours snatched from sleep.

Lord Brougham prided himself on having written a scientific dissertation while listening to the pleading of a cause. Many a time have I seen Tungsuin driving his pen while assisting at an examination as one of the regents of the college; nor would there be anything incredible in Brougham's performance had the pleadings, like the trials of our students, been wholly in writing.

A prodigy of learning, he was not free from a streak of superstition. One of the houses which Sir Robert Hart bought for the professors happened to be next door to Tung, who objected to having it occupied by a foreigner. When I was made president, Sir Robert suggesting that he might waive his objections out of personal regard for me, I spoke to him on the subject.

"You," he replied, "are one of my best friends. How can I object to your coming to be my neighbor? Only please don't build a high chimney near my wall."

This request, which I complied with, was prompted by a belief in *fungshui*, according to which a high object is liable to injure the luck of a place which it overlooks. He said he made it out of regard for the feelings of others, wishing me to think him above such weakness. It stuck to him nevertheless.

A politer man I never knew. The expedient to which he once resorted to shield me from the consequences of my own awkwardness reminded me of a Prince of Wales, who saved the blushes of a country lady who drank tea from her saucer by promptly doing the same. At breakfast with several ministers, I rose to hand something across the table and clumsily overturned my chair. "Take away that chair," he said to a servant, "and have it repaired; something is wrong with its legs!"

He was magnanimous as well as polite. Shortly after my appointment to the presidency of the college one of our students revealed to me the fact that he had been directed by the minister Tung to translate a document relating to me, adding with a frightened look, "Yes, and it is something very bad." He then showed it to me, and, to my surprise, I found it was a letter written by me to a newspaper after the defeat of the Allies at Taku in 1859, to prove that the Chinese government did not intend loyally to observe the treaties made at Tientsin. It had found its way into a parliamentary blue book, and some one had sent it to the Yamen to do me an ill turn. Calling on Mr. Tung soon after the translation had been put into his hands, I begged to offer some explanations, and began by asking him to notice the date of the document. "True," he exclaimed, glancing at the heading, "that was before the war. Things are changed now. There is no use saying anything more on the subject," and he showed himself as warmly cordial as if I had not impugned the good faith of his government.

Like many high officials whom I have known, Tungshun rose from indigence by means of that admirable system of civil-service examinations, which the Chinese call a "ladder to the clouds." "I began," he said, "to support myself by teaching at eighteen, carrying on my studies at the same time. For twelve years I sat in the chair of a schoolmaster, and that

means twelve hours a day ; but I was fortunate in winning one degree after another, and when, at the age of thirty-two, I gained the doctorate my days of drudgery were ended." He was at once assigned to an official duty, from which he rose to be provincial examiner, superintendent of grain transport, civil governor of the capital, minister of war, minister of finance, and member of the Board of Foreign Affairs.

In the Tsungli Yamen it was he who drafted most of the despatches, the very able state papers of Prince Kung being really the productions of Tung's pen. How sincerely he was in sympathy with the cause of progress is apparent in some of them, especially in those relating to the founding of the college. Sir Thomas Wade said of this kindly old man that he was "the most accomplished liar he ever knew." Tungsuin might have taken that as a compliment if he had heard it (and I am not sure that he did not hear it), for Chinese statecraft makes lying a duty. Did not European diplomacy, now so upright and downright, formerly require the same? Did not Louis XI. say to his ambassadors, "If they lie to you, you must lie still more to them"? Nor am I sure that diplomatic lying is even now a lost art.

4. *Pao Yun, a Manchu Scholar*

On the Manchu side the grand chamberlain, Pao Yun, offers a fitting parallel. He also had been a schoolmaster. In fact, I may as well say here, of most of those I have occasion to mention, that they too have been schoolmasters. For in China, as elsewhere, rich youth are not generally laborious, and in Pao's early years a golden key was of less service than it is now. China's most eminent scholars have all been poor. It is rare to meet one who has not given himself a lift by teaching, either in public or in private. The reverence for teachers, in which the Chinese excel us as much as they do in respect for

parents and ancestors, renders this expedient less disagreeable than it might be in some of our rural districts, where for a pupil to thrash his teacher is (or was) a sign of manhood, and barring the teacher out an ordinary pastime.

Famous as scholar and wit, Pao was less voluminous as a writer than Tung, his authorship, so far as I know, being confined to two volumes of poems, of which he presented me a copy. One of them was made while he was on the road to Hangchau to preside at an examination, the verses composed in his palanquin during the day being written down at some wayside inn in the evening. A few verses of his on the fall of the Kung ministry enjoyed a considerable vogue, but their allusions are as occult as the science of the Mahatmas.

“ Through life, as in a pleasing dream,
Unconscious of my years,
In fortune’s smiles to bask I seem—
Perennial, spring appears.

“ Alas! leviathan to take
Defies the fisher’s art;
From dreams of glory I awake—
My youth and power depart.

“ That loss is often gain’s disguise,
May us for loss console.
My fellow-sufferers, take advice,
And keep your reason whole.”

After this specimen I am not confident that the reader will sigh for the “two volumes.” Tung also was a poet, I omitted to mention. All educated Chinese write verse, but these two were full of the spirit of poetry.

Once, when Mr. Burlingame was showing a book of engravings to Prince Kung, the prince was struck with the beauty of one representing two girls in a canoe. Pointing it out to Pao Yun, the latter drew a hair-pencil from his pocket and wrote down ten lines of impromptu verse, with which the prince was

greatly pleased. Remembering Tung's gift, he next called him out, and Tung with equal promptness executed the task assigned; nor was his composition in the least like task-work, but spirited as well as elegant. Both pieces were written without an erasure, and without a moment for reflection—a veritable contest in improvisation. The prince praised him as much as he had the other, saying, in substance: *Et vitula tu dignus et hic*. I translated the verses for Mr. Burlingame, but, to my regret, neglected to keep a copy. Would two of our cabinet ministers or two of Queen Victoria's acquit themselves equally well?

Both poets when in their prime were extremely handsome, and Pao, who was born under the same star with his Chinese compeer, and lived to a greater age, was to the last alike conspicuous for nobleness of aspect and mental vivacity. Both were great jokers. It was a treat to hear them bandy their classic sally and repartee. In science they stood at the level of Virgil and Horace; but Tung, who took a great interest in the college, and carefully read all my books, giving me the benefit of no little verbal criticism, was slowly emerging into broader views. Pao, whose thoughts never strayed beyond the rules of prosody, adhered to the old traditions. I once heard him in the presence of our students ridicule the doctrine of the earth's diurnal revolution, accompanying his jokes by peals of laughter, the students on their part smiling at the ignorance of the great minister.

5. *Wensiang, a Manchu Statesman*

The grand secretary, Wensiang, comes next to memory; and I observe no more order in introducing them than Ulysses did in calling up the shades. Born at Mukden, the old capital of the reigning dynasty, he was a Manchu of the Manchus, and such was his prominence in both home and foreign politics

that if I followed Plutarch I should offer him as a parallel for Li Hung Chang. He had been a hard student in his youth, but, after attaining the doctorate, statesmanship, and not letters, absorbed his thoughts. His thin crooked body and fine head reminded me of Talleyrand. Speaking of Wensiang, Sir Frederick Bruce once remarked to me that he had never encountered a more powerful intellect. Sir Henry Pottinger said something similar of Keying; both judgments were exaggerated by the surprise of finding such men in "heathen China."

Though, properly speaking, China has no such office as prime minister any more than we have in the United States, yet for about ten years Wensiang was virtually premier of the empire, no statesman of his day and country comparing with him in point of influence. Instead of being sent to a viceroyalty in the provinces, he was from the first retained at court, and it was he who took the lead in the work of reorganization after the second war, as well as in shaping the foreign policy of his government.

Unlike the two preceding, who were indemnified for the struggles of early life by dying rich, he took a pride in living poor and dying so. When Secretary Seward was in China he wrote to Wensiang saying that he had heard so much of him, and had with him such official relations, that he desired to call on him at his house. The Tartar premier declined the honor, alleging that his "humble dwelling was not fit to receive an illustrious visitor from beyond the seas," and instead called on Mr. Seward at the United States legation. Nor was the excuse fictitious, for his house was a hired one, and, as he paid for it only four dollars and a half per month, it could not be very splendid. Shen and Yen, two other grand secretaries of my acquaintance, afterward emulated his example of ostentatious poverty, a distinction scarcely more creditable to the morals of their country than was the fame of chastity acquired by certain Roman matrons.

Wensiang abhorred opium, and took no pains to conceal his disgust when he perceived it on the breath of his colleagues. The two old poets previously mentioned were equally free from any taint of opium; but, like Lipo, China's favorite bard, they were great drinkers of rice-wine, which was not the case with Wensiang. To me he was always accessible, though overburdened with work. Finding him wheezing with asthma one day, he said to me: "You have seen a small donkey drawing a great load and half choked by its collar. Well, that is a picture of me." In Peking, where wheelbarrows drawn by donkeys and pushed by men are the vehicles most used for the transport of merchandise, the simile was not far fetched.

No better proof of Wensiang's enlightened views could be desired than the maxim which he laid down as the principle of his policy. "I shall be guided," he once said to me, "by the precept of Confucius: 'Pick out the good and follow it; pick out the evil and avoid it.' We shall learn all the good we can from you people of the West." Unhappily for China, this remarkable man, from whom so much was to be expected, was snatched away prematurely—though a Chinese proverb says, "Death at fifty is not premature"—just as his country was becoming sufficiently tranquil to begin to act on his wise maxim. Since his death no high official has ever made mention of it. I have already related the sound advice as to sites for chapels which he sent to the missionaries of Peking. On another occasion he told me that he had heard missionaries were in the habit of reviling Confucius, and he appeared to be very indignant. "That," said I, "is a calumny; for, though some crank may have spoken slightly of the Sage, missionaries as a rule treat his memory with great respect. What better proof is there than the fact that he is beholden to missionaries for the translation of his works into the languages of Europe?"

Sensitive to anything like disrespect to his country or its institutions, he at another time expressed displeasure at the des-

ecration of the dragon pool by British students, who turned it into a swimming-bath. For Taoism and the dragon he cared very little, but this was a sacred place of his people, and had he not enjoyed the honor of sacrificing a tiger there to procure rain?

Hearing that I had visited the Jews in Honan, he desired to learn something about them, giving me an opportunity to speak of our sacred book, which has God for its author and the Jews as the channel of communication. "What a pity God did not also reveal the mysteries of mathematics!" he answered, dryly. He believed that Heaven inspired Confucius, but was not so clear in regard to the Hebrew prophets. I sent him my book on the Christian Evidences by way of giving him further light and to show how little antagonism there is between the teachings of Christ and those of Confucius. As long as he lived the entire initiative of the Yamen rested with him. His courage was equal to his intelligence, and had his life been prolonged it is certain that he would have offered decided opposition to the absorption of Tonquin by the French. Would he have averted the fall of the Kung ministry, or precipitated a worse catastrophe? The race that produces such men as Wensiang and Pao Yun is not effete.

6. *Marquis Tseng, a Chinese Diplomat*

The Marquis Tseng, the second of the line, deserves a high place on this roll of honor. His services as diplomatic envoy will be mentioned in the next chapter. It remains to add here a few details by way of exhibiting the marquis at home. His father, Tseng Kofan, having taken a leading part in the suppression of the Taiping rebellion, was placed at the head of the new nobility created to reward the loyalty of certain eminent Chinese whose devotion saved the Manchu house from extinction. The second marquis, Tseng Kitse, or "Gearkhan of Tseng," as he preferred to call himself, never saw military service, and

had nothing martial in aspect or bearing. Homely in features and feeble in frame, he possessed great firmness of character, with no small share of mental vigor. Heir to a noble name, the gates of office flew open to him, without the necessity of running the literary gantlet. He was nevertheless a Bachelor of Arts and a superior scholar in Chinese. A volume of unpublished essays, of which he gave me a manuscript copy, shows him to have been a diligent student of history and politics as understood by the statesmen of China.

When, in 1877, Tseng arrived in Peking in obedience to imperial mandate to wait the will of his Majesty, he was nearly forty years of age. In English he had made a beginning with a view to the diplomatic service, to which his attention had been directed by the mission to England of Kuo Sungtao, a family connection. Living in the far interior and seldom seeing a white face, he made his way chiefly by the help of grammar and dictionary. Whether owing to seclusion, which deprived him of the benefit of comparison, or to flattery, which always stands ready to inflate a nobleman, he was not a little vain of his proficiency, presenting his friends with fans bearing bilingual inscriptions, in verse of his own composition. On another page is a facsimile of one with which he honored me. The Chinese original is elegant, but the translation is a unique specimen of "Baboo English."

"To combine the reasons of Heaven, Earth, and Man,
Only the Sage's disciple, who is, can.
Universe to be included in knowledge
All men are, should,
But only the wise man who is, could."

Without entering himself as a student at college, he came to me for private instruction, seeking information more particularly in geography, history, and European politics, and submitting for correction essays in English on those subjects. The lines above given, I need hardly say, are uncorrected;

丁冠西先生函心 承蒙教勞保雷仁洋劫剛拜手

To combine the reasons of heaven, earth, and man,
 Only the sage's disciple who is can.
 Whimise to be included in knowledge, all men we should,
 But only the wise man who is could.
 I have heard Doctor enough to consulted the branches of science,
 And the book of chinen and foreigners all to be experience,
 Chosen the deeply learning to deliberated as at right,
 Take off the jewel by side of the dragons it as your might.

中西合璧詩一章未賸



學究三才為聖者徒
 識賅萬有通術儒
 閒若無擇中西
 雙龍領下珠



an. ok for Dr. Martin
 made by Marquis H. T. Tseng of Tang

FAN PRESENTED TO DR. MARTIN BY THE MARQUIS TSENG.

nor need I add that they were written when he first came. He dined at my house two or three times a week, and on New-Year's day called on me in sable robe and fur cap adorned with peacock's plume and ruby button, such calls on that day being reserved for parents, teachers, and official superiors.

In speech he was fluent, but ungrammatical, and he always read and wrote with difficulty. Still the little that he knew proved of great advantage in social intercourse, which is half the battle in diplomacy, and contributed to make him what he was, the ablest envoy China has ever sent to reside in a foreign capital.

For the success of the Marquis Tseng, of his predecessor and successors, it would not be fair to withhold a large share of credit from Sir Halliday McCartney, the able adviser to the Chinese legation in London. It was under the patronage of the first marquis that Sir Halliday became conspicuous. Beginning as an army surgeon, he distinguished himself by operations not purely surgical against the Taipings, casting both shells and cannon, though without a particle of experience in military engineering. Tseng Kofan, becoming viceroy of Nanking, made him superintendent of an arsenal at that city. For his place in London he is indebted to viceroy Li and Kuo



THE MARQUIS TSENG IN SUMMER DRESS.

Sungtao, both of whom were well acquainted with him and his career.

The marchioness, who joined her husband in Peking shortly before his departure for England, had never seen a foreign lady until she made acquaintance with my wife. Graceful and refined in manners, like other women of high rank she was unable to read or write her own language. Her two daughters were better educated, and one of them acted as her amanuensis. On starting to England the marquis announced that her ladyship would beg to be excused from shaking hands with men, a point on which Chinese etiquette is so rigid that men and women in passing things to each other are required to lay them on a table instead of handing them directly. So far is this carried that one of the classic books raises the question whether, if a woman is drowning, it is permitted even to her brother-in-law to take her by the hand to save her life.

After a few years in England she got bravely over her scruples. It may, however, be doubted whether anything she ever met with in the customs of the West gave her such a shock as she experienced in calling on the wife of one of our French professors after her return to Peking. Her attention was drawn to a magnificent embroidery covering a whole side of the room, and she was expected to admire it. "That," she whispered, as she gasped for breath, "*is a funeral pall.*"

The honors with which the marquis was welcomed on his return after an absence of nine years led us to anticipate a favorable reception for his progressive views. But from the day of his entrance into the Tsungli Yamen he found himself an object of suspicion—Hsü Yungi, an able conservative, becoming his bitter opponent and doing all in his power to neutralize his influence. Here is an example of the way in which that was done.

The emperor, after questioning the marquis on the subject

of education in the West, and referring to his well-known proficiency in the English language, had the good sense to appoint him rector of the Imperial College. The office had not previously existed, and it carried with it such powers as might have wrought a much-needed revolution in things educational; but the next day the Yamen sent up a memorial saying that it would be well to have two rectors, nominating Hsü as colleague to the marquis. What headway could be expected with one pulling forward and the other backward? The viceroy Li was also against him, not as a conservative, but from fear for his leadership in the councils of the nation. There existed, moreover, a private pique: a daughter of the marquis married to Li's nephew had, with her father's consent, abandoned her husband, whose character was far from exemplary.

This daughter was known in England as Lady Foresea Woods. A younger daughter, Lady Blossom, married her



THE BRIDAL PAIR WORSHIPPING A TABLET INSCRIBED WITH THE FIVE OBJECTS OF VENERATION—HEAVEN, EARTH, SOVEREIGN, PARENTS, TEACHERS.

father's private secretary, acting, with his approval, on the English principle of marrying a man whom she knew and loved. The marriage festivities presented a happy combination of the Asiatic and European. On that occasion the mar-

quis invited his foreign friends, including many missionaries. Not long, alas! after that gay pageant the same individuals were invited to attend his funeral, in the same hall.

As a statesman, whether representing his country abroad or sitting in her councils at home, the Marquis Tseng displayed



THE BRIDE IN THE FLOWERY CHAIR ARRIVING AT HER NEW HOME.

prudence, patience, and firmness—the best qualities of his race. Before leaving England he gave his name to a notable paper in the “Oriental Quarterly,” entitled “China, Asleep and Awake.” It was supposed to foreshadow the goal toward which he intended to direct his energies. How far he succeeded in waking the giant is obvious from the issue of the recent war.

7. *Li Shenlan, a Chinese Professor*

In this gallery of portraits Li Shenlan, one of our professors, merits a niche as the most eminent mathematician China has produced. Born near Hangchau, in a section of country noted for literary cultivation, he became Bachelor of Letters at an early age, but soon ceased to compete for the higher degrees. He had hit on something more satisfying than



THE BRIDAL PAIR.

"Joy," in huge letters above their heads.

phrase-mongering. A mathematical work by one of the Jesuit missionaries had fallen into his hands and caused his latent genius to awake. Not only did he ransack libraries and read with understanding everything on the subject to be found in the language of his country; he gave much of his time to original speculations, some of which he published, showing that he had stumbled on the idea of fluxions without having heard of either Newton or Leibnitz.

