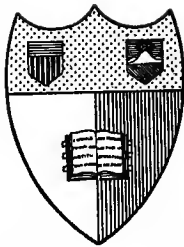


# A YANKEE ON THE YANGTZE



WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL



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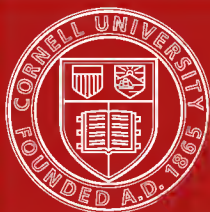
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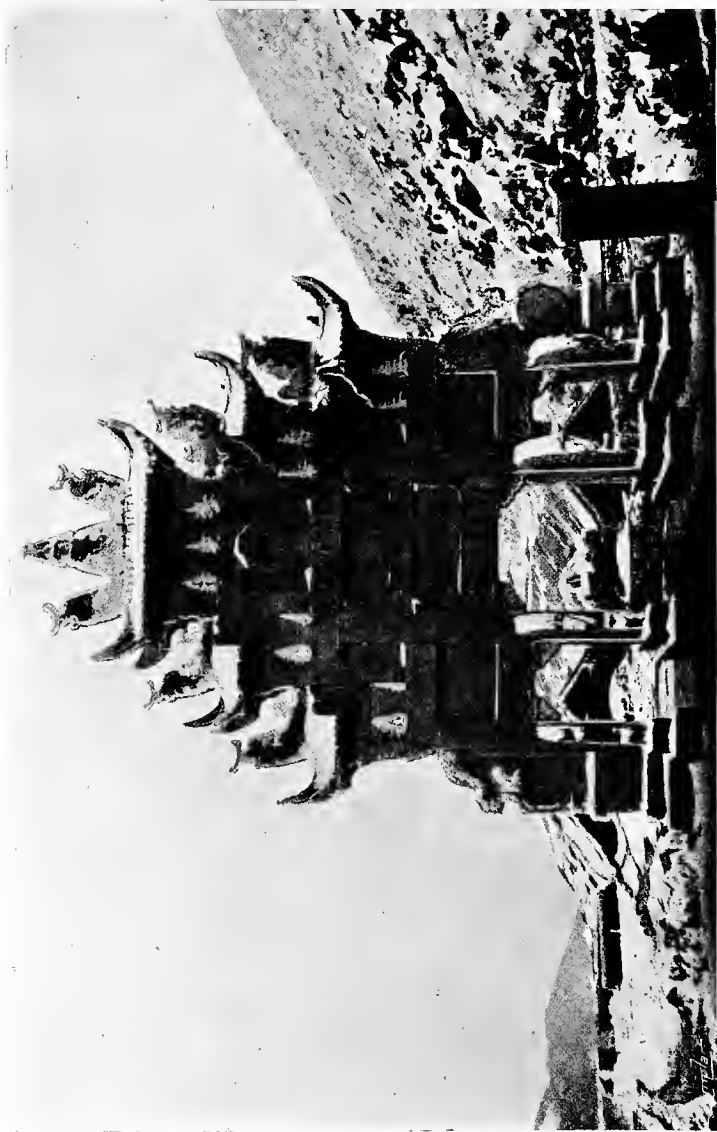


Chapman  
10/20/11

A YANKEE ON THE YANGTZE.







MEMORIAL ARCH AT TA SHUI TING, Eight thousand two hundred feet above the sea.





A  
YANKEE ON THE  
YANGTZE

BEING A NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY  
FROM SHANGHAI THROUGH THE  
CENTRAL KINGDOM TO BURMA

BY  
WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL

*Author of "The Isle that is called Pismo;" "Ocean and Isle;" "Laodicea,  
or the Story of a Marble Foot."*

WITH ONE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK  
A. C. ARMSTRONG AND SON  
3 & 5 WEST 18th STREET, NEAR 5th AVENUE

1904  
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## INTRODUCTION.

“ Westward, the course of Empire holds its way.” But westward from where? Shall it be a land movement, or a sea movement? Shall the all-pervading white man surge across the Pacific Ocean out of the Golden Gate, and imbue with his ideals Japan of the Golden Chrysanthemum and the Flowery Kingdom of China? Or shall the philosophers of China rise in slow wrath against the foreign devils who have yapped at their heels, and sweep them resistlessly with their mushroom civilization away back out of Asia and out of Europe into the Atlantic, or into the useless parts of the earth?

Not long ago we were warned that the Yellow Man with the white money was likely, by his industrial methods, to squeeze out the white man with the yellow money. British Columbia, California, and Australia fear this, and would fain keep him out; but they do not always keep out his goods. And apart from commercial rivalry, military observers have wondered whether the Asiatic hordes may not once again realize their latent strength, and whether aroused China, inspired by the example of Japan, might not submerge

the Western nations. Not once or twice only has the East menaced the very existence of Europe. The names of Zinghiz Khan and Tamerlane may be hardly remembered to-day, but once they were spoken of with bated breath, and their track was marked by ruined cities and pyramids of human heads. And even now barbarians who have planted on the Bosphorus these methods of Turkestan trample on and massacre thousands of miserable Europeans.

Men have sometimes wondered whether, before the Easterners move, they can be conciliated or indoctrinated with Western ideals. The experiment has failed twice. More than 1000 years ago the Persian Christians sent overland a few ardent propagandists. They won the Emperor's favour, translated and printed the Scriptures in Chinese, trained their native converts to carry on their work. But they could not let it be purely Chinese, and maintained some sort of subjection to a dignitary on the Euphrates. And when there came a great Mongol invasion that crushed China to the ground, the exotic perished; when Chinese elasticity asserted itself again, this rose not. The tablet of Si Ngan remains as a monument of this movement that failed.

The Roman Christians tried next, Franciscans and Jesuits both innoculating the East. They were only too complaisant to native ideas, the Jesuits, at least, wire-drawing their doctrines to an unprecedented tenuity. Yet they too failed, and their work was cut short.

Protestants have now renewed the attempt. It

seemed indeed as if the Boxers would for a third time repel the foreign influence. But this time the movement seems to have more vitality; it bowed before the storm, and arose with new vigour when the flash had spent itself. Men like Woodbridge have won the confidence of officials; natives are themselves spreading Christianity. The third failure is not yet. Why should there be a third failure? Jesus of Nazareth was an Asiatic, and Asiatics ought to understand Him better than we do. If they will, then will East and West understand one another better, and no yellow peril need be feared.

But the hope for

Peace upon earth,

Goodwill among men

is likely to be idle unless the nations accept Him who was born at Bethlehem, as their Saviour, their Ideal, their Lord.

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL.

DOYLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.



## 人心用怕單事難無下天

There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome by the man who hustles.—*Current Proverb.*

### CHAPTER I.

TO THE YELLOW FROM THE BLUE—SHANGHAI—  
WOMEN IN CHINA—SUPERSTITIONS—OPIUM—  
CHINESE LEARNING.



Carrier.

THE Yangtze River colours the Pacific Ocean for a distance of thirty miles from the China coast. The amount of earth carried down this mighty stream and deposited on the sloping sea-floor is incalculable. As a land-maker this Chinese Mississippi cannot be excelled. It has brought down a considerable portion of the Province of Kiangsu from the west, and gradually dropped it piecemeal as mud. Large tracts of land on which many natives now contentedly live and cultivate their fields of rice, cotton and wheat, were known to their forefathers as "The Sea." To-day the river is still engaged in the manufacture of territory, robbing the West to enrich the East, and roiling the brine of the oft-times unpacific deep. The traveller to China discovers the saffron and chocolate long before he sights the low-lying coast. Sometimes it is a plunge in

*medias res* when the sea is calm and the blue and yellow refuse to mix; then the ship glides over a distinct line from sea blue to river yellow. The draught of the big Pacific liners is too heavy to admit of their ascending the little tidal river Hwangpu, on which the "Model Settlement of Shanghai" is situated, so our ship drops anchor some miles off the Chinese village of Woosung, twelve miles from the Settlement, where the mouth of the Hwangpu kisses the Yangtze sea-shore. The passenger is transferred from the ship to a tug, which carries him and his baggage up the river, over the "Heaven-sent Barrier" near the mouth. This barrier menaces navigation. The tides are high and the waters of the Hwangpu run like a mill-race; many unwary junks and steamers which have incautiously ventured too much, have been wrecked on the Barrier, which sea captains have sworn was not heaven-sent.

Shanghai is the great metropolis of the East, and everybody who visits the Far Orient, at some time or other, turns up at this city, where not two, but a dozen, seas meet: Americans, English, Germans, French, Russians, Portuguese, Dutch, Italians, Japanese, Koreans, and all the rest. Says Henry Norman: "Among the many surprises of a journey to the Far East one of the greatest is certainly the first sight of Shanghai. . . . I could hardly believe my eyes. There lay a magnificent city surrounding a broad and crowded river, though the magnificence is only skin-deep, all the architectural beauty and solidity of Shanghai being along the river; but I am speaking of the first impressions of Shanghai, and in this respect it is superior to New York, far ahead of San Francisco, and almost as imposing as Liverpool itself. A broad and beautifully kept boulevard, called, of course, the Bund, runs around the river, with rows of well-grown

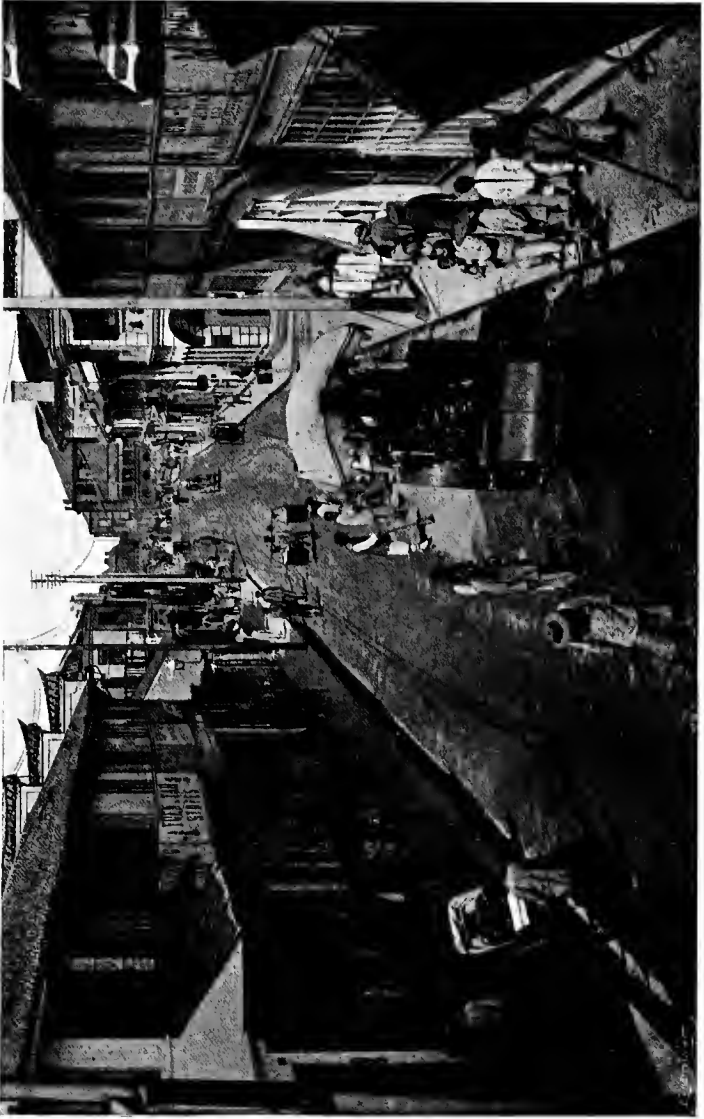
trees and broad grassplat at the water's edge; and this Bund is lined on the other side from one end to the other with mercantile buildings second to none of their kind in the world. . . . At the upper end of the Bund a large patch of green shows the Public Gardens, where the band plays on summer evenings. All night all Shanghai is bright with electric light, and its telegraph poles remind you of Chicago. . . . And the needed touch of colour is added to the scene as you look at it from on deck, by the gay flags of the steamers and the Consular bunting floating over the town."

But Shanghai has made rapid advances since Norman wrote. The American, English and French Settlements have been extended far beyond their original limits; and imposing buildings and terraces have been carried back for miles from the Bund. Large factories are in full operation making silk fabrics, thread, matches, and, we are sorry to say, beer. It is interesting to see the varied humanity which emerges from these mills and the business houses of this cosmopolitan port when the two hands on the big Customs Clock press the button on the XII spot. Carriages, dogcarts, traps, motors, bicycles, rickshas, wheelbarrows, and even sedan chairs come pouring down the Bund and up the "Roads," or streets with geographical names—Nanking Road, Pekin Road—off across the creek called Yangkingpang, into the French Settlement, dubbed by the Chinese "France," or, in the other direction, across the Garden Bridge by the Astor House, up Broadway or Seward Road and through the American Settlement, whose native name is Honkew, or "Rainbow Mouth." The river is crowded with craft-junks, lorches, sampans, big P. and O. boats and "French Mail," foreign-rigged schooners, tugs and

men-of-war. What a medley! The sight is enough to make the Chinese countryman "turn up his pigtail," which is their equivalent for our "kicking the bucket"; or to astonish even a *nil admirari* Englishman. Instead of "civilising" the native, it only seems to confirm his opinion that these barbarians who hitch up the lightning and build houses so high are indeed veritable devils. You might as well try to sink one of the American gunboats in the Hwangpu with a pop-gun as to attempt to eliminate superstition or idolatry with what we call "Western learning" or "Civilization."

Many superficial globe-trotters have based generalisations on Shanghai. This is a gross blunder, for the port, while in China, is not China. The people of this Empire are judiciously slow to accept a new and upstart civilization for their own, which has, until these high-nosed Europeans came, withstood the tests of chiliads; but, with twentieth-century conditions, some innovations have been inevitable, and the adoption of these in China to-day represents tragedy and comedy ludicrously mixed. Shanghai is a hard field for missionary work, but, like every other enterprise, that activity centres here. The Presbyterian Press, which turned out over eighty million pages of literature this year, and employs two hundred and fifty Chinese, is perhaps the largest printing establishment in Asia. Other missions support similar works; and the colleges and schools attached to the respective churches are largely patronized by influential and wealthy natives who now see the immense advantage derived from these institutions. By far the greatest number of men now in Government employ demanding some knowledge of English have come from mission schools. The Society for the Diffusion





STREET SCENE IN SHANGHAI.

蓋  
洛

THE AUTHOR'S CHINESE VISITING CARD. HIS CELESTIAL NAME IS GEILOH.  
ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE CARD ARE CHINESE CHARACTERS SAYING—  
"THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAVELING MAN WITH A PASSPORT."

of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese, with an excellent staff of English translators, is a powerful agency for enlightenment among these people. But best of all are the churches themselves, scattered over the large area of Shanghai Settlement, which, like the electric lights, illuminate the dense darkness. All honour to the Southern Methodist Church for the splendid college in Honkew and to the Episcopal Church for St. John's College! I was gladdened by my visit to Shanghai, but Shanghai is only an infinitesimal part of this great Empire. Look Westward along the great journey I am about to make—look at the men: eighty millions of them!

Let this stupendous statement sink well into your mind. Sophocles said, "Many things are wonderful, but none so wonderful as man;" or, as the Chinese proverb declares, "Ren Shi Wan Wu Chih Ling," "Man is the Mind of Creation." And what record has this mighty nation that we treat so contemptuously? The Chinese invented the art of printing one thousand years before the birth of Caxton. They possessed libraries before we had learned the art of expressing ourselves by charcoal hieroglyphics on birch-bark. They made it possible for our progenitors to give up the use of hollow stone plates and gourd dishes by placing chinaware on the market. Silks! did your eyes ever feast on more beautiful fabrics than those now seen in a Chinese silk store? But you ask, Are the Chinese such men as we are? It is a simple question to answer because in some respects they are our betters. In courtesy they are Chesterfields, we are troglodytes; as artisans their endurance and patience are as remarkable as their inability to invent new machinery. As farmers they raise three fairly good crops a year, but they do it with the aid only of a

wooden-handed plough and by hand-planting and hand-reaping. A reaper, a threshing-machine, or a cotton gin would scare them off the field. As scholars they are giants in memory, repeating whole volumes without trouble, but when we come to applied knowledge or to practical science, they are mere babes. Engineering, for example, would strike them not as a profession but as "labour," and no gentleman in China can "labour." And yet look at the Imperial Canal, one hundred and twenty geographical leagues in length, and without a parallel in the world's history! And the Great Wall whose cubic content, Hegel computes, exceeds the mass of stone used in all the buildings in England and Scotland!

Yes, eighty millions of men, not to enumerate the fair sex, who rule as many of them as they do of us. Much may be said about the oppression of women, and the brutal tyranny by which they are ruled; of the license with which they may be sold into slavery and misery; of the persecution of young wives by mothers-in-law, which is still universal. But everything that has been written on this subject can scarcely make plain to the Occidental mind the actual facts of the case. The small turreted structures, which stand on the outskirts of many a city, testify to the disfavour with which girl babies are received at birth, and the barbarity which sanctions those charnel houses. And yet it should be noted that when women gain the mastery they generally keep it and exercise their authority with an iron rule. The present Empress Dowager is an example. For forty years she has dominated the Imperial Clan, not only the Manchu but the Chinese, throughout the whole extent of the Empire. She is the one great force at the present time, and one of the most masterful women on the face of

the earth. Much of her energy, we believe, has been misdirected by the unwise counsel of ignorant men; nevertheless, she seems to be profiting by her bitter experience. What is true of the Imperial Clan is true of many other clans throughout the Empire. The Empress Dowager has won her present position. She did not inherit it. And she maintains it by her own invincible strength. She alone is the absolute ruler of one-fourth of the human race. Men in China do not despise women who are stronger than themselves. In India widows burn themselves, if allowed, but in China men erect arches to women who do not marry twice.

We shall not fully understand these multitudes of men unless we take into account their fictitious environment. It has been said that the Chinese are unimaginative, materialistic, and matter-of-fact, that they live in a narrow, circumscribed sphere. But the fact is the Chinese live in a world of unrealities. They worship demons whom they have never seen. Innumerable religious institutions for the sole purpose of locating devils are established all over China. The religious devotee spends time and money in attempts to rid himself of the influence of the demon world. He is haunted by spirits who follow him into his office, in his carriage or in his palanquin, into the privacy of his home, and even behind the curtains of his unfeathered bed. There are good spirits also, besides the spirits of his ancestors whom he worships more often and perhaps more sincerely than High Heaven. You cannot call a Chinese a spiritual man nor a demonized man, but he lives in constant dread of the spirits of the upper and nether world. The country which possesses the largest coal deposits in the world has never mined coal for fear of disturbing the Great Dragon who is

supposed to govern the air and the earth. "Shall we drive shafts into his back," they ask, "when it is sure to arouse him from his slumber, and the serrated hills around us will be immediately transformed into fierce dragon beasts? No! rather let the coal lie buried for ever. We will burn reeds and grass and not run the risk of bringing dire calamity upon us." Here also lie vast silver and gold deposits, and they lie as the Lord first placed them; no man dares disturb them. Thus the Chinese literally carry out the warning of Ovid, "Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum."

The reverent Chinese hears the clap of thunder, bows his head in awe, and worships it as god. We show him that we have less fear but as much reverence for the lightning when we enchain it to our wheels or command it to carry our messages under sea or over land. We prove to him that his country may become the richest country in the world if he will but unearth its riches, and we show him that his demon and spirit environment is a but a fabrication of the mind, the heritage of a past superstition. Eighty millions of men, and only one hundred thousand of them are freed by the Gospel from the bondage of demons! What about the rest?

You may say, "Oh, but they are a peculiar lot." I don't see it. You are quite mistaken in your conclusion in regard to the matter of looks. Not one in ten has oblique eyes. They walk and laugh and love and learn much as we do. As to the colour—well, remember that beauty is relative. Is the ashen, consumptive look of the European as beautiful as a good healthy yellow? You ask where they live. They live in the country; they are congregated in the cities; they dwell upon the mountains and on the plains. They are living, and dying too, in accessible

places! There are fanatics among them, but there are fanatics everywhere, and it is not a bad sign. They have the qualities which, if rightly used, will make them eminently Christian. Here is thought for Christian people. Think of their cities, distributing centres for millions, without a ray of the Gospel, thousands of great towns without churches or schools for girls, and an Empire without colleges for women! And no native novel has yet been written setting forth the teaching of Jesus. The Chinese are men of strong passions. They are not flaccid individuals. They are not of the jelly-fish type. The desire for money is as strong in them as in any other people, not even excepting the Jews. This passion for money makes them industrious, and industry is the heart and mainspring of success. There is not a rat without a tail. While they "squeeze," extort, and gamble on a small scale, they do not seem to have caught the fever for gambling in stocks and cotton futures. The coolie who has received his wages in copper cash resorts to the tea shop to try to double it at dice, dominoes or wheels, but he probably loses all.

Apart from the awful predisposition for opium, the Celestial has no craze for ardent spirits. He drinks a very light wine made of rice, but he takes his liquor temperately. Outside the ports opened by the white man there is little whiskey. There is little public drunkenness in China. But opium is everywhere. It thrusts itself on the nostrils throughout the length and breadth of the country. Vast sections of the land are devoted to growing the poppy, which exhausts the strength of the soil more rapidly than rice or wheat. On the steamers, on the house-boats, on the canals, in the great business houses, everywhere men can lie down and smoke it. It is not eaten; it is not smoked

on the streets. It is a national mania, everywhere acknowledged to be bad, but consumed by millions of enslaved devotees. It is next to impossible for men to free themselves from this habit when once it becomes fixed, for the native is essentially a man of pleasure. He may look solemn, but he is not. Every town and city has its numerous tea-houses where tea is brewed in the cup. In these places men congregate after office hours to discuss business, to hear music, or to pass from lip to lip the latest gossip of the day.

The Chinaman has his guilds. Labour and capital are as completely organized in the Celestial Empire as in any other. They have the bankers' guild, which controls the money market. There are also provincial guilds, which are composed of men from the same province. These guilds are found in every city in the Empire, and are so powerful that the officials dare not oppose them. That the Chinese are men of strong passions is shown by their love of literature. This is a nation of scholars, and the founders of literature are worshipped as gods. The final authorities on all questions are the national classics. The writing of poems and essays, both poetry and prose, is the quintessence of art. The theatre has its place next to literature, and serves to hand down the manners, customs, and history of antiquity by histrionic representations. It is on the whole a respectable place. Go into a theatre seating two thousand people. Many are sipping tea from little cups placed on tables before them! All have their hats on except the women. Hear the continuous sounds of laughter, but no applause, as hour after hour the spectators hang on the words of the actors illustrating the story of how China defeated the hosts of enemies arrayed against her in the early days. Here you have ample proof of the





A RICH MAN'S GRAVE SITUATED NEAR THE YANGTZE.



IDOLS NEAR SHANGHAI.



THE GREAT SHANGHAI PAGODA.

vivacity of the Chinaman. The two chief events in the average village in China are the great feast or parade of the gods and the theatre festival. The acting is almost entirely done by men. The better qualities of the Chinese are also shown by their efforts to do good. There were great charities and benevolent institutions in China before Columbus discovered America! Their books, written a thousand years before Christ, advocate philanthropy. Still they have never learned how to practise true benevolence. But our point is to show they have a passion for doing good; albeit this is perhaps not because of the good it does to the other man, but because of the merit which is laid up thereby for the doer. The Chinaman is a family man, which speaks well for him. It is scarcely decent for a man to live out a bachelor's life. The family is the unit of society, and not the individual. The government is patriarchal. The head of the family rules the various members, and each Chinaman is an emperor in his own domestic circle, unless his wife happens to be the stronger of the two. Eighty millions of hale, energetic, strong-minded men who are walking with their backs to the future, pushing on to the past!

## 中 雨 烟 臺 樓 少 多

Towers and porticoes shimmering in the midst.—*Spring in Nanking.*

## 人 服 以 可 理 惟 下 天

Of all things under Heaven only Reason can subdue men.

### CHAPTER II.

THE MIDNIGHT START—TRAVELLING IN NATIVE STYLE—CHINESE FOOD—NANKING—THE EXAMINATION HALL—CURIOUS FEATURES OF THE EXAMINATION—MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.



Pens and Ink.

Y long hegira across China began at midnight. Know, all men by these presents, that in "the witching hour of night when graveyards (and people) yawn," carrying my P. T., I left Foochow Road wharf in "Top-Sea"\* and went off in a wobbly tender to the "Great Prosperity," lying in mid-channel with her anchor down in eight fathoms of water. My friends who came to see me off went on board with me. This vessel was selected, not because of her name, but because her owners permit foreigners to travel native style. Some steamers running up the Yangtze have a

\* Shanghai in the Chinese language signifies "Top-Sea."

rule against admitting any but Chinese to the native accommodations. It was to see China and the Chinese that I was taking the journey and living on native fare, so I managed to secure a cabin on board, designed especially for the Chinese. Shanghai is beautiful at night, with the many coloured lights on the shore and the regulation lamps of the shipping at anchor and in motion. The moist December air was cold and chilly, and we hastily boarded the triple deck river steamer which reminded me of the craft which ply on the great American Mississippi. On the main deck, full forward, the Chinese saloon cabins are located, and to these we briskly found our way through a wide corridor with state-rooms grouped on either side. I stopped to read a helpful sign, done in freehand on pasteboard, and hung against the wooden wall on the starboard side:

PLEASE READY

5 Native Cabin

For Fellows Missinaris.

This settled my character. It was plain enough that I was being classed by the comprador as a missionary. On board were many Chinese, most of them going deck class. Among the many passengers were several Christian missionaries, all travelling native style to save the money of their society. Economy in this way aggregates a large sum. Take, for instance, the fare from Shanghai to Hankow. For first-class foreign passengers this is forty dollars, Mexican, while the first-class native fare is only ten dollars and forty cents. The value of the Mexican dollar varies; at the time of my sojourn in Shanghai it was worth about forty cents United States money.

The missionary party was composed of several

ladies and University men. The latter wore tasselled pigtails, and their wives and children were among the party.

The quartermaster had struck eight bells, midnight, before I turned into my short bunk, which contained no bedding except my own, purchased in Shanghai for the long journey to Burma. When the weird call of the lead heaver awoke me, I found that we had swung out of the fierce Hwangpu into The River, as the natives term the Great Yangtze. A wonderful river this, that flows midway between the Great Wall and the Chu Kiang. It quietly rises in the perpetual snows of the Thibetan heights, dashes in all its ancient glory through the Gorges of Ichang, and sweeps majestically onward as if conscious of its commercial importance to the world. It is the sustaining artery of eight provinces, and pours the water of half a continent through ever-broadening channels into the Yellow Sea. Coming events, and the Yangtze, cast their shadows before them, for Skipper Everett corroborates the statement that the sea is coloured fifty miles out by the vast volume of yellow brought by the mighty river down out of the heart of the massive Empire of Kwang Su. The Yangtze undoubtedly ranks first among the rivers of the Old World, and is excelled only by the Mississippi and the Amazon in the New.

In the Admiralty Directory, referring to sailings on the Yangtze, I find these comforting and quieting statements in heavy type:—"Caution; Changes in the river. Caution; Rise and fall of the river. Caution; Tidal streams off the mouth of the Yangtze. Caution; Calse Channel. Caution; Prevailing diseases. Caution; Kiang Lung Wreck Light. Caution; Velocity of the current. Caution; Havoc Rocks. Caution; Boulder Shoal. Caution; Ichang Gorge. Caution;

First Rapids. Caution; a lifeboat is stationed at each dangerous place all the way down from Chungking to Ichang." While admitting that dangers are most portentous on a distant sight, yet it was for these and other reasons that I sent my baggage to Rangoon by steamer and kept along with me only my photographic instruments, personal effects, a bamboo box containing books, bedding, sweaters, and P. T. I found afterwards to my inconvenience that I had sent too many of my effects to Rangoon and suffered in consequence. But more of this anon.

"Early Rice" was served up wet at eight-forty-five A.M. in the partitioned-off corridor into which our cabins opened. The room was not encumbered with artistic *cachet*, but was full of penumbra. Indeed, the room was chiefly furnished with good penumbra. By the lavish use of it the steamship company must have had an unlimited supply of penumbra. There were penumbra everywhere. In the corners, along the sides, and even in the middle of the floor there were penumbra. And it was of good quality, not the pale, thin article one sometimes finds among dark-skinned native races. This penumbra would have delighted the heart of a white ant. On the round table lay a white cloth. Around the edge were the rice bowls and red chop-sticks, and in the middle four chinaware vessels of appetizers. These dishes bore frightful dragon and other terrifying decorations, and contained first, superannuated and odoriferous shrimps; second, sickly bean curd floating gently on a summer sea of native vinegar and mustard seed oil; the third dish boasted pickled turnip tops and other refuse; and the fourth, bean curd cheese which reminded me of wild-cat's liver soaked in sulphurated hydrogen. It was a repast to make one remember that "Plures crapula

quam gladius." Before we "pitched into" this Early Rice, the "Gospel Scatterers" sang a "Grace," the heavy bass and the fine tenor of the men blending harmoniously with the cultured voices of the young ladies. It was a strange interlude in the midst of the heathen surroundings. They sang two verses:—

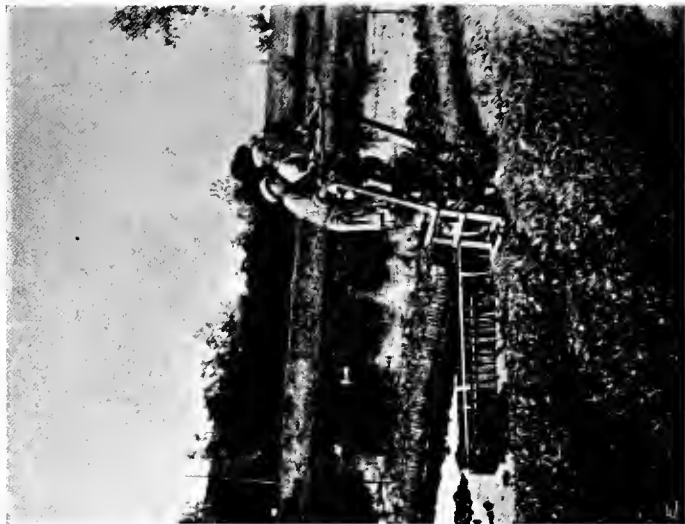
"How good is the Lord we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,  
We praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that shall come."

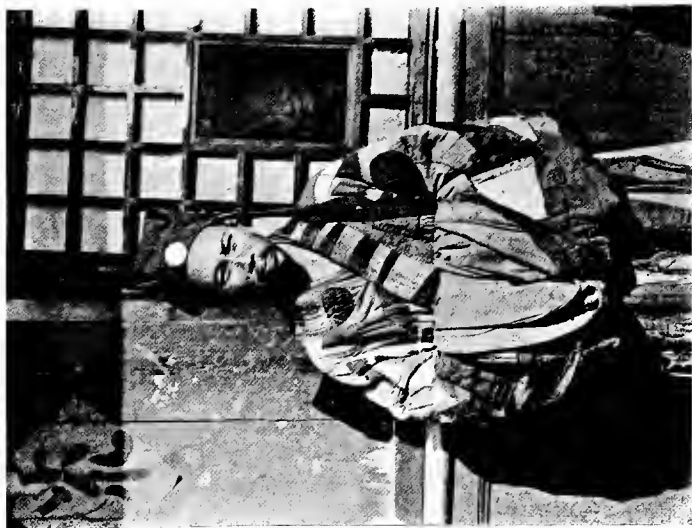
Then I looked at them closely and wondered which of them would be the first to be massacred, for they were *en route* to sections of the country from which came rumours of disquiet and rebellion. But for the friendship of the two Yangtze Viceroys, they must have left their bodies unburied on the soil of Western China during the Boxers' orgy of blood. These tranquil mandarins should receive some recognition and expression of appreciation from the governments to which these favoured citizens belong.

When we had finished the Early Rice, which tried to finish us, the river was fully ten miles wide. Rising among the Pillars of Heaven, far off on the edges of that mystical and awe-inspiring country of Thibet, the civilising Yangtze winds around three thousand miles through this land of the blue gown, then falls into the sea by the little village of Wusung. My school-friend, William Steckel, used to say to me that running water was the most beautiful thing in nature, but running water meant to him some fair brook meandering over curiously shaped pebbles, through a lovely meadow near Doylestown, in the state of





IRRIGATING RICE FIELDS IN THE PROVINCE  
OF KIANGSU.



A BEGGING BUDDHIST MONK.



NATIVE BUILT BRIDGE, NEAR SHANGHAI.

Pennsylvania, and not this monster, muddy stream. But the river is interesting ever. When not ten nautical miles from Shanghai, by watching the Fair Way Buoy, I noticed that notwithstanding the tremendous mass of opposing water, the tide was in a prodigious hurry and ran up at the rate of three jolly knots an hour. The scenery is alluvial.

'Great Prosperity' was towing a black hulk larger than herself. It was roofed over with corrugated iron and was to be used as a receiving wharf at some river port. It retarded our speed, but being lashed to the port side, served as a promenade deck. As I was stepping over from 'Great Prosperity' to 'Tanaï' (the hulk's name) with a nervous member of the famous Cambridge Band, his pigtail caught in the stanchion and came off. Lucky for him it was that it had not grown upon his head; but he had just returned from England and his new self-nourished pigtail was *in esse*, and the one which came off was second-hand and had been grown by somebody else. The Celestials with the real article hanging down their backs, leaned over the gunwale and retailed divers remarks about the de-tailed foreigner.

Two ships quickly passed us on their way to the open sea. The first was the 'Great-Reaching-Through Everything,' which was closely followed by 'Flowing Virtue,' with a black funnel.

The native servants were delightful. At high noon we were served with "Middle Rice," a more pretentious meal than Early Rice. I was served by "Last-Born" and "Always-with-a-Fair-End." My delight on Great Prosperity was Last-Born and Always-with-a-Fair-End. I doted on them and derived a deal of healthy pleasure from the study of them. Last-Born was twenty-two years old, which means that he was

really twenty-one, and made his appearance on this planet in the eleventh moon. He waited on me most of the time, and I had occasion to wait on him. At certain seasons he displayed a constitutional and frigid antipathy to being hustled. He was a nice, plump Chinese who smiled graciously when, with the monster chop-sticks and divers motions, I indicated that he should serve me with tooth-picks. Off he would go and, soon returning, present me with several home-made tooth-picks five inches long by the tape line and carved from the bamboo handle of a local broom used by various coolies for a lengthy period. The age and quality of the handle were indicated by the antique cast on the outer edge of the wood.

My P. T. was carrying safely. Nationally the Chinaman is the oldest man on this planet, and my two "boys" seemed to have inherited "old age." Last-Born was an original Celestial, full enough of the element of surprises to be highly entertaining. After Middle Rice in he rushed with a hand wash basin of boiling hot water and placed it on a square Chinese chair. Then Always-with-a-Fair-End, to whom mere locality was a matter of indifference, cheerfully came up and dexterously threw the table-cloth over his starboard shoulder. Dipping a dish in the basin, he wiped it with the table-cloth until one was at a loss to conclude which was the cleanest, the dish, the cloth, or the Chinaman. Always-with-a-Fair-End was a slick-looking youth, with sufficient fresh grease on him to make a toilet-sized cake of scented soap if mixed with the proper amount of lye—he carried plenty of lie. But then he carried a bull's-eye lantern in his head. He always smiled with his face. I noticed that the Great Yangtze was exactly the colour of Always-with-a-Fair-End, and suggested that

some millions of his ancestors had bathed in its flowing waters, and, each losing a mite of colour, given the monster stream its peculiar cast. The impregnable fortress, Kiangyin or "Shade-of-the-River," which we passed during the day, contained great guns which a fellow-passenger knowingly said, have a clean sweep of ten miles down the river. If they could have commanded the floor of our dining hall we would have been thankful. It needed a clean sweep.

When we had an opportunity of looking about our cabins we found various small things stowed away for safe keeping, and with a view to escape the very keen eye of the customs official. The Chinaman will trust the foreigner. He will also, by what he considers legitimate means, take a share of everything for himself; but while there is much petty pilfering among the dwellers on the Hills of Tang, there are also remarkable means of detecting criminals. Note the following:—Outside the walls of a certain small city was a dealer in oil cakes, who sold his wares at two cents each, for Early Rice. He would place his tray of cakes on a stone lion in front of the public building, and, as the customers paid their money, he would put it by the side of the tit-bits yet unsold. One morning he had occasion to leave his tray for a few minutes; when he returned, the "cash" was gone. Unable to discover it, he rushed excitedly to the local Mandarin, calling loudly, as the Chinese do, for redress. When brought before His Honour by the underlings of the Yamen, he stated his case. The cash was all gone, and there being no trace of the thief, the judge, who was no novice, directed also in a loud voice, that the stone lion on which the tray had rested should be brought into his presence and bamboed, as on it alone could the responsibility rest. The proceedings attracted a

large crowd of loafers about the Yamen court. When the punishment had been inflicted, the doors were shut and a large jar of water placed at the entrance and the crowd were compelled to retire one at a time, each throwing a coin into the jar. A smart detective, who had been detailed for the business, soon discovered the peculiar oil of the cake vendor rise after one fellow had thrown in his cash. Grabbing him by the pigtail, the detective said, blandly, "Have you any more? Disgorge!"

My P. T. is in good shape and standing the voyage well.

My humorous friends, Last-Born and Always-with-a-Fair-End, became more attentive as the voyage drew to an end and the tipping time approached. They possessed the commercial instinct of their race, and I expressly state that at this I in no wise scoff. It was after noon by the ship's clock when we dropped anchor opposite Nanking, which means "Southern Capital." The shank was cast none too soon, for Last-Born and Always-with-a-Fair-End were suffering, maybe from uncertainty. It was best for me to go; for as Gautier says, "Human eyes cannot, without turning aside, contemplate the sight of suffering for too long a time. Goddesses themselves grow weary of it, and the three thousand Oceanides who went to console Prometheus on his Caucasian cross returned therefrom in the evening." Ere I departed I gave them silver tablets. These they took, and (what magic!) they were cured in an instant! We were gradually transferred from 'Great Prosperity' to a Celestial mudscow and paddled to the shore, which was muddy, and which we reached by means of a slippery plank. Here we found carriages and the most rickety rickshas I ever saw. My kind friend Bowen had been waiting for me since ten o'clock the night before, at the wharf four miles from

his residence. Together we drove into the city. A strong wall, twenty miles or more in circumference, encloses the city proper, which leaves vacant a space sufficient to cultivate and raise food for the inhabitants and defenders in the event of a siege. A wide macadamized roadway leads from the landing-stage through the city gate and past the vice-regal Yamen, a distance of about ten miles. This road, the evidence of practical reform, was constructed by the aggressive Viceroy Chang Chihtung, the author of "China's Only Hope," whose progressive policy had earned for him the sobriquet of "the foreigner's slave."

Strange as it may seem, there is just one Young Men's Christian Association building in China at the present time, and that is located in the city of Nanking. I stopped to have a look at it—a fine new structure not yet completed, and costing two thousand five hundred gold dollars, the entire amount having been donated by "Black Cat" Cooper. It is for the students of Nanking University; and any business man, looking the building over as I did, and knowing its cost, would reach the conclusion that there are clever business men doing missionary work in China at the present time. Several hundred students are in Christian schools in Nanking, besides the great student body of over fifteen thousand who come up periodically to the trying Triennial Examinations. I have found in all the Celestial Empire no more hearty and serviceable men than Lewis, Lyon and Gailey, American University graduates engaged in the most sane and sensible effort of enlightening and saving the student population of China.

*En route* to the great Examination Hall I passed two whitewashed circular Baby Towers, with a small house somewhat temple-like in appearance. This is

the first structure of the sort I have met with in China. By the front door hangs a perpendicular sign announcing that the services of the keeper are absolutely free. In the front yard stands a baby tray, in which the bodies of little dead children are placed previous to being burned and the remains thrown into the turreted towers. Perhaps not here, but in some parts of the Empire, living girl-babies are flung into these gruesome structures, and, I am told, heart-rending cries have often been heard issuing from these horrible receptacles.

Among many remarkable sights there is one marvel in Nanking, in every respect the greatest, which, although I omit to mention fully the Ming Tombs, must be referred to—the Examination Hall. Facing the Confucian-Temple-Street is the gate to this Great Nanking Examination Hall, which is, probably, more largely attended than any other in the Empire. There is but one gate, by which all must enter and leave. In case of death during the examination, the dead body is passed over the brick wall. The Viceroy's narrow seal on the closed doors cannot be broken save only in the event of the head examiner dying while on duty.

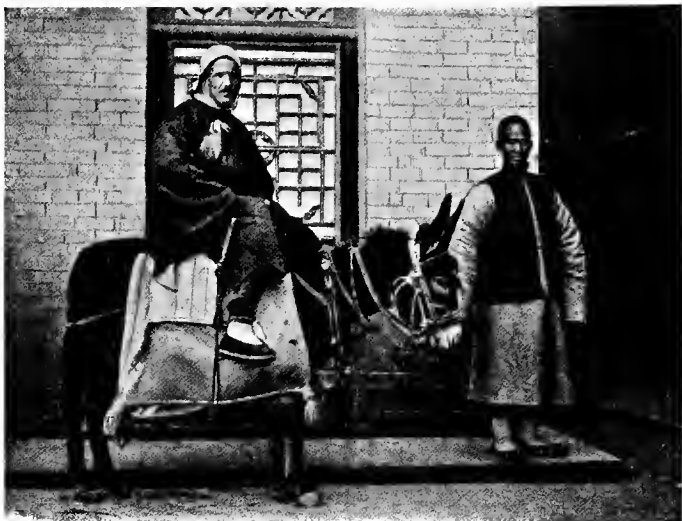
The students are very superstitious about having a dead body taken through the gate by which they expect to enter their career of honour. While passing in, I noticed that from the outer gate to the halls the path was lined off with several rows of red pale fences. In the centre of the enclosure stands a high tower in which is a large drum—hence its name, "Drum Tower." At the corners are four other towers, where guards keep watch night and day during the examination.

The view from the Drum Tower gives one a good

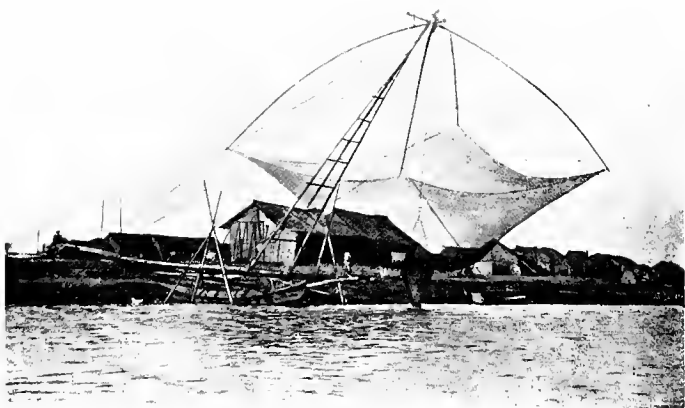




SHANGHAI RAILWAY STATION.



MISSIONARY READY FOR JOURNEY.



NET-FISHING ON THE YANGTZE.

idea of the general plan of the compound. The tiers of cells into which the students pass for the real work of the great examination, are built of brick in single rows and roofed in with tiles, each stall measuring in front forty-four inches deep, thirty-seven inches wide, and five feet eight inches high. In the rear wall of each is a small niche where the occupant places his candle. In one row of these diminutive study-rooms I found ninety-six of these, and in another row more than one hundred. The passage to the cells is narrow, and the distance from the front of one row to the back wall of the next is but forty-six inches. From a window of the Central Tower I counted a series of rows containing over six thousand stalls. There must, then, be accommodation here for at least fifteen thousand students, and I can readily believe the official who gave this large number as the estimate. It sometimes happens that even these are inadequate. In this event and to meet this demand, temporary booths are erected in the passage ways. Beyond the Drum Tower there are three large gates over each of which is an inscription. The one over the right gate reads, "East Literary Arena," and the one over the left, "West Literary Arena." Above the middle gate we read, "When the hall is closed the air is clear," that is, if the gates are locked, double dealing is impossible.

Without the assistance of double dealing I got my P. T.

There are many very remarkable features connected with these celebrated Examinations or Literary Competitions. One of the most extraordinary is the difference in the ages of the students. I was told of one boy who took his middle, or M.A., degree at eleven years of age, but he had a very short life. In the words of his distinguished descendant, "He

was too smart, and died at the age of twenty." Old men of seventy, and even eighty years of age, who have perchance tried many years and failed, still come up, hoping to gain the tablet and the flag that their families may enjoy the exalted honour. The coveted degree is sometimes conferred on these old men on account of their age and perseverance.

The Chinese are remarkable organizers, and possess a genius for combination. Every student knows where his stall is and its number before he enters the outer gate. His food, candle, and cooking apparatus are all previously prescribed and described minutely in a book issued by the Government. These regulations are being gradually modified. In former years, every student was required to burn a red candle, but at the last examination white candles were allowed. The sojourn of such a large number of China's best scholars in the Provincial city does not lessen, but, on the contrary, rather increases the superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism of the people. A few years ago an American physician unintentionally precipitated a small riot by a pure act of intended benevolence. He removed a useless eye of a native patient and replaced it with a glass one. The operation was complete, but, unluckily, the patient one day removed his glass eye in the presence of some Chinese and hastily popped it back into his head again. The crowd was aghast. They had now received genuine ocular demonstration that the unfortunate surgeon possessed a magic power. Here was a proof that the stories circulated about missionaries making medicine from children's eyes were true. Word to this effect soon got about and a mob quickly gathered at the physician's house to do what other mobs in China have done and will do—wreck the missionary's premises, etc. This diversion,

however, was interrupted by the Mandarin, who explained in a placard afterwards put up, the functions of the "harmless, necessary" glass eye.

The Examinations are taken very seriously by the Chinese, and are not without a tragic side. The thought of China is Confucian, but the temple just beyond the Examination Hall is the centre of a gambling and drinking district. The religion of the students does not interfere with their committing suicide. Some take opium, others hang themselves—but this method is not popular—while others cut their throats. Failure in passing the examinations is one melancholy cause of self-destruction; but mental disorder, occasioned by the severe strain and constant pressure of the ordeal, drives many unfortunates to take their lives. The examinations always occur, too, at a hot and unhealthful season of the year—the eighth moon—when the human system has become enervated by the summer heat. No wonder, then, that even the inured and stoical native often succumbs. Dr. Robert Beebe, of the Philander Smith Hospital in Nanking, told me an interesting story of a young man who had cut his throat with a sharp instrument, and of the peculiar means that were employed to exorcise the evil spirit that was supposed to instigate the act. The foreign doctor, who had been summoned, found the patient lying on a bed in front of which was a square table containing vegetables and lighted candles. Underneath were two live roosters. A geomancer, who had also been called, proceeded to drive out the devil. Seizing one of the fowls he cut its throat and sprinkled the blood over the room. He accompanied this act with numerous grimaces, hand-foldings, genuflections and incantations, walking frequently over to the

bedside to see whether his charms were effective. The rooster business having miserably failed, the geomancer got his writing materials and rubbed some ink on the slab. Dipping his pencil in the ink, he skilfully wrote several Chinese characters on the palm of his own hand. He then put his hand in front of the man's insipid face and tried to blow them off. The idea was that he had power to blow the spirit and the influence of the characters into the man's breath and thus evict the devil. Dr. Beebe held the severed windpipe together with his fingers, which enabled the man to talk coherently, and thus found out the cause of his rash act. The unfortunate fellow was perfectly sane. Mr. John Williams, the Presbyterian missionary in Nanking, while passing by a well in the street, just after the examinations, saw the feet of a man sticking out of the water. The day before a student had accidentally let fall a drop of ink on his essay. Seeing that all hope of success was blotted out, and not having time to repair the damage or re-write the essay, he determined to plunge head foremost into the well and thus end his disappointment and his life together. The man was the unhappy student.

In former days, I was informed, it was the custom for one of the officials to stand on the small bridge which spans the central gateway, and wave a black, oblong flag. Just before the candidates entered the Examination Hall, he would call out:—

“ Yiu en pao en ;  
Yiu cheu pao cheu.”

Then the big drum in the middle watch tower would beat. The students knew well that the Master of Ceremonies was calling down vengeance on the man-

slayer, the unrighteous, or the profane, who dared to show his face in those holy precincts. Silverfoil in the shape of ingots was burnt to hustle the avenging spirits, and a terrific yell from the thousands of competitors would be the response, "The Avenger is here, the Avenger is here."

Morality is curiously inwrought into the educational system of China, and the students believed that some ferocious spirit would at this time enter and strike the depraved candidate dead; and many succumbed to a superstitious dread and died on the spot. For obvious reasons, this test has been discontinued by the Government.

The examination held in the year of grace one thousand nine hundred and two, in the eighth moon, was by the special grace of the Emperor. Ordinarily, the number of those who receive the degree is one hundred and forty-five, but, this being a special examination, it was doubled, and in addition forty-nine special degrees of honourable mention were presented. About one in every hundred candidates succeeds. The odds against him have been tremendous, and the physical and mental strain have been terrible, but he obtains a reward that, to the Chinese mind, fully compensates for all the toil and patience that have been expended. He receives a moderate sum called the "cup and platter stipend," worth about four Mexican dollars, with an additional small fee for the "flag and tablet." The latter he is allowed to exhibit at his home. This is usually done with great gusto—and amid the acclamations of his numerous friends and relatives. Passing along the streets of a Chinese city, one sometimes sees on a front door large strips of red paper on which is written the name of one of the household, and the fact that he has successfully passed the Triennial

Examination at his Provincial city. He is, in fact, even more honoured than the captain of a triumphant football team in the United States of America!

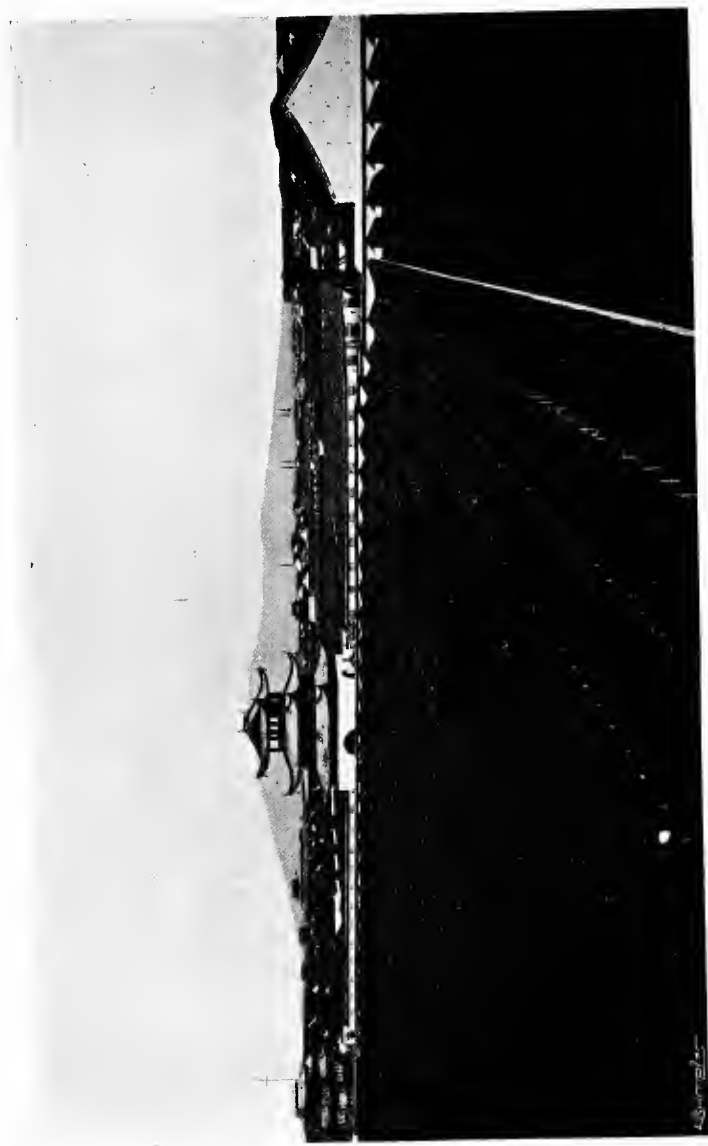
I was told by plump Mr. Plum, who has just passed his examinations, that the official Proclaimer has devised a means of announcing the successful candidates to the world before the great doors are unsealed and the momentous fact verbally made known. This inventive genius ties the names of the victors, fifty at a time, to the legs of carrier pigeons, and the cat is out of the bag before the students have left the hall.

The examinations provide the missionaries with a rare opportunity. Although they begin on the fifth day of the eighth moon, the literature usually presented to the students is not distributed until the night of the eleventh day, the purpose being that only those who pass the three tests should have the reading matter. The students usually enter their cells about three A.M., carrying food and candles, and remain in for two whole days. They then all pass out, and the successful ones enter a second time at about the same hour. These remain the same length of time and again leave the hall for a brief recess. More drop out, having failed to pass the second examination. The winnowing process was continued three times this year, and it was after this last ordeal that the missionaries, between eleven P.M. and three-thirty A.M., made the distribution to those who underwent the latter test. Fifteen thousand packets of literature were distributed that night to as many students, all of whom had taken the third examination. Each packet was composed of four books, generally Corinthians I., the Gospel of Mark or Luke, with two books on easy science, both distinctly Christian.





ANCIENT GATE AT NANKING; NEAR WHICH ARE THE GRUESOME BABY TOWERS.



THE GREAT NANKING EXAMINATION HALL.

After making enquiry among the students, I found that these books were read by more than the one person to whom they were given. On former occasions many were thrown away, but a great change has taken place, and this year every book was gratefully received. There have been cases where books distributed in this way were the means of the conversion of small villages or market towns, and the eventual establishment of churches. Now, I estimate that these sixty thousand volumes during the next ten years will be read by at least three hundred thousand people, which seems to me a reasonable calculation. The distribution of books is not a novelty in China. For a thousand years at least certain meritorious literature has been scattered among the people by Chinese philanthropists who wish to ventilate their views; and the missionaries, by distributing good books at the examination, are simply following a custom that has been in vogue for centuries.

I must mention one other examination curiosity. Inside the Hall is a dispensary where students taken ill may apply for a concoction. This year, the examinations took place when a cholera epidemic was raging, and the Government supplied each student, free of charge, with a vial of medicine obtained at a foreign hospital, with the stipulation that, on the first indication of the disease, it would be taken without delay. Not to be outdone by the watchful foreigner, a wealthy Chinese philanthropist in the city prepared the following prescription for the cure of the disease. His medicine was also distributed gratuitously during the epidemic. Notice: there is no intoxicant in this medicine. The man in China who discovered the process of manufacturing wine from rice was banished the Empire forty centuries ago. The following are the ingredients:—

Rhinoceros excrement .....	2 tsien
Baroos camphor .....	4 "
Alum .....	5 "
Nitrate of Potash.....	1½ "
Gold leaf .....	100 leaves
Urine sediment .....	8 tsien
Indigo refuse .....	5 "
Ephedra vulgaris .....	4 "
Borax .....	3 "
Lamp black .....	1 oz.
Red sulphide of arsenic.....	1 "
Toad spittle cakes.....	1½ "
Soap tree pods.....	3 "
Cinnabar .....	2 "
Pearls .....	3 tsien
Musk .....	3 "

Mix and make into a fine powder.

Dose: One fen in water; if the case is severe, a double dose is to be taken. The Chinese ounce, which is heavier than ours, is divided into ten parts called *tsien*, and ten *fen* make one *tsien*. The doctor sent me a diminutive China bottle with a tightly rolled paper stopper, resembling a section of a fire-cracker. It contains the Cholera Mixture. I shall keep it with me on the outside, and perhaps present it to some bacteriological congress as my contribution to medical science.

I remember on one occasion while walking along one of the principal streets in the Southern Capital, I passed several doorless kitchens, and then came upon two criminals locked together with a heavy wooden collar round their necks. Thin paper, bearing inscriptions and giving an account of the crime for which they were being punished, and their names, was pasted on the collar. Several folds of brown paper were used to shade their eyes from the sunlight, and their faces from shame in the presence of a staring mob. This clever devise was fastened over the forehead by a dexterous twist of the pigtail. One of these young men had been a student at the Disciples' School; but because of a

defect in his moral character, which he was unwilling to remedy, he was dismissed from the institution. Now, the Chinaman yields to the spirit of revenge, but seldom to the spirit of vengeance. The dismissal rankled in the young man's mind, and he determined not to trust the carrying-out of his plan to one of the spirits hauled up over the city wall in baskets, but to take matters into his own hands. He stole the school telescope, and thus got his revenge on the institution by being publicly *cangued*. In this action of the poor ignorant pigtail and that of the learned German officers, who not only stole an individual sky spy-glass, but gathered in all the valuable ancient and modern astronomical instruments of the Great Royal Observatory in Peking, it is difficult to discover wherein the moral differentiation lies. Of course, we know that "East is East and West is West," but is there a different code of morals for Europe and Asia, or is practical morality to be proportioned to the length of the hair, the shape of the nose, or the colour of the skin? A gentleman at Kiu-kiang said, "The seizure of scientific instruments at the capital occurred during a conflict known in civilised annals as war." To this my answer came promptly that the poor pigtail who stole the telescope had also declared war against his supposed enemies, the school authorities.

Are the Christian Missions in Nanking doing any good? In this Southern Capital, which politically is the second city in the Empire, four missionary societies are at work, and the number of native Christians is above eight hundred. I have attended a Sunday afternoon service held in the chapel of Nanking University. The service was conducted by an educated laymen, and when he asked those present who were professing Christians to rise, I was consider-

ably surprised to see at least three hundred and fifty stand up, and in this way declare their faith in Jesus.

Next day I had a visit from a prominent official who was educated in an American University, and who is a vigorous and pronounced Confucianist. He is at the same time a determined opponent of Christian missions, and stated that in his opinion eighty per cent. of the Christians were not genuine. The remaining minority, he said, were honest and of good intent. Even taking this estimate as correct, the missionaries in Nanking still have remaining one hundred and sixty real converts, their enemies themselves being the judges. The same Celestial gentleman told me that the officials all consider the hospitals, and the school work done by the missionaries, good and satisfactory. This plainly shows that the learned Confucianist is no exception to the less favoured of his race. Anything that is of commercial and material advantage to China, each alike is willing to have, let it come from any quarter. My informant stated in addition that missionary work in the cities is not objected to, but in the small villages and country districts it causes trouble to the Yamens. This statement led to my making further inquiries, and I am inclined to think missionary work is more promising in the country than in the town. Now, I can easily imagine an official saying to himself, "Who can say what these foreign devils are doing? Here in town they are well within my reach, but off in the country fifty, sixty, or even one hundred miles away, who can say what they are up to, stealing the hearts of my people?" This Celestial gentleman says that what China needs more than a new learning is a new spirit, and he suggests that if twenty thousand youths—not old men who have their habits of mind and body formed—could be sent to the United States and then

returned to China with a new spirit, it would do his native land incalculable good. I found out that there is a tendency on the part of the Mandarins to show the missionaries and native Christians a generous consideration hitherto unknown; but in doing this, they are often misunderstood by the ignorant populace, who misinterpret the kindly motive. I have always understood that the masses of China will come to a just conclusion if left to themselves, and that the anti-foreign feeling has been generated by the literati. What he called "anger and resentment of the people" is the harvest of seed sown by the Mandarins themselves. I felt sorely tempted to ask my friend how far his honourable country had been benefited by his pigtail being stowed away under a Yankee headgear. Was it only that it might grow with a still more unbending stiffness?

Just before parting, I noticed a smile of satisfaction rippling over his kindly yellow face. He rubbed his hands, evidently calling to mind the injunction of the Great Sage, the Master, to "deal tenderly with the men from afar."

## 事好行常人願人好生常天願

Oh, that Heaven would always beget virtuous men and that men would always do good!—*Inscription on a Temple.*

### CHAPTER III.

NANKING TO HANKOW—‘GLORY FACE’—STALE  
WITTICISMS REGARDING MISSIONARIES—ARE  
MISSIONS A SUCCESS?—AMERICAN GUEST-ROOMS  
A VISIT TO THE VICEROY, TUAN FANG.



Jinricksha.

SIA KWAN is a suburb of the Southern Capital, lying on the river side. Here I stopped at a combination store and inn at the rate of one forty-cent dollar a night, and slept on the floor upstairs. There was a bed, but there were also agile indications that I would feel easier wrapped in my gimlet-proof oilcloth on the floor. It is not surprising that one should dream under these circumstances. The night vision was an exaggeration of a story I heard near the Baby Towers. I must relate the true tale. During the Taiping rebellion there lived at Nanking a man who, occupying an official position, had to do with the purchase of arms and ammunition for the forces defending the Manchu Dynasty. He purchased wooden arms and a lot of ammunition absolutely worthless, and pocketed most





Y. M. C. A.—NANKING UNIVERSITY.



TUAN FANG, ACTING VICEROY OF HU KUANG.

of the nimble funds allowed for the purchase. His treasonable rascality became known at the Court, and high officials were despatched from Peking to remove his head and carve him up. Being a man of great wealth, he sent to the approaching representatives of the Emperor valuable presents, and later on received these functionaries into his own residence, elegantly and lavishly entertained them, and made such an equitable division of his wealth that the would-be executioners were diverted from their purpose. But an emperor's edict cannot be openly trifled with, so a very shrewd scheme was laid and hatched. On a certain day, the executioners, with their attendants, gathered together with great fuss. The streets were lined with troops, and it was given out that the offender had been beheaded. To prove the fact, the defaulting warrior was carried out in a large wooden coffin, and, with befitting ceremony, removed to the country, there to await the decision of the geomancers as to a propitious site for the burial. The man is still living in Nanking, enjoying the funds contributed by the Emperor for the purpose of *bona fide* cannon!

At five o'clock A.M. the almond-eyed landlord rushed up the stairs and shouted out that the ship had come. Hastily rolling up our bundles, we went down the slippery river bank to a mudscow, or monster sampan, flat-bottomed and square-nosed, which lay ready to take us off to the steamer "Handsome Investment." It was brilliant moonlight, almost equal to that of the fifteenth day of the eighth moon centuries ago, when an ancient Emperor decreed that *in* (perpetual) *memoriam* a feast should be held. A stout Chinese slipped the mooring, and amidst a crowd of jabbering, gesticulating, indifferently-smelling Chinese, we gently floated on the quiet river to the "Handsome Invest-

ment." We allowed the swarm of Chinese, each with his bundles of generous proportions, to scramble on board first, which they all did without blustering, but with startling rapidity. Then we got on with our luggage and discovered that all the first-class native cabins, with the exception of our own, previously engaged, were occupied by a wealthy merchant, his wives and domestics. One little slave girl slept in the corridor at the door of an apartment occupied by her mistress. Each foot of the women was bound distressingly tight, into a compass no larger than a baby's hand, and their cheeks and the centre of the lower lips were daubed with red paint.

As on the first stage of the journey, we zig-zagged up the river. The scenery along the shore was mostly uninteresting, but we were told that if the day had been clear, the mountains back of Kiukiang would have furnished a delightful picture.

