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U.S. NAVY PORTS *of the* WORLD

CANTON

DITTY BOX GUIDE BOOK SERIES

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION
NAVY DEPARTMENT





LEGEND

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| ① | Chong-Yuen-Fong | ⑥ | Cheung-Shau-Tsz (Temple of Longevity) |
| ② | Y.M.C.A. | ⑦ | Chien-Hoi-Lau (Five-storied Pagoda) |
| ③ | Wa Tap (Octagonal Flower Pagoda) | ⑧ | Hoi-Tung-Tsz (Buddhist Temple) |
| ④ | Wa Lam-Tsz (Temple of 500 Gods) | — | Location of Former Walls of Canton |
| ⑤ | Ng-Sin-Kwan (Temple of Five Genii) | | |

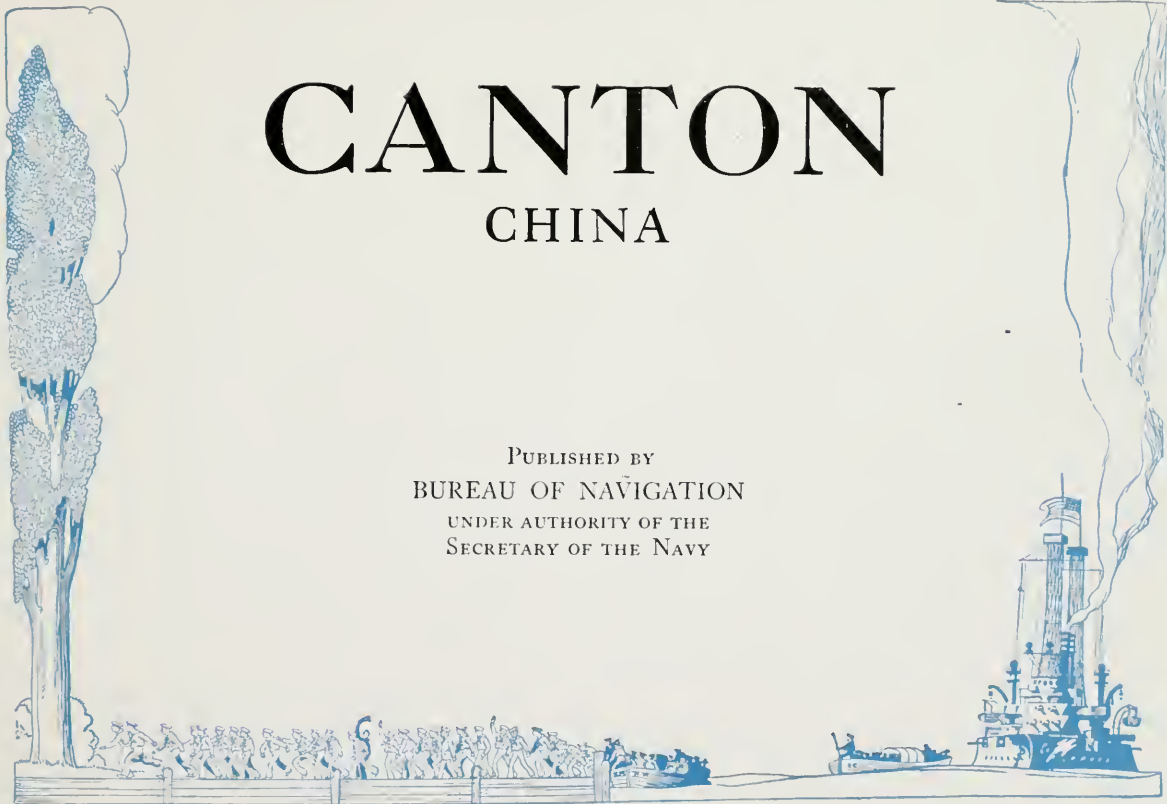


A CHINESE JINRIKISHA RUNNER WITH HIS RAIN-PROOF COAT

CANTON

CHINA

PUBLISHED BY
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION
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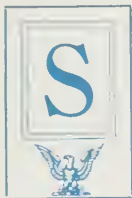
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Foreword



SINCE warships flying the American flag have made the world of waters their cruising grounds and since they carry with them scores of thousands of seagoing Americans, the personal interest of the Nation in ports, far and near, is ever increasing in recent years.

In order to furnish valuable information to officers and enlisted men of the Navy who visit these ports, the Bureau of Navigation is preparing individual guidebooks on the principal ports of all quarters of the globe.

Although every effort has been made to include accurate information on the most important subjects connected with this port, it is realized that some important facts may have been omitted and that certain details may be inaccurate. Any information concerning omissions or inaccuracies addressed to Guidebook Editor, Bureau of Navigation, will be appreciated. The information will be incorporated into revised editions.

Acknowledgment is made to the National Geographic Society for its suggestions, both as to editorial policy and the interesting details concerning this port and its environs.

Acknowledgment is also made to Underwood & Underwood and Publishers' Photo Service for the following photographs, which are copyrighted.

Introduction



THE artery of yellow water, which runs to the China Sea from the heart of Kwangtung Province, the traveler finds the river port of Canton, where he sees many unbelievable things—unbelievable from the occidental viewpoint—even though he views them through the unclouded windows of his own inquisitive Western soul.

Canton is a city of walls and temples; narrow streets and lanes of water; flower boats and other river craft; jostling humanity and high-pitched voices; sedan chairs and perspiring coolies; native merchants and prodigal sons; foreign merchants and diplomats—an old, old city, whose lower classes think cockroaches in honey and snakes in broth a rare combination well suited to the most fastidious tastes.

Those travelers who bide a while in Hongkong before embarking on the water journey to Canton will be rewarded with a colorful glimpse of Chinese life; but the island has been under British rule for so long a time that it is more European than oriental. In Canton the reverse is true. As Hongkong is British, so Canton is Chinese—deliberately, stubbornly, patiently Chinese.

The noses in Canton have never been counted, for the Government has found it impossible to carry out a census with any degree of accuracy.

The Chinese population has been estimated at 1,250,000; but the guess is much too conservative in the opinion of the stranger just arrived in Canton, for there seem to be more yellow men within the ancient city than in all the rest of the round world.

Chinese here, Chinese there, Chinese yonder—so many Chinese that the impressionable traveler in Canton dreams o' night of shuffling, felt-clad feet, oblique eyes, saffron faces, singsong voices, cotton trousers, and voluminous shirts; not to mention the clash of Chinese cymbals and the wailing of mourners in the frequent funeral processions and other common sights in this river port of South China, in the Province of Kwangtung.

Canton is so old that even the native custodians of local tradition have lost count of the years since it was founded. Some of the ancient coolies crouching near the wharves and sunning their wrinkled skins look as if they might be able to tell the age of their city; but a whimsical question elicits only a request for alms, mumbled with a mouth which has lost its teeth, so that the owner meets with difficulty in chewing even the small portions of food needed to keep the spark of life aglow in his shaky body.