Hearing of the arrival of foreigners in Shanghai, he went thither in quest of further light; and meeting with Mr. Alexander Wylie, of the London Mission, aided him in putting into Chinese Herschel's Astronomy, De Morgan's Algebra, Euclid's Geometry (of which Father Ricci had translated the first part), Loomis's Conic Sections and Infinitesimal Calculus. Dr. Edkins also obtained his assistance in translating Whewell's Mechanics. These were to him so many successive revelations, and he rejoiced to find himself in a world of light instead of groping in search of it. Wylie, himself a good mathematician, greatly admired the talents of his collaborator, who, he assured me, had often seized the spirit of an abstruse passage when the translator was unable to get beyond the letter. The only advantage which the Englishman possessed over the Chinese lay in his access to the sources of scientific knowledge.

The works above named having brought Mr. Li to the notice of high officials, he was employed as mathematician by Tseng Kofan, viceroy of Nanking. When the school of interpreters molted into the College of Peking he was recommended to the Tsungli Yamen for a professorship. He was there when I was made president, and at first manifested a little jealousy; but it soon wore off, and he became one of my best friends.

"What do you think of Li Shenlan?" asked Wensiang, the prime minister.

I had known Li for ten years, and I replied without hesitation, "He is a phoenix—a rare bird in China."

"What a pity he is so old!" rejoined the minister.

He was not over sixty, but the brightness of his intellect had begun to wane. Though he lived fifteen years, he produced nothing new. His example, however, inspired our students with zeal for mathematical studies, though the difficulty of following his reasoning was aggravated by a villainous patois, which made him quite unintelligible to the people of Peking. It raised me greatly in his estimation when, through my familiarity with algebraic methods, I once succeeded in solving a problem in a scientific magazine over which he had toiled without success.

While he was with Mr. Wylie he came very near professing Christianity. Deterred by fear of prejudice to his official preferment, he retained in considerable measure the impressions he then received. To my question, "Are you not lonely?" he answered, "How can I be lonely when God [*Shangti*] is with me?" His faith, if he had any, was a compound of West and East. Professing to be a Confucian, he was an eclectic, grafting ideas alike from India and the Occident on the doctrines of the Chinese Sage. Holding the vulgar idolatry in contempt, he still felt annoyed to have his countrymen regarded as heathen. "Why may not *we* send missionaries to your country as well as you to ours?" he once asked me. I might have answered, "Because water does not flow uphill," but I refrained from wounding his feelings, and replied, "Why don't you? Your missionaries would be treated in our country much better than ours are in yours." The fact is, as he was well aware, that Confucianism has nothing to propagate in the way of religion, its ideas on that head being as faint and cold as moonshine. As for the rival creeds of Buddha and Tao, they are scarcely able to keep themselves alive on their own soil. Of stout unwieldy form, massive head, and heavy features, Professor Li so much resembled the viceroy Tso that his likeness was once published for that of the conqueror of Kashgar.

CHAPTER X

EARLY DIPLOMATIC MISSIONS FROM CHINA TO THE WEST

Pin's voyages—The Burlingame embassy—First mission to France—
First to England—First to Germany—Chinese students in the United
States—Coolies in Cuba—Chunghau's mistakes—Marquis Tseng's
successes

THE intercourse of states, as such, comes under the head of diplomacy. In ancient China such intercourse was frequent and well understood, the empire being divided into numerous principalities, nominally vassal, but really independent. On their consolidation, B.C. 240, diplomacy took its place among the lost arts. There was henceforth only one state, with no equals. All the kingdoms of eastern Asia, with the single exception of Japan, rendered voluntary homage to the greatness of the central empire—approaching the dragon throne as bearers of tribute, and feeling repaid by the privilege of an occasional exchange of untaxed commodities. China, on her part, disdained to send an embassy in return. Her missions were not those of reciprocal courtesy, but the acts of a superior conferring honors, or deciding disputes when appealed to. No wonder that the claim of the nations of the West to treat on equal terms was rudely rejected until they proved themselves more than a match for China on the field of battle. Signing treaties extorted by arms, she was as anxious to keep diplomatists at a distance as generals, and not until the last defenses of the capital had fallen did she consent to their residence within its walls. A figment of the old exclusiveness still remained. The court continued to be inaccessible to

those who were accredited as ministers "near his Imperial Majesty." Subject to this restriction, the representatives of Occidental powers were freely received. But to receive is one thing, to send another. The large number of envoys from the West who came to offer the salutations of their masters furnished food for vanity, though few brought presents, and none called themselves bearers of tribute. To reciprocate these courtesies would have been to renounce a fancied superiority.

Yet the Tsungli Yamen at length saw the necessity of doing so. Wensiang took it for granted when, looking over my translation of Wheaton's "International Law," he said, "When we send ministers to Europe this will be our guide." But "when"? The court, less enlightened, desired to defer indefinitely that humiliating necessity. Owing to its success in staving off the audience, it regarded itself as not in communication with Western courts; nor did it wish to establish with them relations of any kind.

Mr. Hart was unwearied in his efforts to initiate reciprocal intercourse. He represented that foreign ministers in Peking would have it all their own way so long as China had no other channel by which to reach the ear of their sovereigns. His arguments made an impression, but the step was too serious to be undertaken hastily. It occurred to him that a mission of observation might pave the way. Getting leave to go home for personal reasons in 1866, he proposed that a commissioner should accompany him to England and make an experimental visit to other treaty powers. Pinchun, a respectable old Manchu who had filled the post of prefect, was at that time acting as private secretary to the inspector-general. Expressing himself as willing to brave the dangers of the deep, he was designated to proceed to the Western world, not as minister, but as a sort of diplomatic scout.

Accompanied by two young men, one English and one French, from the customs service, as also by three students

from the school of interpreters, he had a considerable retinue, put on something of the state of an ambassador, and was lionized through Europe. He was everywhere received by crowned heads, though not provided with credentials entitling him to such distinction, and, with long beard, wise look, and courtly bearing, he everywhere made a favorable impression. What was more important, the impressions made on him he carefully recorded in two forms—one a volume of verse, the other a prose narrative, the realism of the latter correcting the romance of the former. He first rushes into rhyme on finding himself on board a steamer in the *hei shui yang*, the "dark-watered ocean," an epithet at least as good as the "wine-faced ocean" of Homer. He next invokes the muse to celebrate the wonders of Shanghai, one of which was a bright, lacquered, easy-going spring-carriage, in which he was treated to a drive in company with fair ladies. Is not his enthusiasm natural when we remember that Chinese carriages have no springs and that mandarins never drive with Chinese women? But I must give the reader his own lines, unadulterated by any fancy of my own:

"No a tist's pencil can do them justice,
Those fair ones of the West!
Slender and graceful their waists;
Long and trailing their skirts.
When they pass you to windward,
A strange fragrance is wafted to your nostrils.
I have taken them by the hand,
And together ascended a lacquered chariot.
Their whiteness comes not from starch,
Nor their blush from cinnabar,
For nature's colors spurn the aid of art.
Their twittering words are hard to comprehend,
But I do not yield to Minghuang in interpreting the language of
flowers."

In Europe railways and telegraphs kindle his imagination,

both being equally strange; and courts, camps, and cities are all mirrored in that book of verse. If the poetry is not of the highest order, it is safe to say that never had Chinese poet an equal opportunity for expressing the emotion of surprise.

The prose narrative is a meager selection from his official reports, embodying only what he thought it prudent to publish; for it was then a crime to show any leaning toward the things or people of the West. For every word of praise he no doubt had ten of censure, for which, like Usbek in the "Persian Letters," he easily found material; but the censure was confidential and did not appear in print.

The next year the Chinese government launched its first diplomatic mission. Prepared though it was by the reports of Pinchun, it still hesitated; but an unforeseen occurrence precipitated the decision. Mr. Burlingame, having filled two terms as minister, was about to return to the United States to resume his place in the political movements of the day. Packed for the voyage, he called at the Yamen to take leave of Prince Kung and his colleagues, the prince inviting me to act as interpreter. After professions of regret, which were profuse and sincere on both sides, Mr. Burlingame offered to serve them by correcting misapprehensions.

"There is a great deal to be done in that line," said the prince. "Are you going through Europe?"

Mr. Burlingame answering in the affirmative, the prince requested his good offices at the courts of Paris and London, especially the latter. Wensiang, always the chief spokesman, enlarged on the nature of the representations to be made, and added, "In short, you will be our minister."

"If it were possible," interposed the prince, "for one minister to serve two countries, we should be glad to have you for our envoy."

This remark, uttered half in jest, was the germ of the Burlingame mission. It struck Burlingame as opening a pleasing

vista of possibilities. To a temperament like his the prospect of being the first to introduce the old empire of the East to the courts of the Western world was irresistibly fascinating. It might delay, but might it not help, his political career?

Nothing further at the time was said on the subject, and after arranging for a farewell interview at the United States legation the parties separated. Instead of going directly home, Burlingame went around to see Hart. He found him not only in sympathy with the prince's wish, but, with characteristic readiness of resource, prepared to make an effort to carry it into effect.

In taking the matter up so promptly Hart was possibly influenced in some degree by a desire to serve Burlingame in return for his having helped him to the inspector-generalship. But he recognized the opportunity as just what he had longed for: on one hand, to draw China out of her shell; on the other, to have her represented abroad by a man of tact and experience, backed by the influence of a powerful nation. So energetically did he pull the wires that at the farewell interview the prince placed in Mr. Burlingame's hands an imperial decree appointing him envoy extraordinary, with a general mission to the treaty powers. A similar commission, Hart afterward told me, had been offered to himself. He did not entertain the proposal; whether on account of his youth and want of prestige, or because he feared that, like Lay's commission to buy a fleet, it might cost him the position he then enjoyed, he did not say; but he added: "This will make the post respectable for somebody else at some future time," showing that the tempting vision had not been wholly banished.

Two native officials, one of them a Tartar well known to me, were associated with Mr. Burlingame, an arrangement essential to confidence on the part of China, and committing her to the policy of sending her own people, while it enhanced the dignity of the chief envoy.

The "Ecumenical Embassy," as it was facetiously called, made a great noise, especially in the United States, but its objects were misunderstood and its results disappointing. From a fervid passage in one of Burlingame's after-dinner orations it was inferred that missionaries were invited to "set up the shining cross on every hill," that engineers were to be engaged to open mines, and, to complete the program, that all the appliances of Western civilization were to follow in quick succession. The pleasing prospect was no doubt described as in the paullo-post-future; but people of warm imagination took it in the present tense. One of these was Mr. Ross Brown, his successor in the United States legation, who, recalled after a brief tenure of office, made no secret of his lost illusions.

Instead of expediting the development of the country, the real aim of the embassy was to obtain delay, to set forth the embarrassments of China impoverished by a foreign war and wasted by intestine rebellions, to crave the indulgence of Western powers and induce them to recognize the right of China to take her own time and proceed in her own way. This right was expressly recognized in the unfortunate treaty made in Washington in 1868. I call it "unfortunate" because its most progressive article, that which acknowledged a "tendency toward homogeneity of civilization" and engaged to introduce a silver coinage, was objected to by the Chinese government and excepted from ratification, while twelve years later its stipulations in favor of free emigration were denounced and abrogated by our government. The draft of that document was drawn up, not by Mr. Burlingame, as generally supposed, but by Mr. Seward, as the "great secretary" himself told me with no little satisfaction; but it goes without saying that he embodied the ideas of the Chinese envoys.

Two parties were thrown into a state of anxiety by the enthusiastic reception accorded the embassy. The Chinese were alarmed to see it taken as a harbinger of the new era which

they sought to postpone. When Dr. Williams went to the Yamen to exchange ratified copies of the treaty (I acting as interpreter) the Chinese ministers expressed their apprehensions without reserve, reiterating in substance what Wensiang had previously said: "Why should you Westerns be so impatient to have us move? When China does make a start she will move faster than you wish." On the other hand, the friends of progress dreaded its effect in lulling the Chinese into indifference. Nor was Mr. Hart himself free from misgivings on that head. "Should it have that effect," he said to me, "it were better it had never been born." He had favored it as a progressive measure, a necessary step toward bringing China into the family of nations.

In England and France the mission was courteously received and made a long halt, but nothing was concluded. In a letter to me from London, Burlingame expressed himself as confident of eventual success. His last communication was a telegram, via Siberia, addressed to me for the Tsungli Yamen, reporting a favorable reception at Berlin: "Concluded negotiations with Prussia. Strong declaration by Bismarck in favor of China. Now to Russia!"

No convention was signed in any of the three capitals, but preliminaries were arranged, and definite negotiations reserved for another visit, to be made after the lapse of a few months. The embassy proceeded to Russia, and there the curtain fell on the career of its brilliant chief. In the wording of this last despatch there is no trace of discouragement; had he been spared a little longer, it is highly probable that he would have succeeded in obtaining a treaty from each of the four great European powers, in which case his mission would have been not a failure, but a splendid success. Failure it was from a diplomatic point of view, terminating as it did; yet not a whit the less must we see in it an indispensable link in the chain that was drawing the West and the East together.

Our government was fortunate in having Anson Burlingame for its first representative at Peking. Before going there he had been objected to by Austria because on the floor of Congress he had spoken of her "iron rule," referring to her treatment of Hungary. A finished orator, he was a man of broad sympathies, capable of enthusiasm in a good cause, and endowed with indomitable energy. When Preston Brooks, infuriated by Sumner's attack on slavery, assailed him with a deadly bludgeon at the door of the Senate, it was Burlingame who came forward as avenger. Brooks declined to meet him on the field of honor, and that affair did more to bring him before the eyes of the nation than all his eloquent speeches. One day, in Indianapolis, as he stepped down from the platform after a campaign oration, his hand was grasped by Tom Marshall, of Kentucky. Expressing some surprise that the Southern statesman had come so far to hear him speak, "It was not to hear you speak," replied Marshall, "but just to *see* the man who was not afraid to go to Niagara." His real motive was to express his disapproval of Brooks's brutality. Irregular as Burlingame's action was, it gave him the mission to China.

Representing an unaggressive country, and full of personal magnetism, he was not long in acquiring an ascendancy in the diplomatic corps. Under his influence that body adopted and pursued for a time what was known as the "coöperative policy." Sinking petty differences, the legations agreed to act together as far as possible in order to secure their common ends and promote the good of China. Had they continued in that spirit until the present day, who can doubt that the moral force derived from union would have had a beneficial effect in stimulating progress and deterring from outrage?

Burlingame and the British minister were particularly intimate, a day rarely passing without the latter appearing at the United States legation to drink tea and discuss the questions of the hour. Each imagined that he was leading the other.

Like double stars, their influence was mutual, but in power of persuasion Bruce was no match for Burlingame. His success in inducing the British representative to consent to the dismissal of the Lay-Osborne flotilla was a signal event in his diplomatic career. From that day his influence with the Chinese was conspicuous, and it grew until it clothed him with the honors of an ambassador to half the universe.

How much the government was disposed to profit by the experience of its officials acquired in that expedition may be

seen in the fact that one of Burlingame's associates was sent into honorable exile as governor of a post on the frontier of Mongolia, while the other was buried in an equally obscure region of western China. There was no disposition to follow it up by permanent missions. To bring the government to that point more than one lesson of the rudest sort was still required.

Those lessons were not long delayed. The next year (June, 1870) occurred the Tientsin massacre, a bloody tragedy, which must have precipitated a conflict with France but for the bloodier scenes of the Franco-German War. So obviously was China in the wrong that, notwithstanding the impos-



MINISTERS OF THE FIRST FOUR TREATY POWERS.
BERTHEMY, VLANGALI, BRUCE, BURLINGAME.

sibility of immediate vengeance, the French representative succeeded in inducing the government to avert future danger by paying a heavy indemnity and sending a special envoy to make a humble apology. The envoy chosen was Chunghau, superintendent of the northern ports, an amiable official, to whose indecision the deplorable occurrence was mainly due. On the eve of setting out he requested me to select one of our students to act as interpreter for the French language. I named Mr. Tching Tchang, a young Catholic, who has since continued in the service and greatly distinguished himself, being more than once *chargé d'affaires* at Paris and intrusted with special missions in connection with the Pamir question. For English interpreter he took Mr. Chang Toyi, a student who had accompanied the Burlingame mission, afterward English tutor to the emperor.

When Chunghau arrived in France the government was still at Bordeaux. Proceeding to Paris after the suppression of the Commune, he was shown the sewers of the city. Entering at one point and emerging at another, his attention was struck by a vast concourse that greeted his reappearance, and he inferred that this subterranean transit, during which he had been trampled over by the feet of thousands of French people, was a premeditated indignity, designed to expiate the misdeeds of his countrymen. Two Brazilian princes, he was told, had visited the sewers the same day, but it is probable that he persisted in regarding himself as a vicarious victim. On his return he spoke to me of the havoc made by siege and insurrection, adding that France was still a formidable power, "a wounded tiger, not to be trifled with." What he saw of the power of France only served to give him and his people a more exalted estimate of that of Germany, before which they have been disposed to bow down and worship ever since.

The mission to England in 1876 had a similar origin. Its primary object was to avert war by apologizing for an outrage,

the official murder of a young Englishman by the name of Margary; but in this instance we have to note a step in advance—the minister was appointed to reside in England for a term of years. For this post the choice fell on Kuo Sungtao, a man of genial manners and of high repute in the Chinese world of letters, member of the Hanlin Academy, and ex-governor of the province of Canton.

Shortly after his arrival in the capital, to which with many high officials he had been summoned to wait for an appointment, he came to call on me; and the same day I received a call from General Tseng (brother of the first marquis), who had been a provincial governor and was afterward viceroy of Nanking. Both asked me what particular measure I would recommend as of first importance for China. I replied, "The establishment of permanent legations in the leading countries of the West." On receiving his appointment Mr. Kuo reminded me of the opinion I had expressed, and professed to have been much struck by it. A friend of his by the name of Liu, who by his request was associated with him as vice-minister, was annoyed to find himself regarded in the light of a secretary. He quarreled with his chief and denounced him for unpatriotic compliance with foreign usages. Touching at Malta on their way to England, they were invited by the governor to inspect the fortifications. During a sudden shower the governor threw his cloak over the gay robes of the Chinese minister. Kuo's acceptance of this kindness was represented as a disgrace to his country—not less than if he had allowed the English flag to be raised above the Chinese.

Deeming him the right man to uphold the honor of the Flowery Land, the government gave this ill-natured creature a commission as minister to Germany. During his sojourn at Berlin, which was very short, he made himself supremely disagreeable by petty quibbles, such as an obstinate determination to use red cards in official visits. On his homeward voyage, the passen-

gers were much excited one morning by a squall that had its origin in the cabin of the Chinese minister. His servant was seen cowering on the floor, while the master was menacing him with something dreadful in an unknown tongue. Some of the officers calling an interpreter, Liu explained that on going to sleep he had laid his false teeth in a wash-basin, and that the servant had thrown them into the sea; exclaiming in tones of despair, "What shall I do? If I have no teeth, how can I see the emperor?" He was pacified by the assurance that his loss could be repaired at Shanghai. His patriotism was not proof against the seductions of artificial teeth. Liu's reports, which I have read, were full of bitter invective against the people of the West; those of Kuo were of a different character, and probably for that reason he was allowed to go into retirement.