After passing a line of low mountains topped with sand, at one-thirty P.M. on the eighteenth day of the eleventh moon, "Handsome Investment" dropped anchor off the city of Nine Rivers, Kiukiang. Here I met Glory Face, so called by appreciative Celestials, who is one of the wealthiest missionaries in the East. Glory Face presented to the China Inland Mission two of the large buildings in Woosung Road, Shanghai. He also provided the money for one school building now used for the education of the children of missionaries at Chefoo. Glory Face is a constant and liberal supporter of various evangelistic agencies. He lives at Nine Rivers in his own house, like himself square, genteel, and comfortable. I found this shrewd intelligent business man full of enthusiasm and hopeful anticipation. Now, I can easily think of some foolish traveller, not knowing these facts, being gratui-

tously entertained by this rich but self-sacrificing gentleman, and then writing an adverse criticism. A certain literary rascal, whose real grievance is that he was born too late to discover this planet, actually did so. Glory Face, as the Chinese have well named him, for it may be said of him, as of Moses in the ancient story, "his face shone," came down to "Handsome Investment" to say farewell to a friend departing up the river. Being a big, commercial man, he related to me the following business-like story. Mr. Willow is an old man who had just celebrated his eightieth birthday. About eleven years ago, in his zeal to spread the Gospel, he gave up his own house to be used as a place for preaching. He also paid for the support of a native helper, and so very eager was he for the salvation of souls that he prayed long and earnestly for the conversion of twenty men. When the time came for examining candidates for baptism, the native helper had no less than fifty-six names on his list; but Glory Face urged that, as this was the commencement of the work in the place, they should be especially careful whom they received. The number was reduced to twenty-eight, of whom only fourteen were found to be sufficiently instructed to receive the rite. When this was mentioned to the old man, he was very much distressed, because he had prayed earnestly that *twenty* might be gathered in. He asked Glory Face if he could not agree to admit six more in order that his prayer might be fully answered. When told it could not be done, Mr. Willow went home very sad. "Next morning I met him," said Glory Face, "and he was quite joyful, so I asked him what had wrought the change.

He explained that on further thought he had discovered that his prayer had really been answered,

because the local method of reckoning makes seven equal to ten, and so fourteen equals twenty, the actual number he had been praying for."

It is the case in China that when speaking of one thousand cash, eight hundred, or even less, is the number understood; and business is conducted on this basis. This reminds one of the antics of some people enjoying a more modern civilisation; for instance, the old man whose clock was slightly out of order, and yet by it he managed to calculate the correct time by the following rule: "When it points to four it strikes eleven, and then I know it is seven-twenty."

It happened once upon a time, not very many years ago, that a certain man dressed himself as a missionary, travelled overland from Shanghai to Bhamo, Burma, sponging on the missionaries *en route*, and then bragged that he made the journey for less than twenty pounds. After accepting the hospitality and profiting by the thousand acts of kindness on the part of unsuspecting and whole-souled Christian workers, he wrote villifying his entertainers or their work. It reminds me of the snake story in Æsop's Fables. This same individual made statements which were shrewdly calculated to mislead. He is a fair example of a slick literary adventurer. Here is a sample of his performances. In Hankow he stopped with the representative of a certain Bible Society who was also acting for three other societies. Now, the tramp book-maker, after stopping for about a week with this gentleman, afterwards had the audacity to state that these three societies had each one representative of its own in the city, making three in all. He also re-hashed certain mouldy stories still told amidst the fumes of tobacco smoke and whiskey by foul-mouthed retailers of anything that has a tendency to besmirch the characters

of noble, self-sacrificing missionaries. It is still somewhat the fashion among men in these parts, whose language is not fit for ladies and children to hear, to run down missionaries. Archibald, of Hankow, says: "When I first came up the river they told me that there was a Christian washerman here who was a Deacon of a missionary society, but who had been found wearing the clothes of his customers put out to wash. (This was twenty-six years ago, and the yarn is still told to travellers.) I consulted with Dr. Blank and we invited the man who complained to me that his clothes had been worn, to come to the house, and confront the culprit. When the Deacon was brought in, the complainant said, 'Oh, this is not the man.' 'But this,' we said, 'is the only Christian washerman in the city.' 'I have found since,' added Archibald, 'that there is in every port a Chinese Deacon washerman who wears the clothes of his patrons.'" There is another old chestnut about the Chinese bootmaker who uses the books which have been given him by the missionaries for boot soles. The Chinese, on the contrary, regard the characters in books as sacred, and would not use them for such a purpose. You see little receptacles in the streets where even the smallest scraps of written paper are religiously burnt. For many years the paper leavings of the machines used by the Bible Society in Hankow would be taken away by the native "Respect Written Paper Society" and carefully incinerated. They are now buried. The scribbling tramp was a small critic. When I think of him something reminds me of a cipher with the rim cut off.

Like Boston, Hankow is frequently referred to as the hub of the universe. It is six hundred miles distant from Shanghai, the mart of eight provinces,

and a city of great importance. There are really three cities, all forming one large metropolis. At this point the Han River joins the Yangtze. Hankow has a population of about eight hundred thousand, and on the same side of the river (the East), but just across the Han, is the city of Hanyang; while opposite to it across the Yangtze is Wuchang, the capital of the two Provinces of Hupeh and Hunan. The combined population of Greater Hankow is perhaps a million and a half. Hankow is the city of merchants; Hanyang, the city of manufacturers; and Wuchang, the city of mandarins. Hankow is famous as a business centre, and has water communication with ten out of the eighteen provinces. From this point you are in touch with nearly every important spot in the empire, and it was in former years the great postal centre. The Hankow and Peking Railroad, which has been in process of construction for five years, now runs trains for one hundred and thirty miles out of the city. The promoters expect to connect Peking in another five years. The first month it was opened the receipts amounted to only six hundred Mexican dollars, and the last month (the fifth) they realized twenty-six thousand dollars. It is a Belgian concession, financed with French money, and is under Russian protection. They insist on doing everything in French style; the employees do not remain long with them.

The general impression is that the railroad will not pay in the end, if the agreement is kept; for the Chinese authorities in granting the concession drove a very hard bargain. The management seems to lack good sense. As a sample—some time ago they sent out a list of tariff rates, and the first item referred to four-wheeled carriages. The fact is, there are few, if any, of this kind of vehicles in Central China.

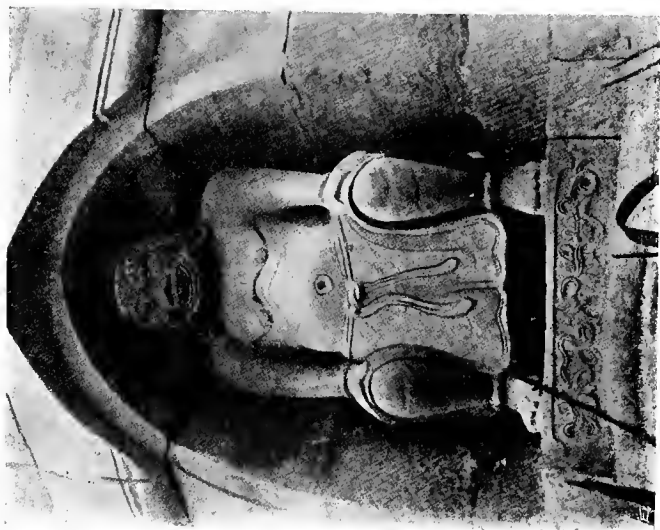




THE SACRED TREE OF ICHANG.  
INSCRIPTIONS ON THE SIGN BOARDS EQUIVALENT TO  
"ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."



A NUN OF THE PYRAMID, ICHIANG.



THE HIDEOUS GOD, NEAR ICHIANG.

Here are located large Government iron works and blast furnaces, a monster cotton mill, a mint, and other factories, equipped with modern machinery and probably run at a loss to the state. All these represent a praiseworthy effort of the most progressive Viceroy, Chang Chi-tung, to develop the resources of the empire.

In these three cities forming Greater Hankow there are represented eleven Protestant, and several Roman Catholic Missionary Societies. As in British New Guinea, so here, some means have been devised by the Protestants for dividing the field, in order to prevent the overlapping of work. They wisely follow the principle that while the supply of heathen holds out, competition for the same converts should be avoided. Seventy-one Protestant missionaries have their headquarters here, but many of them occupy most of their time in making long and laborious journeys throughout the two Provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. One native church in Hankow has a regular Sunday daylight attendance of over five hundred Chinese, and the regular congregation in the Baptist Chapel in Hanyang is about six hundred. Around\* this centre over ten thousand Protestant Christians are to be found. Mission work has now assumed a very interesting phase. The Chinese are clamouring to join the Christian Church, villages and clans *en bloc*. They agree to provide chapels, schools, and the salaries

\* The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society has sixty-eight churches and preaching stations in the region of the Three Central Cities, as Wuchang, Hankow and Hanyang are called.

Between Hankow and Kiukiang the Yangtze is divided into six stages, roughly of thirty miles each. At the end of each stage there is a large city or town. At four of the five towns the Wesleyans are working.

In Hankow the three Wesleyan chapels record large congregations. The Ch'iao K'ou Chapel is well situated for reaching the immense boating population, and also the market gardeners who live just outside the boundaries of the town.

of preachers. There are two views among Christians as to what should be done under the circumstances. One is to take them as they are, admit them to the Church, and then teach them. The other is to decline to receive them until they become more thoroughly instructed. These people are honest country folk, and when they are properly taught bid fair to make good Christians. Ever since the Boxer movement there has been this decided leaning towards the Christian Church. One reason that people want to join the Church is that they will then belong to a society *with some backbone in it*; they labour under the impression that the Christian Church is an institution of this kind. The individual in China amounts to little—he is simply a cog in a wheel, and all Chinese are afraid of being left alone. If the missionaries take the right advantage of the present situation, and direct the movement in the proper way, Central China will be evangelized in the near future. To paraphrase Voltaire's dictum about his own countrymen, "The (Chinese) always come late to things, but they do come at last."

Let us look at the cost of missionary work in China. At present there are about three thousand Protestant missionaries in China; there are also fifteen thousand paid native preachers, Bible women, and other helpers. These eighteen thousand missionaries receive about three million five hundred thousand gold dollars per annum. Now, after making careful enquiries, and questioning men who calculate upon a conservative mental basis, I figure out that each one will present the Gospel, on an average, to two hundred heathen Chinese, which would make a sum total of three million, six hundred thousand natives hearing the Gospel by word of mouth in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three. This would be less

than one gold dollar for each Chinese. This, of course, does not include the gigantic work done by the college, the school, and the hospital, nor the civilising influence upon those whose habits of mind and body are modified by coming into contact with the multitudes of native Christians. These have received a fresh impulse from a new moral and spiritual idea imparted to them by the words and actions of the missionaries of the Cross.

In the Empire at the present time, there are to be found over one hundred thousand Protestant native communicants, together with five hundred thousand *regular and earnest* enquirers who come regularly to learn more about the Man of Galilee. To be accurate in this reckoning, we must add another half a million of irregular and casual seekers after truth. And there is still another item not to be forgotten; probably a full million more who attend with some degree of regularity a few of the preaching services. Missionaries are certainly getting something done in China. Every thoughtful reader will ask himself the question, "How many of the vast population of China have thus far not even heard the name of Jesus Christ?"

The Boxer movement, its rise, conflict with Christianity and eventual collapse, have by this time been discussed by the natives everywhere in China, even to the utmost limits of the Empire. These events, emphasised in the most practical way by an increased taxation for indemnity, have probably brought some news of the Gospel to at least three hundred millions of the population of China. Who shall then say that the large number of missionaries who suffered a bloody martyrdom at the hands of vicious and violent mobs during the memorable year of nineteen hundred, will not by their death accomplish far more than they could possibly have done otherwise?

An admirable institution has been started by two young Americans, Ingle and Roots, the former of whom has recently been made a bishop. They have won the hearts of the Chinese by opening a guest-room in connection with the work of the American Episcopal Mission in Hankow. They have found this a more effective way of preaching the gospel than the ordinary street chapel. The Chinese visitor is treated as a guest in the most approved native fashion. In this room the missionaries and their native assistants come into close contact with the Chinese, many of whom come regularly and receive constant instruction. The noise and confusion of the street chapel preaching is avoided. At first the visitors generally come out of mere curiosity, but as they learn more and more, a personal interest is awakened and many become earnest seekers after God. Many "have a knowledge of sin," as Mr. Wang, one of the assistants, said, "but no personal feeling of its burden. When they read the Ten Commandments they consider themselves guiltless of having transgressed the last four, and they seem very pleased with this contemplation. But when we explain the Commandments according to the rule of the New Testament—that hate means murder, and an unclean thought, adultery—the well-inclined begin to see themselves in a different light. We try at first simply to arouse this feeling of sin in the heathen, and we have found that the poorer visitors have a deeper sense of sin than the rich. This, however, comes from the fact that the Chinese consider poverty the result of transgression, and as they do not possess the means to buy expensive paper money or win merit by Buddhist masses for 'Orphan Souls and Wild Spirits,' who have none to care for them, their sins and poverty increase more and more. We

often have sincere enquirers who declare that they would fear to break the Commandments after hearing about the sin-pardoning doctrine, because this would be heaping sin upon sin."

The guest-room secures regular and constant teaching, and preserves at the same time the etiquette so dear to the Chinese heart. It also stimulates the assistants to greater zeal and activity in bringing men under the influence of the Gospel, and stirs them up to keep the attendance constant. I was told of one man, named Len, in good circumstances, who was converted here, and is now conspicuous for his belief in Christ. His parents are bigoted heathens, and his sons firm friends of the literati who scorn the Christians. Notwithstanding all this, Len perseveres in his belief, and, like the single juror who still remained firm in his convictions, although the other eleven held him out of the window and threatened to let him drop, may in time bring his opponents to see the truth of his position.

Greatness was thrust upon me at Hankow. In the middle of the fourth time of the twentieth sun in the eleventh moon of the Old Tiger, in rickety rickshas, we started to call on the Viceroy, Tuan Fang. The "we" consisted of three individuals, Montagu Beauchamp, a representative of the United States Consulate, and myself. The Viceroy of Hukuang, before my arrival, had called on the American Consul and arranged with him to give me an audience at two-thirty P.M. of this sun. This special interest in me was probably due to certain telegraphic instructions received by the Viceroy from Peking. At any rate, he bestowed a special honour on my insignificant self by making the arrangements before he was asked to do so. Upon my arrival in Hankow it was pouring with rain, and I learned that divers steamships far up the

Yangtze were laid up—or rather stuck up—on mud and sand banks. The ship going up at noon, this sun, would probably be the only one for ten suns, so through my honourable Consul I made request to see the Viceroy at nine-thirty this A.M., which request was cheerfully granted.

Passing the American Consulate, we swung round the corner of the beautiful Bund, or paved foreshore. This road, or street, the most beautiful in China, is restricted to foreigners, and even the wealthy Chinese who travel in elegant equipages are prohibited from riding here. The sidewalk is still more select—a Chinese is not permitted to put his foot on it. But this seems reasonable. There are so many of them that if they took a notion to have a promenade, the walk and everything else would be appropriated, for if you give a Chinese an inch he will take a thousand miles.

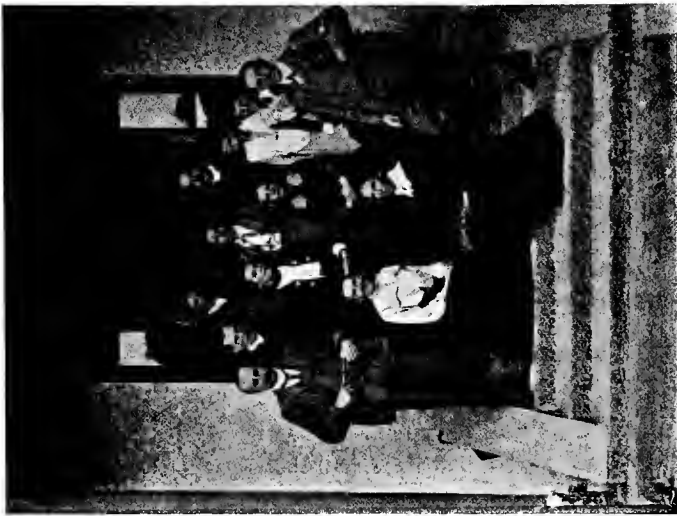
The coolies pulled our rickshas in a winding course through muddy and narrow streets or lanes—alleys hung with long, narrow perpendicular boards on which were written, or rather brushed, signs, strange hieroglyphics of the Celestials. Shorter and wider ones in English were swung horizontally. We had to cross the river in a boat, for His Excellency lives on the other side. How we managed to get to the approach leading down the miserable stone stairs to a still more miserable old hulk, without killing any natives or upsetting any of the wares of the small vendors on the corners, this deponent sayeth not.

The water, which is low at this time of the year, in the summer months is full fifty feet higher. Then the poor people, now living in low squat mat huts on the river bank, will be driven to seek other and more comfortable quarters. The Consular representative swore liberally and told me “that there are as many





THE LADY MISSIONARIES TRAINING INSTITUTE, LOWER YANGTZE.



THE SCOTTISH MISSIONARIES OF ICHANG.



A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES ON THE KIANG WO.

different sorts of missions in these three cities as there are brands of cigarettes." This is evidently a "smart" stock saying with him, for it has the effete and musty savour and flavour of the shelves, and had evidently been on hand (or rather on lip) for a long time. He told me very confidentially, as he has doubtless often told others, that even he cannot fully distinguish between the missionaries, there are so many varieties, and if he cannot do it, how dreadfully muddled the heathen must get! I thought this a frightful *non sequitur*, but held my peace.

The ferry boat was on the opposite side, but after we had waited fully fifteen minutes, it puffed into view. A fat Chinaman was responsible for our still further delay, because his lean coolie with two large boxes away up on top of the stairs seemed to be deaf. Later, he got his hearing and brought the boxes down, so off we started and duly arrived at Wuchang behind time. Ascending to the street level, we got into rickshas of a breed similar to those in Hankow. After entering the city gate, our way lay along a narrow, muddy business street at the far end of which was the Governor's Yamen, with the Viceroy in residence. When half-way between the gate and the Yamen, a horseman came galloping forward. On meeting us, he reined up and asked for our cards. I handed him a large red one on which was written my name in Chinese. With this he cantered off. We soon reached the outer gate of the Yamen, where a few policemen were standing, and rode through this, leaving our rickshas just inside. Large "Dragon Gates" were swung open and in we went, passing by a detail of soldiers with stacked arms; then we shook hands with the secretaries who had come out to receive us, passed double sentries who presented arms, and emerged into

an open court. During this time I engaged in conversation with Mr. Sàoke Alfred Sze, M.A., of Cornell, Private Secretary to the Viceroy Tuan Fang. Mr. Sze speaks English fluently, and is a fine fellow who seems to enjoy the happiest recollections of his student days in America.

More soldiers presented arms, and then the Viceroy! He had come out to extend a hearty welcome which he accompanied with a vigorous handshake in a truly American fashion. I found him no ordinary man, probably under sixty years of age, medium height, solidly built, and wearing foreign gold-rimmed spectacles. With true Western politeness, he bade me enter the audience room just in front. This I did, the Viceroy following. The room was oblong, and measured perhaps twenty by thirty feet. Directly opposite the entrance, were the two seats with a table between them, common to all Chinese houses of the better class. Four large box-shaped lanterns hung from the ceiling, and in the midst one Rochester lamp. A long foreign table spread with a white cloth, and furnished with knives, forks and plates and equipped with foreign chairs, stood ready set. The Viceroy passed to the head of the table and motioned me to take the seat on his left, which, in China, is the seat of honour. After we were seated, four dishes of different kinds of cakes, two varieties of fruit, tea, cigars, cigarettes and champagne were brought in. The programme was that we should first take some champagne, but as I use no intoxicating drinks of any kind, I politely declined. Out of courtesy, that I thought highly commendable, no one drank. Indicating to the Viceroy that I desired a private conversation, all promptly retired except Sze and myself, and we two were alone with the man who had saved the

lives of many foreigners during the exciting times of the Boxer outbreak.

This enlightened and humane viceroy is a Manchu and a relative of Prince Tuan, the notorious anti-foreign leader. At the time of the Boxer troubles he was Governor of Shensi. Only the Yellow River separated him from the Boxers, and it would have been natural for him to lend this movement his aid and influence; but his calmer judgment prevailed, and he steadfastly refused to countenance it. He received with great cordiality the missionaries who fled across the river from the fanatical fury of the Boxers, and besides furnishing them with food and travelling expenses, gave them other presents. Such are the eccentricities of fortune, it so happened that while he was protecting foreigners in Shensi his residence in Peking was being sacked by the Allies, and even his ancestral tablets were stolen. An effort on the part of the Allies has since been made to get these tablets back.

It would be beneficial to the Chinese, as well as to ourselves, if all the officials like Tuan Fang and others of his kind, who befriended the foreigners in their extremity against the common consent of the Chinese, were publicly recognised and honoured in some way by Europeans. This would accomplish far more good than cutting off the heads of delinquent officials who were caught red-handed. Viceroy Tuan saved the lives of scores of foreigners directly and indirectly, for his beneficent example was followed by the officials in the adjoining Province of Kansuh. And his action seems more commendable when we consider the fact that, unlike the other powerful Viceroys who disregarded the fatal edict to exterminate the foreigners, he possessed no military force sufficient to defend his

position, but stood alone. And it seems strange to us that, a few months after, the defeated Empress Dowager and her Court took refuge in the very Province whose ruler had deliberately disobeyed the Imperial commands! It gives better promise of a friendly attitude towards Europeans to know that Tuan Fang, who defied the Dowager, protected the defenceless missionaries, and afterwards administered to the wants of the fugitive Court, is now promoted to one of the highest posts of honour and responsibility in the Chinese Empire. Missionaries will always remember that he provided a means of safety for their persecuted brethren and sisters in dire distress; and sent them away in peace under a strong escort of troops who were given the strictest orders to guard and defend them until they were out of danger. And the soldiers obeyed their master and did their duty, never leaving their charges until they met the native relief party of Chang Chih-tung, sent out from Hankow to succour and receive them.

Because of his position and quality, I venture to put on record part of the conversation I had with this shrewd and influential Viceroy. Said he, "I asked the missionaries, both of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, about the literary equipment of their Chinese converts, and they all said that out of ten thousand members only four had taken the first literary degree, and that none had taken the second degree. I would say that only thirty per cent. of the Chinese are qualified to act as pastors. Naturally, I should prefer to have Chinese missionaries, if they were only sufficiently educated. About seventy per cent. of the foreign missionaries who are University graduates are doing good work, and are in every respect good men. In a number of cases Protestant mis-

sionaries have helped to remove wrong impressions. For instance, one missionary heard that some of his members were trying to evade payment of taxes, and he promptly reported them to the local authorities." When the Viceroy told me this he smiled with evident satisfaction and appreciation. Taxes lie next to the heart of the Chinese Mandarin.

"Missionaries should be properly governed. If a missionary breaks the law, he should be reported to the superior or to the Consul. If, after an impartial investigation is made, it be discovered that no great wrong has been committed, let him be transferred to another part of the country. On the other hand, if he be found guilty, let him be transported to the land from whence he came. Chinese officials are now partial to the missionaries."

"Medical missionaries are welcome," he said, with evident satisfaction, as if he had the recollection of having been healed under some Christian surgeon's hand; then adjusting his glasses and leaning forward, "The educational work of the missionaries is for the most part commendable, but some consider education a secondary matter and religion of first importance. Requiring the scholars in mission schools to attend church services frightens the higher classes and forestalls their patronage."

Just at this point the Viceroy's son entered and was introduced. He speaks a little English, and his father expects to send him to America to be educated. I asked the Viceroy where it would be most agreeable to him for the missionaries to work. He replied that, at the present time, it would be easier to protect the missionaries who lived in the cities. And he preferred that they should not remain in the country districts where there are no troops. Formerly there was

trouble between the Christians and the non-Christians only; now the Catholics and the Protestants are frequently at daggers' points. "Confidentially," he said, lowering his voice as if he had some great secret to impart (it was well done), "money has been loaned by missionaries at a very high rate of interest, and I want to ask whether the managers of missionary societies know this, and whether it is according to their rules." Then he heartily said, "There are many good men among the American missionaries, and, should more be sent out, let them have a good education as well as a good character;" and again he managed to inform me in a very polite fashion that medical missionaries and others who would get the people to pay their taxes are always welcome. Looking at this even from a worldly point of view, it is reasonable that the native convert should be taught to pay the taxes levied by his Government. It is surely scriptural that custom should be paid to whom custom is due. The Saviour himself once paid a tax even though it was unjustly demanded. Chinese officials judge Christianity by the acts of its converts.

Our interview lasted more than an hour. After making me some valuable and suitable presents, he promised to telegraph orders to Ichang that all courtesy and needful protection should be accorded to me; and after attending me into the open court, wished me a prosperous voyage. Some guns were fired in my honour, and bidding the Viceroy good-bye, I started off in dignified haste to catch the steamer that was to carry me still farther up the great Yangtze. Before we left the wharf a messenger from His Excellency hastened on board and presented me with the Viceroy's card as a final expression of good-will and esteem.





PLOUGHING A RICE FIELD WITH A WATER BUFFALO.



PLOUGHING WITH CHINESE COOLIES NEAR ICHANG.



NATIVE GRAVEYARD IN ICHANG.



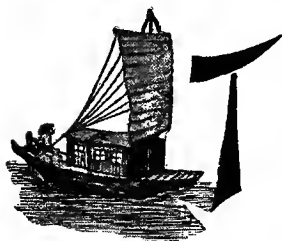
CHIEF YAMEN OF ICHANG.

# 人忙咬不虱

Insects do not bite Busy Men.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE KING RIVER—FROM HANKOW TO ICHANG—  
RIOTS AND REBELLIONS IN CHINA—CHRISTMAS  
NIGHT—OLD MOON AND THE YANKEE FLAG.



Native Houseboat.

THE "Harmony of the River," otherwise known as the three-decker "Kiang Wo," lay at her wharf in Hankow, drawing five feet eight inches of water. Her skipper draws whiskey. She is a twin-screw vessel of two hundred and seventy-five feet in length, new, well fitted for the upper river traffic. There are no electric bells in the foreign cabins, and even the captain has to rap on the one-inch partitions for the "boy." It was late on the nineteenth Sun of the eleventh Moon of the Old Tiger, that is otherwise known as the twenty-sixth year of Kwang Su, when we slipped our moorings and swung out into the current. In the summer the water flows by Hankow at the rate of six knots an hour. It is now running about two. Thus the next stage of my long journey across the Middle Kingdom was begun. The scenery along the Yangtze had thus far been monotonous; but the

river itself is wonderful. It is the single means of communication between the Western and most densely populated portion of the Empire, and the Yellow Sea; and it is the only highway open for traffic across this ancient country. The traveller in China has no option but to follow the advice of Plautus:—

*Viam qui nescit, qua deveniat ad mare  
Eum oportet amnem quaerere comitem sibi.*

While there are roads in the North along which those strange, two-wheeled, springless mule carts bump and jar, in the great Yangtze basin there are no wide highways smooth enough for even these vehicles, but only narrow footpaths instead. The Yangtze is an unpolluted stream; this, I think, is generally true of Chinese rivers, and is due to the imperative need of all kinds of refuse for the fertilization of the fields. The Celestial farmer very carefully preserves anything that can be applied to enrich the soil, so that barring the sediment, I would not hesitate to drink the water taken out of the current of the "King River," as the Yangtze is called above Shasi. The second night we cast anchor in dead slack water opposite the open port "Mother-in-law," or Yochow, in Hunan. It was a dull and misty night.

On the previous journey down the Yangtze, the Harmony of the River anchored at this same place, where a riot of a very unusual kind occurred. The story, as related by the skipper, is as follows. One of the cooks, in company with his assistant, took a basket of oranges and went ashore to exchange them for fresh eggs. He was rushed by a company of roughs, who upset his basket, stole his oranges, and chased him into the river. Being an agile Celestial, he jumped into a sampan and hastily put off for the Harmony of the River, leaving the unfortunate assis-

tant in the hands of his assailants. While clambering up the side, he called the crew to arms. This crew is composed entirely of Cantonese, who are usually very quiet and well-behaved, but the cook's adventure roused them, and with capstan bars, winch levers, furnace pokers and other firearms, they jumped into sampans and started off to wreak vengeance. On the way plans for an attack were laid and a vigorous campaign outlined. Eager for the fray, they landed at Mother-in-law and made a bee line for the Yamen, where the cook's assistant, who had been brought before the official, was being tried. The angry Cantonese, striking right and left with their ship irons as they went along, knocked in the door and descended on the Court. The magistrate was so frightened that he shouted to the prisoner, "You are acquitted," and then took to his heels. The raid so far had been well-timed and successful, but the doughty Mandarin did not run long before he gave two toots on his bugle and called his soldiers to the rescue. A free fight followed. The soldiers drove the rescuers back to the shore, where, some in sampans and some swimming, they reached the steamer. Two of the boat's crew were missing, and several others had bayonet gashes in their heads and were laid up for repairs. From the days of Pliny to the present time, the normal state of the Chinese Empire has been one of peace. At times, however, there have been local riots, and at long intervals widespread rebellions and revolutions. As a sample of what the Chinaman can produce in the line of revolution, look at the terrible Taiping Rebellion. The war-cry of that movement was, "Down with the idols!" Probably ten million lives were sacrificed, directly or indirectly, in that great upheaval. Had it succeeded, the missionaries now going up the Yangtze

on the Harmony of the River would probably be wending their way to some other part of the globe, because the Manchu dynasty would have been overthrown by those who were favourable to Christianity. Then might have been born a Christian nation of four hundred millions of people!

So recently as only fifteen or twenty years ago, the region of the upper Yangtze had but few visitors, and even now, there are few who would not be inclined to say that except the missionaries, travellers are not numerous. Be it remembered that what the Consuls know and the public generally, comes for the most part from these same mission workers. In the Western Provinces the missionary has no easy life. Callum, of Song Pan, who labours on the Thibetan border, tells how, one winter evening, when the snow lay on the ground, a wild-looking messenger came in great haste to ask if he could go with him at once to Chang La, forty li north of Song Pan, to see a sick man. He consented and they issued forth. Passing this town and going beyond the last garrison on the borders of Thibet, they saw, in a lonely place by the riverside, a mill and a solitary hut into which, at the request of his guide, the missionary entered. In a room he found a man lying on a bed of sheepskins in the corner. He proved to be a Thibetan who had been wounded. After bidding the visitor welcome in a coarse but courteous way, he put his hand under his back and brought out a large bundle of what appeared to be sheep's wool, saying eagerly, "Here it is. They told me if I could keep it warm you could put it on again." The missionary took the bundle over to the window, opened it, and found a man's hand severed at the wrist. "The hand is dead and can never be put on," the Christian doctor said. The deluded man seemed heart-broken,

and in a pathetic voice repeated, "They told me if I could keep it warm you could put it on again." When asked how he had lost his hand he replied, "I was travelling with some silver when a band of robbers attacked me. I defended myself and killed three of them." He professed to be a hunter and to live by his gun, and he spoke the truth, for he was without doubt a robber. Callum found out that, in a vain attempt to carry off the daughter of a Thibetan chief, he had lost his hand in a free fight with the girl's relatives. The ministrations of the kind physician won the fierce fellow's heart, and afterwards when he recovered minus his hand, he would often bring pheasants and other game to his benefactor as a testimonial of his gratitude. An old chieftain of the country said, "Thibetans will rob till they are forty, and after that they will turn the prayer-wheel, and in this way seek to atone for past misdeeds."

I watched the missionaries on board closely, and herein report that I did not find any of them drinking intoxicating liquors, nor did I hear them swear. On the contrary, I enjoyed their elevating society and observed their refined manners. Several times on deck I saw groups of Chinese with a missionary in their midst who was telling them earnestly the matchless story of Jesus of Nazareth; and the Chinese listened eagerly, too.

The Harmony of the River had not only missionaries on board, but merchants and Mandarins also. Officialdom is interesting, like everything else in China, and these representatives are slick, well-fed, and dressed in costly apparel. But the average Mandarin is no fool. Here is a story I heard of how a judge got even with the Catholics. A native called on a "Father," and presented himself as a candidate for

church membership. After being properly instructed and installed as a member, he had some financial difficulty with another man in the same line of business. The case was brought into Court, upon which a Father promptly appeared and defended his convert, insisting that he was a virtuous man, and that the action was purely a case of persecution. So, out of fear, the case was dismissed. But the magistrate was not to be outwitted. Calling the persecutor aside, he said to him, "You go and join the church also, and bring that fellow before me for a similar trial, and I will see that you get your rights." This was done.

It is said that the Empress Dowager had occasion to decide between two prominent men, neither of whom she wished to displease, as one had a long purse and the other a troop of soldiers. The trouble was about a division of some valuable property. Her judgment was worthy of Solomon. The men happened to be brothers, and she decided that the younger should divide the property into two parts and the elder should take first choice.

About forty li from the capital of Szechuen, a man slew his wife and nephew and cut off both their heads. Carrying these before the magistrate, he affirmed that the two had been guilty of adultery. To test the truth of the statement, the magistrate ordered a large firkin of water to be placed before him, and put in the two bloody heads. "If they turn face to face, it proves them guilty," said he, "but if they turn back to back they are innocent." The heads turned back to back and the man was seized, chained, and flung into a loathsome prison there to await the just reward for his crime. Perhaps the most sweeping condemnation, if unconsciously so, of Celestial officialdom, is the verdict of a missionary critic of Chinese characteristics,





ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION, ICHANG.



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, ICHANG.



MANDARIN CHANG CHUIN TENG OF SZECHUEN PROVINCE.  
SIX "HEROES" AND A DRUM.

who says, "Although Mandarinism is about as corrupt an institution as can be, various individual Mandarins are respectable and highly respected men."

After leaving Mother-in-law our next port of call was Shasi. It has been said that the tenth riot in the Yangtze valley took place here. The attention of every traveller is directed to a dyke twenty-five feet high, and protecting the back country which is somewhat below the present winter level of the river. A part of the dyke is built in three tiers, one above the other, each about ten feet high. When the riot occurred four years ago, the Consulates and steamship offices were destroyed, but strange to say, the missionaries were not molested. Here at Shasi, the whole crowd, gathered on the stone passenger-stairs to meet the boat, were dressed in blue gowns; no such azure display had I witnessed before in China.

Shasi has one interesting convert. Mr. Stone is a Chinese mason of considerable influence and education, who lives at Chin Hsien, "The Golden County." One day, while walking along the streets of his native city, he saw a scavenger picking up scraps of paper, in this way "rescuing" the much-revered Chinese characters from the mud of the street. The man, holding a book in his hand, came running to Mr. Stone and said, "Please, kind sir, read this for me, as I cannot do it myself." Mr. Stone glanced at the cover and saw that it was a Christian tract. "Ah," he said, "this is a good book and tells about the Old Testament and New Testament, and the Holy Scriptures. Let me have it." He took the book home, read it carefully, and decided that he must know more of this new doctrine. So he made enquiries and learned that there were foreigners in Shasi who preached this new doctrine. Then he went to Shasi, five miles away, and

asked the Swedish missionaries there for "the Old and New Testaments, and the Holy Scriptures." They tried to explain to him that the two Testaments were the Holy Scriptures, but for some time he thought they were trying to keep back the best for themselves. But he was soon convinced and converted. Last Spring he was baptized and is now engaged as a book-seller and evangelist, although he is an old man.

A Censor here, over seventy years of age, holding a high literary degree, has professed conversion to Christianity. Being tolerably well versed in modern learning, he is able to remove the doubts of his numerous Confucian friends.

Shasi has a population of eighty thousand, and is reported to be a bad place. Some say it is one of the worst places in China, but I am always doubtful of such statements. So far as I could see, there is no more concentrated badness in Shasi than in any other city in China of equal population. It may possibly have improved of late.

We left Shasi shortly after noon. Nothing happened to disturb our tranquility until the evening, when there was mild excitement. One of the native passengers had gone to the cook for hot water and insisted on having it, although there was none. The pantry boy got mad, jumped the offender, and seized his pigtail with the usual result. The two made plenty of noise. A missionary managed to separate the combatants, and the opportune arrival of the ship's second officer in his pyjamas with a big slit in the back, caused the riot to adjourn.

The next morning a good start was made, but, unfortunately, it did not last. A fog came down over the river, and we had to drop anchor again. But we were getting higher up and the landscape was chang-

ing. The monotony of the plains was relieved by the more picturesque scenery of the hills. The country was beautifully undulating. This was doubly welcome, after the continuous river flats. It was forty miles below Ichang that the mountains first came into view, a beautiful and grateful sight. I was heartily glad to be done with the monotonous plains and alluvial flats of the Lower Yangtze. At high noon we steamed past Peh Yang, where are large limestone quarries and kilns. Here a picture of great beauty greeted the sight. First a handsome Taoist temple in a charming situation, with lofty mountains in the distance and a light-coloured pagoda perched solitary on the top of a high hill with other pagodas to the southward. In the half-hour here several pagodas were visible, more than I had yet seen on the Yangtze. At Possum Point, where two white goats were feeding on the grass, we sent out the steam launch to look for rocks. This active craft plied about, dropping long bamboo poles with a stone on the large end, to indicate a safe channel. The launch also waved a black flag when deep water was found. Two hours later we entered Tiger Teeth Gorge. The two promontories have each a temple to regulate the spirits passing through this exquisite bit of landscape.

The fog having lifted, we made a good run to Ichang, and arrived at five P.M. Numerous native boats were in harbour. The high river embankment was crowned with foreign houses. A Chinese gunboat promptly came alongside, and a Mandarin, deputed to meet me, came aboard. Unfortunately, I had already gone ashore to make arrangements for continuing my journey up the river, and thus missed seeing him. I met a soldier, however, who told me of the Mandarin's visit, and said the gunboat and Red Life Boat would

be waiting on me at the ship's side at six o'clock next morning. This was a rare opportunity and I embraced it. An American traveller would be the first to make this trip on a Chinese gunboat! I acknowledged the courtesy and enjoyed the novelty. This was Christmas Eve. At the residence of William Deans, of the Scotch Mission, I met several foreigners, among whom were Dr. Stooke, the missionary surgeon who has done much to win the confidence of the community both foreign and native, and two ladies from New Zealand. Here I spent a pleasant evening. Row, of the Inland Mission, invited me to supper with Broomhall and Evans, who were on their way to the West. Hung up in the room was the salutation, "Happy New Year," done on red cloth with white cotton and fringed with living green.

On Christmas Day, some half-dozen generals and civil Mandarins sent their cards, with requests that I would appoint an hour when they might call on me, but as I was soon to leave for up-river, I could not grant them an interview. At eleven A.M. I attended service at the Chinese Presbyterian Church. The place was crowded to its full capacity, and many stood outside. Over four hundred were present, most of whom were Christians. This Scotch Mission has been a great success in Ichang. The Belgian R. C. Fathers have a large and well-constructed set of buildings in a commanding situation. In approaching the city from the south, these houses first attract attention. The Pyramid Mountain on the opposite shore, whence the evil spirits, to satisfy an ancient grudge, are said to jump across the river that they may injure the city and its trade, presents an imposing appearance. In order to counteract the baleful influence of these spirits, the rich merchants and officials subscribe a

liberal amount of money to construct a three-storied temple on the East Hill. This temple faces the pyramid, and heads off the demons when they spring, and tosses them back into the water.

Ichang means "Deserving Prosperity." It contains thirty thousand souls. The floating population is estimated at two thousand. Formerly all business centred at the North Gate, but since the place was opened as a port, it has shifted to the South Gate. Trade seemed bad, however, and many native banks were closing their doors. One banker called that morning to see if I had any business to transact. A friend of mine asked him if his bank was steady. He replied, "Keep your heart in its place."

While taking a walk, I passed by a piece of ground adjoining the Imperial Maritime Customs, and now used temporarily as a Chinese cemetery. The Customs authorities have vainly attempted to buy this land, as the owners were very unwilling to part with it. In order to avoid being forced to sell, they devised a scheme worthy of the long-headed John. Near by is a temple in which are deposited a few coffins that have not yet been sent to the ancestral burial-places. It is contrary to law to sell graveyards in China, so the wily land-owners conceived the plan of removing these coffins to the coveted land, and in this way making a graveyard. They hurriedly started to dig graves and filled them with coffins borrowed from the temple—most of them empty, as the supply gave out. The bodies were not fresh.

Soon after the noon meal the money-changer turned up with the silver to be used *en route*. For the rest of my journey only lump silver and "cash" could be used. There were eighteen nuggets, each worth ten taels. I took eight of them, my secretary and the in-

terpreter five each. We also had about ten thousand cash on long strings—heavy, cumbersome things. Nobody but people who have more time than money would be bothered with such stuff.

Just at this time, the Chentai of Deserving Prosperity sent his card and a Christmas greeting because he knew "it was a great day for foreigners." The Mandarin who is to accompany me asked for an interview to conclude our business arrangements. I appointed one P.M., and he arrived on the minute.

When the boy appeared with beef, mutton, pork, potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables, and a large supply of charcoal, twice too much at least for consumption on the way, we descended the steep stone stairs from the Bund of Ichang to the Red Boat, which had orders to accompany me all the way. It was three-thirty P.M., and we at once cast off and moved away, passing many tall junks, with the high cabin over the stern. The bamboo sail was hoisted and we skimmed along with a fair breeze past the Custom's pontoon, around which are grouped numerous junks loaded with hides and other dutiable goods; on through long rows of boats of all shapes and conditions not antagonistic to the fashion set by the ancestors of the modern ship-builders. Still, there were a few modernized native craft, but the owners "save their face" by saying that Western nations have adopted models that Chinese have forgotten, and by imitating foreigners the Chinese are, after all, only reverting to the Chinese past. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* The British gunboat in harbour was decorated for Christmas, but her German cousin, the man-of-war just across the way, was not. I noticed a large new Japanese warehouse, or godown, as it is called in China, in course of construction. I should have omitted

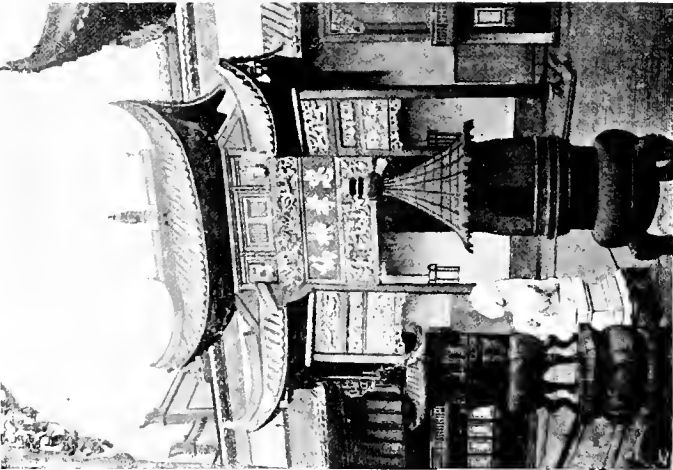




TOWING THE AUTHOR'S GUNBOAT, UPPER  
YANGTZE.



THE AUTHOR'S GUNBOAT FLYING THE  
AMERICAN FLAG, RED BOAT WITH  
MANDARIN, FOLLOWING.



FANCY INNER DOOR OF HUNAN'S RICHEST TEMPLE  
AND GUILD "MONEY PAPER" BURNERS, AND  
MARELE LION IN THE FOREGROUND.



AUTHOR'S RED LIFEBOAT ON THE UPPER YANGTZE.

noting this fact if the building had belonged to any foreigner other than Japanese. It showed that the Japs are wide awake in this part of the world. Monster junk rudders, oiled and put out to dry, stood on the beach. These rudders were worth a little scrutiny. We passed many up-Yangtze house-boats. Some have three rooms, others more. One I especially noticed was luxuriously fitted up. The prices for the trip to Chungking vary from one hundred and twenty ounces of silver to several hundreds. But I was very fortunate in being the first foreign traveller to go up on a native war vessel.

At four P.M. the Red Boat reached the gunboat, and was received by a salute of three guns. I found the Mandarin there, dressed in his best silk, and the commander of the gunboat all ready to receive and escort me on the up-river journey. Their welcome was cordial.

The Mandarin, whose name was Chen the Powerful, carried orders to deliver me safely. He wore beautiful zephyr-worked ear-warmers, edged with fine fur, and had so much baggage that we sent soldiers to get another Red Boat. We did not, however, need this, as we succeeded in arranging the luggage in such a way as to lighten both craft. By this time it was too late to "put to sea." The gunboat and the Red Boat had hauled up to the steamer's side at seven in the morning, but we were delayed in getting off by dilatory foreigners, the intricacies of Chinese Bank Exchange, and the necessity for lump silver. All honour to the Chinese officials for their arrangements for my comfort! Prompt, polite, and patient have they proved themselves thus far!

It was nightfall, but all things were ready, and we expected to be off early in the morning. I was feeling quite comfortable and happy, and leisurely and complacently looked about for my American flag, which

I always carry with me. I went through all my easily-get-at-able bags, but it did not turn up. I felt something get big in the region of my heart, and became quite anxious, as I overhauled the heavier boxes, looking eagerly, then desperately, for the emblem of freedom and bravery. But I could not find it anywhere! Then I sat down to think. Yes, it had gone round by the sea to Rangoon with my other baggage. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! I could not and would not travel without the Stars and Stripes. Have a flag I must by hook or by crook. Calling one of the soldiers, I despatched him with a note to an American in the place, in which I begged for the bunting. He soon came back for a lantern, as he could not distinguish an American house in the dark. The fact was that his way to my friend's house led by the graveyard, and unlike Tam O'Shanter, he was unwilling to risk his precious hide with the spooks, spirits and goblins. But he got the light, and brought back word that there was a flag five by eight inches in the port, probably not available. Despite this cheerless prospect, I determined not to be outdone. Accompanied by an English interpreter and the Chinese soldier, we repaired to the cloth shop of one "Old Moon" by name. Old Moon was plump, and smoked a pipe a yard long. We firmly, but politely, pushed open the closed door and discovered eight men counting filthy lucre in the shape of cash placed in trays, being, I suppose, the proceeds of the day's sales. Even though I was in hot haste, I could not help admiring the method of assortment. The big specie were placed by themselves to be put in the middle of the "string" when this "legal tender" was made up. The little ones were used to taper off the string and make up the one thousand which, to an American, is an hypothecated

value. It looked quite symmetrical when finished with the big in the middle and the little at the ends.

Well, Old Moon at first refused even to sell the cloth. It was past business hours and too late, but after some persuasion, he sold me three Chinese feet each of red and white cloth and a square of blue, and a spool of cotton. Old Moon demanded five hundred and thirty-two cash for the cloth and one hundred cash for the thread. And these materials were to constitute a flag of the American Republic destined to play an important part in a great journey across China! I handed the shopkeeper a Mexican dollar worth eight hundred and twenty cash in 'Deserving Prosperity' and, just for fun, took up one of his already strung one thousand cash and pulled off two hundred. He smiled and nodded assent. So I appeared to have bought the stuff for six hundred and twenty cash. But money in China is very crazy.

I had intended to play tailor and make the flag myself, even if it delayed us. But Old Moon got his curiosity aroused. "Was I the new Consul General?" "How old was I?" Some said I was in my teens; others guessed I was in my twenties, and all smiled great Celestial smiles. Then I asked Old Moon to find me a tailor who would be willing to work that night and make a flag under my direction. It was already eight o'clock, but Old Moon gave me an affirmative sign, and disappeared down the dark narrow street. He soon returned, bringing the kind of workman of which the proverb saith it takes nine to make a man, but he became so scared at the prospect (probably of myself) that he declined the job. A second attempt on the part of Old Moon was more successful. "Sound Faith" was secured, and he called three others. This quartette worked hard for more than

two hours. As it was too late to put all the stars in the corner, I told him thirteen would be enough. He gave me good measure, and put in fourteen. As this would knock out the original intent and might be construed as showing preference, I ordered him to remove one. While I was waiting in the cold room, the night watchman passed by, beating his drum. He does this to warn all thieves and murderers to flee, and let the town know that he is awake and on duty. The watchman beats his drum five times every night at intervals; one stroke for the first watch, two for the second, and so on. Then somebody passed jingling bells which sounded just like the sleigh bells I have heard on Christmas night at my home in Pennsylvania, far, far away. Ah, home! And the contrast with such a place as this! I thought of home so emphatically that it actually hurt. Suddenly the notes of a familiar Christmas hymn sung to Chinese words fell upon my ear. On enquiry I found that the landlord, who lived near by, a man of independent means, was having family worship; and I thanked God that even in these wretched Chinese cities the Light of the World is beginning to shine.

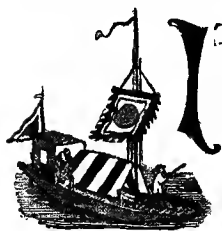
The flag was finished. It cost twenty-five cents gold. Bidding the workmen good-bye, we started off to the gunboat. We met the watchman, who was striking three. Eleven o'clock! We found the big city gates closed, but at the word of the warrior escorting the Great American, they were flung open, and we passed out.

## 怪 不 人 多 禮

Much courtesy forestalls offence.

### CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE GREAT YANGTZE GORGES—ICHANG  
TO THE WILD RAPIDS—IN A CHINESE GUNBOAT—  
THE RED HEIFER—RIVER DISASTERS—THE  
SACRED EDICT—SALUTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.



Soldier Boat.

IT was a young and beautiful morning with a cloudless sky, this beginning of the twenty-seventh Sun of the eleventh Moon of the Old Tiger. It was less than a quarter after six, and the striped canvas of the native gunboat had been noiselessly struck and everything made snug and smart in ten minutes' time. The man in the prow was getting the black cannon ready, and the sun was rising back of (bang went the cannon!) the city. The echo as it rolled over the river and up the opposite mountain side was reinforced by a second and then a third shot. Thus my "honourable country" and myself were honoured. The bamboo mooring line was quickly slipped, and in a jiffy we were well out into the stream. The Red Life Boat was quite as spry, and thus early was begun the memorable journey of a Yankee in a Chinese gunboat. As we passed the junks and smaller craft, a sampan shot out

to us and hauled alongside, and from her deck disappeared beautiful green and white vegetables which presently reappeared on our prow. The Pyramid was sharply silhouetted against the Eastern sky, and we imagined ghostly shapes leaping for the further shore and being hurled back by the guardian deity of fair Ichang.

The gunboat in which I sailed was a one-masted, square-prowed, high-sterned craft about forty feet from end to end, and not above nine feet beam. The mast had only one single shroud on the port side, the other side being more or less supported by the halyard. The solitary mast was forty feet high and stood in a socket, a mechanism by which it could be easily lowered. The top of the mast was a red wooden spear-head supplemented by three little flags on the port side. The gaff was fifteen feet long, made of a short piece of wood, and the boom was of stout bamboo twenty feet long. In between these, arranged at regular intervals, were fourteen bamboos without the support of which the clumsy sail could be blown to rags, as it was made of the thinnest calico. The main sheet was attached by a fan-like arrangement to the ends of these eight bamboos, the entire number of which were brought home to a block at the rudder post, so that the sail was worked with the greatest facility. The general shape of the sail may be described as a leg-o'-mutton sail and a mixture between a lug and a lateen. This kind of a sail is extremely handy on account of its lightness, and the fact that it reefs itself as it is run down. She carried the long fish-blade car with a T-topped handle strung with a leather thong. There were ten oarsmen, six abaft the mast and four forward. The part some four feet forward of the mast was occupied by the cook's galley, a most economical contrivance which consisted of a stove burning coal





THE GREAT ON LIVER GORGE, ON THE YANGTZE.



KWAN TU K'ON, LOWER ENTRANCE OF THE WU SHAN GORGE.



CARGO BOAT GOING UP THE IE-T'AN RAPID.

cakes, the fire of which is never let out day or night, and gave no smoke. She sat like a Delaware duck on the water, and, with a fair wind, was not likely to be out-sailed by any boat on the river. On the whole, she was as trim and natty a little vessel as one could wish to find even in waters outside of China. She boasted of one cannon forward, which was supposed to carry a mile, and a stack of rifles by the captain's cabin. There were also huge horse pistols for the crew, and some other firing irons. The official designation of this clean, trim war vessel was "Gunboat No. 7 of the Advance Squadron of the Ichang District."

The skipper was an interesting Chinaman. After some effort I got him to talk, and elicited the following facts. He was forty-two years of age, and went to sea at sixteen. Most of the time he had been in the coast Provinces, but his home was in Hunan, and now he lived temporarily in Ichang. He went out after a band of robbers in the fourth Moon, and spent two Moons following them up to catch them. As soon as they heard he was on their track, they turned into good people and offered no resistance when captured! The skipper gave up his cabin over the stern to me, and slept down in the hold where the tiller-man was accustomed to night it. The fine old steersman took to the right of my cabin door. The crew was composed of twelve men all told, including the cook, so that, with the captain, we had the so-called unlucky number of thirteen. They were all nice, prompt, and intelligent-looking fellows. Translated into English, there were some odd names among them. The captain was Mr. Long Bow; the coxswain, "An-Official-Bound-for-Glory." "The-Ever-Victorious-Colour," "Special-Promise," "Red-Cinnamon-Grove," "Little-Profit," "Great-Treasure-of-a-Drum," "Graceful-Rest," "Kee-

per-of-Truce," and "Crabtree-who-takes-hold-of-Benevolence" made up, with the others, a fine lot of young Chinamen.

The Red Life Boat, like the gunboat, carried a mast as tall as she was long, and a monster stern sweep as long as either. She belonged to the Life-Saving Service, and was painted red. Boats of this kind are stationed at every considerable rapid to watch for accidents, which are constantly occurring. Number twelve had rescued more than one hundred persons and carried a stalwart crew of six young men, who were experts at the oars. She had a small oblong sail, and usually kept well up with the gunboat. Each man of the crew received about three taels, or two dollars gold, a month, and found his own rice. I have not learned the number of these very useful little craft on the river, but a popular report of the Yangtze Life-Saving Service would be as interesting as the reports of the life-saving stations along our lengthy American sea coast. On board the Red Boat was the Civil Mandarin, who had the Viceroy's orders to attend me. He had further orders to assist the gunboat in case of accident along the route, and especially at the Rapids. The boats sailed slowly under a light wind, and in three hours Ichang was lost to my view for ever.

Among the necessary preliminaries to starting on a boat of this kind, the Chinese usually kill a cock and smear the blood and feathers on the bow of the boat. Rice is also thrown over the entire boat as she puts out from the shore. In addition to these performances, a liberal supply of fire crackers are let off to show the River God that he is not forgotten. But as a foreign guest was on board the gunboat, I was spared the penance of witnessing this display of the superstitions in which the natives live, move, and have their being.

Instead of this, the cannon saluted and shook the vessel from stem to stern. The cook cut his hand severely with a clumsy axe, while trying to cut some bamboo rope into lengths to be used for torches. He straightway smeared his fingers with his own blood and began to write charms on the deck. This is a fine art not revealed to many. Presently he rubbed some powdered medicine over the wound instead of cleansing it. On my enquiring what the wonderful concoction was, he replied, "Pulverized Dragon Bones."

By noon we were at the entrance of the Ichang Gorge. Here were perpendicular cliffs eight hundred feet high. Along their base men were hard at work quarrying bluestone for the Ichang Embankment. It looked as if we were sailing through a chain of mountain lakes. Little can one imagine the grand and sublime scenery in China who limits his travel to the Yellow coast. But let him go a thousand miles up the Yangtze, and venture further up through the rapids between Ichang and Wan Hsien, and then the truth will dawn upon him that in all this world there is no finer scenery anywhere. Here were the most colossal cliffs and palisades I had ever seen since leaving the wonderland of New Zealand. Along the summit on those crags an eagle soared to its lofty eyrie. The whole scene was weirdly romantic. The first section of the Ichang Gorge bears the highly poetical name of "Moonshine," and the second is called the "Yellow Cat."

Soon after two in the afternoon, we had passed through the Ichang Gorge and were in the granite country. At this stage I got into conversation with Mr. Yun. I asked him to tell me about the great flood which devastated this valley, and carried away multitudes of people. He said, "Though I saw it with my own eyes, and though it was very terrible, it happened

so long ago that I have forgotten all about it." The poor fellow was evidently afraid I was trying to entrap him into admitting some neglect of duty then, and believed with Horace, *Percunctorum fugito nam garrulus idem est*. The skipper came to the rescue and related how, once upon a time, the water became dammed up and could not get away. To relieve the overflow the idol, Kang Yeh, met a red heifer and asked her to tell him where they could find an outlet for the water. She assented, and he grabbed the cow by the tail and she led him to the place. Later returns indicate that the heifer was afterwards carried up to heaven, and the small fry gods built a temple on earth for her worship. For we were shown the spot where is located the Red Cow Temple. Tradition says that the moment the idol and the cow entered the valley, the water rushed through and formed a new channel. All sorts of other wonderful tales are told

"Of moving accidents by flood and field"

in this region. In the summer months the river usually rises over fifty feet.

Twenty miles of rope and fifty thousand miles of lampwick. This seems at first an exaggerated statement, but a cargo representing so many miles can be carried by a few boats on the Yangtze. The rope is made of bamboo, and is stronger and lighter than that used in other countries. The tow-lines used by all the craft on the Upper Yangtze are made of bamboo. At one rope emporium there was on hand over twenty miles of line. Miles more were being soaked in lime. As to the lampwicks, I estimated that on three boats lashed together, there were enough, if laid out in a single line, to twice girdle the earth at the Equator. These boats take thirty days to descend the river from Chungking. So easily is the voyage affected

by the wind that extreme care is necessary to avoid losing the cargo.

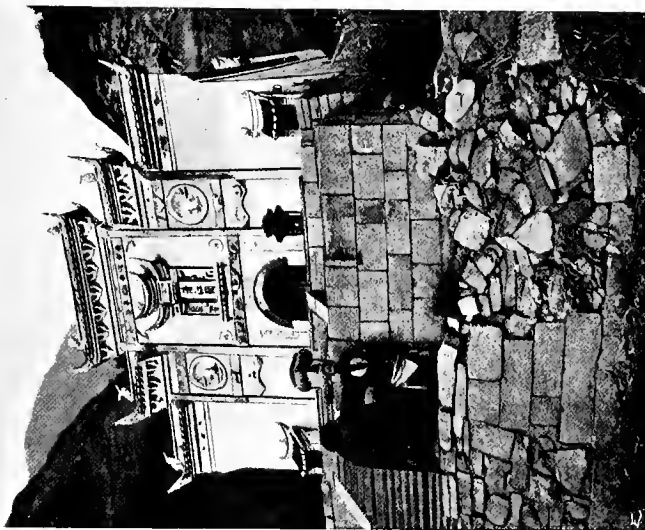
When we had got within a short distance of the first great rapids, we lay to and stood alongside another gunboat. As my interpreter was stepping from one vessel to the other, a boatman, who wanted to help, saluted him as "My Lord Chang." Our little Mandarin whispered, "There is only one lord, that is My Lord Geil." Ready with "the soft phrase of peace," the boatman corrected himself, and said, "Mr. Chang," but when I passed over, there was much ado and saluting, and I was "My Lord Geil." In New Guinea they called me "The Big White Chief," but now I was "My Lord Geil." Whether I shall be able to recognise my humble friends when I reach home remaineth to be seen. When I returned to my cabin, I found a Chinese ten-cash coin which someone had dropped. The character 十, meaning ten, is very prominently stamped on the ordinary piece. I learned something new about the Offence of the Cross. The cross is, for obvious reasons, inseparably connected in the Chinese mind with missionaries, and is consequently despised by all Boxers. A short time before the Boxer outbreak in nineteen hundred, some leading spirits urgently petitioned the Government to change this hateful character. The Government acquiesced, and a special cash of the same value was struck off, but the character ten did not appear in the usual way, but in a complicated form in which the cross was entirely obliterated. The coin I picked up was one of these, and represents the Offence of the Cross.

From Ichang there is one regular succession of beautiful pictures, grand vistas, and magnificent mountain scenery. No artist has ever succeeded in reproducing on canvas the colours of a sunset, and no words can

describe the grandeur of the scenes along the Yangtze gorges and rapids. At one point the perpendicular cliffs rise up from the water's edge and form a solid wall two thousand feet high. At another, these cliffs reach the sky-line at four thousand feet. There are greater cliffs and higher mountains on the earth, but these are not set off with such gorgeous views. The *ensemble* is perfect, and I was fascinated with the sight. A little element of danger lent additional charm as our boats swept through wild rapids with the whirl and swirl of the torrent threatening to engulf us every moment. And the attraction was further enhanced when we entered a gloomy and uncanny looking opening in the mountains, and saw the temples which the heathen, under the whip of a guilty conscience, had erected to protect from devils bent on mischief the mortal who dared to enter these dark abodes.

At the entrance of the Tungling Rapid is a rock, by which lies hidden the sunken hulk of a German steamer. Within twenty minutes of the time she struck, she had entirely disappeared underneath that torrent of dark water. Thirty missionaries were on board, and only one foreigner, the captain, was drowned. There were many Chinese lost. Among them was the son of a Mandarin on his way to the Examinations at Wan Hsien, his native city. After the steamer struck the rock, a servant helped this young man to clamber on to a Red Life Boat that had come to the assistance of the ill-fated ship. But not recognising the immediate danger, he foolishly returned to his cabin on the steamer to save some valuables from his boxes. Before he could secure these, the vessel went down, and both the valuables and himself were encoffined and buried in a watery grave. Another of the victims was a Chinese gentleman who had been in busi-





A TAOIST TEMPLE AT TUNGLING RAPIDS, OVER THE DOOR AN INSCRIPTION, "THE TEMPLE OF THE LUCID RIVER." IT STANDS AT THE MOUTH OF THE GORGE TO PROTECT IT FROM EVIL SPIRITS, AND IS DEDICATED TO THE GOD OF THE RIVER.



THE WHITE BONES PAGODA, SHIN TAN RAPID.



BUDDHIST NUNS NEAR THE SHIN TAN, *EN ROUTE* TO WAN.

ness in Shanghai, and had accumulated a considerable fortune. He was on his way home, and, while at Ichang, found this large foreign vessel going up. "This is the thing for me," he said; "I'll take it." So, putting all his treasures on board, he secured passage—and went down with the rest. During the long years of China's history, how many souls have been lost in these rushing waters!

In my diary I notice this remarkable incident recorded—The cook washed his hands this morning. Why should he do this? Are not his hands cleansed sufficiently from their various accumulations by mixing bread, preparing rice, and other things requiring direct manipulation?

Of my own usual daily occupation my kind secretary, Mr. Douglas McLean, has written the following description which is here inserted:—"As soon as the first sign of daylight appears, Mr. Geil, clad in an enormous sheepskin overcoat (dark blue lining outside) and wearing a soft brown felt hat such as would have delighted the heart of the world-famed "Deadwood Dick," takes his stand outside the cabin door, and describes the scenery as it unfolds itself to his admiring gaze. His visible wardrobe is completed by tan boots and a heavy grey sweater, and those who have seen him in the immaculate shirt front and faultless frock coat of the public platform would be amused, could they meet him in this rough and ready garb. I say his gaze, because the door of the cabin is blocked by the aforesaid overcoat, and as there are no windows in front of me, I can see very little. The windows (?) are in the sides of the cabin a little to my rear, and are made of wood hung from the top edge, and propped out by a piece of small bamboo, so that only the water of the river is visible.