Canton is one of the most important trade centers of China, being the funnel through which the exports of Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces are poured in the holds of waiting ships and carried to the foreign markets.

Scores of thousands of coolies are engaged in the task of handling the great volume of trade which comes through Canton. They toil the long

day through for the gain of a few cents; and apparently never dream of making further wage demands on their foreign and high-caste employers.

Or if the coolies dream such dreams of sudden wealth, they keep them to themselves, for they have labored under the same conditions all their lives, and their fathers and grandfathers did the same before them. So they believe—do the coolies—that they are fortunate in earning enough to keep the wolf from the door; they toil by day and by night, with hardly a word of serious complaint. They are a fatalistic people, many of them willing, curiously enough, to work all their lives for the purchase money of a coffin in which their bodies can rest after death.

Occasionally a coolie acquires wealth, either by a stroke of luck in his own locality or by emigrating to another country, where he succeeds in making enough to live in comfort for the remainder of his life. If such is the case, he usually returns to Canton, is soon drawn into the whirlpool of native life, and lives an envied life of leisure as an independent Cantonese.

The most important exports of Canton are tea, silk, paper, and preserves, and firecrackers—most of them going to the United States, where they are used, for the most part, in helping the small boy make himself heard on the Fourth of July.

In former years a majority of the imports and exports of Canton were carried in British bottoms, but with the amazing growth of the American merchant marine it is expected our country will take over a

great deal of the trade which has hitherto been monopolized by the British—although the occupation of Hongkong in 1842 by our ally in the World War puts us at a disadvantage, which, however, should be largely overcome by American initiative.

Canton communicates by steam with Hongkong, Shanghai, and Macao. Present conditions necessitate the passage through the former of nearly all commodities sent to Canton from the United States and Europe. A plan to establish a free port near Macao has been considered for several years, and the carrying into effect of such a plan would doubtless lessen the present importance of Hongkong.

Canton is about 100 miles by rail from Hongkong, and the trip can be made in five hours' time; but many strangers prefer to travel by way of the Chukiang River, since the view is incomparably better and less tiresome. So in the following pages we shall travel up the Chukiang River to Canton, experiencing some of the thrills which come from the presence of river pirates, who pursue with diligence the ancient profession of their forefathers of more barbaric days and against whom ships must ever be on guard.

After the interesting river trip we arrive in the harbor of Canton. Making our way among the innumerable and strangely-fashioned boats, we struggle through the throngs of chattering men and boys who swarm along the water front, and proceed to make the best of our visit in this Chinese port.

THE RIVER PIRATES



HE cruise to Canton begins, in this instance, from the Harbor of Hongkong around the evening hour of ten, when the velvety blackness of the hot oriental night has settled around the traveler, making him feel a bit uncomfortable—as if he were shrouded in a thick, woolen blanket and confined in a warm room on a July day.

In the city of Victoria, resting on the rim of the harbor, there gleams a profusion of lights which silvers in places the mist hanging over the island. The lights are constantly flickering, some dying all of a sudden and others blazing forth where the fingers of night had been piling up dark shadows just a moment before.

A weird cry arises from the water front and is slung back by the multifold echoes. The cry comes from a group of men engaged in a dispute on one of the piers. The echo seems to startle them, for they run, bending low and glancing

over their backs. The clump, clump of police boots is heard, and a thread of light from a flash-light travels through the gloom. A spurt of orange-colored flame and a staccato "crack-crack." Some one is being reckless.

A broad beam of light from a search-light on a warship, whose outlines are vaguely discernible in the distance, attracts the attention—since all men resemble moths, in that they are more or less fascinated by light. The warship flashes a signal to an invisible receiver. The flood of light is checked as suddenly as it was released. Points of reflected light glisten from the tops of small waves in the harbor. It's a question whether the light comes from the city or from the crescent moon which hangs from a wreath of clouds in the sky.

The voyage begins, and after crossing the harbor the river steamer is lost for a time in a tortuous channel wriggling in and around the maze of small islands between Hongkong and the mainland.

In about two hours' time the ancient Bogue fortresses come into view, and the





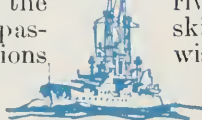
Across Canton River

steamer soon finds itself in the brown waters of the Chukiang River—or the Pearl, or the Canton River, as it is sometimes called by foreigners. It is on the Chukiang River that the crews of passenger boats take all possible precautions

against attack by Chinese pirates, who resemble criminals the world over, in that they are more prone to operate at night than in daytime. But the sun never renders the Chinese cousins of "Cap'n Flint" so timid as to keep them from attacking a steamship in broad daylight if the opportunity presents itself.

The local governments have found it impossible always to protect ships against the danger of assaults by river pirates; so the steamship companies, in self-defense, place armed guards on board the Canton boats. The guards are equipped with rifles, revolvers, and sometimes shot-guns, which often serve to scare off, at long range, suspicious looking individuals. The value of life is not so great in this particular stretch of country as in the Occident, and the guards take no risks, preferring to shoot first and ask questions afterwards—a course of action reminiscent of early days on the American frontiers.

The guards are on the alert, although no pirates have shown themselves on the river for weeks, and the possibility of a skirmish lends spice to what would otherwise be an uneventful trip.



On either side of the muddy river are plantations devoted to the cultivation of rice and bananas, and at intervals little groups of houses come into view—shadowy through the dark curtain of night which has definitely fallen over the land.

The river pirates do not make themselves heard or seen on this particular trip: but the passengers, assured that it might well have happened otherwise, are told that fully 20,000 pirates live along the Chukiang River and in and near Canton. Occasionally the outside world hears of passengers and crew being murdered and a ship burned by the pirates on the Chukiang River: then all precautionary measures are redoubled.

Expeditions are sometimes sent out by the Government in search of river pirates. Upon the successful conclusions of such trips scores of the half-wild captives are executed. Sometimes the Government raiders are defeated, and the pirates, emboldened by their success, make further forays against steamships and drive, for a time, many of the smaller craft from the Hongkong-Canton river trade.



Low-Caste Women in Rice Fields

There are three or four companies operating steamers between Hongkong and Canton, one of them being known as the British Line (the Hongkong and Macao Steamboat Company). Steamers



River Boats Alive with Native Passengers

owned by this line—the *Kinshan*, *Heungshan*, *Honan*, and *Fatshan*—leave Hongkong at 10 p. m., arriving in Canton at 6.30 o'clock in the morning.

Steamers from Hongkong to Canton and return are also operated by a Chinese

Eighteen

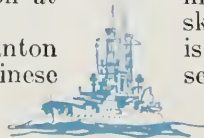
company, whose rates are cheaper than the British company's. Its ships, the *Kwangtung* and the *Kwangsai*, are often patronized by tourists. These boats leave Hongkong at 9 p. m., arriving in Canton at 6.30 o'clock the next morning.