The Rubicon having been crossed by sending a permanent mission to England, missions to other countries were appointed soon after, beginning with Chenlanpin and Yung Wing to the United States, Hojuchang and Changluseng to Japan. It has been the custom for China to send envoys in pairs to vassal states, and the old usage was adhered to in the three missions last named. In every case an intolerable friction soon declared itself between the parties thus unequally yoked. The vice-minister was generally, to his own disgust, treated by the foreign court merely as a secretary, and the Chinese government has, not without reluctance, abandoned the dual system in so far as treaty powers are concerned.

Chenlanpin and Yung Wing had been associated in an "educational mission" which brought one hundred and twenty youth to the United States. Yung Wing, himself a graduate of Yale, had conceived the idea of the mission and induced the high authorities to adopt it. Chen, an academician of conservative principles, as they all are, was placed over him and his students as a check on progressive tendencies. When

both were promoted to diplomatic honors the educational mission was left to the tender mercies of another academician named Wu. Finding that the young men were becoming infected with republicanism and Christianity, some of them going the length of marrying American wives, Wu advised his government to recall them and send no more. The fruits of that enlightened enterprise were blighted just as they were beginning to ripen. If its originator, in every way a remarkable man, deserves to be named with honor, the author of its untimely fate ought not to be forgotten. I knew him well as an amateur photographer, a dabbler in foreign science, and superintendent of a school at Canton. He studied English when over fifty, but his old prejudices were too deep to be eradicated.

To revert to Chenlanpin: in an interval prior to his elevation he had conducted a mission of inquiry into the condition of Chinese coolies in Cuba. In addition to a detailed report he published some verses depicting the life of a coolie:

“ His miseries are not ended by death;
His charred bones are ground to powder,
To whiten the sugar ‘ of Havana.’ ”

These I reprinted in a Chinese magazine along with an article in which I referred to the “ blundering philanthropy of Las Casas in substituting black slaves for red. The time had now come for yellow to take the place of black at the behest of antislavery sentiment, not more intelligent than that of a Chinese prince, who, pitying an ox, ordered a sheep to be sacrificed in its stead.” My paper deepened the determination of the Chinese authorities not to permit their people to be made the “ sheep ” of the fable. Needless to say, it drew on me the hostility of those interested in the coolie traffic.

Chen was recalled to Peking, not to be quietly shelved, like most of his predecessors, but to take a place on the Board of

Foreign Affairs. Bland, affable, and venerable in aspect, he possessed no ability higher than that of making mechanical verse and regulation essays.

In conforming to new usages the Chinese always preserve as much as possible of their old traditions. It had been their custom not only to send ministers in pairs, but to choose them from the ranks of the Hanlin. In each of these three missions the chief was a Hanlin. China is learning, however, that for responsibilities of that sort solid acquirements are better than the niceties of Chinese scholarship; but when, as with Mr. Wang, a recent minister to Japan, the two can be combined, the conditions for selection are specially favorable. Mr. Wang, as already mentioned, to the honors of the Hanlin Academy adds those of a Tungwen graduate.

In 1878 Chunghau was sent to Russia to arrange for the restoration of Ili. His experience in France recommended him, and his official dignities as member of the Board of Foreign Affairs and military governor of Shengking gave him weight. To give him a further increment of prestige the emperor conferred on him a rank equivalent to that of ambassador. He was treated accordingly, loaded with attentions, and admitted to negotiate directly with the czar. Outwitted in diplomacy, he committed the error of yielding all the strategic positions in the disputed territory, and the greater folly of returning home when he thought his mission completed without waiting for permission. He arrived to find his treaty repudiated and to be cast into prison before he had crossed the threshold of his own home. He was condemned to death, and all the members of the diplomatic corps interceded for him without further result than perhaps to obtain an unacknowledged respite.

Called on to draw up for the eyes of the government a memorandum of the usages of the West in similar cases, I pointed out that Christian nations visit diplomatic failures with

no heavier penalty than dismissal, but that Turkish envoys have been frequently brought to the bowstring—leaving them in no doubt as to the company in which they would place themselves. Chunghau was eventually released in response to a personal appeal made by the Queen of England to the Empress Dowager, but the captive emerged shorn of his plumes, and from that day he never held any office of emolument or honor. Even his ancestors to the third generation had been made to share in his degradation. Coming to see me some years later, he told me with evident gratification that their honors had been restored to the deceased worthies at the request of his nephew, whose ancestors they were also, the nephew having risen to the governorship of a province. Shortly before Chunghau's appointment the Marquis Tseng informed me that he had been promised the next diplomatic mission. Coming to my house a few days later, he learned of the nomination of Chunghau. He felt mortified and complained of bad faith on the part of the ministry; but I con-



THE MARQUIS TSENG IN WINTER DRESS.

gratulated him on having escaped a peril and consoled him with the assurance that Russian grapes were sour. It would,

I said, be extremely difficult to compel the Russian bear to disgorge, and I ventured to predict that he would get instead a mission to England or to the United States. The prediction was fulfilled, but it required no inspiration to make it, as the marquis spoke English, besides having a family connection with Kuo Sungtao, the first minister to London. He was accredited to France as well as to England, and after the fall of Chungchau he was sent on a special mission to Russia. In England he succeeded in improving relations that were already excellent. In France he upheld the dignity of his country in trying circumstances, but was compelled to withdraw by the outbreak of war. In Russia, profiting by the mistakes of his predecessor, he came off with flying colors. He was not pleased to be reminded how narrowly he had escaped the fate of Chungchau. After an absence of nine years he returned to Peking to be loaded with honors as the most successful diplomatist China has sent abroad in modern times. It was a good sign when the government showed a disposition to profit by his experience, appointing him to a seat in the Tsungli Yamen; but we have seen how abortive were his efforts to effect reforms.

CHAPTER XI

CHINA AND HER NEIGHBORS

Relations with Russia—With Great Britain—With France—Aims of
Germany—The four powers

IT is only recently that China has come to know what it is to have neighbors. In earlier times she had none. Separated from India and Persia by mountains and deserts, all states that held communication with her accepted the position of vassals. All she asked of them was homage, and they seldom gave her trouble. But when powers strong enough to impose conditions presented themselves, demanding to treat on a footing of equality, she no longer stood alone, protected by her isolation. This change in her situation is described by a Chinese statesman as the "greatest political revolution that has taken place since the abolition of the feudal system, in the days of the builder of the Great Wall." It was going on long before she became aware of it. From the day when Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape, and from that other day, a century later, when Ye mak crossed the Ural, the wakening ambition of Europe began to direct itself in two streams toward the shores of eastern Asia. Three of the European powers, conquering all that lay in their way, gradually pushed their frontiers up to those of China, which awoke—if she has awaked—to find herself not merely one of many, but one of the weakest, her existence imperiled by the necessity of drifting down the stream of time in company with stronger neighbors.

Relations with Russia

To begin with the Russians. They were formerly known as Oroses, a tribe of Tartars, conquered by a son of Genghis Khan. Their feebleness, no less than their distance, freed China from any solicitude on their account. When, in the reign of Kanghi, they imprudently overstepped their limits, did not that emperor easily reduce their fortress of Albazin and carry its garrison captive to Peking? That defeat Russia never resented; but she profited by it to introduce the thin edge of her matchless diplomacy, establishing religious and political missions in Peking more than a century in advance of other powers. When the English and French came as victorious enemies they found the Russians installed there as friends of the Chinese.

As the price of neutrality—probably of indirect assistance—they obtained the cession of a portion of Manchuria, east of the Usuri, giving them nearly a thousand miles of sea-coast, with complete control of the lower Amoor. The opening of the Suez Canal brought their southern ports as near to China as those of France or England. China saw with dismay that the petty state she once chastised had grown to be a mighty empire, and was building a naval stronghold within a few days of her capital. It may be difficult to say which of her neighbors she loves least, but it is easy to perceive which she fears most.

In 1880 China came very near being involved in war with the northern colossus. To recover the territory of Ili, occupied by Russia during a revolt of the Mohammedan population, she despatched, as elsewhere related, to the court of the czar an ambassador, who negotiated for its restoration. When the treaty was submitted for ratification, Chang Chitung, a bold, clear-headed member of the Board of Censors, denounced it for leaving important strategic positions in the hands of the Russians. The treaty was rejected, and preparations for war

were made on both sides. The viceroy Li sent for his old friend, Gordon, believing that any force he might lead would be "ever victorious," as that had been with which he crushed the Taipings. It was a splendid chance to gain power and renown, but the unselfish hero came to counsel peace. He warned the Chinese government not to provoke a conflict, "or the Russians would be in Peking in sixty days."

Without receding an inch from her resolve to regain the disputed territory, China made up her mind to try diplomacy once more; and Russia, exhausted by her war with Turkey, thought best to yield the point. This result had the effect of inspiring the Chinese with confidence in their ability to resist aggression (as the French found to their cost), and the event was signalized by the elevation of the bellicose censor to the offices of governor and viceroy. Their new-found confidence was rudely shaken by the announcement of the Trans-Siberian Railway scheme. When they saw the vigor with which that enterprise was being pushed forward, their answer to it was the canceling or postponement of a line through central China, and the building of one to meet the Russian road at its eastern extremity. They at the same time directed a current of emigration toward the thinly peopled provinces of Manchuria. Says Mr. Paul Popoff, a Russian, writing in 1887: "The rush of emigrants has been great during the last six or seven years, when the Chinese government, on account of a possible conflict with us, turned its special attention to Manchuria, and introduced administrative reforms intended to transfer to it all the rules of China proper. It applies its efforts to turn to account the natural riches of the country, and to secure protection of person and property. But the principal thing is that the government, by means of different exemptions, endeavors to attract population from other provinces." Not only will China thus have a body of settlers to defend their homesteads; she will be able to transport troops by her new railway, suffi-

cient at least to meet any land force that Russia can assemble at that distant point. In estimating the strategic value of the Siberian road, vulnerability is to be taken into account. Too long to be effectively protected, it runs for three thousand miles so near the common frontier that Tartar cavalry, making a sudden raid, might cut the line at any one of a hundred places. Its danger to China consists not so much in serving for purposes of attack in the near future, as in peopling the country through which it passes.

Whatever the design of that road, the Russians are as confident of one day possessing Peking as they are of getting Constantinople. "I expect to live to be governor of Pechili" (the metropolitan province), said a young Russian in my hearing, at a legation dinner, or rather *after* dinner—in *vino veritas*. Russia has no need to be in a hurry. Whoever shakes the tree, she stands ready to pick up the fruit. Much as she profited by England's wars to rectify her frontier, she has gained more by Japan's recent victory. It has enabled her to pose as the defender of Manchuria, and to take the lead in delivering China from her financial straits. She is not likely to suffer the latter to forget that "the borrower is servant to the lender."

Relations with Great Britain

Great Britain's relations with China fill so large a space in the preceding chapters that a brief outline will here suffice. England first became known to China as possessing a fraction of the decaying empire of the Great Mogul. The colony at Bombay, as harmless apparently as the Portuguese colony at Macao, she had seen expanded until it covered the whole peninsula and became her neighbor on the southwest. The feeling awakened by this spectacle is expressed by a popular writer of the last century, in the apologue of the "Magic Carpet," cited in the opening chapter.

Of England's military force she has twice made trial, being

badly beaten each time. Yet on two occasions have the Chinese risked a fresh collision rather than submit to humiliating conditions. Their determined attitude in the affair of the Lay-Osborne flotilla, and in the Margary affair, their positive refusal to place a viceroy under arrest, prove that there are limits to the concessions the Chinese may be expected to make, even when they know that they are unable to oppose force to force. To overthrow the government would be easy; to compel it to trample on old traditions, next to impossible.

So persistently have British ministers striven to convince the Chinese that they desire nothing but trade, that a few of the mandarins have come to believe the assertion, and have repeated it in memorials to the throne as a reason for dismissing all apprehension of attempts at conquest from the side of Great Britain. Her moderation in the first war, in taking a rock when she might have taken a province, and in the second, in taking nothing when she might have taken all, proves the sincerity of her desire to see the Chinese empire independent and prosperous. But to the mass of the Chinese and to the most of their rulers it proves nothing but weakness or stupidity; for, in their reading of history, no man refrains from seizing a province or an empire who feels himself able to keep it. If England withdrew from Peking after taking it in 1860, did not the rebel, Li Tzecheng, do the same in 1644? On them the lesson is lost; they believe the English to be "uncontrollably fierce and violent," as their emperors have described them; that their attitude has always been one of aggression, and always will be, no matter under what specious forms their designs may be veiled. Suspicion and hostility are the legacy of two wars. That those wars were not unprovoked *we* can see, but the Chinese cannot. Is it surprising that their thirst for revenge should smoulder in the ashes of Yuen Ming Yuen?

For some years England has been counting on China as an ally in the coming struggle with Russia. Hence the pains

taken to conciliate her good-will: deference to her wishes in the matter of Sikkim and Tibet; affronts borne with patience; claims held in abeyance. But, so far as feelings are concerned, it might be easier to incite the Chinese to aid in driving the British out of India than to induce them to defend what they consider usurpation.

The government is not much influenced by feelings, but it is too timid to risk anything for either party, though the people, smothering their antipathies, would fight impartially for both—if paid for it. The alliance is at a discount since China has shown herself so shiftless in her contest with Japan. It is not likely that anything more will be heard of it, nor are signs wanting of a change in British policy. A law of normal expansion and the greed of her rivals compel England to swallow kingdoms, though she has no special appetite for them. Did she not take Burmah as an offset to Tonquin, without saying to China "by your leave"? She did indeed ask an *ex post facto* consent, in the shape of a confirmatory treaty, which Sir N. O'Connor cleverly obtained by engaging that tribute missions should continue *quand même*. To check an advance of Russia, did she not occupy Port Hamilton with quite as little ceremony? And did she not afterward relinquish it, with quite as much ceremony as she had employed in confirming her title to Burmah; by treaty, binding a drowsy-headed dragon to keep watch instead of herself? In the recent crisis, when three other powers intervened on behalf of China, how much concern did Great Britain show for the integrity of Chinese territory? So little does she care for that, that she is already picking out the slices she intends to have—always the lion's share—though on the surface she hates to take any. It is a law of history, frequently quoted by Chinese writers, that "the empire, after being long divided, will be reunited, and after long union it will be divided." When the time for disruption comes, happy will it be for China if the bulk of her people pass under

the sway of Great Britain. Of the three nearest neighbors, Britain is the only one from whom they could learn self-government. England's altered sentiment is voiced by such writers as Norman and Curzon. The latter opens with the motto :

“ *Tu regere populos,*” etc.,

and closes with the significant words : “ Great as is the present position of Great Britain, I believe it will be greater still.

‘ Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fear of being great.’ ”

Relations with France

France is regarded by China with even more suspicion than England. Through her prominent part in the crusades, she made such an impression on the whole of Asia that Frank became synonymous with European. Through her missionaries, the earliest in the field, if we except two or three Italians, the Chinese were led to take her for what she really was, the leading power of Christendom. She sank in their estimation when they saw her despoiled of her Indian possessions by the hand of England. During the half-century since the gates of the far East began to open her part has been conspicuously secondary.

It was in the wake of England that France came to make her first treaty, and it was as the ally of England that she made her second. When, ten years ago, she made an attack on China, and gained nothing, the Chinese ascribed her failure to their own prowess, and to the fact that she was not supported by England. The true explanation, viz., that she was unsupported by France, and that, as Schiller has it,

“ *Nur Frankreich konnte Frankreich überwinden,*” *

lay too deep for their apprehension. They acquired, nevertheless, a wholesome dread of French valor, and abandoned

* “ Only France could overcome the French.”

Maid of Orleans.

all idea of expelling France from her new dominions. They live, indeed, in perpetual dread of a renewal of the conflict on the part of France. Her position as eldest daughter of the church, and protectress of Catholic missions, may at any moment supply her with a pretext, while the Chinese brigandage on the Tonquin frontier—amounting to guerilla warfare—may yield a more solid ground whenever such a war may serve her ends. In both characters, as champion of the church and touchy neighbor, her attitude is one of perpetual menace.

The "wounded tiger," as Chunghau called her, has, they are well aware, long since recovered sufficiently to compel the three powers of central Europe to increase their land armies, and cause England to augment her enormous navy. "How can we sleep with ease," they are wont to say, "when nothing but a paper screen parts us from such a neighbor?" The history of that paper screen, not to go further back, dates from 1858.

Having avenged their missionaries in China, the French proceeded, in conjunction with the Spaniards, to make a descent on Annam for the purpose of avenging their martyrs in that kingdom. Humbling the pride of Gialung, they forced him to give up one of his richest provinces to pay for a thrashing. That province, with Saigon for its capital, was the gate to Cambodia, of which they were soon masters. Their ambition to possess an Eastern empire was now in full blaze. They started a line of splendid steamers, which had to be heavily subsidized. Two things were noticeable, viz., that they were war-ships in disguise, and that they bore such names as "Dupleix" and "Labourdonnais," leaders in the struggle for India.

The discovery by Dupuis that the Sonkoï, the Red River of the East, offers a practicable route to southwestern China, led naturally to the conquest of Tonquin. This was not effected without another war with Annam. In vain did the king, who

had styled himself emperor as a sort of declaration of independence, pocket his pride, and implore aid of his insulted suzerain. He was forced to cede the richest portion of his territories, and accept France as overlord in lieu of China. China ratified the French conquests rather than risk the issue of a war, sacrificing her vassal and agreeing to withdraw her troops. All she had ever done in the way of succor was to garrison one or two strategic points near her own frontier. The commanders of these fortresses being in no hurry to effect the evacuation, more than one bloody collision took place in the attempt of the French to eject them. The French taxed China with breach of faith, and demanded an indemnity of sixteen million dollars. Too much this was for even Chinese patience. The demand was rejected, and the French began hostilities by destroying a Chinese squadron, together with the navy-yard at Fuchau (August, 1885). The empress regent boldly declared war. "Rather than go to war with a friendly power," she said, "we chose to abandon one of our vassals; but the French came upon us with outrageous demands, and, now that they have destroyed our ships, a state of war exists by their act. Confident in the righteousness of our cause, we accept the issue." She wept when signing this decree, but her tears were not those of weakness.

Few pages of history are more honorable for China than that which records this second war with France. I was at the Hills when the rupture occurred. I had seen it coming, and been appealed to by the French *chargé* to avert it by inducing the Chinese to accept his ultimatum. On the 18th of August, a letter from the Tsungli Yamen, sent by special messenger, requested me to return without delay on business of great urgency. At the Yamen I was told that the French had sunk the Fuchau fleet, and that, war having begun, the government desired to know the rules of international law as to the treatment of non-combatants belonging to the enemy.