“Whenever anything noteworthy strikes his attention, he dictates a description, which I take down immediately on the typewriter, and thus the panorama is recorded as it passes. Nothing of interest escapes his critical eye, so that the click of the machine, though not so constant as the tick of the clock, makes a good substitute for the softer sound of the absent horologe.

“The rearward view is obtained by standing on the ample rudder-post which projects a foot from the deck; and this foot, added to Mr. Geil’s seven feet less nine inches, after deducting nearly six feet for the height of the arched roof of the cabin, leaves a substantial credit balance in the right position for observing scenery. When an exceptionally fine view is behind us, Mr. Geil stands on a Chinese basket trunk about two feet high, and holds forth from that exalted station. This goes on from dawn till dark, and as the cabin is not well lighted, the early and late descriptions are written by the aid of a candle at both ends.”

When at last we had reached the entrance of the Chintan Rapids my Mandarin, Chen the Powerful, objected to my staying in the boat while she passed through the swirling waters, as the danger was too great; so I decided to go on shore and take some photographs. The kind little Mandarin was very solicitous for my safety, and, mostly to oblige him, I got on shore and walked. On the way I took a photograph of a three-storied tower named “The White Bones Pagoda.” The soldier who accompanied me said it was built for orphan souls, that is, for those drowned in the turbulent Chintan Rapids, and who have no earthly friends to furnish them with spiritual necessities. At the side of the pagoda was the solitary grave of a poor fellow who was killed while trying to shoot the rapids. His body will remain there until some

kind person provides the money to pay for its removal to the ancestral home.

While passing along the village, perched high upon a narrow ledge of rock, I stopped at a house where funeral services were being held. In front of the house, which was open, and in the narrow street, stood a paper pagoda altar. Near this, on a round block, a goat's head with blood scattered about it was placed. Incense and a small candle (stuck in a half-turnip, for lack of a better stand) were lighted. On the opposite side of the paper altar was a pig's head and some tawdry hangings. Relations of the deceased, consisting of men, women and children, all with their heads bound with white turbans, stood rather cheerfully, I thought, about the curved-topped coffin. The smallest mourner was a tiny baby dressed in funeral apparel of white, for this is the Chinese mourning colour. We stepped into a tea shop and had a conversation with an old Taoist priest, who was connected with the proceedings, and who carried a long string of cash across his left shoulder. He said the deceased was seventy-one years old, and that a sacrifice was made to atone for his many sins. This sitting on a man's sins, after he is dead, was refreshing; I mean the bold truthfulness of it. In enlightened countries the funeral is often the occasion to invent and perpetuate the most barefaced falsehoods. The old sinner, when dead, is talked about as though he were the choicest saint in heaven. These Taoists have some virtues. They suggest in their ritual for the dead the ancient Egyptian method of dealing with defunct scamps. The proverb would then read, "*De mortuis nil nisi verum.*"

In this part of China they have three different kinds of offerings at funerals—a pig's head, a goat's head, or a fowl. These are to help the dead through his migrations.

If the family of the deceased is rich, sacrifices will be offered for him, but if not, he must shift for himself.

I took a photograph of a particularly striking bit of architecture in a narrow street at the corner of a still narrower lane. It proved to be the ancestral hall of Mr. Tu.

I stopped again to enquire about a tablet which stood in a small, bureau-like case by the side of the street. Some placards like proclamations were pasted up close by. Here was a station for preaching the Sacred Edict. As the Sacred Edict has figured so largely in the life of the Chinese people for three hundred years, a short explanation of it here by a celebrated missionary will not be out of place. He says: "The sixteen maxims, which form the ground work of this book, were delivered, in an edict, by the Emperor Kang-he, the second of the present dynasty, in the latter part of his life; the same Emperor by whose authority the Chinese Imperial Dictionary was compiled.

"These maxims, each of which, in the original, contains seven characters, or words, were neatly written out on small slips of wood, and placed in the public offices, where they are to be seen at the present day.

"The Emperor Yung-Ching, the son and successor of Kang-he, wisely considering that the conciseness of these maxims would necessarily prevent their general utility, wrote an Amplification of them, which he published in the second year of his reign; and ordered it to be read publicly to the people, on the first and fifteenth of each month." . . . . "At present the law is read, or should be read, twice a month, namely, on the first and fifteenth. The manner of it is as follows. Early on the first and fifteenth of every Moon, the civil and military officers, dressed in their uniform,

## THE SACRED EDICT.

倫人重以第孝敦

Pay due regard to filial and fraternal duties in order to emphasize social relations.

睦雍昭以族宗篤

Respect kindred in order to display the excellence of harmony.

訟爭息以黨鄉和

Pacify the local communities in order to put an end to litigation.

食衣足以桑屬重

Magnify farming and mulberry culture that there may be sufficient food and clothing.

習士端以校學隆

Value economy in order to prevent the waste of wealth.

用財惜以儉節尙

Magnify academic learning in order to direct the scholar's habit.

學正崇以端異黜

Extirpate heresy and thus exalt orthodoxy.

頑愚儆以律法誦

Explain the laws in order to warn the foolish and wayward.

俗風厚以謹禮昭

Exhibit courtesy and complaisance in order to improve manners.

志民定以業本務

Let each man abide in his calling in order to settle the popular will.

爲非禁以弟子訓

Instruct the youth and thus prevent evil doing.

覓善全以告誣息

Suppress false accusations in order to shield the good.

連緣免以逃匿誡

Prohibit giving shelter to deserters in order to prevent the implication of others.

科催省以糴錢完

Pay taxes in order to avoid persistent duns.

賊盜誦以甲保聯

Unite the tithings in order to suppress crime.

命身重以忿讐解

Make up quarrels in order to respect the person and life.

meet in a clean, spacious public hall. The superintendent, who is called Lee-Sang, calls aloud, 'Stand forth in files.' They do so, according to their rank; he then says, 'Kneel thrice, and bow the head nine times.' They kneel and bow to the ground, with their faces towards a platform, on which is placed a board with the Emperor's name. He next calls aloud, 'Rise and retire.' They rise, and all go to a hall, or kind of chapel, where the law is usually read; and where military and people are assembled, standing round in silence.

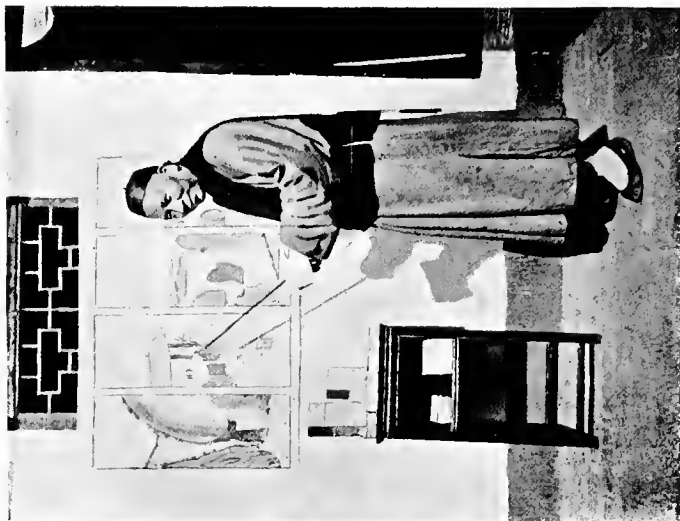
"The Lee-Sang then says, 'Respectfully commence.' The Szekiang-Zang, or orator, advancing towards an incense altar, kneels, reverently takes up the board on which the maxim appointed for the day is written, and ascends a stage with it. An old man receives the board, and puts it down on the stage, fronting the people. Then, commanding silence with a wooden rattle which he carries in his hand, he kneels, and reads it. When he has finished, Lee-Sang calls out, 'Explain such a section, or maxim, of the sacred edict.' The orator stands up, and gives the sense. In reading and expounding other parts of the law, the same forms are also observed."

But the practice of reading the Maxims by the Mandarins has relapsed into "innocuous desuetude." It is read now by individuals only who wish to obtain merit by "exhorting the people." However, "the public" in China, like every other public, do not relish exhortation. *Ad captandum vulgus*, the Maxims must be relieved by some diversion. The attraction consists of story-telling, for which the plebs is willing to pay the penance of listening to a maxim or two. The Sacred Edict contains good moral and practical advice. While many disregard its teachings, there are





MR. SHÜ, MINOR OFFICIAL NEAR WAN.



CHAO SIEN-SLENG—THE EVANGELIST OF WAN.



WU SHIH CHANG, TAYLOR'S "SHADOW."

no destructive Higher Critics who "monkey" with the text. No Chinese doubts its authenticity and authorship.

The expounders of the Edict use many illustrations. Some of these are very apt, even to an Occidental. From the twenty-four examples of Filial Piety we select two:—"A boy served his mother obediently. One day, while he was away on the hills gathering fire-wood, some guests unexpectedly arrive at the house. His mother is much embarrassed, and in her longing for her son's return bites her finger. On the instant her absent son feels a twinge of pain, and, divining trouble, starts for home, arriving in time to help his mother to properly receive the guests. The native comment is, 'Behold how perfect a medium between mother and child is filial piety!' This is a very ancient example of telepathy. It is said that this boy was afterwards Tsen Tzu, the famous disciple of Confucius."

"Another lad's step-mother was always accusing him to his father of want of filial love, so he determined to give a heroic proof of his sincerity and virtue. He resolved to melt her heart by gratifying her palate. In mid-winter he went to the ice-bound river to fish for carp; but failing to break a hole, our hero, nothing daunted, pulled off his garments and proceeded to melt a hole with the warmth of his naked body. In a miraculously short time the ice melted, and out leaped two large carp. These he joyfully carried to his step-mother, who, on learning the facts, repented of her evil deeds. A poet has said: 'A thousand ages cannot efface the remembrance of the crack in the ice, nor obliterate the fragment traces of so worthy an action.'"

On life-saving the Chinese have curious notions. While eating cakes cooked in lamp oil in a tea house in Chintan village, the skipper of the Red Boat came

in and I asked him certain questions about the pagoda for destitute souls. He told me that for the recovery of a dead body from the water, a reward of eight hundred cash is given by the Emperor. It used to be eight hundred cash for saving a live man and four hundred for a dead one. But it was soon discovered that this did not pay, so it was reversed, and now four hundred cash are given to save a live man and eight hundred to recover a dead one. This allows four hundred cash to bury the man if he dies after being taken out of the water. This interesting fact was further explained to me by another of the Red Boat men—that the dead man involves funeral expenses and the live man none! This is good Celestial reasoning. It would be more profitable to drown a man before pulling him out. I found out afterwards that the reward of four hundred cash is given provided the rescuer gets his clothes wet; otherwise he gets but two hundred.

Every morning when the American flag was flung to the breeze over the stern of the gunboat, a salute of three guns would be fired, and the skipper and his crew, with myself, would cheer; then the skipper would always turn round and shake hands with me. The stripes in the flag were not of the same width, nor were the proportions right, but from a distance it looked exactly like the Grand Old Flag of my native country. I felt proud. I doubted if ever before in the history of the Empire had a native gunboat passed these gorges and rapids flying the Stars and Stripes.

We had passed the landscape of triangles, and were now in sight of the wonderful "Wild Rapids."

# 見眼如不聞耳

“I heard it” not as good as “I saw it.”

## CHAPTER VI.

THE WEALTH AND INDUSTRIES OF SZECHUEN—  
WAN—A VICEROY'S OPINION OF OPIUM—BOXER  
TROUBLES—A MARRIAGE BREAKFAST—FLOODS  
AND FIRES — CHINESE CREDULITY — CHINESE  
CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.



Cash (and obverse.)

HE wealthiest and unquestionably the most important city between Ichang and Chungking is Wan. The wealth of Szechuen, which has been more and more evident along the journey, here culminates in a rich and populous centre. The Great East Road leaving here passes through the richest part of China on its course to the capital, Chentu, where dwells the Viceroy of the Province. “Wan” means ten thousand, and is the name of both country and city, but the population of the latter has grown to two hundred thousand. No foreigners, however, live here except the missionaries, of whom there are three; but the city will be an open port next year, and then the saying that “Missionaries precede the merchant” will be verified. The houses in the suburbs are straggling, but not above a tenth of the people live inside the walls. As I entered the city at night, four small boy beggars were sleeping by the gate. The poor little brats had

scraped away the ashes from the fires lighted during the day, and lay curled up on the warm spots where some heat still remained. And there they slept during the chilly night. Once inside the city, I started as straight as possible for the China Inland Mission House. Here a warm welcome was given me by the earnest missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Taylor. The house is new and finely adapted for mission work, fronting on the busy street with a good view of the city at the back. It was built by an Australian and contains a guest room for the Chinese, which is open all the day and in the evenings. Here the Gospel is zealously and faithfully preached by the hospitable inmates.

The river front is fully two miles long, and is intersected by a small tributary which falls into the Yangtze. Along the banks of this river runs the principal street. There is a remarkable arched stone bridge across this stream about twenty feet wide, which suggests the Pons Asinorum rather than an illustration of Celestial astuteness. The architect made no allowance for freshets, and when the river rises he must wade. According to Chinese ideas, this city is most favourably located. To the north, which is known as the region of darkness, towers the Heaven Made Fortress, which wards off evil influences; to the South lies the region of warmth. On the opposite side of the Great River, a low line of hills forms a suitable site for pagodas to waft good luck and prosperity to the merchants of Wan. These two influences, called the Ying and the Yang, or male and female, are said to be the source of all things, *Ying Yang Sheng Wan Wu*. In the native mind the favourable conjunction of these two elements accounts for the wealth of Wan.

“And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,  
Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest.”—*The Princess*.

A huge stone dragon in the middle of the river, who condescends to show his head only when the water is low, contributes also to the good luck of the place. Not only is there extensive local business in the city itself, but Wan also taps the trade of both Eastern and Northern Szechuen, which comes into the city by the Great East Road, and which consists largely of silk and salt. The salt from Nan Pu (a ten days' journey) is obtained from wells a thousand feet deep. The Sisyphean task of drilling these wells is done by hand, and it takes years to complete one well. The brine is brought to the surface in long, narrow sections of the bamboo, hundreds of which are fastened together and let down. Each of these has a valve in the bottom which lets the water in. When drawn up, the valve closes and the brine is retained. The hauling up is done by a windlass worked by men; but where the well is very deep a perpendicular drum like a huge capstan, worked by ox power, is put into requisition. These devices, however primitive and clumsy, are quaint and interesting. In producing salt, the fuel used for fires in the evaporating process is the greatest expense.

Edible wool skeins are an important product that has figured largely in my commissariat since leaving for Chungking. It is called *Mien* in Chinese, and consists of dough strings rolled out most cleverly into strips which look like a skein of unwashed wool. By means of a very simple contrivance, these strips are further elongated to the required length, when they are cut off into convenient parcels for sale. Age improves them. I purchased six catties (eight pounds) for consumption *en route*. What the poor man throws away, the rich man puts in his pocket. The Chinaman immerses the dead chicken into scalding water before

plucking off the feathers, a process which makes the work easier and the meat tougher. Foreigners prefer their chicken tender and the feathers dry, even if the result does entail more work, and John has been brought to recognise the advantage of the barbarian method. Hundreds of tons of feathers have been shipped by the Chinese to the coast. The head feathers of the stork, so plentiful in this region, have recently brought the enormous price of twenty ounces of silver for one of the feathers. A few years ago these were useless and worthless, but now these fowl disappear so fast that the local Mandarins have issued proclamations forbidding the killing of storks. The business is so profitable, however, that the hunters run the risk, at whatever cost, and the observance of the official prohibition excites little competition. Paper making is another industry of Szechuen, and I have seen fifty coolies in a line, each carrying waste bamboo to the mills to be manufactured into pulp. They are supposed to carry one hundred English pounds over thirty miles *per diem*. Coal and iron abound in the hinterland, clear up into the Provinces of Kansuh and Shensi. The output of sulphur is considerable in parts of the Province, but local taxation has killed the goose which laid the golden egg. Although I became partly initiated into the mysteries of Chinese taels (not pig tails, but other taels), I could never tell what a "Ting" or anything else was worth. This inability to size up my wealth gave me a kindred feeling to the multi-millionaire.

The foreign imports amount to little when compared with the local products, but, when walking along the street, one sees Manchester calico and cotton yarn exhibited for sale in the shops. The middle and upper classes will not wear the blue gown in which the com-

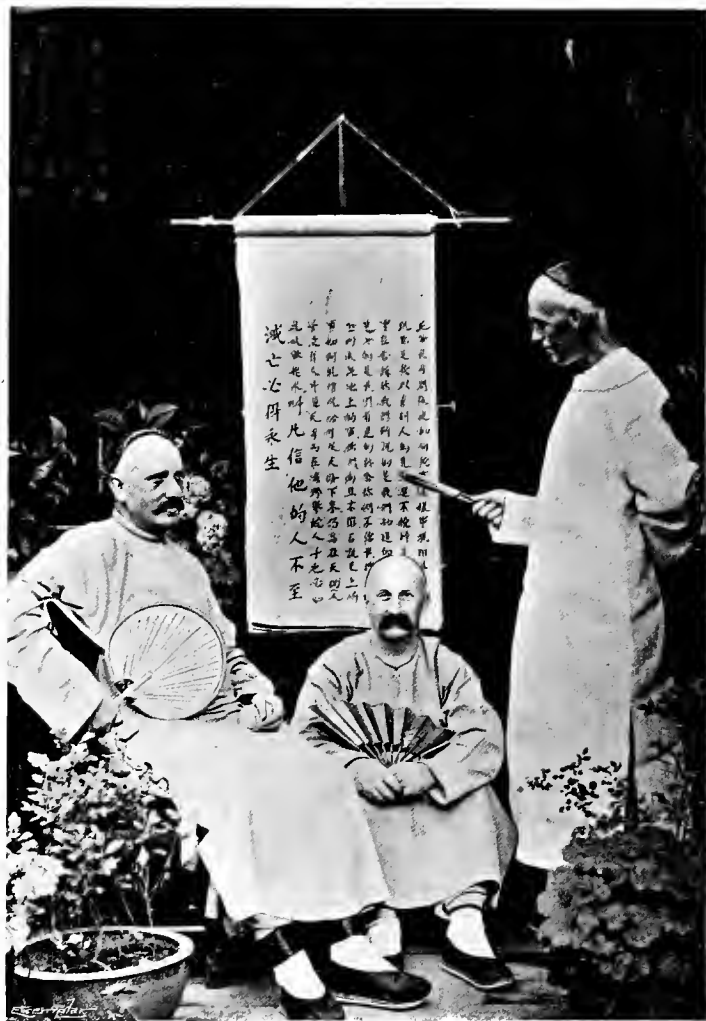




TAKING A MEAL, EARLY RICE.



HO GIRLS: UPPER YANGTZE.



POLHILL.

TURNER.

BEAUCHAMP.

THREE NOTED MISSIONARIES.

mon herd is arrayed, so they choose garments of various other colours. The cloth shops in consequence exhibit the hues of Joseph's coat: In other shops I saw clocks, candles and soap, but most frequently FOREIGN FIRE. This is the name by which matches are known. The native-made are of very poor materials. Since the advent of Europeans the Chinese have learned how to make friction matches—in a matrimonial sense they knew before—but their foreign fire is very inferior, and the Japanese product is out-distancing the local trade.

As regards the alleged wickedness of Wan I shall not deal at length. The most conspicuous is perhaps the consumption of FOREIGN SMOKE or FOREIGN MEDICINE, the Chinese names for what we call opium. I suppose more than one-half of the population are victims of it, more or less. The natives say that eleven out of ten smoke! Some travellers attempt to gloss over its pernicious effects, and say that the universal testimony of missionaries is prejudiced. But let us take the opinion of the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, who ought to know. He says:—

“The Customs Returns for the past few years give the value of our imports at eighty millions of taels. The balance of thirty million taels represents what has been consumed in smoking the pernicious opium pipe! Assuredly it is not foreign intercourse that is ruining China, but this dreadful poison. Oh, the grief and desolation it has wrought to our people! A hundred years ago the curse came upon us more blasting and deadly in its effects than the Great Flood or the scourge of the Fierce Beasts, for the waters assuaged after nine years, and the ravages of the man eaters were confined to one place. Opium has spread with frightful rapidity and heart-rending results through

the provinces. Millions upon millions have been struck down by the plague. To-day it is running like wildfire. In its swift, deadly course it is spreading devastation everywhere, wrecking the minds and eating away the strength and wealth of its victims. The ruin of the mind is the most woeful of its many deleterious effects. The poison enfeebles the will, saps the strength of the body, renders the consumer incapable of performing the regular duties, and unfit for travel from one place to another. It consumes his substance and reduces the miserable wretch to poverty, barrenness and senility. Unless something is soon done to arrest this awful scourge in its devastating march, the Chinese people will be transformed into satyrs and devils. This is the present condition of our country." . . . . "The habit of smoking opium is generated by sloth, and sloth by the want of employment. This want springs from ignorance, and ignorance from having no desirable object of knowledge." . . . . "Among the Chinese, then, there is no incentive to thought or action, no intercourse among the people, and the condition of things has become stagnant and effete. Effeteness has begotten stupidity, and stupidity, lethargy; lethargy has produced idleness, and idleness, waste." . . . "A renaissance of learning would save the world (China) by directing attention from opium to more worthy objects. All classes, the rich and the poor, in city and country, would have something desirable to learn." . . . . "With such attractive objects of knowledge held out to our people, such as the study of the heavens and the earth and all therein, under modern appliances, who would elect to change the day into night (as the wretched opium-smoker does) and spend his whole life on a divan, by a lamp, sucking

a filthy opium pipe?" . . . "Therefore, we say, bring learning to the front in order to remedy the opium evil!"

In the district the "regal red poppy" is extensively cultivated. It occupies the best land nourished with the richest fertilizer, and is tended with the greatest care. In the spring it is beautiful to the eye, and one could hardly believe that such a lovely flower could produce such devastating results. In nineteen hundred and two there was a drought which lasted nearly two months. The heat was intense, and the thermometer sometimes registered one hundred and ten in the shade. The season's crop of rice failed. The next year rice was dear in consequence. But it is a poor wind that does not blow something somewhere (as the farmer said, forgetting the actual wording of the famous proverb), for the droughts also dried up the poppies. As a result the price of opium leaped from one hundred and fifty cash an ounce to five hundred, thus putting the poison out of the reach of the ordinary consumer, and so proportionately decreasing the sale. The drought did more to stop the practice of opium smoking than the remedies usually given to allay the desire for the drug. "How poor an instrument may do a noble deed!" One of the boatmen, who wore a white turban, kept a queer-looking lump on a stick of bamboo hanging beside my bed. This curious compound, resembling a ball of mixed clay, ginger, and chewed tobacco cuds, he used to nibble from time to time. It seemed that he smoked for five years and took this stuff in order to break off the habit. He told me that a Christian gave it to him in his native city of Suifu. Opium smokers generally say they acquired the habit in trying to mitigate the pain of some sickness; but they testify that, once fixed, the remedy is worse than

the disease. The Old Man of the Sea was not harder to throw off. Many desire to get rid of the craving, as it is not only painful, but inconvenient and expensive. Unfortunately a very close relation exists in the mind of the Chinese between Foreign Smoke and Foreign Devil.

One prosperous business man, having been cured in Taylor's Opium Refuge, presented valuable scrolls on leaving. He said that he had heretofore always despised the Gospel, but since staying in the house he felt sure that Christ is the real Lord. The native church in Wan numbers forty members. Many of them stand high in the community, being men of learning, or merchants in comfortable circumstances, who close their shops on Sunday. The missionary in charge is himself a converted business man.

Though the city remains the same, the attitude of the inhabitants towards Christianity has undergone a great change. The missionary who came here first was turned out of his preaching place by beggars being turned in. This was some time ago. Now the mission has a good property and an important religious work is in progress, which is, moreover, furthered by well-to-do Chinese, who offer houses as gifts for the Gospel work. Five neighbouring market towns are now earnestly asking for Christian teachers. They promise to bear all expenses connected with the work. So true are the words of Aubrey Moore, "Human nature craves to be both religious and rational. And the life which is not both is neither."

The surrounding district has been practically undisturbed by Boxers till quite recently, when there was a slight outbreak. In the tenth Moon a missionary was held up by these foot-pads at Nan-Men-Chen, South-Gate-Market. He was surrounded and seized, and for

three days he was kept in custody while arrangements were being made for his execution. But before their preparations were completed, two hundred soldiers were hurried to the place by the officials, and the red-turbaned cowards took to their heels. Since then the missionary is always accompanied by a body guard. It is said that just outside the city a Boxer dug out the eye of a man and carried it around in his pocket as a proof of the valorous deed. There was unrest still in the neighborhood, although I was treated most respectfully in my ramblings about the city.

It is a peculiar sight and not at all an uncommon one to see two men walking along the street with their pigtails tied together. They have had a dispute, neither will give way, and each is prepared to swear that he is in the right; so they are going to the temple to take oaths before the devil to that effect. Sometimes the man who is really in the wrong backs down before the temple is reached, but generally he brazens it out. Lying and perjury are the characteristics of all heathen religions.

In Wan I was present at a ceremony more pleasant than the tying of the pigtail. This was a breakfast feast to celebrate the marriage engagement of two young Celestials. The betrothal in China is quite as binding as the marriage. The feast was held on the eighth Sun of the last Moon of the Old Tiger, in the reception room of the China Inland Mission. The floor of the room was concrete, and in this respect it was appropriate to the purpose of the breakfast. The guests sat round two heavy square tables spread with all sorts of good things. I was offered the seat at the left-hand top-side of the table, *i.e.*, furthest from the door. Being unaccustomed to the niceties of Chinese etiquette, I sat down immediately. I saw my mistake

when I found myself sitting alone, for it was quite a while before the others were settled. The general expression for taking a meal is to "open the rice," and I, being the top-side guest, was responsible for "breaking the dishes," as the host was running round in a ceremonious way, shaking hands with himself. It was my duty at each course to "break the dish" in the centre of the table, and the contents would find their way to smaller receptacles at the edges of the table where the guests sat, and thence to the waiters, who took care to remove them before they were empty. These dishes would be attacked in rotation, and, naturally, I made some blunders, getting goat instead of swine, for instance. But the result was the same, as there is, after all, only one compartment inside. Smooth sides of pork looked like a solid mass until touched by my magic wand, *i.e.*, the chop-sticks, when they fell into beautifully cut slices. The food was largely composed of pig, and the guests were almost all pigtailed, so that about this festive board "Greek met Greek," and the pigtail came out on top. I was in a hurry, so that I had to leave before the function terminated, but I understand that though they may all "eat the foreigner's doctrine," they do not habitually "eat the foreigner's rice."

One of the guests at the feast was Mr. "Prosperous-Man-of-the-World," who, though no longer a man of the world, was still prosperous, having made money in the salt trade. He was converted when thirty-five years of age, and his father was so angry that he compelled the son to walk through the main streets of the city with a board on his back bearing a notice that he was a Christian, and that for this reason his parent disowned him, and would not be responsible for him in any way. When I asked him how he felt when carrying the

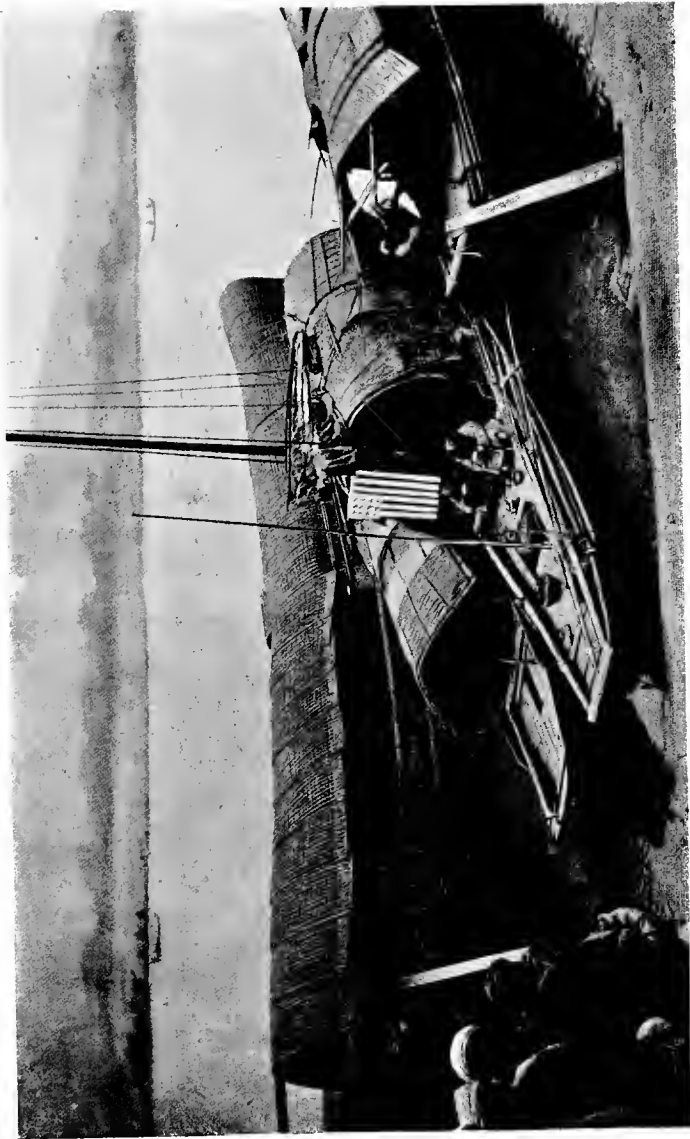




THE FAMOUS BRIDGE OF WAN.  
ALL THE WORK ON THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS DONE BY TAYLOR'S "SHADOW."



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF WAN, WHERE TAYLOR PREACHES.



THE AUTHOR'S "OLD TUP" MOORED AT CHUNGKING NAD, FLYING OLD MOON'S AMERICAN FLAG.

board, he said that he did it for the Lord, and that his heart had peace all the time. He was a true believer, and kept his shop closed on Sunday, a day of which as a nation China knows little as yet.

Second, on my right, sat Mr. Chang, who kept an inn in the busiest street of the city. I passed it when hurrying up from my boat, and was dragged in, according to true Celestial fashion, to drink tea and eat dried fruits and sweetmeats, the like of which would have done credit to any table in Philadelphia. No intoxicants were sold at this Inn.

Another guest at my table was Mr. Taylor's assistant, or "Shadow," as he is generally styled, who has been with him since leaving the mission school six years ago. He was a good amateur photographer, as some specimens of his work in my possession bear witness.

Early one morning, after standing at the front of the mission house watching the preparation for the departure of Polhill and his caravan for Hsuting Fu, I decided to stroll along the public street. Passing through the reception room which, as already mentioned, is open all day, I saw an unusually intelligent-looking Chinaman. He smiled attractively when I said, "Well, is this where you receive them?" and replied in English, "Good day." He then kindly volunteered to pilot us through the street. I accepted this offer, and, as we went along, he kept repeating, "Sin, sin." This was a very general remark, but as I felt sure there was plenty of it around, I nodded assent every time. I found, however, that he referred to the sun. After walking several blocks with a well-behaved but curious crowd at our heels, I came to a drove of small black pigs, so I pointed to the little herd wiggling their tails and rooting for a living, and said, "Pig." Very much to my amusement, a ragged urchin close to

my heels repeated the word, and those behind took it up until all about me in the crowd I heard "Pig, pig, pig, pig, pig, pig."

My kind chaperon, who turned out to be the Evangelist of Wan, was a man of great mental strength, and had passed his preliminary examination well up on the list. He first heard the Gospel in Hankow, and soon afterwards removed to Wan. Six years ago, he was engaged in teaching Chinese to one of the missionaries. In spite of his Confucian training, he became interested in the story of Christ which they were reading together, and as the narrative approached the climax of Calvary, he became absorbed. During the absence of his pupil for a few moments one morning, he read all about the Crucifixion, and when she returned, she found him with his head bowed, silently weeping. He declared that henceforth he would be a follower of the Christ who died for the world. He held a meeting of his Confucian friends and publicly burned his family gods. Though persecuted by his fellow-countrymen and disowned by the Literati, he remains true to his faith. His life motto is, "Fear not," and during the Boxer trouble of nineteen hundred he travelled more than one thousand li, at his own expense, to visit some distant out-stations to help and encourage the Christians. When the missionaries were fleeing to the coast, he went out to greet them, and from the time of his conversion until now, Mr. Chow has fearlessly identified himself with the Christian cause.

Like all the cities on the Yangtze, Wan is subject to very severe periodical floods, and so great is the rise at such times that places from which the river, in its normal state, cannot even be seen, are inundated. When the people are warned that a flood is imminent, they take their goods to houses along the higher streets

of the city, and remove large pieces of the tile roofing to form blow holes for the breathing of the infuriated dragon. The work of removing the sediment left after the water subsides is a labour of many days. There have been many fires in this year of Old Tiger. The great Chicago conflagration is said to have been caused by a cow putting her tail into a drum of coal oil and whisking it into a convenient lamp. The great fire of the fifth Moon in Wan was caused by a careless native who stuck a lighted taper into the bamboo partition of a small house outside the South Gate of the city. The Chinese usually do this without damage, but in this case the flame burned down the taper and stick to the wood, which readily ignited, and soon the whole house was on fire. The flames spread from house to house, leapt to the buildings on the city wall, and thence caught the buildings inside. The fire started at ten in the evening and soon threatened the whole city, which would have been consumed had not the authorities employed the usual method of tearing down blocks of houses in the path of the fire. This proceeding was effectual, though expensive. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but the conflagration was not subdued until the dawn of the following day, after three hundred houses had been burned, and one hundred and fifty more pulled down. This fire was followed a few days afterwards by a second, which was occasioned by a child playing with a firebrand in a powder factory. As might have been expected, the game was adjourned *sine die*. The powder went off and took the child with it, and the pyrotechnic display which followed destroyed hundreds of houses.

After these calamities, the Mandarin issued a proclamation instructing the people how to stop the next one. They were gravely enjoined, with the circumlo-

cution of the Celestial, in case of fire to climb the roof of the house, smash six eggs, and throw a handful of rice into the flames. When the Mandarin was asked whether he really thought that such antics would do any good, he said, "No, but we must do these things to satisfy the people and show them that we are earnestly seeking their welfare." In fact, a very large proportion of Celestial observances are designed solely *ad captandum vulgus*. When ordinary means fail to stop the progress of a fire, it is the duty of the Mandarin to sacrifice himself for the good of his people by flinging himself into the flames to appease the appetite of the Fire God. The wily Celestial, to save his skin, does this by proxy; he throws in his dress, his hat, and his boots. Sacrifice of this kind is not limited to the Chinese.

In the early stages of the drought before mentioned, a proclamation was put forth that all people must abstain from meat. Pig shops were shut, and the country people who brought poultry to the city were severely punished. But the Mandarin can appoint a day on which the restriction shall be removed in case his patience becomes exhausted, or his stomach surfeited with vegetables. Occasionally, too, another official bigger than himself passed through, and how could he be entertained without the harmless, necessary hog? Sometimes, to break the drought, the Mandarin travels to some distant cave and brings back to the city a bottle of magic water from the Dragon's abode. After this pilgrimage, the specific may do for several later occasions. Old disused wells have criminals' collars placed at the mouths to catch the devils who are supposed to live there, and to whose malign influence the drought is supposed to be due. Attached to the collar is a piece of paper, on which is written the

grievance against the devil. This proceeding is conducted on the sub-lunary plan of dealing with evil-doers.

Another practice is to dress up a black dog as a woman, hire a chair with four bearers, and parade him through the streets. As a last resort, the Mandarins themselves load themselves up with chains and walk to the temple to confess their sins, at least in outward form. One Mandarin was wiser than the rest, and reasoned thus with himself: "I am only a small god to these people; let us start at the big end of the line." So he brought out the Dragon King from the temple, sat beside him in the open court of his Yamen, and carried on a conversation with him about the weather. After a while, the Mandarin went inside the Yamen, leaving the Dragon King in the sun till the paint on his royal person was all blistered.

Another remedy for the drought is to get some man to personate the Water Dragon, and then run the gauntlet of slop buckets. The nauseous things contained in the water thrown over this personification can never be imagined by a European, for a Chinaman is never over-particular about cleanliness.

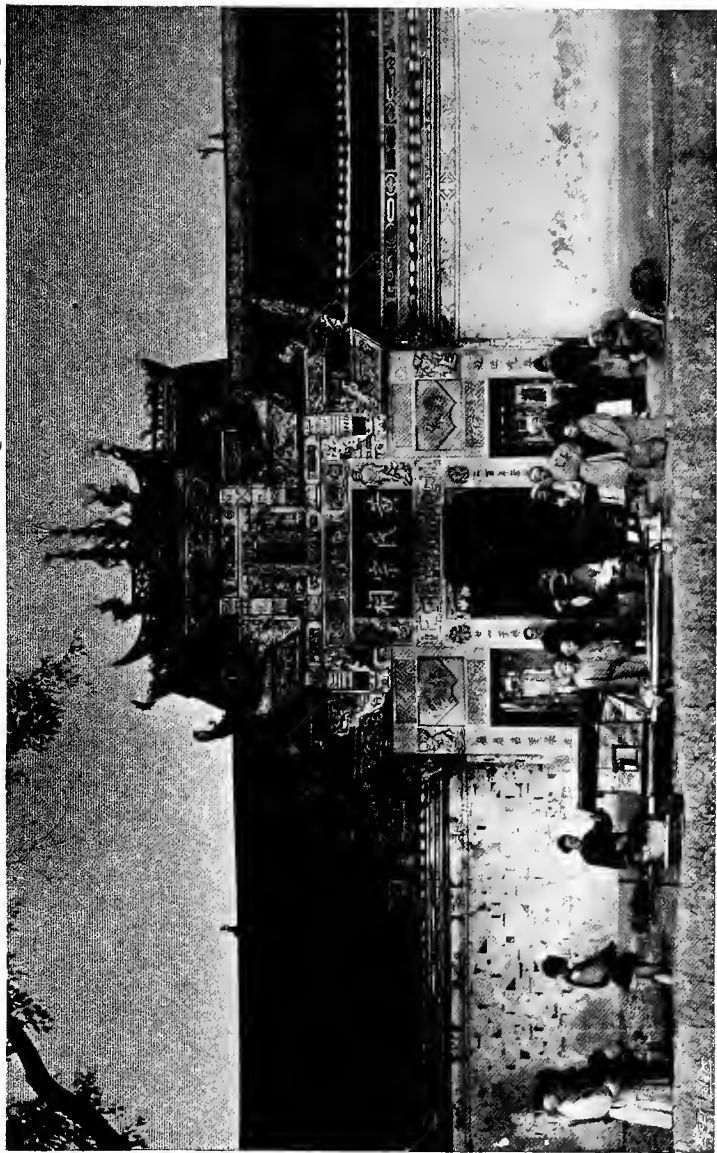
It would appear that the presence of foreigners and the preaching of the Gospel are not the only causes of riots. I understand that wealth is a greater incentive to the rabble. The city of Wan contains much money, and being only a county seat, there are not many soldiers to guard it. I was told by an eye-witness of the occurrence that during one of the local outbreaks a plot was laid by a number of men to rise and plunder the city at midnight. At a given signal of three midnight guns, a body of armed men were to seize the authorities. By fortunate mishap, the signal failed

in its purpose, and the conspirators were hoisted with their own petard. The authorities, instead of being taken themselves, captured some of the leaders of the rebel gang in the country round about. These were decapitated and their heads stuck on poles as a warning to other robbers. It was found that a wealthy inhabitant of Wan had, a few days before the riot, hired coolies to transfer his valuables to the "Heaven Born Fort," which overlooks the city. He was accused of being an accomplice. This charge he strenuously denied, but his enemies, not to be outdone, then accused him of a dereliction of public duty in not apprising the authorities of the plot. He was fined twenty thousand taels. No doubt some of this money stuck to the hands of the officials, but much of it was judiciously used in building strong wooden barriers across the streets of the city. These are closed at night, and a watchman is placed in charge.

Mr. Montagu Beauchamp told me that he considered the ready accessibility of the foreigner to the Chinese of the highest value and that guest-room work should not be handed over to the native. Having the opium patients in the house, instead of treating them as out-patients, is an advantage. When Paoning was first opened, this was the only way of getting to know the people. "I am bound to say," Beauchamp states, "that some of the stories of our cures were as much exaggerated in our favour as the opposite reports were against us. Some of the men under treatment had pains in the back, and to relieve these I put a large worsted sock over my hand and rubbed the sufferers. This had a good effect, and they spread the report that I had a magic sock which could cure anything.

"Another time I went into a burning house and threw water on the flames, greatly to the admiration





ANCESTRAL SHRINE, NEAR PI SHIH, ON THE ROAD TO LUCHOW.



MEMORIAL ARCH, ON THE GREAT ROAD TO CHENTU.

and astonishment of the terror-stricken Chinese, who afterwards spread the news all over the city that fire would not burn me. Some of my opium patients gave me an invitation to visit their markets, and this led to my making tours from place to place throughout the district, and I have been engaged in this work for fifteen years, at first with apparently little or no success. But now there are many places where the people are opening preaching halls spontaneously; buying, renting, or repairing the buildings and asking for a teacher to be sent.

“Some years ago, I had a conversation with a farmer who professed great admiration for the Christian doctrine, but gave as his reason for not joining us that so few of the Literati were with us. He said that there must be a flaw somewhere which he had not been able to discover, otherwise why did not the Emperor and Literati become Christians? Not very long after this, the Emperor published those remarkable proclamations in favour of Western methods and learning, which caused the conservative party to rise. This culminated in the troubles of nineteen hundred.

“The educated classes are ready to acquiesce in what we say about the excellence of the Christian doctrine, but immediately return answer that it is the same as that of their Sages. In my opinion, it is from the lower ranks of society that the conversion of China must come.” But has it not ever been through those “believing where they cannot prove” that the knowledge has been spread of “the life that begins in faith, but is fulfilled in love?” (*Ἀρχὴ μὲν πίστις τέλος δὲ ἀγάπη—Ignatius.*)

# 賣錯有沒買錯有只

One only buys by mistake; he never sells by mistake.

## CHAPTER VII.

CHINESE CAPABLE OF HURRYING—AN EXCITING WALK—CHUNGKING—THE UBIQUITOUS BAMBOO—A NATIVE CONTRACT FOR COOLIES—MISSIONS IN CHUNGKING—ON THE ROAD TO LUCHOW.



Sedan Chair.

WE arrived at Luchi, a large market town on the Upper Yangtze, at two-forty-five A.M., and drove a bamboo iron-tipped punt-stick through our leaky prow into the thick soil of the foreshore. The pig-tailed crew coiled up on their *pukai* for a few hours of well-deserved sleep. As we were off again at six-twenty-five A.M., I was unable to see much of the place. Luchi stands rather open, part of the town resting on a moraine. The village, my boatmen say, is noted for the manufacture of bamboo matting, used as boat covers, large quantities of this article being made here. From Luchi we made good time through a beautiful stretch of water resembling a lake. I noticed many white spots on the landscape. These proved to be stones about a foot in diameter, which had been

splashed with whitewash, I was told, in order to frighten off the rabbits and protect the crops. As I have never seen a rabbit or hare in China, except tame ones, this testimony rests entirely on the veracity of the captain of this boat.

Leaving my secretary to come on in the Old Tub, and having made arrangements with a picked boat crew and pullers, my interpreter and I got on the Red Boat and made tracks for Chungking. I had as fine a crew as any one could wish for. There were only five of them, but they worked like missionaries. There was also one soldier, who came through from Wan Hsien with me, a fine, sturdy fellow. We overtook many junks going up the river, which proved that our men were making a record-breaking trip. When rice-time came, instead of stopping the boat in some quiet little bay and all taking an easy loll, only one man would go on shore; or if rowing was practicable, the steersman would work a solitary oar, and so we kept moving all the time. The boat did not even stop to take on or let off trackers, who had to leap on and off at a convenient place. This is another proof of the fact which I have long believed that, although, as a rule, "he lazily and listlessly dreams away his time," the Chinaman can do things as quickly as anyone else when he wishes to hurry.

I have referred to the farmhouses of the wealthy tillers of the soil. Large and conspicuous, they occupy picturesque sites along the Great River. The Sacred Edict inculcates the duty of brothers dwelling together in peace, and as the Emperor is said to bestow especial honours on all families who display a spirit of amity throughout four generations, one can imagine how many Chinese live in these large palatial residences or homesteads.

I stopped at the Customs Barrier below Chungking and found out that the distance to the city by water was about thirty *li*, but by land not above twelve *li*. My Red Boat men were very tired, so I decided to go overland, although the night was almost dark. Mr. Lund, of the Customs, called two coolies, and lent me a large lantern as a send-off. After being rowed across the river, we started on the night tramp. We climbed some hills and presently came to a one-plank bridge across a gully, which I failed to appreciate, but had no option but to cross. Then up terraced hills, by rice patches, and graveyards, we passed along a road only two feet wide and sometimes less. It was ticklish going, as a false step would mean perhaps a cold bath in a rice field fertilized with human manure! The tramp lasted an hour and a half, when we finally descended a steep stone stair to the river bank, took a sampan ferry, and crossed over to Chungking. The lights of three British gunboats moored in the river shone bright, and seemed to "flash and float a friendly greeting o'er." Then up more steep stone steps, slippery this time, for in this city six thousand coolies gain a livelihood by carrying water from the river to the shops and residences of the citizens. So we made a record trip, having come from Wan Hsien in six days, a journey which usually requires ten.

We made straight for the new property of the C.I.M., and were heartily welcomed by Mr. Willett. Mr. Hicks, of the Bible Christian Mission, was also there, having come one thousand six hundred *li* in search of a British Consul to marry him to a missionary lady. Both have command of a liberal vocabulary of Chinese.

The Hill City of Chungking contains about three hundred thousand Chinese, who come from all parts of two or more Provinces. The city is a centre of mis-

sionary activity. Fifty missionaries, including ladies, live here and work the outlying districts from this point. They are a band of refined and cultivated men and women, an honour to any city.

Sorensen, a missionary to the Thibetans, is a Norwegian, and speaks four languages. For seven years he has laboured to convert the savage tribesmen on the borders of Thibet. Once he crossed the border, but found it convenient to re-cross in order to avoid funeral expenses. He was in Chungking on his way to Thibet when we arrived. Speaking of his proselytising efforts, he said to me, "It is the very hardest thing to work for six or seven years and see no converts, especially when one has witnessed such blessed results at home." As he spoke, there were tears in his eyes. Scant, surely, are the visible results of so much work by such a gifted gentleman, but it is impossible to question the earnestness and sincerity of such men as this Scandinavian, who give the best years of their life uncomplainingly to the thankless task of saving the heathen in the regions far beyond. But for such as he "shall life succeed in that it seems to fail." He told me of one Thibetan priest who professed great interest in the truth, and said to him, "I have been seeking peace all my life, and maybe your religion has it for me." But he suddenly stopped coming. Was he killed by his own fanatical countrymen?

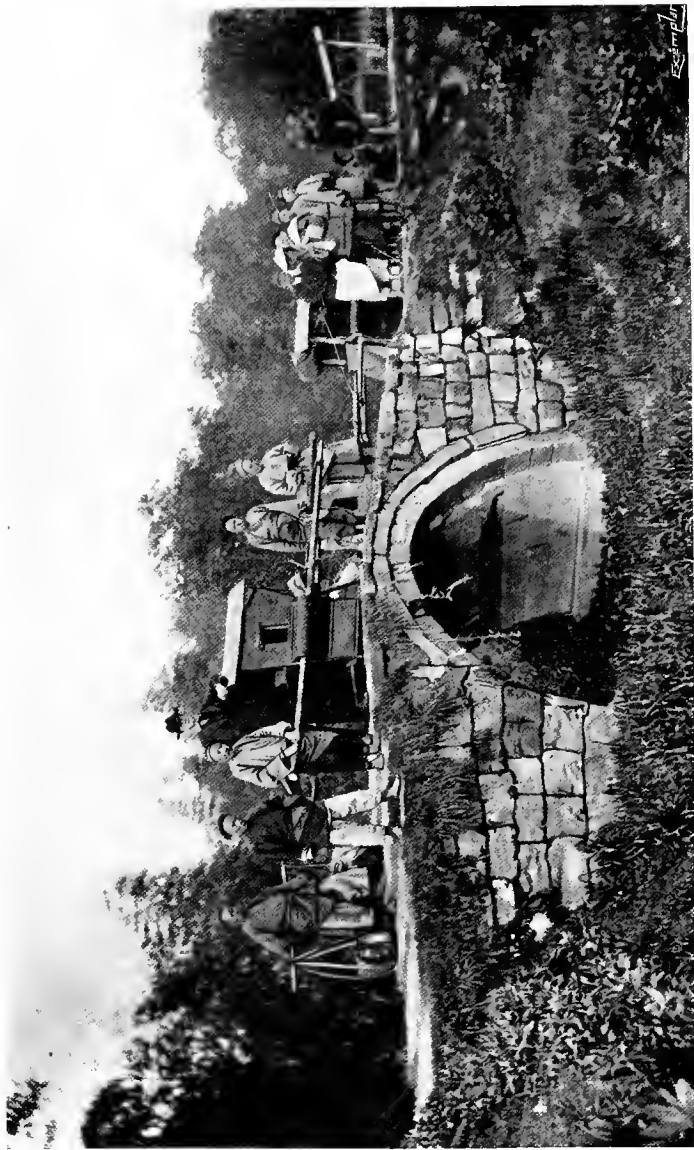
Chungking has many industries. The pigs here grow a fine quality of bristles, ten thousand piculs (thirteen thousand pounds) of which are shipped from Chungking every year. I tried in vain to find out why these pigs are so signally successful in the bristle business. This is the one product on which foreign merchants make money. Native medicines are exported in great quantities, about one million piculs

every year. I asked the Commissioner of Customs how many different medicines were made in Chungking. He pointed to a volume two inches thick and said, "That book contains nothing but the names of native medicines." Opium is the most valuable export. The native article is rapidly supplanting the foreign drug, sixteen thousand piculs being exported annually. Four hundred thousand goat skins were shipped from the port last year.

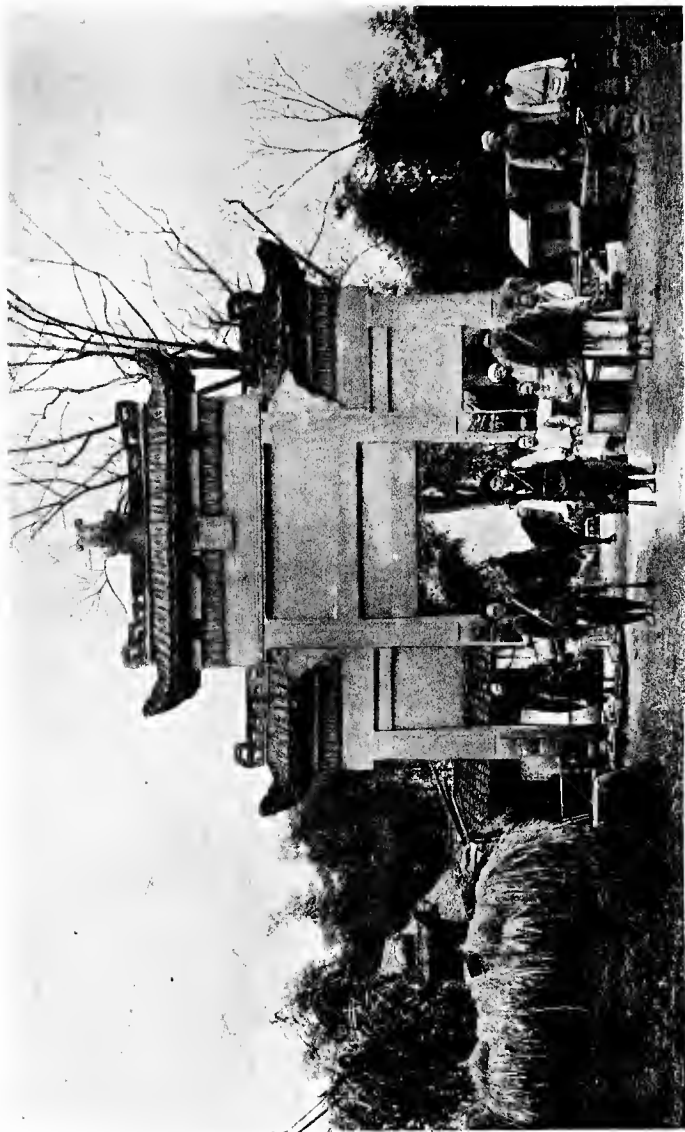
On the crowded streets of this bustling emporium of Szechuen one sees many things made of bamboo. Indeed, in this Province a man can sit in a bamboo house under a bamboo roof, on a bamboo chair at a bamboo table, with his feet resting on a bamboo footstool, with a bamboo hat on his head and bamboo sandals on his feet. He can at the same time hold in one hand a bamboo bowl, in the other bamboo chopsticks and eat bamboo sprouts. When through with his meal, which has been cooked over a bamboo fire, the table may be washed with a bamboo cloth, and he can fan himself with a bamboo fan and take a siesta on a bamboo bed, lying on a bamboo mat with his head resting on a bamboo pillow. His child might be lying in a bamboo cradle, playing with a bamboo toy. On rising, he could smoke his bamboo pipe and, taking a bamboo pen, write a letter on bamboo paper, or carry his articles in bamboo baskets suspended from a bamboo pole, with a bamboo umbrella over his head. He might then take a walk over a bamboo suspension bridge, drink water out of a bamboo ladle, and scrape himself with a bamboo sweat scraper (handkerchief). The bamboo ingenuity and persistency have produced (bamboo) joint results which exhibit the potentialities and possibilities of the Chinese people.

Chungking is one of the finest towns in China, and





THE AUTHOR'S CHAIR ON A BRIDGE ON THE GREAT STONE ROAD, NEAR CHUNGKING.



MEMORIAL ARCH, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF THE MARVELLOUS RAVEN, ON THE ROAD TO LUCHOW.

the estimate of the population given above applies only to those in the city proper; another hundred thousand live in the suburbs. About ten years ago a Mint with all the latest modern machinery was established by the Mandarins. It was put up by an expert from America, but, owing to what Kipling calls "official sinning," was soon closed. It was, however, re-opened a month ago, and now coins a Szechuen silver dollar which the native banks are trying to circulate as legal tender. Silver is transported from place to place by coolies, who carry twelve hundred taels as a load. It is no uncommon thing to see a string of seventy coolies together. When the men stop for the night, the silver is stacked up and guarded by armed men, but in spite of these precautions, robberies often occur. One coolie, who had been attacked and wounded by desperadoes, was brought to the American Hospital. He had manfully stuck to his charge, although he had received a spear thrust in the right side of the neck two inches deep, a sword thrust across the face, which had just missed his eye and severed the jaw bone, a second cut by the ear, and both hands cut off at the wrists. Another of the guards was in a house when the midnight raid was made, but escaped by hiding in a coffin, and a third was beaten to death.

In Chungking, a carpenter receives in wages a sum equal to five gold cents a day, and his food, which is equal to two and a half cents, and consists of rice and vegetables. Half a catty of pork every ten days is added. A daily labourer receives two cents and his food.

The Chinese have never known the use of the screw in mechanical appliances. Hence, mechanically, the Celestials have no vice. The lumber for the new foreign building, now being erected in the city, arrives

in the logs, green or rotten, and after being dried on the ground, is carefully selected. Owing to poor tools, absence of skill, and, incidentally, presence of laziness, it requires ten Chinese to do the work of one American.

The indemnity with which the eccentricities of the Empress Dowager and her advisers burdened China is easier to tabulate in a treaty than to extract from the people, the majority of whom live from hand to mouth, or, in popular language, possess "to-day only to-day's eating." The Viceroy Kwei, of Szechuen, endeavoured to collect a part of his assessment by imposing an additional tax of one hundred cash on every pig killed by the butchers of the Province. When the Chungking authorities attempted to collect this amount, the Butchers' Guild (there is a guild for everything and everybody in China, including the beggars and thieves) arose as one man to defend their vested rights. A boycott on hogs was instituted, and no more pigs were to be killed. By this action the butchers hoped to appeal most strongly to the inner man of the populace against the exactions of the Viceroy, and fifty of their number, with provisions, entrenched themselves in the City Temple. Such proceedings amounted to a rebellion against His Majesty the Son of Heaven and the authorities ordered the troops to bombard the position, and the butchers, not obtaining the support they had counted on, were compelled to yield with the usual results. Somebody else besides pigs was killed, "lest example breed by his sufferance more of such a kind," the riot was over, the boycott removed, and pork was sold with the tax on.

As I had occasion to discover, one of the most important matters connected with an overland trip in China is the agreement made with the coolies for the chairs and impedimenta. It seemed wise to take coolies

from the "Hemp Country Agreement Firm," the greatest Coolie *Hong* in Western China. The contract was drawn up on red paper, two feet long and a foot and a half wide; a very formidable-looking document. Herewith I give the translation, or rather a translation, for like the legal documents of Western nations, it bears several interpretations.

Translation of the Contract for Coolies to Luchow.

"Mr. Eastern Region

Of the Hemp Country Agreement Firm.

"In the respectful presence of the old gentleman, Guy (Guy is the Chinese name of the author) of the great Beautiful Country (United States of America) chair coolies and bearers of burdens over the shoulders are engaged from the ancient city of Yu (Chungking) before the water, to start and escort to Luchow is decidedly fixed that every man's price shall be in great red cash, two strings two hundred. The reward according to merit (that is, half a catty of pork) for each man to be included in the price, using coolies many or few. As many as you lay your hands on you give accordingly. Should you use a Top Corner (three-bearer chair) or Four Bearer, or an opposite Board (two-bearer chair) each chair shall be paid for in hand, six hundred, eight hundred cash respectively. Carrying frames and cords to be found by the gentleman who goes on the road. Each load carried over the shoulder shall be eighty catties. Each load carried between two men, with the skin and all, one hundred and twenty catties of the Heavenly Balance Steelyard, weighed as evidence. At the ancient city of Yu, each name received in present money eighteen hundred cash and arrived at Luchow, each name clears up the lower foot in red cash four hundred per man exactly. The tea money to be according to the generosity of the donor.

"This original document should be returned to the Firm.

"There is the Head Coolie who is responsible. In case there is any misdemeanor, this mean establishment may be enquired of.

"To show there is no deception in the midst of this, this document is drawn up as evidence. The protecting and escorting Boss Coolie is Tai Ping Cheng (Mr. Wearing-Luminous-Perfection).

"Outside this, it is limitedly fixed that in the last Idol Moon, the Nineteenth Sun, not having yet beaten the Third Watch of the Night, they shall have entered the City of Luchow.

"Drawn up in the twenty-eighty year of the Emperor Illustrious Succession, twelfth Moon, sixteenth Sun.

"He who sets up the characters, in the Change City (Chungking) Branch of the

"Hemp Country Agreement Firm,  
" (Signed) Eastern Region."

Mr. Eastern Region, the headman or proprietor of probably the greatest Coolie and Mail Depot in China, was formerly a mere carrying coolie who did his work well. He was patronized by an official who saw his worth, and helped him a bit by giving him coolie business. On one occasion Eastern Region lost some valuable goods of this same benevolent official. Knowing his honesty, the official forgave him and continued his patronage. This sounds like the story of an American lad, but even in China a man stands a good chance of getting on in the world, if he attends strictly to business.

The China Inland Mission began its important and successful work in Chungking twenty-five years ago. This station of the mission is regarded by the missionaries as unhealthful, and, as experience has shown, on very strong foundation. In twenty-five years thirty missionaries have been engaged there; in fact, it has taken about five per cent. of the whole strength of the mission to support this one point. These figures appear to me to represent a great outlay of human life. It is said there is a greater mortality in the C. I. M. than in any other mission in China. As to the healthfulness of Chungking, there is a difference of opinion. One foreign M.D. (a gunboat doctor) considers it a healthful place; others think that the porous rock which abounds here absorbs vapours and then gives them off, thus producing malaria and dysentery.

The ordinary Sunday congregations at the Inland

Mission number three hundred and fifty. A nice chapel has a seating capacity of five hundred. The whole property is worth about fifteen thousand taels. As Chungking is the commercial centre, the mission has a business department here, of which Mr. T. Geil Willett is in charge, and manages the finance, forwards bullion, mails and necessaries; and does everything to further the comfort and convenience of the many missionaries scattered through Western China. By careful attention to detail, and close observation of the money market in Shanghai, this shrewd manager has cleared all office expenses and closed the year with a balance in hand. The result is a considerable saving not only to the mission as a whole, but to the individual workers. He is a man of whom it may be said, "faithful in business, he shall stand before kings."

I was specially struck with the despatch exhibited by Mr. Willett in the conduct of some personal affairs of my own. He was cheerful and accommodating, although I was told he was a delicate man. Judging by him, it might be better if more people were "sick."

The Friends' Mission, at the head of which is a graduate of Dublin University, Mr. L. Wigham, sustains a school for the children of the missionaries of every denomination. The Friends' missionaries have only one youngster in the school, which proves that it is purely a philanthropic and unsectarian institution. The Friends also carry on the largest school for native boys in the city, the pupils at which show themselves to be wild after mathematics and English. Their church consists of twenty-eight members, and there are in addition fifty enquirers. The Quakers relate an interesting story about a wealthy Chinese gentleman named Vigour. He is thirty-six years old, and lives about two hundred li from Chungking. He became

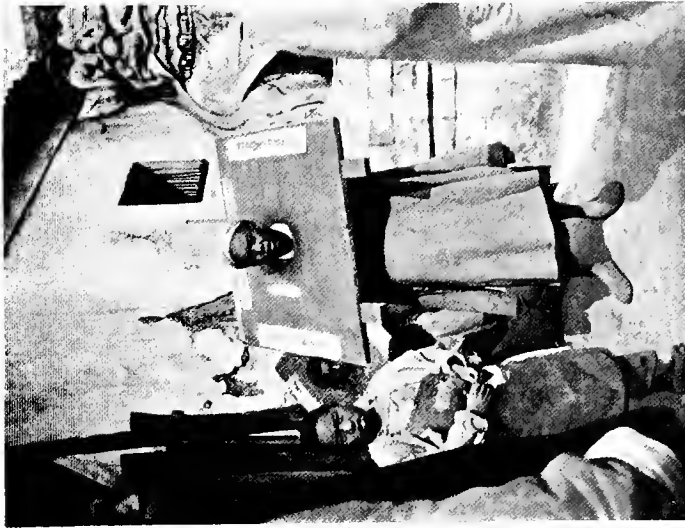
convinced that the Christian doctrine was true through reading a Christian book which came into his possession. Immediately he commenced to practise what he understood to be the duty of a believer in the Saviour of the world. He spoke to relatives and friends about this new truth he had found, and led many others to a knowledge of Christ. Sometime after, a missionary who visited the place, was greatly surprised to find a band of Christians numbering about eighty, who gathered regularly for Divine service. He enquired of the magistrate and the people of the village as to the character of Mr. Vigour, and all agreed that, while formerly his reputation had not been good, he was now an entirely changed man. Last year, when he was away from home on a preaching tour, the Boxers visited his house. Some friends wrote and advised him to return to look after his property. He replied, "I am preparing to do Gospel work where I am, and that is more important than anything else." "Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"\*

The London Missionary Society, whose workers have transformed the Samoan Islands, has a staff of strong men in Chungking, among whom Mr. Parker occupies a prominent place. Besides their evangelistic efforts, they carry on an extensive medical work. And yet, in spite of all that missionaries are doing, there are men who go about criticising them and their work, men who have no personal knowledge of how these ladies and gentlemen labour for the good of mankind and the world.