The traveler desiring to visit Canton by rail should board the train at Kowloon, the terminus of the Canton-Hankow Railroad. The line, built by the Chinese, was extended by the British, who plan eventually to make it a direct line to Paris.

SUNRISE IN CANTON



HAVING eluded the river pirates, the steamer makes rapid headway up the Chukiang River, and as the sky brushes the darkness from its face and the sun sends great streamers of crimson and purple light from behind the gray clouds massed on the eastern horizon, the outskirts of Canton come into view, and there is a rush of work on the deck as the passengers make ready to land, all thoughts



of murderous river pirates momentarily banished from their minds.

The sun is still hesitating below the rim of the earth when the steamer from Hongkong breasts the muddy waters of that part of the river which flows through the fringes of Canton.

Most of the buildings in Canton crouch low, as if apprehensive of an angry, sweeping blow from the typhoons brewed occasionally in the atmospheric kettle of the China Sea. They are more humble, these buildings, than the skyscrapers of the American continent. One of the lords among them is the five-storied Pagoda which looks calmly down on other structures from its superior height.

Seasoned travelers prefer to arrive in Canton early in the morning, for then the life of the city may be observed under more favorable conditions. The maxim "early to bed and early to rise" is observed in Canton as well as in the service, for, as the steamer approaches the wharf, the river seems to be alive with scores of craft, ranging from unwieldy junks to small sampans, which dart in and out among the slower moving, more sedate



Funeral Boats, Canton

boats, as children play tag around a crowd of their elders.

Every boat paddler appears to be trying his best to throw his or her voice across the river, and the range varies

astonishingly—from the bass of the deep-chested mountaineer on the rail of a near-by junk, to the screechy, nerve-rending falsetto of the angry Chinese woman in the fuel-laden sampan, as she beats her son. The sampan, it appears, has just escaped being rammed by a junk under full canvas, and the unfortunate son is blamed for the near collision.

The monotonous singsong of Chinese voices is silenced for the moment by a sudden outburst from the native sailors on a funeral boat anchored near the shore. The crew evidently believes the only way to mourn the dead is by constant, persistent, never-ending lamentations. Very shortly the uproar is augmented by the dashing together of great cymbals. The inquisitive passengers on the steamer are informed that the crew is frightening away evil spirits, who thrive on quiet, and who, if left in peace, might bring harm to the bodies of the dead on board the funeral boats.

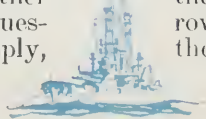
A questionable whiff from another funeral boat, hard by the bank farther up the stream, is responsible for a question. The traveler hears, by way of reply,

that some of the dead have been on the boat for five or six months. They will remain there until the time is auspicious for burial.

Each of the funeral boats seems to be trying to outdo the others in making the welkin ring. The din soon grows so deafening that the traveler half expects to see the dead arise and poke their heads above the lacquered sides of their coffins on the deck of the funeral boat.

Across the river from Canton the traveler sees the cities of Wati and Honan, where he will view many sights almost as strange as those in Canton if he chooses to spare the time necessary for a visit in the two suburban districts; but, as a rule, the majority of strangers find Canton so indescribably fascinating that they hesitate to roam through the neighboring sections in search of attractions, which must indubitably prove less interesting than those of Canton.

The ship passes more funeral boats, more junks and sampans, and now and then the passengers see small fishing boats rowed by native women, who dip nets into the muddy waters of the river and cry out



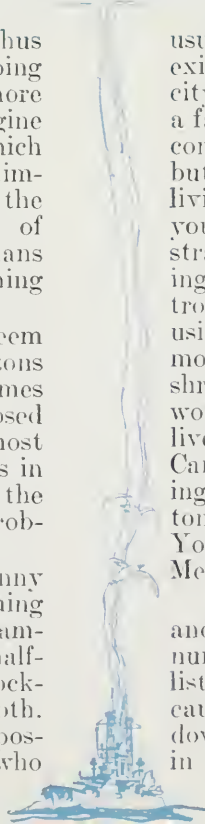
angrily when the fish evade the trap thus set for them. And, since the dripping nets come out of the water empty more often than not, the reader can imagine the crescendo of feminine screams which assails the ears just as easily as if he himself were there to see and to hear the fisher women call down the wrath of Heaven on both the fish and any humans who may happen to be within screaming distance.

The crews on the fishing boats seem to fear the wrath of these Chinese Amazons as much as the people of medieval times feared the wrath of bedraggled, hook-nosed witches, who were supposed to spend most of their time concocting strange brews in three-legged kettles and riding in the clouds astride brooms all hung with cobwebs.

There is something weird and uncanny about it all—funeral boats, screaming fisher women, brass cymbals, junks, sampans, river pirates, lacquered coffins, half-naked men, howling mourners, cockroaches in honey, and snakes in broth. It is almost unbelievable, almost impossible of conception to us Americans who

usually live a sane, well-ordered sort of existence. The people of an American city, were they to live their lives in such a fashion as do those in Canton, would be considered eccentric, if not actually mad; but the Cantonese take their mode of living and their customs as calmly as you please and find nothing unusual or strange about them. And it is this feeling which makes Canton so enchanting to trousered, shirted, shoe-wearing, soap-using Americans. In Canton we find once more the eternal truth of that trite, shrewd observation: "One-half of the world knows not how the other half lives." The least that can be said for Canton is that it is different. Exceedingly, strikingly, abruptly different. Canton is Canton, just as New York is New York, and Paris is Paris, and Mexico is Mexico. It couldn't be otherwise.

A breeze has sprung up by this time, and the surface of the river is broken into numberless ripples which dance a sort of listless, rhythmic, measured dance, and cause the smaller boats to move up and down as the bobber on a fishing line rocks in the watery bed upon which it is rest-





Good View of Canton Across Canton River

ing—always on the alert and ready to flash the signal which tells of a tentative nibble at the hook below.

The steamer continues up the river, and, as the sun finally shakes itself clear of the horizon and steps out on the roof

of the world, the landing place comes into view and the passengers make ready for their venture into the unknown highways and byways of life in the city of Canton.

After a period of maneuvering along the water front, the steamer—as if afraid of crushing the smaller boats which clutter up its path—moves slowly into its berth; the gangplank is thrown out, the passengers walk from the steamer and almost immediately become engaged in what is apparently a desperate fight for life and security of limb.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE



AN American who has lived in his own country and has become accustomed to seeing the Chinaman as a quiet, unassuming, stoical, and perhaps a bit complacent, sort of a person, is apt to be abruptly disillusioned—in one respect at any rate—when he lands from the Hongkong steamer at the Canton wharf. A majority of the



CANTON

Chinese in Canton are just what the Chinese one ordinarily sees in the United States are not. As Canton is different, so the Chinese in Canton are different. The arrival of a steamer is usually the signal for an onslaught by howling, cursing men and boys who appear to be either direct descendants or near relatives of the river pirates hiding along the banks of the Chukiang River on the road to Canton. They come by way of land and they come by way of water. Some hop nimbly from sampan to sampan; others climb the railing officially considered as being an adequate barrier against trespassers. They screech and yell in such a ferocious manner that the more timid among the passengers turn pale and wonder whether they have survived the voyage from Hongkong only to meet a greater danger in Canton.