I was preparing an answer when an officer came to receive the paper, and pressed me to bring it to a close, as the council of state were waiting to draw up an imperial decree on the subject. The decree, which came out the next day, assured protection and immunity to all Frenchmen residing in China, on condition of remaining quietly in their places in pursuit of their peaceful avocations, and not in any way taking part in the conflict. Nobly did the Chinese government redeem its pledge. Not one of the hundreds of French missionaries scattered throughout the interior was killed, and none was molested, with the exception of a few in turbulent portions of the province of Canton, who removed for safety to the provincial capital. French merchants kept their shops open, and French professors continued to lecture in the Imperial College.

I was requested to ask our professors to stay at home until the special question relating to them as employees of the government should be decided by the council. Three days later one of the ministers informed me that they might resume their lectures, as the government knew them to be honorable men. He imposed no restriction on their movements beyond advising that, for their own safety, they should not go far from the city. Is there a belligerent anywhere whose conduct surpasses this? Would not a Frenchman have reason to blush in comparing it with the treatment meted out to Germans in the war of 1870?

The French forces attempted to take Formosa, but failed. They also made an incursion from Tonquin, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The war from the first was unpopular in France, and purely defensive on the part of China. Both parties were accordingly brought by Sir Robert Hart, as elsewhere related, to make peace on the *status quo ante bellum*, the French not gaining a sou of indemnity, and the Chinese not losing an inch of territory.

To China this negative result was equivalent to a victory.

She was the stronger for it, and less disposed than ever to allow herself to be bullied by threats of war.

Attitude of the European Powers

Very significant is the action of France in backing up Russia's demand for the evacuation of Liaotung by Japan. For that service she may get her pay in Europe or in Africa, but more likely in China, when it may suit her to ask for a slice of the southern provinces. Already, indeed, she has obtained important advantages in the expansion of Tonquin, and in concessions for railway communication.

Before the close of the war it was supposed that England would be the first to object to Japan's getting a foothold on the mainland, and that in this she would have Russia for an ally. If in that matter she has yielded the principal part to others, not the less does she view their proceeding with secret satisfaction. To have Japan in a position to overawe the Chinese court would undermine her present influence, as well as mar her future prospects. That she has not translated her feeling into action, and that she has made no objection to the Japanese taking Formosa—though in the peace negotiations Viceroy Li declared she would—was obviously from fear of offending a future ally.

Japan, and not China, is the natural ally of Great Britain. As neither is tempted to encroach on the other, there is nothing to hinder mutual confidence. Japan has not, as China has, suffered irreparable injuries at the hands of England; and her formidable navy, joined to that of Great Britain, would make a force which Russia and France combined would be powerless to oppose. By Japan the alliance is ardently desired. For England to reject the outstretched hand would be worse than folly.

In supporting Russia's demands, Germany, to the surprise of many (though no surprise to me), appears alongside of

France. She wishes to establish a claim to a share in the final partition. She laments her want of colonies, and makes frantic efforts to obtain them. Her acquisitions in Africa and Papua are, as yet, worth nothing. For her Formosa would have been priceless. She had a chance to take it before her war with France, the case of the "Soberana," plundered by Formosans, affording a good pretext; but she was busy with reconstruction, and it is now too late. One of these days may she not indemnify herself by taking Chusan?—a measure to which, in the altered state of the China seas, England would have no good reason to object.

The first instalment of her pay she has already received, in China's consent to her demand for territorial concessions like those of England and France at the open ports. Those concessions, though not ceasing to be Chinese territory, are practically under a foreign flag. To Germany this little advantage is the nose of the camel. It is not for nothing that she has lent a hundred officers to reorganize the Chinese army.

The cordon of great powers drawn round the Celestial Empire looks ominous, but may it not prove to be a protection? The jealousy of the powers has kept the Ottoman in Europe; may it not keep the Tartar in China? There is, however, one ground on which they may unite, viz., as Christians, for the protection of Christians. On that ground they joined their forces to destroy the Ottoman fleet at Navarino in 1827, and Greece was freed from oppression. On that ground Russia made war in 1878, and the Berlin Conference created a free Bulgaria. In China that ground for interference is always present. As I write, fresh atrocities are reported, sufficient to provoke the vengeance of united Christendom.

Money indemnities for outrages seem to aggravate the evil, and official promises are not to be trusted; the government will not punish its own mandarins. One expedient remains to be tried, viz., for each of the powers to take a small strip of

territory. Russia might take her strip in Manchuria, where it would serve for a roadway to an unfrozen sea; England hers between Kowloon (Hong Kong) and the Pearl River, enabling her to reach Canton by a railway of her own. The island of Hainan would fall naturally to France, Chusan to Germany. Stung to the quick by the loss of these first slices, China would be careful not to incur a repetition of the process, in the form of *lingchi* ("slicing to death by slow degrees"). Might not this prove to be the best guaranty for stability and renovation—adjourning indefinitely a crisis, in which provinces instead of districts would have to pay the forfeit? *

* The final partition, if it must come, presents no such complicated problem as that of the Ottoman Empire. The northern belt of provinces would fall naturally to Russia; the southern belt, excepting portions of Yunnan and Kwang-tung, as naturally to France. England would claim the valley of the Yang-tse; and there would still be left the provinces of Chekiang and Fu-kien for Germany. The vigor with which China appears to be entering on schemes of reform may, let us hope, lead to the indefinite postponement of any plan of partition.



BLIND MUSICIAN, BY PROFESSION A FORTUNE-TELLER.

CHAPTER XII

CHINA AND HER NEIGHBORS (*Continued*)

Relations with Japan—Ancient hostility—Recent war—Japan's renovation—Her field for expansion—China's relations with the United States—American influence—American Trade

Relations with Japan

IN a sense different from any of the foregoing is Japan a neighbor to China. Their neighborhood came by conquest, hers by birthright. Their seat of power is remote; hers so near that each has been jealous of the other almost from the dawn of history. Situated relatively like England and France, their collisions have been pretty nearly as frequent as those of their European analogues. As early as the third century B.C., the builder of the Great Wall, the Alexander of the East, after conquering the last of the continental states within his reach, meditated the conquest of the Island Empire. The colonists whom he despatched, if they effected nothing more, certainly helped to bring the *Tao-i* ("insular barbarians") under the intellectual sway of China.

Not to speak of other expeditions from the mainland, the Mongol, Kublai Khan, after conquering China, attempted, like Chenshi, the subjugation of Japan. As in the former case, none returned to tell the tale, though his armada is said to have carried a hundred thousand men. Japan retaliated by ravaging the seaboard. Protected by her briny belt, she sent out her squadrons, to drop on the coast of China, now here,

now there, as unexpected as an army of aëronauts descending from the clouds. She overran Corea; but then, as now, China claimed the peninsula, and Japan was forced to retire after a sanguinary contest. Her corsairs continued to be a terror to the Chinese of the maritime provinces, until, oyster-like, she closed her shell and kept them at home.

The oyster policy was adopted, not against China, but as a protection against the encroachments of European nations. The wisdom of the expedient was questioned by some who, under a despotic government, did not dare to utter an open protest, but contrived to suggest their doubts in the form of fable.

“Once upon a time,” says a Japanese Æsop, “the fish of the sea were thrown into consternation by the appearance of a new enemy—a man with net and drag. Calling a council to provide for their safety, one proposed this, another that. The clam said that for himself he had no fear; he had only to close his shell to keep out all enemies. Splash! came the drag; the fish scattered, and he lay snug until all was quiet. Then, cautiously peeping out, he saw scrawled on an opposite wall: ‘This clam, two cents’ and he knew that he was *sold*.”

At the epoch of the opium war, the attitude of the two empires toward the outside world was identical. From that point, or, to be exact, from 1854, the date of our first treaty with Japan, their policies diverge. Compelled to abandon her old exclusiveness, China has yielded as little as possible. Japan renounced hers without waiting for the application of force. China drags her anchors, and vainly endeavors to cling to her old ground, even at the risk of being dashed to pieces on a lee shore. Japan weighs anchor, and stands boldly out to sea. The immense advantage which an active striving for the better possesses over an inert adherence to tradition has never been made so conspicuous as in the issue of the late war—a war which has placed the victor among the great powers, and commenced the disintegration of the vanquished.

Every step in Japan's progress has intensified the old animosity. China hates her as a traitor to Asiatic traditions, and she despises China as a laggard in the race. The first aggressions came from the side of Japan, as might have been expected from her awakened energies.

She began with the absorption of Liuchiu, which China regarded as her vassal, though the little kingdom, for its own purposes, had maintained a divided allegiance. Her next move was a descent on Formosa, ostensibly to punish the savages of the eastern coast for murdering the crew of a Liuchiuan junk; in reality with the intention of occupying a part, if not the whole, of that island. Their right to do so the Japanese defended by specious arguments drawn from text-writers on international law. These batteries the Chinese easily silenced, as I can testify, having had something to do with the loading of their guns. The contest would not have ended without drawing blood if the British minister, Sir Thomas Wade, had not come forward as peacemaker, and persuaded the invaders to withdraw on the payment of a small indemnity, which, to save the "face" of China, was considered as compensation for war material left on the island.

A third storm center was Corea. Confessedly a vassal of China, the Hermit Kingdom had been unwisely permitted to send embassies and enter into direct treaty relations with foreign courts, making the Corean capital a nest of intrigue.

In 1878 the destruction of the Japanese consulate at Seoul came very near embroiling the two empires. In the dispute which followed, the Japanese won a diplomatic victory; China weakly consented to something like a dual control, which naturally had the effect of making the peninsula more than ever a bone of contention. For these two blunders, the seeds of the recent war, Li Hung Chang is directly responsible, the affairs of Corea being his special charge.

A petty rebellion breaking out early in 1894, the king ap-

pealed to China, not to Japan, for succor. The insurgents, who called themselves *Tunghak* ("champions of Eastern learning"), in opposition to Western innovations, dispersed on the appearance of Chinese troops, and the troops intrenched themselves on the sea-coast. The Japanese were notified, and exercised their right of sending a force; but instead of camping on the coast, they pushed on to the capital for the better protection of king and court. It was the story of Tunis over again, where a French general, failing to find the *Kroumirs*, whom he had come to fight, suddenly appeared at the Bardo, and forced the Bey to sign a treaty which made him independent of Turkey. China was not as apathetic as the Ottoman, and both parties, perceiving the real issue, pushed forward their troops as fast as their ships could carry them. Their ostensible object was to annihilate the Tunghaks, their real aim to settle at once and forever the question of Chinese supremacy. They kept up the forms of friendship until the 25th of July, when two collisions in one day compelled them to throw off the mask. Then came the shock of war, as unforeseen as an earthquake, and infinitely more destructive.*

In the earlier battles the Chinese fought well, but they soon came to expect defeat as a matter of course, a constant suc-

* I was then in Japan in quest of health. Being asked by an English missionary what I thought would be the issue of the war, I said I thought it would end in a drawn battle, or be stopped by the intervention of the Powers; "but," I added, "if pushed to an extreme the swordfish can kill the whale." "You had better not say that too loud," he remarked, "unless you wish to have it published in all the newspapers in Japan." Many times I have visited the Island Empire. I first saw it under the Tycoons in 1859, when the Mikado was as powerless as the "prisoner of the Vatican"; I saw it again on the eve of the restoration; and I have seen it since often enough to become well acquainted with its people and some of its leading statesmen. My observations on the course of a revolution the most remarkable that any people has undergone in modern times, I am compelled to withhold for want of space,

cession of victories telling as much for the organizing talent of Japan at headquarters as for the courage and discipline of her forces in the field. In possession of king and capital, the Japanese enjoyed a great advantage. The poor king, as helpless as Montezuma, bound himself by treaty to furnish supplies for their troops until the independence of Corea should be secured, and allowed himself to be persuaded into insulting his liege lord by assuming the title of emperor. How great their advantage will not be apparent unless we suppose the situation reversed. With a Chinese army in Seoul commanding the resources of the kingdom, who can say that the issue of the conflict might not have been otherwise? In that first bold stroke the palm of strategy belongs to Japan.

An incidental advantage, not to be overlooked, was the glamour of chivalry which it gave her as the defender of the oppressed, enabling her to inscribe on her banners a noble object. Whatever *arrière pensée* she may have indulged, politically this was shrewd, but knight-errantry of that sort is out of date. Japan's action in taking the initiative is to be justified, if at all, on the ground that the disguised hostility of the Chinese made war inevitable sooner or later, and it was wise for her to strike when she was ready. Before spring the Chinese had been driven out of Corea, and the Manchurian seaboard occupied by the Japanese. The two great naval fortresses had fallen into their hands, and the Chinese navy was annihilated. To save her capital China sued for peace, and Japan stood revealed as a power no longer to be disregarded by the cabinets of Europe.

Her successes were not rapid, but they followed in unbroken series with the precision of science. More astonishing still, in her armies every expedient devised to mitigate the horrors of war was to be found in active operation. Supplies were paid for, few acts of violence were heard of off the field of battle, and the wounded enemy shared with the Japanese in the

benefits of a well-conducted Red Cross organization. Of a thousand Chinese prisoners recently sent home by Japan, "all were in good health and spirits. Many had been wounded in action, and some, having lost arms or legs, had cork substitutes."* When and where in our Civil War were prisoners provided with "cork legs"? By all this—as much in contrast with their old custom of cutting off ears for trophies as with the heartless speech of a Chinese taotai, that "China did not wish her wounded to be saved"—the Japanese have earned for themselves a high place in the scale of civilization.†

It is said, by way of apology for the mobs and massacres so frequent in China, that such things occur in other countries. Let it be noted, however, that they do not occur in Japan. Almost from the date of her new departure, she favored Christian missions as an educational agency, though without a line of stipulation on the subject; and of late she has gone so far as to guarantee religious liberty by an article in her new constitution. China, in spite of line upon line and pledge upon pledge, is more and more showing herself in the character of a pagan persecutor. The consequences are not difficult to foresee.

As to the future of Japan, that may be regarded as assured, provided she avoids a conflict with Russia. Her evacuation of Liaotong, though unpleasant, was good policy. The possession of a single post on the continent would expose her to dangerous complications, like those which beset England as long as she held on to portions of France. To her, as to England, the sea offers a safer arena for ambition. Formosa is a magnificent prize, sufficient to engross her colonizing

* "North China Herald," August 30, 1895.

† The brutal vengeance taken at Port Arthur, and more recently the murder of the Corean queen, with the connivance if not instigation of a Japanese minister, are (to vary the figure) heavy weights in the opposing scale.

efforts for a quarter of a century. Other prizes lie within reach. The grandest that looms up in the future is the island of Borneo. The largest that rests on the bosom of the deep—a world in itself—it is enough to sate the wildest wishes for expansion. Not to be obtained by force, it might be easily acquired by diplomacy. The North Borneo Company, which has barely begun to declare small dividends, would no doubt be glad to sell out for such an amount of cash as Japan's war indemnity would enable her to offer. The same may be said of Rajah Brooke; and the Sultan of Brunei would follow of course. Nor would the British government make objection, if the immediate proprietors were satisfied. Holland might be reckoned with later. Imagination revels in the spectacle which that glorious island, almost as large as France and Germany combined, might present half a century hence, in the hands of a people who to the civilization of Europe add a physique capable of thriving in a tropical climate.

Relations with the United States

America is neighbor to China only in the sense in which the Samaritan was neighbor to him who fell among thieves: others may wound or rob, we do neither. Not that we are better, but the remoteness of our situation, the form of our government, and the amplex of our domain are such as to keep us out of temptation. This applies equally to our relations with Japan. Both nations are aware of it. Hence, on the outbreak of war, each requested the United States to care for its subjects within the bounds of the other, while to the United States both had recourse to initiate negotiations for peace. In our treaty with China, as elsewhere mentioned, the exercise of such good offices is expressly provided for.

A country so remote as to exclude the suspicion of a design on Chinese territory, so separated from other great powers as

to be free from entanglements, withal sufficiently powerful and sufficiently enlightened to command respect, was found to fulfil all the conditions for friendly mediation. More than once have our ministers exerted their influence to preserve peace. In this instance they have laid the whole world—not merely those two nations—under obligations by their efforts to restore peace. In this crisis our country was happy in being represented at the two courts by men of high character and long experience. Of Mr. Dun I am unable to say more for want of personal acquaintance, but of Colonel Denby I can add that his clearness of perception and honesty of purpose are such as would adorn the supreme bench. Beyond all precedent, surviving the defeat of his party, he has served three presidential terms. Who shall say that his presence in China in her hour of need was not ordered by more than human foresight?

Without exception, our representatives at Peking have been men of ability. With Burlingame to head the procession; Brown, a clever engineer; Low, a "level-headed" governor; Avery, a man of letters (all three from California); then Seward, who, from natural gifts improved by consular experience, deserves to be called the "son of his uncle"; Angell, president of a university; Young, a leading journalist of the East; and last, not least, Denby, with his third term—and we have an array of talent unsurpassed by the representation of any other country. In the selection of our future envoys care should be taken not to introduce any feeble link into this succession of strong men; and when any man has proved by success his exceptional fitness, he should be kept at his post as long as he is willing to remain.

Peking has risen in the scale of importance to rival Constantinople as a focus of intrigue. In addition to the astuteness of Oriental diplomacy, our ministers encounter there the sharpest wits of Europe. Unlike the envoys of China's nearer

neighbors, they have no fixed policy to maintain, unless it be that of watching over the rights of our citizens, merchant or missionary, and taking care that no unfair advantage is accorded to the people of other nations. What this rivalry means will be made plain by an instance: Some years ago an American syndicate made its appearance, with a formidable backing of capital, aiming at something like a commercial conquest. It was represented by a versatile Polish count, who, by resorting to Oriental methods, which come natural to Russians, carried the outworks with the greatest ease. The viceroy Li, who had the initiative in such matters, was persuaded to agree to a loan of fifty million dollars, to be employed in the establishment of a national system of banks and mints, there not being at that time a mint in the empire except for copper coin. He was to permit them, in return, to construct and run railways, to be handed over, after a term of years, free of cost. A preliminary contract was signed, and it looked as if China was emerging from the age of brass to have the ages of iron and of silver all at once. But the terms required to be sanctioned at Peking. It failed there, and the world imputed its failure to the incompetence of the agent. Never was imputation more unjust. The true explanation was the alarm awakened among European diplomats by that startling outbreak of American enterprise.

"Do you know why the count's scheme failed so signally?" said one of them to me, in an after-dinner tête-à-tête. The German minister (Doyen of the corps) came to me and the other ministers, and, holding up a copy of the contract, exclaimed, "There, gentlemen, see what the Americans have got. If we allow this thing to go on the Yankees will sweep the board. Then we may as well put our commissions in our pockets and quit the field. Nothing would do but we must go with him to the Yamen to enter protest. And so that brilliant enterprise was killed."