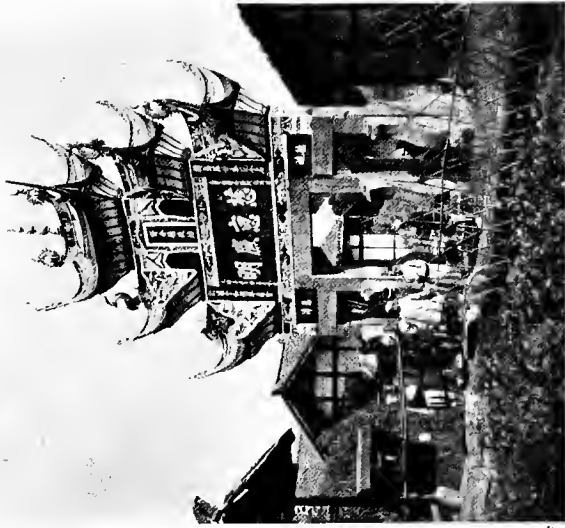
Two other missionary societies are at work in Chungking besides those mentioned; the Roman Catholics and the American Methodists, both of which

\* Milton's "Areopagitica."





BY THE GATE OF THE YAMEN OF THE "MOTHER AND FATHER" OF THE PEOPLE, LUCHOW.



MEMORIAL ARCH TO A VIRTUOUS WIDOW, LUCHOW.



BY THE GATE OF A YAMEN, CENTRAL CHINA.

are large and prosperous. The Americans run much to medicine—I find that the Chinese like to “eat” foreign drugs. So, barring one riot which was interesting and gratifying to them, the natives have been rather pleased than otherwise with my countrymen. A monster hospital building is now in course of construction, and a large number of workmen are necessarily employed; hence it is to the interest of all to keep the peace. This last year eighteen thousand native patients were treated. The Methodists have also started a Biblical Training School to prepare evangelists for the growing work. They are doing a good deal of good hard work, are these Yankees.

Chungking I left with regret at five-thirty A.M. on the seventeenth Sun of the last Moon of the Old Tiger. I was up and had a cup of coffee, with some currant cakes, preparatory to starting. Our party consisted of my secretary, interpreter, the men whom I engaged at the “Eastern Region” Establishment, the runners from the Yamen, and soldiers. The coolies and chair-bearers were prompt to their time, and did their work well.

A few minutes after six we passed through the Nine Piece Bridge District, along a narrow street by the new French Catholic Schools, at the door of which two priests were standing with large crosses dangling on their dark gowns; then through “The Gate that leads to the South Place.” Here Willett’s Shadow said, “Go slowly,” to which we replied, “Please sit down.” The morning moon was misty as we passed through miles of graves beyond the part of the wall which has been fortified against robbers since the time of the Yu Man Tsz rebellion.

Among the long lines of graves it was very sugges-  
H

tive to see the telegraph poles and wires. By the roadside we saw many shrines containing images of the local deities. Fifteen li from the city we came upon the rock Fu Tu Kwan, set in the face of which is a large gilt Buddha, and near it the inscription, "Righteous, Merciful, Loving." A kind-looking old Chinaman met me and said with a smile, "You foreign gentleman, where are you going?" "To Luchow," was my reply.

I was travelling on the Great Provincial Road, running from Chungking to the capital, Chentu. It is seven feet wide and paved with stone, and suggested the well-known common verse,

薄 雲 秋 暖 冷 情 人  
 難 道 蜀 嶇 崎 路 世

The quality of man's friendship is like the autumn clouds—thin.  
 The way of the world is like the Szechuen roads—rough.

—*Common Verse.*

We stopped at the "Perpetual Provider" Inn and had Early Rice at seven-forty, at which meal I ate two large bowls of rice and bean-curd. The building is open in front, and consists of bamboo laths plastered over and resting on wooden beams. Mother Earth serves as a floor, and square tables, with forms on the four sides, hold the viands. It was ten-thirty A.M. when we passed through the "Stone Bridge Shop" village, where there are several stone arches bearing such inscriptions as "Constant Virtue, Filial Piety, and Chastity," "Unsurpassed Excessive Virtue," etc. By noon we passed the "Dragon Cave Barrier" hill, walled about to facilitate the capture of robber bands in that region. Near this, a tea house bore the high-sounding name of "Worthy Virtue Hall." Dinner was served at Mr. Ma's Inn in Peshih, a village possessing

a street two li long. Mr. Ma was unable to tell me how many people lived there and how many had died there since the founding of the place in the misty ages of the past. The dinner for three cost one hundred and thirty-two cash, or about six cents gold. The items were stewed meat, eighty-two cash; rice, forty-two cash; vegetables, ten cash. This was ample for all of us. Ma's shop is called "Complete and Prosperous Righteousness." At half-past three we came into the village of Chaoumakang, and saw a family burning paper money in an iron pan. We found out that it was the anniversary of the death of a member, and the relatives were providing him with money to get through the Spirit Land in good shape.

At five-thirty P.M. we entered the "Glorious Flowery Inn," in the town of "The-Stage-of-the-Fabulous-Bird," having made one hundred and ten li, a good day's work. The men were tired, but ate their vegetables and rice vigorously. Soon afterwards, doubtless, they found their way to the ever-present opium den. I wrote on my typewriter, and then retired early having first placed an oilcloth on the bed under the quilt to guard against the numerous agile insects which seem to be always kept on hand for the special benefit of guests.

An early start awaited us next morning. It was two-thirty A.M. on the eighteenth Sun that I rose hastily, bathed, and by three-fifteen started off on the long day's journey of one hundred and fifty li. The early morning was cold, so I walked, and thus pleased my four chair-bearers. By seven we were travelling through a country of reddish brown soil. Squads of coolies, carrying coal in round baskets at the ends of their shoulder poles, constantly passed us. Our Early Rice was served in the "Small Horse Village," where

I saw large strings of paper silver ingots used to fool the spirits with. Near the "Great Orange Market" was an arch with this motto cut in the stone, "Love good deeds and rejoice to give." There is an immense amount of suggestions strung along this highroad, done in cold stone on the monumental arches. Thousands of taels have been expended in erecting these structures, many of which have been built with the Emperor's approval. Many also commemorate virtuous widows who have successfully resisted invitations of admiring gallants to remarry. To die single, in cases of this kind, is virtuous.

At eleven A.M. I stopped to take a view of the surrounding country from the top of a little knoll. A beautiful valley lay below. The whole region was cultivated to the last square foot, except the graves, which, "mindful of the unhonoured dead," were covered with brown grass, now being cropped by water buffaloes. As far as eye could reach, the valley was divided up by little dykes into irregular patches. When the dykes extended on both sides of a gully and the contour lines were perfectly defined, the whole presented a pleasing picture. The dykes are closer together when the country is undulating. On both sides of the road many of the fields are red with poppy which will later on waft the poor Celestial into fairyland, only to drop him again into an opiumless reality and a deeper poverty. Wheat in bunches about six inches apart, put in regular rows of tufts, lent a green tinge to the landscape. Other fields were ploughed up for the planting of rice, and were flooded with water. I saw a few trees in the valley; a few specimens of fir with the lower boughs cut off. The useful, ornamental, and ubiquitous bamboo abounded in the lowlands. In the midst of the fields, so thoroughly and

effectively cultivated, were numerous comfortable looking homesteads with thatched roofs and bamboo lath and mud plaster.

At noon we "ate the Mid-day" in the "Peaceful Heart" Inn at Yunchwan Hsien. Here are about twenty-five heathen temples, and Roman Catholic and Protestant mission stations. This is the second town I have passed on this road where a "Gospel Hall" is exerting its silent but powerful influence. The people, consequently, know something about the Christian religion everywhere in this region. As we journeyed along, I frequently noticed what appeared to be dark brown fields. Being exactly the same colour as the soil, I was easily deceived—luckily, in idea only. A Chinese dog, less fortunate than myself, was actually fooled, for in jumping across one of these "fields" which he supposed to be dry ground, he plumped down into a pond of water, and floundered about for some time. I then discovered the dark brown to be a fungus growth which is so light that it floats on the water. It not only deceives unsophisticated Szechuen dogs, but also American travellers of wide and varied experience.

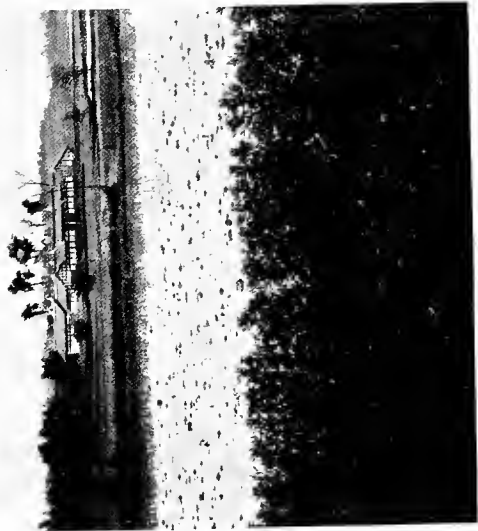
It was seven P.M. when our tired caravan, having finished the one hundred and fifty li, wheeled into the "Heavenly Original" Inn of a village called "Wang-chia T'ing." I found that an extensive robbery of silver had been committed there, the perpetrator of which had been caught and was in prison awaiting sentence from the high authorities in Peking. My chair coolies had completed one of the heaviest day's work perhaps ever done up there; in fact, I believe they broke every record ever made. They curled up, and were fast asleep immediately after rice.

The next day was Saturday, and we made the re-

maintaining one hundred and twenty-nine li between four A.M. and five P.M. An amusing incident occurred in the morning. Before retiring, we arranged with the tired fellows to be off at "cock crowing," for, like many other ancient people, the Chinese take no note of clock time. At three-thirty A.M., when we called them up, they sleepily said, "The cock has not crowed," and then turned over for another snooze. Because they had not heard chanticleer, therefore he had not crowed. But we persisted in starting, and they finally got up. It was over an hour before a cock actually did crow in our hearing, when we were well on our way on the last spurt for Luchow.

While passing through a narrow, dirty street in the market town of Lishih Chan, that is, "Lift up the Stone," I saw a man almost naked lying in the street with his face within a few feet of a guard house. He was nearly dead, and had probably been removed from some house in order that he might die in the open. It is bad luck to have a person, especially a stranger, die on a bed. Such a scene as this is witnessed everywhere in China, not only in the country towns, but also in rich cities like Chungking. After being ferried across the Yangtze, which we reached at this point, we came into Luchow, and found our way to the house of some Australian missionaries, who gave me a hearty welcome.

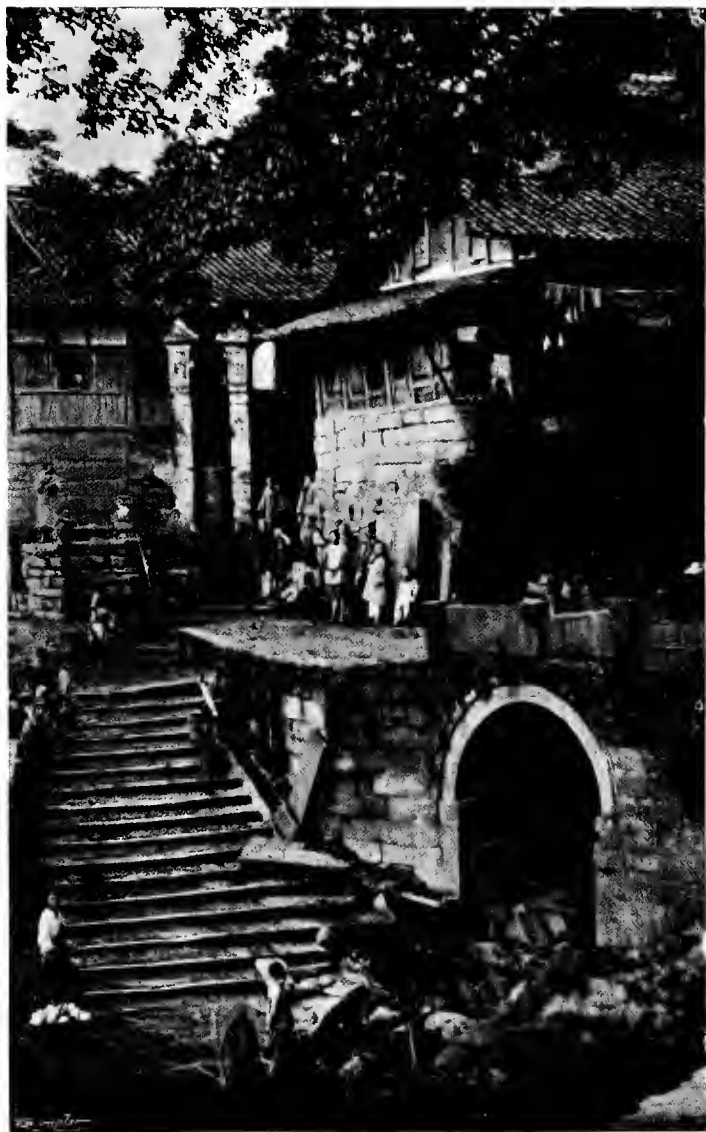




FLOODED RICE FIELD AND COMFORTABLE  
HOMESTEAD NEAR LUCHOW.



1 A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE NEAR LUCHOW.



A PRETTY NOOK OUTSIDE NORTH GATE, SUI-FU. During the summer floods the Bridge in the foreground is covered, the river rising forty feet.

## 欺不天欺人善人怕不天怕人惡人

People fear a bad man, but Heaven does not fear.  
The world imposes upon a humane man, but Heaven does not.

### CHAPTER VIII.

MISSIONARY NEEDS—THE WEARING OF NATIVE  
DRESS — LUCHOW — VISIT TO A MANDARIN —  
CHINESE PRISONERS—A PROTECTING TICKET—  
SALT WELLS.



Cangue.

Y long and eventful journey across China nowhere furnished me with a more hearty welcome than from the Australian missionaries at Luchow. While Baptists, they serve to swell the statistics of that large interdenominational missionary society, the China Inland. The self-sacrifice they exhibit, and the admirable teaching they give the native converts, leading them to endure persecution even unto death if necessary, is worthy of the highest commendation. The efforts of these Australians to win the Chinese of all classes are vigorous and highly commendable. They display a measure of hospitality which is characteristic of every true missionary. Rarely are missionaries called on to entertain beyond reason, but those at certain coast cities should be given a grant from their societies to enable them to make a stranger feel at home. It is a

serious matter to have a traveller leave with the impression that a Christian worker in a foreign land is mean and penurious. The tourist, even, is easily prejudiced by any such appearance of stinginess or lack of hospitality. He has heard many stories about the useless missionary who avoids society to escape observation. The real missionary will court contact with the great, throbbing outside world, for while the statement that the missionary, after the second year "on the field," ceases to develop mentally, may be taken with a grain of salt, it certainly suggests a danger. "Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong."

Let liberal and kind-hearted friends of missions send books, good books, to the mission workers in heathen lands. One really interesting work every three months would be no sacrifice to a wealthy American or Englishman, and it would serve to stimulate intellectual growth and furnish a few hours of relaxation for a tired worker. These books need not necessarily be religious; there are many authors whose works have a thoroughly wholesome interest such as would appeal to the highly-strung sensibilities of those who, in Eastern countries, have "nerves." Some think there is danger of noble Christian workers getting into ruts and believing there are no methods save those they have chosen to adopt or those which have been established by a predecessor in the same station. It is folly to continue mission work in China now on exactly the same basis as held good before the Boxer outbreak, and the missionary or society insisting on such a course is but wasting the people's money and their own well-intentioned efforts.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

At Luchow, I found the missionaries wearing native garments, but well-dressed. Even the coolie will as likely listen to a well-dressed gentleman as to a slovenly attired foreigner whom he considers stingy for not using fabrics becoming his station in life. A foreigner attired in a coolie's plain and tasteless garb must certainly displease the cultured and official classes, and make small impression on the others. There is much to be said for and against missionaries adopting native dress, but as to the pigtail there is no question. It seems to me to be both unnecessary and foolish; especially when there are millions who wish to divest themselves of that insignia of servitude forced upon them by a usurping power. The "Heathen Chinese" calls the foreigner without a pigtail a "true devil," and the foreigner who wears one a "false devil." This may be taken as an index of how the vast majority of the Chinese regard the question. I am not speaking of its use before the Boxer movement, but now! The foreigners who adopt the emblems of the Manchu Usurpation will certainly, by so doing, fail to influence a large number in favour of a strange, uncomprehended and inconvenient religion. The native dress might be continued with some advantage, but let the hated pigtail come off every foreign missionary's head. Or at least let every society make it optional. The individual missionary can be trusted to deal with matters of that sort; otherwise he is not fitted for the foreign field.

It has been said that if the pigtail and native dress be not used the Chinese will stare at the foreign preacher, and fail to take in the message. That reminds me of a man who said that, whenever he preached, the natives stood with gaping mouth and wide open eyes; a statement which I could readily believe, for he knew

little Chinese, and must have been a wonder to the natives, who listened amazed that their language possessed sufficient vitality to survive such treatment. But the Gospel of Christ does not require the people to remain subservient to the oppression of rotten governments. Let the missionary wear the universal clothes of advanced and highly civilized nations, and let him leave off the miserable pigtail. It is the superior race which should impose its customs upon the weaker. As to being conspicuous, is it not the business of the missionary to be as conspicuous as possible? China will never be converted by foreign missionaries alone. More of them are needed and at once, to train and confirm converts: but the great mass of the preaching must be done by those born into the Chinese language. There are no nobler men in all the world to-day than are now to be found among missionaries in China, and they will adjust things to the changed and changing conditions. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

This well-named, but under-manned, mission controls thirty stations. It may be explained that a station is a place where services are held every day in the year. The present staff here consists of Mr. W. T. Herbert and his courageous wife, Mr. Bird, and a young lady soon to change her name. Across the river are two missionaries, one of whom, McIntyre, hails from that beautiful city of Queensland, Brisbane. He is newly out, and spends most of his time wrestling with the language. The latest returns indicate that he has the "throwing hold." In all the stations there are one hundred and four Chinese church members, but fifteen hundred souls are tabulated as real enquirers, sorted out of over five thousand professed enquirers. Two million, five hundred and sixty thousand cash have been

contributed by the natives during the last six months for building, renting, and sustaining churches, a result which is considered encouraging. For many years Tom James laboured here with one station, and the twenty-nine are of this year's origin. Ten native evangelists are employed, and it is estimated that annually every person in the thirty cities hears the Gospel, or more than a million persons listen to something about the true Faith. Eight of the ten are supported by their own people.

The workers trace the present success to a robbery of four hundred taels' worth of goods from the missionaries. The culprits were caught and imprisoned, but the missionaries refused compensation. It was on the highroad at Ti-Peng that one of the leaders of the Mantz Rebellion held up the missionaries. For two years their punishment lasted, and then Tom James requested their liberation. This kindness so wrought on the people that it is said to have inclined them to hear the Gospel. One band of rascals passed a resolution to protect the Gospel Hall people and care for their property. This proved to be no empty promise, for on one occasion coolies carrying strings of cash belonging to the missionaries were stopped by the highwaymen and asked "Whose money is that?" "It belongs to the Gospel Hall," was the answer. "Clear on, clear on," came the prompt reply, and the money went safely to the mission. Several robbers have been converted, among them men accustomed to command marauding bands. They make good Christians. I attended a morning service in Luchow. The audience was intelligent and large, although the date was close to New Year time, when every Celestial is irregular in everything but fun.

Luchow is a walled city with over forty thousand

population. It has a large iron foundry; it is noted for its umbrellas, and is the great salt depot of the West. The spiritual interests of the people are fostered by sixty-six temples and an abundant number of priests of indifferent reputation. There is a temple to the god of Literature, the god of War, and so on. The wall of the city is fifteen *li* around, and seven gates are usually open to the people. But last year at this time there was a season of drought, and the inhabitants began to pray for rain. They never pray for anything unless they are hard up for it. The first thing they did was to close the South Gate, because the South points to the hot parts. No rain can come in that way, but the drought used that gate to gain entrance into the city. They prayed and prayed, but still no rain came. The officials, from the Taotai down, went to the temple of the Dragon King, bumped their heads on the floor, and besought the idol to send rain, for the Sun Idol controls fair weather, and the Dragon King the rain. The Taoist priest read incantations, they all in procession walked with a flag for three hours each day round the altar, but to no avail. The gate was closed for two months. To further impress the Dragon, a paper monster was constructed and carried through the streets, the people throwing water on his ugly head and praying for rain, but the Dragon was deaf. During all this time no blood was to be shed. In time the rain, disregarding the gods, came of itself.

In this district, if a woman is ill, she goes to the "Medicine Mother of Luchow" for advice about her complaint. The old hag tells her patient to mention her symptoms, her name and her birthday. The sick woman concludes by asking the Medicine Mother to "look at the egg." The Medicine Mother then calls





A GROUP OF LOCAL DEITIES, CALLED T'U—TI PUSA. The Birthday of this god occurs on the sixth of the sixth Moon, when, as in the present instance, the idols are brought out of their temple, placed on a dais on the street, and Theatricals played before them, and in their honour. Sui-Fu, Western China.



A Bridge built by public subscription in the year 1739, during the reign of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung, and opened to traffic on the twentieth day of the ninth moon of the third year of that Emperor. It is on the main road to the Salt Wells, and is twenty miles from Sui-Fu.

to an idol and announces the name of the enquiring woman, saying, "Certain, certain, come back;" that is, she is calling back the soul. The old hag then uses paper money, wraps it around an egg, lifts it up and down, making grimaces and uttering weird and uncanny groans, moans, and hysterical exclamations; and then throws the egg into the fire. When, after a time the egg bursts, the witch takes it out and looks at the shape of it. If it resembles a pig she says, "Your soul has already gone into a pig, but has now returned in this shape." The sick person eats the egg, and the soul is back in the body again! Nothing could be simpler than that. The Chinese say that each person has three souls, and when one is lost he is only one-third dead; on the return of that soul he is complete again.

When I had an opportunity of visiting the "Father and Mother" of the city, and the prisons, I had with me Mr. "Forest-of-Righteous-Fields," who is a Bachelor of Arts, occupies a prominent position in the city, and is also a member of the Gospel Hall. He is a vegetarian, and after conversion was captured by a leader of the U Man Tsz Rebellion and taken to a temple where the self-exalted judge said to him, "You, a scholar, have no right to believe this foreign doctrine," and he was exhorted to recant, but in vain. He only escaped death by paying the rebel leader twenty-three thousand cash.

It was nearly noon when, with Herbert, Forest-of-the-Righteous-Fields, and sundry natives coming along to take a look at the stranger, I started for the Yamen. The street was full of incidental stairs, but after divers trippings up and down, the peculiar sights of "South-Corner-Head-Street" lined with pork and medicine, blacksmiths' shops, dyers and death boxes—a cheerful

street!—occupied my attention. When nothing more attractive appeared, I watched the beggars with bowls and poles—they are the only people in China who carry walking sticks—and the sympathy of even the dogs is for the shopmen before whose doors these ragged, verminous, dirty vagrants stand and rattle and cry out until a solitary cash has been deposited in their unwashed rice basin. “Grannery Mouth Street,” lined with stores and mongrel dogs, led into “Big-Cross-Street,” from which we entered “Three-Memorial-Arch-Street,” but the arches were mouldered away and nobody could say much about them. In China even a good widow who did not remarry may be forgotten, although monumental efforts in stone may be erected to perpetuate her memory. The people of the street have worn smooth the top end of an iron pile sunk into the ground, which the natives say has no nether end. The deepest digging had failed to discover it. Not often in any land is it possible to find an iron pile with only one end! The thoroughfare is named in consequence, Iron-Pile-Street. A short ride in Family-Han-Ridge-Street and we were in the outer entrance of the Yamen.

In a Chinese city one can, from a good vantage point, always pick out the Yamen. They bear unmistakable evidences of the “boast of heraldry, the pomp of power.” Wherever one sees two poles about thirty feet high, carrying, two-thirds of the way up, box-like creations resembling a crow’s nest, smeared with red paint, there is the official residence. When we came into the Yamen in Luchow, we noticed near the door several poor fellows with wooden squares about their necks. These were cangues weighing about sixty catties. Over the door of the Yamen, and right over the heads of the wooden-collared prisoners, was a very “Chinese” inscription, “In all affairs be careful that

you love the people." When I entered, the Mandarin, in his official fur robes, received me in the best audience chamber, where injustice is administered, and bade me sit on his left hand. The official residence suggests an out-of-repair Pennsylvania farm-house, where the owner is dead and the estate in litigation and dilapidation. As we ate good sweets, I was asked my age, where I was going, how many we were in family, what my clothes cost, how much money it takes for such a journey, and whether I had any wonderful things about my person. At this latter suggestion I was ready for business, for I had been travelling in Inland China, and stopping at native inns, and if I had none on me, it was no fault of mine. I showed him my watch, and his yellow face lighted up with a home-made Celestial smile as he handled it lovingly and asked to see its insides. Did he expect to see a heart, lungs, and gizzard in the timepiece? The "Father and Mother of the people" had an unbounded curiosity and wanted to see the "wheels go round." Then out came a Fahrenheit pocket thermometer, which, with a fountain pen, is always over my heart, when not in use. I placed it in the long-nailed hand of the crafty Mandarin. He watched the mercury ascend with the bland delight of a child who had found a new toy. Then he placed the bulb in my hand, and when the mercury went down he smiled with more evident delight. The Mandarin was gratified that even in so small a thing as temperature he could raise the mercury higher than the foreigner.

The name by which this official goes is Mr. Plum-Patriotic-Mirror. Had I been to France? Of course I had, but oftener to England, because Great Britain is such a great country. Then he went out to his summer rostrum, and in all his robes of state sat on

a chair under the porch. Next to him was a square stand with a clock out of time which, when it goes, never runs; and the ever-present water smoke pipe. Behind him stood his two Shadows, and ranged in imitation of military order two rows of "heroes." Then I photographed the batch. There were more sweets; he was liberal with his tea and the native confections. I left him shaking hands with himself. Passing the gate, the band of drums and something that sounded like an American horse fiddle serenading a newly-wedded couple, played in my honour. Then off I went to the prisons.

On this tour of inspection the Yamen "shadows" and red runners accompanied me. The prison buildings remind one of dilapidated zoological gardens where, in broken-down sheds, the beasts are human animals occupying single and general cages. Inside the Yamen Compound there was a jail. In one room were three prisoners wearily standing in heavy cangues, with their heads through hinged boards. Chains about their necks came between the wood and their bare shoulders, so that the poor wretches, when standing, bore the full heft of the cangues on the chains, which drove down into the flesh. To rest themselves, it was necessary to bend down. In that cramped position there would be relief, but only for a minute. This room, during the night, would contain thirty persons huddled together like cattle. Those who have money can get the cangue placed on the side during darkness, and thus obtain a little rest. From the Yamen gate we passed outside to a detention shed where over twenty culprits were packed in a small room.

The jailer has many ways of extorting money from the prisoners. One is to place a pole under the left arm and fasten it against the damp wall, then press the other

end under the right arm until it touches the wall. This act often crushes the breast bone. Another is to order the other prisoners to pick the lice off themselves and put them on the subject of extortion. A more cruel one is to tie a string to the right thumb and to the great toe and pull until the remaining toes only just touch the floor. This devilish device has proved effective when others have failed. Torture seldom fails of its purpose. I thought of the dialogue between the fishermen in "Pericles."

"Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea."

"Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones." In the detention shed the prisoners worship the image of a deified man who was incarcerated and died there. He was afterwards proved innocent, and has since been made a god.

From thence I went to the outer prison. A crowd had gathered meanwhile. It is a matter of some importance to have "fresh" foreigners visit the Yamen and make a long call. In the Outer Prison a good supply of robbers and banditti and other vicious looking specimens were awaiting trial. When passing out I saw (surreptitiously, perhaps) in a large dirty room, a poor, wasted consumptive, naked and hugging filthy rags, who called out to me in a thin, sepulchral voice, "Mandarin, Mandarin, do a good deed." I found out that he meant "Ask the jailor to release me, and when I get well I will come back to be punished." Two idols stood between the two wings of the wretched, noxious place—one, the Goddess of Mercy, and the other the deified man who was unjustly punished.

The next move was to visit the prison for capital punishment. Here we waited for the keeper to come with the crow-bar-like keys. He had them fastened to a round slab of wood resembling the top of a small

table. After fumbling about he finally picked the two locks, and we stooped to enter. A pawnshop was the first thing! The poor prisoners, racked with the inhuman tortures of the rapacious keepers, even pawn their very clothes for money to bribe their tormentors and get some peace. Heavy manacles and other irons held the condemned. It is right to say that I found things less severe and unclean than I had expected. Some cleaning up was probably done before my arrival, but except for the extortion and accompanying horrors, the criminals are little worse off than they would be outside; some are even vastly better housed and fed than when at liberty.

At this period, my impedimenta consisted of three chairs, two horses, four soldiers, five coolies, ten chair-bearers, and two Yamen runners, besides a special man carrying the order of the Luchow Magistrate. Thus we started overland for Suifu. As we departed from Luchow, our path lay through a large cemetery where we passed a man picking up papers with writing on them. He had been engaged by a wealthy gentleman to perform this task and present the leaves in fire to the god of Literature. The basket the ragged fellow used had two inscriptions on it; "Do not throw away paper," and "In respecting characters there is merit." The respect for written characters is popular, and in many shops are special baskets for waste paper.

It was ten-thirty A.M. when we stopped for Early Rice at the "Horse-Peace-Stage-Inn." This inn distils its own liquor from sorghum berries. In one day they use two hundred and twenty-four catties of berries and get twenty-seven catties of native gin, which sell for four hundred and twenty-seven cash per catty. On the opposite side of the inn from the still was an opium





LIFE BOAT STATION AT SUI-FU. The Characters mean,  
"THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LIFE SAVING APPARATUS."



One of the nineteen congratulatory Tablets presented to Missionary Faers at the opening of his new chapel at Sui-Fu, August 28th, 1903. The four characters are, Kung Hsiang, Yun Lenge (May all enjoy Eternal Life).

den, and between the two a place of worship and an idol. Over the altar this inscription was displayed, "Happiness, Emolument, Longevity." These are the three things the Chinaman longs for and hopes to obtain—happiness in this life, a remunerative office, and a good old age.

The Yamen escort, which was temporarily delayed, caught up with me. The head man carried, in an immense official envelope, a "Protecting Ticket," which is issued from place to place by the authorities. The following translation of the huge manuscript was made by a local friend:—"This PROTECTING TICKET from Luchow Magistrate's Court, in the Province of Szechuen, to be for protection this day, has been issued for the great American Great Man Guy. The carrier to mutually protect and carry this ticket. The soldiers will accompany to the Southern Peak City to the presence of the Magistrates' Court.

"Runners are cautioned to bring back characters to the Chief of Police at Luchow in order that he may hear for himself. Soldiers and runners must not threaten the Great Man, but according to this sheet receive, protect, and escort.

"For this purpose the soldiers and runners are deputed to go and depart, and must with a small heart protect, with no humbugging noise. This must be done according to the ticket for the Great American Chief of Police (Geil). All in one man, for the public with one foot, twenty-eight year, twelve moon, twenty-one sun, of Kwang Hsu.

To be given to the right.

Soldier 'Crooked Happiness' and runner 'Running Out.'"

The envelope containing this document was fourteen inches long and six inches wide, and had on the outside,

“Containing one letter to be transmitted according to time.” This seemed to be a full and satisfactory paper. What it all meant, and by what process I became a Great American Chief of Police, was a mystery and an unexpected honour. The men, from the Magisterial Representative to the common soldier, all did their work promptly, and I was landed in Suifu in good repair.

The first day's journey brought us the length of “The Southern Well,” a village where rifles are manufactured at the rate of nine a month, ten men at work. On reaching this village, I saw for the first time in China, a salt well. Turning around a corner of the City Temple, we were overlooking the whole salt yard. The well, so the workmen said, was eleven hundred and fifty English feet deep, and contained yellow brine. Bamboo pipes, forty feet long, with a bucket in the bottom, were hauled up by bamboo rope wound round a large horizontal skeleton wheel, by two water buffaloes. It was emptied into a stone trough, and ran through bamboo piping into the brine cistern at the evaporating station, where we were shown large salt pans of iron. The fuel used is a small bituminous coal, which is expensive. This well was in private hands, in contrast to all other salt works in the Province, which are a Government monopoly. It is evidently a continuation of the great salt deposits one hundred and sixty li North. In these salt districts thirty-five thousand water buffaloes are employed to pump the salt brine into barges and through bamboo pipes to the evaporating plants. These animals represent a capital of over a million and three-quarter taels. The heavy death-rate of the animals makes it a serious business for the owners, one of whom has been obliged to replace eighty out of one hundred in

twelve months time. Three towns with a population all told of two hundred thousand, depend entirely on the salt industry for a livelihood. A Hide and Tallow Trust buys up the dead animals and makes a big thing out of the misfortunes of the well owners. The "buffalo chips" from some forty thousand cattle are dried and used for fuel. This proves a blessing to the people, as other fuel is exceedingly dear.

The wells are situated in the Fushan District. Here only two months ago a Protestant church, with schools and other buildings, was completed. The church, which is large for China, has a seating capacity for hundreds of adults. Two-thirds of the cost was paid by the Chinese. The pastor in charge is a man of private means who gives his whole time to Gospel work. The school received one hundred thousand cash per year from the Hide and Tallow monopoly. Here is located a very progressive magistrate who has prohibited the growing of opium. The foreign missionary to the well workers is Mr. W. S. Strong, who has been sent out by New Zealand. He has a reading knowledge of about seven languages, and knows how to laugh and work hard.

From Lanchi we took boat for Suifu, as the roads were said to be very tiring. The next day, soon after noon, the city at the conflux of the Min and the Yangtze rivers hove into sight. The water from the Min is clear and beautiful, and that from the river of the Golden Sands, as the Yangtze is here called by the Chinese, is yellow and uninviting. The Chinese are fond of beautiful names and expressions. "The River of Golden Sand" is fit to conjure with; it certainly brings up precious thoughts.

While we were waiting for Early Rice, which was late, my interpreter found a dirty and dilapidated

Chinese book fastened to a chop-stick, which was sticking in the mat roof of the old coffin we were sailing in. This he proceeded to read, giving a literal translation and blowing the pages over because, he said, millions of microbes had found a home on the leaves of the disused publication. I was inclined to agree with him. The title of the book was, "Spring and Autumn Classics Popularized," and it proved to be a poetical work, from which I make the following lucid extract:—

Spring comes, summer comes, autumn also and winter,  
One year is gone and another comes.

It has its similarities and its dissimilarities.

Up to this point the poet's efforts reminded me of a very wonderful verse about "Beautiful Snow," which certainly betrays evidence of genius:

The snow is falling everywhere,  
Falling here and there;  
Falling through the atmosphere,  
And also through the air.

But to continue this microbic lucubration:—

Flowering grass comes from the Southern River dreams.  
To be good is to be influenced by the spirits,  
On behalf of men and the Mandarin to receive approbation.  
All because in such cases it is contagious in the family.  
To eat to the full and yet have over is the sign of a well-conducted family;

When the heart is not topsy-turvy and the ear is inclined  
We get back to the peaceful life  
Which is the original condition of the spirits.

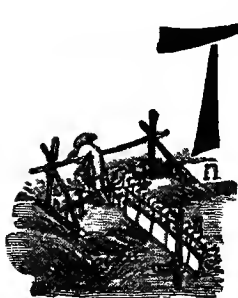
Let this poet R.I.P.

## 子君眞語不棋觀

He is truly an ideal man who can watch a game of chess in silence.

### CHAPTER IX.

DROUGHT AND NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS—CHINESE IRRIGATION AND ENGINEERING FEATS — THE MANDARIN'S SATURNALIA—MISSIONARY PROGRESS  
—A CHINESE GENTLEMAN AT HOME.



Pumping water for the rice fields.

HE beautiful White Pagoda of Suifu stands on a lofty situation at the east corner of the junction of the Min and Yangtze rivers. Its position opposite the city of Sui and on the banks of the Great River is considered very propitious. Its particular business is to prevent prosperity from floating down stream past the city. Here, in the early afternoon, we entered the mixed waters of the "River of Golden Sands and the Min," prepared to go up to the South Gate, but one of the soldiers called from the high stone embankment that the South Gate was closed on account of the drought. (The North Gate is shut when dry weather is wanted). A three days' fast had been declared in the city to persuade the "Lord of Streams," the god of the lakes and rivers, to furnish refreshment

to the needy crops. This rain god was once a man who, in his natural life, built the extensive canals on the vast plain of Szechuen, and thus reclaimed an arid waste for the benefit of myriads. The stunted grass and grain in the dusty fields which I saw bore sad evidence of the lack which must surely be felt in next harvest time. A long drought and the attendant horrors of famine and disease will likely precipitate riots and rebellions among the superstitious people, and many precious lives of natives and foreigners may be sacrificed to the frenzy of excited and hungry mobs. As Burke puts it, "Having looked to Government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them." That very day the officials had been to the temple to try and influence the idol to do better for them. To show their humility and concern to the populace, they walked to the shrine, but were carried back to their Yamens in luxurious chairs to exhibit their importance to the dumb, tax-exempted deities.

During the last terrible drought the farmers brought in their ploughshares and other farming implements, and laid them at the front gate of the Magistrate's Yamen. This action spoke louder than words, and meant that the Magistrate must not expect any taxes from the tillers of the soil. To relieve the distress and bring the much-needed rain, the city officials repaired daily to the temple, where they implored High Heaven to pity the suffering people. This proving futile, they clad themselves in plain clothes and walked bareheaded and barefoot to the place of prayer, where they prostrated themselves before the idols, enveloped in the fumes of burning incense. In the same humble and contrite manner, the Magistrate ascended the Hill of the god of War, outside the





OUTSIDE THE HO-KIANG GATE. SUI-FU. Notice an image of Buddha on the pathway. These are placed at dangerous points to seek his protection. As I was about to expose, a man called out, "Stop a minute while I obtain Buddha's protection, or my eyes will drop out" (a very common superstition among the working classes).



HIS EXCELLENCY HO AND FAMILY. Taken at Sui-Fu during his term of office in that city.

North Gate, for several days in succession, exposed to the fierce rays of the midsummer sun until his head and arms were blistered with heat. Even the Chinese know that self-sacrifice and self-abnegation are the conditions of prevailing prayer. But all in vain were "the imperfect offices of prayer and praise." For months during that terrible time there was neither rain nor clouds.

At the same time the Chinese have performed some noteworthy engineering feats. Witness the Great Wall fifteen hundred miles long, built on the edge of precipices, lofty ridges of mountains, and on slopes steep and dangerous. Witness, also, the Grand Canal, and, worthy of notice, the irrigation system of the rich Szechuen Province. The present "Lord of Streams," when a mortal about twenty-five hundred years ago, conceived a plan for cutting a passage through the hill La Tui Shan, and dividing the Chiang River into streams. He undertook to carry the water by a network of canals across the great plain north of the capital of Szechuen. In this he was successful, and under the magic touch of water, the sterile land was made to produce rice, and for centuries has furnished food to a teeming population. As the decades passed, improvements were made, among which was the manufacture of a monster cast-iron tortoise weighing thirty tons. It was fastened to an iron pillar and let down into the bed of the Chiang, to resist the water. Later on an official got out a patent for two huge oxen. They were also made of iron, and each measured ten feet in length. He brought these oxen together head to tail in such a way that they combined to form the character which, in Chinese, stands for man. The sharp angles of the oxen are supposed to break the force of the water. On the heads of the oxen, above

the edge of the dyke, some Chinese characters are engraved which mean:—

“The ox’s head reveals the top,  
His feet disclose the bottom.”

An ancient writing refers to the oxen as follows:—

“Covered by the floods, the horns  
Betoken plenty in the barns.”

“When the water is brought in conflict with any substance, the heaviest prevails; it is possible to bring together tens of thousands of stones; but you cannot unite them in one body; but tens of thousands (catties) of iron may be melted and united in one; being united it makes one solid weight, of which there is nothing heavier. When water is brought in conflict with such a weight it rebounds, and divides itself into many streams. Divided thus its strength is weakened; in this weak condition even bamboo, wood, or sand may resist it; thus though there is nothing more swift than the water of a dyke, yet there is no better way to cope with it than by using iron.”\*

A special officer superintends the repairs on the canals. At one place it was necessary to expend an enormous amount of labour on improvements. These represented the work of a quarter of a million Chinamen working one day. A tax of a million and a quarter taels is annually collected to cover the expenses of keeping everything in order. Here the bamboo figures again, four hundred thousand poles, it is said, being used every year. About forty of these are plaited into a huge basket thirty feet long, and filled with stones, large numbers of these making excellent embankments to prevent inundation.

We stood in and pulled up the Min a short way, then drew in alongside a boat containing “crushed

\*The above facts are taken from the Journal of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vol. 33.

geranium leaves." When we got on shore, a soldier rushed up to me with a letter which proved to be from Mr. Wellwood, a prominent missionary of the American Baptist Union, who lives in Suifu. He, with Mrs. Wellwood, extended a hearty invitation to me to be their guest. I gladly accepted, and engaged to bring my boxes and "grips" into the walled city. We went by the East Gate along narrow streets, tortuous and wet with the slops of water carriers, and redolent of smells, to the comfortable residence of the Yankee Christians. After enduring Chinese inns, and living afloat in a heavy, leaky, consumptive old tub on the Yangtze, to drop into a foreign front yard, with a bit of fine landscape gardening, was doubly refreshing. And when I walked into the foreign house with its home comforts, American knick-knacks, white table linen, etc., all presided over by the delightful wife of the senior missionary, it marked an epoch in this journey. I also met Dr. Tompkins and his charming wife, who have recently arrived to join the mission. They expect to begin work soon, and give much promise of future usefulness.

The Baptist mission premises are close to the principal Yamen, the compound of which is used in part for the storage of the public grain sold by the officials at reasonable rates to the people during the stress of drought, to keep them from starvation.

The Chinese New Year was approaching, and everybody was preparing for the advent. Stacks of laughing masks or false faces for the festivities, huge piles of strange sweet things were seen at frequent intervals along the busy streets. I noticed a large pawn shop where many Chinamen were "hanging up" their goods, for small sums to spend during the holidays. Numbers of fortune tellers and motto and scroll writ-

ers, who disposed of their commodities for a trifle, were much in evidence.

At the earliest opportunity, the missionaries and myself went out to take photographs. We headed first for the Pan Tien Tsz, Half Side Temple, which adorns the steep side of the mountain on the south shore of the beautiful Min. The site on which the temple is built was cut from the living rock. It cost over two thousand taels, and is dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy. The whole establishment looks like a sanatorium or hotel, and indeed, is sometimes used as such. During the summer months when the waters are high, it is the rendezvous of the wealthy Chinese, who invite their friends to feast in the room overlooking the river. Near here is the famous statue of Tamo, said to be Saint Thomas, even by some Christians. It is supposed by the Chinese to have come over from India on the back of a turtle. Someone has stolen the turtle and the head of the statue, for both being of brass, they were worth more on the market as metal than as saint. When approaching the Half Side Temple, the odour which greeted the olfactories suggested soap works, a charnel house, or some other institution not kept on sanitary principles. I discovered that these smells emanated from a glue factory, and further enquiry elicited the fact that this is a great glue centre. The old horses and superannuated water buffaloes, worked to death at the salt wells about sixty miles north of here, are metamorphosed into glue.

Leaving these cheerful precincts, we came to the carrot market, in full swing. Carrots, ten inches long, lying in great heaps, around which busy pigtailed stood in earnest logomachy over the price, made a picturesque scene. China is the place for delicious, blood-purifying

carrots and healthy crowds. We crossed the Min in a sampan, paying each two cash, and climbed up the steep bank on the other side. Our intention was to visit the "Spring of Perennial Pearls," which is back in the country. We passed through a graveyard where two stone lions still stand, true to the line. They were placed there years ago to preserve the geomantic "status quo." As we passed on, I noticed a peculiar rift in the rock which had evidently been made by human agency. I was told by a Chinese gentleman that it was cut during the Taiping Rebellion with a view to deceive the Imperial troops stationed at Suifu. The rebel army was small, and in order to impress the enemy, it marched over the hill in full view to the cut, when they slipped through and then marched over again. The device presented the appearance of a large army on the march.

The old spring is located about five li east of the city, and across the Min River. For over a thousand years it has been the favourite resort of the Mandarins. Every official of any prominence whatever visits the "Pearly Water." This water has been artificially conducted through the midst of a rookery. In the "Hall of the Flowing Wine Cup" the water flows in a tortuous course through a little channel of cut stone. At each turn is a seat for one. A beautiful cup is filled with wine and put into the water at the top of the course, where the stream enters, and it floats like a little boat down the current, and into whichever nook it stops, the Mandarin there must drink its contents. The excitement becomes intense as the hours go by, the feast growing merrier until it winds up in a "regular drunk." At this spot monster Chinese characters have been engraved by revellers who had a poetic turn. Some of these, which are not understood

except by the learned few, are in the very ancient hieroglyph.

There are two pagodas. The Black Pagoda, which has lost its top—tradition says that it flew away one dark night—is on the opposite side of the Yangtze, and the White Pagoda is situated on the “Seven Star Hills.” In the Tea Shop Temple, standing near the White Pagoda, is a large image of the Goddess of Mercy, sitting on a huge tiger, which has a horn protruding from its forehead. She holds in her left hand a vial containing the Pills of Perpetual Youth. At each side stand attendant goddesses. I photographed this group, and exposed the plate a minute and a half. The Emperor’s Tablet, which stands in the centre, when translated literally, means:—

“May the Emperor live ten thousand years, ten thousand years, and ten ten thousand years.” This is equivalent to “O King, live for ever.”

The temple is so named because in early times a famous tea house occupied the spot, and although the character of the place has changed, tea is always ready for the visitor. The place is kept by three widows, who have determined never to marry again. We gave them three catties of rice each. I wished to photograph the idol which presided there, but some trimmings interposed, and we were doubtful about asking the widows to remove them; but on perceiving our dilemma, they gladly acceded to our request.

The four soldiers who had been deputed to accompany me were required to control the crowds when I set up my camera in the busy street to take a picture of the South Gate. While looking for a place to set up the tripod, I stood near an idol in a nook close to the gate, and nearly stepped on a dead man who had been flung down all in a heap. Let it be said in praise





A STREET SCENE IN SUI-FU, NEAR THE GOSPEL HALL. Note the Coffins and Spirit Shrines in which the spirits of the departed are supposed to dwell for three years after death, when these wooden houses are taken to the grave and burnt, thus liberating the spirit, who at once takes its departure to the Realms of Rest. The name of the deceased is written in gold on a tablet, and placed inside the shrine. The bundles hanging up are ingots of gold and silver made in paper and burned at the graveside to supply the deceased with money in the regions beyond.



THE AUTHOR'S CARAVAN EN ROUTE. SUI-FU TO LAOWA TAN.

of the Chinese that in every city there exist certain benevolent societies, "mindful of the unhonoured dead," which provide coffins for the departed poor. Some one had thrown a mat over this poor fellow, and I was told a coffin was being brought. There are in the temples heaps of rough coffins for these emergencies.

The frequent closing of this busy gate in times of drought must cause much inconvenience, discomfort and loss to the shop-keepers and country people. It would have been shut then but for the approaching New Year, as it had not rained for some time. The Mandarins would get little "squeeze" from the shop-keepers near the gate if they closed it at this busy season, and spoiled the prime trade of the year. In China there is little universal law; the Magistrate generally does what he likes. In the city of Kwang-yuan, for instance, the gate which leads to the largest portion of the city has been closed for one hundred years. The reason for this very inconvenient proceeding is that the Mandarin's wife was unfaithful to her husband, and ran away through that gate. This story, I believe, is authentic. The property on that street would go up ten times if the gate were opened, but then more wives might escape!

The French are now engaged in building a railway from Tonquin to Yunnanfu, and may extend it to this city. They are buying land and spending a deal of money in erecting hospitals and schools. Through the Catholic missionaries this nation has pushed forward her temporal interests by gaining possession of land that will be highly valuable in the future.

The Baptists have thirty-two preaching stations and seventy-four communicants. They are very careful about receiving members, but there are at least a

hundred Chinese at each of the stations who may be classed as real enquirers. In addition there are over three thousand two hundred natives here who are anxious about their salvation. This is encouraging to the missionaries, for even if only half this number are received during the next year or two, it will be a wonderful ingathering. There is also a great demand for Christian books, and Mr. Wellwood says that more literature has been distributed this year than ever before. Formerly the poorer classes only were reached by the missionaries, but now the educated and wealthy seem anxious to hear the Gospel.

On Sunday, when I attended services in the Baptist Chapel, the hall was packed with Chinese whose faces were a study. One reminded me of Emerson, another of President Warfield of Lafayette College; some I should not care to meet unarmed on a lonely road and a dark night. But all were attentive. A few of the congregation were women. Four wore white turbans, which indicated that a death had occurred in their family, as white is the mourning color of the Chinese. This was the last Sunday of the year, and there was a union service at which both Baptist and Inland missionaries spoke fluently and with good effect to the Chinese. The native converts contribute very liberally, considering their poverty. If American church members gave as much in proportion, a readjustment of the money market would become necessary.

The property now owned by the Inland Mission faces on "Everlasting Prosperity" Street, but the new buildings soon to be erected will front on the "Street of the Local Deity." This might indicate that Christian missions are advancing into the domain of the gods, if names mean anything. There are fifteen hundred inquirers, most of whom are sincere.

Much interest, indeed, is being displayed on the part of the Chinese as to the truth of Christianity, and the labourers are rejoicing to see this time when villages and cities are calling for evangelists and offering to rent, or even give, chapels, and pay the expenses of the preacher. This may not always arise from the highest and purest motives, but the fact remains that these golden opportunities for great ingatherings are being offered, and the missionaries are pushing the work with vigour, caution, and circumspection. There is, perhaps, some danger of the last-mentioned quality being over-emphasized.

Last Sunday, near the North Gate, a young man was bound with hempen cords to the city wall, probably as a punishment for some petty theft. His hands were bleeding badly, and he was exhibited as an object lesson to all evil-doers.

At Suifu, I arranged my photographs taken *en route*, and feel very grateful to Mr. Faers, who rendered me much assistance in the work. We spent a whole day at the elegant and hospitable residence of Mr. Chen, a wealthy Chinaman, whose son also helped me considerably. Mr. Chen lives on "West-Inner-City-Wall-Street," and is a man of property. When we had finished a section of the work, this kind gentleman would come in and, after shaking hands with himself, would conduct me to a square table in his garden guest hall, and from a circular partitioned tray put on the table in front of me would gather a pile of divers delicacies made with sugar, honey, poppy seed, flour, eggs, salt and pigtailed skill. Upon leaving my kind host he presented me with a triangular package containing sweets, and then would conduct me, with true politeness, through the maze of his garden to the outer door until he saw me safely on the street. Then

he would shake hands with himself again, and as a guarantee for my further security, would send two of his sons along with the servants bearing monster lanterns like balloons to light my way to the Baptist Mission House.

“ A proper man, as one shall see in a summer’s day.”

## 飲血茹毛巢居穴處

They drank blood and ate herbs, nestling in trees and dwelling in caves.—*Ancient Verse.*

### CHAPTER X.

A ROYAL WELCOME—ROCK CAVES—THE VIRTUES OF 'BY PROXY'—A STREET MELEE—ABORIGINAL CHIEFTAINS—OLD HERO BENEVOLENCE—LACQUER TREES.



“Hero.”

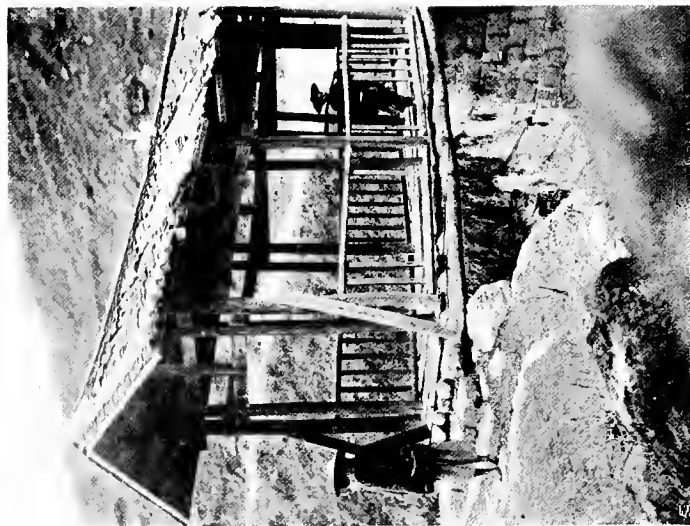
THE moment the West Gate was swung open, at exactly seven in the morning, my curious caravan filed out of the busy city of Suifu. Fifteen minutes before, I had left the comfortable quarters of the American Baptist Mission. A dressed stone arch, erected to the memory of virtuous widows, spanned Ta Chio Street, beyond which we turned a corner with the temple of the god of Literature on the right. My overland procession was composed of two limber bamboo mountain chairs, four short, stout coolies, eight thin soldiers and two Yamen Runners. It made a pronounced impression, not the least impressive feature being the foreigners dressed in the garb of their native lands. Early risers occupied their time posting red strips of paper containing characters for New Year time, on their doorposts. After passing through Heavenly Bath, the highway extended between fields, irrigated and rowing marsh grass in

tufts. Human-power treadmills, framed to admit two coolies when at work, were in use hoisting water to the higher levels. Thus we were soon fairly off on the paved road leading to the capital, on which, it is said, one hundred thousand coolies carry burdens.

As we approached the village of Cedar Streams, a squad of eighteen rifles bearing four square flags, and two long angelic trumpets, met us. They fired a salute, then turned and escorted us in great style to the Gospel Hall, where a banquet was prepared for us. This compliment would have been more appreciated had it required less precious time. Only two Christians live in the town, but so fast has the Good News spread that a full hundred have registered their names as enquirers. The two faithful members and various prominent men presided over the arrangements. After a long delay, a monster metal basin appeared containing a whole fowl, beak and all, two slabs of pork, and slices of something covered with bread crumbs. This ponderous dish was promptly followed by divers vegetable sweets. The welcome was royal, and the converts and enquirers impressed me with their gentlemanly bearing and intelligence.

"Peaceful Slope" is ninety leagues from Suifu. One coolie got stuck in the fine sand near the place, but we sent a relief party and got him out. This small city lies between the River of Golden Sand and the Horizontal Stream, Hankiang at the junction. Here is a Gospel Hall and one hundred and twenty enquirers, who are mostly of the sensible middle class. A messenger had been despatched to request that boats be ready to take us on a fifty li trip up the Horizontal Stream, but so curious were the people to see more of us that they neglected that important business. We soon came up and secured two craft. The authorities





TWO BRIDGES BETWEEN SUI-FU AND CHOWTUNG, WESTERN CHINA.



THE CAVES OF THE BARBARIANS, occupying a lofty situation on Rat Mountain, one hundred and eighty li south of Sui-Fu.

told off eleven riflemen and eight trackers to accompany us. A week before, a missionary had been attacked by thirty roughs and only escaped by displaying suggestively a repeating rifle. We were now out of the track of foreign travel. The water of the Horizontal Stream is so pure and clear that the rounded pebbles on the bottom can be seen. The contrast of this stream with the yellow Yangtze is most pleasing. The river is not over one hundred yards wide, and the swift waters flow along graceful slopes and through rugged mountains. On the steep sides of the hills, in all sorts of impossible situations, are small mud huts surrounded with bamboo in beautiful groves.

The skipper of the strange craft in which I was travelling had an earnest face, but, no upper teeth, which gave his nose the appearance of being about to fall into his mouth. Once he shouted to the trackers, "Step out, you will get there if you go on." Twenty li further on, we ascended the Crystal Rapids, Min Tan. Here is a small thatched lean-to inn, where recently a murder was committed. It is the old story of two partners; one killed the other to obtain all the silver. The mother of the victim asked the partner what had become of her son. He feigned ignorance. But murder will out, even in China. She employed a trusty coolie, who, with an accomplice, traced the guilty man and brought him one night to this lean-to inn. They drank wine with him, and in the dull darkness of the early morning enticed him along the lonely rugged path, where they stabbed him and flung his bleeding body into the Crystal Rapid. Night fell before we reached the landing stage, and the last few li were done in the dark. Once we bumped on a rock, but these river boats are made with plank with plenty of "give" in them, or we should have gone down. On

the shore some people were having a bonfire of paper money for the dead to pay their fare with in the spirit land. A large escort was awaiting us at the village of Huangkiang, and we were conducted to Shining Glory Inn, where a sumptuous meal was prepared, beds draped and everything done up in more than Celestial style. The place boasts twenty temples and one school supported by public subscription, one thousand families, twenty medicine shops and ten undertakers' establishments. The Gospel Hall is without members, but has eighty enrolled enquirers. We had come two "stages," as the coolies term it, to-day. A stage in Central China is ninety li.

The second day out of Suifu takes one from Huan-kiang to Taitingchang. We made a good start, and did not get Early Rice till nine o'clock. Two hours later we came upon a series of Cliff Houses. It was near the summit of Rat Mountain that I discovered these interesting relics of past ages. A little way beyond Fire-Burning-Place, Ho Shao Tien, situated on the summit ridge of the lofty mountain and a few yards below the road, is a series of perpendicular rock faces, in which are cut a dozen doors some three feet high and eighteen inches wide. One of the projecting bosses of rock had been carved into the shape of a human face, of which the door formed the mouth, a projecting part the nose, and on either side of the angle of rock eyes and eyebrows were cut. The chamber into which one of these openings led was octagonal in shape, four feet high and ten feet across. On the outside, by the doors of all the Cliff Houses, figures have been cut bearing a marked resemblance to Egyptian design. The figures are evidently war gods, for in a firm grasp they carry battle-axes with a spike opposite the blade. Some of the figures are in profile

with the feet turned out, and they wear accordion-pleated kilts down to the knees. This, instead of being in long, straight pleats, is in seven rows of tucks. Other faces are full, and I noticed one with oblique eyes. Some figures stand out in relief; others are inferior and engraved on the stone. Some are almost obliterated; others are in a good state of preservation. The man at the Fire Burning Place was a new arrival, and knew little about the caves, but said there was a tradition that they were inhabited a thousand years ago, but a purely Chinese estimate of time is of little value. These barbarian cliff dwellers had an eye to business. All the caves had a southern aspect commanding an extensive view and are furnished with large, heavy carved slabs to work in grooves as doors. They are over four thousand feet above sea level, the view from them being one of the finest I have seen anywhere. The air is wonderfully pure and bracing, and the ancient cliff dwellers must have been a hardy race of men. Leaving these interesting relics of the dim past, we descended into the valley. At a tea shop, one of the soldiers, having a disagreement with a coolie, said to him, "Curse your ancestors." That day I had covered fully one hundred li over mountains. Just before we arrived at the All-Three-Inn, the owner went with his valuables to a fortress on a hill for the night. The building is very large, sandwiched in between the rapid river and a wall of rock. The architecture suggests a temple, a comfortable place in which to spend the night if you wear Chinese garments.

On the following day we got off at the usual hour and stopped at the Heavenly Rapids for Early Rice at nine A.M. I like to walk about thirty li before breakfast. It was exactly seven-forty-five by my watch when we crossed the line separating the two Provinces

of Szechuen and Yunnan. The line, a vine trained to hang there as a boundary mark, was suspended from a ledge of rocks about three hundred feet high. This was the first time I had met with such a thing, as lines of this kind are usually imaginary, but the Chinese are practical people, and I was told that the vine had been planted and trained by the civil authorities. I saw snow on the Mountains of Yunnan, a beautiful sight, with mists floating just above the white line. And here I was in another of the great divisions of the Celestial Empire. When I stopped for Early Rice all the coolies came up except the man with the yellow bag containing my valuable papers and large camera. We feared that he had been attacked by robbers, and I became anxious. One of the runners said that the missing coolie had hired another to carry the bag and had afterwards fallen down a cliff. This sounded like robbery. So I shouldered the repeating rifle, and Old Hero Benevolence took his musket, and we went off in search. Mr. Wellwood enlisted some men, and finally caught up with us. I had noticed a man like mine leave the big road and disappear up the mountain. "Robbery sure enough," I said, "and one of the rascals is escaping." We united our forces at a thatched tea house on the edge of a ravine, and went on ten li, when we discovered the bag. The carrier had fallen, and the bow-legged coolie, instead of bringing it into the village, had waited till he could get someone else to carry it for him. The soldier gave him a severe cuffing for his stupidity. For some natives there is nothing like the *Argumentum ad baculum*.