The crowd of yelling, half-naked Chinese is reinforced by others attracted by the din which silences even the brassy clatter of native musical instruments on the funeral boats drifting along in mid-stream.

Some of the natives finally succeed in reaching the side of the steamer, and as



Street in Canton

the passengers, in doubtful mood, cautiously walk down the gangplank, the Chinese fall upon them, and for a while it appears that a race riot of respectable proportions is brewing.



Crowds of Chinamen Watching Passengers at Pier, Canton

An occidental fist is doubled. It falls upon an oriental chin. And if the air were filled with shouts and yells a moment ago, it is now flooded with the same. The men passengers prepare to fight to the last gasp for the women and children—

Twenty-Four

their hearts being filled with the same ardor possessed by the berserkers of old, who, it is said, had quite a reputation for bravery in their time.

It is a battle for life, apparently. The travelers appeal to the ship's officers who endeavor to make themselves heard above the uproar. But the exercise of so many vocal organs has temporarily crippled the sense of hearing, and the officers' words go all unheeded by their charges.

Another occidental fist is doubled, and its possessor (a grim, red-faced man resembling a traveling salesman) uses it to such good advantage that another oriental is tumbled over, but is less fortunate than the first, inasmuch as he sails head over heels into the river and is fished out by a screaming fisher woman who volleys curses on the heads of the excitable "foreign devils."

The score is now two to nothing, the occidentals being in the lead, and further casualties are in the offing, when a short breathing spell enables the now hoarse ship's officers to make themselves heard to the passengers.



"Stop," they shout. "Stop! Don't do that." And they rush to the rescue of a passenger engaged in an international argument with two giant natives. The rescue is effected, and the ship's officers turn to the passengers. "These natives are not cutthroats, nor bandits, nor river pirates," they say, "but just porters and sedan-chair coolies. They're looking for customers, not blood."

The travelers, some angry and some apprehensive before, now cast sheepish grins at one another. The grim, red-faced man (resembling a traveling salesman) gives a dollar to the native whom he had thrown into the river and the first casualty among the natives is given a similar amount. The peace is no longer disturbed.

The renewal of shouts, cries, and yells among the porters and sedan-chair coolies, a crash of cymbals from the funeral boat on the river, and the wail of a fisher woman who has just lost a catch of fish by reason of a broken net, signals the end of the battle for life on the Chukiang River at the port of Canton shortly after break o' day.

ON SHAMEEN ISLAND



IT SEEMS that the porters and sedan-chair coolies, who so valiantly stormed the steamboat at the landing, are to be disappointed after all, for arrangements have been made with the Victoria Hotel to send chairs and coolies for the passengers, and the early arrivals among the natives obtain only one or two patrons from the entire company of travelers on the ship.

The sedan chairs from the hotel are quickly occupied, the porters take up their burdens of luggage, and the travelers are carried along the Bund, across a bridge, and find themselves on the island of Shameen, which serves as a place of residence for a majority of the foreigners living and visiting in Canton.

The island of Shameen—"built on sand"—was constructed between the years 1859 and 1862 by joint action of the British and French. Slightly less than one-third of the island is under the control



Banyan Trees on Shameen Island, Canton

of the French while the remainder is governed by the British.

Before the French and British engineers began their task of improving the island and making it habitable for foreigners, Shameen was a low sand bank in the

river and hardly in the category of places fit for human residence. But the ingenuity of the engineers transformed the island into a healthful, beautiful, residential district, and Shameen is now considered the best section of Canton, although as far as the picturesque is concerned it is surpassed by the native districts of the city.

Shameen is well protected against possible attacks by bandits or river pirates. The bridges leading to the island from the mainland are guarded day and night, while barbed-wire entanglements stand on the shores, evidently for the purpose of discouraging marauders from among the river population.

Natives are forbidden to go on the island unless permission is granted by the British or French, and the few natives who pass back and forth are searched for weapons by the guards at the bridges. Europeans, however, are seldom stopped by the sentries.

Probably the best view of Canton is obtainable from the island of Shameen, and many travelers prefer to see the city from across the river, rather than mingle



with the natives in the hot, dusty streets or along the narrow passages of water which thread both the residential and business quarters of Canton.

But the stranger who has traveled all the way from the other side of the world to see something of manners and customs in Canton, does not hesitate to leave the hotel in Shameen, recross the river, and ride by sedan chair above the heads of the throngs in the streets; and when his individual tour of inspection is completed he can say with truth that he has had his hand on the heart of Canton and has felt the throb of life along its narrow streets and alleys and waterways. In seeing Canton he will have seen much that is typical of China—for the foreigner has not gained the foothold here that he has in Hongkong, and the Cantonese, for the most part, dress and act and speak as their ancestors did centuries ago. Only most of them have discarded the queue since the establishment of the Republic, and the feet of the women are not bound so generally as in the days of the Empire. But with very few other changes the major part of the population of Canton has



Figures Clothed with Growing Plants in the Gardens

played a conservative part in the game of life, displaying their respect for their forefathers by doing as their forefathers did. If Americans were to follow the same custom, we would still be wearing powdered wigs, knee breeches, embroidered coats,

ruffles, buckled shoes, and rapiers; or coonskin caps, leather coats, and leggings with buckskin fringes, moccasins, and carrying powder horns and long squirrel rifles—Daniel Boone style.

COFFINS AND GONGS



THE traveler steps into his sedan chair, which is promptly lifted to the shoulders of the sturdy coolies, and he begins his journey through the native districts of Canton via the same bridge over

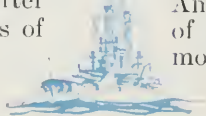
which he passed on his trip to the island of Shameen.

Visitors occasionally venture into Canton afoot, but seldom repeat the experience, inasmuch as many of the natives on the streets are stripped to the waist, and since the pedestrian is invariably jostled about in the narrow streets he finds his clothing the worse for wear after it has been in contact with the bodies of the half-naked Chinese.

The change from the wide thoroughfares, shaded by tamarind trees, of Shameen to the narrow evil-smelling streets and alleys of Canton is depressing for the traveler sensitive to odors; but the trip will have its redeeming features, for he will view sights more weird on his journey about that city than he viewed on his cruise up the muddy waters of the Chukiang River.