Whether the United States minister could have done anything to defeat this counterplot, if he had known it, is doubtful. But it is highly probable that the opposition would not have had time to organize if the agent had observed due secrecy, or if, instead of tarrying at Tientsin, he had pushed on to Peking and taken the United States minister into his confidence, even without buying up a prince or two. The United States might then have had a bonanza, instead of seeing all the good things turned over to other neighbors.

In closing, I wish to point out two popular errors. First, it is a mistake to suppose that American influence, which I take to mean state prestige, is at a discount. Like most things that possess value, it has had its fluctuations. In the palmy days of Burlingame it was at a premium, not altogether on his account, but more, perhaps, because that was the beginning of a new order of things, in which friendly advice was not unwelcome, especially when asked for. It declined in the long agony preceding the treaty of 1894, during which Chinese immigration, once so ardently wooed, was contemptuously spurned. Our government had made its solemn obligations a foot-ball (let the aptness of the metaphor excuse its triteness), to be kicked by both parties in each political contest. What but loss of prestige could it expect from its own tergiversation, even if its ministers had all been Burlingames?

The subject of Chinese immigration I shall not discuss here or anywhere. Yet I cannot help thinking that we should have had a less humiliating record had our government seen fit to limit the influx by adopting the measures proposed by Mr. Seward for weeding out objectionable classes. But extinction, not limitation, was what was aimed at, and on that issue he was sacrificed. The case of M. Bourée offers a parallel, who, for proposing terms of accommodation, by which French interests and Chinese susceptibilities in Tonquin were cleverly harmonized, was promptly recalled because absorp-

tion, not partnership, was the end in view. That most irritating question settled, the influence of the United States has been rising, and the action of our minister in initiating peace negotiations brought it up to par.

Second, it is a mistake to suppose that American trade is on the decline. With changing conditions, the great houses have gone down, one after another. An American steamer is rarely seen in a Chinese port (Hong Kong is not China). Not long ago the commissioner of customs reported that for a whole month not a single vessel bearing the American flag had been entered at Shanghai. Yet, for all that, our trade grows,* finding its way to and fro chiefly in English and Japanese bottoms. Nor is it possible for legislative blundering to do much to check it. With the growing wealth of our Pacific coast, its future expansion challenges fancy to assign a limit.

It was Cathay (whose wealth had been portrayed by Marco Polo), not Zipangu (Japan), that fired the imagination of Columbus, turned his prow to the west, and led to the discovery of America. It was China that in large measure prompted the building of our first transcontinental railway, and the China trade has had a share in building three others. That trade already forms the chief support for four lines of steamers, with every prospect of expanding until the Pacific shall be furrowed by as many keels as now plow the Atlantic. For this no new condition is required but that of progressive improvement in the tastes and habits of the Chinese people. Who shall affirm that America's interest in China, present or potential, is wholly of the sentimental sort? or that the sentimental may not promote the material?

* The "declared exports from Tientsin to the United States" for the last three years were as follows: 1893, 940,871 taels; 1894, 1,751,800 taels; 1895, 1,818,881 taels=\$2,425,000 (Mexican), an expansion of nearly one hundred per cent.

CHAPTER XIII

SIR ROBERT HART AND THE CUSTOMS SERVICE

His influence not confined to the customs—How he made peace with France—How he has pioneered improvements in China—The service international in membership—Its high character—Its influence not ephemeral—Originating in an accident, integrity has made it permanent—Sir Robert declines to be British minister—He wears the honors of many nations—His literary tastes—A reminiscence of Dr. McCosh

WHAT Li Hung Chang is among native servants of the Chinese government, that is Sir Robert Hart among its foreign employees. Rare in personal qualities and exceptional in opportunity, he looms up like the Tungcho pagoda, which, rising from a level plain, becomes a part of the landscape, and attracts the eyes of all who turn their faces toward Peking. If he has not, like the statesmen of British India, extended the boundaries of his own country, he has done more than any other man to avert the destruction of another empire. Much as he has accomplished, however, he is far from sanguine as to the ultimate result. "I am afraid we are tinkering a cracked kettle," he said to me, some months before the war with Japan had come to expose the rottenness of China to all the world.

For over thirty years Sir Robert has ruled with autocratic sway a branch of the revenue service which employs nearly eight hundred Europeans and five times that number of Chinese, and controls a commerce amounting to three hundred million taels per annum. Not confining himself to his fiscal

duties, the government has found in him a confidential adviser in every crisis of its foreign relations. Not to speak of smoothing the way for treaties and promoting friendly intercourse with other nations, to him belongs the honor of staving



SIR ROBERT HART, BARONET.

off a war with Great Britain in 1876, and of making peace with France nine years later. His action in the former case is reserved for another page; the latter may be referred to here as illustrating more than one phase of his character, as well as the unique influence of his position.

When the French were in Formosa, they seized the "Feihu," a small steamer employed by the customs as a revenue-cutter. Applying in vain to Admiral Courbet for the release of the vessel, Sir Robert appealed to Paris, sending Mr. Campbell,

his London agent, to lay the case before M. Jules Ferry, the French premier. M. Ferry ordered the vessel to be returned, on the ground that it was in no way concerned in hostilities, but actually engaged in conveying supplies to lighthouses, a humane service in which all nations were interested. Thanking M. Ferry for his generosity, Sir Robert instructed his agent to sound him as to his willingness to enter into negotiations looking to peace. The unpopular war was an albatross on the neck of the premier, and he was glad to have the knot untied by a friendly hand. Sir Robert got himself empowered to speak for the Chinese government, and, entering into direct telegraphic communication with M. Ferry, succeeded, after a tedious and expensive correspondence (every word costing two dollars), in obtaining for China "peace with honor."

Nor has the impress of Sir Robert Hart's activity been less deep, if less conspicuous, on the internal condition of China, for every step in the direction of modern improvements has not merely been urged or recommended by him at the time, but, in most cases, mapped out with prophetic foresight long years in advance. The general chart of sailing directions, in which they are laid down, bears the title *Pang Kuan Lun*, a little book in two volumes, more than once reprinted by the government for distribution among its officers. The first volume dates back as far as the year 1866, when, facing the uncertainties of a voyage home, he desired to leave with his employers a few pages of serious advice. If, after speaking of his public character, I seem to intrude on the sanctities of private life, my apology must be that he has been much written about by those who have not enjoyed the privileges of a "friendship of forty years."

The customs service, of which Sir Robert is the official head, is unlike anything that bears that name in Western lands. Yet it is not Chinese, either in method or in personnel. For, while in other countries customs dues are, as a rule, collected by their

own subjects, in this service the official corps consists entirely of foreigners, with Chinese assistants under their direction—an arrangement the reverse of what would be expected, but one for which a reason will appear in the sequel. The foreign appointments are not monopolized by any nationality, but represent, in fact, a sort of international corporation, the members of which are chosen by the inspector-general with a view to securing for the service the good-will of the various nations interested in Chinese commerce. The number of appointees assigned to each is, however, in proportion rather to their influence than to the amount of their trade. On both grounds the lion's share properly falls to Great Britain, but in point of fact her representation is less than her due; otherwise no room would be left for other nations—her trade amounting to no less than eighty per cent. of the sum total.

If it be asked why the French, whose trade is so insignificant, should be so largely represented, they having three out of the thirty commissioners, they would answer that they are far from getting as much as they deserve. Having borne a leading part in the opening of the oyster, they feel entitled to share largely in all the good things resulting from that operation. That feeling is exhibited in the fact that while, at the open ports, other nationalities have been content to live in the British concessions, the French have everywhere demanded and obtained a district for themselves, to which they do not restrict their residence, though they *do* exploit the lands for their own pecuniary advantage, and govern it pretty much as if it were French territory.*

* By way of illustration. They seized the water-front belonging to a mission in Shanghai and erected on it a police station, refusing to pay for the ground until diplomatic pressure was brought to bear. During a sojourn in the same city, we were annoyed one day by the failure of the cook to return from market in time to get our noonday meal. Passing through the French concession in the afternoon, the poor fellow hailed me

In amount of trade Japan stands high in the scale, but on the service list her officials are conspicuous by their absence. If explanation be sought for this anomaly, it is found partly in the suspicion and contempt with which the Chinese have hitherto regarded their insular neighbors. They are not ready to concede to them that superiority in moral qualities which they tacitly admit in men of the West.

Though the "I. G." (as he is called) accepts nominations from foreign ministers, he allows no dictation or interference, reserving to himself the prerogative of taking or rejecting candidates, by whomsoever they may be recommended. The independence of the service is thus protected, and the high character of its membership secured. High pay (high prior to the fall in silver), immunity from direct control by Chinese officials, and especially the prospect of lifelong employment, undisturbed by the fluctuations of party politics, have concurred to make it much sought for. The I. G. has on hand hundreds of applications years in advance. Among those now or formerly on the list may be counted several sons of diplomatic ministers (British, American, Dutch, Italian, etc.), and a number of sons of missionaries, who, born in the country, have the advantage of knowing the Chinese language. "I take a pleasure," says the I. G., "in favoring the sons of missionaries."

For the indoor staff it is well understood that none but college graduates, or those who have had an exceptionally good education, need apply. For the outdoor service special qualifications are required in addition to testimonials of good character. It is the indoor staff that gives character to the entire force, and by careful selection the I. G. has made it preëminently a service of gentlemen—unsurpassed by any

and begged me to save him. Along with many other unlucky natives he had been pressed into a coolie gang and compelled to work all day at the scene of a recent fire. I told him to follow me; and the police, seeing that he was claimed by a foreigner, made no objection,

similar organization in the world. Entering as fourth assistant, B, with one hundred dollars (silver) per mensem, the new official gradually moves up until, after a lapse of fifteen or twenty years, he finds himself in charge of a port as deputy commissioner, or it may be full commissioner, with a salary of eight or ten times that amount.

A peculiar feature of the Chinese customs, to some an attraction, to others a drawback, is that no man is permanently attached to any seaport; nor is there a fixed term of tenure for any post. A principle of mobility, borrowed from the civil service of China, keeps them in constant circulation among twenty-four ports, scattered over an area of two thousand miles from north to south, and fifteen hundred from east to west. Its object is to counteract a tendency to local entanglements, and to give to all an equal chance of serving in places which, for health or other reasons, are regarded as desirable. Every man must hold himself in readiness for transfer from the day of arrival at a new post, though he may be left there for three, or even five, years. Of his next destination he cannot have the faintest inkling, as there is no order of sequence known to any one—perhaps not even to the autocratic head of the service.

So systematic is this want of system, and so arbitrary the permutations, that some wag has invented a pretty fiction to account for them. The I. G., he affirms, keeps a board hanging in his office, on which the place of every man is marked by a peg, names and places alike being in cipher. The office boy, in taking down his master's hat or coat, brings down by accident a shower of those mysterious pegs, and, knowing nothing of their cabalistic markings, puts them up at random.

Time and again has an old commissioner, with a bank balance sufficient to beget a spirit of independence, elected to quit the service rather than take up a disagreeable post. This has happened often enough to suggest that the I. G. knows

how to get a resignation without asking for it. So frequently, too, have Shanghai and Chefoo fallen to some member of the I. G.'s family circle as to create a belief in a special providence watching over them. To ladies in connection with the service the I. G. is always kind and considerate: married commissioners are not appointed to stations that are noted for being malarious or solitary; while a young man who is gifted with some social accomplishment, or lucky enough to have an accomplished wife, is sure of being ordered to Peking. The I. G. has thus surrounded himself with a constellation of beauty and musical talent which eclipses any of the ten legations. His house is a rallying-point for the whole foreign community. He keeps a band of music under a foreign maestro, and gives garden-parties once a week, and dinners, followed by dancing, at least as often.

The only stationary man in the service, if we except Mr. Detring, who has been retained at Tientsin as aid and counsel to the viceroy, is the I. G. himself. So important has it become for him to be within reach of the Tsungli Yamen that for the last nine years he has not passed the gates of Peking, though it was formerly his wont to make tours of inspection among the open ports. To the Yamen he is responsible, and submits full reports; yet such is the confidence with which he is regarded by that august body that his authority within his own domain is never opposed, nor are any of his acts subjected to revision. Such influence is the slow growth of years. His position was, in fact, for a long time regarded as precarious. The American minister, Mr. Low, once predicted, from what he had been told at the Yamen, that "Hart would lose his place in three months," with a "you bet" appended, which, I suppose, meant that he was ready to back his prophecy by a wager. Without betting, I assured him that "Hart was stronger than he had ever been." This was over twenty years ago! In talking with Mr. Low, the Chinese ministers had found it convenient

to throw on their foreign agent the blame of certain things of which he had occasion to complain ; but with me they had no reason for disguise or subterfuge.

Power like his is not transmissible along with an official seal, and in this sense he can have no successor. It is true he has sometimes thought of resigning. Once, when I was representing to him the importance of his remaining in office for the well-being, or even the existence, of the customs service, he took from my hand a folding fan, and, laying his finger on the rivet, remarked, "So, it seems, my position is there." Speaking of the college, which had at that time the aspect of a sickly infant, I expressed the opinion that it would outlive the customs inspectorate. "The college," I said, "will be a permanent institution, but the life of the customs can hardly exceed fifteen years." "I give it twenty-five," he replied, admitting that it possesses the character of a temporary makeshift. It is gratifying to be able to add that the limit assigned by me has been passed long since, and that the customs inspectorate appears to be more vigorous than ever. So well satisfied is the government with its operation that it has made no provision for anything to take its place ; and the foreign loans required by the Japanese war indemnity, being based on the customs receipts, form a new pledge of stability. Yet nothing is more certain than that the retirement of its present head would be the signal for serious modifications, and that eventually the rôles of the foreign members and of their Chinese assistants must be reversed.

By no means does the prospect of such a transformation—not yet in sight—argue that the "influence of the customs service is ephemeral"; rather, the reverse. It implies a preparatory education, and, while Sir Robert has manifested no great impatience to have native officials fit themselves to step into the shoes of his foreign subordinates, he has been holding up before the eyes of the whole Eastern world an object-lesson

that shines like a lighthouse. The lighthouses, with which he has plentifully provided a long and dangerous coast, are, in fact, the best emblem of a service which has had the effect of exposing quicksands of corruption and breakers of bad legislation.

The pilots of the ship of state are proverbially slow to steer by borrowed light, but in the end they do steer by it. Many years ago Sir Robert informed the cabinet ministers in Peking that twenty-eight thousand chests of opium were annually smuggled into Canton from the port of Hong Kong, and he proposed to stop the rat-holes.

"Will that affect the income of the provincial officers?" they inquired.

"Certainly," he answered.

"Then," said they, "*you had better not touch it.*"

At that time he had no right to touch it; but he has now, and scarcely a chest slips through, in spite of the loss to high officials. Last summer he proposed to reform the entire revenue service, as he has his own branch of it. The same questions were put, and the same answers given as before. "No," said the cabinet ministers, "not yet; the hour is inauspicious—in the wake of a war—and the people in a restless mood. The provincial officials would never stand it. No, it can't be done."

But it can be done, and in a few years it will be done, if China is to hold together. In all such reforms the customs leaven will continue to work at points invisible to foreign eyes.

Though to Sir Robert Hart belongs the honor of having nursed the customs service into greatness, he is not its father. It was brought into existence by a fortuitous concourse of events without paternity. It was (save the mark!) the child of a rebellion. The city of Shanghai having been taken, in 1853, by a horde of rebels, called "redheads," independent of those at Nanking, foreign merchants refused to pay duties either to the government or to the insurgents. From the one

party, the duties were withheld because they had lost control of the citadel; from the other, because they had not made themselves masters of the forts at the mouth of the river. The government protested, and emphasized its protest by investing the city, and assuring the merchants that its reduction was only a question of time. As a compromise, it was agreed that the merchants should give bonds, to be redeemed when the imperial authority should be reëstablished. Some one suggested that a responsible collector should, in the meantime, be appointed by each of the principal nations interested, viz., England, France, and the United States. The appointee for England was Mr. (Sir Thomas) Wade. When accounts came to be settled, it was discovered that this arrangement had yielded a larger revenue than the native taotais had been in the habit of reporting. Their method is to make a low estimate of the probable intake, and pledge themselves to make good any deficit. Any excess they always pocket if they can. It was accordingly decided that a system which had worked so well as an experiment should assume a character of permanence and be extended to other ports. To give it unity, Mr. H. N. Lay was, by the advice of Mr. Wade, appointed inspector-general—an office which he continued to hold until 1863, notwithstanding a war with England, which lasted three years. The taotai of Shanghai expressed his astonishment that he had not been able to detect Mr. Lay in a single act of peculation, though he had many a time laid a trap for him. For instance, when two ships arrived together he hinted to Lay to appropriate the duties of one and give him those of the other. Other taotais have had the same experience, and to most of them the integrity of the commissioners is so far from agreeable that they are all hostile to the system. "All the taotais are dead against us," said Sir Robert. Is not their hostility his best indorsement?

During the thirty-two years that have passed since that date,

the only incumbent of the post has been Sir Robert Hart. The man has exalted the position, and given it additional luster by declining in its favor the appointment of British minister. It now ranks in dignity with the ministries of the native government, and with the legations of foreign powers. "I shall still have to go out to dinner at the tail of the diplomatic corps," he said to me, when he made up his mind to remain in the service of China.

While his long and successful administration of a branch of the revenue gives him the status of a minister of finance, a few instances (some of which have been mentioned in the chapter on diplomatic missions) will show how really he has acted as minister of foreign affairs.

1. The tentative mission of Pinchun, in 1866, preliminary to the appointment of ministers to foreign countries, originated with him.

2. When, in 1867, the idea of sending Mr. Burlingame to the United States and Europe as envoy for China had come up by accident, it was he who clinched the matter and made it an accomplished fact.

3. When, in 1876, after the murder of Margary, Sir Thomas Wade had taken down his flag and left the capital, it was he who procured the appointment of Li Hung Chang to follow him to Chefoo and negotiate a convention, by which war was averted.

4. In 1885, when the war with France had gone on for nearly a year, and both parties wished for peace, it was he who stepped in and arranged the terms.

5. It was he who induced the Chinese government to recognize the Portuguese sovereignty over Macao.

6. It was he who brought about the collection at the open ports of the duties on opium, in accordance with a stipulation in the Chefoo convention, which had been held in abeyance by the British government.

Sir Robert's success in arranging the peace with France led Lord Granville to fix on him for successor to Sir Harry Parkes*—an offer renewed by Lord Salisbury, and kept open for five months pending the settlement of certain matters which Sir Robert had in hand for the Chinese government. Returning from my summer vacation at the Hills on August 25, 1885, I met Sir Robert coming from my door. He turned back with me, saying that he desired to consult me about an affair of great interest to him, but that he would not pledge himself to follow the advice I might give. The question was whether he should accept or decline the post of British minister. I advised him to decline it, on the following grounds:

1. That the office he then held was one of much greater influence; that, if he accepted, he would leave unfinished a work which might be compared to the founding of a state; and that without him the customs service would fall to pieces.