During the day we came into the cactus section. All the time the scenery has been grand. I had gone a hundred and twelve li that day, walked all the way,

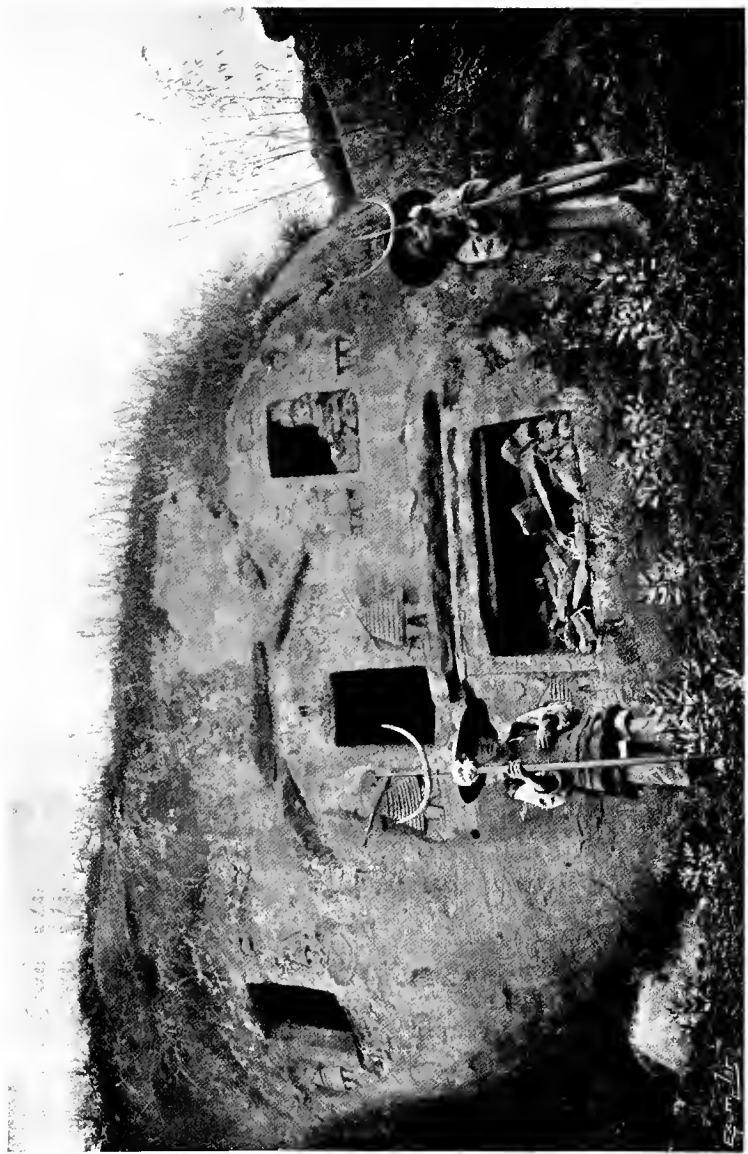
and still found myself fresh. Twenty li north of Sing-gee Pin, where I was to spend the night in the Great-Large-Prospect Inn, is the village of all ears, Pu Erh Tu, where are some of the tombs of the Ming Dynasty. There is a remarkable one near the village. Among a large number of tombs some have been built at great expense; one cost over ten thousand ounces of silver, and contains the body of a chieftain and his six quiet wives. The interior is of fine design, the roof arched, and the sides of carved lattice work. The entrance is into a chamber, then follow a succession of chambers, the corridor being through carved archways which present a fine appearance. These tombs are in out-of-the-way places, to avoid being destroyed, the barbarous custom of one dynasty, upon coming into power, being to destroy the tombs of the former dynasty. Some wealthy men have been known to hire labourers from a distance; while others, after the completion of a magnificent sepulchre, would arrange a banquet in the inner chamber in commemoration of its completion, invite all the workmen, fill them with wine, and then seal up the entrance that none might tell the story of the location and the magic doors. This method is similar to the system adopted by the ancient Kings of Sardis. It was an ancient custom of the Chinese to dispatch their wives and slaves of the man who died; but that is now done by paper proxy. The Chinese are great believers in proxy; indeed, were it not for proxy they would find it difficult to get on politically, socially, or religiously. Next to Confucius, the Chinese admire proxy. At Chinese funerals it is an ordinary sight to witness the carrying in procession of many paper figures, which are subsequently burned. These represent the wives, servants, and slaves, and are to furnish him with a household in

the land of the spirits. The Chinaman is a good example of the "pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

On the last day of the Old (Chinese) Year, the people were making great preparations, and many a chicken had crowed his last challenge. There was a fight in the street near the inn that evening, and we stopped it. Later another occurred, the incentive being filthy lucre. A pigtail tried to collect a debt, and the debtor got some militiamen to side with him. The creditor was pounced upon and would likely have been killed but for the timely intervention of Mr. Wellwood, who jumped into the mob to assist the poor fellow, who was down. In the dim light a native, not discerning that a foreigner was there, drew a dagger. When I came up and saw the glint of steel, I thought it was meant for the missionary, and promptly took a hand in the row. First I grabbed two Chinamen by the throat, and flung them off, and then took another with a round turn. I believe in a round turn; at college I was taught that curved lines are more beautiful than straight. The ruffian turned on me, but having seen the kind of weapon he handled, I thought it was time for business. The flash of the nickel plate and the persuasiveness of the open barrel pointing toward him were too much, and the fellow ran out into the night as if the chief of the spirits were after him. This row is a sample of what happens in every part of China on this night. Many will commit suicide because of debt; others will run away, and still others will be hunting for those who owe them money.

It was only after no ordinary amount of persuasion, and the promise of special terms, that my men had agreed to go seventy li to-day, seeing that it was the holiday of all the year. So we made a short march, intending to make up for it during the following days





IN THE RED ROCK REGION, RAT MOUNTAIN, NEAR HO SHAO DIEN, 4000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



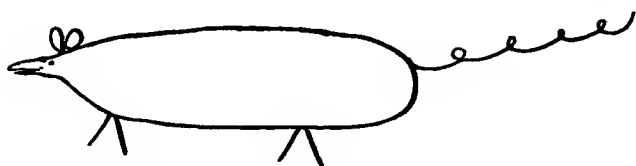
TEMPLES NEAR LAOWA TAN, WESTERN CHINA.

by long stages. We went to Cormorant Rapids in good form, and gave the coolies a present of pork. All day we travelled along a beautiful river, beholding scenery that was becoming more and more rugged and grand. The village at the Rapids has a population of some three thousand souls. Anthracite coal is found near by, and is sold at the rate of one hundred and sixty cash for twenty catties. Here is a suspension bridge built of iron eye-bars, which I photographed. A few years ago, on the evening of the Dragon Festival in the fifth Moon the bridge was crowded to witness a competition in the Hen River, of boats, for live ducks flung from the bridge by wealthy residents. At one exciting point there was a general lunge of the people to the north side of the bridge. A weak bar on that side snapped, and then the people rushed back to the other side, whereupon a large bar on that side broke, and, with a tremendous crash, accompanied by terrific screams, the bridge gave way, and four hundred were drowned. The casualty was so great on account of the Cormorant Rapids just below, where many a struggling victim was engulfed in the turbulent waters. A man, holding a little son in his arms, was standing on a parapet at the side. He became so frightened by the disaster that he fell over the stone work and was smashed to pieces on the rocks at the bottom, but kept his arms so tightly around the child that it was unhurt. The present bridge is unsafe, as the inside of the iron bars is badly worked, and a similar disaster might easily occur. I have come from Suifu to this place in less than three and a half days. The usual time is six days.

At six-thirty A.M., on the fifth day, we made the start, as we had one hundred and twenty li to go to-day and the road was mountainous. I said fare-

well to Wellwood of the American Baptist Mission, a man who has adopted a vigorous policy and is doing a very successful work. Wellwood is an honest and helpful man. He one day offered me his square mirror, which I politely refused, but later, got round a corner and used my circular one, and was surprised to find the very "tough" appearance presented by a black sweater, "awfully" slouch hat, "dreadfully" tan shoes, and some whipcord cloth which hung on a frame work over six feet high. At night, in the inn, a man holds a native candle right over the keys of my typewriter to see them work, and others lean over the table. I have gotten in ahead of the caravan, and am not letting them know that I understand a word of Chinese. It is a fine experience. I have to-day done two days' travelling, and have passed the snow line, the cloud line, and over a mountain four thousand feet high, and am now having a good ending to the day. I am being crammed with kindness. The Chinese have never before seen a typewriter. The coolies are bringing in the boxes. Just now I took the sheet out of my machine and threw away the carbon paper. Amazement sat all over their faces to think I could write two at one time. The proprietor is now feeling the buttons of my coat. He has dilated over the repeating rifle and looked over the hand camera and the yellow bag. A neighbour brings in a chubby Chinese baby to see the strange man with the strange machine. It is great fun. They make large anxious eyes and want to know about the things from distant lands. Let the Chinese obtain a Western civilization minus the Western extravagance and they will wake up this old planet. This village is in the mountains, and there being no fire-pot, I am writing and shivering with cold. My fur coat is with the caravan. A boy of ten has

come in. I made the Chinese salutation to him by shaking hands with myself; but he got scared and ran off. I called the Chinese word "come," and he returned and made the bow; and all were pleased. This is transpiring in a dingy room at the back end of an open court occupied by fowls, swine and human figures. How easily could they have pushed me off a precipice when I was travelling along the wild road approaching this hamlet of the mountaineers, and, were it Boxer time, my life might be sacrificed to the mad rage of an angry mob. But usually the dwellers on the Hills of T'ang are a kind, peaceful people. I ordered supper by drawing a picture of a pig, but they went off and returned with a piece of sooty meat which once belonged to some wild animal and had been hanging by a string in some smoky place. Was it tiger, leopard or cos? I know not. Then my artistic pride was aroused. The very idea that I should draw a picture of a pig and not have it recognized by Pigtails was "enthusing." Then I gathered myself together and drew another picture of a pig like this—



I was getting hungry, and in my despair I did my best, and I am no mean artist, as the above efforts prove, but they were perplexed more than ever. Then I pointed to it and grunted, but of no avail. By and by, I crowed like a rooster, or as nearly like it as possible, but I struck a new species which they had never heard. I next tried drawing an egg and crow-

ing, but that failed too, so I returned to the picture of a pig and made motion as if rooting in the ground. Whereupon a man ran off and came back with a chunk of pork. But how much did I want? I made signs by pointing to the table where the visitors would sit. They understood there would be three, but would they eat as much as natives? Then off a fellow ran and came back with scales. All this in my private room. With a knife they indicated whether it should be cut latitudinally or longitudinally, so I made a gesture and the knife went through, after a long discussion. It was weighed and signs made how much, but I failed in reading their well-meant antics. All the while the greatest good humor and desire to help me prevailed.

The views on "Pearl Mountain" rival Switzerland, the invigorating air is not excelled in the Rockies, and the houses of Gini Po are stone, and resemble those in the villages of Shetland. The tea and other boxes of goods going north on long lines of ponies and donkeys were other incidents of a very full day.

In the course of the journey that followed from Gini Po to Shin Gai, we passed many villages with square towers. Indeed, the towers were a distinctive feature of the landscape. There are thousands of them in the Prefecture of Chowtung. They were built originally as a defence against the dreaded Mantze—a semi-independent race living across the Yangtze in Szechuen. On the way down we passed several fortified dwellings of the aboriginal chieftains who rule over their domain almost independently of Chinese control. Their retainers and families are in practical slavery to them, and can be punished and, in some cases, even killed without reference to Chinese law. Some of the dwelling-places are in lofty and impregnable situations. These people do not intermarry to

any extent with the Chinese. They divide themselves into two classes, the Black Bones and the White Bones, the Blacks being the "blue bloods," who never intermarry with the Whites.

All this day I had been going up, even when going down. The River Ta Kuan (or Hen) was flowing in the opposite direction. This river consists of a constant succession of rapids, and the green water, with dashes of snowballs in it, and the constant roar of the rapids, combine to make it more interesting still. The lofty mountains overlooking this stream, and covered with snow, make a picture that would delight the heart of a Turner. It was about ten-thirty A.M. when we began to ascend the "New Road." To talk of a new road in China, where the tracks date back thousands of years, is startling. But here it is, built by the Taoists, new and creditably. It consists partly of stone steps. A third of the way up at one turning, a smiling god makes the traveller forget his weariness. Half-way to the top I stepped into a little tea house, and here came upon four Taoist priests, who received me kindly, furnished me with tea, and declined to be remunerated.

The Ta Kuan River here branches off, and is known as the Ko Kuei. I took a photo at the fork. The latter drains a beautiful lake in the Province of Kweichow, and the view here is one of the finest I have seen in China. At the junction of the two beautiful rivers was once the grave of the mother of Li Tuan Tata (the man with a short pigtail). This Li became a famous and successful rebel during the present dynasty, and wrought great damage in the Province of Szechuen. As the Government soldiers were wholly unable to cope with his skill and daring, many consultations were held by the authorities, in order to consider how best to deal with the doughty

chieftain. They finally concluded to break the "*fung shui*" by tearing open the grassy grave of his mother. With savage delight the officials visited the point where the Hen bifurcates, violated the grave and "destroyed the corpse." By doing so the good luck which came to the family as the result of burying on the Dragon's pulse was destroyed! Soon after this the rebel power was broken and the Great Leader killed.

We stopped that night and Sunday at Shin Gai, North, a miserable village of thirty families, where the Evangelist Stephen preached to the people. When he had finished, an old man who was not a Christian, but who was rather inclined to the new doctrine, read to the people out of a book.

Leaving Shin Gai, North, on Monday, the cavalcade took Early Rice at Takuan, a Prefectural city which has never regained the glory it possessed before the Great Rebellion. Only yellow dogs and black hogs appeared to be alive. The shops were closed for New Year, and the whole place, with its tumble-down houses, presented a deserted appearance. The furrows of "Stern Ruin's ploughshare" were evidenced everywhere. The most conspicuous feature of the landscape at Takuan is Turtle Hill, on the summit of which is a red tower and a white temple. The head of this monster turtle is turned toward Yunnan, and the popular superstition is that it absorbs the influences which make for fertility and prosperity, in Yunnan, and by some process of digestion manufactures the solid riches and passes them out into the Province of Szechuen. Hence the poverty of the former and the wealth of the latter. To modify this as far as possible, the temple has been erected on the back of the turtle, and a reliable god put in charge.





A MAGNIFICENT GORGE ON THE LAOWA TAN RIVER, SHOWING PICTURESQUE WAYSIDE TEA HOUSE THROUGH WHICH THE ROAD PASSES.



GRAVES AT SHIN GAI NORTH AND OLD HERO BENEVOLENCE, WESTERN CHINA.

Among the body-guard to whom my personal safety had been entrusted by the Prefect Wen of Suifu, and who were charged to conduct me to Takuan, the headquarters of another Prefect, was one Chen, a name in China similar to Smith. His whole name meant "Old Benevolence," but he was only twenty-nine years of age, and both his parents were living. His military designation was Left Company Second Class Suifu "Learn Army." After four years' service he was getting only three thousand cash a month, out of which he had to feed himself. His uniform was that of the Suifu Guards, and outwardly consisted of a red coat with a belt. Big characters on the front and back told the trembling civilian what he was. His trousers were blue, while about the ankles was tightly wound cloth of an indifferent colour. His feet were encased in open straw sandals, and a round hat nearly, if not quite, two feet in diameter hid his pigtail. Under the outer belt he carried another, three inches wide and full of partitions, in which his valuables were stowed away.

I called him "Old Hero Benevolence," as soldiers are referred to as heroes. He was a pure heathen, but a kind one. At Takuan the new guard did not put in an appearance, and so I refused to release the Suifu Guards till the other men arrived. My escort, however, forsook me at the East Gate, although I had not given them my card to take back to the Prefect at Suifu as evidence that they had performed their duty; all except Old Hero Benevolence, who remained steadfast. When he wanted to return, he made obeisance by shaking hands with himself. I had not done with him yet, so I refused to acknowledge the formality. Then he gave the military salute of dropping on one knee, but this I also waved away,

Finally he tried the effect of falling upon his knees and striking his head on the ground, but without avail. I insisted that he should continue with me, and handed him the great repeating rifle, which he had been proud to carry. He shouldered it and strode off smiling. It was another cold stretch of two hundred li, which he had not bargained for, and for which no allowance of money had been made him by the Prefect, yet he moved off without grumbling or sulkiness. He has remained with me from that moment. He has run with me over the mountains, skipping like a deer to keep ahead when I have been making time; he has lent me cash when mine was exhausted; he has bought things for me, taking the advantage a Chinaman always does when making a purchase, but that advantage has gone to me. This is a remarkable experience. On the cold mountains that day he paid for the pears which I bought without having the money to settle for, and then ate the core and was grateful for it. Those rusty coat pears, three inches in diameter, cost but eight cash each, or about one-third of an American cent, but he could not afford such luxuries. He has never attempted to take his meals until I have indicated that he might do so, and his amiability has never deserted him. In the early morning it has been Old Hero Benevolence who has shouted, "Quick, quick," to the others, and on the road when the coolies carrying my special baggage were lagging, his has been the task to hurry them up. When I have been taking photographs, he has quieted the people. He was always at my heels, or just before me, with that fifteen repeater. The other day I struck off, when the men were resting, to take a picture, but Old Benevolence was after me with that rifle. If a dog dared to molest me, the butt-end of the rifle was promptly applied to the corre-

sponding end of the canine offender! Truly, "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."

His kind face and cheerful smile I shall miss. I was really sorry to part with him. As before stated, he was a pure heathen, still I like heathen of his ilk. He ate and smoked opium, drank wine, gambled with dice and dominoes, worshipped Heaven and Earth, and bowed before his favourite idol when passing it in a wayside shrine. This idol was the "chief of the spirits," a hideous creature with two teeth like horns protruding from the upper jaw, while in his extended left hand an ugly sword was held. The whole aspect was frightful. On New Year's Day he placed a cap on his old musket and fired it off near the idol to let him know that Old Hero Benevolence had not forgotten to honour him; and yet with all these faults and follies, I liked this bare-footed heathen hero. There are many like him in China waiting to be saved from their superstitions. He asked for a remedy for opium eating; poor fellow, he was genuinely anxious to be freed from the dreadful slavery of the drug.

He was proud of carrying the great rifle, and when I was not looking, he would take aim and imagine the quarry had been bagged. When I fired the gun, he would jump with delight for the empty cartridge shell. If I ate the yoke out of a boiled egg, and give him the shell containing the white, or left some bits of food especially for him in the basin, so he could get it, he was quite gratified. Poor heathen! had he been born in a Christian land, reared in a home of culture and had the advantage of a Western College, what might he not have been? But he belonged to a race despised by many of my countrymen! That race I shall despise no longer. When I return home, even the laundryman with his pigtail shall have kinder

treatment, because on every hand these people have been kind to me. And if only for Old Hero Benevolence's sake, in foreign lands I must always have a kind word for the Chinese people. The effect of travel is always to teach one to "condemn the fault and not the actor of it." One day Old Hero Benevolence tried to get me to stop ten li short of where I had decided to rest for the night, but when I spoke the final word, he was off with a good grace. Maybe he hoped to profit by his obedience; if so he was not to be disappointed. But that is not all. It is true that the day before the New Year he turned, smiled, and said in very respectful language, "We are going to take your Excellency from one year into another, and we hope to enjoy your Excellency's grace." Had he said "Your Excellency's grease" to make the way easy from one year to another, it would have meant the same. It was pork they expected, as a treat for working on *the* one day of the whole year, when every Chinaman stops work and salutes. I did not want the bother of getting pork for them myself, so gave them the "wherewithal" to get it themselves, and they seemed perfectly satisfied.

Seeing him so prompt and hearty, I early picked out Old Hero Benevolence from the others and honoured him with plenty of work. He never waited for me to ask him to carry my long coat, but offered to do it himself; and when it was supposed that robbers had stolen my yellow bag, it was he who went back with me, seized the offending coolie by the pigtail and batted him over the head, lecturing him the while. He has not hesitated on the cold mountain roads to go on, although his feet were sore. I do not believe his motives were entirely sordid, but if they were partly so, it is no wonder, and keeps him in the human race.

I prefer to remember only the good in him. After the good missionary Pollard, at Chowtung, had given him some anti-opium medicine and told him about the God of the Christians, and I had given him a large reward of a string of "Big" cash, he would not permit a horseman to pass me without dismounting; and returned to Suifu, there to end his days in the service of the Mandarins. Old Hero Benevolence, fare thee well!

Just beyond Takuan the River Hen disappears. At the foot of a high hill is the village of "The Cave of the Floating Water" (Chuh Shui Tong), where the river of Laowatan, or Takuan, or Hen, as it is variously called, seems to burst from the living rock. At the top of the hill, near the village of Wuchai, the river enters a subterranean channel and passes out at the bottom. In the middle of the afternoon we passed through the demolished village of Wuchai. Last year a tiger was captured near this hamlet. A night or two afterwards a fire broke out and destroyed the entire village. The fire is said to have broken out "at the head and tail of each house at the same time." The people think that the fire was the revenge taken by the spirits on the tiger. Regarding the site of Wuchai as unlucky, most of the people have moved to a place ten li further south. They were encouraged to do this by an enterprising landlord who offered to furnish all the building materials, simply taking in return a yearly rent. The landlord of the burnt village resented this, and went to law over the matter, but the case was decided in favour of the new landlord, who, in consequence, has a nice annual income. In New Street (Sin Kai South) I spent the night. That is the new village built as the result of the tiger episode. We had come one hundred and ten li. Sin Kai South

is a new, busy place in a valley over five thousand feet above the tide.

On the journey to Chowtung I noticed many trees resembling the ash. They are the valuable lacquer trees. Every year the bark is cut in a different place, and the exuding juice is used to make the fine Chinese lacquer. When a tree has been sufficiently bled, it is cut down and used for building purposes.

While passing the village of Tsuan Kee about two P.M., I stopped to purchase some brown sugar cakes. In a shop window was a foreign Christmas card, and on the wall the Lord's Prayer in English. This is a famous village. It is here the great Chowtung North Wind starts. It gets a move on too. I took the temperature of it as it passed into my bones, and found on a Fahrenheit thermometer that it registered twenty degrees. An old man of seventy, a confectioner, became a Christian there four years ago. His grandson was in training for the native ministry, and gave great promise, but was taken ill, and, after three weeks, died. The old man attended him carefully during his illness, and finally knelt down at his bedside and prayed, "Let him follow me to my grave and not me to his." There are three families in this village who have destroyed their idols as the result of this old man's example, and I was proud to buy sugar cakes in his shop.

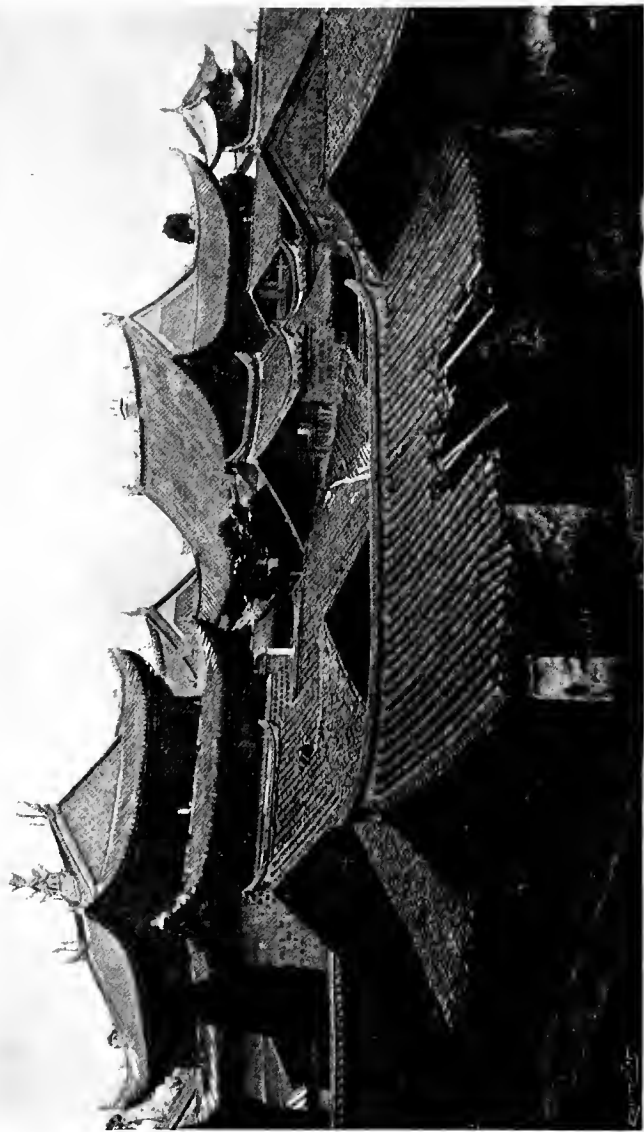
"A light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove."

I reached Chowtung at five P.M., having come from Suifu in less than seven and a half days. This journey usually takes thirteen days.





TWO CHINESE WOMEN.



A VIEW FROM THE CITY WALL, CHONGTONG, SHOWING A FINE ASSORTMENT OF ROOFS.

## 針撈底海人舉分有人人才秀

Anybody can get an A.B. But an M.A. man is like a needle picked up from the bottom of the sea.—*Current Proverb.*

### CHAPTER XI.

A MANDARIN'S VIEW OF COPPER MINING—BARBARITIES TO CHILDREN—THE GODS OF CHOWTUNG—CHINESE SINGING—GAMBLING—DEATH TO THE UNFILIAL—SHRINE OF THE MAGIC PEN—THE TEMPLE OF HELL—INFANTICIDE.



Pagoda.

THREE li north of the city of Chowtung, while walking on the good, hard earth of the Great North Road, I was met by Mr. Samuel Pollard, of the Bible Christian Mission, who gave me a real Cornish welcome, and invited me to stop with him for any time up to two years, when he is entitled to a visit home. Mr. Pollard is one of the best foreign speakers of the Chinese language in Western China, and, as a missionary, is respected and admired by foreigners and natives. He has been very successful in his chosen work, and speaks to crowded houses. Merchants, literary men, and coolies of this, the second most important, city of the Province of Yunnan, come to hear him. It was in very pleasant company that I entered the city, on the way to which we passed the Northern Compound of the French Catholic Mission about two li

outside the city wall. There are four gates, and just before reaching the North Gate, which I entered, we stopped to look at the Drill Ground. This place was once the scene of an amusing incident. Two Japanese engineers were employed by the Chinese officials to work the copper mines in the neighbourhood. The officials wished to test their knowledge of hidden mineral wealth, to do which they secretly dug a hole by the Drill Ground, and deposited a thousand round copper cash. Later on the officials took the engineers out on a tour of inspection, and coming as if by accident to this spot, they asked if this was a good place for copper. The engineers answered "No." Whereupon the sceptical Mandarins ordered their servants to dig up the cash, and produced it as proof of the ignorance of the experts. This fact being established, the engineers were dismissed.

Between the Drill Ground and the city is the miscellaneous graveyard, Luan Fen Yuan, an immense area. During hard times—and the times are generally "hard"—coffin boards are stolen by beggars and re-sold to coffin makers. Very little notice is taken of such insignificant matters as second-hand coffins. Here wolves and dogs feast on the fresh bodies of the poor, who are interred in cheap and fragile boxes. Near this Field of the Dead is a hole often used for the burial of children. The death of a young boy is a cause of great sorrow to the parents. When the evil spirit is released, it is supposed to enter the body of the next child that is born. In order to prevent its return, the parents will often mutilate the little body and bury it at the cross-roads near by. I saw in the home of the missionary a young girl whose father had mutilated two children in this way. Another plan to prevent the second coming of the evil spirit is to tie

an egg and some mustard seed to the body of the dead child, in the belief that the evil spirit will not appear until the egg hatches and the seed sprouts. The astute and anxious parents carefully boil the egg and the seed in order to postpone the date indefinitely.

Entering the North Gate we turned sharply to the left and ascended the city wall. Along the way we passed two of the finest temples in the Prefecture, the one to Confucius and the other to Kwan Ti, the God of War. Just beyond these stand the conspicuous tower of the Temple of Literature, which was struck by lightning two years ago. The bolt entirely destroyed the huge metal pen-point which is supposed to attract lucky influences from the clouds. It is needless to add that the superstitious Chinese hastily added a new point to preserve the equilibrium! Coming down through a broken part of the wall into "Great Horse Place Street" (Ta Ma Fang), we met an ox-cart bearing a huge black coffin. This coffin was for a member of the Protestant Church, a woman who had just died. A little child, born a month before, was killed by an accident, and the mother was taken ill, and all remedies failed to restore her. "Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?" The husband was much grieved, but he had been a brave Christian for years and stood firm in his belief. His heathen friends tried every means to get him to call in a devil-driver to exorcise the evil spirits who caused the trouble. He declared that he would never worship the devil, even if the whole family died. The day after my arrival the funeral was held, in the presence of a large assembly. When the service was ended, the husband and other Christians stood up and said, "Come here, all you people of the Three Religions, and see if Mrs. Li's eyes have been gouged out; see

if her neck has been twisted back; see if her legs and arms have been smashed between boards; look closely at her and never more believe these lies about dead Christians. Don't be afraid, come forward and see." Several came and "looked closely."

The Bible Christian Mission House fronts "The Collection of Worthies Street" (and was built more than a hundred years ago to accommodate the captive prince of one of the small states on the North of Siam. The street formerly took its name from the country of this prince, and was called "The Street of the Mung" (Mung Tze Kai). He was held as a hostage by the Chinese, but managed to escape. Relays of horses were provided by his friends, by means of which he out-distanced all pursuers and safely reached his home. At the Mission House I was heartily greeted, and welcomed by the wife of the missionary and his two fine boys, one of whom had already mastered two books of Euclid, although not yet nine years of age.

Chowtung has its religious interests well provided for, and gods are plentiful. Scores of heathen temples rise on every hand, dedicated to an assortment of gods reaching all the way from the opium-smeared deities and other small fry to the "Pearly Emperor" who occupies the topmost niche in the Pantheon. There is also a Moslem Mosque without a minaret. There are two hundred families of Mohammedans inside the city, and several mullahs call the faithful to prayer. Many of the Mohammedans are engaged in the fur trade.

The French Catholic Mission has hundreds of converts. Recently they finished a beautiful chapel built with indemnity money. The building is of foreign brick with stone trimmings. Between the two squat towers looms up a monster cross from the gable. The foreign priest occupies a comfortable residence and is

on friendly terms with the Protestants. The Bishop recently deposed a Mad Priest who had issued proclamations against the Protestants, and officially apologized for the bad behaviour of his subordinate.

The clay subsoil of Chowtung makes it difficult to dig deep, and the Roman Catholics had much trouble with the base foundations of their heavy building. The Bible Mission House, in common with other buildings in the city, has charcoal let into the foundations for the purpose of absorbing moisture. The Catholics have divided this Prefecture into six parts, and have a missionary in charge of each.

The Protestants have thirty members and many hundreds of enquirers. Among the members are bright young women who have suffered persecution because they have insisted on unbinding their feet and refusing to marry heathen. On one occasion six literary men, before a large congregation, avowed faith in Christ! Two acres of land outside the city have been purchased by the Bible Christians for a training school. Six new workers are expected soon. I have attended evening services here, and on each occasion the chapel has been packed; indeed, a larger building is urgently needed. The attendance of men was much greater than that of women, a condition of things which is general throughout China. Everyone took part in the singing, but there was a lack of decision as to which tune should be used. The native organist used one, and everyone in the audience sang to his own tune, the time in most cases being conspicuous by its absence. But all tried to sing, and there was "one heart" if not one tune.

"It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind."

When the eloquent missionary, Pollard, preached, the literary men, the merchants, the coolies, and, in fact, all classes, listened with the closest attention. Beyond all question the efforts made by the missionaries here are making a profound impression on the city!

Chowtung is certainly a city of expanding prosperity. The ancient name of it was Yumeng, which was given to it when it was held by the aborigines. It was conquered by the Chinese in the early part of the present dynasty, the decisive battle being fought at Camp Hill (Yin Pan Shan) to the east of the city. Great forests formerly occupied the plateau on which the city now stands. By some mighty upheaval these forests were submerged, and now the city has an enormous quantity of half-formed coal. Various utensils used by man are frequently found embedded in the coal, which seems to prove that the formation was arrested. In the examinations I have made of some of this coal, I have found that the knots of the tree had not changed, only the branches and the trunk having become coal. Other features of this great plateau, which our aneroid registered as six thousand two hundred feet above the tide, are the remains of mound dwellings. The plain is dotted with them. Burnt bricks found in them contain certain symmetrical figures. The natives say that, in those early days, wild beasts were so rampant and dangerous that people were compelled to build underground, leaving only a small entrance. Even now wolves exist in large numbers, and often devour children, and sometimes attack men. Leopards and tigers range at will through the country.

Chowtung is the important place for trade with the rich Province of Szechuen. Cloth and salt are the principal imports, and medicines, the wax insect,





THE AUTHOR AND HIS GREAT GOAT SKIN COAT AND HIS MOUNTAIN CHAIR, IN WHICH HE TRAVELLED OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN CHINA.



TEMPLE OF THE BLACK GOD.

The finest Porcelain Temple Front in the City of Chou tung.

and copper are the chief exports. The city and suburbs have a population of thirty thousand, under the administration of civil officials, a Prefect and Magistrate, and a military Brigadier-General. The Prefecture is ten days' travel in length and six days' in width, and has not much fewer than one million inhabitants. Several races of people exist in the neighborhood, among which are the I Ren, commonly called Lolo, a term which they resent, as it means the little basket in which they keep the tablets of their deceased forefathers and which they worship. Here are also the Mizo Tsz, an inoffensive people who are chiefly distinguished for their avoidance of lawsuits and for their prejudices against stealing and begging. This race often serve as slaves to the I Ren. The third race, who live a three days' journey from the city, is the Ba Bu Ren, also nicknamed Man Tsz, which means Wild Men. Mention should be made of the Mohammedans, who really are a separate race, the offspring of Persian Arabs and Chinese women. They still retain certain distinctive features, the bridges of their noses marking them as non-Chinese.

The lawless interregnum, which was recognised in some ancient Eastern countries upon the death of a king before the new monarch was crowned, has its echo here in Chowtung. Going out of the East Gate, we noticed a proclamation in large black letters on white paper, telling the people that as the five days during which gambling is allowed at the Chinese New Year were ended, gambling must cease. Little notice was taken of this by the people, for we passed several groups of gamblers in the open street. At New Year, men, women and children in almost every home gamble. Close to this gambling proclamation, and as if related to it, was a placard by a Christian B.A., which gave

a long account of foreign trusts and syndicates. A few weeks before, some men had started a coal monopoly under the patronage of high officials. The whole city resented this arrangement. There was a general coal strike which threatened famine at the coldest time of the year. The monopolists excused themselves to the people by saying that they were compelled to get money to enable the Government to pay up the Foreign Indemnity, thus throwing the blame on the foreigners. The people took the cue and prepared for a general attack on Christmas Eve. An appeal to the Prefect, who is on friendly terms with the missionaries and who hated the monopolists, probably because none of the profits came into his pockets, averted the calamity. This magnate, glad to have the excuse that the foreigners were threatened, broke up the monopoly, and now the missionaries are given credit for delivering the people from a cumbersome tax. The notice on trusts was stuck up at the four gates, and gave the populace a fair and intelligent idea of the working of monopolies in Western lands. Young Americans might learn some valuable lessons on trusts in Chowtung. Near this same East Gate lived a family, one of whose members took to gambling. The father tried to stop him, but all to no purpose. At last, in anger, he threatened to strangle the boy, saying to his offspring, "The Old Man will string you to death." A few days later he carried out the threat. No official notice was taken of this crime, as the father in China has the power of life and can put to death an unfilial son. This is sometimes done by burying the offender alive. Not long ago a young gambler at Suifu was in need of money to pay his debts. To relieve his distress, he stole from his home. His step-mother objected. The angry gambler

resented her interference and mortally wounded her with a knife. The relatives immediately gathered together, held a rough trial, and decided that this unfilial son should be buried alive. The sentence was immediately put into force, and the case was reported to the officials. A Mandarin was degraded by the higher powers in consequence of the disgraceful act of the son. Had he been tried by due process of law, and found guilty of aggravated unfilial conduct, a portion of the city wall would have been broken down. Thus the relatives saved the city an additional disgrace.

Chowtung is full of interest. To-day, the eighth Sun of the first Moon of the Rabbit (twenty-ninth year of Kwang Hsu) I took a stroll about the city with Mr. Pollard. We went up the "Collection-of-Worthies-Street," down "The Great-Gathering Street," past the miserable looking powder magazine, and up to the temple of the god of Literature (Wen Chang Miao). There is a fine tower in the grounds which had been partially destroyed by lightning. I had some difficulty, at first, in chasing away the dogs and black hogs which had taken undisputed possession of these Confucian precincts. A great crowd, constantly increasing, accompanied us to The Temple of Hell, which is at present given up to the training of the local militia. Batches of fifty young men undergo a course of three months' instruction there getting as pay a little over two taels per Moon. Two large horses guard the entrance to this temple. These four-footed custodians of the dead are said to possess human instincts and affections; and their responsibilities as guardians of Hell certainly do not appear to have destroyed their taste for mundane pleasure, for on a certain night one of them broke loose and captured

one of the young women of the city, taking her into Hades to be his wife, at least so the story goes. The young girl died, and the divines spotted the equine cause. In order to stop any further excursions, the City Magistrate nailed the horse to his position.

Beyond the horse, a great courtyard opens out. This is the Drill Ground of the militia. Around this courtyard are chambers open on one side, and filled with representations of the tortures of Hell. A fence is arranged so as to prevent the young Celestials from making too free with the figures. Here can be seen the hill Wang Hsiang Tai, from whence the dead take a last look at their homes. Further on is situated the Narrow Bridge, over which all souls must pass, so narrow that few get over safely. In the river under the bridge are monsters waiting to devour the unfortunate pedestrians who fall into the water.

Having been mutilated by these monsters, the wind of hell blows on the suffering souls and brings them to life again to take their journey through the next Chamber of Horrors. In one corner is a special chamber reserved for women only, consisting of a river of blood, through which all mothers have to pass as a punishment for the crime of maternity! At the end of these apartments stands an old woman selling the soup that muddles the soul, the waters of Lethe! This induces forgetfulness in the spirits. After drinking of the old hag's potion, the spirits are re-incarnated. I saw here one spirit embodied as half woman and half turtle. The turtle represents the acme of bestiality and immorality. At the end of all is a huge idol with face besmeared with a drug, his devotees having provided him with a feast of liquid opium. It is commonly reported that opium has

taken a firm hold in Hades! Truly, Chinese "imagination is as foul as Vulcan's stithy." All the paraphernalia of opium smoking is often provided for the gods. Little of the real opium, however, goes to these divinities, a decoction made from the skin of pigs being substituted, as the Chinese like the opium too much themselves to waste it on the denizens of the next world.

Passing through a gateway, we came to the abode of Pluto, who presides over the spirits of the dead Chowtung people who enter his domains. This potentate is not always the occupant of this office, being often changed and exalted to higher rank, or even deposed for some misdemeanour. There were two images of this god here, one large and the other small. The smaller image does by proxy all the visiting that the god of Hell makes. He is carried in procession around the streets, for the Chinese are too smart to carry a large, heavy god when a light, small one will answer the same purpose. These gods are named respectively, "The Sitting God" and the "Walking God." When a person dies the Chinese say "Sheng Tien," that is, "He has ascended to heaven," but they always seek the spirits of the dead in the Temple of Hades, as after all they seem to conclude that is the more likely place for them if they are rewarded according to their just deserts. The death of everyone is supposed to be due to this Pluto. The relatives of the dead person often resent the deeds of the god of Hell. On one occasion a mother was so angry at the death of her son that she seized a knife and went forth to slay the offending deity. When a severe drought continues, the officials have been known to take the god whose business it was to look after the rain supply, and set him in the burning sun to experience

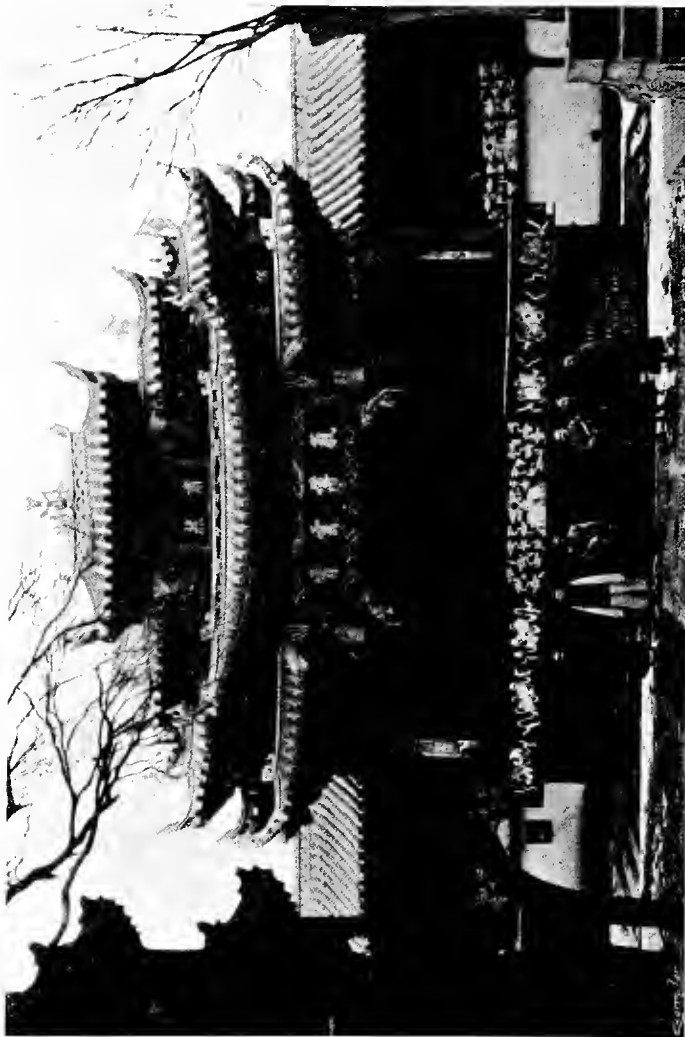
what heat is and what the people suffer, on the principle, presumably, that

“ Those who inflict must suffer, for they see  
The work of their own hearts, and that must be  
Our chastisement or recompense.”

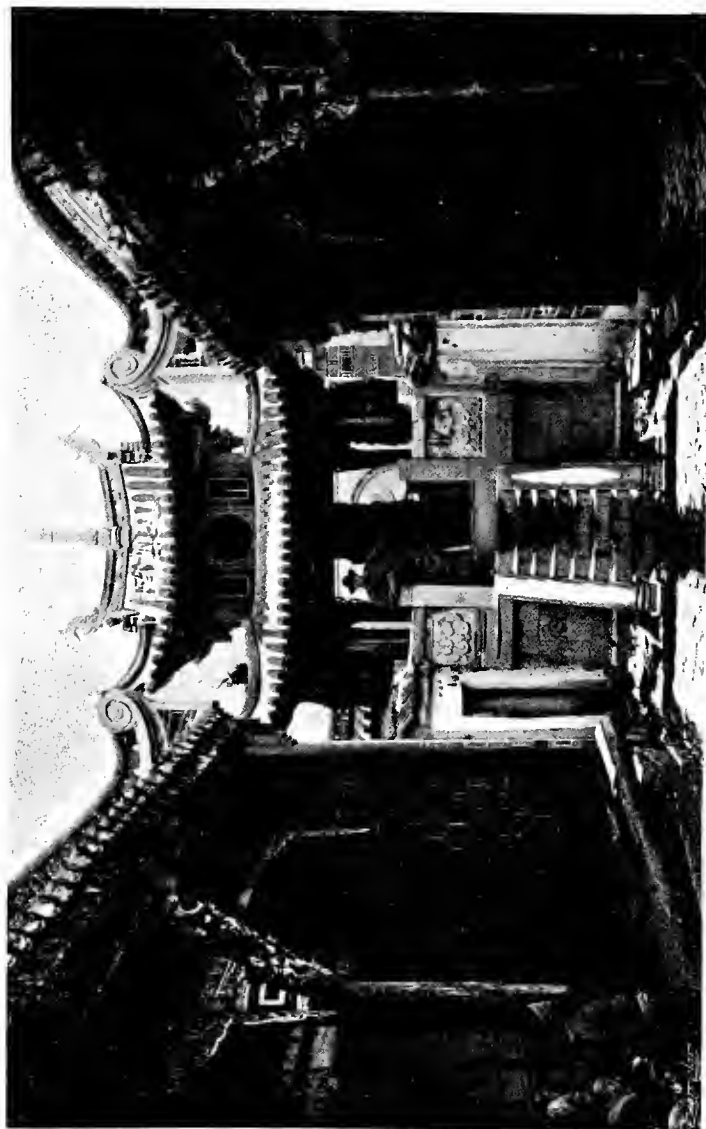
The crowd that followed us had been kept outside the temple by the militia, but as we left the place, they came after us to see what we were going to do. In that I was myself greatly interested. The market place in the centre of the town is part of the grounds of the Brigadier-General. Here a tragedy was once enacted as the outcome of a plot of desperate men to seize the city. Early one morning, hundreds of them gained possession of the place, slaughtering all who opposed them. The valiant General then in charge of the Military District of Chowtung showed the better part of his valour by running away. This miniature rebellion, however, was soon scotched, for the people rose *en masse*, and in turn murdered all the rebels. The fate of the leader, Mao San Ho, is shrouded in mystery. Some say he was killed, others that he escaped. But before noon the whole thing was over, so that the late risers were in blissful ignorance of the crisis the city had passed through. The widow of the rebel leader was flung into prison soon after she had given birth to a son, and the two are still kept in durance, lest the son should attempt to avenge his father's death by another *coup*. The widow is in fairly good circumstances, as she has opened a small pawn shop in the prison yard.

The Shrine of the Magic Pen is a raised and covered platform approached by stone steps. Here seances are held, and communications are reported from spirits by means of the magic pen. Usually these communications are worked by two confederates, the medium holding the pen and writing cabalistic figures on a tray





HISTORICAL THEATRICAL STAGE BELONGING TO THE TEMPLE OF THE BLACK GOD, CHOWTUNG.



THE SHRINE OF THE MAGIC PEN, CHOWTUNG. Situated in the annex to the god of Riches, which is the patron saint of Yunnan. It is remarkable that the god of Riches should rule a Province full of poverty.

of sand, his confederate reading the hieroglyphics and reducing them to legible writing. The people of Chow-tung are mostly spiritualists, and enquire of the dead on a multitude of occasions, for which purpose the Magic Pen is largely in demand. Indeed, to the Chinese the whole country is filled with spirits of the departed. There is but the thinnest partition, a sheet of paper, as the people say, between the living and the dead. The spirits of the defunct are more powerful than the living, and their influence is felt in all departments of life. The creaking of houseboards, the squeaking of rats, the "singing" of the kettle, the sputtering of boiling rice or the rustling of the leaves in the wind are all manifestations of the spirit world. All pain and even the smallest misfortunes are attributed to malign forces. It is a common sight among all classes of people to see one of the women of the household engaged in the following mummery with a basin of water and three chop-sticks:—The handles of the chop-sticks are dipped in water and then reversed, the points standing in the water and the handles held between the finger and thumb. Then the person rapidly runs over a list of names of all who have died in connection with the family, pausing for a moment at each name to loosen the grip on the chop-sticks. Sometimes the chop-sticks stand up, and this is supposed to be evidence that the dead person whose name happened to be mentioned at the moment, is angry with the family, and causes some member of it to feel pain somewhere in the body.

From the Shrine of the Magic Pen we sauntered over to the South Gate of the city and descended the well-kept wall which, inside the battlements, at this point consists of a promenade level enough for a bicycle track. On passing a tower of observation half-way

between the South and West Gates, I saw the naked body of a child, about five years old, lying face downward at the bottom of the tower among the rubbish. These structures, several of which are on the city wall, are largely used as receptacles for the bodies of dead children. Unless destroyed in some other way, the bodies remain there until they decay. Skulls and bones are often seen in these places. The bodies of children are not allowed to be buried in the family plot, that distinction being reserved for older people. If heathenism inculcates great respect for old age, it entirely fails to define the true position of children, who are often treated barbarously, especially if they are slaves. There is practically no control over the treatment of the class, at least in cases of hereditary slaves of aboriginal chieftains. Chinese masters and mistresses hold the lives of the slaves in their hands. I heard of a mistress who was annoyed at the conduct of her little slave girl, and in a fit of uncontrollable anger, beat her almost to death. The woman was too superstitious to allow the girl, as the result of her cruelty, to die in her house, so she sent one of her husband's soldiers to carry the dying maid to the tower over the East Gate, where the soldiers kept watch. A crowd was attracted by the scene, but no one interfered. After some difficulty the Protestant missionaries persuaded two old women, for a good cash present, to provide shelter for the girl until she died. No action was taken against the cruel mistress. What a contrast with all this are the words of the gentle Jesus, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

## 兵當不男好釘打不鐵好

Nails are not made from good iron, nor soldiers from good men.  
*Current Proverb.*

### CHAPTER XII.

FIGHTING A FAMINE—THE MOHAMMEDAN REBELLION—WILD BEASTS IN CHINA—ATTACKS OF WOLVES—WHITE WAX INSECTS—HONOURING A WIDOW.



Footgear.

It was with great reluctance that I left Chowtung Mission House and the interesting family of the Bible Missionary. What an object-lesson to the idolator is a clean, neat Christian home! No shabby reception room with hideous ornaments and cheap pictures of idiotic gods! We departed directly after Early Rice, going down "Collection-of-Worthies-Street," and swung into Carpenter Street, which is flanked by the grounds of the Brigadier-General, and, on the other side, by carpenters' shops. Opposite the doors were fir trees without roots, planted simply for the first Moon. The effect was striking, and one would suppose the Chinese might plant permanent shade trees. At the end of Carpenter Street was a pool of dirty water, green and filthy-looking, supposed to be the source of lucky influence to the city, because it is near the house of Mr. Hide, who is a member of the Hanlin Academy,

and highly respected throughout the neighbourhood. His good fortune is said to come from the subtle influence of this stinking pool, which threw off "the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."

Passing the Market Place and turning to the right, we went down Sheep Street, wherein are found the best silks, cloths, and wearing apparel in the city. The West Gate lies at the end of this street, and just outside live the big merchants of the city, most of whom are engaged in the salt trade. The supply all comes from Szechuen, for the white salt produced above Yunnanfu is not permitted so far north. This prohibition is all in the interests of the salt-producers of Szechuen. Formerly great wells were located at Cormorant Rapid, near Laowa Tan, but as their working would stop the import trade from Szechuen, the Government officials promptly closed them. Thus the people are compelled to eat dear salt, which in Chowtung is one hundred and twenty cash a catty, or, at the present rate, four gold cents a pound. It has a most earthy hue—a sort of grey mud colour. After the pure white salt used on the tables in foreign lands, it is difficult to become accustomed to it. It has, however, a considerable savour.

At the end of the West Gate suburb was a large memorial arch erected in honour of Lung, the present Prefect of Chowtung. Ten years ago Lung was sent down by the Yunnan Government to cope with a famine which was exhausting the district. He started extensive relief works, and built a canal which we passed the same day. This canal has been a success, whereas another one built by him at the north end of the plateau has been a failure. In addition to the works, large kitchens for the distribution of rice congee

and rice soup were opened. One of these were in a large temple called Old Age and Happiness, or Sheo Fuh Sze, in which about two thousand people, mostly women and children, were collected in sheds and not allowed to leave the premises. The greedy underlings did their best to get pickings out of the business, and put lime, alum, and other things in the rice to make a small quantity appear large. This adulterated food, and close confinement with no sanitary arrangements, brought on virulent famine fever, and hundreds died. So rapidly and fatally did death work that the undertakers were unable to supply the demand for coffins. When the distributions ceased, a public effort was made to provide some monument for Mandarin Lung. A memorial arch was begun, and immense stones were dragged to the place for material; but Lung was sent elsewhere, and the scheme fell through. For years the stones hindered traffic, but when Lung returned to office he began to engineer the arch himself, and in time finished it. It is now one of the finest monuments in Northern Yunnan. After passing through this archway, the road runs through some of the most fertile soil about the city, where there are immense vegetable gardens. Further south the gardens give place to opium and bean fields. I noticed young bean plants growing up between the stubble. The beans are always planted before the rice is out. Opium is considered a profitable crop, because everything in connection with it can be used. The juice of the pods makes the drug; the seeds inside are eaten by children and adults as a sweet morsel, or are crushed into oil; the refuse cakes remaining after the oil is crushed out are useful as fertilizer. The stalks of the opium are burned for fuel. "Sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth!"

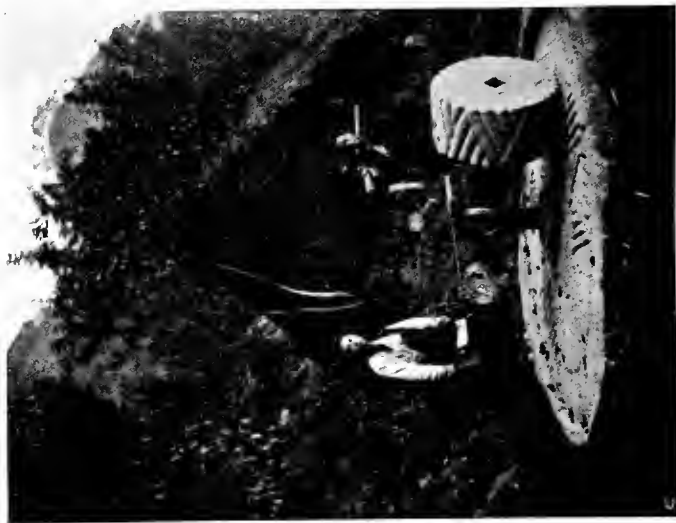
Fifteen li from the city lies the Phoenix Mountain, the top of which is in three distinct ovals. It is said to have grown out of the earth. As a mark on the landscape it is much prized by the people of the region. Not over twenty li from Chowtung we entered the Mohammedan country, and in less than an hour I passed four mosques, but not one had the customary minaret. Before the Rebellion, the Mohammedans were so influential in this region that the Chinese were not permitted to keep pigs or sell pork in the market. At the end of sixty li we entered the large Moslem village of Peace Garden, with a dreadful muddy street. The Islamites are thrifty, but not so abstemious as the founder of their religion. "The prophet never enjoyed the luxury of two kinds of food the same day; if he had flesh, there was nothing else; and so if he had dates, so likewise if he had bread." The Mohammedan Rebellion distracted the country for several years. At first the followers of Islam had things all their own way, for one Moslem was a match for ten Chinese. Finally, the rebels began to make peace. At this juncture Mandarin Tang returned with victorious troops and, accusing the Moslems of killing his father, caused a wholesale massacre. Every Mohammedan that was left was given the choice of eating half a pound of pork or of death. A few chose death, but most elected to eat the pork. It is generally stated here that it takes two Mohammedans to make one. When there is only one, he conforms to the local customs, but when there are two or more, they hang together for the Koran.

I spent the night at Tashui Tsing. For the last thirty li we were accompanied by a Mohammedan soldier, an agile, strong warrior, vastly superior in make and movements to the Chinese. He served as





TOWER IN THE GROUNDS OF THE GOD OF LITERATURE, CHOWTUNG.



ON THE ROAD FROM YANGLIN TO YUNNAN FU.

body guard. The road lay up the mountain, steep, slippery, at times muddy, but mostly covered with snow, the scenery being beautiful and the air bracing. The next day we made one hundred and twenty li. I am inclined to think that in high altitudes walking is more tiring than at the sea level, until one is accustomed to the rarified atmosphere. The previous night I slept eight thousand two hundred feet above the tide, and that night over six thousand feet. These facts well indicate the general position of the road. The country is mostly bare and sparsely inhabited. Later in the day we passed out of the Mohammedan country and again entered the region of idols. The last Moslem escort was sixty years of age, and ran like a deer down the rough mountain path to the Ox Fence or Niulan River. His gait resembled Marcus Dods' description of Mohammed:—"His step suggested that of a man descending a hill, and he walked with such extreme rapidity that those accompanying him were kept at a half run." Crossing the river is a fine suspension bridge with a male and female monkey guarding the entrance at the southeren side. The Niulan rises on the Yanglin plain about a hundred li from Yunnanfu, and joins the Yangtze opposite the independent Lolo land in Szechuen. It is not navigable, as the bed is full of huge boulders.

Before this suspension bridge was made, the road touched the Ox Fence River three li lower down, but the bridge that crossed there was washed away and a ferry took its place. A large village grew up on the south side where travellers usually stopped for the night, bringing much trade. The ferry was insufficient for the traffic, and the three great Merchant Guilds decided to put up the money to construct a new bridge. A new site was chosen and the iron suspension bridge

completed in the fourteenth year of Kwang Tsu. It was opened by Mandarin Ho with much festivity. A village rapidly sprang up around the bridge, and became the stopping place for travellers, but with true Chinese stubbornness many preferred the old road and slow ferry to the new road and good bridge. As very little traffic came by the latter route, the owners of the new village inns went over and cut away the old road in several places. Gradually the new road became the only one passable, and the inhabitants pulled down their houses and moved up to the suspension bridge, or went off to their farms. Only a little white temple remains to mark the site of a once thriving village.

Having crossed the bridge, the road runs due south along a mountain torrent. The glum boss coolie, habitually late, and ill-natured toward the men, by his meanness "enthused" me to go back and punch two of his ribs with my rifle barrel. It was a wholesome lesson, and expedited matters considerably. After that episode, he attended to business. We passed strings of ponies laden with medicines, tin and tea, going over the mountains. There is always one donkey to every twelve ponies, because of an ancient custom that the inn entertains a donkey free for every dozen ponies. One pony's saddle had a red New Year strip on it bearing this legend, "May this be a prosperous year, and everything be as I want it."

Fifty li from Tashui Tsing the Moslem guard was exchanged for a son of Ham. English walnuts and maize were for sale, also eggs at five cash each, and pears with a tar flavour at seven cash. At one shop we drank second-hand tea, *i.e.*, tea that has been steeped then fired again, and steeped for further use. The sun was just down when we entered the village of Ichae Shin, a small market town of three hundred families.

It lies in the midst of a rich fertile plain. At one end of the village is a temple to the god of War, and in the centre of the place two other temples. This is six thousand three hundred feet above the sea. I found a good room at the Saving-and-Grafting Inn, with a charcoal fire, and a candle in a turnip. The cook purchased plenty of vegetables to last over Sunday, and bought a large, fat chicken for four hundred and fifty cash, which is about twenty cents gold—cheap enough, but a good deal more than the real price, as the cook has to get his squeeze and the man who recommended this inn has a share of the profits too. Eggs cost five cash each, and whole beans fifteen cash a pint. The cost of living in China, away from the great ports, is comparatively little, but travelling is much more expensive than in Western lands, where the locomotive will in a day or two do a month's journey like the one I was making.

I discovered that I was wholly deceived by being told in Shanghai that there are no wild animals in China. The mountainous country between Chowtung and Tongchuan is infested with wolves and other savage beasts, "cruel as death and hungry as the grave." Leopards are constantly seen about Ichae Hsien. The Chinese say that every tigress brings forth three cubs, one of which is a leopard; and that the round spot on the leopard opens out like a horse-shoe after it has eaten a human being. An educated man told me that so many children had been devoured by wolves that no one now takes the trouble to keep the count. Wolves are caught by a curious device called the "Tiger Umbrella." It consists of a stick five feet long with several iron hooks at the end, which work like the ribs of an umbrella. The plan is to thrust this down the wolf's throat and then pull a trifle, and the hooks,

fastening in his flesh, bag the quarry, and he is soon ready for market. A wolf's skin sells for one thousand cash. Another device is called "Catching the Elephant." A deep hole is dug and thinly covered with fragile poles and enough earth to plant wheat. The pack of wolves attempt to cross it, and falling in, are readily captured. Wild animals are sometimes shot with poisoned arrows from a crossbow. The poison and arrowheads are boiled together, the former being called "It-sees-the-blood-and-stifles-the-throat." It is said to kill the victim at once. In most of the villages near hills and mountains wolves are a pest, visiting the people with sufficient frequency to inspire them with dread. Hundreds of lives are sacrificed every year to these fierce brutes. Some are yellow and some grey, and go by different names in different places, such as Tu Pao Tsz, a coarse kind of leopard around Chowtung. In some places they are also called hill donkeys, Shan Mao Lee. Tragedies are constantly occurring in connection with these animals. On the ground now occupied by a small sanatorium for the missionaries at Chowtung, two children of the Chinese owner were devoured. At the village of "Three Red Trees," I was told that on the third Sun of the first Moon of this present Rabbit year, an old man named Hsia, who lived at Fire Burned Bridge, had gone out in the snowy weather to cut firewood. While he was cutting down the trees with his "bill" a couple of hungry wolves seized him and tore him to pieces. The old man fought well for his life, but he was no match for two gaunt, hungry wolves, and was soon overpowered. Although there was evidence in the snow of a fearful struggle, all that remained of the wood-cutter were a few gnawed bones. At "Black Earth Foundation," Heh Tu Ki, the day before my arrival,

Mrs. Field (Tien), the wife of a devil-driver, was out in the fields driving home the cows, when she was attacked by a fierce wolf who seized her by the throat and severed her windpipe. Her sons were near at hand, and ran to the rescue soon enough to prevent the wolf from devouring their mother. While life still remained in the body, one of the sorrowing sons carried his mother home on his back, but all efforts to save her life were futile, and that morning the woman died, another victim of these brutes. Her husband was in a fair way of business, having a reputation for being able to drive away devils from all houses of trouble, albeit he was unable to drive away trouble from his own.

So great is the scourge that the north part of Tongchuan plain was rendered unsafe by the depredations of these animals. Other methods failing to drive away the leopards, the Prefect Kien tried another. He went out, prayed to the gods of the hills, to keep their district in order and deliver the people from the pest. The gods failed in their duty. This exasperated the Mandarin, who paid another visit to the temple, sat down outside, and in loud tones ordered the lictors to bring out the useless deities. Laying them on the ground, face downwards, at the Mandarin's order, the lictors administered a sound beating as a reminder of their remissness and as an incentive to better behaviour. His Honour then went home.

My journey at this stage took me right through the heart of the great Wax Insect district. This wax is used for making coloured pencils and crayons. Most of it is exported. The plain contains thousands of insect trees. The rush occurs at the "setting up of summer," when the little town of Ichae Shin is very busy. Hundreds of men come to

purchase the tiny insects. In an ordinary year the price of a load of insects, say seventy catties, is thirty ounces of silver. In a good year a Chinaman will carry that on his back over the mountains into Szechuen and get eighty ounces of silver or more for the load. It is a risky business, and the family of the dealer will resort to every device known to propitiate the gods while he works the insects. Sometimes the insects get warm and hatch out before he reaches his destination, and then all is lost; otherwise, he may make a fortune out of one load. Insects from this place do not make as much wax as those from other places, because, as a Chinaman said, they have only six feet. The real hustlers have eight. Inside each chrysalis are three insects. The first lot that come out disappear, and nothing comes of them. The next lot breed the insects for the next season, and the lot remaining do the work and make the wax. The first are grey, and the last white. Many turn into small moths and fly away; others bury themselves in their own wax and die there. I was told that there were eight thousand loads of these insects produced in Yunnan last year.

On the next stage, we travelled one hundred and thirty li to Pan-Pien Tsing, and I stayed over night in the Great Prosperity Inn. In the corner of my room was a large coffin, which was not intended to interfere with my slumbers, but was prepared for Old Yeh's wife. Old people like to have their coffins ready, to be sure of getting them. Friends sometimes present one as a delicate mark of attention. This would be very suggestive in Western lands, but out there it is the correct thing. Everything depends on the point of view. All the day was occupied in passing through the Red Uplands. Full eighty li from Ichae Shin is a





TRAVELLING TINKERS ON THE ROAD TO TONG CHUAN.



point where the road divides into two, one branch going off to Huelichou, in the Province of Szechuen. At this junction of the two roads is a grave with a history. It is called "The Girl's Grave." Seldom in China is a girl honoured with a stone on her resting-place. The one at the head of this grave is in the shape of a memorial arch. Her father, Mr. Tao, was a devil-driver in the neighbourhood, and gave her in marriage while quite a child. The young husband died before the marriage was consummated. The next brother wanted to marry her, but she objected. He failed to persuade her, and tried force. The girl having what the Chinese call "a high sense of honour," determined to remain a widow, faithful to her deceased betrothed. At last, persecuted beyond endurance, she took a dose of opium and died of the poison. Then came the row. The case was taken from the District Court to the Higher Court, where the parents of the girl were awarded a solatium of one hundred taels, the other party paying it. Part of that money defrayed the expenses of building this grave. A man told me this story in front of the tomb. He was merely a traveller, but was seized by a momentary excitement about it. The Chinese evidently endorse that sort of thing on the part of girls. The narrative was confirmed in the village below.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

Continuing the journey, we passed several houses where bee-hives were hung outside. The hives consist often of wooden boxes or baskets daubed with mud. New Year's mottoes were on them wishing great prosperity to the king of the bees. The honey of Northern Yunnan has the reputation of being the best in all China. At the Red Stone Cliff Village

Taoist priests were holding a ceremony during which they read the Peace Classics, or Tai Ping King. Further on lay the Wild Pig Plain, once a large quagmire mixed up with quicksands. It has been drained by the Taoists!