The traveler is prepared for one of the strangest of his many experiences in this city by the Chukiang River. Hardly is the trip through the heart of Canton begun when it is halted by the interruption of traffic on the street over which the coolies are proceeding, and by the now familiar clatter of gongs and the wail of oriental voices—some weak, some strong, some tearful, and some joyful.

A word of inquiry brings the answer that a funeral procession is passing through the streets, that all traffic is halted out of respect for the dead. The interruption of traffic appears, from an American viewpoint, to be the only mark of respect for the dead, inasmuch as the mourners conduct themselves in a manner



that would be considered sacrilegious in an occidental country.

It appears that a funeral of a prominent merchant of Canton is taking place. As the procession comes into view the populace cranes its necks in morbid curiosity, not hesitating to make critical remarks about the appearance of the coffin, the price which must have been paid for it, and so on.

Ahead of the bier marches a Chinese band, the members playing on all sorts of alleged musical instruments, whose value is evidently determined by the noises produced through frenzied manipulation of the keys, slides, and strings. Several of the bandsmen are pounding on metal drums whose "music" suggests the din in a boiler factory, and every now and then the advance guard reluctantly abandons its playing on the instruments to let forth blood-curdling screeches, which send shivers frolicking up the backs of the bystanders.

Several coolies come next in the procession, staggering under the weight of great loads of flowers, whose fragrance drowns, for a moment, the odor of sewage



Cantonese Girl

flowing down the middle of the street. Following the "flower coolies" are others bearing platform affairs on which are arranged trays of food, principal among them being one which supports a whole roast pig, fat and brown. One American



Leaving Canton in Sedan Chairs, China

spectator remarks that he will never, never again permit the serving of roast pork at his table on Christmas day.

The male relatives of the dead merchant are next in line. They walk afoot and are followed by the female relatives in sedan chairs. The first contingent of mourners are fairly quiet, but its lack of

Thirty

assistance in making the welkin ring is more than made up for by the official mourners, who, although they are only interested in the funeral so far as it means the receipt of a few cents in the way of wages, are apparently overcome by grief. Next in line is an embroidered canopy, supported in the hands of ten or fifteen men, who appear to be the pallbearers. Under the canopy is the coffin, hidden from the public gaze by side curtains which drop nearly to the ground.

Behind the canopy march the official mourners, and the old fisher woman who called down the wrath of Heaven on the heads of the "foreign devils" on the steamer that morning would have bowed her head in shame had she been there to see how her ability for noise making was surpassed by the absolute talent, in that respect, of the official mourners. Neither the death chant of the American Indians nor the voodoo songs of the tribes of darkest Africa have ever reached such a pinnacle of weird melancholy as the funeral songs of Canton, and the traveler who hears the professional mourners ply their trade will have the picture indelibly



imprinted on his mind, and even after the passage of years will find his ears ringing with the sound of screeching Chinese voices.

A number of the mourners in the procession carry towels of the generously proportioned, fuzzy, Turkish variety, and use them to wipe away copious tears which would otherwise actually pour in trickling streams on the street. They are the finest kind of crocodile tears.

"Ai-ai-ai-e-e-e-e-!" the mourners scream. And shed more tears, with a furtive glance now and then at the pedestrians lining the streets—as if they are anticipating something in the way of approval for their excellent acting.

The sound of music from the head of the procession has almost died away when a new chorus of rattles, bangs, and crashes enlivens the spectacle. More necks are craned, and the guides inform the travelers that the end of the funeral procession is in sight.

There is a fanfare of drums and then the most unrestrained, unmusical, and barbaric noise imaginable breaks out. The traveler is reminded of the steam



Canton, the Vast Metropolis of China

calliope at the end of the circus parade at home. The comparison is irreverent, of course; but still, is true, and that is the excuse for making it.

The din continues. It grows rather than slackens. "Gongs!" remarked the

guide impressively. "Most glorious funeral!" And gongs they were, as the guide had said. Gongs of all sizes and descriptions, most of them made of brass and others, apparently, of tin. They were carried by perspiring Chinese, who stopped their clanging now and then to emit a most ferocious chorus of hair-raising yells. "Clang! Clang! Rattle-rattle! Bang!" The gong men, it appeared, were receiving a generous wage on this occasion and were so grateful as to make a brave effort to earn their money.

Finally, the gong men passed in the wake of the funeral procession, followed by one or two more bands, and as the ordinary activities of daily routine were renewed and the roar of traffic was once more heard on the streets, the guide volunteered the information that the corpse was being taken to the "City of Death," where, like the corpses on the river, it would be kept until the proper time for burial, probably some months ahead. The "City of Death"—a most interesting place to those morbidly inclined—will be touched upon in a later chapter.

Thirty-Two

THE PASSING WALLS



CANTON, for several centuries, was surrounded by a wide, brick wall, nearly six miles in circumference, surmounted by towers, and pierced at intervals by gateways, through which the inland traffic of the ages ebbed and flowed—never ceasing through the birth and death of generation after generation of oblique-eyed celestials.

The wall was erected on a granite and sandstone foundation; its width was about 30 feet and its height from 20 to 40 feet. The Cantonese very probably breathed a sigh of relief after the completion of the wall, for then, they thought, their city would be adequately protected against the depredations of the Manchu armies enviously looking down from the north at this prosperous city in the south of China.

But the wall, despite its appearance of solidity and strength, did not keep the Manchus from capturing Canton in 1652—somewhat over a century after its com-



pletion, and, in the resulting battle within the city, there were scenes enacted which, in comparison, make the atrocities in European wars appear as the frolicking of children. Over 100,000 Cantonese—men, women, children, and smooth-faced babies—were massacred by the invading armies, and tradition relates that the screams of the victims as they fell before the swords and spears of the conquerors were as the sound of the winds shrieking through the passes of a mighty mountain, so many there were who abandoned their earthly bodies in the same moment.

While the walls around Canton remained in existence until some centuries after the city was stormed by the Manchus, it was never considered an adequate defense against determined and organized attack. In later years it was tolerated more for its picturesqueness and its usefulness against raids by pirates than for its value in case of a major onslaught.

Several years ago the greater portion of the Canton wall was razed and its foundation converted into boulevards, the action marking one of the striking features of present-day progress in China.



Old Wall, Canton (now demolished)

Here and there along the boulevards the traveler sees the crumbling ruins of gates and towers, with heaps of jagged rock showing above the surface of the earth to mark the location of the wide

wall, once the hope, and ultimately the despair of the defenders of Canton.

Nearly every old Chinese city has its wall. Many of them are more or less famous, but the most famous is the "Great Wall of China," which originally extended for a distance of over 1,500 miles across the Chinese Empire and resembled, in the distance, a huge serpent stretching its length as far as the eye could see—from one horizon to the other. The "Great Wall" was built as a defense against the Manchu armies in the fourteenth century, but, as with the Canton wall, proved of little avail against the determined advance of the conquering troops.