2. That he would find it impossible, in case of acceptance,

* Sir Harry Parkes's career in its main lines offers a parallel to those of Sir Robert Hart and Sir Thomas Wade, beginning as a humble student of Chinese, and culminating in the honors of a plenipotentiary—implying high qualities and hard work. The web of his destiny was, however, interwoven with a peculiar tissue of romantic incident. Originator of a successful war, he had the good luck to be captured by the enemy, and came eventually, by a kind of poetic justice, to occupy a princely mansion, as the Queen's representative, within a few rods of the cell in which he had languished as a prisoner. In the meantime he had been rewarded for services and sufferings by the ministership in Japan, where he was the first foreign envoy to welcome the mikado to his eastern capital, and where he earned the gratitude of the Japanese by the sympathy and aid which he offered them in their schemes of reform. But sincere as was his friendship, he was not always careful to disguise a distasteful lesson by a sugar-coating of diplomatic forms. For instance, if we may credit a current rumor, when the Japanese once hinted at armed resistance to some demand, "Great Britain could crush Japan like that," he replied, smashing an egg-shell tea-cup by way of illustration.

To the Chinese the name of Pashali ("Parkes Harry") stood for some-

to give satisfaction to either party: the Chinese would be certain, if he opposed them, to tax him with ingratitude, and British merchants would always suspect him of leaning to the side of the country he had served so long.

In the afternoon he telegraphed to Lord Salisbury, declining the honor, and Prince Ching thanked him for deciding in favor of China.

Having been so long in a position to further the interests of various countries, it is not surprising that Sir Robert should wear the decorations of nearly all the courts of Europe. But no honors afford him as much satisfaction as those conferred by the government he has served and his mother-country. From China he has received the insignia of a mandarin of the first grade, and, in addition thereto, a rare distinction, which in China is very substantial, though a little shadowy in the West, viz., the ennobling by imperial decree of his ancestors for three generations. Some of his friends amused themselves with imagining how a sturdy old miller would be startled to find himself a Chinese noble, and Sir Robert believed such honors had no meaning in the Western world. I was able, however, to point out to him a precedent which proves that

thing like Satan, and the ministers of the Tsungli Yamen quaked inwardly when they heard of his appointment to Peking. When sounded as to his acceptability, they meekly answered, "As it has pleased the Queen to appoint him, we shall treat him with all due courtesy." Subsequently, in their business discussions with Sir Harry, they were not so meek, always putting forward Chang Peilun, the "fighting member of the firm," to meet him with bluster and violence. Though he was upright and pacific in principle, Sir Harry's temper, it must be confessed, was not always proof against the provocations of an Oriental junta.

In private life he was the most amiable of men, full of magnetism and adorned with all noble and gentle virtues. His term in Peking was brief, perhaps fortunately for his fame, and no man has so powerfully impressed the imagination of the foreign community in China. His statue overlooks the public garden in Shanghai, as that of the man whom above all others they delighted to honor.

they are not unknown. In the aristocratic society of Vienna, a minister of Francis I. complained that his wife was subjected to slights on account of her plebeian origin. "I can make that all right," said the emperor, and he forthwith conferred nobility on her deceased ancestors.

The baronetcy bestowed, in 1890, on Sir Robert by the Queen of Great Britain, gave him the more pleasure as it made him an ancestor—the founder of a family. I believe, however, that it required the investment of fifty thousand pounds in government three per cents., involving a considerable sacrifice in the way of income. "I am the more gratified," he said, in response to my note of congratulation, "because it represents a large amount of honest work—work carried on perseveringly from the age of ten."

Sir Robert, though one of fortune's favorites and a man of preëminent talent, believes in work. Almost any day of the year he may be found in his office from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., with a brief interval for lunch and for siesta, to him no less essential. He allows himself no vacation; never quits Peking, not even to visit the Hills, which he has seen only at a distance; and takes no form of exercise, except walking in his garden. For him the monotony of existence is relieved by music and literature. While he is at work the din of a brass band is often heard, suggesting that he drives his quill to the beat of the drum. But no sooner does he drop his pen than he takes up the fiddle-bow, and the brass band is silent. Like Luther, he has found the violin the best banisher of care.

Three or four years ago my wife sent him a New-Year's card adorned with a cat playing on a violin. Affecting to take umbrage at the allusion, he replied in comic verse that would have done credit to Hood, beginning, "O unfeline Martin!" Among his clever rhymes occurred the Chinese word *miao*, which means "admirable." "So admirable are your verses," said my wife, in a note of thanks, "that when I

came to *miao* I could not refrain from exclaiming, '*Micat Musa!*'" Meeting him at dinner in the evening, he said to me, "That was splendid—'My cat mews ah!'" No man more enjoys a joke, and few are more apt at making one.

A poet by nature and taste, his ~~life~~ of facts and figures has not quenched the flame. On July 4, 1876, he handed me a poem in praise of the United States, to be read at the centennial dinner at our legation. It began with the sonorous line:

"Nebraska's flagstaff proudly central stands,"

and expressed in terse iambs a keen appreciation of the spirit of our institutions.

From time to time he has shown me some exceedingly good verses, but he has published nothing, and upon this I remarked to him, "The world will be as much surprised to see a volume of poems from you some day as it was to see one from Mr. W. E. H. Lecky." Poet he certainly is, if it be a proof of inspiration, like Coleridge, to make verses in one's sleep. One morning he repeated to me a very good quatrain, containing reason as well as rhyme, which had come to him in a dream.

With the Latin classics he continues to keep himself familiar, and indulges in quotations with those who understand them; but his favorite mental tonic is metaphysical philosophy. This was the study in which he most excelled, as I have been told by Dr. McCosh, whose lectures he attended in Queen's College, Belfast, before the learned president came to Princeton. Proud of his distinguished pupil, Dr. McCosh claimed the credit of having introduced him to the scene of his triumphs. "At the close of his college course," said the doctor, "Hart came to me and said, 'You have given me new tastes, which make it impossible for me to go back to my father's mill. Can you find me any congenial employment?' I replied by putting into his hands a call for young men to present themselves in Downing Street as competitors for posts in the consular service in

China." Winning his prize, young Hart, then scarcely twenty, entered the consulate at Ningpo in 1854. Five years later he passed over to the employ of the Chinese government, in which the floating of the great loan, conditioned as it is on the customs revenue, may fairly be regarded as the culmination of a long series of brilliant services.

Another young man arrived at Ningpo along with Robert Hart, whose case may serve to "adorn a tale" by way of contrast, if not to "point a moral." Growing tired of the consular service, in which the pay of the lower ranks was scarcely sufficient to make ends meet, X—— resigned, and started home. While waiting for a steamer in Shanghai, his eye caught the notice of a Spanish lottery, and he spent one of his last guineas on a ticket. Imagine his amazement, a few weeks later, to learn that he had drawn a prize of seven thousand dollars! — a smile of Fortune to console him for the favors she had lavished on his rival.



MIDWAY ARCH IN PASS AT THE GREAT WALL. (SEE PAGE 250.)

CHAPTER XIV

SIR THOMAS WADE AND THE AUDIENCE QUESTION

His career—His scholarship—His temper—His diplomacy—Attempt at social intercourse with mandarins—The audience ceremony—The spell only half broken

SO frequently has the name of Sir Thomas Wade occurred in the foregoing pages that a few additional recollections may not be unwelcome. For forty years he was a figure in the East. Arriving in Hong Kong in 1843, shortly after the close of the war, with a small office in the garrison, he presently acquired such a command of the Chinese language as to lead to his transfer to the civil service of the colony. Becoming Chinese secretary to Lord Elgin in the second war, he was made secretary of legation at Peking; and, after being *chargé d'affaires*, filled for ten years the position of minister plenipotentiary.

At a dinner at the United States legation, the circumstance being mentioned that donkeys are much used outside of Peking, though not deemed respectable within the gates, he remarked, "It was on a donkey that I came to the gate on being made her Majesty's minister." "May you continue to be 'her Majesty's minister,'" said I, "until you can go away by rail." "Let us drink to that," he said, accepting it as a timely toast. He left Peking, in 1882, on horseback. Four years later a railway was ordered to be built from Tientsin to Tungcho, with the prospect of extension to the capital. It was, however,

countermanded on account of certain unlucky presages, such as a fire in the palace and the burning of the Temple of Heaven by a stroke of lightning. Foreign ministers are still left to come and go on donkeys, unless provided with private means of conveyance.

When we first met at Taku, in 1858, he spoke of a book he was preparing to facilitate the acquisition of the Mandarin or court dialect. It was founded on a native work called *Sanho Yulu*, and came out in parts at long intervals; but it was worthy to be the task of half a lifetime. It has been of immense service to foreign students, and has done more for the reputation of its author than any of his diplomatic achievements.

At Peking we saw a good deal of each other. He often came to my house to talk over matters in dispute with the Yamen—not to get my views, but to put me in possession of his, believing that I would convey them to the Chinese ministers, though he never asked me to do so. On one occasion, when the situation was very serious (it was after the Margary murder), he invited me to breakfast with himself alone, and after setting forth his ideas in a lengthy speech, in the course of which he grew more and more excited, he sprang from his seat, and, striking his hands together, exclaimed, “They will have to accept this, or there will be war; and I, Thomas Francis Wade, will make it, as sure as there is a God in heaven!”

A Russian minister once enacted a similar scene, desiring, like Wade, through me to make an impression on the Tsungli Yamen. I was lunching with him alone, when, complaining bitterly of the conduct of the Chinese ministers, he put on a furious air, and shrieked out that if they refused to comply with his demands, *Je leur porterai un coup dont ils ne se relèveront jamais* (“I’ll give them a blow from which they will never recover”). He did not, however, threaten war or appeal to the Deity. With Wade such ebullitions were the natural expression of an impatient temper. In dispute with the Chinese,

he would tear his hair and clench his fists, producing on a calm Oriental an impression of impotent rage rather than of danger. They resented such displays, but esteemed him very highly notwithstanding (I do not say *nevertheless*), and spoke with indulgence of his *pichi* ("diseased liver"). Once, when I was lunching with him in company with Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister (there were no other guests), the conversation turned on the development of the British constitution. "How fortunate," said I, "for the stability of the constitution, that England's future king is not conspicuous for talent!" Half starting from his seat, he turned on me a look of mingled surprise and displeasure, leading me to think I had been guilty of a *faux pas* in disparaging the heir apparent at the table of the Queen's representative. Imagine my sense of relief when he gave vent to his feelings in the question, "What do you think *he* could do against the constitution, *even if he were* a man of ability?"

A good example of his influence with the Chinese is his agency, already mentioned, in preventing war with Japan, in 1874, when the Japanese sent a hostile expedition against the savages of Formosa. Meeting him as he was going to the Yamen to settle the terms of a convention, I said, "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

In his dealings with the Chinese, Sir Thomas was generally just, though he fell short of the *justum et tenacem*. When he was *chargé d'affaires*, he said to me that he "would never sacrifice the interests of four hundred millions to those of twenty-five." How few diplomatists have taken this broad view of their responsibilities! *Ko we chi chu* ("Every man for his master"), say the Chinese. Christian diplomacy, if there is such a thing, seldom rises above that heathen maxim. A rule laid down by the first Marquis Tseng (when viceroy of Nanking) is equally commendable on the score of morality and of statesmanship: "What is beneficial to us, and not injurious to

you, I demand. What is beneficial to you, and not injurious to us, I concede."

When Sir Thomas was once walking alone, a young rowdy shied a stone at him, and when he turned to pursue his assailant the latter struck him on the head with a stick. A member of the Tsungli Yamen, who happened to be passing, took the fellow into custody. Alarmed at the possible consequences of an attack on the sacred person of an ambassador, the Yamen was disposed to inflict the most severe punishment, beginning with the bamboo and the wooden collar. But Wade, in his goodness of heart, requested that the culprit be set at liberty, and that certain debts due to British merchants in Hankow should be paid *by way of satisfaction*. "Curious plaster for a sore head," said Mr. Low, who did not quite approve of that mode of enforcing a just claim.

A better opportunity for enforcing just claims, as well as for removing obstacles that lay in the path of progress, was afforded by the murder of Margary, a plucky young Englishman, who, on entering the province of Yunnan from Burmah, was killed by Chinese officials, in spite of his passports. His object was to open a new route to India, theirs to deter any one from following in his footsteps. Wade charged the crime on the viceroy, and demanded, among other things, that he should be brought to Peking for trial. The Chinese refusing compliance, he struck his flag and left the capital. When the viceroy Li, at the suggestion of Mr. Hart, was sent to pursue him and open negotiations at Chefoo, he might have made a better use of the immense leverage supplied by a *casus belli*. It was, perhaps, his moderation and sense of justice that prevented his doing so. The only progressive measures for which he stipulated were the opening of Chungking, on the Upper Yang-tse, and the collection of opium duties at the open ports. Nor was it his fault if both, for a time at least, were rendered nugatory. Two other measures, which might have shed a

brighter luster on his treaty, were held out to him as an olive-branch, but he declined to discuss them. They were the establishment of a postal system*—China having no public post except for the use of officials—and the introduction of a silver coinage, to take the place of lumps of bullion. Had he been aggressively inclined, he might have seized Chefoo by way of reprisal, and established in the North a focus of British influence, alike convenient for coercion or protection. Had that been done, the war with Japan and the present ascendancy of Russia might have been averted.

In the course of the correspondence which led to this rupture, Wade threatened Prince Kung with the forfeit of his personal friendship. The prince coolly replied that he had nothing to lose in that line, his relations with the British minister being public and not private. He might have said as much to any other member of the diplomatic body. Such intercourse as existed was restricted to formal meetings at the Yamen or legations; the foreign envoy had no other point of contact with the high society of the capital, and his circle of acquaintance was confined to the members of one Yamen.

This state of things Wade made a praiseworthy attempt to alter, but his efforts were not attended by any very flattering success, though supported by the German minister. In their interviews with the prince, they took occasion to describe the brilliant society that opens its arms to welcome a foreign envoy in Western capitals, and intimated a desire to form a more extended acquaintance with the official life of the Chinese metropolis. The Chinese New Year was fixed on as the time for inaugurating a new era of social intercourse. Why did not the prince throw open his palace and commence it by a state ball? Japanese princes had done the like without any prompting. He, however, thought best to begin cautiously at the Tsungli Yamen. Calling there on the day fixed for his reception, I found his Highness surrounded by Manchu nobles and

* Decreed by the emperor, May, 1896.

Chinese dignitaries, to the number of three or four score, the most brilliant assemblage of mandarins I had ever seen—a miniature of the imperial court. As the legations were received separately, each minister had no more than half an hour to become acquainted with all those new faces. These new acquaintances returned the call according to program, visiting the ten legations in one day, and spending half an hour at each. The next step in knitting the bonds of amity was for the foreign ministers to call on them at their houses. Only two or three were found at home; the rest were purposely absent; and it cost the Europeans, who were so anxious to be friendly, two days of toil to leave cards at forty doors in all parts of the city.

Those domiciliary visits were not repeated; all that now remains of that social departure is a visit once a year from a few additional mandarins, and a few more faces at the prince's New-Year's receptions. In Europe access to society is made easy for a foreign envoy by community of languages, ideas, and social forms, all of which are wanting in China. Not until the Chinese make up their minds, like Japan, to adopt the civilization of the West, will social intercourse be anything more than a compulsory mingling of oil and water.

Sir Thomas married a daughter of Sir John Herschel, who will be long remembered in Peking for her own estimable qualities and, by the way, for a conundrum to which she gave occasion. "Why is the lady who presides in this legation like a young duck?" Answer: "Because the moment she left her shell she went to wade."

Walking one day in a fine park attached to the summer palace, and curious to know what the guard would say, I inquired who burned the buildings whose ruins lay around me.

"Wei Toma" ("Wade Thomas"), he promptly replied.

"Do you know," I asked, "that he is now British minister in Peking?"

“He was,” replied the guard, “but he is dead now; when he was taken into the presence of the emperor he was so frightened that he died.”

Certainly no man had more to do with the audience question, whether in its earlier or its later phases. He must have been consulted, but it may not have been by his advice that the demand for audience was not pressed in 1862. When the question came up again, in 1873, it was he who bore the principal part in arranging the terms; and, after the event, it was his hand that placed on record the most authentic account of it.

Peking is the only place on the face of the earth where the ceremonial for receiving ambassadors takes rank as a serious matter of state policy. How could it be otherwise in a country which makes ceremony a chief instrument of government, and in which a Board of Rites forms a leading department of the administration?

When the first envoys arrived from Western powers, they were met by this question on the threshold of the palace. Through the succeeding centuries it has kept its place in front of all others. The friction occasioned by it has never ceased, and of late it has entered on an acute stage. What then is this mysterious question? Is it a matter of dress, something like that of conformity to the costume of a European court as a condition for presentation? Like it it is; only costume does not enter into it; posturing takes its place as the prime essential. The nine prostrations had always been exacted of envoys who entered the palace. Lord McCartney was received in a tent, when the emperor was on a hunting excursion, much as the Sultan of Morocco receives on horseback. The Tientsin treaties contain a vague assurance of some relaxation in the ceremonial; but when the Allies entered Peking as victors, in 1860, the matter was ignored in the convention there signed, and when their legations were established, their ministers were so far outwitted as to be persuaded to hold their right of audi-

ence in abeyance, at least during the emperor's minority. Their gallantry was appealed to to spare the feelings of two young widows, who might be alarmed by the appearance of bearded strangers. They yielded the more gracefully, as they were not anxious to bow and scrape before an infant of six summers, forgetting that for state purposes the form of the audience was everything, and the personality of the prince nothing. Not the least mischievous of their many blunders, that decision had the effect of keeping them out of the Grand Palace for over thirty years. Of what consequence was the age of the sovereign, or the existence of a female regency? Did not those imperial ladies receive their own grandees, sitting behind a screen, and placing the puppet emperor in front? Why should they not do the same with ambassadors from the West? Had those ambassadors insisted on carrying the usages of Europe into the most august palace of the Eastern world, that would have done more than many battles to impress the native mind. Might it not have done something to emancipate the natives from a ritual that bars the way of progress? I have heard Chinese ministers complain that the audience ceremony places such a gulf between sovereign and subject as to render a profitable interchange of thought out of the question. They feel the burden, but not the opprobrium of it, though Japan and Siam have both abolished it as derogatory to human dignity.