Thirty-five li from Tongchuan are the three graves of three generals who are still alive. Geomancers, who understand the state of the Dragon's pulse, have had the graves put there on trial. Coffins have been made and parts of the hair and so forth put in and buried. When the graves are opened, the geomancers will decide whether it is a good site, suited to give the generals a good time in the next world.

I pursued my pilgrimage full ninety li, now through small villages and now in solitudes where the scenery was unmodified save only by the crystals of ice on the scant mountain shrubs. Seldom does a foreigner behold this lofty landscape. I rested at the inn of the Chen Family in the village of Great Water Well, Ta Shui Tsing, with a charcoal fire in the 'hopung,' or fire basin. For light, a candle was swung in a basket of eggs from a bamboo joist. This inn was eight thousand two hundred feet above the sea by our aneroid. I had photographed an arch as I entered the place. I hung my Fahrenheit thermometer to the metal tripod, and in short order it registered twenty-two degrees. As a stiff wind was blowing, I found the air too chilly to linger for any further contraction of the mercury.

## 安自忍能富者足知

The contented man is rich, and he who can be patient has peace, of course.

### CHAPTER XIII.

TONGCHUAN—STREET SCENES—ITINERANT MUSICIANS—BLINDNESS RESULTING FROM GRIEF—PAPER FORTUNES FOR THE DEAD—TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA—LEPERS CREMATED ALIVE.



Blind Fortune Teller.

I WALKED from Chowtung to Tongchuan, nearly four hundred li, but decided to take a mountain chair from this place, and engaged three men to carry it. From Tongchuan we started soon after one o'clock in the afternoon for "South of the Clouds," Yunnan Fu. My caravan, consisting of three chairs, nine coolies, two "heroes," and three foreigners, a rather imposing procession, swung out of the mission's high gate into Happiness Street. On our left the great temple to the god of the Southern Guilds stood as evidence of the commercial and religious spirit, while not far along was a house with a statement over the door to the effect that for five generations the family has not split up. That is something the Chinese are very proud of, and consider sufficiently important to tell to all creation. On our right the Roman Catholic Orphanage for

Girls, which supports a wise philanthropic work, was the last object of note to attract attention before we turned to the left through a narrow passage into the main street of the city. On the way, we passed a couple of coy and blushing damsels, one of whom, with true Chinese modesty, turned her face to the wall and her back to us; the other, half-sheltered by her companion, managed to get a good look at the foreigners.

"The maid who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, while she hides reveals."

The street by which we left the city is the only important street in Tongchuan. It runs from the East to the West Gate, and extends into the suburbs. Few pigs are at large, and the people pride themselves on the cleanliness of their city. Compared with most Chinese cities, they have a perfect right to be proud. Nature has assisted the town in providing a number of good wells, or springs. This does away with water carrying and sloppy pavements. Right in the centre of the city we crossed "Ten Character Street," where were congregated fruit and fish sellers; the vegetable vendors with mammoth turnips two feet in length were further along. The Chinaman is wonderfully fond of his "Little Mary." Along the street are eating places exhibiting dingy saucepans, raw leaf tobacco, pigs' feet, and other delicacies beloved by Celestials. Oranges, pears, and sugar-cane were on sale, while men poorly clad strode along under heavy loads of firewood. There is no coal in the immediate neighbourhood, and cut firewood is in constant demand. Pork and fowl are plentiful, but beef and mutton rare. It was a live, busy crowd. Seldom is a loafer seen in China; men seem to be employed or in pursuit of employment. Lending variety to the sunlit street

scene were the small groups of aboriginal women with gay adornment and natural feet. The two heroes relieved us of the stress of the crowd by calling loudly to make way for the Mandarins! I met a blind man by the West Gate, led by an urchin who assumed the task of steering him. He was skilfully playing a superannuated fiddle of two strings. For those who know and appreciate the intricacies of Chinese music with its pentatonic system, a considerable amount of enjoyment can be extracted from a two-stringed violin. I am free to confess, however, that my early training in music was so neglected that I fail to appreciate the artful, delicate touch of Celestial fingers upon the mirthful fiddle. Yet no well-played lute or lyre, breathing Olympian or Tuscan airs, can so bewitch a Chinaman's senses as these same screeching two strings, which frighten even the sullen yellow dogs.

“Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing,  
Should certain people die before they sing.”

There are Blind Toms in every country, and China is no exception to the rule. A blind man came timidly to the mission station and asked to see the “wind instrument,” meaning the organ. After feeling his way over the keys, he jumped at the plan of the strange creature, and under his magic touch sweet Chinese tunes came forth, to the astonishment of the missionary and his own evident delight. Many of the blind men in China engage in fortune telling, and in that way decide the destinies (?) of multitudes of every class. Being deficient in one organ, they are supposed to excel in the others.

One can hardly believe it, but there are cases on record where persons have cried themselves blind. A middle-aged man who was blind entered the street preaching hall in Tongchuan. The missionary asked

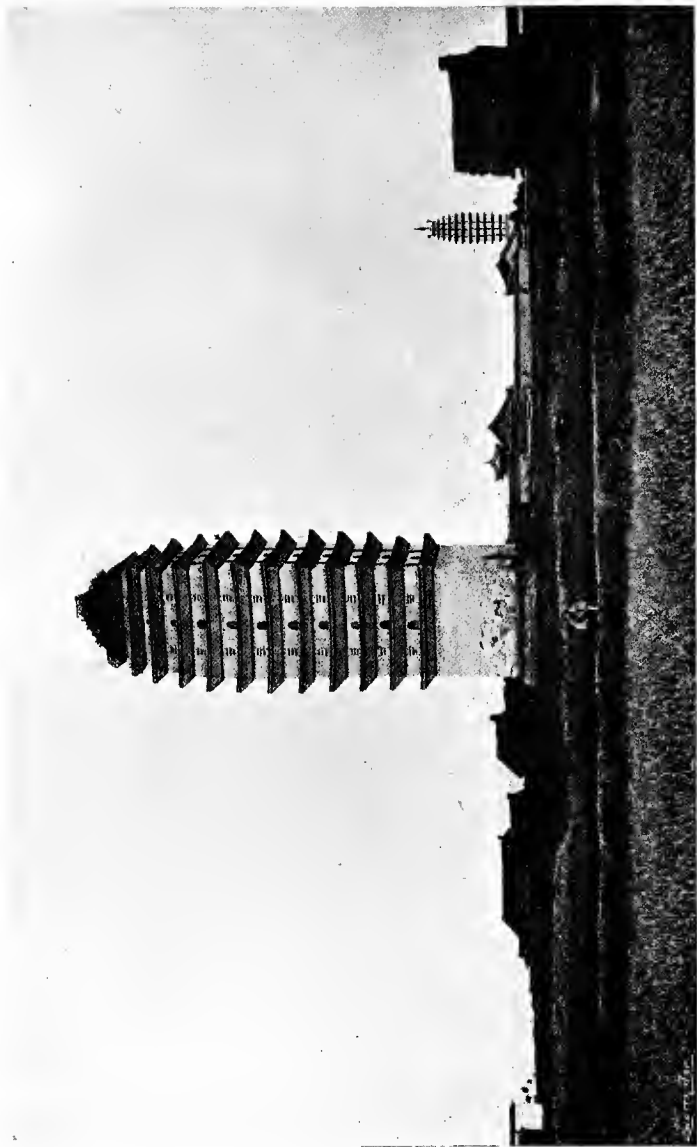
him how he lost his sight, and he replied:—"One day while my men and I were working in the harvest field, our dinner that was usually brought to us from home by my little boy did not come. Going to the house to see what the matter was, I found my poor little son had been killed and partly devoured by wolves. I was horror-struck, so that I cried and cried until I cried myself blind." A woman came to the teacher and said, "I trouble you, but will you make me see?" The teacher replied that he had not the power. "But," she said, "everybody says you have." The story of Jesus healing the blind is often supposed to apply to the missionary, who is locally called "Jesus." It was during the French war in Tonquin that this woman's son went with large numbers of recruits from the Great Chowtung Plateau to join the forces of the terrible Viceroy Tsen, the father of the present Viceroy of Szechuen, who has settled the Boxer troubles there. After the war was over, the mother, who was a widow, anxiously looked for her son's return, as he was her only support. One day the sad news came that she would never see her boy again, as he had died in that frightfully malarious country. The poor woman gave herself up to uncontrollable grief, and literally cried her eyes out.

"Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break."

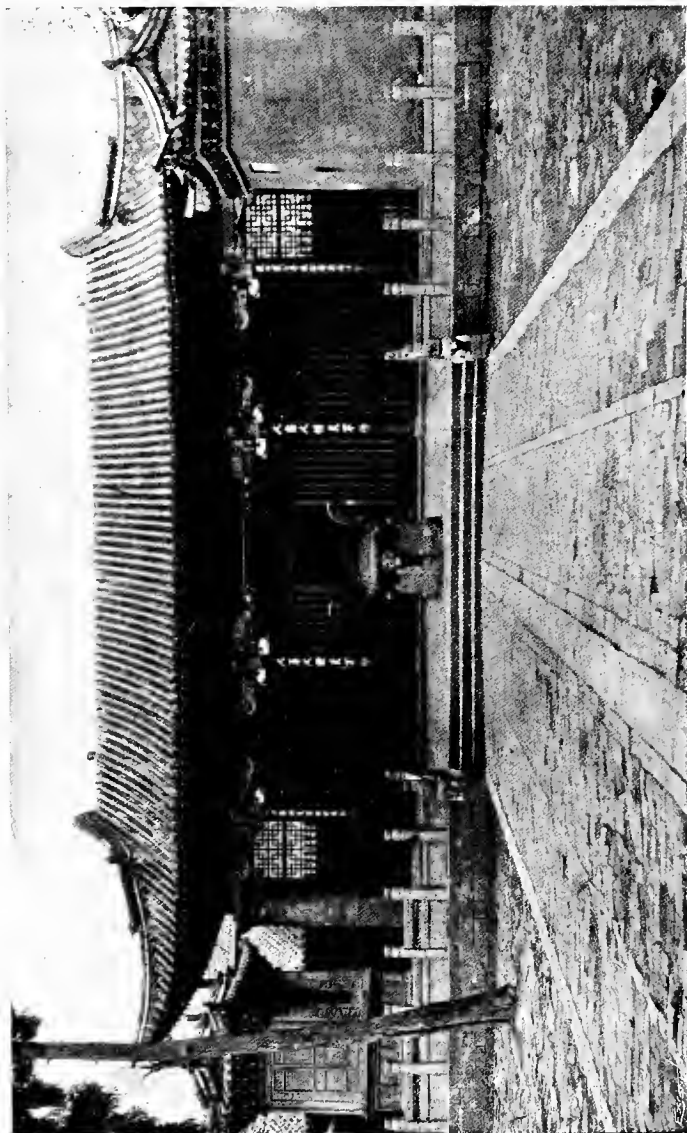
The inhabitants of this district seem to be quiet and well-behaved. Indeed, the people of Tongchuan are said to be so easily governed that it can be done lying down. This the Mandarins literally do, for opium is usually smoked in that position.

In the I Li River the natives had devised a curious fish trap with stones placed in the shape of a horse-shoe. The opening was down stream, made shallow at the





THE TWO GREAT PAGODAS OF YUNNAN FU. An earthquake destroyed the Eastern Pagoda, which was rebuilt by public subscription during the viceroyalty of I-sen. There are a thousand temples in this city of an hundred thousand people. The Temple of the god of War is very fine, and was built between the fourteenth and twenty-fourth years of the present reign at a cost of 25,438.75 taels of silver.



THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE CITY (HELL) TEMPLE, Yunnan Fu. Huge bronze censor in the foreground. On the two prominent pillars is the following legend in black characters on red:  
"Men are bad and men fear them, Heaven does not fear them.  
Men are good and men deceive them, Heaven does not deceive them."  
The favourite place for taking oaths is before the god Hell.

entrance and deepened inside. The fish go in and are unable to find their way out. The scheme works admirably, and many unwary fish are caught.

After making sixty li, we turned a few li out of our way to Great Bridge, which spans the I Li, and stopped at a small, one-story inn for the night. The next morning we started early and travelled by the light of the pale silver moon, just sinking in the west, and very soon to be submerged in the sea of golden light which gradually broke over the sky from the east. The effect was magnificent beyond description. Past the Post-of-Three-Families were white-necked ravens, "parson crows," and a flock of jays. I saw magpies innumerable everywhere, and wild geese. A grey kite and a white-headed hawk were having a dispute about some prey in the river.

Thirty li from Great Bridge, at the village of Partridge, preparations were being made for a funeral. The house of the deceased denoted that he was a person of small means. But on a pole full thirty feet high were hung scores of rings three feet in diameter, from each of which fluttered hundreds of strips of cut paper, each strip representing one thousand cash. The whole was to be burned for the use of the deceased in the next world. He was poor in this world, but would be a millionaire in the next, as soon as this paper, worthless here, but valuable in Hades, was burnt and became his property. In addition to all this paper money, two paper horses were waiting to be conveyed to him in the same way, and a paper sedan chair with the usual complement of attendants, finished the equipment. A tile on the roof had been removed to let the "Breath Money Spirit" out. Has this anything to do with the English expression, "He has a tile loose?"

At the end of sixty li we began the ascent of the

great Shao Pai mountain. It was a steep climb, first up a slope, then a gradual ascent until the highest point of this present journey was reached. The Chinese say that the road up is fifteen li, but going down it is but ten li, a thing that is not very absurd when one recollects that in Chinese calculations, time as well as length is considered. The views from the slope of Shao Pai are surpassingly grand. Some of the distant mountains in sight are twelve thousand feet above the Yellow Sea, and at that time were covered with snow. Away to the north, on a rocky summit, almost inaccessible, and surrounded by stumpy trees, is the famous Temple of "The Collective Kings." The priest is certainly not troubled with any considerable number of worshippers. The sunlight on the variegated landscape gave such a glow and surprise to the mind that one was well repaid for the hard work of the ascent. The mountain is often visited by heavy gales, during which neither chairs nor pedestrians can pass. To the east is Mount Nochutsao, which shifted its position three years ago, the gigantic movement annihilating more than a score of families.

At the top of the pass, ten thousand feet above the sea, the temperature was thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Far below, to the west, stretches out the Plain-of-the-Wild-Horse, beautiful, but almost useless for cultivation, as there seems to be no outlet for the drainage. Flocks of sheep and goats, with shepherds wearing large white capes made from the wool of their own sheep, dotted the plain. The making of rugs in North-eastern Yunnan, from home-grown wool, is a considerable industry. We had to eat the "Upper Noon" at Mouth-of-the-Paper-Factory, and paid several cash for a cup of water. The water must all

be carried to this lofty situation from a mountain stream far below. The people are very poor, and the village has one street seventy feet long, which is the width of the ridge at this spot. After stopping there for some rude refreshment, we began the descent. For five li the road was in the bed of a stream; then across the Great-Plain-Where-the-Salt-Marsh-Plant-Grows. The atmosphere was exhilarating. There are very few dwellings on this plain, but at the south end stands a guard house commanding the long stretch of level land. The region is infested by bold robber bands.

The sun had not set when we entered Leper's Head Hill, a village with one street. The inn was good, as its name, "Reviving Again Inn," gave promise. The usual monstrous pictures disfigured the doors. We soon had a charcoal fire going, and a pigtail entered and asked if I would have some eggs. Now it so happened that I said "No," for of late I had used so many that I was ashamed to look a chicken in the face. This led the man to think that I believed the curious superstition of the place. I jotted this down: "WARNING! The Public is warned against eating eggs in this place, as there is danger of contracting leprosy." Leprosy is a disease of which the Chinese are very much afraid, and not without reason. In this Province of Yunnan there are thousands of leprous persons. No remedy is known for the disease except to burn the patient, and this is often done. Cases have been known where the victim, after having been stupefied with opium, has been placed in a house, which was then set on fire and the leper cremated on the spot.

In this village a busy market is held on the days belonging to the Dragon and the Dog. During the

night I was awakened by the noise of drums and cymbals. The people of the village temple were escorting the spirits back to Hades, and on their return bringing water from a noted well in the neighbourhood.

Next morning, by the light of the full moon, my caravan cheerfully passed down the deserted street and out of Leper's Head Hill. It proved to be a merry day. We had a great deal of fun with the two runners sent to accompany us. Both surnames were pronounced "Lee," one being distinguished by Lee-of-the-Double-Mouth, and the other as Lee-of-the-Wooden-Son. The name of the Double-mouthed Lee was Sia Keo, which means little dog, or merely "dog" for short. The name of the other was Ch'uen "Spring." Spring Lee, like his namesake, was full of life and fun: Dog Lee had a more wooden face, behind which, however, lurked a fund of humour easily tapped. Dog Lee was nineteen years old. He is not married because he has not money enough to get a wife, and he lamented the fact that he had no whiskers. He also had no pigtail, explaining the loss of this Celestial badge by saying that he was ill last year and it dropped off. Spring Lee was sixteen, and could swear like a trooper. Dog Lee lost one of the pairs of straw sandals he was carrying; whereupon Spring Lee threatened disaster on Dog Lee's father, mother, the other members of his family, and his ancestors in general. Both boys were delighted with their work, especially when I shot at wild geese. They wore uniforms with the legend, "Catching Soldier," although I cannot imagine what they could catch, except an epidemic going in the opposite direction. Along with the fun, I had what the Chinese call a "Walking Stomach," and rode in my mountain chair more than usual, which

latter led the chair coolies to remark aside, "The Living Road is on the chair and is substantial, *i.e.*, heavy." We stirred up several larks and stopped to drink delicious cool water at the Dragon Spring. In China it is unwise to drink even beautiful running water unless you *see* it is at the fountain head, for various reasons. In the great valley we were traversing, trees are plentiful. The Government has issued a proclamation advising people to plant trees, and promising official rank to all who plant ten thousand trees. Near Yakeo-l'ang on a tree, was hung a notice in poetry, which is here translated in prose for the "gentle reader."

"Yellow Heaven and Green Earth:  
I have a squalling brat at home.  
Will the gentleman passing by please read this verse?  
And let me sleep till early dawn?"

This request is seen all over Central China posted up on bridges, walls and hills. The idea that a reader's baby will catch the "squalls" by one perusal is novel, if not altruistic. From this I gather that crying babies are the same all over the world.

The sun like a ball of fire dropped into the west, and by the light of burning forests on the mountain sides we entered Willow Woods, Yanglin.

## 限有見所天觀井坐

If one looks at the heavens from the bottom of a well his vision will be limited.

### CHAPTER XIV.

HOW TO TRAVEL—WRITTEN AGREEMENTS—CHINESE COOLIES—ARCHERY TESTS—THE RULE OF VICEROY TS'EN—BLOOD AND IRON.



Wheelbarrow.

IT was a Saturday when I arrived at Yanglin, and we quietly sojourned the next day in the "Star of Happiness Inn," one of the best I have visited in the Province of Yunnan. The hostel and its landlord, Mr. Chang, have good reputations. In my room several enthusiastic guests had written up testimonials on the wooden walls. Here is a translation of two of them.

Among Yanglin inns the first is the "Star of Happiness." The landlord is benevolent and righteous, worth a thousand of gold.

The two honourable cooks are kind indeed, Never neglecting for a single half-hour to supply you with tea and water.

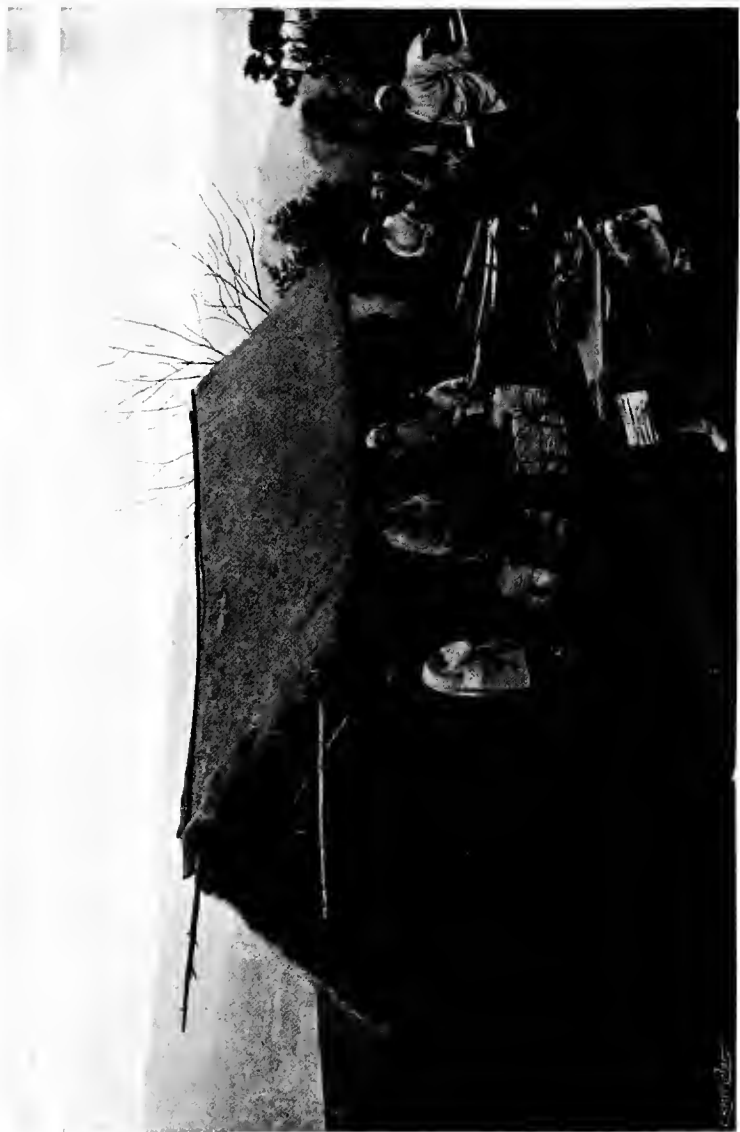
The "Star of Happiness" Inn is the first in Yunnan. It is clean and quiet like the "Caves of Heaven." Tea, water, and all things are convenient. The landlord is more diligent than all Earth's worthies.

On entering the city, a vicious dog, probably mad, made at me. Fortunately a fine hammerless revolver





TWO STONE ARCH BRIDGES IN FAR WESTERN CHINA.



A WAYSIDE TEA HOUSE ON THE ROAD FROM CHOWTUNG TO YUNNAN FU.

was at my belt, and before the savage brute could do me damage, I sent a chunk of lead through his ugly brain. Mad dogs are quite numerous in this section, and cause the death of many people. The Chinese theory is that the bite of a mad dog breeds a small dog in the stomach of the victim, which barks and causes death. One mother, finding her boy bitten by a dog, gave him several *Nux Vomica* beans, which, instead of curing, killed the unfortunate lad immediately. Sometimes a dog bites the shadow of a person, and this is supposed by the superstitious Chinese to be more deadly in its effects than the actual bite.

Two main roads to Yunnan City join in this town, one, the Mandarin's road from Kwei Chow Province, and the other from Szechuen, by which we came. Here also is the telegraph, and there is a Government Post Office in the city. Staying at the same inn were some of the retinue of four French officials who were ostensibly surveying for the railroad. Whatever their business may be called, there is not much the French do not know about Yunnan Province, and if war broke out between France and China they would not be caught napping.

By far the best means of travelling in China is to walk. But coolies the traveller must have, and it is therefore always best to get a written agreement both as to time and price. In all my journey, and I had now come over two thousand miles, there had been no trouble with those I had employed. The contracts were brushed on red paper and the items inserted. The Chinaman will haggle over the making of an agreement, but once it is signed you may safely rely on him to keep his part if you show a disposition to do likewise. It may be difficult when on the road

to modify a contract; everything should be carefully gone over at the very first. Throughout these sixty days across the Land of Confucius, which I had come, not a parcel of mine had been lost, not a thing stolen, and that is remarkable because my bags contained cameras and additional lenses, and were carried by many different coolies over rough, slippery, and, at times, dangerous roads. The Chinese coolie is able to carry two hundred pounds, but his usual load is about ninety pounds, and with it he will usually go fifteen or twenty miles a day; but my men were under special arrangements, and went nearly fifty miles in that time. They watched the things while eating, and guarded them under all circumstances. These same coolies might be open to temptation to take from another traveller, but they will protect their master and his property. Another pleasant feature of the journey is that at whatever hostel, in whatsoever sized city, village or hamlet, it is needed, boiling water can always be obtained. The Chinese wash in hot water and drink hot water. At the "Star of Happiness" a basin of boiling water was fetched me. I then took my short towel *a la Chinois*, dipped it into the water and washed with it instead of a sponge, letting the dampness dry. Maybe this practice of using hot water inside and outside has killed many a microbe that else would have made a pigtail into an ancestor earlier than was necessary. The meanest coolie will take his hot towelling twice a day and thus have a clean towel!

Then, too, good nature is everywhere. A Chinaman understands the *comitas inter gentes*; his smile is close to the surface and is easily tapped. Let a traveller be half decent and treat the Chinese of all classes with some regard to the golden rule, and he

will find a kindly, pleasant people. The Chinaman is not as hilarious as the South Sea Islander, nor as shallow as a Shan, but he is jovial—not mirthful, so much as full of quiet, well-considered fun. He loves games of chance, not so much, perhaps, for the amusement they afford as for the opportunity they offer of getting something without the dreadful drudgery of daily toil.

It is said that animals recognize a master man, and are ready to obey him. This is certainly true of human beings. In America or China there must be a self-poise and dignity which compel respect. The Chinaman knows a fool when he sees one, even if he be covered with a white epidermis. I have learned that it pays to treat even a cannibal with politeness. The traveller in China everywhere should avoid biliousness, and appropriate much good nature to his own use.

“He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those below.”

On Sunday we ate the goose shot on Saturday. The inn cook made a splendid repast of the bird. The gravy was delicious. I also had forty cash (two cents gold) of pickles, a small basin of cooked chicken (five cents gold), three sweet potatoes four pounds weight (nine cash a pound). The price in the inn for an “in and out” is seventy cash.

It is said of Captain Gill that he had (when a boy) arranged a mechanical contrivance to pull off his bed-clothes at a very early hour, and was thus habitually at work long before breakfast. Like Captain Gill, travellers in China should be early risers. The next morning we broke the record, and began to move before midnight, but discovered our mistake ere any great harm was done. So, deciding the hour was too

early, we slept again! However, we got up at two-thirty A.M. by our watches, which we afterwards found to be an hour fast by the arsenal whistle in Yunnan City. It was necessary for me to reach the city by a certain hour, and we first succeeded in getting King No. 3 out of bed, and sent him to rouse the inn cook, then turned our attention to the chairman of the coolies. These men were more difficult to deal with than the other lot, so I went out into the yard and publicly orated. It is astonishing what an effect Shakespeare has on uneducated Chinese coolies, a proof, if any were wanted, of the immense superiority of the English language over any other form of speech. But whistling Yankee Doodle was the climax. Talk about stirring the blood of patriotic Americans! It moved the very bones of those Celestials.

“For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.”

After this performance the preparations for departure were carried briskly on. By three-thirty all loads were tied up and everybody was laughing and devouring Early Rice. Just before four the procession was marching up the hill leading out of Yanglin, lighted by the moon struggling against the depressing influence of dark clouds. Later on, drops of rain fell, and a torrent soon came down in blocks, acres, miles. A cottage by the roadside tempted shelter, but the inmates were slow to respond to the appeals of the men, fearing robbers. The mention of robbers suggested possibilities. We got in at last, and sat down in a miserable room. Fortunately the rain soon ceased, and we were off again. The paved roadway was very difficult to travel in the uncertain light. At the end of eight li in the light of winter daybreak we passed the small village Little Shop, Sia Pu Tsz, and at thirty li stopped at Long Hill. The people were just getting

up. Some were placing huge kettles outside their doors. These contained the fire as well as the water, burning wood being placed right in the centre of the huge copper utensil. Smoke and flame came out at the top, and ashes at the bottom. Near by were tables consisting of long stone slabs. I had hot water to drink, and then turned beans and nuts from my pocket on to the table for the men to eat. There were a few cash mixed with the rest—which were eagerly seized and pocketed.

Leaving this quaint little village we made a spurt and walked thirty li in about two hours. The walk was grand, the road being level and unpaved. Mandarin Wu passed us going down to take over the seals of the District Magistrate of Chowtung. He had several women, probably wives and slave girls, in his retinue. These Mandarins are usually fond of money and women. We passed a number of guard houses to-day, all empty, the guards having been withdrawn on account of economy at headquarters. I stopped for lunch, at the end of sixty li, in the market town of Small Wood Bridge, Siao Pan Chiao. Rice was ten cash a basin, gravy gratis, sauce three cash. At home one usually has to pay for gravy, and can get the sauce free. Eggs were seven big cash each, and tea seven. Two kinds of cash are in use, the large and the small. About twenty of the large and thirty of the small equal a gold cent. Heavy, filthy and uncertain as the cash is, the Chinese cannot do without the currency.

Just out of the West Gate is a stone bridge which the natives say trembles when walked on, although it seemed firm enough. Here we constantly met droves of horses and hundreds of ox and buffalo carts. The wheels of the carts are not so large as those I

noticed around Chowtung City. Seventy li from Yanglin brought us to another stone bridge, on the west side of which is Brass Ox Shrine, Tong Nu Sz. Here is a dilapidated mud ox minus a head. Formerly a brass ox occupied the altar. It was worshipped by many people, but when the Mohammedan Rebellion broke out, someone did with the ox what Cromwell did with the silver apostle in Exeter Cathedral, melted down the huge lump and turned it into ready "cash." The Moslems were very hard on metal. They smashed the idols to get the hearts of precious metals. The Chinese were just as keen on hearts. Many ate the hearts of slain Mohammedans in order to get possessed of the wonderful bravery which the followers of Islam conspicuously showed. "Paradise under the shadow of swords" was the Islamic battle-cry. Nothing like hearts. Many of the horses we met to-day were carrying large empty spirit bottles. They had sold their spirit in Yunnan City. Several aboriginal women of the Samei tribe, carrying heavy loads on their backs, trudged along cheerfully chewing betel-nut. One tired creature sitting by the roadside was resting her little feet, for the small "golden lilies" make it difficult for the women to walk with ease. Their hobble is very different from the natural stride of the aborigines. The mustard plant was in bloom in many fields. Oil is extracted from the seeds later on. Most of the foothills were barren and unfit for agriculture. The curiosity of the people was shown everywhere. When I stopped, one man said my metal tripod was a telescope, called in Chinese "Thousand Li Glass." Another declared it was a gun, and explained to an anxious on-looker of less boldness how it would shoot at each joint!

The village of Fanga Chiao lies eighty li from





A YOUTHFUL COOLIE CARRYING FIREWOOD.



THE AUTHOR AT A MOUNTAIN STREAM. Eight thousand feet above the sea, Western China.



TEMPLE OF THE CITY GOD.  
Chu Siung Fu, Province of Yunnan, Far Western China. Old Loh is standing in front of the door. Note the decaying protecting Wall.

Yanglin. The road from there is up a gentle slope, beyond which the great plain of Yunnan City is in view. The beautiful lake in the distance skirts the foot of high hills. When on a lofty situation I came upon this view of the fertile plain with its villages and cities, it was doubly entrancing in contrast with the scenery I had just passed. Fifteen li further on we were in the outskirts of Yunnan City, where I was greeted very cordially by Mr. J. McCarthy, a gentleman of sixty-three years, wonderfully hearty and doing missionary work which many young men of thirty would shrink from. With him were Messrs. Owen Stevenson and F. H. Rhodes, both of the same mission.

On arriving at Yunnan a striking tower, beautifully proportioned, was one of the first objects we saw. Built at great expense and finished a year or two ago, it forms one of the finest sights around the city. It is dedicated to the god of Literature, and named Tsu K'uié Leu. We ascended the third and highest story and had a fine view of the south suburb of the city. I took a photograph looking west. Coming down, we passed through a tea shop on the ground floor, and went along the main street of the south suburb, and passed under a low archway a little more than six feet high. Above this archway is an Indian tumulus, built long ago when princes from Burma and Siam had more influence in Yunnan than they now have. At that time Yunnan was very closely connected with these countries. In the tumulus is said to be buried the skull of a man named Hwa Hsiong. It is considered very unlucky to pass under the arch, as the influence of the skull is said to prevent the growth or to shorten the height of a full-grown person. If my friends in America find that I have "gone

down one," instead of up, they will know the reason. There is a way round on both sides of the arch, and this is used by nearly all the passers-by.

Further on we passed a large Customs Station, and saw several people spinning rope from the fibre of the Tsung, a kind of palm tree. Turning to the right, we passed a large military camp, and then came to the public execution ground, where many tragic scenes are frequently enacted. A few years ago, before the military camps were abolished, the archery trials for the military " Budding Talent " (B.A.) and " Exalted Man " (M.A.) degrees were held. A trench ran right up the centre of the ground, and three targets would be placed on the left side of the trench. The mounted candidate with his new string bow and three perfect arrows, would start from one end at a gallop, and his purpose would be, riding as fast as possible, to shoot a shaft into each mark before coming out into the presence of the examiner, who was always a civil official and who, perhaps, had never touched a bow in his life. The well-trained horses would go at a great pace, and several men, skilled in the art, would strike the target every time. The archery test has now been abolished, but many a military official still prizes his bow. It may be that archery contests will be revived some day by a reactionary government. Even so late as the Japanese War the Government sent for a large body of aborigines from the Province of Kweichow, many of them armed with bow and arrows, to go and fight the terrible " dwarfs " from the land of the Rising Sun. China lags far behind the times.

Just beyond the execution ground is the busy street leading into the South Gate, opposite to which is the magnificent memorial arch bearing the characters

Chung Ai—Loyalty and Love. On the other side of the street are shops where saddles are sold. The great horse trade centring here creates a demand for these articles. Yunnan City has six gates, the North, South, East and West, with a Lesser East and a Lesser West Gate. We entered by the busiest, the South. I noticed that the shops are low, but they carry on an extensive business, and the chief banking houses are found in the southern quarter.

In the memorable and blood-stained reign of the famous Viceroy Ts'en, father of the present (nineteen hundred and three) Viceroy of Szechuen, this street was the scene of a smart piece of work. A fire broke out. The Viceroy sent his soldiers to extinguish the flames, and gave strict orders that no looting would be allowed. Then, as was his custom, he put on civilian clothes and went out to see how things were going. Turning a corner into the South Street, he met a man with an armful of loot, and promptly stopped the offender, asking who he was. With a polite (?) reference to the interrogator's ancestors the man swore and in return asked who *he* was. "I'll tell you and kill you," said the Viceroy, and, suiting the action to the word, he drew his heavy sword and with one stroke cut the presumptuous looter in two. No wonder, then, that the great Viceroy made his name a terror to all Secret Society men and thieves. Even the beggars and audacious vagrants, an uncontrollable pest in most Chinese cities, put on their best behaviour while the Viceroy was in power. He ruled the Province with an iron will, and thousands of people must have been killed by him. It is reported that when a young man, he dreamed that he would kill ten thousand bad men. He may not have been over-conscientious in making enquiry about the moral character of his victims, but

at any rate the dream came true! In the house which is now occupied by the China Inland Mission at Kuh Tsing City, five stages from here, Ts'en made his head-quarters during one period of the Mohammedan Rebellion. It is said that in this one place he signed the death warrants of over ten thousand people. Many of these he killed with his own hand. Undoubtedly he was one of the strongest Chinese rulers of modern years, though fierce and cruel. He was the man for the time, and brought back peace and order to that distracted Province. Towards the end of his life he was haunted by visions of revengeful spirits which he had disembodied.

" We but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor."

While absent on one of his long journeys to the west of the Province, the hallucination became so great that he had to return home. The spirits accompanied him in great numbers, and no doctor in the city could lay them. A missionary was suggested, but the Viceroy refused to see him. So the great Ts'en died. He now shares the honour of a temple with the god of War, who occupies the chief place. A very striking image of Ts'en has been erected, and incense is regularly burned to him. The ruling spirit was strong "after death," and it is reported that he made things warm in the next world when he got there. In some villages west of the city an epidemic carried off large numbers of the people. The explanation was given that Viceroy Ts'en was engaged in war in the lower regions, and being short of troops, recruited his forces by sending an epidemic to his old Province of Yunnan. A man that can stir Earth and Hell both must be a remarkable man.

Ts'en had a curious career. He was a native of the Province of Kwangsi, and one of the aborigines. Early in life he lost his father, and the mother had so little faith in her sons that she persisted in marrying again. The law in China is that if a woman remarries, she must never return to the house of her first husband. Ts'en never forgave his mother. He became a B.A., and like many others of his provincials, went into the robbing business. He made things so warm in this line that he was wanted and at last surrounded, but managed to escape, taking with him some hundreds of ounces of silver. He fled to Yunnan, and finding that offices were open for sale, purchased a small rank for two hundred taels; and when the rebellion broke out, rapidly rose to power. When he became Viceroy, his mother claimed her son, but he declined to be claimed, and refused her overtures, although she frequently waylaid him. "You refused to trust me when I was poor and unknown. You had no faith in your son. You joined another family. Stay where you are." He, however, made her a present of silver, but declined to recognise her.

We made our way up the busy street to the Middle Harmony Lane, situated in the centre of the city. Here I was warmly welcomed into the home of Mr. Owen Stevenson, who has been working in the town as a missionary for nearly twenty years.

# 物 如 不 學 不 人

If men will not learn they are not as good as brutes.—*Child's Classic.*

## CHAPTER XV.

CHINESE INTERPRETERS—A STREET OF SHOPS—A MYTH WITH A MEANING—AN INTERVIEW WITH A VICEROY—OFFICIAL APATHY IN CHINA—THE GREATEST NEEDS OF CHINA—THE YAMEN IN TIME OF REBELLION.



Smoking Opium.

VISITING cards four and a half inches wide by nine and a half long are proper for a "big bug" in China. I had a die cut in Shanghai, and two hundred of the above size (!) printed black on blood red. My large red Mandarin's card was despatched to the Yamen by a highly-polished Chinaman in the employ of the British Consul at Tengyueh, and I asked the Acting Viceroy to appoint a time for an interview. He replied he would receive me at one P.M. I borrowed a Mandarin's chair from the discreet official in charge of Foreign Affairs in the city, and, at ten to one, set out in proper (tom-fool) style. Four men carried the chair and four men supported the poles at one side. Each man had to bear about thirty pounds as his share of the chair and occupant, the whole weighing two hundred and forty pounds. With so many men





A WAYSIDE SHRINE.



DOG LEE AND SPRING LEE, BOTH LAUGHING.



THE GREAT SQUARE PAGODA, near the South Gate, Chu Siung Fu, Far Western China. When the rebellion led by the frantic Ling Lieu waxed strong, the Geomancers ordered the closing of the South Gate of the City. It has remained closed ever since.

we slipped along quickly. The Viceroy had an interpreter, but learning that his English was imperfect, I asked my friend, Mr. Samuel Pollard, one of the most brilliant Chinese speakers I have met, to go with me. This was a fortunate move, and showed how completely one is at the mercy of an interpreter.

It convinced me of the mistake our own Government (the United States) makes in employing Chinese translators and interpreters at the Consulates. People speak about the blunders of missionaries, but what greater mistake could be made than that of appointing natives to positions of such great trust—men who are imperfectly educated and who speak the English language very indifferently? Now that our trade is becoming so extensive in the East, America should follow England in requiring the Consuls in China to know Chinese, and to qualify themselves for their position by first studying the Chinese language.

We first went up the gentle slope of the Middle Harmony Passage, Chong Ho Hang, on which one of the Inland Mission houses faces, and then turned sharp to the left into the Street of the City Hell Temple. On this street are shops for the sale of native medicines, gorgeous Indian prints, confectionery, native cloth and other articles. Here and there in the busy crowd was a white-faced lady attended by a natural-footed slave girl. A sunshade was used to protect the pale face from the heat, but old Father Sol would have found it difficult to change the white powder into a bright red. I wonder how these ladies manage to blush through such a coating. They must do all the blushing inside. Some of the powdered faces look haggard in spite of the white powder so generously and elaborately applied. Often the slave girl is more interesting than the lady in the "golden lilies" and

broomstick legs. Art is more prized than nature—by the vulgar.

A quick turn to the right took us into "Shining Happiness Street." This street is worth seeing. The low, open shops are thickly hung with clothes for sale. Bright silk garments for all kinds of people were exhibited. Ladies' robes and jackets were like the rainbow, red, green, blue, purple, heliotrope—delicate half-colours dazzled the eyes. The richest of all were costumes for actors, costing one hundred and even two hundred taels of silver. These were visions of brilliant colours which "are begot in the ventricle of memory" long after they have passed. A lady's robe or jacket in satin can be purchased for sixteen taels, or about ten dollars gold. Among the shops with the brilliant garments were interspersed other shops for the sale of brass censors, brass candlesticks, brass wash bowls, brilliant scrolls illuminated with choice figures or characters, hats, chinaware from the famed potteries in the distant Province of Kiangsi, and opium pipes of many varieties and different prices. An opium pipe can be bought for one hundred cash or one hundred taels. Old ones are prized, as they are saturated with poison, and so do not deprive the smoker of any of the fumes by absorption as they pass down the long tube into his eager throat. The "well-gorged" pipe is most highly valued.

Another turn to the left brought us into the Siyuen-Kiai, on which stands the Yamen of the Governor and Acting Viceroy of the Province of Yunnan. A few yards further we turned again to the right and were on the ground inside the Big Gates of the courtyard. This ground is given up to sellers of "Ancient Regulations," as curious and second-hand articles are called. What a big supply of such stuff Western

Powers could supply China with. She is fond of buying up antiquated rifles discarded by Western Powers, and possibly she may yet try her hand at adopting some Western Ancient Regulations. A most curious collection one finds on the stands here—old cash which were old when Julius Cæsar conquered Britain (he never conquered America), and old nails which were new but a few months ago. Inkslabs, pens, swords, knives, beads, cups, vases, chains for tying up buffaloes or madmen, opium pipes of all states and ages. Here and there amid such rubbish a prize is hidden away whose value the smart owner has overlooked. Sometimes one can pick up a treasure, but the most part is only old iron.

In the gates go the chairs, through the "Door of Palisades," and we are in the great outer reserve of the Yamen. A most interesting place this proves to be. On the south is a huge wall with fantastic paintings on it. A wall of this kind is a familiar figure outside all Yamens.

The principal figure on the south wall is a T'an, forty feet long, representing a fabulous monster shaped like an unicorn. This great beast is trying to get at and devour the sun depicted just above, and represents the insatiate covetousness of officials. The point of the myth is, therefore, real when we know that T'an, the character for this beast, is the character for covetousness. The T'an beast is a myth, the T'an heart is most real. How extremely Chinese all this is! How comically it would work in Western lands. Suppose every public official in Christendom was compelled to portray the ruling passion of his heart outside his door! What a grand variety of sign-boards! Congressmen! M.P.'s! Syndicate Men! Designing Mothers-in-law!

The T'an is treading on the "Eight Precious Things," and by his side on the right is a tree, on one of the high branches of which is hung an official seal used by the great statesmen of China. Reaching out to grasp this sign of high office is the Divine Monkey, representing the officials grasping after higher position and more power. A history of "Monkey Business in China" would out-monkey all the antics of the animals. In the case of lower officials there is some distance between the monkey's hand and the seal it longs to hold. To-day, however, this particular monkey had his hand right on the seal, for the Mandarin of this Yamen, Lin Shao Nien, had in his charge the Viceroy's Seal, the greatest prize in the Province.

"Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
Pollutes whate'er it touches."

Good old monkey got it at last. Years of patient waiting, creeping nearer and nearer, and now success. Underneath the tree are drawn five tigers and three lions, of extraordinary appearance, such as no lion or tiger would be proud of. The lion would try some warm streaks for the author of the caricature if he found him. These lions and tigers represent the generals and other military officers of the Province who have come under the control of the Governor since he has taken a higher office. Military officials are usually under the control of the Viceroy, and the lions and tigers do not usually grace the Governor's wall. Close against the big wall are two high flag-staffs with long flags having on them in huge letters the rank of the Governor. Right opposite are two covered-in bandstands, where musicians play squeaky instruments morn, noon and night, three times a day, and also for some seconds whenever the Governor leaves the Yamen. He goes out in great state,

preceded by twelve pairs of red uniformed soldiers carrying tridents; with him are several small officials bearing swords in their hands. At the sides near the bandstands are low houses occupied by "runners." Our chairs now reached the "First Gate" (T'eo-men). A servant received our cards and hastened in to announce our arrival, and with our chairs still carried high, we waited a few moments for the great gates to open and the Mandarin to welcome us in his official robes.

While waiting, the Arsenal whistles began to blow one o'clock. We were on time. Almost immediately the doors began to swing open, and the high door-gods displayed thereon stepped aside to allow the entrance of the American traveller and his English interpreter—an Anglo-Saxon alliance to which the very gods gave way. There were six of these octopod gods on the First Gate. In through this entrance we came to another large courtyard surrounded by low houses, and on the left were two doorways leading into quarters where soldiers and officers dwelt. Small trees were on each side, and straight in front the Second Gate, on either side of which were tablets with long handles to carry them by, bearing gilt letters, inscriptions denoting what offices the Governor had held in his long career, or what success and reward he had obtained in Government examinations. There were fifty such boards. They made a brilliant array in the bright sunshine. Through this door was yet another yard, large and clean, with a coloured sundial on the right and a stone lamp stand matching it on the left. Here again were several trees, to one of which a patient mule was tied up. There was yet another great doorway with overhanging eaves, under which were hung many oblong tablets in blue, black, white and yellow,

containing in the centre the one word "FUH," HAPPINESS, the most prized of all Chinese characters, and on the sides, names of the officials whose good rule or favour had elicited such tablets, and a general list of the individuals who had offered the tablets. This galaxy of coloured happiness brightened up the scene.

Under this roof is the Ta T'ang or Great Hall, all carpeted in red felt. Here the Governor sits when holding public trials. Our chairs stopped, and we advanced over the red felt to where the Viceroy was waiting to receive us, and lead us to his Great Hall. We followed him to the door of a bright guest hall having windows on either side. The Governor bowed me in first, and then led the way to a round table covered with a bright red cloth, in the centre of which was a dish containing pebbles in water with the narcissus in bloom. Chinese everywhere like this flower and call it the "Water Fairy." The Viceroy took his place at the side of the table nearest the door, first giving me the seat of honour with Mr. Pollard opposite. The Viceroy's interpreter, Professor of English (!) in the Government School here, sat opposite to the great man. Lin was at first a little reserved. The interpreter led off with a few general questions which he had no doubt committed to memory before coming, such as when I arrived in China, where I was going, how long I would remain in the city, and so on. A large number of smaller officials stood at the back, or looked in at the windows, intensely interested in the conversation. Using the interpreter, I said to the Viceroy that my journey from Chowtung had been made pleasant and easy by the officials. The interpreter made me say "The Protestant Mission at Chowtung is prosperous, and doing a good work." The latter was true as a matter of fact.





THE IMAGE OF THE GOD HUNG IN THE TEMPLE OF THE EARTH,  
Chu Siung Fu, Far Western China.



THE GREAT WARRIOR IDOL HAH IN THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD OF THE EARTH, Chu Siung Fu, the City of the Great Boho, Far Western China.

After explaining to the Viceroy my four years' journey around the world, and informing him that I was writing a book about China, I asked a liberal number of searching questions, some of which were answered with true diplomacy. He said that he was in favour of sending young men to America to study mining engineering, in order that they might return and work the mines. He deeply deplored the lack of young men properly trained to develop the resources of the Province and Empire. As if remembering the details of some fond dream of the destiny of China, and a glorious future for himself, he made careful enquiry about the cost of such training, length of time to complete the desirable course, and what institution in the United States I considered the best. Subsequently I heard that the Viceroy is progressing, and has already modified the school system and has appointed teachers in Japanese, French and English. This means very little; indeed, I suspect it has reference to the Capital City only. The officials in China have the power to get the people to do almost anything they desire, and should he set his mind on reforming the school system of the Province, along modern lines, he could do it, as he rules absolutely five million people. It is the apathy of officials that blocks reform, and any innovation that tends to weaken their prestige is odious and hateful. I pressed upon him the great importance of teaching English, and made some enquiry about missionaries. "At present there is harmony between people and converts," he said, with a tardy and incomplete smile; "but in outlying portions of the Province there are persons who do not understand the missionary position." Just then he seemed to have a distinct desire for solitude, but brightened up when I asked him about Medical

Missions, and said that this work carried its own evidence of good will and advantage with it; not so preaching. He declared with scarcely concealed indifference that Englishmen are the best missionaries in the Province, maybe because they give him the least trouble, and incidentally complicate matters for the aggressive Frenchmen, who watch Yunnan like a hawk. I told him, as an American, I believed in China for the Chinese, and hoped that China would largely develop her own resources. I advised that foreigners should be used as expert teachers, and that the great aim should be for China to maintain her autonomy. These words fully roused him to throw off all stiffness and restraint. He became delighted and, nodding his head again and again, was not content with saying Hao, Hao (Good, Good), but traced with his fingers on the table-cloth the character for "Good." "China for the Chinese," this motto evidently struck a soft spot in his heart. I advised him to send one of his sons to America to be educated, and enquired how many he had. He lifted up one finger, looked sad, and said, "and he is young," The Viceroy asked me what I thought were the greatest needs of China at the present time. I replied, "Plenty of schools with sound moral training and earnest search after the true religion." He seemed deeply thoughtful, and asked what I meant by the "true religion." In the discussion which followed, the time quickly passed, as did the oranges, biscuits and sweets. Twice a hideous shrieking of peacocks gave variety to the situation. After he had promised me to telegraph orders that I should be granted all possible assistance by the officials as far as the frontier, I lifted my cup of tea and drank. This act terminated the interview. The Governor then escorted us to our chairs and very

politely expressed his obligations, etc., for the visit. He offered to return the call, but I begged him not to do this, as I would be very busy making preparations for continuing my journey to Tali Fu. As we departed through the gates, we faced the great T'an, and passed between two grotesque lions by the door. Huge rows of teeth they showed, and their faces were superciliously turned up to the sky as if they disdained to notice the foreigners. The monkey was still holding the seal, the T'an was still on the back of the sun. (Look out when he gets there. What a warm breakfast he will get the day he tackles that hot bun!) The flags were still flying, the sellers of ancient bric-a-brac were still busy. All was peaceful. A few boards which are carried before the Governor when he goes out rested quietly at the sides, bearing such mottoes as "Be Quiet!" "Hide Away! Retire!" And we quietly retired. I felt as I left it all, "Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye."

Not always has such peace reigned in this Yamen. During the Mohammedan Rebellion in the time of Ts'en Kung Pao, who became Viceroy of Yunnan, and who was the father of Viceroy Ts'en, one of the few great men in China to-day, the place flowed with blood. Unrest prevailed everywhere, and executions took place in this Yamen at all hours of the day and night. People say that the flow of human blood never stopped. Who can say that such dreadful scenes will not be re-enacted? Lin-Shao-Nien may merit the reputation which he has of being upright and philanthropic, but he did not impress me as a strong man. He was a great contrast to the powerful Tuan Fang, who courteously entertained me at Wuchang, and who rules fifty million people.

# 天人庶與罪有子天

The Emperor has errors just as well as others.

## CHAPTER XVI.

TELEGRAPHS IN YUNNAN—CHINESE DEMONSTRATION OF GRIEF—THE SWITZERLAND OF CHINA—A GRUESOME WARNING TO EVIL-DOERS—HORRIBLE FATE OF PARRICIDES—OLD PAN'S INN—THE MYSTERIOUS BOHO REVEALED—A WELL OF WONDER.



Portable Kitchen.

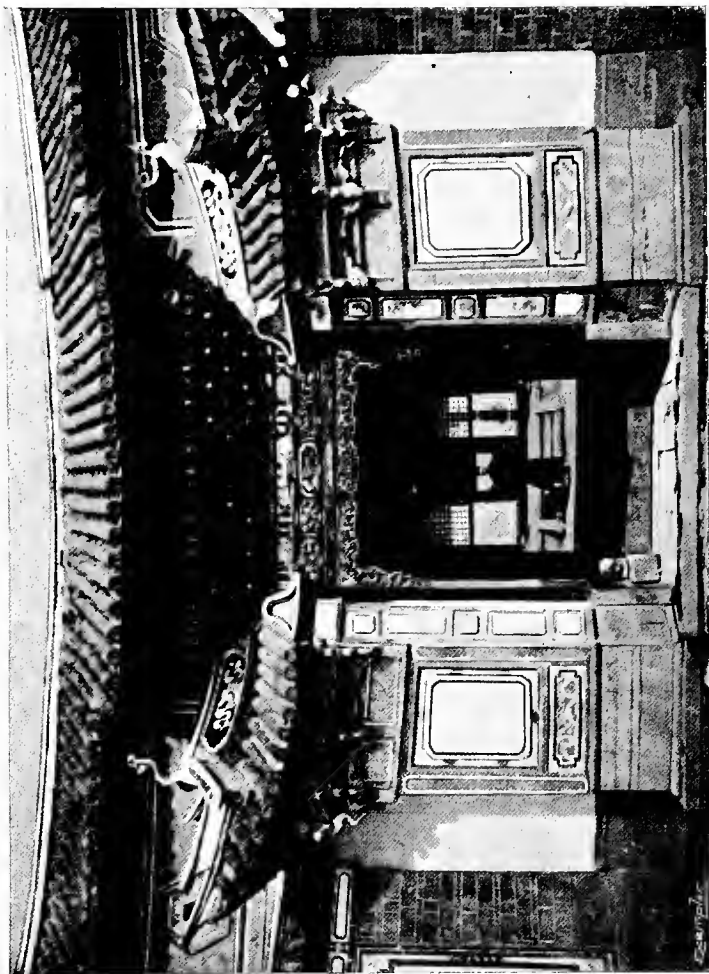
THE men who came with me from Tungchuan were paid off at Yunnan City, and a complete new set employed. The fresh men were an indifferent looking assortment. Some bore the visible effects of the enthralling power of the opium habit; others were strong, powerful fellows, but none had a distinctly villainous aspect. Leaving Yunnan City, we followed the single line of heavy wire. It is possible for an entire stranger, even if he does not speak Chinese, to go from the capital of Yunnan Province clear over the British line into Bhamo without losing his way, if he follows the telegraph line. This line made considerable bother for the officials when first erected. Not infrequently were the heavy wires cut and used for the convenience of the neighbourhood. An attempt finally was made to destroy it, the superstitious people saying that

the spirits flying in the air would be inconvenienced or even cut their throats on the wires. A few vigorous magistrates promptly finished up the throat-cutting business by cutting off the heads of the objectors. When the telegraph line from Meng Tz to Yunnan City was built, evil reports were spread that foreigners were cutting off the breasts of women, the queues of men and the wings of fowls, and were trying to torture certain Chinese to death. A friendly Chinaman told Missionary Stevenson, and he laughed. Later on when the rumours were thickest, Old Plow, an enquirer, came to the missionary and, weeping bitterly, said that his son's pigtail had been removed, and he was sure the lad would die. The missionary assured him that it would make no difference, as his own hair had been cut before coming to China, and that hair-cutting was common in European countries. The Celestial dubiously replied, "You are an Englishman, and my son is a Chinaman, and that makes the difference." Next morning he came in and said with a laugh, "My son is dead." It was a peculiar coincidence. The Chinaman's way of showing sorrow is expressive. He puts his heels in the stirrups, wears his shirt outside his trousers, mourns in white, and expresses grief with a laugh. Two days after this boy died the Viceroy issued a proclamation exonerating the foreigners, and offered a reward for the apprehension of the tail cutters. A Taoist priest was arrested, condemned and beheaded. Old Plow was the first Yunnanese to join the Protestant Church, and he is still faithful. One day in the street, a young man asked his name, and where he lived, according to Chinese custom, and receiving polite answers, he finally asked if he had joined the Church. Plow replied that he had, whereupon the young fellow, with a savage look, struck

the old man a severe blow on the face, saying, "Don't you know that we Yunnanese have nothing to do with these Christians?" The stricken man turned the other side of his face, but the young fellow dropped his head and slunk away, and Old Plow said to a foreign friend standing by, "I am able to act differently since my conversion."

Yunnan Province has had a chequered career ever since it became a part of the great Empire of China. In the thirteenth century the great northern warrior Kublai Khan annexed "The Switzerland of China" to the Manchu Empire. "How great his exploits must have been is shown by the fact that all the tribes of the Siberian Ice-fields, the deserts of Asia, together with the country between China and the Caspian Sea acknowledged his potent sway." The traveller, in crossing this lofty Province to its utmost Western Boundary, will seldom find his path less than five thousand feet above the tide, and off toward the Roof of the World, uncertain Thibet, covered with perpetual snow, are seen many peaks over ten thousand feet in height. Yunnan City, the capital, is situated near a beautiful lake on a plain a thousand li in length. This great plateau is six thousand feet above the sea level, and from October till the end of April a cloud is seldom seen, and the sun shines in glorious splendour. I was once fishing, on a summer's day, on the Sea of Galilee. The old skipper who set the lines for me said that storms unexpectedly break upon this most beautiful sheet of water just as they did in the time of our Lord. In a somewhat similar fashion the beautiful lake of the capital, although but forty miles in length, is visited by sudden cyclones. But storms occur only in the daytime. Towards evening the boatmen weigh anchor and their craft carrying cargoes of grain sail safely





THE HANDSOME NEW HOUSE OF THE C.I.M., TALIFU, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF A HIGH official, and purchased by the mission for only 2,000 taels.



A VIEW ALONG THE TOP OF THE CITY WALL, TALIFU.

up to the canal which connects this lake with the city thirty li away.

My good friend, Mr. Pollard, who had travelled with me for several days (and a kinder and more helpful companion I never had), walked out of the city with Mr. Rhodes to say "fare thee well." I was sorry when we parted. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." When well out from the city, the view back from the first hill can never be forgotten. In the distance lies the city, with a smokestack; the odd craft on the lake and their weird reflections, the well-built stone road reaching for many li out of the city, crooked, of course, to make the bridges at right angles to the streams, but chiefly to fool the spirits and dump them in the rice patches; far away the distant mountains; above, the fleecy clouds, and below, the cursed poppy growing luxuriantly! Later in the day I met soldiers carrying Winchester repeating rifles. I also met a thunderstorm in a good state of preservation. It had been hung up in the northern sky, and from there swept over us with rain and lightning in goodly proportion.

It was not until I had travelled more than two-thirds of the way across this great country that I saw a detached human head in a slat box on a pole twelve feet high, a ghastly warning to evil-doers; and, curiously enough, in the market village of Anning I stopped with the inn-keeper whose son, a lad of sixteen years, was murdered, without known cause, at the place where the head was placed. The head belonged to the murderer of the boy. The face was towards the east, the eyes were closed, and two fine white upper teeth were showing. There is something to be said in favour of executing a man on the spot where he perpetrated the crime. Especially is this to be recommended for

Chinamen, who have the phrenological bump of locality as well developed as any people on this planet. In England the public hangings have been discontinued by Act of Parliament because it brutalized the populace. At Ganking there is a loathsome custom. At the execution, people fetch pieces of bread, dip them in the criminal's blood and eat them, believing that the blood will tone up their courage or relieve certain diseases. The punishment which is inflicted on murderers of parents, elder brothers, or husbands is horrible. To this torture the Chinese give the cheerful name of "Ling Chi," or lingering death by hacking to pieces. Outside the city the doomed man is bound to a post, with a piece of wood tightly fixed across the mouth to prevent his shrieking. A vast crowd gather, not dissimilar in appetite for human blood to the multitude who filled tier upon tier, aisles and lictors' places in the Colosseum at Rome. The executioner, having whetted his knife, proceeds to the frightful torture. He makes a slit in the skin over the eyebrow, and drawing it down pins it to the cheek. A gash is made opposite the nostrils, and, fresh with human blood, it lies open to the wind. The operator becomes enthusiastic, and after making these horrible incisions and gashes and forming flaps over the human body, suddenly draws back his hand and ends the dreadful agonies of the victim by driving his knife into his heart. In such an instance if the criminal had money—not sufficient to purchase his discharge, but enough to modify his punishment, the executioner would then do his work; but do it very quickly, and the victim would be stupefied by a powerful drug; but the effect on the multitude would be none the less brutalizing.

From the capital to Ts'u-Hsiang, a distance of four hundred and eighty li, the road passed over mountains,

along beautiful valleys, and across fertile plains. There seemed to be a revival of prosperity. Seldom did I see a large village without one or more houses in course of erection. The whole region was swept by the scourge of war during the Panthay Rebellion. For hours at a time, however, it was a mournful and desolate district through which we travelled. The bleak barren mountains and the absence of people made the way cheerless indeed.

Four days out, early in the afternoon, having passed through the only Fu between the capital and Tali, we entered Pan's monster inn, located in the western suburb. Pan has given his establishment a progressive name—"Everlastingly Increasing Inn"—and as it is the largest in the city, and the biggest between the capital and the Burman line, it may have been increasing for aught I know. Pan said it held three hundred people—he did not say how many it could accommodate—and eighty animals. He had one son, so all the excellent qualities of old Pan were concentrated in Panny. Old Pan (honourable title) was born on the First Sun of the Correct Moon of the Thirtieth year of Taokwang. He had three moustaches—one over his mouth, and one over each eye, and talked through his nose; why I know not, because his mouth was sufficiently capacious for all purposes. He had the slick Chinese expression which signifies "I love you much, but your money more." In the year of the Dragon Old Pan struck this planet, and he wore an ancestral smile when he told me his son "belonged" in the Pig year. "How many taels are you worth?" "None, none," he shouted with a vision of magistrates, tax-collectors, poverty, and an ancestor twenty years ahead of his time coming before him. "What is the best thing you ever did?"

“Buy things and sell them,” was Pan’s prompt reply. He could see through a cash, but he did not see through all these questions. A foolish missionary once asked a native Christian, “Where was Moses when the light went out?” The earnest fellow stayed up all night and searched the Scriptures. The answer pained the Chinaman, but the missionary was cured of his folly. Pan said we were the most distinguished visitors he had had in the history of the Everlastingly Increasing Inn. I was inclined to like Pan! Travellers are scarce in the fifth, sixth and seventh Moons, but ordinarily there are one thousand guests per moon. Old Pan had very long finger nails.

This place is the headquarters of Boho, so I made lengthy enquiries about it. Boho is a wonderful article made from the essence of a little vegetable. It possesses a wide reputation as a cure for stomach-ache. This long-sought-after and eagerly-expected Boho is made by fourteen respectable families who may have an hereditary right to accumulate wealth from Boho. Here it is purchasable at the astonishing low rate of five taels for one hundred pounds, weighed by the purchaser, and in Yunnan City it sells with a druggist’s profit at ten taels, weighed by the seller. A few drops of this wonderful Boho in water distilled or undistilled is a “King pin potion” for colic. A large stomach requires a few additional drops. Five cash worth will cure an ordinary stomach-ache; seven cash a medium-sized stomach; and ten cash the largest stomach in the Province of Yunnan. One thousand pounds of the dried leaves go out of the city each year. How much is consumed locally I failed to learn. This will be an important item for some future traveller to discover. The world should know how much Boho is consumed within

the walls of this city. It is fortunate that this discovery remains open for some future explorer, because there are no missionaries here for eccentric, sensation-loving, sponging globe-trotters to pitch into. I mean those gentlemen who spread

"falsehood under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal couched with revenge."