Since the rise of the Manchu dynasty, in 1644, the "Great Wall" has fallen into decay, except at a number of points where it is maintained as an aid to the customs' service. The wall is about 22 feet high, 20 feet thick, with 40-foot towers at intervals of several hundred yards. It is composed of a brick or granite casing filled with earth and covered with a surface of bricks embedded in lime.

The "Great Wall" follows a more or less irregular course over mountains and hills, through valleys, and over plains. The wall is still intact for scores of miles, although here and there some of the towers have disappeared and the brick facing has fallen away, giving the wall the venerable appearance of ancient ruins.

In the third century B. C., between 1,500 and 2,000 years before the days of the "Great Wall," a system of earthworks was raised along approximately the same route as that followed by the wall. The earthworks were used by the Chinese in defending their country against the Tartar hordes and, tradition relates, served as a fairly adequate means of defense until replaced by the "Great Wall."

Many of the walls surrounding the cities of China are passing, just as those formerly around the city of Canton, and with the lapse of years it is expected the greater number of the ancient and medieval structures will be torn down, to live only in the memories of those Chinese who mourn the passing of the old order of things.



CELESTIAL TEMPLES



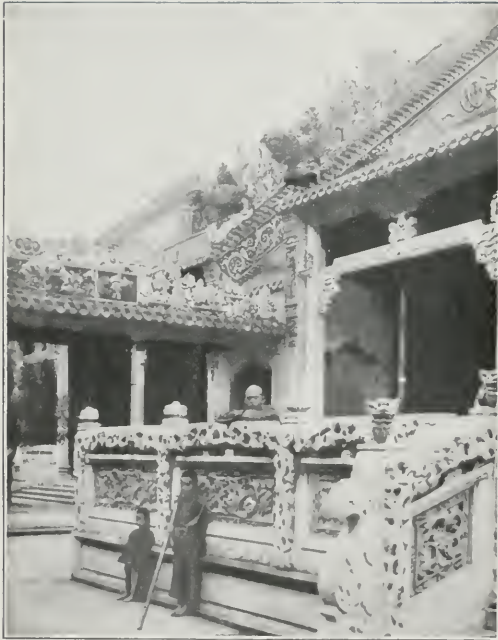
PROBABLY the most notable temple of the 400 or more in the city is the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods, or Wa Tam Tsz, in the western suburbs, where natives have worshiped beyond the memory of the most wrinkled coolie in the streets of Canton. The temple is fashioned after the approved style of architecture in China, with roofs and cornices which appear to be strangely warped by the weather, but which, of course, are formed that way by the builders.

There are numbers of idols in the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods, many of them arranged in prim rows along the walls, most of them with hands complacently folded; some with oriental faces, others with countenances which would be countenanced by few nations; some with beards, others with smooth jowls; some grave and dignified, others smiling enigmatically with their stone lips; all clad in flowing robes of stone.



A Small Temple Near Whampoa Pagoda, Canton

Devotees, while visiting the temple, purchase lighted punk sticks from the priests and place the sticks in front of the idols, laughing and talking all the while, apparently never aware of their sacrilegious conduct—sacrilegious from the



The Chun-Ka-Che Ancestral Hall, Canton

Western point of view. In fact, the Chinese idea of propriety is often the

Thirty-Six

American and European idea of impropriety, and vice versa. Witness the custom of laughing and talking while at worship; the burying of the dead with an accompaniment of wild outbursts of deafening music, and the practice of eating cockroaches in honey and snakes in broth. Canton is indeed a most unbelievable city, where the yawning, sleepy-eyed traveler finds himself yawning and sleepy-eyed no longer, but as wide-eyed as the small boy at a circus.

The Chinese in Canton as a rule seldom take the question of worship in the temples as seriously as they might, and many of the buildings have fallen into disrepair, the courtyards and ponds being filled with rubbish and the interiors of the temples being furnished with shabby, soiled fixtures—all in striking contrast with the dignity and neatness of American churches.

Few natives visit the temples. Most of those who do place food and burn prayer papers and punk on the altars. The prayer paper, it seems, is supposed to take the place of spoken prayers, and the natives have considerable faith in the



efficacy of this particular device, thereby showing another of the countless differences between the customs of orientals and occidentals. Imagine an American clergyman burning a piece of paper in place of reading his Bible!

One of the most pretentious temples in and near Canton is the Buddhist structure, known as Hoi-tung-tsz, on the island of Honan. The grounds cover an area of five acres, are divided into numerous courts, and peopled by scores of Buddhist priests.

The Temple of the Five Genii, or Ngen-kwan, on Great Market Street; the Temple of Longevity, or Chung-shan-tsz, in the western suburbs; and the ancestral temples of the Chen and the Chun-ka-che families, are prominent among the places of worship in Canton. The Chen temple is better kept than most of the temples in Canton, while the Chun-ka-che temple, just outside the city proper, is one of the most imposing buildings of its kind in all China.

Besides the temples there are numerous pagodas in Canton, including the Five-



The Flower Pagoda, Canton

Storied Pagoda, or Chen-hoi-tan, and the Wa-tap, or octagonal flower pagoda, which stands in one of the most pleasing and restful places, from the occidental viewpoint, in the city.

THE CITY OF DEATH



OMBINING temple, cemetery, and morgue, the "City of Death," or "The City of the Dead," as it is variously known in Canton, is one of the strangest of the many strange places in this amazing capital of the province of Kwangtung, China.

There are scores and sometimes hundreds of dead bodies in coffins placed in stalls arranged along narrow aisles, which, in turn, are flanked by altars; banners inscribed with Chinese characters; paper creations of many sizes and shapes, coated with gilt; porcelain jars, and masses of flowers whose heavy odor makes the air seem sickish sweet.

Some of the bodies have been in the "City of Death" for weeks, some for months, and some even for years. The sojourn of the dead in this gruesome place is determined, evidently, by the wealth of the respective relatives or friends who are called upon by priests and sorcerers

to pay for the privilege of keeping the bodies in the stalls of the "City of Death."

The time for removal of the bodies from the "City of Death" is decided upon by the priests after solemn consultations. The time arrives, usually, when either the purse or the patience of the dead person's family is exhausted. One traveler relates that he viewed a coffin containing a mandarin's body which had been placed in one of the stalls immediately after death seven years before and had since remained there in charge of the Chinese priests.

There is no more morbid, unnatural place in the world than the "City of Death" in Canton, unless it be the catacombs under Paris, where the bones of six millions of people are buried; or the ghoulish room in the European church, so graphically described by Mark Twain, where the walls are decorated with skulls and delicate frescoes made from human finger bones and where niches in the walls are occupied by mummified bodies of men long dead.