As soon as the Emperor Tungchih was proclaimed of age, and when the regents retired from behind the screen into the privacy of the inner court, a second application was made by the envoys for permission to present their credentials. A flutter of excitement was perceptible in the Tsungli Yamen, grave and imperturbable as that body ordinarily is; and in the legations nothing was talked of but the ceremonial of the coming audience. The vague proviso in the treaties, that nothing derogatory to the dignity of their countries should be required of the envoys, left a broad margin for disagreement,

and it became a capital point for China to secure as much as possible in the way of demonstrations of reverence. The prime minister, Wensiang, sent for me, and, after talking over the matter, expressed a wish to invite one of the foreign ministers to his own house for a private interview—a thing never thought of until this critical question came up. He asked me to suggest a candidate for that honor, and I named Sir Thomas Wade, not merely as representing the nation that had always taken the lead in Chinese affairs, but as the only one who could speak without an interpreter. Another member of the Yamen, Chenglin, vice-governor of Peking, met Mr. Low, the American minister, at my house for the discussion of the same subject. He had been promoted, as he told me, with unexampled rapidity, and enjoyed the favor of the young emperor to such a degree that he thought he would be able to secure his Majesty's assent to any reasonable settlement of the question. The thing most devoutly desired was to deter the foreign ministers from persisting in their demand. This not succeeding, the next move was to persuade them to accept as the place for the audience a spacious summer-house in a park outside of the palace proper. In lieu of kneeling, it was agreed that the emperor should be content with three low bows. In the foreign community a rumor got abroad that the envoys would appear without boots—some wag having stated that they would see the emperor with Butzow (pronounced *boots off*), a Russian minister, who arrived just in time for the occasion. The fact that Sir Douglas Forsyth had actually drawn his boots, in audience with the King of Burmah, lent color to the joke. Other details are of no importance—save that the Chinese were somewhat disgusted with our republican simplicity when they saw other ministers glittering in gold and lace, and the American in plain black, without a star or spangle.

So apprehensive was Sir Thomas Wade that the Chinese would report that the koto had been performed, as they do

in the case of Lord McCartney, that he drew up in Chinese a minute account of all that occurred, and handed it to me for publication in the Peking "Magazine," of which I had the editorial oversight. The magazine was read by the Chinese ministers, and as his statement was allowed to pass unchallenged, it acquired the weight of an undisputed authority. Yet, in spite of the magazine, the Chinese people will persist in believing that the koto was performed. Nor is it unlikely that they will cleave to the tradition of the awful fate that overtook Sir Thomas, when he was struck by the "wrath-beam" from the dragon throne.

The emperor dying not long after this, another infant was placed on the throne, and the dowager empresses took their seat behind a screen as in the previous reign. The reception of envoys was accordingly again postponed for fifteen years. In the meantime the diplomatic corps had made a discovery—not that the "pavilion of purple light" was outside of the palace proper, but that it had been used for the reception of vassals. When the time came for congratulating the new emperor on his accession to power, they objected to the place as unsuitable, but consented to appear there once, on being assured that a new hall should be provided for the next occasion. The "new hall" proved to be much older than the old one, equally remote from the real palace, and situated in another division of the same park. It was found, moreover, to have a tainted history.

Pleased with the novelty of the first audience, and desirous of airing his English, the emperor ordered that a reception of envoys should take place annually at the New-Year holidays. To his surprise and mortification, they declined the honor. No New-Year's reception took place; but some foreign ministers, on their arrival and departure, allowed themselves to be received in that objectionable building, much to the dissatisfaction of their colleagues. France and Russia held together in

refusing any concession on that point, and their persistency has at length been rewarded. The gates of the "Forbidden City" have rolled back to admit envoys from the West for the first time in a century. But would they have opened if the artillery of Japan had not been thundering at the outer defenses of the empire? Here is a concise account of that imposing function by one who participated:

"The audience took place on Monday last at the Imperial Palace. The ministers entered by the eastern door, or Tung-an-men, where two secretaries of the Tsungli Yamen received them, and conducted them to a large hall in the center of two pavilions, where the principal ministers of state were assembled. Thence they were taken along a raised causeway, each minister conducted by a prince, to the throne-room, or hall, where the emperor was seated on a throne placed on a dais raised five steps above the floor. Before the emperor was placed a table covered with yellow cloth. The hall was draped with rose silk hangings, relieved with yellow cords, and decorated with large chafing-dishes and incense burners in cloisonné work. The speech of each minister, after being read by him, was translated into Chinese by an interpreter; then Prince Kung ascended to the foot of the imperial throne, and, kneeling, translated it to the emperor in the Manchu tongue. At the back of the imperial throne was hung a large silk curtain, decorated with peacock's feathers, behind which the empress dowager was placed so as to be able to see and hear what took place without being seen. The emperor is pale, with pleasant features and eyes of sparkling brilliancy. Behind the hall of audience were placed a body of troops. Everything was in perfect order and spotlessly clean. The reception took place in the midst of the most profound silence, which added to the grandeur and solemnity of the ceremony."*

Very amusing is the notice in the "Court Gazette": "The

* "Peking and Tientsin Times," November 17, 1894.

following ministers were received in audience by his Majesty in the Hall of Literary Glory, viz., American, Russian, English, French, Belgian, Swedish, and *the acting minister for Japan.*"

As no allusion is made to any deviation from the prescribed ritual, no Chinese reader would doubt that each of those envoys performed the full tale of prostrations; nor would it enter his head to account for the presence of a Japanese during the war otherwise than as soliciting pardon for the "rebellious" conduct of his countrymen. How should he know that neither Japanese nor Swede was present, and that both were personifications of functions exercised by the minister of the United States?

This is all that has been gained in the way of access to the court after a struggle of over forty years, dating from the attempt of Bowring and MacLane to reach Peking in 1854—this solemn entry and solemn withdrawal! If it were to stop there, what would it be worth? Native officials are received in a different hall, and with different ceremonies; nor is there any approach to a commingling of the two streams. Had Lord Elgin stipulated that the British ministers should be received in the Hall of Great Harmony (a step which Sir Thomas Wade, as Chinese secretary, most probably recommended), and had his successors not waived their claim to audience on the absurd plea of a female regency, the influence of example and habit must have borne fruit. Might we not have seen, as we have seen in Japan, the abolition of the koto, and the extension to our envoys of all those courtesies which Chinese ministers receive at the courts of Europe? Thanks to this two-fold blunder, the Chinese have succeeded in turning the edge of an innovation which they were powerless to prevent.

CHAPTER XV

THE MISSIONARY QUESTION

Retrospect—The age of persecution—Toleration by edict—Religious liberty by treaty—Right of residence in the interior—The French protectorate of Roman Catholic missions—The recent riots: their cause and cure—The outlook

FOR the Chinese government this means, How may we minimize the inconveniences arising from the operations of missionaries? For a party among officials and people it means, How may we get rid of them altogether? For the representatives of Christian powers it means, How far are we bound by policy or duty to interfere for the protection of missionaries and their converts? With missionaries and their supporters it takes the form, How can we accomplish the greatest results with the means at our disposal?

The history of modern missions* in China opens with the arrival of the learned Jesuit, Father Ricci, and his associates, who commenced their adventurous crusade in 1582. Difficulties apparently insuperable gave way before their learning, tact,

* Christianity was introduced into the northwest provinces in the seventh century by Nestorians from Persia. Received with favor at Singanfu, where the court then was, their churches flourished for a time. But their religion was of a low type, and they gradually disappeared like a river in the desert, leaving nothing but a stone to tell of their existence.

In the thirteenth century, when the Mongols had possession, missionaries from Rome came by land to Peking, and met with some success; but their mission was discontinued, and left no trace behind.

and apostolic zeal. During the following century Christianity struck its roots deep in the soil of the empire. There was even a prospect that the great emperor Kanghi would adopt the new faith.

Their successes, however, aroused opposition ; their conflicts with the Dominicans, who came in as a disturbing element, lowered their prestige ; and the action of the pope in condemning *Shangti*, the God worshiped by the sages of China, and forbidding the worship of ancestors, which they had made the foundation of social order, alienated both princes and people. In 1724 the missionaries were banished, and their converts sent into exile. The little communities scattered throughout the vast interior owed their preservation then, as they may again, to a want of concert among mandarins in enforcing the prohibitory laws. In China, as in the Roman empire, persecution raged in one province, while Christians were unmolested in another. For a century and a quarter the supreme power showed no disposition to revoke its prohibitory enactments, and from time to time they were put into spasmodic execution. At the close of the opium war a good many of the faithful were still in exile.

During all this time a few missionaries were able to conceal themselves in Christian villages, whither they penetrated at the risk of life, that they might comfort and sustain their persecuted brethren. After the signing of the French treaty, in 1844, the exiles were recalled, and the ban of prohibition removed. This was done, not as a matter of obligation, but as an act of grace, by special edict, issued at the request of the French minister. At the request of the British minister the edict was so construed as to extend the same immunities to the Protestant form of faith. To France belongs the honor of inaugurating the new era of religious freedom. The English, whose guns had prostrated the barriers in the way of commerce, in making their treaty, two years earlier, thought of nothing but trade.

It might not, indeed, have been expedient to demand absolute freedom of religion, but why did they not remember those brave missionaries and their faithful adherents in the hour of victory? The raising of a finger would have been sufficient to remove from them the sword of Damocles, and to shed a little glory on an inglorious war.

This was the first stage in the way of enfranchisement. Under its provisions missionaries enjoyed no small privileges, though they were still of the nature of uncovenanted mercies. Protestants established themselves in the five ports, from which they were able to make long journeys inland, though nominally restricted to a radius of twenty miles, while Catholics remained in all the provinces without molestation.

For the "Arrow" war it was reserved to open the next stage, amounting to a complete immunity from all disabilities under guarantee of treaty stipulation. This was required by the current of missionary effort, which had set strongly in the direction of China; and the men charged with the negotiations of 1858 were either in sympathy with the cause of missions, or of mental breadth to perceive that no settlement could be satisfactory that would leave them to the caprice of emperors or mandarins. It was a sublime spectacle—the great powers of the earth sinking their differences of creed, and joining their shields to protect the church of Christ. China found it to her interest not to reject their demands. Again it was to France that Christian missions were indebted for a signal extension of their privileges, though the manner in which it was obtained is open to the charge of being even more equivocal than the ordinary proceedings of diplomacy. A discrepancy is found to exist between the two texts of the French treaty. The Chinese contains a clause securing to Roman Catholic missionaries the right of buying land and building houses in the interior, though the French text has nothing of the kind. By whom the attention of the Chinese authorities was first drawn to this disagreement

I know not, but when, twenty-five or twenty-six years ago, I was asked to translate the article for comparison, I supposed that the Tsungli Yamen intended to disallow such privileges as were based on that interpolation, the French text being declared authoritative on points of difference. To this day, however, they have never taken a step in that direction, for the obvious reason that, the interpolation being in Chinese, there was no ground to complain that they had been hoodwinked. Nor have they shown any disposition to withhold from Protestants what they conceded to Catholics. Missionaries of both confessions are allowed to erect permanent establishments wherever local opposition does not prevent their doing so. Sometimes, indeed, a local magistrate, when asked by American or English missionaries to ratify a purchase in the interior, objects that nothing of the kind is provided for in their treaties. But that is ignorance or perversity on the part of the mandarin, not an authoritative interpretation of treaty rights. For on appeal to Peking, the Tsungli Yamen always admits the force of the "favored nation clause." That precious little clause is the lever of a canal-lock, which causes the water from higher grounds to flow into our own empty basin. It entitles us to all the advantages conceded to the English or French, since our treaty was signed a few days in advance of theirs. If any one regrets that privileges of such importance should be purely derivative (there are missionaries who would have our treaty revised on that account), let him reflect that the navigation of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the establishment of a legation at Peking, and access to half the ports of trade are also derivative. No diplomatist would think it wise to include them in a new convention, because, in that case, they would have to be paid for by concessions on our part, whereas at present we get them gratis.

The local opposition, which frequently interferes with the exercise of these rights, originates mostly with the mandarins ;

and the French minister, M. Berthemy, supposed he had drawn its teeth when, in 1865, he obtained a convention making it unnecessary to refer to the officials prior to the conclusion of a purchase. In yielding to his wishes, and defining the manner in which missionaries should exercise rights resting on that interpolated clause, the Yamen put to rest all questions as to its validity. For some reason that convention was allowed to slumber for thirty years: M. Gérard, the present representative of France, has just succeeded in bringing it to life, and the American minister will no doubt help him to keep it awake. In a despatch to our consul-general at Shanghai, explaining its application to the case of our own missionaries, Colonel Denby says: "There will, of course, be no question as to the propriety of doing away with the requirement that the consent of the local authorities must be obtained before the sale is made."

A favorite mode of nipping new missions in the bud has been for the local officials to refuse consent, and apply the bamboo to all persons concerned in a sale. Hereafter such proceedings will not be so frequent, but no one who knows China imagines that they will cease.

France, it is known, arrogates to herself a protectorate over Catholic missions in China as well as in Turkey. Of late the representatives of Germany and Italy have manifested a disposition to contest that pretension, at least so far as missions of their own nationality are concerned. Efforts have also been made to open direct relations between the empire and the Holy See, the latter replacing France in taking cognizance of the claims and grievances of its adherents. But, wanting the force to prosecute the one or redress the other, it is not likely that the pope would consent to assume the guardianship of his own flock unless he could appeal, in case of need, to the sword of some power strong enough to enforce his demands. China, for her part, would welcome a papal representative, if

by that means she might eliminate the French element from church questions—not otherwise. It will not be for the interest of Catholic missions to have a nuncio, legate, or ablegate supersede the French minister in the relation which he now sustains toward them, until the Chinese government decides to foster instead of checking the spread of the Christian faith.

The direct representation of the Vatican, though much mooted of late, is not a new idea. It was mentioned to me more than twenty years ago by a French minister in Peking, with a view to finding out how such a proposal would be received by the Chinese government. He was himself strongly in favor of the measure, thinking that it would save the French legation a world of trouble, while, at the same time, it would augment the prestige of the church. His sentiments were an echo of those of the home government, which at that time was violently antipapal in its general tendencies.

In 1881 I listened to a course of lectures on the relations of church and state, delivered in the *Collège de France* by the eloquent Professor Adolphe Francke. One was on the relations of the government to Christian missions. Well do I remember the impassioned earnestness with which he denounced the proposal to abolish the concordat and cut the missions adrift. After setting forth the advantages which France derived from her sacred charge, he concluded with a most impressive peroration, in which he declared that "if France could be mad enough to abdicate that post of influence and honor, Protestant Germany stood ready to take her place as protectress of Catholic missions."

Since that day a change has taken place in the sentiments of French officials. Their protectorate of missions will not be surrendered as long as a pretext can be found for holding on to it. If the mandarins of China desire France to relax her grasp on the million or so of Catholic converts, their tactics are as much at fault as were those of the North Wind when he

tried to force a traveler to take off his cloak by blowing one of his fiercest blasts. What could the traveler do but wrap it more tightly about him?

If the first stage in the recent history of missions was their toleration by edict, and the second the recognition of their legal status by treaty compact, the systematic attempt to crush them out by mob violence may be regarded as a third stage. On this phase they entered in June, 1870, when a Catholic mission in Tientsin was destroyed, and sisters, priests, and a French consul were murdered by the populace, led on by an ex-general of the Chinese army. The minds of the people had been prepared by the dissemination of false rumors, and when they were wrought up to the required point the mandarins stood aloof and allowed the storm to take its course. Since that date there have been twenty or more anti-foreign—not altogether anti-mission—riots of sufficient magnitude to be visible across the seas; culminating this year in the expulsion of missionaries from the capital of Szechuen, and the massacre at Kucheng, near Fuchau. Most of these have conformed to the original type in every particular—beginning with tracts and placards as their exciting cause, followed by studied negligence on the part of mandarins (who always contrived to come too late when their aid was invoked), and finishing with an inquiry how many heads and how much money would satisfy the resulting claims.

If, in 1870, the French *chargé*, declining the offer of money and heads, had waited until he could have a fleet of gunboats in the Peiho, if then the whole suburb where the riot occurred had been laid in ashes, and the ground confiscated for a French concession, the government would have taken care that there should not be a second riot. Being let off cheap, the anti-foreign mandarins felt that they could afford to continue the process of fanning the flame of patriotism. These occurrences have created an impression on the mind of a pub-

lic not very well informed on the subject of missions, that for our government to back up the missionaries by affording protection or exacting redress is equivalent to forcing our religion on an unwilling people. But is it forcing our religion on the Chinese to protect our missionaries any more than it is forcing our commerce on them to protect our merchants? No duty is plainer than that of requiring the government of China to provide for the security of our mercantile establishments, and to leave the people free to buy or sell as they may choose. The missionary asks the same, and no more.

But *are* the people unwilling to have missionaries live among them? If they were we should have had to count many more than twenty riots during this quarter of a century. Their increase has not kept pace with the growth of the missionary work. One a year in a country of such vast extent, and with a missionary force of over two thousand, is no proof of popular ill-will, but rather the reverse.

The impression made by these riots is the more profound, as, in addition to sporadic manifestations, they occasionally burst forth with the virulence of an epidemic. The study of these epidemics will show the nature of the disease. In 1891 four such outbreaks occurred. They were all on the banks of the Yang-tse, and all at ports of trade, nor were they, save in one instance, specially aimed at missionaries. Of the hundreds of missionaries living away from the river, scarcely one was molested. It is morally certain that, among the mixed motives of the excited masses, the diversion of the carrying trade from native junks to foreign steamers was at the bottom of the movement. On the Upper Yang-tse, where two of the riots occurred, so strong was the opposition to steamers ascending the rapids that the British minister felt constrained to waive the exercise of that right. No special effort was made to keep missionaries out of Chungking, but the mandarins moved heaven and earth to prevent the coming of the steamer "Kuling."

A few years ago a Hindu soldier on guard at the British consulate at Chinkiang struck a Chinaman. In half an hour all the foreign houses in the settlement were laid in ashes. At Canton a foreign tide-waiter in the customs service shot a boy by accident. A furious attack was made on the foreign quarter, which narrowly escaped destruction. At Ichang, in 1895, a shot from an air-gun striking a small official, the populace threw themselves on the handful of foreigners, and a massacre would have ensued but for the opportune arrival of a force from a gunboat. These instances (and such are numerous) suffice to show what fires are burning beneath a thin crust of cold lava, and to prove that if missionaries are attacked oftener than others it is chiefly because they are more exposed.

For the recent cases of outrage the war with Japan is in part responsible. In Manchuria the soldiers who murdered Wylie looked on all foreigners as abettors of the Japanese. In Szechuen this placard was posted: "At the present time, when Japan has seized Chinese territory, you English, French, and Americans have looked on with folded hands. If you wish to preach your doctrines in China you must first drive the Japanese back into their own country." We shall see that other passions were appealed to by the mandarins. At Kucheng, opposite the island of Formosa, the same motive was doubtless present as a preparatory influence, though the Vegetarians—a secret society, half robber, half rebel—murdered the missionaries in revenge for their attempts to bring them to justice for robbing native Christians. Unlike Hindu or Mohammedan, the ordinary Chinese is so far from fanaticism that he appears to be almost destitute of religious sentiments. Not one attack on missionaries, that I ever heard of, was made by Buddhists, Taoists, or any other sect, on the ground of religious differences.