I wish to commiserate such gentlemen on the lack of their favourite subject to lie about, and the absence of opportunity to fill up their stomachs free of charge; and congratulate them because here is the mystical Boho, which would be good for their stomachs (I should recommend a ten cash dose), and the investigation might stimulate the grey matter under their scalps so that they may be able to discover at least one decent, respectable, honest, sober, kind-hearted, conscientious missionary in China.

I asked the inn-keeper, Pan, how many stomach-aches he reckoned the exported one thousand pounds of boho would cure. He said that depended on the size of the ache, and I submit that it also depended on the size of the stomach. Later old Pan estimated that one pound of boho will cure fifty men if their aches are not too large. One pound costs but eighty cash. The residents claim that as the best boho on earth grows here, people from all parts come to this city to get it. This was enchanting. I could almost see an American patent medicine man's mouth water for boho. Then a vision of advertisements. Get boho. Take boho. Boho cures. Boho aroused my curiosity, and I employed a nimble young pig-tail to go and pluck some leaf for me. He returned later in the day with boho. And behold! it was peppermint! The same kind I gathered when a boy, beside clear springs and beautiful streams in far-away Bucks County, Pennsylvania!

Seldom on the roadside in Yunnan have I seen an idol. These had been smashed up by the Moslems. Great was the wrath of the green flag Mohammedan generals when they saw a graven image, and equally vigorous the motive and movement for the spoils, as each large idol was said to contain treasures or valuable metals and precious stones. Would it not have been better for Chinese and Christendom if England had not interfered in the Taiping rebellion?

In Ts'u-Hsiangfu I had interviews with two individuals belonging to very different classes of society. One was the scholar, Mr. "Reverently Protecting." He said there were sixteen temples in the city, great and small.

The other was with Old Cup, sixty years of age. We met him in the temple, a fat, smiling comfortable local deity. Cup keeps a tray at the Great East Gate where we entered. He vends small confections, and if he sells three hundred cash worth a day, it is a big sale. Sometimes the people purchase only eight cash worth. If he takes in a hundred cash he makes thirty cash nett profit, that is, if he sells goods to the value of five gold cents he makes two cents profit. On these profits he provides for himself and family. It is folly to expect the densely populated portions of China to adopt our wickedly expensive civilization. Let the Chinese dwell peaceably with their simple habits; but counsel them in matters of morals and religion. Cup talks so loud that he seems to be trying by the sound process to attract the attention of the deaf people on Mars. Otherwise, being well dressed, he is genteel for the position he occupies. For residence he rents a part of the temple buildings. He told me that on the west mountain, one li outside the city, to the east side of the Temple T'ao U, is a well which has a history. At the time of the rebellion, some thirty years





THE GREAT NORTH GATE OF TALIFU.  
Six soldiers were employed to keep back the crowd while the author took the photograph.



THE THREE PAGODAS AND THE SNOW MOUNTAINS AT TALIFU.

ago, the frightened people hid their silver and other valuables in this well. When the troubles were over and the remaining owners came to get their property, suddenly a black cloud arose accompanied by thunder and lightning and a terrific wind. This was sure proof to the superstitious people that the gods were opposed to their receiving the valuables back, so they have left them there to this day. The story is rather "fishy."

Ts'u-Hsiangfu to Talifu, a distance of five hundred and twenty-five li, was done in four days. The first day we passed a very long train of donkeys loaded with coffin boards made of the very heavy ironwood. When Mr. McCarthy was making his first great journey from Shanghai to Bhamo in eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, he met General Yang, who had put down the Mohammedan rebellion. The famous general was followed by hundreds of men carrying coffin boards, which he intended to present to his various friends. Yang was so full of the coffins that, after the annihilation of the moslems, he boomed up the undertaking business more than any man in the Province. Having begun, he could not stop short, but put a few by for his friends. It is frequently the case when renting a house in China, that the landlord desires to insert in the agreement that a room must be reserved for the coffins of himself and wife. A missionary sometimes has to sleep on a coffin containing a body which has occupied those quarters for many years. The coffin boards are four inches thick, cemented and hermetically sealed, so it is not a very serious affair. The greatest compliment a son can pay his parents is to present each of them with a coffin before they grow old and die.

Before we reach Talifu I shot an edible crane, weighing fifteen pounds.

## 華中關洋五子五生天

Heaven begat five sons, and the five seas trouble China.—*Vulgar Prophecy.*

### CHAPTER XVII.

TALIFU—STORY OF THE DEMON NO KAI—A  
MOHAMMEDAN RISING—A CHINESE SANATORIUM  
—A CHINESE SHOEMAKER AT WORK.



Carrying off written paper  
to burn.

**L**IKE Yunnan City, Talifu lies in a basin on the shores of a beautiful lake. The journey between these two cities is ordinarily thirteen days, but my caravan did the distance in eight days; that is, on the ninth day out from the Provincial Capital I entered that fair city whose Chinese name signifies "Great Reason." On Sundays we stopped to rest and take precautions against becoming heathen. Talifu is the best fortified city in Western China. If defended by a well-disciplined and equipped army, it would be impregnable; indeed, it proved to be so when once a horde of rebels with clubs, bows, and spears attacked it. The military strength of Talifu lies in the two outflanking fortifications on the north and south of the city. The plain upon which the city is built narrows at both ends into two passes, and the town is situated on the western margin of the majestic lake, and behind

the walls the dull, heavy slopes of the Ties Tsang mountains rise into colossal cliffs, snow-covered and serrated on the sky line. The utmost summits are full fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and stand out bold and cold seven thousand feet above the plain. The Moslem forces failed to carry the passes at the ends of the plain, but finally succeeded in capturing the city by descending and forcing their way across fields of snow supposed to be impassable in the western mountains back of the city. For this feat the Mohammedan insurgents deserved the success they achieved.

Night had fallen on the city when we approached the south entrance. The huge double gate was locked, but one of our guard soon had the hinges squeaking, and by the time all our lanterns were lighted we had free access. The streets, busy in the daytime, were forsaken, and save for dogs and occasional persons who came out of their houses with monster lanterns and held them high to view the caravan, we passed unnoticed down South Gate Street under the Great Drum Tower and swung into East Gate Street; our coolies and chairmen, feeling glad that the end of the journey was near, stepped up quickly and sharp, and turning into Kill Sheep Street, stopped at the China Inland Mission premises. These native buildings are unsuitable for extensive work, so larger and more pretentious houses are being prepared. The new property of the mission will cost but eleven hundred taels, a ridiculously small sum for such a fine batch of buildings. One fact I have carefully noted. All over China the missionaries use the contributions of the Church people at home with the most scrupulous care and economy. I was cordially greeted in Talifu by Mr. McLean, a Canadian, and I accepted

his kind invitation to remain with him during my stay. This was the last mission I was to see on China soil, for I had arrived near the British line.

There is a legend as to the making of the plain. The people of Talifu say that in very ancient times the waters of the "Sea," as they call the lake, covered the plain. The lake and surrounding region were then ruled by a monster demon called No Kai, who lived by eating human eyes. He is described as having eyes starting out of his head, with mouth like a hen's bill, covered with red hair—a creature who went naked and managed to move about with wings. Sixty pairs of human eyes constituted his daily fare, the supply of which was no little burden to the people around the lake. After a time their distress attracted the attention of the goddess of Mercy, who determined to hinder the work of the old rascal and deliver the people from the power of their oppressor, so she appeared as an old person before the monster and asked him to sell her as much land as her yellow dog could leap over in three bounds, and of the width from east to west of her holy garments, in exchange for a daily supply of food. The wily goddess substituted sixty pairs of shellfish for human eyes, and the monster did not discover the difference. To the surprise of the demon, the dog leaped from the upper to the lower customs barrier, a distance of one hundred and ten li. Stranger still, the garment stretched and stretched and stretched until it covered the whole space between the lake and the mountains. When the demon saw all this he was wroth, and could hardly contain his anger. He declared he would not keep his word, but the goddess, calling him to look at two great stones, threatened to bring the two together and imprison him between them if he failed to keep his promise. But if he kept

his word, she would build him a great emperor's palace! It would appear that the goddess of Mercy considered No Kai a dangerous individual to have at large. He agreed to this proposition, and the goddess, having created what appeared to be a grand palace, invited him to a sumptuous feast with his two brothers, and they all sat down together. As they were eating, the goddess changed into a bee and flew away. The palace in reality consisted of the two large stones, which gradually moved together and enclosed the three brothers who had been drinking a delightful concoction prepared to stupefy and bewitch them, so that they did not notice the contracting of their banqueting hall until too late to escape.

The demon cried out from the inside: "I gave you the ground you wanted and you have lied to me." The goddess smiled and prophetically answered him, "When there are no people on this land on the eighth day of the third month, you may come out of this prison." Ever since that day the people are careful to keep up a great market outside the West Gate on the Eighth Sun of each Third Moon. The stones in which the demon is supposed to be enclosed are forty li north of the city, and are to-day a monument and evidence of the truthfulness of the story.

The monster afterwards determined to exercise himself by making a road across the lake by breathing hard into the water through the small opening left between the stones. He seemed to be in a fair way to succeed, when the goddess saw bad intentions in this performance, and concluded to stop it. It appears that certain monsters in China, like this particular one, can only work at night, and that the first streak of dawn puts an end to their labours. The goddess, hearing No Kai breathing hard into the waters at

night, stood outside the prison, crowing like a cock and making a noise like the flapping of a cock's wings. The monster, hearing this, thought it was morning and gave up the work.

When the people assemble on market days guns are fired to let the monster know that he cannot go free!

The city of Talifu is not at all remarkable for its size, having only about three thousand families, but is famous for its marble and its skilled engravers in stone. The marble shops are located near the three pagodas, and the material is brought from the mountains and worked into monuments and ornamental slabs. On the way here we passed many donkey-loads of this beautiful white stone. The works employ about one hundred and fifty workmen.

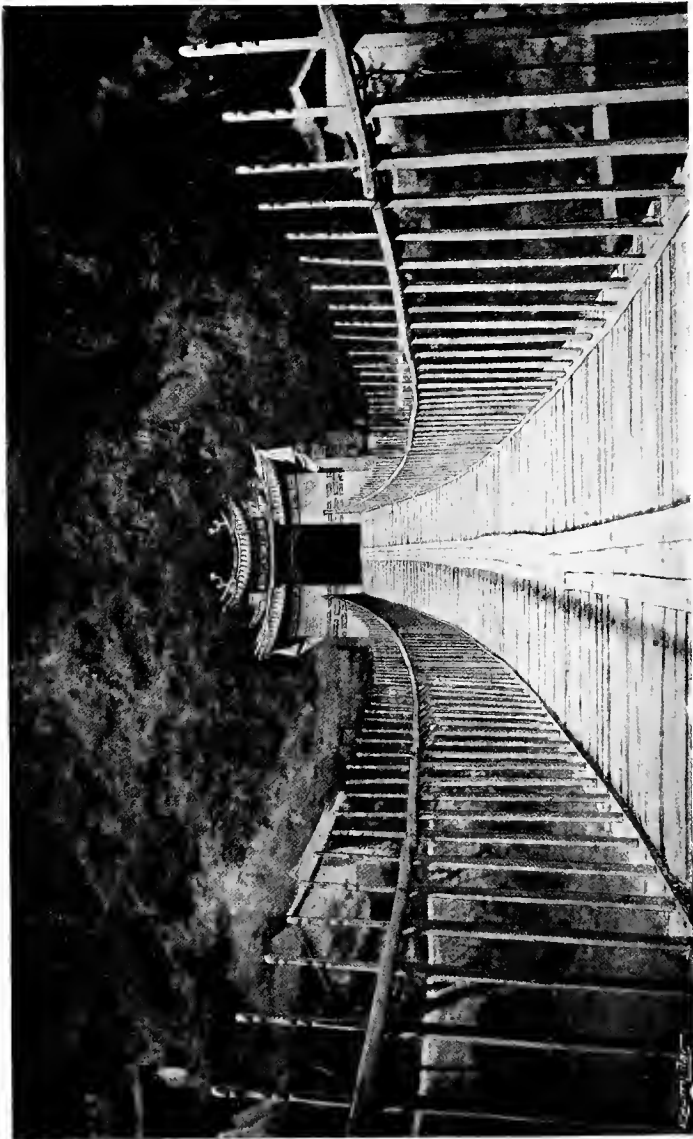
Here a hospital is soon to be opened. The only missions represented are the China Inland and the Roman Catholic. A kind priest who has worked for over fifty years for the conversion of the people of this Province has reaped but scant harvest; and only a few have joined the Protestant Church.

The Mohammedan who carried my camera had an honest face and an interesting story. He was fifty-four years of age, and had lived in the city fifty years. His name was "Sweet-Smelling-Garden-Wood," and he came originally from Yung C'hang An. He gave the following account of the great Mohammedan uprising in Yunnan:—Wicked people were plentiful, and there was continual fighting between those who worshipped idols and those who did not (Mohammedans). The secret society, "Old Brothers' Club," created much trouble and disorder. These men were finally the cause of the rebellion. Doubtless the troubles originated in a row between the pork and beef butchers, the former being idolaters and the latter Moslems.





REST HOUSE IN THE MOHAMMEDAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF TAIPING PU.  
Thirty li west of the Dragon River. Missionary McCarthy and the Author are standing between two "Heroes."



INSIDE VIEW OF THE MEKONG RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The name of the Moslem leader was "The Good-looking Literary Sprout." This haughty chief kept possession of the city for eighteen years. Very few Chinese stayed in the city at first, but when the Mohammedan government was established many returned to trade, and were all well treated by the Moslems; they were compelled to forego shaving, letting the hair on their heads grow. The Imperial troops were a whole year getting into the city, and then it was only by the treachery of one of the Moslem officers who opened the gates. The Imperial General Yang demanded that the Mohammedan king should give himself up. This he did, but took a dose of gold in solution before appearing before the conquering general. He then pleaded that his people might be saved, took a drink of water, and died in his chair. His head was cut off and his poor defenceless men, women, and children were massacred. A few having weapons escaped. It is said that over twenty thousand persons were slaughtered by the brutal Imperial soldiers, and that people who walked along the streets got their feet wet with human blood.

Sweet-Smelling-Garden-Wood was saved from destruction through the kindness of a general in the Imperial army who, though a Mohammedan, had not joined the rebellion. This general, "A-Pair-of-Round-Horses," took Sweet-Smelling-Garden-Wood and preserved him until everything was quiet. Talifu was easily defended, because the garden walls and houses were constructed of rounded stones and not of mud. On one of these stone walls I stood to take a photograph of the new mission buildings. These have an interesting history.

Along North Gate Street Cantonese traders exhibited all sorts of wares, foreign and native, for sale.

They are a commercial people, and spread themselves all over this Province. Large umbrellas covered the butchers and their long slabs of pork. The Chinese prefer pork, and it is difficult to buy mutton or beef unless the butcher is assured of a wholesale deal.

Three li beyond the city, toward the north, are three pagodas, the largest one being four hundred Chinese feet high. (A Chinese foot is about three English inches.) Toward the south is another pagoda; in fact, the city is well pagoda-ed, and the elements ought to be properly balanced and good luck kept well in hand. But whatever other use the pagoda may have, it relieves the landscape and makes picturesque some very ordinary scenery. Behind the pagodas pure white snow glistened on the lofty mountains. In the summer ice and snow are brought from the mountains and sold in the public streets. The same is done in Damascus, far away. The melted highland ice and snow form many cold streams which flow down into the lake. Many stone bridges span these streams along the roads to Talifu.

I turned off thirty li from the main road to Bhamo to visit Talifu. It was worth while as the place is one of the beautiful spots in Western China. Indeed, it is just the place for a sanatorium for missionaries out of repair. A few weeks of recuperation there would probably save the expense and time of sending them home to recruit.

From the three pagodas I passed through a graveyard which, a Mohammedan friend said, is twenty li long and three wide, and has several thousands of people buried in it. The graves are mostly fronted with a stone arch cut out of a single slab. In this, and closing the entrance, is another thinner piece of stone, on which the inscriptions are cut. This style of

gravestone is unlike any I have seen in China. They stretched out as far as the eye could see, and gave to the landscape an uncanny look, which was made more uncanny still by the mound in which ten thousand, who were slain on the retaking of the city by the Chinese, are buried. Adjoining this monster cemetery is the Third Moon Fair Ground, where "seven or eight thousand tens" gather. On this ground is a very large stone turtle, which is held down by a heavy slab on his back, and next door to the turtle is the Temple of Wealth.

Accompanied by six soldiers, sent to make it easy for me to take photographs, we entered "Kill-Sheep-Street," and had a tasty meal at the mission house. One feature of the dinner was the large goose I had myself shot as we passed along the road some thirty li from the city, and which a man had carried thirty odd li, over ten miles, for two hundred cash, or ten cents gold.

That afternoon a Chinese shoemaker came to put half soles on my shoes, but I refused to have it done unless I was present. At Chowtung I let a man take away my shoes. He sewed soft leather soles on with heavy twine a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, for which I paid three hundred cash. As the huge stitches were pulled through the inside sole, the twine came through inside and gave me sore feet for a week, and the new soles came off in thirty-six hours. Then, at another place, I got a pair of top shoes made, Chinese style, costing a tael and a half, or less than one gold dollar, and although the maker took my measure, they were an inch too short. At Tung Chuan I employed another man to make a pair, which were so large that I put in a half-inch layer of cotton wadding, and then they were still too big. So I got some nails

from the missionaries, brass and iron ones of the right length, an inch long, and sat down to see the performance. The Chinaman ripped off the partly worn soles and cut out thin ones to put on. I made him put two on each shoe. Then he took an awl four times the size of the nails, made great holes, and stuck the nails in. Result, the soles came up and off as fast as he put them on. Then I went to work myself. Fortunately for me, when a boy I had seen kind Owen Croman sole shoes in a little shop near my home in Doylestown. With inconvenient tools, I, the shoemaker, went to work and managed to accumulate much merit, I suppose, for the wily fellow charged me three prices for the job! But I got the soles, and that was important to one who likes to walk and hunt. I could now appreciate the reasons for missionaries wearing native outfits, for what the Chinaman and his ancestors have made can be well made now and at reasonable prices too.

“The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,  
Th’ assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.”

At Talifu we replenished our stock of vegetables, fruit, and good nature.

## 若 要 人 不 知 除 非 已 不 爲

If you don't want anybody to know it, don't do it!—*History of the Three States.*

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EFFECTS OF OPIUM — THE GODDESS OF MERCY HALL — AN IMPREGNABLE FORTIFICATION—AN ODORIFEROUS INN—MOSLEM COFFINS — A KINDLY MULLAH—A PLAGUE OF INCENSE.



False Face.

**B**OTH chairmen and coolies who had come with me from Yunnan Fu were anxious to re-engage and go on to Burma, but as the last great section of the Across China Tour is the longest, and in some ways the most trying to the physical capabilities of men and beasts, it seemed best to get fresh men for the remainder of the journey. I had thought of taking horses, mules or donkeys, but there is no question that for a long strain men can do the best. Then, too, some of my men from Yunnan were great opium smokers, and unable to endure continual exertion. Poor fellows, forging the chains of a dreadful habit which will bring them to poverty! When the intense desire for the drug would come on in the afternoon and the "ying" or habit got to work, I have seen the coolies lie down,

unable to withstand the craving, and it would be difficult to get them up again.

The Viceroy having wired the officials at Tali to give me every assistance, they called and offered their services, so I put the matter of getting new men in the hands of the City Magistrate. He gave his personal attention to the matter, and a better managed affair one could not expect. My caravan consisted of three mountain chairs with four men each, and ten coolies carrying baggage over their shoulders. There were also a boss coolie, and a man representing the Yamen or magistrate, besides four red-coated "Heroes," who escorted the company as guard.

Mr. Emberly, of the Inland Mission, who came out from England only a year ago, walked with us for thirty li. I said good-bye to kind Mr. McLean, and the caravan moved off at a quick step, turning out of Kill-Sheep-Street into East Gate Street, passing under an insignificant tower related to the Temple of the God of Literature into Big Street. The city appeared to be deserted in the early morning; only the scavengers, the dogs, were to be seen. We passed the Likin office, and went straight by the Five Glory Tower to the Yamen of Taotai, which is the residence of the military ruler of the Province of Yunnan. It was formerly occupied by the Mohammedan Sultan. Persons are permitted to walk through the place, but animals and chairs must go round. Two monster poles with wooden V-shaped cages two-thirds of the way up, which, throughout all China, signify an official residence, stand prominent and large enough to catch all the bad spirits on their way down to disturb official quietude and hold them in mid-air. As we passed, a salute of one gun was fired, either in our honour or as a signal to open the big south gate ahead





SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT THE GREAT GORGE OF THE MEKONG RIVER, FAR WESTERN CHINA.



THE GREAT DOUBLE SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE DEADLY SALWEEN RIVER. A triumph of Chinese Engineering Skill.

of time in order that the distinguished visitors might not be detained. We waited only a few moments for the old watchman to bring the huge rusty keys and unlock the gate. One old cannon lay by the street side and opposite were paper horses for sale. When they are burnt the spirits of the dead will have something to ride on in spook-land.

We crossed a stone bridge and passed through villages which are only a shadow of their former size and prosperity. Everything was very quiet, nobody being up but the gods, and these were pasted up. A single pagoda stands on the south side of the city to look after the prosperity from that quarter. The road all the way to Hsiakwan, a distance of thirty li, is paved with stone ten feet wide, and is the straightest I have seen in China. The boss coolie told me that the Moslems did this work, and it was probably true, for they are not disturbed by vindictive spirits who despise straight roads. When near the tree of the Third Moon Agreement, I was told that on the Plain of Talifu there are three hundred villages in sight, and three hundred and sixty temples. The villages for the most part belong to aboriginal tribes, who married the first Chinese emigrants. They have a language of their own, but know sufficient Chinese for ordinary business. The most interesting object on this road to the lover of legend is the Goddess of Mercy Hall. Here, over the door, is the inscription, "Great Stone Place." We stopped and rapped, but were too early for the keeper, so we hastened on. Inside is a mythical stone with a pavilion over it, surrounded by a lily pond, about which the natives told me a story. In the very early days, a Burmese army was approaching to capture the city of Tali. The Goddess of Mercy turned herself into an old woman

and came along carrying this great stone, as large as a first-class cabin on an ocean steamer. A Burmese soldier said to her, "Old mother, is that really a stone?" "Oh, yes," she replied. Then he asked where the city was, and she told him it was in sight, but if they went there the army would perish. Disregarding her warning, they proceeded toward the city. While they were drinking water at a spring, suddenly a great wave came from the mountain and engulfed many of them. The rest fled. Then the Goddess of Mercy interposed to preserve the city. It may be that she threw the stone in the upper stream!

In less than two and a half hours we entered the fortified city of Hsiakwan, passed through a series of gates and walls, and stopped at the "Assembly-of-the-Sea-from-Afar" eating house for "early rice."

This is, from the Chinese standpoint, an impregnable fortification for the defence of Talifu. One arm of the wall extends out to the narrow pass five li from the city, our road running on the opposite bank of the Yangpi River. Modern cannon could blow the cactus off the crumbling battlements into the river which flows out of the lake of Tali. The wall ends in a tower of heavy masonry, with a graceful arch spanning the highway. The sign over the road reads, *Heaven begets Virtue*. Just here the river narrowed to about ten feet, passing under an exquisitely beautiful natural bridge. A woman, basket on back, with a black hog's head sticking out, passed us. The porker grunted a salutation—better manners than of ships that pass in the night. The road is in view of a succession of rapids; and budding willows line the two banks of the river until the Vine Bridge is reached. Forty Li Bridge is a wooden-covered affair

of single span, with many single holes in the roof. This is the first covered wooden bridge I had seen in China. Beautiful in that warm valley is the landscape. Poppies are in bloom, peaches are in bloom, mustard is in bloom, beans are in bloom—everything indeed is in bloom in this valley of enchantment.

Leaving behind us Hsiakwan, we reached the village of Tanchi Pu where I purchased eggs at six cash each, or about three and a half gold cents a dozen. Thirty feet from the river, just below this hamlet, is a huge rock in the shape of a skull, twenty feet in length, which resembles the funny pictures in American papers of "Moike." It is detached and strongly suggests an exaggerated face and head of an unusual Irishman.

The darkness was on when we entered the village of Yangpi, where we were to stop over Sunday. Yangpi, while only a town, is walled, and a military official resides there. The place is a hundred and thirty li from Talifu, and is important because it guards a mountain road and pass, which, by the way, is frequented by smugglers. It is said that some two thousand Mohammedans tried to escape by this road when Talifu fell, but the route to Yangpi being closed, they all perished. I stopped at Righteousness Working Inn, a most disagreeable place. There was no outlook to my room, and the inlook was an open square or court measuring twenty feet and used as a resting and feeding place for four large black hogs and divers others of moderate size. It belonged to the odoriferous age. The miserable shanty was kept by one Chen, which name might mean "Stinking." If so, the Inn was properly named! In fact, I might say, as Coleridge said of Cologne:

"I counted two and seventy stenches,  
All well-defined, and several stinks."

Poor old fellow, he was sixty years of age, and was suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, and his wife had sciatica. He came there thirty years ago, and built the place. A board hanging out in front explained that "Visitors are informed that officials, business people, and others are invited to this *newly-opened inn.*"

Early Monday morning, before light, we left Yangpi which is five thousand feet above the sea, crossed an iron chain suspension bridge over the Yangpi River, and began a steep ascent. Six lanterns and as many flaming torches of split bamboo furnished light, as we would be amidst strange and uncanny shapes up the mountain side. The leading torch-man sets a bundle of fir limbs afire, which was intended to head off spooks, because a few graves were near by. In three hours we were at an altitude over eight thousand feet above the sea by our aneroid, among forests, mulberry trees, a variety of ferns, and other abundant foliage. Some forty-five li from Yangpi are salt wells, and the region, though very steep, is cultivated. A chain suspension bridge, in good condition, spans the Long River. It was early when, after doing one hundred and twenty li, we entered the small village of Kuanglien Pu to pass the night. My men had done well, and were cheerful. Goitre, I found, is prevalent here. The landlady had a severe form of it, and found difficulty in speaking.

On Tuesday, we made another one hundred and twenty li. Starting at five thousand two hundred and ninety feet above the sea, we climbed to eight thousand four hundred and ten, and then down to five thousand five hundred and twenty at Chutung, where I remained for the night. At eleven A.M. the wind suddenly arose to a gale. I have never met such

sudden changes of the weather except on the sea of Galilee. Soon after this tremendous wind we came upon five Japanese engineers; they were cordial, and all spoke English. With my rifleman, I took a run down the mountain to the beautiful plain of Yangping.

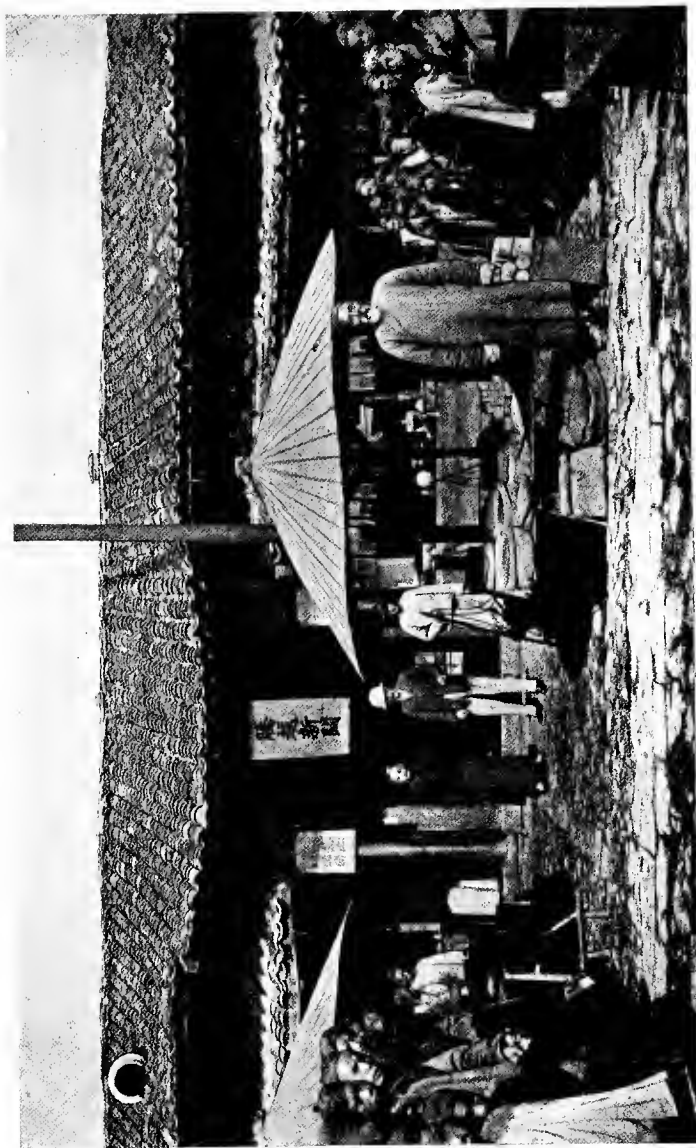
Amidst flowers and gazing people, I crossed this plain to the village of Chutung and put up at the "Come-Again" Inn. My room contained an old gun of the two-man type, still turned out at the arsenal at Yunnanfu. To operate it, one man holds it on his shoulder and the other pulls the trigger, both getting killed in the event of its bursting, which frequently happens. The dangerous thing is over eight feet long! The room was upstairs, and had a fine outlook; in fact, the inn generally was good. Leaving Autumn and Winter Street for a stroll, I turned out of North Gate Street to Lordship Street, and entered the grounds of the Moslem Mosque. On my way I purchased sweet potatoes of an old hag, who charged me just twice too much. A man standing near had brass buttons with Queen Victoria's head on. The outer gate of the mosque had a six-sided tower with as many windows, used for a minaret. The whole place was in good repair, eight hundred ounces of silver having been recently expended for the work. There are two hundred Moslem families in the place. The Mullah greeted me kindly, and served tea in the open school-room, where he teaches some sixty boys the Koran in Arabic. They all eat beetlenut and lime! This miniature imitation of the great University of the Mohammedans, El Azar, with its fourteen thousand students, shows that the followers of Mohammed are loyal. On entering the gate, a strong odour struck my nostrils, and turning, behold! two coffins lashed to poles stood ready to be taken to the mountains for

burial. The Moslem coffins are not hermetically sealed as the Chinese are. The former have movable boards and when the corpse has been dropped into the grave they do duty for years. The niche of the Mosque is towards Mecca, and the worship-room, thirty by fifty feet, showed a polished floor and skins for the worshippers to kneel on. The Moslem leader called on me at the inn in the evening, with his son, who is suffering from a skin disease. We suggested soap, giving him a piece, and prescribed lard, but he hesitated at this, being a Mohammedan. He finally said "I will use swine fat for medicine." When leaving this afternoon, he presented me with an oragne just plucked from one of the trees in front of the Mosque, so the soap made us even. I was writing and he said, "put down that I belong to the Mohammedan religion." He is a cordial man, this Mullah, and says prayers five times a day. On Friday, the Moslem Sunday, he preaches to about eighty of the "faithful."

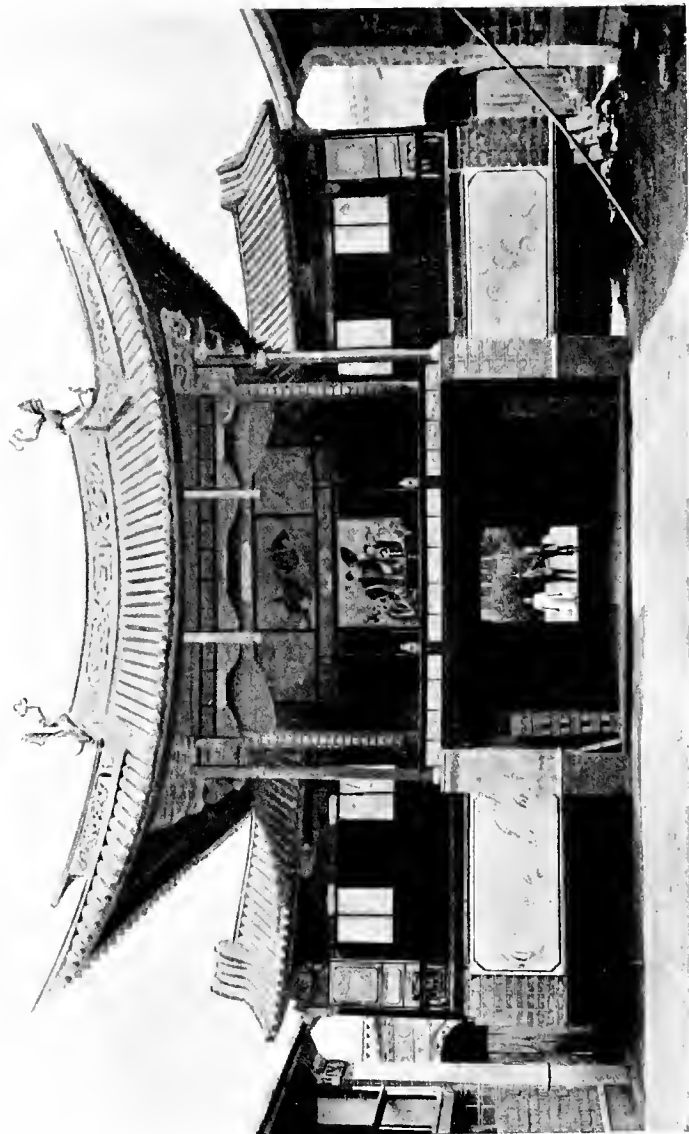
The Long Silver River which flows through the plain rises suddenly in the seventh or eighth Moon, when there have been heavy rains in the mountains. As some people were stepping across from stone to stone, eight years ago, a wave came without warning and killed several of them before quickly receding.

On Wednesday, the fourth of March, or, as the Chinese say, the sixth sun of the second moon of the twenty-ninth year of the Emperor Kwang Hsu, and in the cycle of sixty the Rabbit, we made an early start, and had much the same climbing as on the day before. We started at five thousand five hundred feet above the sea, went up to eight thousand five hundred and ten and came down to Pingpo, which is, according to Baber, four thousand nine hundred and twenty, my aneroid marking it at a little over five thousand feet.





IMPERIAL CHINESE CUSTOMS, TENG YUEH, AN UMBRELLA GROCERY STORE IN THE FOREGROUND, THE DEALER BY ITS SIDE.



THEATRE CONNECTED WITH THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD OF RICHES, TENG YUEH, FAR WESTERN CHINA.

In some parts of the way the underbrush was very thick. At one time we met more than two hundred horses and donkeys with foreign goods from Burmah.

The steep valleys leading from the plain of Shayang Ho, up the mountains, are terraced and green. One hundred feet below is a flat covered with whitewashed graves, the whitewashing being attended to at New Year's time. The graves point exactly south, as if laid by a compass. I hung my pocket Fahr. thermometer on a tall cactus in the sun, and it registered fifty-two degrees. The village of Shayang Ho is seventy-five li from Chutung. The entrance is over a bridge, on which is erected a demon trap, *i.e.*, a small temple erected to the king of the demons. This is supposed to be a safe plan for preventing his inferiors from interfering with the town's people. Near the skew bridge is an official rest house. Two hundred families the place boasts of and six temples. There is a market every five days, at which time the town is crowded. I "ate the afternoon" at "Greatly Increasing Inn," and went on to the River Mekong, twenty li distant, which I reached at half-past two P.M. The descent at this point is by the most zig-zag track I have seen or travelled in the Celestial Empire. At the lower end of the turn is a fine road supported on the river side by good masonry. This appears to have been presided over by engineers. The approaches to an iron suspension bridge are gorgeous. There are few views superior to this on the Yangtze. On the east end of the bridge is the inscription "Hills High and Water Long;" on the west side "The west must severely govern." The suspension bridge spans sixty yards where the river issues from a dark gorge, and was rebuilt last year at a cost of eight thousand taels, the money being given by officials and the

wealthy gentry. So said the Likin barrier man, who was located at the east end of the bridge. All the suspension bridges in Yunnan seem to be constructed on the same principle. Chains of oval links about seven inches long are drawn across, leaving a slight curve, and fastened in masonry at the ends. Two side chains are swung to protect the traveller against falling over. Planks are laid on the chains to walk on. How the Chinese tighten these chains I could not learn. The Mekong Bridge is protected by temples and divers idols. Five li up the western ascent is the village of Mekong Terrace, or Pingpo. Five hundred feet below this place flows the beautiful Mekong, and on the opposite or eastern side the mountains tower precipitous and bare.

I asked an old resident, "Have you had no scholars or great men here in the past?" The reply was "No. The children even do not learn to read; we only attend to our eating and work." It is a great fallacy to suppose that the Chinese are educated. Millions of children go to school, it is true, for three years, during which time they are taught the formation and sound of character, but not the meaning; the greater number never learn the sense except of the few characters used in their trade or business. The Pingpo man corrected himself and said, "Yes, we have had one great man." "What did he do?" I eagerly inquired. "O, he lived to be one hundred and seven years of age."

In my upstairs room were the God of Riches, the Ancestral Tablet, and a paper pasted between the two to heaven and earth. On a table in front of them were various urns for burning pulverized incense. They were four-fifths full of ashes already. The young grandson of the hundred and seven years grandfather

came up and placed two urns before the God of Riches, evidently intent on working him for all he was worth, and one each before the ancestral tablet and the heaven and earth. Then he put incense to each. The evening before it was a Moslem who was not ashamed of his religion; this night an idolater was not ashamed of his.

Incense to heaven and earth, ancestors, and god of riches filled the room, so that I could not sleep. The young fellow came and started the things going, and then left me to smell them. I offered to throw the whole batch out of the window, but that saddened the interpreter who had a vision of a riot, so I concluded to let them have their ancestors, heaven and earth, and god of riches until they can get something better. However, I extinguished the incense. In addition to these drawbacks, about sixty donkeys were stopping with us at the inn, their keepers sleeping soundly beside their goods in the open court.

## 行於利耳逆言忠病於利口苦藥良

Effective medicine embitters the mouth, but heals disease,  
Faithful words offend the ear, but reform the conduct.

—*Domestic Analects.*

### CHAPTER XIX.

A WEIRD PROCESSION—A WEDDING REPAST—  
—AN ANCIENT FESTIVAL—THE VALLEY OF THE  
SHADOW—THE MONSTER OF THE SALWEEN  
RIVER—COOLIE SUPERSTITIONS—AN UNGRATE-  
FUL PATIENT.



Bridge with Demon Trap.

THE cock-crowing on March fifth, we left the inn and incense, but no insolence, of Pingpo with lanterns, flaming torches and four guards. The arrangement of the caravan was on this wise. First a hero, then a local torch-man carrying the split bamboo affair making great light and flame, after him my mountain chair borne by four sturdy fellows, then the interpreter's chair, also borne by four, then a torch-man, who, in turn, was followed by the secretary's octoped vehicle with torch-man. Then followed more heroes, the long line of coolies carrying luggage and "chow," the boss coolies and a single hero. At my side marched a nimble soldier with the repeating rifle on his shoulder. He had orders to keep within ten feet of me

all the time. Amidst the barking of dogs, the procession slowly went up the deserted street between two rows of thatched mud huts, filed out of the west end, and at once began the ascent of the steep mountain. The light of the flambeaux flung weird, ghostly shapes into the dark ravine. The effect was heightened when the mischievous torchman set the long grass afire and the gloomy mountains were reddened with an uncertain light to the sky line. In the dense darkness ahead, the noise of a waterfall told us we were far from the summit. A good road zig-zagged upward. Paved with stone and guarded by a balustrade of the same material split and set on edge, the path gave no anxiety, but some exertion. In several places the road lay high on single arch stone bridges, spanning mountain torrents far below. Near one of these picturesque bridges were stone tablets standing perpendicular, inscribed on which were characters expressing praise of comfortable men who contributed to the construction of the bridges. Next to the memorial slabs was a demon trap. Two hours out of Pingpo we entered Water Refuge, passed by two wells without stopping, and before three hours of the day's journey were over our aneroid registered over eight thousand feet. Now, as Pingpo was less than five thousand feet above the sea, our course had been distinctly upward. The road was good, the scenery grand, and the small steep cultivated valleys, containing a few sheltered huts, looked peaceful. The population was sparse with little to warrant the statement of certain statistical gentlemen who have never travelled in the Province, that the inhabitants numbered over six millions. Men of experience tell me that many such vacant stretches exist. If that day's observation is a gauge for an estimate, I am not far wrong in saying

that the population is not more than five millions, at the very most. On this day, batches of donkeys with long ears and short tails, driven by men with short ears and long tails, passed us going to fetch salt.

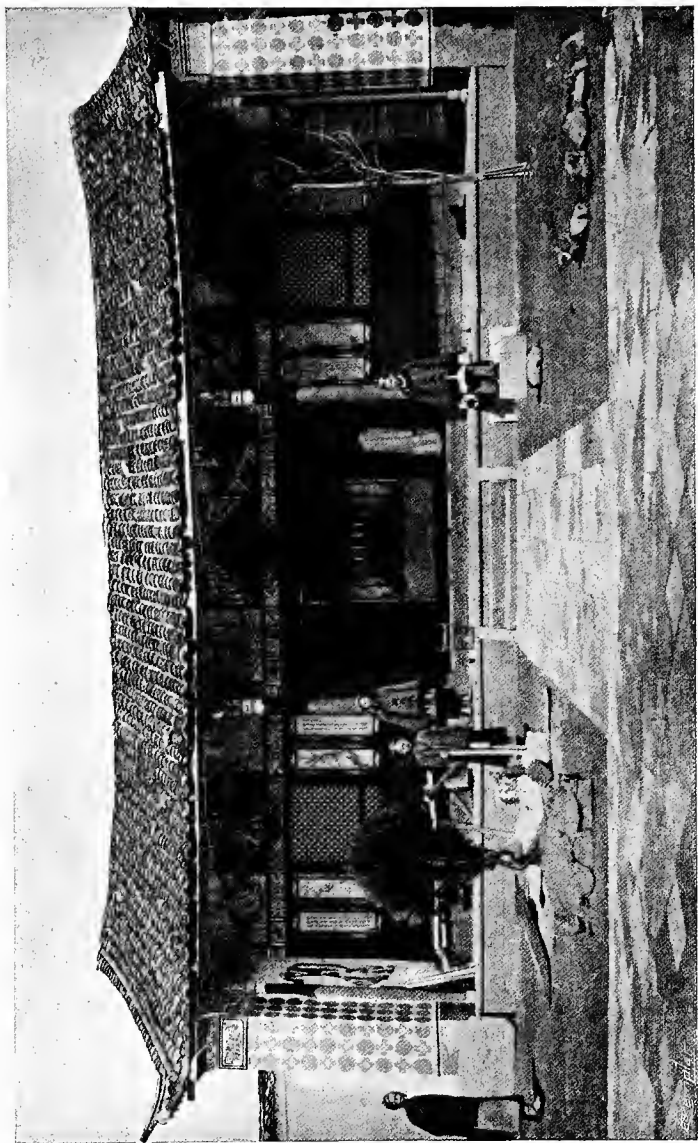
After going fifty li we stopped at Bullock Yoke Hamlet, composed of two eating, or rather nibbling, houses, and no bullock, for early rice. We carried in a Chowtung basket native sponge cake, onions, and other vegetables, lest we should be delayed at these wayside inns. Here I ate a new kind of rice, the stickiest rice I ever met with. I had breakfast before eating it, and took it simply to cap the climax. Later—the cap was still on! A company of Cantonese mendicant merchants who trade in all sorts of merchandise (including opium), stopped at Bullock Yoke to rest. Four were heavily armed with good rifles. Our caravan descended to Externally Existing Plain, on the road down to which I saw graves resembling inverted coal scuttles.

The place is celebrated for coffins and dyeing, and has about five hundred families. Huge stacks of coffins and dyed cloth with cheerful suggestions salute the visitor's eyes. On the journey from Bhamo to Talifu, the merchandise trains usually stop to change horses and repair damages at Wooden Bridge, for the place boasts plenty of smiths. Just outside the village a wooden bridge spans the river, which irrigates the famous Yungchang Plain. Beyond, the road lies along a causeway, beside which field reservoirs have been constructed over against the rainless month.

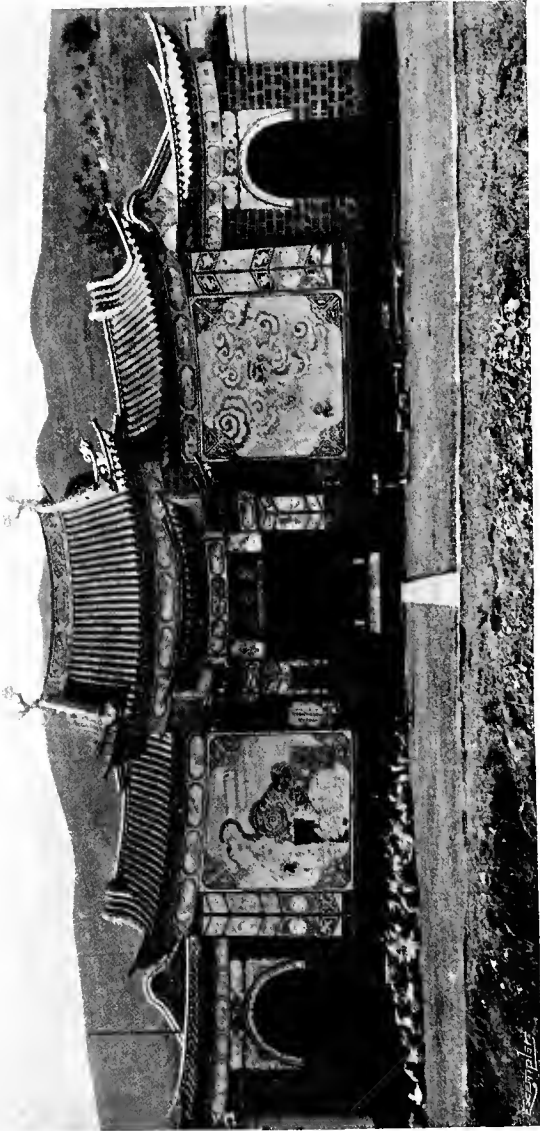
While crossing the plain I purchased a beautiful Amherst pheasant for two hundred cash. It was too pretty to kill, so the interpreter kept it to take home.

Along the route incense sticks and paper money





IN THE GROUNDS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD OF RICHES, TENG YUEH, FAR WESTERN CHINA.  
Chinese artists are notoriously inapt at perspective, but this artist has done well.



THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD OF RICHES, TENG YUEH, FAR WESTERN CHINA.

were placed to placate evilly inclined ghosts, and give the fresh spirits cash for spirit travel.

The North Gate of the Fu city of Yungchang is hardly entered before the vacant places, with growing crops, and ruins, indicate more prosperous times in the past. The open spaces are now sufficient to grow food for a defending army. The city is but a shadow of its former glory. The Glad House Inn, kept by Victorious Li, provided me an upper room, which was seldom used except for storing away things and dirt. I tore some red paper off a beautiful view of the Holy Hill, with many temples and other spirit affairs picturesquely perched on its side.

After a brief halt, I left Glad House Inn, which fronts on Concentrated Gladness Street, passed into Deputy Prefects Street, and took a snap-shot at two prisoners heavily ironed and chained.

The temple to the God of Literature was in tolerable repair. We turned from this into Prefect's Door Street, and passed the Fu Yamen into Rough Grass Street, which leads directly up to the Holy Hill, or, as the Chinese familiarly call it, Peace-Preserving Hill. The central temple belongs to the God of Riches. A variety of foliage lends charm to the view. Beyond the Dragon Gate is a modest pagoda keeping the "Balance of the elements." Near the Dragon Gate a wedding procession passed us. The beast was on a tray, but the most important dish was a chicken's head and two wings. It was *en route* to the bride's house. The Chinese in this section have a queer notion about these three choicest parts of an old hen.

The Horse God Temple was a curious affair, but we hastened on down New Tablet Street to the stone tablets erected some three hundred years ago, after which the street is named. These were to commemorate

the ability of two or three generations of the Stone family, whose distinguished sons won the highest degrees given at Peking. I was told by a local "anchorite" that the Emperor issued an Edict for its erection, and the gentry paid the bill.

A district magistrate had ordered the huge city gates to be opened very early in the next morning to let us pass. The regular time is at sunrise. I said "Go slowly" to Glad House Inn, and departed about the fourth watch. Soon after leaving the city we began to ascend. I was in advance of the procession, when suddenly two of the soldiers came and pointed to a wall of rock which, in the dim early light, I could distinguish. They indicated by gestures something very special. Quick as a flash, I thought of poor Margary who was done to death; nevertheless I followed them to a natural cave called Great Stone Flower Cave. It is located twenty li from Yungchang and five li from the village of Stone Flower Hall. The entrance to this large cave is fifteen feet high and fifteen wide. By turning directly to the right one enters the cave proper. It is said to extend a great distance into the mountains. At the entrance is a shrine in which are three idols, the Supreme Ruler, the Lord of the Cave, and the God of the Earth, with two attendant images. These deities are there on guard, for it is generally supposed that demons inhabit the dark recesses of this vast cavern. For over three hundred years the people and officials have assembled in thousands on the fifteenth day of the first moon to worship, while hundreds of traders take this opportunity to dispose of their goods. As the worship is only for one day, people do not come beyond a radius of fifty li. My men could not tell who originated this festival. The main purpose is to propitiate the

gods in order that prosperity may wait upon the city.

Soon after noon I left my chair and hustled. The soldiers carrying the rifle, camera, etc., were too slow, so I took these things away from them, handed part to the faithful boy Li, and the balance went over my own shoulder. We struck off for the Salween River to take photographs of the famous bridge before dark. I wanted the whole caravan to go and stop there over night, which it could easily have done. But the men were afraid of the deadly valley which, since the days of the old Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, has had an evil reputation. The boss coolie, with a flush of pride, just as if he cared for the men, told how the lives of his men were more precious than much silver. A huge joke that. He himself had the shakes in the valley of the shadow of death. Well, it was the hardest tramp I have had on this Across China trip. The sun hot, the road rough, the soles of my shoes thin, nothing to eat since nine A.M., except four small pieces of native nut cake, and no place to get hot water, and the heavy load to carry. Several times I sat down to rest, and was tempted to drink of the clear water at the roadside, but the knowledge that it had probably come from a rice patch fertilized with human ordure caused me to desist. When about ten li from the bridge, I spied a tea shop and made for it. A thatched roof was welcome, even though there was nothing to refresh the inner man except sweetened rice and hot water.

I soon devoured a basin of popped rice and hot water and felt much better. Then on I started for the bridge, in order to get there before sundown. The road was up and down on the side of a steep valley. Cactus and donkeys with piece goods from Burma were in evidence. After many vicissitudes, tired out, but

victorious, I went down the cut stone steps to the double suspension bridge in time to take a photo of the demon trap by the stairs; then passed the temple to the Goddess of Mercy, and, stopping to rest for a moment, saw the soldier breathing through his cap. He was afraid to inhale the air of the valley, which is said to be a veritable plague spot. It may be unhealthy and malarious, but not to such an extent as the superstitious natives declare. The valley lay before me, exceedingly beautiful; it might be "the smile of the siren." At certain times few persons venture across, but this was the healthiest season of the year.

The chain bridge, or rather bridges (for there are two in the mysterious valley) is over one hundred and forty yards long over the water. It extends over boulders on each side. These are covered with water in the rainy season. Supporting the chains in the midst of the river is a massive pier built on the natural rock. Many workmen were engaged in repairing the structure, over two thousand taels being expended for this purpose. So when I reached the pier it was necessary to descend to the boulders and clamber over them to the other side.

The other span was ready for use, but a lucky day had not come to open it. It had been discovered that the third sun of the third moon of this (Rabbit) year would be the lucky day. But it was necessary for me to stay in the small village at the west end of the bridge. A citizen was anxious to have me stop with him by the river side, but I indicated that the Likin barrier would suit me better, where there was a yard, full of timbers being dressed for the bridge, overshadowed by a fine banyan tree. I saw no evidence of the plague which is said to desolate this beautiful

spot. A healthier looking lot of people I have not seen in China. The crowd was curious but polite, as I sat in the Likin Porch and watched the lamp, which someone had lighted, shine out of the demon trap across the river.

A huge amphibious monster is said to live in the Salween river. He is supposed to be responsible for the deadly plague, and subsists on men and mules that fall into the water. In case none fall, he comes out after them. One day, while a Chinese soldier was on the high bank, the monster showed himself. The soldier raised his gun, took aim, fired and wounded it in the side. Then he asked the Shans of the village who were standing around to help him catch the creature. The Shans refused, saying that if they killed the beast the malaria fever would cease, and then the Chinese would come and seize their happy valley.

“Rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.”

After dark the coolies, carrying my pukai and boxes, arrived, and I managed to get something to eat. My bed was made up in the entry of the Likin, and before eight I was asleep. The lights of curious passers-by woke me several times, but I got “a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep” till eleven, when the gambling, opium smoking, and drinking ceased, and the big double doors were locked. The two soldiers slept just beside the door. My cameras, tripod, rifle and other things were left beside me, where it would be easy for someone to carry them off, but nothing was disturbed. Near by was a pool of stagnant water breeding all sorts of microbes. A monster rooster slept next me, and duly flapped his wings four times and emitted a crow according to his size at the proper time. Baneful rats were charging

about, and I thought Canton perhaps gets the plague from this rat centre. Many temporary grass huts have been erected for the coolies, carpenters, and stone masons working on the bridge. But the coolies prefer to cross this valley before sunrise, which is the very worst part of the day. They are superstitious, and superstition works disaster in thousands of ways to the Chinese.

When Mr. John McCarthy crossed the Salween in eighteen hundred and eighty seven, he was told a variety of stories, many of which are still on tap. At that time only those having urgent business ventured to cross. He was warned not to wash his hands while in the lethal valley because the flesh might fall off. The plague was then thought to come from the earth. Dogs, cats and small animals died first; then the pigs and larger animals went the same way. All persons who remained after the animal died were liable to become victims. If a large spot appeared on the human body near a vital organ, the disease would prove fatal; otherwise there was hope of recovery. Houses were deserted, and no one used an infected article. There is good reason for believing that the plague reaches Hong Kong from this point. One of the men who carried Mr. McCarthy's baggage died on the way back, and when he visited the place most of the people had deserted the valley and were camping on the hill-sides; many of the small hills were covered with coffins. The Shans now cultivate the plain, and live there all the year. Those who are born on the plain are not affected by the disease.

When ascending the mountain, for many miles one can look back and see the iron suspension bridge. The view from Homoshu is one of the best. The





IRON EYE-BAR SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE LONG RIVER, FAR WESTERN CHINA.



WESTERN GATE OF NANTIEN, CAPITAL CITY OF THE SHANS, FAR WESTERN CHINA.

point is five thousand five hundred and sixty feet above the sea; the Salween is two thousand four hundred and thirty. The plain below, cut into rice patches, and here and there a sugar-loaf mountain protruding, the peaceful river, the mountains and ravines on the distant shore, form a picture to delight the lover of natural scenery.

Homoshu is a mountain village, the terraces of which are of flat stone, the houses of mud bricks. Bamboo pipes conduct pure water to the houses and troughs for man and beast. Here is the home of the celebrated Centurion Heavenly Happiness Sheep. One of the residents, a sort of mountain seer—the sage was he who wore Victorian buttons—told me that in former times the Chinese would not stop on this plain, but now they only move away during the rainy season, when the Likin men come up the mountain to sleep. In the rainy season people see red, blue, and yellow mists in the morning in the valley, and if a stranger breathes these he will die. After a summer rain the pestilent vapour slowly folds the beautiful valley in its deadly embrace. The water falls on this yellow clay, and that causes the yellow demon to exhale this yellow mist. I asked Yang why they did not locate these demons and make it hot for them. He said that the plain is so large that people cannot locate them, and after I suggested the planting of trees, he said they did not know how to do this. The probable facts about this sickness are that the region is not specially healthful, to begin with, and the coolies and others, haunted by dread, find themselves tired out, and drink unboiled water with the usual shaky results; then they think they have swallowed the mist! Some of my coolies did that very thing and got fever; all blamed the valley for the bad effects!

Young Li, my man, got sick when we were over the highest point of the pass, eight thousand seven hundred and thirty feet above the sea. He lay down in the road, squirmed, and screamed, "Save my life, save my life." I gave him medicine, and the natives treated him Chinese fashion, baring the arms, wetting the skin inside the elbows, and pinching him between the second joints of the first and second fingers, also in the neck, thus starting a counter-irritant. Again the pain shook his frame, and he cried out still more vehemently, "Save my life, save my life." We had him carried in the chair while I walked, and when the medicines I gave him had time to take effect, he promptly improved. He also ate ginger root put into his mouth by one of his men, which was good for him no doubt. The next day several of the men who disregarded orders not to drink unboiled water, got sick and cursed the mists in the valley. When Li got well there was no expression of gratitude. I hope he *thought* it, for he rode and I walked. Comforts, pills, mountain chair and good wishes for him, but no thanks for us! The character and characters of the Chinese are equally difficult to master. This region has been greatly dreaded in former years, there is no doubt, but it must now be more healthful, or perhaps the superstition is giving way to practical common-sense.

I spent Sunday at the mountain village of Taiping-pu, where there are Moslems and beef, and where the women rise to their feet when a man passes. The air is pure. The hamlet lies about seven thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, in the midst of wooded hills and beautiful scenery. There is certainly less iniquity in Mohammedan than in Buddhist villages.

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A thousand learnings are not worth one seeing.

## CHAPTER XX.

CHINESE FAITH IN FOREIGN MEDICINE—TENG-YUEH PLAIN — A LEGEND OF TATUNG — THE ORIGIN OF PEAT—CHINESE BILLS—WANT OF MISSIONS IN TENG YUEH—BLUE FRIEND THREE —A PEARL OF PRICE.



Cooking Range.

THREE red-coated soldiers bivouaced comfortably on the porch of the official rest house in the mountain village of Taipingpu. They built a fire before our door and erected some split bamboo matting to head off the chilly mountain wind. By half-past three in the morning we were off with torches of split bamboo tied in bundles eight feet long. The descent of thirty li to the Schweli or golden water, began directly we left the hamlet. Our path lay in a sunken road, full of the most surprising curves. The rain, pouring down heavily, made uncertain stepping for our coolies, as we passed under arches formed by overhanging trees. It would be a charming road, I have no doubt, on a clear, warm day. Our torches were exhausted when we reached Bamboo Hamlet, but Mohammedan Horse, the elder at Taipingpu, had foreseen this, so we had to wait merely to light new flambeaux. In three hours the river was

reached, the descent being gradual as we passed along easy slopes. The approach was by a covered wooden bridge and a few houses. Reaching the chain suspension bridge, which had wooden decking and palisades, I found that we had descended thirty-five hundred feet. The river ran clear in a deep gully, and soon became "rapids." The other side was steep. A half-hour's travelling brought us to the Olive Grove, where a pause was made for early rice. No sooner had we entered the inn when a poor fellow, with his hand bloody and swollen, entered and knelt before us, beseeching medical attendance. However the Chinese may detest alien things they are certainly willing to "eat" foreign medicine. Here we ordered a fire, made on the floor, and dried our garments piece by piece, assuming in the process various undignified attitudes. When we were able to make a fresh start, we crossed the one range which lay between Olive Grove and Tatung, with difficulty and adventure.

Six hours later I suddenly came in sight of the Tengyueh Plain, and, passing round a shoulder of the mountains, had my first view of the city. The plain is well cultivated, and has the appearance of busy life, a welcome change after the barren and sparsely populated country through which for many days I had been passing. The beautiful plain was three miles broad and several miles in length, and lay a thousand feet down a steep grade. Twenty-five villages were scattered about, and the town itself, a huge oblong diagram surrounded by black walls, resembled a large enclosed park rather than an important city. At the bottom of a difficult road we began to thread our way through rice fields, in the watery furrows of which groups of women were washing the vegetables for the family meal.

Tatung lies eight li east of the city. It, too, has its legend. In the dim past there was a family of farmers living there, one of whom, acting under a powerful emotion, married a wife by whom he had five sons. The first had a face of fiery red, and as soon as born could speak, and act like a grown-up man. He straightway began to cut up capers, and entering the sacred room, climbed up and sat down on the ancestral altar. The father said, "Hello, this looks uncanny," and forthwith killed him with a garden hoe. The second son was born with a face of grassy green. As he also arrived talking, and sat on the sacred ancestral altar, the father whacked him over his green skull with the same instrument and with the same result. The third son had a mottled face, and he likewise ventured to climb on the altar, and in consequence made his exit by the garden hoe route. Each time one of the boys was killed, some of his colour remained on the wood of the hoe, so that the handle must have resembled a painter's trial board. The fourth son was as black as unmined coal, and was also finished in the same handy way. The fifth son was white and said, "Ah! I have come to be Emperor. Where are my four genii!" The mother gave the information that the father had killed them. "Ah," said the son, "I have no one to look after me," and he died of *Chi*, anger. There was in those early days as now a grove of bamboo around the place, and every bamboo promptly split, and out of each joint came armed men, horse soldiers, foot soldiers, and soldiers with lances and bows and arrows—but none with Winchesters. There were a thousand tens of them, and when they heard that the fifth son, the Emperor, was dead, they all conveniently died too,

"doomed to go in company with pain  
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train!"

The family, seeing what they had done, were deeply stricken with grief, and raised up a temple to the Son of Heaven, which remains to this day and renders any doubt of this story impossible. Shade of Cadmus and the Dragon's Teeth!

My whole caravan, moving briskly, passed under the arch erected to the memory of virtuous widows, entered the city by the South Gate, and, turning a corner to the left, marched between a double row of monster umbrellas, and to the Imperial Chinese Customs. My men cheerfully passed along the busy South Gate Street, where umbrellas shaded small assortments of little articles, prominent among them being Japanese matches, American and English models, boxes, and trinkets and penknives "made in Germany." We hauled up in front of the yellow dragon flag flying from a pole, the height out of all proportion to the size of the Imperial banner. Here I was cordially greeted by the staff, consisting of four Britishers, who informed me that rooms were prepared for my convenience in the British Consulate, which I reached by turning down So-So Street. These were pleasant quarters after the miserable native inns I had been enduring.

The Consul had just left, having been ordered to Canton, but the kind Indian, Doctor Sircar, with a Sikh soldier, who always gave the military salute, was in charge. There were also a Chinaman, a goat, a pony and two dogs. The consulate was a native two-storey building with an enclosure. A bright charcoal fire was soon burning on the brazier. I had rather expected peat, for, crossing the plain, I had seen the people digging it out in a way which reminded me of far-off Shetland. I asked a Chinaman to explain the origin of peat on the Tengyueh Plain,





SHAN SAWBWA'S YAMEN, NANTIEN, FAR WESTERN CHINA.