Probably the bodies of the dead would not remain in this combination of temple, morgue, and cemetery in Canton for so long, if some arrangements were made



whereby the native priests and sorcerers could be kept from both collecting the rent and deciding the "favorable" time for regular burial. But so long as the keepers of the "City of Death" are allowed to receive the tainted "rent money," just so long will the bodies of the dead—with wealthy relatives—continue to repose undisturbed in their stalls along the narrow aisles—flanked by altars, banners, porcelain jars, and flowers—of the "City of Death."

The people of Canton are persuaded to place their dead in the "City of Death" because they believe in doing so they will please the spirits which might otherwise bring harm to the loved one who has joined the "silent multitude." And this brings us naturally to the religions of the country.

China is a land of five religions—Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and also Christianity, which gained a foothold in the country over a thousand years ago and has recently made rapid progress because of the devoted, untiring labors of the missionaries of all Christian churches in China.



Ancient Stone Guardian of Five-Story Pagoda

Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, in order named, are far ahead of the others in China, however, mainly because their philosophies—at the present time—appeal most strongly to the Chinese nature, and also because they have a start of centuries over other religions in China.



Cantonese Girls on Bund

With Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism there is a sharply defined belief in

Forty

good and evil spirits, and those who embrace the three religions believe it is necessary—for their own good—to propitiate both good and evil spirits for the purpose of keeping a balance between them.

Ancestor worship, which involves the question of appeasing both good and evil spirits, is regarded as being the main-spring of China's religious life, while Confucianism serves as a moral code, and Buddhism and Taoism furnish the "rituals or outward forms of observance."

An interesting phase of Buddhism is the standards its devotees must uphold "if they are to live happily in another life." The five great commandments of Buddhism prohibit "killing, stealing, adultery, lying, and drunkenness." Buddhists must also maintain the "right view, right judgment, right language, right purpose, right profession, right application, right memory, and right meditation." Other virtues especially commended by the Buddhist religion are "almsgiving, purity, patience, courage, charity, contemplation, and knowledge."

The progress of Christianity in China was slow for many centuries, but the





West on Central Promenade, Place of Foreign Legations

patience and perseverance of the missionaries have had their effect, and the well-known "heathen Chinese" is not such a heathen as in former years.

Christianity was introduced into China in the sixth century. The Jesuit fathers,



Shappat Po Street, Where European Shops Are Found, Canton

Ruggiaro and Ricci, went to Asia in 1579 and 1581. A Protestant mission, led by Robert Morrison, landed at Canton September, 1807. According to the latest estimates the Roman Catholic Church has 1,363,697 converts, 59 bishops, 1,426



Chinese Mother and Child

foreign and 701 native priests in China, while the Protestants have about 325,000 converts in China.

One of the principal missions in Canton is the Canton Christian College, main-

tained by the American Union Missions. The Roman Catholic Cathedral stands in Canton proper, and the Anglican chapel on the island of Shameen. Seminaries and schools are supported in Canton by the American Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. The Y. M. C. A. building on the Bund—the main thoroughfare, running along the water front—was erected as a memorial to Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary in Canton.

“RATS, CATS, AND —”



VERY probably the credulity of the reader has been sorely tried at times in the reading of previous chapters, for, having lived the fairly well-ordered life of the occidental, he finds it difficult to believe in the authenticity of some of the incidents intended to show something of manners and customs in Canton. In the present chapter his faith will possibly be even more sorely tried, and perhaps his credulity will turn to incredulity, because this



CANTON

is the strangest and most unbelievable chapter of them all. Still, he may accept the customs described in the following—as well as those described in the preceding chapters—as the entire truth, for that is what they are. Canton, surely, has earned the name of “Canton the Unbelievable!”

This chapter has to do with the culinary tastes of the Cantonese. One thing which surprises the traveler in Canton is that chop suey and other presumably native Chinese dishes are not native Chinese dishes at all, but concoctions prepared by Chinese restaurants in the Occident and intended almost solely for American and European consumption. The percentage of the people in Canton who eat chop suey is probably not as great as the percentage of occidentals who eat it in their own countries.

In all probability the foods most favored—in Canton at any rate—would find little favor with any American, and were the Chinese restaurants in the United States to serve food most highly relished by many of the Cantonese, they would find themselves without patrons in short order. And so for that reason,



Imperial Post Office, Canton

perhaps, the Chinese restaurant keepers in the United States are justified in inventing their special preparations and serving them to trustful Americans, who labor under the delusion that they are dining on native Chinese foods.



A Fuchow Maid on the Bund, Canton

The reader has already learned that cockroaches in honey and snakes in broth are favorite foods with some classes of

people in Canton, but these strange dishes are not the only ones of their kind enjoyed by the Cantonese. Rats, cats, and young dogs are highly prized by epicureans of one class or another in Canton; and so the old jingle about "Rats, cats, and puppy-dog tails" is not very much amiss when applied to Canton.

In recent years rat eating has been forbidden in Canton, since the authorities have come to realize that the creatures spread several dangerous diseases, the most dread among them being the bubonic plague; but even now, many of the people in the lower classes find it impossible to resist the temptation offered by the sight of fat, gray rats, and go ahead and eat them despite all laws and regulations to the contrary.

The upper classes never favored the common gray rat particularly, but ate a species of field rat—quite different from the other kind and declared to be most appetizing. However, the practice of rat eating is not so general in China as formerly. As a rule, it is indulged in only by people who can not afford other kinds of meat.



Young dogs and old cats are still relished by the Cantonese, who value them as delicacies suited to the most particular palate, and the lives of dogs are as insecure in the city as the lives of dogs in Indian camps during times of famine, while many a cat has sung its midnight song on a Chinese fence and gone to make a Chinese stew before the night again succeeds the day.

Despite the popularity of rats, cats, and dogs as food in Canton, there is another creature whose flesh is considered as being even more delicious by many of the natives, both high and low caste, and that creature is the snake, which has been mentioned in previous chapters. Some of the Cantonese prefer to have the snakes served in broth, while others prefer them roasted to a crisp. It is a moot question among travelers as to which style of cooking is most highly favored by the natives. Nonpoisonous snakes are the most popular, the finest specimens bringing \$8 or \$9 in the markets.

The people of Canton understand perfectly well the gastric qualms of occidentals who hear of some of the favorite



The Old Executioner and His Knife, Execution Grounds
Canton

Chinese dishes; but they do not permit such gastric qualms to change their eating



Government Officials who Coin China's Fifty-cent Silver Dollars, Imperial Mint Gardens, Canton

habits. "Some American and European foods are as revolting to us as snakes, dogs, and cats—as food—are to you," they say, "and there is no more reason why we should deny ourselves these

culinary dainties than you should deny yourselves your favorite dishes because they may happen to be out of harmony with our sense of tastes."

IDOLS AND POTTERY



CANTON, besides being one of the strangest cities in the Orient, from the traveler's viewpoint, is also one of the principal manufacturing cities of the country. A majority of the industries in Canton are carried on by the 75 or 80 trade guilds, some of whom have entire districts devoted to the production of their respective wares.