The instigators of mobs are generally mandarins or members of the student class, who seek to fortify the public mind against

the influx of foreign ideas by accusing foreigners of horrible crimes. The most inflammatory, though not the most revolting, of these accusations is that of kidnapping children, and taking their eyes, blood, and fat for the preparation of magical drugs. Other forms of immorality are too familiar in the experience of the natives to excite any very strong feeling. Kidnapping, murder, and magic are required to fire the loyal heart.

One of the worst riots in 1891 was directly due to the superstitious belief that infants were used for medicine. At Wusui the people were aroused to sudden fury by seeing four children in a basket on their way to a foundling hospital. The same superstition was adroitly employed to foment the recent riots in Szechuen. Here is an account of their origin, given by the viceroy by whom they are believed to have been organized.

"They found," he says, "two children inside, in cages, in a state of suspended animation. They were taken to the office of a magistrate, and skilful doctors called in, who found in their nostrils some kind of black drug, which was the cause of their insensibility. When restored to consciousness the children related how they had been kidnapped by a foreigner, who administered the drug, but they knew no more. Upon this dreadful crime being brought to light the people were fired with indignation," etc.

What must we think of a government which, after receiving this shameful document, fixed on its author as the fittest person to find out and to punish the guilty? It is only fair to state that the government received new light, and stripped him of all his honors, as soon as the British squadron began to steam toward Nanking.

One of the anti-foreign tracts most widely circulated was leveled at opium. It purported to be the statement of a native of Amoy—a physician, who had been kidnapped and carried to a foreign country. He saw his companions led out from

day to day to have their blood drawn off for use in the manufacture of opium, but before it came to his turn he contrived to escape. If the leading motive for this absurd fiction was to deter Chinese from the use of the drug, is it not plain that the secondary aim was to inspire them with a hatred of foreigners? "The Chinese themselves," says Mr. Henry Norman, "bracket opium and missionaries together as the twin curses of the country." If by "Chinese" he means the people generally, the statement is incorrect; for the testimony of missionaries is uniform that the common people are well disposed until they are stirred up by members of the official classes. It is true, however, or rather *was* true, of some of the rulers of China. I recall the very day when the now famous *mot* was coined. I was dining with Sir Rutherford Alcock on the eve of his departure from Peking, in 1869. "What do you think Prince Kung said to me when I was taking leave?" he asked; and then added, in a tone of mild banter, "He said that he wished I would take away with me both opium and missionaries." Well might the prince connect them together as the source of China's woes. For did not opium bring on the first war with England? Was it not to avenge a missionary killed in Kwangsi that the French army came to Peking in 1860? And might not other armies come to avenge the slaughter of other missionaries?

A prominent official, who had been chancellor of the province of Yunnan, once came to me with a plan for preventing anti-Christian riots, which he wished me to lay before the Tsungli Yamen and bring to the notice of the foreign envoys. It consisted of four rules, as follows:

"1. That the rescue and rearing of foundlings be left to the Chinese authorities, *in order to put an end to stories of boiling and eating infants.*

"2. That the daughters of native Christians shall not be permitted to become nuns, nor missionaries be permitted to

lodge in the families of native Christians, in order to remove *suspicious of immorality*.

"3. Missionaries shall take no part in the celebration of funerals, in order to put an end to stories of their *plucking out the eyes of the dead*.

"4. Women shall not attend public worship along with men, in order to remove the reproach of *indecent promiscuity*."

I refrained from telling my distinguished visitor that his plan was absurd, but I gave him no encouragement to expect that any one of his rules would be seriously considered. He left me a copy, and I have kept it as a specimen of the stock charges made use of to excite the imagination of an ignorant rabble. Some of those calumnies originally grew out of the peculiar constitution and methods of Roman Catholic missions; but when Protestants came on the stage the same charges were leveled at them, and riots are distributed between the two confessions pretty impartially. In Chengtu it was at a Protestant mission that the rioting began. There is no comfort in mutual recrimination, and you seldom hear one party reproach the other for causing the calamity. "*Nous sommes tous dans le même bateau*" ("We are all in the same boat"), the excellent Father Favier, of Peking, once said to me. "Protestants have the advantage in greater publicity. Neither can alter their fundamental principles, and it is not to be expected that prudence will always be able to avoid occasions for the tongue of slander or the hand of violence. A chance spark will sometimes precipitate an explosion of this inflammable gas. Powder you can see and guard against, but the terrible 'fire-damp' that lurks in darkness is invisible."

Last year a lady engaged in medical work at Canton noticed a coolie, who had fallen down from a stroke of the plague near her house, and endeavored to bring him in for treatment. Instantly she was treated to a shower of stones, and, half dead, she was rescued with great peril by a gentleman in the cus-

toms service. A rumor had got abroad that foreigners were spreading the plague. A Scotch missionary at Amoy, going to a country chapel, was followed by a curious but good-natured crowd. A boy stumbling, he stooped to pick him up, and instantly the good-humor gave way to fury. The crowd set upon him with violence, and when he took refuge in his chapel, they besieged the place, and would have torn it down but for the timely arrival of a magistrate. Another missionary, having occupied a new station near Peking, walked out on the street one morning, leading a little child by the hand. That was a red rag for the Chinese bull. In five minutes he was beaten almost to death. In each of these cases, the rabble believed the foreigner had bewitched, or that his touch would bewitch, the child. In the latter case, the magistrate was induced by the American *chargé d'affaires* to issue a cautionary proclamation. The document, after reciting the occurrence, and giving warning against doing anything to annoy the missionary, wound up by expressing confidence that "all self-respecting people would refrain from going near him." (Who says the Chinese are deficient in a sense of humor?) Study and experience will, however, enable missionaries to diminish the number of rocks of offense. It is a good sign that a conference of missionaries at Shanghai were recently discussing that subject, and seeking advice from a Chinese pastor of high repute for talents and piety.

To the missionaries it is a great advantage that they can appeal to an emphatic decree from the throne, issued in 1891, acknowledging their right to propagate their faith, and forbidding anti-Christian agitation. The document is valuable for citation; but the mandarins posted it in dark corners, if at all, and paid it very little heed, knowing that it was not a spontaneous expression of the imperial will. This edict says:

"The right of foreign missionaries to promulgate their religion in China is provided for by treaties, and by imperial de-

crees which were issued prior to those treaty stipulations. The authorities of all the provinces were commanded to afford them protection as circumstances might require.

“The religions of the West have for their object the inculcation of virtue, and, though our people become converted, they continue to be Chinese subjects. There is no reason why there should not be harmony between the people and the adherents of foreign religions. The whole trouble arises from lawless ruffians fabricating baseless stories.

“We command the Manchu generals, the viceroys and governors everywhere, to issue proclamations clearly explaining to the people that they must on no account give ear to such idle tales, and wantonly cause trouble.”

Satisfactory proclamations have been issued by local mandarins in sufficient number to show that they are not all opposed to missionaries. Here is one from the prefect of Nanking:

“The prefect, with the magistrate of the provincial capital, has personally visited each church, and commanded the magistrates of outside districts to visit personally each mission station and talk with the missionaries. We have personally inspected the hospitals, school-houses, etc. They are for good purposes, established with a sincere desire to save men. Though there are Chinese who take pleasure in doing good, there are none that excel these missionaries. Let none of you invent false reports.” (Dated July 4, 1895.)

It greatly enhances the value of this testimony that it is not based on hearsay. Besides secret inspection of the missions, for that is what is meant, the correspondent who forwarded this document informs us that “three weeks ago our district magistrate invited all the men of our missionary community to a dinner, treating them with all honor.”*

“This proclamation,” says the editor in whose columns we

* Rev. T. W. Houston, of Nanking, in the New York “Evangelist,” September 12, 1895.

find it, "is, in fact, the most conclusive reply thus far made to much that passes for well-grounded judgment as to missionary work and influence."

Have those who say that "missionaries are a bad lot," and that "they do more harm than good," like this Chinese official, taken the trouble to inform themselves by "personal inspection"? They may have passed up and down the China coast, and made certain inquiries of consuls, merchants, and seafaring men, but did they visit chapels, schools, and hospitals, or take the trouble to ascertain the opinions and experiences of missionaries? Colonel Denby, the American minister in China, has done that, and this is his verdict, contained in a despatch to the Secretary of State, March 22, 1895. Speaking of Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, he says: "I think that no one can controvert the patent fact that the Chinese are enormously benefited by the labors of the missionaries in their midst. I can and do say that the missionaries in China are self-sacrificing; that their lives are pure; that they are devoted to their work; that the arts and sciences and civilization are greatly spread by their efforts; that they are the leaders in all charitable work; that they do make converts, and such converts as are mentally benefited by conversion."

This is the judgment of an honest, able man, derived from an experience of ten years; and it is the more valuable as Colonel Denby went to China with a sort of prejudice against missionaries and their work. I was present at a meeting, eight or nine years ago, where he made an address, in which he publicly recanted, and ascribed the change in his views to what he had seen in visits to mission stations in various parts of China.

An important question yet remains, viz., What measure of success has been attained by the missions in China? For nearly thirty years I have watched them from the outside, having no connection with any missionary society to bias my

judgment. I can testify that they *have* made progress. There is, indeed, no better testimony to that fact than the increased activity of the opposition. I hold that the results achieved afford good ground for expecting more brilliant results in the near future. Much of the work done has been of such a nature that its effect is not visible on the surface. When works were going on which resulted in the removal of those dangerous rocks called Hell Gate from one of the entrances to New York harbor, a careless observer might have reported that there was nothing to show in proportion to the expenditure of public funds. Yet, deep down in the water, the roots of the rocks were being honeycombed with drill holes, and when the hour came, after long years of preparation, a spark from a battery sent the whole mass high in the air.

There are, however, visible results in full proportion to the means employed. The one or two hundreds of converts whom I found in connection with Protestant churches at my arrival, in 1850, have expanded to fifty-five or sixty thousand in 1895. This, the lowest estimate, compared with the thirty-five thousand in 1890 (obtained by a sort of census), will give the rate of increase. The churches, or organized companies of believers, are not far from a thousand. Some hundreds of these are supplied with native pastors, while the number of evangelists, who have a roving commission to plant the gospel in new fields, is greatly on the increase. Mission schools, some of which take rank as colleges, are raising up large numbers of young men well equipped for this work. Numbers of students from mission schools have been drafted into the new university at Tientsin, and the demand for such is certain to extend. Here, then, is an agency from which there is more to hope than from an excessive multiplication of the foreign element. Foreign missionaries in large numbers will, it is true, be needed for a long time, and they will find ample scope for their energies in the work of education and

superintendence. There is no danger of too many entering the field, if our missionary societies encourage none to offer who are not fitted by superior training. Weak and ignorant men and women are out of place in China. In addition to other qualifications, they require to be strong in faith, and full of the Holy Ghost.

If it be true, and it certainly is, that the grandest enterprise that appeals to the heart of man is the conversion of the world to Christ, it is unquestionable that the grandest of mission fields is the empire of China. The actual state of affairs cannot be better described than in the words of the apostle who led the assault on pagan Rome: "A great and effectual door is opened unto us, *and there are many adversaries.*"

"China for Christ, even though it take a thousand years,"* should be the war-cry of the new crusade. But there is reason to believe that, with the growing multitude of native agents, the work of evangelization may be practically completed in the tenth part of that time. The chief opposition comes, as we have seen, from members of the literary corporation. The scientific ingredients which the government is forced to introduce into the examinations for the civil service may be relied on to revolutionize that obstructive body, and to bring it into line with the progress of the age. Their narrow-minded conservatism gone, they will be in sympathy with the educational and humane agencies of the church of Christ, and be far more accessible to spiritual influences than they now are, especially when they come to understand that there is no necessary conflict between Christ and Confucius, any more than there was between Paul and Plato.

In the immature condition of the native church, its dependence on foreign teachers, and the necessity for foreign interference to hold the government up to the duty of protecting them and their converts, unavoidably excite a degree of odium.

* The words of John Angell James.

When it becomes strong enough to dispense with foreign teachers, and when the government, like that of Japan, comes to recognize fully the rights of conscience, and to throw its ægis over the Christian communities, much of the antipathy arising from spurious patriotism will disappear.

If it be asked how long it is likely to be before the nations of Christendom can safely withdraw from their missionaries and native Christians even the semblance of a protectorate, I answer that it may be withdrawn as soon as they are prepared to renounce extra-territorial privileges for all their citizens, and to trust life and property to the jurisdiction of Chinese courts. China must first revolutionize her judicial system, and show that her entire government is penetrated with the modern spirit. Already this stage has been reached in Japan, and it was not preceded by riots. Let the viceroys be compelled to stop the riots, and it will come in China all the sooner. But does it pay for missions to win their way by slow degrees and at enormous cost? This is an objection that we often hear in the guise of a question. The exclamation, "To what purpose this waste?" was not a question, but a complaint. Those who make it in modern times are not those who "have the bag" or who contribute to its contents. The man who would put a money value on the religion in which he was nurtured would justify Judas in selling his Master. Yet a word on the subject of worldly benefits may not be unsuitable to bring this discussion to a close. What a revenue will the civilization of Africa bring to each of the share-holding powers? Of how much more value would China be to the commercial world if her standard of comfort were somewhat elevated—if, for example, her industrious millions took to wearing shirts, and if every man required as much soap and as many changes of raiment as a European of the same class? One does not need to live long among them to feel that, in comfort as in coinage, the standard of Europe is gold, and that of China silver, if not a

baser metal. To show how the seeds of a higher civilization are being sown, I may mention that the late Dr. S. R. Brown, before going as a missionary to Japan, had charge of a school in Hong Kong, under the auspices of the Morrison Education Society. One of his pupils was Yung Wing,* who brought a large body of young men to the United States for education. Another was Tang Kingsing, who led the way in organizing the new merchant marine of China. What may we not hope from the many thousands now being educated in mission schools!

I may add that it is to missionaries that China is indebted for the greater part of the text-books of modern science now accessible to her people; a fact which led a Chinese scholar of high position (already quoted) to maintain that China has derived more advantage from Christian missions than from foreign commerce.

An old missionary,† on the eve of embarking for his field of labor, once held up before my eyes something that resembled an elegant bird-cage, and asked me to guess what it contained. Said I, "I have not the least idea—a fairy queen, perhaps, for it looks like a palace." "It is a palace," he said, "and it shelters a queen; I am taking a queen bee to India, to improve the native breed of honey-makers."

Beautiful emblem of the gospel of Christ, which redeems human nature from its wild state, and enriches and sweetens this life as a foretaste of that which is to come!

* Mr. Yung Wing, LL.D., of Yale, has been newly appointed a commissioner for foreign affairs in the viceroyalty of Nanking.

† Dr. Woodside, of the American Presbyterian Mission in India.

APPENDIX

A. POPULATION OF CHINA PROPER

N. B.—The eighteen provinces south of the Great Wall form what is called China proper. They fall into four ranges, or belts, from east to west; two belts lying to the north of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and two to the south.

OUTER NORTHERN BELT

	<i>Square miles.</i>	<i>Population in 1887.</i>
Shantung	65,104	36,644,000
Chihli	58,949	17,937,000 (in 1879)
Shansi	55,268	10,658,000
Shensi	67,400	8,403,000
Kansu	86,608	5,411,000 (in 1879)

INNER NORTHERN BELT

Kiangsu	44,500	21,408,000
Anhui	48,461	20,597,000 (in 1879)
Honan	65,104	22,117,000
Hupeh	70,450	33,763,000
Szechuen	166,800	73,178,000

INNER SOUTHERN BELT

Chekiang	39,150	11,703,000
Kiangsi	72,176	24,559,000
Hunan	74,320	21,006,000
Kweichau	64,554	4,806,000

OUTER SOUTHERN BELT

Fu-kien (with Formosa) . . .	53,480	24,344,000 (in 1886)
Kwangtung (with Hainan) ..	79,456	29,762,000
Kwangsi	78,250	5,121,000 (in 1879)
Yunnan	107,969	11,721,000
Total	1,298,000	383,138,000

The population of the outlying regions is but a drop in a bucket, compared with that of the eighteen provinces. To 4,957,000 for the three provinces of Manchuria, add 1,238,000 for Kashgaria, and 5,000,000 each for Mongolia and Tibet, and we have a grand total of 399,333,000. The figures

for the four provinces marked (1879) are taken from a paper of Mr. Paul Popoff, of the Russian legation, Peking; the remainder from a paper of Dr. Dudgeon, by whom they were extracted from a memorial of the Board of Revenue, obtained from the Marquis Tseng, a vice-president of that board. The common estimate of four hundred millions for the population of the empire is probably not in excess of the truth. Owing to imperfection in their mode of enumeration, strict accuracy is not to be expected. A governor of a province will sometimes add what he supposes to be the probable increment to an old census, instead of taking the trouble to make a new one. As reports of the population are rendered every year, they may be considered as proximately trustworthy. "The Chinese," says Dr. Williams, "are doubtless one of the most conceited nations on earth; but with all their vanity they have never thought of rating their population twenty-five or thirty per cent. higher than they suppose it to be, for the purpose of exalting themselves in the eyes of foreigners." That they could *lower* the figures for the purpose of making the population appear less in the eyes of foreigners never occurred to the author of "The Middle Kingdom." Yet they stand convicted of that extraordinary freak. Here is what Dr. Dudgeon says of it and its motive. Referring to a table of returns, obtained by one of the foreign ministers, which made the total for China proper only two hundred and fifteen millions, he remarks that "the figures presented were designedly misleading, having been reduced exactly one third, with the connivance and by the sanction of the board. The true reason, which was afterward forthcoming, was that the officials sought to check missionary zeal by this considerable reduction of the population. In the following year, as no abatement of missionary immigration seemed to follow, the [subtracted] figures were again added to the record."

B. STATE OF TRADE

The complete returns for 1895 are not yet obtainable. For that reason, as well as for want of space, we omit a tabular statement. Two facts, however, speak volumes for the vitality and prospects of the China trade: first, the total trade for 1894 was greater than for 1893, notwithstanding the war with Japan, being respectively 290,207,000 taels and 267,995,000 taels; second, the receipts for the last quarter of 1895 were greater than for the last quarter of 1894, notwithstanding the loss of three ports by the cession of Formosa, and the temporary occupation of Liaotung. The figures stand thus:

1894, last quarter, from 20 ports	5,209,000 taels
1895, " " " 17 "	5,212,000 taels

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HALL OF THE STONE CLASSICS



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