BUILDING A NEW BRIDGE OUTSIDE THE EAST GATE OF NANTIEN, FAR WESTERN CHINA.

which he did in the following language:—"Peat came from years and years ago, before they divided time up, and when the fire, wind and water were all mixed up and everything else was mixed up. The peat was also part of the general mix up. When things settled down a bit the peat stayed there!" This being perfectly satisfactory to himself, there was no need for further explanation.

Roughly speaking the City of Tengyueh is about two li square, not exactly two li and not exactly square, with a considerably diminished population after the destructive Mohammedan rebellion, and its attendant massacres and general ruination. The number of people living within the city wall is not above fifteen thousand. The next day the market was held, and I saw the numerous vendors under their umbrellas in all their glory with foreign nails, knives, and piece goods from Manchester for sale. All this business is carried on without reference to clocks or watches. I asked the Commissioner of Customs, Montgomery, to give me the sundial time that I might set my watch. This he did. I happened to look at the sundial the next day and found that the time was very different from that of the day before! Maybe the sundial was not level, still it did well enough out there.

There are fourteen telegraph offices in the Province of Yunnan, and eight hundred private telegrams passed through Tengyueh last year. China has built telegraph lines more rapidly than any other country, although slow to begin. Away out in this western country money can be wired from Shanghai! The Imperial Post Office has been recently opened with an average of two or three letters a week, the people who write many letters still preferring the old courier system, and there is much to be said in its

favour. It is a nice little custom of the Chinese when writing a dun or bill letter to place on the outside of the envelope "Peaceful Family Letter;" we write "*Dear Sir!*" There are but few temples in the city, the principal one being to the god of Riches. It has splendid halls and pavilions. Carpenters were at work putting it in perfect repair. On the surrounding mountains there are other temples perched in picturesque, but very inaccessible, spots, which show up well as features of the scenery. There are also pagodas in strategic positions, piercing the sky like huge pencils. These do sentinel duty for prosperity.

The city and plain lie in the midst of a region which bears evidences both of ancient and modern volcanic action. The markets of the city have for sale edible woodcocks, grass pheasants, and other birds found on the plain. A year ago foreigners had stones thrown at them in Tengyueh, and people were very rude; but all was peaceful at the time of which I write, and instead of hearing "foreign hobgoblin," the Chinese never gave strangers the dignified appellation of "foreign devil;" it was "foreign gentleman." Even if foreigners are called "devils," they should not get over-excited about it, for the Chinese call their children "devils"—and the term is not absolutely unknown even in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The city boasts two Yamens, the military and the civil. In the latter I called on the Sub-prefect, a very courteous and comfortable-looking Celestial who is fast becoming civilized and modernized. I had constant proof of this, because he invited me to drink champagne or some other infernal civilized concoction. Mr. Leaf, the Sub-prefect, had a very luminous smile that would not come off; I believe if the rest of him

melted away, the luminous smile, like that of the Cheshire cat, would still be there. After considerable conversation which was highly enjoyable, and during which nothing was said, I passed out into the moonlight to the dining hall of Commissioner Montgomery, where a ten-course dinner was artistically spread. Here I found a present from S. P. Leaf consisting of two ducks, two chickens, seventy eggs, and a hundred sponge cakes. The luminous smile was deeper than the skin.

Near the city is the beautiful waterfall, "Tumbling Water," Tishui Ho. Many years ago a bachelor named Lo Yin thought that the waterfall was not a good thing to have and that it should be levelled up so as to have an even flow.

Now, Lo Yin was a bit of a sorcerer, so he determined to go there by night and fill it up. He took magic earth in his big bachelor sleeves, and sprinkled it on the water, and by the silver light of the moon he chanted some quaint and curious incantations, and delivered into space such speeches as would perfectly fit the mouth of the necromancer, magician, or soothsayer. He was no geomancer, however, for he did not write characters on the ground. On the hill opposite there were a great number of stones, and he began turning them into pigs, and the whole flock came toward him; when they reached the river he would turn them into stones and so fill the stream up. The Kuan Yin Buddha got wind of this, and knowing that the stoppage of the waterfall meant disaster in the plain, she changed herself into a beautiful girl and gracefully approached the bachelor Lo Yin. He asked her, "Have you seen any pigs on the way?" "No," she said, "they are all stones." This, in some way, broke the spell. So he turned around in anger,

and finding no pigs determined to take revenge on the girl, but she had vanished and he found nothing but thin air. The water still falls.

It is a singular fact that there are no missionaries in Tengyueh, a fact which makes it a difficult place for unripe travellers. It would, however, prove a good centre, for medical missionaries especially. Perplexing problems would, no doubt, present themselves for solution, but the opportunities for prosperous work here are encouraging. The natives of Yunnan are notorious for laziness, a characteristic which the missionary would have to expect. There is an evident movement of the overplus of population in Szechuen towards these sparsely settled districts of Yunnan. This puts more life into things. Five strategic points are now occupied by missionaries in North Yunnan. The occupation of Tengyueh would open a still wider field for extended missionary operations.

Blue Friend Three is the right-hand man of the Nantien Sawbwa, a term for the chiefs of the Shans who rule for the British and the Chinese. Sawbwa is a Burmese word, meaning the Shan, and signifies "hereditary prince." Blue Friend Three had passed the bachelor's degrees and was thirty-eight years of age, being born in the seventh sun of the tenth moon of the year of the Cow. He was cheery and clean shaved, and displayed a fairly accurate knowledge of the history of Western nations. The Nantien Sawbwa rules over a territory two hundred li by one hundred and twenty. There are seven Sawbwas around Tengyueh, and the Nantien has the right of veto over the others. "Eight years ago there was a member of your honourable country who came through here on a bike, and I entertained him," said Blue Friend Three. (This was probably Frank Lenz, who

was afterwards shot by brigands in Persia.) "He rode into the Yamen on his bicycle and wanted to teach me to ride, but the attempt was unsuccessful." Blue Friend Three lighted a cigarette and went on showing up his knowledge, of which he was proud. He read last year how a madman shot the President of the United States of America, holding him with one hand while he shot him with the other. He then asked whether the North and South did not have a fight over some black slaves about sixty years ago. Strangely enough, he also asked if America did not have a centennial celebration of some kind in the second year of the Chinese Emperor Kwang Hsu to celebrate the anniversary of Washington becoming President. The light is beginning to shine in Yunnan. *Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*

Blue Friend Three gave me a brief history of the city of Tengyueh. "Before the Chinese came there the country belonged to people principally Shans, who were ruled by Prince Ssu. They had been there for hundreds of years, and were not a belligerent race. But when the Chinese came, they taught them to fight, and the Principality was turned into seven Sawbwas. This place was made a city and the wall built in the Ming Dynasty. There is none of the Goddess of Mercy business about here!" So spake with pride the Prime Minister of the Shans. "Six hundred years before the Ming Dynasty there were wild men living where Tengyueh now stands, and they were beaten in war by the Shans. When the latter were there, they lived in straw huts and tilled the soil. They burned timber and scattered the ashes over the ground up the mountain side to fertilize their rice fields. The Mohammedans came to Yunnan Fu, Tali-fu, and Tengyueh to trade, and afterwards rebelled.

There is nothing legendary about the business, they simply rose up and cut off the people's heads." This effort of Blue Friend required two cigarettes and seemed to warm him up. The Honourable S. C. Napier, son of the great general, interpreted for me. When I asked the Prime Minister of the Shans to tell me something in the way of a local legend, he hesitated, but at last said such things were only believed by the stupid people. I replied that, as these are in the majority, what they consider true is interesting to the visitor and student.

Tengyueh is surrounded by lofty and delightful mountains. One morning, after a night of rain, I came out of the Consulate and a hill not above fifteen li away was covered with snow. When the sun was well up, I went to find a suitable place to photograph it, and almost all the snow had melted. But there are heights of many thousand feet above the plain covered with perpetual snow. I give a mountain legend related by the Sawbwa's right-hand man, and translated by Mr. Napier, who slyly remarked, "The following story is perfectly true; not as to fact, but as to legendary explanations of a tremendous natural disturbance; and it is useful as showing the present willingness of the native mind to accept and credit ludicrous stories and make no further inquiries."

The tale is of two dragons, who played ping-pong on the Tengyueh mountains.

"Many a tale  
Tradition round the mountains hung  
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,  
Nourishing imagination in her growth."

Fifty years ago a flood swept down the Tengyueh valley, which is explained to the entire satisfaction of the people in this way: In the west, many li from





SHITI, LAST STOCKADE OCCUPIED BY CHINESE TROOPS BEFORE CROSSING THE HONGMU HO INTO BURMA.



GRAVE OF THE NOTED KA HIN WARRIOR, NEPHEW OF THE BIG CHIEF, KIN TA MONG. Located near Shiti. The split bamboo creation occupies a lofty site in the mountain. Far Western China.

the city, is a mountain where two dragons lived. As usual with dragons, they played ball with a luminous pearl. Near Tangyueh, lived two brothers who kept a medicine shop. On the Dragon Mountain they collected hwang lien, a bitter herb or root, to make a cooling medicine. The elder brother stayed at home, while the younger went up the mountain to gather hwang lien. Now, the two dragons were playing with the pearl, and one of them, a little bit careless, dropped the pearl, which rolled down the mountain and caught in a small ravine where the brother was gathering the precious hwang lien. He picked it up and took it home. Its brilliancy so filled the whole house that he could not hide the treasure. So he dug a hole in the ground outside, two feet deep, and buried it, thinking that none of the village folk would know about it. Meanwhile, the elder brother who had been out to tiffin, returned and found to his astonishment the whole house full of light, though no lamps had been lighted, and outside the darkness was dense. Tracing the hiding place by the rays of light, he dug in the ground and found the magnificent magic pearl. "Hello," said he, "A dragon pearl, and I was never told anything about it." Much incensed at his brother's secretiveness, he took the pearl and wrapping it up in several folds of cloth, he stowed it away in the cupboard. When the younger brother came back and went to bed, the older brother got a log of firewood and banged the poor fellow to death while he was asleep, and buried him in the garden.

Meanwhile the two dragons came down the mountain to look for the precious pearl, but could not find it. One of them had the special faculty of seeing things in the distance. He said, "I see what has happened; not only has someone picked up the pearl and carried

it away, but it has led to a crime. Is not this the light from the pearl which we see streaming from that house ?”

Next morning two venerable gentlemen walked up the street to the medicine shop. These were the two dragons turned into old men. They came to the house and said, “We have lost a pearl which was, to us, exceedingly valuable; if you give it to us we will reward you with all the gold and silver you like.” As the wicked brother denied having it in his possession, they then offered him anything he wished, if he would only give up the pearl. He still refused, so they said, “You are a guilty man; not only have you the pearl, but you killed your brother.” He chased them rudely off, and they walked out of the village. When they reached the Shweli River, they changed themselves into water buffaloes and slid into the river in the usual buffalo way. Next day, rain began to fall, and kept on falling and the water became higher and higher, not only because of the rain, but on account of a disturbance in the river. Soon the whole valley was swamped, and the medicine man, with his pearl, ran up the hill for refuge. The water followed him up the hill, and he climbed into a high tree, but the water followed him up the tree and drowned him! But not till he had dropped the pearl. The water carried it into the lake where the buffaloes were, and they immediately changed back into dragons and returned home with their wonderful pearl. Then the water subsided. Chinese stories nearly always point a moral.

## 難知不過經非事少恨方時用到書

When one puts his knowledge to the test he deprecates his own deficiency. Inexperience is ignorant of real difficulties.—*Common Proverb.*

### CHAPTER XXI.

SHAN VILLAGES—NANTIEN—SHANS AND BURMESE—A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE—SHAVING IN PUBLIC—MURDER OF MR. MARGARY—A CENTRE OF GAMBLING—BURYING A SPIRIT—LEAVES FROM A DIARY.



Spinning Thread.

O traveller, making this great journey from Shanghai up the Yangtze to Chungking and overland to Bhamo, will ever forget the ride through the Shan States if he stops in the same buildings over night as I did. The varieties of abodes tax the memory. As I was leaving Tengyueh in the doubtful light of the morning, the South Gate was opened by special orders. Turning to the west, the road lay over rolling clay hills covered with coarse, dry grass. Numerous Shan villages were to be seen from the road, and on rising ground in the valley a new temple was being built. One of my coolies carried the two live ducks sent as a present by the Sub-Prefect of Tengyueh, and, in order to make them more comfortable, he wove a straw stirrup to go lengthways on the breast of each bird.

He must have been a kind-hearted coolie, for he carried them horizontally instead of perpendicularly by the legs, although it is less cruel to carry ducks by the legs than chickens, because ducks often stand on their heads when rooting for grub in the water, and are somewhat accustomed to the inverted position.

The Shan villages on the plain, each surrounded by a low mud wall and bamboo grove, gave variety to the general monotony. About sixty li from Tengyueh, near a village, I crossed two streams of very warm water, and I saw steam issuing out of a rock. Fire is very near the surface of the earth here. My men got frightened, for sickness is said to attack those who dare cross these thermal plains. They were told that within the last few weeks out of a caravan of sixteen people, four had died of malarial fever. So far as I could judge, at this season of the year the region is perfectly healthful. Near the Dragon Escort Barrier I photographed the remains of a stone bridge across a part of the plain which is under water in the summer. The way is constructed of long flat stones, with similar stones on end for piers and balustrades. A part of the bridge had been carried away by the floods. The Chinese proverb that the highways are "good for ten years and bad for ten thousand," is true. My men had to wade across the stream which at this time of the year is not over thirty feet wide. In summer it is hundreds of feet across.

As soon as we had passed through Tso Yin, an entrenched city which is generally considered the Chinese part of Nantien, we went five li further on to the Shan Sawbwa's Yamen in the midst of the capital of the Shans, Nantien. The entrance to the Yamen is off the main street, beside a pool of stagnant water and a hitching post for donkeys and buffaloes. The

Yamen contains a remarkable assortment of war implements, useful only for decorative purposes, on each side of the first doors. The Chinese call the Shans "White Barbarians" (Peh I). They are a mixed people. Their proper name is Tai, and they show great appreciation of the person who employs that term when speaking of them. The Shans have been divided between the Chinese and British, the former being in seven clans or principalities, of which the Sawbwa Tao is the head chief. Outside the West Gate is a Shan temple unlike any I saw in China. Containing but one idol, it resembles the sacred houses of the Burmese, but it differs in this that the Burmese temples have their one god Gaudama, represented in many different postures. The other objects of interest in the Nantien temple are votive offerings, artificial flowers, lamps and streamers, exactly as in the temples of Burma. Opposite the temple is a Burmese pagoda, a pattern of the celebrated one at Rangoon, but it contains no idol. The original worship of the Shans was identical with that of the Burmese—pure Buddhism—and not mixed with hero-worship as in China. In the next enclosure is a Chinese temple containing numerous images. A Shan told me that in order not to arouse the animosity of their conquerors, the Chinese, they worship in the temple of the victors as well as in their own! In the early dusk of the evening there came from the private court of the Yamen more real hearty children's laughter than I ever heard in China. Maybe the Shans are a jolly people. The voice of mirth I have not often heard in China, but the Chinaman's smile is close to the surface, and is what Dickens describes as "one vast substantial smile."

The next morning I breakfasted on four cold eggs, wet rice, and hot water, and left the Sawbwa's Yamen

early. It is the best place in the village for a traveller to stop at. The inns are small and the live stock active. This was proved by the number of my coolies I saw with their upper garments open on the hunt for small game. At early rice, served in a hamlet of four bamboo huts, we ate one of the ducks brought from Teng-yueh. A member of our party, remembering how it had been carried, remarked, "I guess it is glad it is dead." My secretary discussed the tail of a rooster and suggested that it did not have the proper concentric and eccentric curves. This disquisition on an ordinary barnyard fowl, without any reference or local application to this great journey, constrained me to say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" The rice was served very white and nice; indeed, the Shans know how to select and raise the best crops. Fragrant honeysuckles, singing birds, and pleasing landscapes delighted the senses. When my mind was full of "sich like," a fellow carrying two new wooden cupboards left the inn refusing to pay his score, but promising to settle on his return journey. The bound-footed landlady called him back in vain, and off he went. She was afraid to be too vehement lest the man's relatives should boycott her shop. Five hours out of the Sawbwa's Yamen we entered the valley of the Taying. This river flows through a narrow channel at the north side of its summer bed, but was then as dry as the Sahara. The loose sand reached from base to base of the mountains on either side, and reminded me of the great desert near the Pyramids of Gizeh. A red-coated soldier carrying the rifle had his right trouser leg pulled up to the hilt most of the time, trying to locate a flea. Such a performance is not considered out of form in this part of the world. People have not been squeezed by the





A LONG KACHIN HOUSE AT SHITI, FAR WESTERN CHINA.



A BAMBOO VILLAGE OF THE WILD KACHINS, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF FAR WESTERN CHINA.

straight jacket of excessive propriety. They chew betel. The uncivilized and even savage custom of chewing this nut is not as vulgar and nasty as the free use of tobacco by highly-civilized moderns. These Shan heroes are nice, spry, intelligent-looking fellows. Their women wear monster turbans made of black cloth, and bright colours about their ankles, with teeth ash black, as is their headgear. We have seen many groups of these females.

Soon after noon we arrived at Kiucheng, the Chinese name meaning "Old City." The Shan name is Kang Ai. This proved to be a hot spot, and we were dust-covered and hungry. Celebrated visitors usually stop in an old Yamen. Needless to say we stopped there! A thousand families have homes there. The main street contains a double row of booths and most of the business seems to be done under them. Many Kachins—wild men of the mountains—who had carried wood from the highlands, were selling it and making little purchases. I passed a small but pretty mountain girl who had come a long way with a basket of wood on her back, but all day had failed to sell it, and at night was starting to trudge back to the mountains with the burdens. Some of the women were repulsive-looking, with great mops of uncombed hair, and faces washed in butter, or a similar article, lazily lolling about looking at foreign articles for sale.

A performance in the theatrical department of the god of Riches was in full blast. The stage was arranged so that the idol could see what was going on. These theatricals are said to be provided for the amusement of the idols, and are free to the public. A wealthy man will, at times, engage a troupe of actors as a proof of his devotion to some deity, and communities sometimes employ them. The play frequently continues

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for ten or twenty days almost uninterruptedly. After seeing a "play" for an hour, one could hardly think of anything. When I went in, the crowd, sitting and standing in the courtyard, turned their attention from two men dressed as women, who were talking in a high falsetto voice, to look at the strange foreigner.

The old Yamen grounds of Kang Ai, where I was staying, occupy a half-acre and are enclosed by a mud wall three feet thick, eight feet high, and roofed with tiles of a blue colour and local make. At the corners are towers, loop-holed and turreted. My room had no doors, but it possessed a carved altar-piece with a marble back. The Shans are as full of curiosity as the Chinese, if this place could be taken as a sample. I wanted to get shaved, and ordered a basin of hot water. It came, and was put on a high-backed, cane-seated chair. On the table an oblong mirror reflected the "distinguished face." Fifteen or twenty people (they were the bolder of a great crowd) ventured into the Yamen and sat or stood eying curiously my every movement, and the minutiae of a shaving operation—first the razor and the sharpening process; then the lathering, at which stage they concluded I was being painted (what a queer fashion! They use only water when shaving). This performance they discussed *sotto voce*.

"Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around:  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew."

Then the removing of the "paint" with the odd-shaped blade caused excitement and suppressed emotion. The bathing of face and hands with carbolic soap and the wiping with a dry towel uncorked the emotion, but when I combed my hair surprise corked it down again. The proceedings reminded me of a cat watching a desirable mouse. The typewriter was a

perfect marvel. Likely they had never seen one in operation before. Had they not reason to wonder? We would do the same, aye, we did do the same only a few years ago when the machine first came in. Curiosity once even killed a cat. It is common to all natives and individuals.

On the road between Kang Ai and Manyne I noticed many small gardens surrounded by cactus fences. The road is of hard clay, flat and in good repair. Shans skilfully ferried us over the Taying River in a burned-out dugout of three compartments, with a bamboo at each side to help float the rotten thing. In the prow of the boat stood a punter who tried to push his big toe into a hole to stop the water from coming in and sinking us; and but for the efforts of one of my chair coolies to bale out, we must needs have got a soaking or our accident insurance. Two hundred cash (ten gold cents) was the exorbitant charge for twenty-eight men, chairs and baggage, for being ferried over. A Chinaman would have paid one-fourth that amount. When our luggage was safe in a room at the Customs at Manwyne I walked two li west to the spot where Margary was murdered. Here is a stream and seven banyan trees, one a monster, the shadow of whose foliage measured fifty-four Geil steps across. Now I am over six feet tall and not extra long in the body!

Under these trees the unfortunate Englishman was murdered. It is said that he was invited to the place to look at some water, and then killed by "Train bands," but it is generally believed by those having a good knowledge of affairs, that he was assassinated by order of the Chinese Government. He had just gone through to Burma safely, and had described the kind and courteous treatment of the people of that

section. He returned with another expedition and perished here. No board or stone marks the spot where he was murdered, but a fine pillar has been erected to his memory in Shanghai near the Garden Bridge on the Bund. Still,

“ Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death? ”

I saw many Kachins very gaudily dressed, chewing betel-nut. These wild people of the mountains fetch on their backs heavy loads of firewood, and take back whiskey, or native Chinese spirit, and opium. Oh, this curse of the Kachins. The women have large holes in the lobes of their ears, but not as big as the Papuans on the south shore of New Guinea make in theirs. For earrings they use lattice-work cylinders of silver, an inch in diameter and six inches in length. A brilliant tassel hangs at the end. They wear anklets of rattan above the calf of the leg! These have as many as a hundred rings, and a similar affair goes round the waist.

The Customs was represented by a short-legged, robust, long-haired, sleepless, open-jawed ugly dog. I do not know the condition of his breath; it may have been sweet, but his tones were not sweet. He was roped to a movable object and tried to get loose and bite the visitor. Were he to bite his owners it would be a good job. Here I experienced the only thing approaching incivility on the part of the Chinese all through this long journey. The meanest natives in China, so far as I know, are now in that Customs House. I pity the people who get into their clutches. Manwyne is a gambling centre. The Customs people gambled all night. I left the next day at four-thirty A.M., and they were still at it. There is a telegraph office in Manwyne. Some time ago an operator took a day off to go and hunt for the tiger. He forgot to fit

the plug connecting Bhamo with Tengyueh. Consequence—line of no value for over a hundred miles, and men were despatched to repair it. It is unfortunate that the tiger did not hunt the operator.

Directly after leaving Manwyne our road lay near the military camp which, judging by the barks, was full of dogs. They are better sentinels than men, with their tails on their heads. Probably the soldiers were playing games of chance, as the Chinese are a great gambling people. The first part of the morning we passed through rolling clay hills and mountains. The forests teemed with insect life. In less tropical regions the woods are still; here a constant hum vibrates in the air.

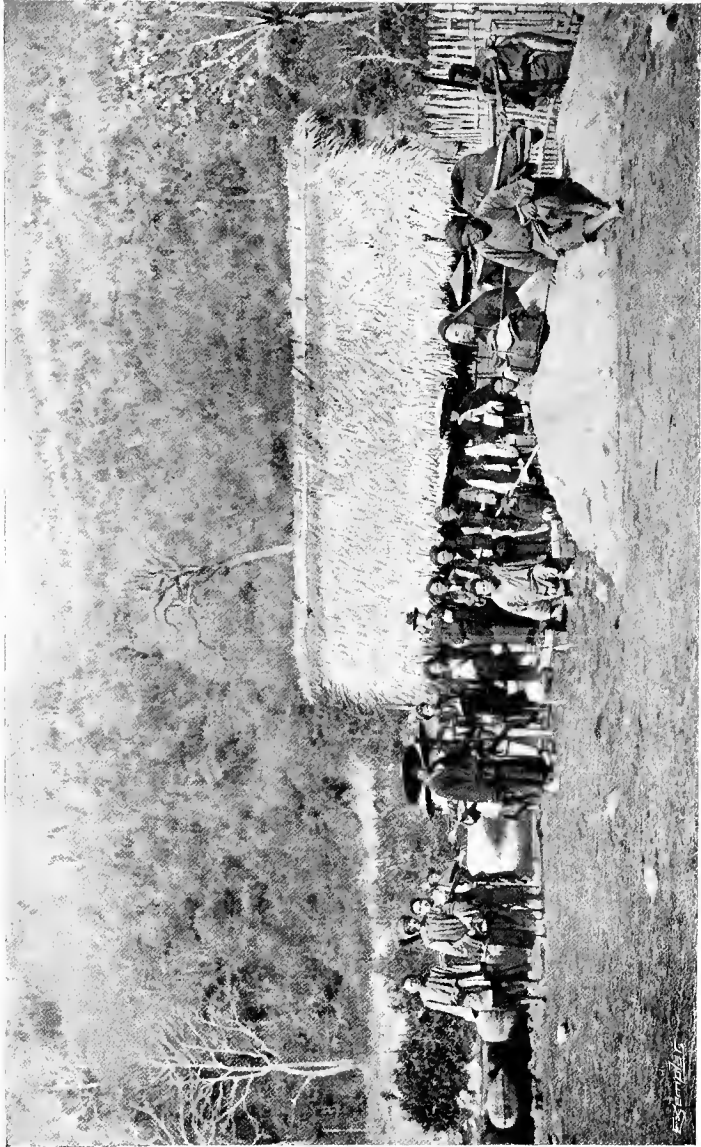
Over the entire route from Manwyne to the Burman border, about fifteen li apart, are stockades called military camps. One called Shinti is the last one in use this side of the border. We arrived there on a Saturday at two P.M., and arranged to remain over Sunday. On the inside of the stockade stand two buildings of bamboo, facing each other, and across the end a third containing the honourable guest chamber. Around these three buildings is the stockade proper, composed of small tree trunks four inches in diameter and twelve feet long. Parallel to the stockade, and about fifteen feet off, surrounding the whole, is a fence of diagonal design made of sharp-pointed bamboo with strips fastened in the middle and sharpened at the end, making an admirable obstruction to any bare-legged and bare-armed enemy who might attack. The gate is hung at the top and swings outwards. This stockade was built thirteen years ago. An official named Ma, who has control of the Kachin people, has his head-quarters here. He reports three hundred soldiers under him, and several small stockades among

the hills are guarded by his men from this place. Lieutenant Ma, the brother of the Commander, tried to evade my question as to how many men were actually in the stockade. In China it is customary for the General to hypothecate the number of soldiers and draw pay for twice as many as are on hand. On review day, when the Viceroy comes, there are plenty of coolies loafing about who can be hired by the day rigged up as soldiers and dismissed when the Viceroy leaves. The funny thing about it all is that the Viceroy knows the "dodge" and plays it on the Emperor. In fact, everybody plays it. It is not entirely unknown in America! Other systems of stealing are in vogue everywhere in the world.

"So, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;  
And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

By the bed in my room there was a fence-like box containing a fish-shaped oilcloth contrivance with the Imperial Dragon painted on it. This was the emblem of authority. The stockade is twenty-five li from the British boundary. Outside, at the lower end, an opium den drives a brisk trade, and further down, not half a li, is the Kachin village of Lower Bhiti with ten houses. The Chief, Kin Ta Mong, called with ten of his henchmen to salute me, and brought a present of fourteen hens' eggs. A rupee deposited in his hand as a gift greatly pleased him. I asked a gentleman what impressed him most between Tengyueh and Nam-poung. His ready reply was "The Kachin villages and the great houses; no such houses anywhere else in China." One of these long, bamboo, grass-roofed houses was over seventy-five feet long, and suggested dwellings of the Lower Fly River natives in New Guinea.





A BAMBOO HUT BY THE HONGMU HO.—LAST STOP IN CHINA.



BRITISH OUTPOST, HONGMU HO. The Author stands on the Chinese side of the river.

The tribe here is not affected with goitre, as many others are, for during the day I passed through villages where it was painfully plentiful.

I visited Lower Shiti. The nephew of the big chief died six moons ago. He went out at noon to look at the bamboo along the road and on the way met a demon which gave him a fatal disease. Twelve days later he died and was buried four li below the house in a coffin made of the trunk of a tree hollowed out, the body being encased and a board fastened on the end. Then came a season of mourning and wailing and great lamentations. Although he died so long ago, that day they were burying his spirit. The ceremony of escorting the spirit to the grave occupies three days, and consists of sword-drills, dances and slashing right and left with large knives. Guns are fired to close the way for any evil spirit that might be about. There were no signs of grief or distress, but the proceeding was characterized by a strong determination to convey the spirit safely to its destination. The big chief wore a blue cloth suit with Victoria buttons. His face was strong, with prominent cheek bones, and on his head was a blue turban. His teeth were black with betel-nut. Over his right shoulder and under his left arm was a circle of wood supporting a sword-knife in a wooden sheath. He was further adorned with the jawbone of a tiger.

I append a leaf from my diary. Monday, March sixteenth, Shiti to Nampoung. I was up at three this morning, but finally turned out at three-thirty. Full moon and a few fleecy clouds about. This is my last day in China. It is about twenty-five li to the boundary line between China and Burma, and some five li further to the official rest-house built by the Indian

Government. The technical name for the rest-house is Dak Bungalow. We had a tasteless breakfast of vegetables and rice mixed with sand. This is considered good for sharpening the teeth. We departed at five-fifty A.M. from the last real military camp in China, going out at the East Gate, Lieutenant Ma having accompanied us that far. He bade us farewell and added four Martini-Henry riflemen to our guard that we might safely pass from the protection of the Dragon to that of the Lion. Altogether we have eight soldiers, heroic-looking fellows, at rice. Leaving the flock of goats, four geese, the two ponies, one mule, two dogs, many chickens, one tender and juicy, pigeons, and divers other inhabitants of the stockade visible and invisible, some having night eyes and some having bills and gimlets (they could be profitably employed by the Standard Oil Company), we wound round the stockade with our backs to the glow of the east and our faces to the western sky. Passed an opium den and divers donkeys and entered a Kachin village. The Kachins were up late last night conducting a spirit to a grave, and this morning are laid up for repairs, which they are making with the assistance of rice whiskey. The kind old chief came out to bid us farewell and to see us politely out of his peaceful mountain hamlet.

Six-fifteen A.M. Procession halted, photographed the grave of the chief's nephew. It has split bamboo in the house over it and imitation buffalo horns stuck on a post. It is in a lofty situation, surrounded by foliage, with the wind wafting the odour of mountain flowers about, a fit place for the repose of the warrior. We took the picture and silently passed on.

Six-thirty A.M. Passing through another Kachin village. Bronze-coloured girl with a great basket on

her back full of bamboo lengths used as water buckets. These Kachins, termed by the Celestials "The wild men of the hills," appear to be thrifty and peace loving. They were different in former years.

Six-forty-five A.M. Small stockade. The Chinese are confirmed liars. They lie "from way back" and away forward. They lie in all tenses and at all times of the day and night. They lie at all ages, but they lie gracefully, politely, tenderly, smilingly, carefully, and maybe religiously and prayerfully, and they certainly do it financially, socially and *funerally*. For a few taels of silver a Chinaman will declare himself to be the other fellow, if the other fellow's head is to be cut off! No matter! Headless liar! This may seem strange, but he has ways of using money even though he must give up his life. Ready money will not only give him help in this world, but also in the next. From coolie to Emperor, money does the business. The Kachins fasten curiously designed charms to trees whose "spirits" they worship. The three great gipsy clans of Germany worship the trees themselves.

Our road lay along a spur, and we gradually descended to the river Hongmu Ho, the boundary between China and Burma. A unique spot is this. On the one side a few bamboo huts; on the other, buildings roofed with corrugated iron and sixteen Sikh soldiers doing police duty. I crossed the river into Burma on the back of a coolie, and so "landed on British soil." After a short walk on the bank of the river I went up to the British military camp. There I found a telegraph operator and a physician who spoke English. Everything was neat, and suggestive of wise British rule. Two hundred feet down the opposite side was a large comfortable rest-house which was to be our quarters.

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Although one thousand five hundred feet up, this camp (seventy-five men) is troubled with malarial fever. The region abounds in game, and the sportsman not infrequently bags a tiger or leopard.

In each Government rest-house is a book for travellers to sign, and a framed notice gives all particulars for accommodation. When not occupied by officials, foreign travellers may use these places at the very reasonable rate of one rupee a day for each visitor. I found these houses clean and comfortably furnished. The grounds are well kept, and there are bath-rooms, and servants' quarters detached, cook-houses, and stabling—all this in marked contrast with the Chinese rest-houses. Even the comforts and conveniences for the outer man which Christianity brings ought to be enough proof of its divine origin.

To recapitulate. On leaving the city of Tengyueh, I passed out of the British Consulate, where I had spent the night. Ninety li further, at Nantien, the Shan Sawbwa Tao (Knife) placed his comfortable Yamen at my disposal. The next day we again did ninety li, and reaching the Shan village of Kang Ai, the procession, after a tortuous course, wound into the ample courtyard of the old official residence. We went one hundred and twenty li the next day to Manwyne, and found quarters within the capacious grounds of the Chinese Imperial Customs. The next night, after making one hundred and ten li, I entered the Chinese stockade of Shiti (pronounced She Tea). Finally, thirty li further on we came into pleasant accommodation, the British Rest-House, near the Sepoy military barracks of Nampoung. We had crossed the boundary and probably for ever left the Chinese Empire.

## 過人小見不人大

A great man will not see a little man's faults.

### CHAPTER XXII.

MYOTHIT — A RECKLESS COOK — BHAMO, THE  
CITY OF POTS — MISSIONS IN BHAMO — BURMESE  
NATS — THE SHANS — BOUND FOR MANDALAY.



Sculling.

**T** Nampoung the coolies had no pukais, therefore they were up and had their early rice before our black pot with rice gruel made its appearance at four-thirty A.M. The moon was shining clearly in a bright sky. I had left Nampoung Rest-House by daylight and moonlight mixed. The baggage went out through the "back door," which is a rear exit through the split bamboo fence. The chairs left at the other end by a short, steep, zig-zag path up to a splendid road. The rank vegetation of the mountain was being cleared from the road two hundred feet on either side. This is done at Government expense. Frequently I saw evidences of the fantastic worship of the Shans—notched posts and long poles bearing split bamboo designs being the most common. Near a Kachin village we met whole families with live pigs in baskets. They were carrying them to Bhamo, two

hundred li away, to do a little trading. Pony-loads of Nga-pi, or rotten fish, otherwise referred to as "specially preserved," passed us going east.

Civilized and uncivilized countries carry about the same proportion of fools to the population. The Germans take Limberger cheese, the Chinese rotten eggs, the Fijian rotten bananas, and the Englishman "high" game. There must be something "rotten" in the state of Denmark.

We frequently passed little groups of Kachins or Shans eating by the roadside. They were making their way back from Bhamo. An officer in the British army tells me that the Kachins are the very best people to travel with in the jungle. The Arab proverb about the man who finds good in everything applies to them: "Throw him into the river and he will rise with a fish in his mouth." On a short but steep descent my caravan met an elephant going in the opposite direction. It belonged to the Public Works Department. One of my men shouted, in affright, "That is two hundred and fifty," which is a Chinese expression signifying dislike. My coolies who had been disputing the right of way with donkeys and ponies promptly turned aside for Jumbo and the elephant had it all to himself. The last coolie, the mischievous one of the lot, was afraid lest the elephant would put its trunk round his neck. We soon got into the woods, where the vegetation is luxuriant. Out through the mass of foliage came the sound of a sweet-toned Burmese bell. I could see no village or pagoda or human being. It seemed to be born and die away in the silence and solitude of the forest.

After crossing a branch of the Taying river five times, at ten-thirty A.M. I arrived at the Official Dak Bungalow on the edge of the village Myothit. It





THE GOVERNMENT REST HOUSE, MYOTHIT, BURMA.



DAK BUNGALOW, NAMPOUNG, where the Author spent his first night in Burma.

contains two bedrooms about sixteen feet square, and a dining room as large as the two together. There are also two bath rooms. It is constructed of teak with bamboo walls and roof, and stands upon twenty-four large posts, fourteen feet above the ground. Light is admitted through bamboo sides, which swing out so that everything is open during the day. The rooms contain looking-glasses and curtains, and bedsteads with canvas webbing instead of steel laths or wire mattress. The building stands at the edge of the village, and about a li from the river, in a compound surrounded by a bamboo fence. The distance from Nampoung to Myothit is about fifty li, and from Nampoung to Bhamo is an easy road of about thirty-five miles. In Myothit Dak Bungalow I remained two days, resting and writing. So poor was Mohammed that when dying his wife had to borrow oil for the lamp. We could borrow no oil, but purchased some from a friendly Celestial. Soon the light went out, and a careful examination showed that the oil had gone solid!

My men had behaved admirably. They had served me well and I paid them off, distributing some money presents besides. Three days afterwards I saw some of them starting off empty-handed on their long walk back to Tengyueh.

On leaving Myothit Bungalow, I passed through the village, and then over a wooden bridge which has to be replaced each year after the floods, crossed the Ta Ying, and then over a plain as flat as a plank, through elephant grass fourteen feet high. In a small thatched-roofed booth was a large jar containing drinking water. The Burmese like to do "meritorious works," and keep the jar filled for the benefit of travellers. My coolies ate a double handful of cold

boiled rice which they had brought with them in a dirty rag—having probably stolen it from the inn, where they stopped the night before. Soon after I suddenly heard the report of the rifle, and saw a large flock of black birds leave the branches of a tall tree. Thinking the secretary had been taking a shot, I paid no more attention to the matter, until coming up near our scheming cook I saw him hand the rifle to one of the coolies. On closer inspection I saw that the trigger was pulled clear back, and that the man was carrying the gun in such a way that it was in danger of going off at any moment and killing some of us. I jumped out of my chair, took it carefully from his shoulder, and found that the cook, one of the greatest rascals I have met in China, had fired the shot and reset the gun. I at once removed the cartridge, put the trigger down, and handed the gun to the secretary. Thus at the very end of a successful journey across the great Empire of China, one of us had a narrow escape from being ignominiously shot! In travelling in China or in any other part of the world, I have learned to take nothing for granted, but to be as watchful and alert at the last hour of the journey as at the first.

“For some must watch, while some must sleep,  
So runs the world away.”

The villages were clean and well-appointed. Outside Bhamo Mr. Selkirk met me, and we took a short cut by the barracks of the military police and the military police hospital. The finest residences in Bhamo are occupied by the civil and military officials, some of the houses costing as much as fifteen thousand rupees. I was to be entertained in the American compound at the east end of the city. On approaching my destination, I crossed a bridge over an arm of a

moderately sized artificial lake. The region here had been swampy and malarial until the water was dammed and made into a lake fifteen feet deep. I was very cordially welcomed by the American missionaries.

At last on the afternoon of Friday, March twentieth, we arrived at Bhamo. I traversed the entire distance from Shanghai in ninety-nine days. Without doubt the journey across China is not the cheapest in the world.

Bhamo is a Siamese word, and means "The City of Pots." It is one of the oldest towns north of Mandalay, and has a history one hundred and twenty-five years old. The original city was three miles to the north, where the Taying runs into the Irrawaddy. It was formerly a walled town and was ruled by the Shans. Bhamo has always been contended for by the Chinese and Burmese, the former having taken it four times. The desire to hold it grew out of its location, it being the head of navigation. It is twenty miles from the Chinese border. The population is about twelve thousand all told, within a radius of one and a half miles of the city. The place is garrisoned by a Sepoy Regiment one thousand strong, a mountain battery of eight hundred, and four companies of Britishers. The men in the mountain battery are Sikhs, Katans and Panjabis—none are admitted under six feet high. An under-sized man would probably not be physically able to serve. Two of these men can lift up a cannon and put it on the back of one of the big mules. The military police number five hundred Kachins and some four hundred Indians. There are two forts, A and C, A for the military police and C for the military. Fort B has been abandoned. The Chinese are the largest traders and they occupy a quarter in the centre of the city by themselves. They deal wholesale, their

chief imports being cotton, piece goods, and salt. Their exports are honey, cast-iron cooking pans, hides, ochre, chestnuts and walnuts. There is a daily steamer which connects the place with the train to Katha. It takes forty-eight hours to go from Bhamo to Rangoon.

Christianity is represented in this city by several missions. The American Baptist has a mission to the Kachins and the Shans, the China Inland to the Chinese. The Mohammedans have a mosque and about one thousand adherents. Of course, there are many pagodas, and Buddhism seems to be flourishing. The American missions are well housed and are doing the largest work. In the last report of the Baptists, two hundred Kachins are tabulated as baptized members, and in the eight Christian villages there are four hundred converts and their families. No one is counted a Christian until he has been baptized. An American who has spoken Kachin for probably a quarter of a century says, "I have never seen more than one Kachin who could read who had not been taught in a Baptist school." The Catholics have five male missionaries in the district and no nuns—the result is that they accomplish very little and have no native church here. As far as I have been able to learn, the priests are hard-working, honest, moral men. Their method of procedure at present is to borrow money from the Government on their own security, and loan it to the native farmers. They lived peacefully with the Protestants until two years ago, when, during the absence of a missionary, they induced the people of a Protestant village to become Romanists. The Fathers spent two hundred rupees of their own money to build a church, even though there were but few members. Their scheme finally failed, and the heathen say of

this village that "while they worshipped Jesus the people prospered, but when they worshipped the Virgin Mary it played out."

There is no Kachin village nearer to Bhamo than Chyin five miles distant. It is now a Christian village. I attended service there on Sunday morning and the audience was large and intelligent, and the singing was good. The Kachins ridicule Buddhism. They say "Burmese take mud and mix it up and put like on it and fall down and worship it. There is no merit in that." The heathen Kachins however do practically the same thing, when they wrap a banana leaf round a piece of bamboo, tie it with rattan, and call it a spirit.

Outside every door there is an altar to nature, and even a child would freeze before he would take wood from the altar to burn. The missionaries say that the chief obstacles to work among the Kachins are whiskey, opium, and immorality. The women are very depraved. However, there is no religion to do away with. Judson said that the Kachins were like a clean platter, they only needed to be filled up; but the Burmese were more like a vessel which had earth oil in it; you never get rid of the smell of Buddhism. The Kachin is most superstitious. He believes in one great spirit, the creator of all things, who is called Kari Ka Sang. He created and upholds and sustains all things, and is benevolent; but he has withdrawn himself to the spirit land, and does not care for the Kachins, so they need not concern themselves about him. They have the same reverence for the word Kari Ka Sang as the Jews have for Jehovah—it is never uttered except on the most solemn occasions. All the other spirits are malicious, and are feared by the Kachins, especially those of thunder and lightning. All the sacrifices

are made through fear and gratitude. If the lightning strike a tree in a field they will not plant the field that year. They have earth "nats" and heaven "nats." Nat means spirit, but is never used for a good spirit. In addition to earth and heaven nats, all the ancestors become nats and may come back to "get even" with their descendants. They say that life becomes more and more difficult as time goes on, because there are more spirits to be appeased. The expense incurred in making sacrifice to these nats keeps the Kachins in a state of chronic poverty.

Their priests tell them that hell is burst, and that it was burst by the opium smokers. A Christian school boy was preaching on hell and was describing it as an awful place, using the term Nga Rite, when a hearer in the most serious way said, "Stop, young man. Our priest says that hell is burst." The young man inquired, "How is that?" The old man replied, "In the modern days of opium smoking, so many opium smokers, Chinese, Kachins, Shans, have gone there that they have burst it." "How did they burst it?" "They dried their plantain leaves on the sides of the burning chattey, which made it so hot that it burst." It may be of interest to the Indian Government to know that opium smoking has burst hell.

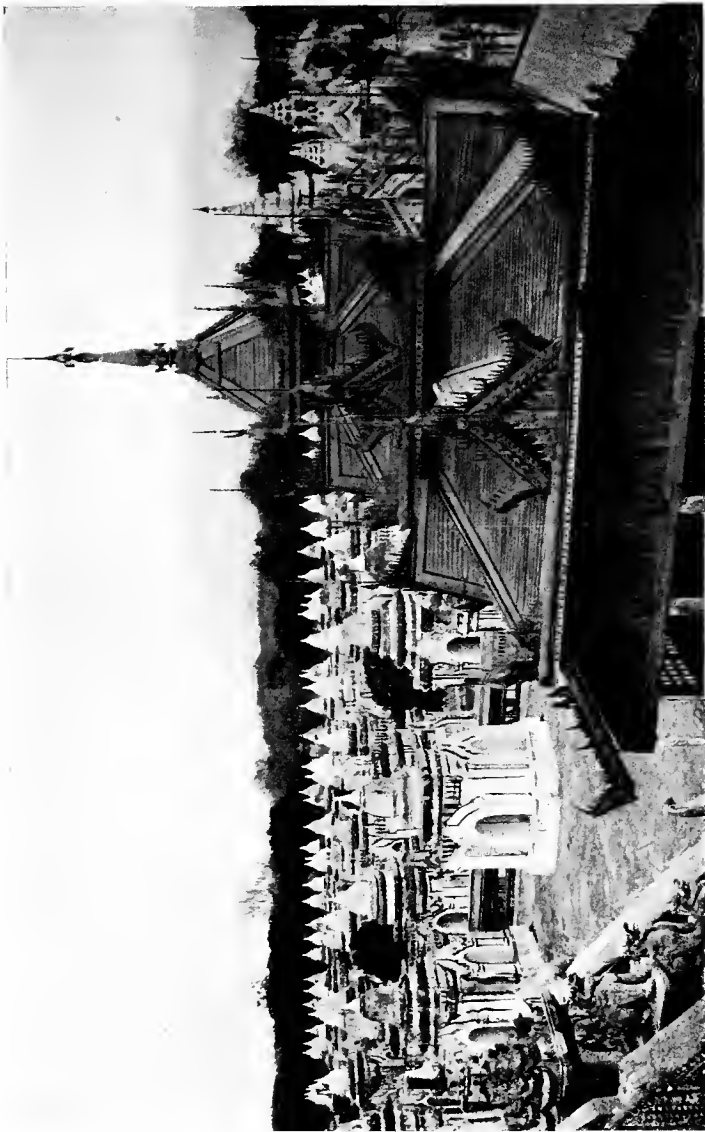
The Kachins are utilitarians, and never use the words "ought" and "duty." They proceed on the ground of expediency and say instead, "It would be well" or "ill"—that is, advantageous or disadvantageous. Missionary Roberts says they have no sense of right or wrong *per se*.

The brilliant and devoted young American surgeon, Will C. Griggs, in charge of the American Baptist Missionary Union work for the Shans at Bhamo, is one of the most energetic and hard-working missionaries





BIHAMO, BURMA.



THE FOUR HUNDRED ODD PAGODAS AT MANDALAY.

I have seen in any land. He teaches and preaches and doctors with a courage and promptness and devotion beyond all praise. He tells me that the Shans are found from Bangkok far out north to Szechuen. The Siamese are Shans and call themselves Htai. The Shans call themselves Tai. There are two great families, the Northern and the Southern, that is, the Chinese and the Siamese, but it is impossible to tell how many millions there are of them. In Burma they occupy the plains, while the Kachins live on the mountains. The Shans got their alphabet from Burma in twelve hundred A.D., but it was modified to suit the people.

The Shans are Buddhists. This form of religion was introduced into the country some seven hundred years ago, and has not yet eradicated the original devil worship; in fact, the woods are full of devils. The Shans never live in caves. They are great traders, and manufacture no intoxicating liquor. No one has ever seen a drunken Shan unless he has been associated with foreigners. There are a few diseases among them—fever and stomach trouble are the most frequent. They look upon smallpox as Americans look upon measles. When Dr. Griggs once went to a large village to vaccinate the children, he found only three who had never had the disease. In Bhamo there is a school for Kachins with an attendance of over ninety, and one for Shans equally prosperous.

After five days in Bhamo I drove two miles to the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company's wharf and took a deck passage for Katha. I paid three rupees, seven annas. My friends, Messrs. W. H. Roberts, J. McCarthy, and Selkirk, came down to see me off, and as the steamer cast off into the stream they waved a last farewell. The run down takes seven hours, and the steamer

passes through the beautiful gorge of the Irrawaddy. Katha is the terminus of a branch of the Burma railways. Here I purchased a second-class train ticket for Mandalay, paying eleven rupees, ten annas. We left at five-thirty P.M., and arrived at one P.M. the next afternoon. The run is on a three feet three inch gauge, and we passed through country dotted with white pagodas and small neat villages. Soon after leaving Katha the train ran through miles of bamboo forest.

也殛可不之傾雖人者培所之天  
也礪可不之栽雖人者覆所之天

The tree which Heaven plants, though man should throw it down, he cannot eradicate it. The tree which Heaven casts down, though man should replant it, it will not grow.—*Emperor Kientung.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY—BEHEADING A  
GOD—RANGOON—A CAT HUNT—THE MISTAKES  
OF MISSIONARIES—THE DEVOTION OF MISSION-  
ARIES AND THE CLAIMS OF THEIR CAUSE.



Grinding Mill.

**F**INAL preparations are now the order of the day. I have given my oil blanket away, the one I bought to keep off insects in Chinese inns; also the pukai or bedding. As for the P. T., it carried safely on the backs of sundry coolies, but I have never even had it on and never will.

No foreigner should wear a pigtail. It is distasteful to multitudes of Chinese who wear it. As for my Chinese suit of clothes, I put it on at Myothit to have my picture taken. And now I am writing this last chapter on a steamer in Malacca Straits.

At Mandalay, the most interesting city in Burma, I caught a missionary red-handed in the act of beheading a god! It was the Baptist teacher Davenport.

He had purchased some land on which the god, about thirteen feet high, sat in full possession. A caucus of natives and foreigners was convened and it was decided to close the career of the deity, and utilize the lot for less sedentary purposes. A crow-bar seemed the most effective way to close the business with despatch. A coolie brought one, but no Burman was iconoclastic enough to smash a divinity. So two Indians were called in to assist in the interesting work. The Yankee teacher stood ready with the iron crow-bar when one of the Indians shouted and, running into the chapel, fetched a Bible. When the American began the work of execution, the Indian, holding the sacred volume, between himself and the idol, cried out, "Oh, god! Oh, god!" The moment the head was off, however, everybody was ready to help, for it became Nehushtan (ii. Kings, 18, 4) after decapitation! A silver heart was found inside, containing strips of solid gold inscribed with the sacred characters of Pali; and also a tooth set in a ring. Whose molar it was I know not, certainly not Buddha's, for there are enough teeth of his about now in Asia to supply a mighty big man with a mighty generous mouth. Anyway, the tooth is considered a prophylactic against all sorts of uncanny things.

There is about this city much to interest a student. At the foot of Mandalay Hill is a group of four hundred pagodas. I did not count them, and as one reliable party told me there were seven hundred and nineteen, and another four hundred and fifty, I have gone on an independent tack, seeing no reason why a man should not have a mind of his own, and made a moderate estimate of four hundred. Each contains an upright alabaster tablet inscribed with some of the Law of Buddha. It is said that were all Buddhistic books

destroyed, the whole law could be obtained from these slabs. In addition, there is the large Queen's Monastery, built to expiate her many sins. The biggest "bell that rings" is hereabouts, and the neighbourhood contains many other interesting things too numerous to mention.

The train rolled into Rangoon station in good time. On the platform, waiting to give me a cordial greeting, was Mr. McCowen, secretary of the local Y.M.C.A. He was a prosperous lawyer, and renounced a fine income to take up his present work. His salary, I am told, is about what he paid to one of the clerks in his law office! The association is working vigourously on a sane plan. In this city is the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda, covered with plates of gold. It is said to be very sacred, as eight hairs of one of the Buddhas are inside. I concluded from the number of hairs on exhibition that Buddha must now be bald. But the greatest sights of all are the printing plant, schools, and chapels of the American Baptist Mission. This society has about five hundred self-supporting churches among the Karens.

The Karen Prophet, San Ye, is a man of remarkable power. After he was converted he joined the church. Now thousands of heathen flock to hear him, and he frequently invites a missionary to preach. He has already erected two monster buildings, and some half-dozen more are in course of construction. I visited this extraordinary man in company with Thomas, Vinton, and Shapp. We travelled in a springless ox-cart, and, getting lost in the jungle, wandered about in the bushes hunting for a road. It was nearly midnight. After a while, another ox-combination came along, and while we were asking them to point out the road, an ox, in order not to lose any time or

economize any energy, gave me a terrific kick on the knee joint. Fortunately, four dozens of pain killer were in the cart. A less quantity would have been sufficient. We reached our destination after midnight. Here were huge buildings in the midst of the jungle, built and paid for by the heathen. A rest-house, two hundred and eighty feet long, and a granary the same length, attracted my attention. On our arrival word was sent out by the Prophet's runners, and wonderful to relate, at nine o'clock in the morning nearly a thousand people crowded into the auditorium to hear the Gospel, and an equally large audience gathered at noon. The Prophet has raised from the natives over four lacs of rupees for Christian work. He owns nothing himself except a steam launch, which is for the use of missionaries. He will not allow his picture to be taken for fear the people would worship it, his instructions to the contrary notwithstanding. When the collection is taken, the people crowd forward and drop their contributions into a silver vessel containing water. "Money is hot," he says, "and should be cooled off." He is a kind, humble, magnetic man.

Another day, a few of us went out into the jungle to hunt. Having heard much about the size of the wild boars, the deer, tigers and snakes, I suggested that we should climb trees with our guns while the natives beat the jungle and set it on fire. On account of my mishap with the active ox, I found it difficult to perform the feat of "shinning up," as the boys say, and then found it harder still to maintain my position on the perch. However, I steadied myself while the bush was beaten, and out popped a wild cat and a deer. I bagged the former at seventy-five yards with my revolver, but the deer evidently had urgent business elsewhere, and vanished before the hunters



ould shoot it! So the cat constituted the bag, and we  
 k it back with us and had it cooked at a native  
 lage near by. I sat on the floor with the Karens  
 l the cat was served *a la fingers*. The natives en-  
 r the flavour of wild cat. I myself ate a morsel  
 l found it very tasty! I was seized with an  
 esistible fit of generosity and left the remainder for  
 natives. That is the first time I have eaten cat to  
 knowledge! But it was a case of "What's in a  
 ne?" and the associations of the animal just then  
 urred to me. But I have dined at restaurants all  
 r the world, and feline ingredients may possibly  
 e masqueraded as "dry hash!"

Even missionaries are fallible. With much diffi-  
 ce and caution, I herein offer this criticism of mis-  
 naries, those good people who, like the rest of  
 sometimes make mistakes. Some would suggest  
 t the missionary is a sort of celestial being let down  
 on the earth, like Peter's Sheet, for admiration  
 ne, and is altogether too heavenly to be corrected.  
 th all such I hereby disagree, and so will the mis-  
 nary.

Mistake No. 1. Not employing more servants.  
 ssionaries should be severely censured (there are  
 eptions) for not keeping more servants. To  
 strate: milk is needed, especially for infants and  
 alids. Chinese cows give little milk, and one baby  
 Chowtung can use all that can be got from one cow!  
 home milk is brought to the door by the milk-  
 n, who is a servant of many people. Here the cow  
 to be bought, and a man trained to milk it and  
 k after it. This is one servant the missionary  
 ould employ. The corresponding servant at home  
 a smart milkman who can serve many families.  
 e milkman here is a duffer, and has to be taught  
 J

by the missionary who, may be, knows little about the matter himself. So it is better, cheaper, and safer to see to the matter himself. But the missionary should employ a milkman! Then, too, water. Hot and cold water are "laid on" in the houses of many labouring men at home by the water companies, who are the servants (?) of the public. Missionaries must hire men to draw water and bring it to the mission house. It is nonsense for them to think of getting on without water; they would soon be indistinguishable from the heathen!

A cook is a great nuisance in China. He has to do the buying and makes a squeeze on all purchases. In the Celestial Empire you have to haggle over the price of everything, even cabbages and potatoes. Suppose instead of the women missionaries learning the language and teaching the people, they went in for street talk, and spent an hour a day in getting bargains in the way of cabbages, radishes, thin legs of mutton and so forth, they would have lots of fun, stacks of it, but every critic would say (and they truly do say) "Why does not that woman set to work and teach the people? She was not sent out to haggle and make bargains, but to teach and preach." The homes of missionaries are open houses, and must the missionary's wife cook for all?

In America and Europe when children are old enough, they are sent off to schools for five hours a day, giving the mother rest and time for other duties. But here the missionary lady has to instruct her own children. She should have a teacher for the children. The missionaries should have as many servants as the working people at home. Folks at home have armies of servants! Butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, electrical engineers, water engineers, milkmen, school

teachers, doctors and preachers. Poor servant-starved missionary! Here the pioneer of the Gospel has to be all these at once. Outside the ports the cook gets less than two gold dollars per month, and he gets everything else he can, and must be taught in every department, for he is green as onion tops.

Mistake No. 2. Not keeping and using firearms! While writing the last sentence in Old Pan's monster inn at Chusiung Fu in Yunnan Province, it was suggested that the pay of missionaries is not sufficient to enable them to procure the necessary servants. Hundreds of missionaries in the Central Kingdom receive but twenty gold dollars a month. The labouring man who comes to my residence in beautiful Doylestown, to plant onions or dig post holes, gets more than that. He has forty gold dollars a month, or at least thirty-six. He is a first-rate man, the post-digger and onion-planter, but no great amount of money has been spent upon his education. He has a common school education. But here in China are medical men, University graduates, with academic degrees; men of profound thought and stupendous energy, who are working for twenty gold dollars a month, and are working hard. I have not heard one missionary in China complaining that he received too little salary. I know some get higher wages than these figures, but I am speaking of the hundreds of earnest missionaries who work for small amounts,

"A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards  
Has ta'en with equal thanks."

All the way across China I carried a repeating rifle, full to the brim with cartridges, for the sole purpose of shooting Chinese—game. For protection from the people firearms are less necessary than in certain American cities, where periodical hold-ups on modern

scientific principles prove the superiority of the Western rascal over his Eastern brother. For ninety-nine days I travelled across the Great Empire, with its four hundred millions of people and scores of dialects, by night and day. I was not only not molested, but, more than that, kindnesses were showered upon me as the rose petals were on Anthony the day Cæsar refused the thrice-offered crown. Missionaries are cautious, but they are not cowards. They should keep guns and ammunition to supply their tables with game. The ducks, geese and edible cranes are numerous. On the Talifu Plain a passing British Consul-General found fourteen varieties of wild fowl. Let the Christian worker take a half-hour in the morning and bring in a fine bird for dinner. It would be a welcome change and freshen him up for the duties he has to perform. Where the variety of good food is scant, a fine bird would not displease the family. Send your missionary friend a good fowling-piece and a thousand rounds of ammunition. Be sure to prepay the freight and insure the gun.

Mistakes general. Now that my journeyings in China are completed, I wish to testify to the culture, kindness, and commonsense of the missionary body as a whole. Indeed, in all these things I have found them vastly superior to the tramp critics who have taken their cream, accepted their good offices, and then written or spoken from the bias of their own careless thinking. An across-China traveller, who said of his father "I suppose the old fool is praying for me now," had the following interesting experiences at a missionary's home. "The cream had been taken off the day's milk to do the stranger honour. He was, of course, entertained free. At tea three ladies were present, two unmarried. The grand traveller, who

afterwards sneered at ladies, liked the cream, and the others generously let him have it. The doctor swallowed it all! Cleared the plate! Complete victory! Brave man! Polite man! Respector of ladies! Doctor! Bah! this same man talked about Miss —— of Suifu. He talked about Chowtung and Tongchuan.” Shades of George Washington! His criticisms are the undigested observations of a reserveless man. What a critic of missions! Men who would not steal a copper, will steal a good missionary’s reputation. It is not always true that

“A dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.”

A certain man went hunting in the delta of the Irrawaddy. A mighty Nimrod was he. Four men accompanied him. One carried the gun, one the ladder, one the umbrella, and the fourth whiskey and soda. He was more expert with the last than with the first. A dazed deer stood by a tree while he fired at it four times. Failing to hit it, he handed the rifle to a native who killed the deer at the first shot. The gentleman had taken so much liquid refreshment that he saw double and shot the wrong deer! Let us listen to his opinion of missions and missionaries! Yet in the club, where liquid is dispensed, his statements “from personal knowledge” will be applauded! But there are honourable, intelligent, conscientious critics of missions. To such, facts will appeal.

The business methods of the missionaries are to be commended. They handle the Lord’s money given by His people in the most careful way. The China Inland Mission undertook to finance me across China. That is, in Shanghai I turned over so many hundred gold dollars to them, and they gave me sight drafts on anyplace where they have central stations and wherever

I would want money. Without a single exception, everything was promptly done. Good business men are attending to the mission merchandise. The missionary societies are doing a splendid work, the self-sacrifice and devotion of their representatives being beyond all praise. Never have I seen money go further in accomplishing the purpose for which it was given.

I would give another kindly word of caution to the missionaries—avoid hobby-riding. Let this be written large! Let the cranks at home ride hobbies. Keep off side-tracks! Take bile pills when the liver is out of order. You may be a firm or confirmed faith curist; I shall not interfere with you on that score, but for the sake of the persons about you, take pills and prayer mixed. On different parts of this planet I have met educated, earnest, energetic missionaries who have held to the no-medicine idea. They have, at times, made the night hideous and the day nerve-destroying to those around them. Take pills, brother, take pills! It does not discredit the ability and power of the Supreme Being to cure yourself with medicine. Remember that

“Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop,  
Than when we soar.”

Take prayers and pills for physical ills, and do not scar and mar the tempers near you. If you will hold to the no-medicine idea, then use the graces plentifully to keep yourself comfortable and not cause others to suffer from your weak faith! Missionaries in China should not “have nerves.”

And now my long and varied journey is over. This volume should have a peculiar flavour, for it has been written on the wing—parts in native inns at nights, parts while riding in a mountain chair, parts in the

snows of lofty mountain passes, parts on the hot lowlands, parts in the homes of missionaries, parts on boats sailing up the mighty Yangtze, and parts while waiting for the faithful, plodding coolies to catch up with me after a lively sprint. It has been prepared by light and night, some written by hand, some dictated to my secretary, and some struck off on my own typewriter. As I look back over the route, I think of the many labourers who are spending life and money to lift up the Chinese into a better life. They are nobly doing a grand work without snivelling. This work should appeal to all classes—to those who gladly pay God's taxes as well as the country's taxes, and esteem it a privilege as well as a duty to help precious souls, and to those who in any way, direct or indirect, have business relations with China. The missionaries open the way for commerce and trade. The missionaries make the best books on China, both English and native.

The missionaries set a godly example of high spiritual living to the Chinese, for which they are heartily and cordially despised by the European winebibber and profligate. The highest officers of the United States Government in Peking and Shanghai employ men for translators and interpreters who have had experience as missionaries, and the men who now do the translating for the American Minister in Peking and the Consul-General in Shanghai got their experience and knowledge of China and the Chinese language in the slums and smells of Chinese cities, just as other missionaries are doing. The outport Consuls would employ missionaries as translators if they could get them to give up missionary work.

But what I admired most in missionaries was their sincere devotion to duty and their inflexible determina-

tion to win. None doubted the final issue. Few were discouraged. And yet they live in cities along whose streets the foreign diplomats would hold their noses. The English language is too poverty-stricken to describe the odours of a Chinese intra-mural town. The missionaries make their abodes in these same towns and cities, for immortal souls are there. Let me repeat it, they are doing a splendid work for God and for the world. And those who work with them, in the glorious cause of winning men for Christ, should afford them their cordial sympathy and their generous support.