The output of the Canton trade guilds includes hundreds of articles of merchandise, ranging from idols to pottery, and running the whole gamut of export goods—from hair, silk, embroideries, jade, carved woods, candied ginger, and other Chinese sweetmeats, to fans and lacquer ware.

The district of the blackwood-cutters' guild offers one of the most interesting sights in Canton. Few travelers ever visit the city without directing their sedan-



chair coolies to carry them along Yuck Tsze and Tai-sen-kai Streets, and the Old Factory district where most of the shops in the guild are located.

Solemn Chinamen squat in front of partially completed idols, whose mysterious faces are hardly more strange than the saffron countenances of their makers. The idol carvers, after putting the finishing touches on the images, cover them with gold leaf or gilt, and dispose of them to native purchasers, and sometimes to souvenir-seeking foreigners.

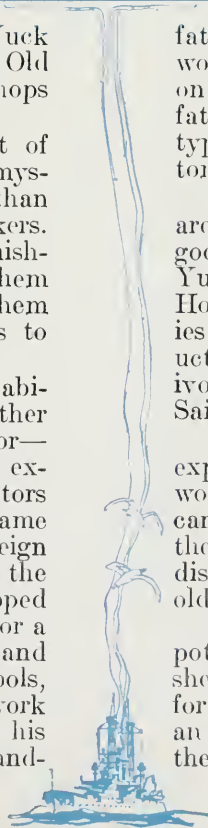
Natives engaged in turning out cabinets, chairs, buffets, tables, and other articles of the sort, will tell the visitor—with flickers of pride in their usually expressionless faces—that their ancestors worked in the same shop, making the same kind of articles, long before the “foreign devils” ever came to China. When the faltering hand of an aged father dropped the carving tools, leaving, say, an idol or a chair half completed, the youthful hand of his son would pick up the carving tools, and the son would carry on the work where his father left off—just as his father carried on the work after his grand-

father, and his grandfather carried on the work after his great grandfather, and so on down through the centuries. It is a fatalistic, initiative-destroying custom—typical of the strange manners and customs of old China.

Buddhist images and picture frames are sold in Siu-sen-kai; ivory and turquoise goods in Tai-sen-kai, Yuen-sek-hong, and Yuk-tsz-hong; sandalwood products in Hou-pun-kai; feather fans and embroideries in Chong-yuen-fong; sandalwood products and porcelain in Sen-tau-lan; and ivory, lacquer ware, and silver vessels in Sai-hing-kai.

Pottery manufactured in Canton is exported to nearly every country in the world, and doubtless many of the Americans and Europeans visiting the city ate their porridge or bread and milk from dishes made in Canton before they were old enough to know there was such a city.

The Cantonese make many kinds of pottery, from the delicately designed egg-shell variety to the sturdy sort designed for use in restaurants and nurseries (where an ability to stand hard knocks is one of the qualities most desired in dishes).





Missionary Children and One American Girl, Canton

The soft clay is modeled into numerous designs, peculiarly and quaintly oriental. The utensils are baked to a stone hardness in red-hot kilns, after which they are painted with many colors, blue and red predominating, and then baked again

Forty-Eight

until the colors are firmly attached to the pottery. Probably the best pottery shops in Canton are in the Sha-kee-tai-kai district, near the island of Shameen.

THE CHINESE FLEET



WHILE the Chinese fleet, in the minds of many people not acquainted with the astonishing progress made in China during the past few years, is as nonexistent as the navy of Switzerland, the traveler in China finds that the Government maintains a small, but quite efficient, force of ships, manned by highly intelligent and fairly well-trained native sailors.

During the rule of the Manchu dynasty each province controlled its own navy and worked independently of the central Government; but, with the formation of the Republic, a reorganization was effected, and in August, 1912, the Chinese fleet was placed under the control of the Ministry of the Navy.

The Government hoped, by bringing about an amalgamation of the naval



CANTON

units, to evolve a navy capable of dealing with domestic as well as foreign quarrels. It also planned to increase the efficiency of the navy by sending cadets abroad—especially to the United States and England—for the purpose of training them in the methods of modern naval warfare.

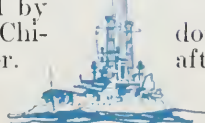
“The number of the personnel of the Navy,” says the Statesman’s Yearbook, “can not be stated exactly. Experience proves that the Chinese bluejackets, with training and discipline, can rank with any bluejackets in the world.” In 1916, according to the China Yearbook, there were 20 gunboats, ranging from 300 to 1,500 tons, in the Chinese fleet; and also 11 torpedo boats, ranging from 26 to 50 tons, and 2 transports of 700 and 1,700 tons, respectively.

The Chinese Navy is now mainly under the control of the Peking Government—although some of the ships give their loyalty to the Government at Canton—and very frequently travelers on the Chukiang River are given the novel privilege of viewing a Chinese war vessel, manned by Chinese sailors, and commanded by Chinese officers, sailing up a Chinese river.



Victoria Hotel, Canton

Frequently the warships cruise up and down the stream in search of pirates, and after a taste or two of Chinese shell—





Grim Executioner Taking Head to Exhibit as a Warning, Canton

which of course hurts as much when it hits as American or English or any other shell—the pirates are only too glad to seek refuge among the hills and swamps. The pirates captured on such expeditions

Fifty

are usually taken to Canton and beheaded by the official executioners.

During the reign of the Empress Hsi-Tai-Hou, the Government appropriated \$50,000,000 for the building of ships for the Chinese fleet. Tradition relates that instead of using the money for the purpose intended, the Empress built a magnificent summer palace, easing her conscience, in her own way, by building a marble boat near the palace.

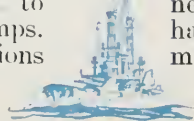
WATI AND HONAN



WATI, a suburb of Canton, standing on the south bank of the Chukiang River, contains among other industries a ship-building plant, where sampans and other native Chinese craft are built

for use by the river population of Canton.

The city of Honan, really a section of Canton, stands on an island of the same name rising from the Chukiang River near Shameen and Namkwan. Honan has a population of about 100,000 people, most of them natives, employed in small



factories, shops, warehouses, in the shipyards—where sampans, small and large steamers are built—and in the river trade.

Wati and Honan are both as old as Canton, because Chinese legends tell of the two islands being settled at about the same time Canton was founded by the Chinese.

Canton, itself, is known as the “City of Rams,” because of the ancient legend which claims that its founders—five Genii, clad in garments of five colors, rode through the air on five rams, each bearing five varieties of grains, which they presented to the people of Canton upon their arrival in the village or settlement.

“Canton” is the English mispronunciation of “Kwangtung”—the province in which the port is located. The real Chinese name for the city is “Kwong Chow,” the name dating back to the period of the three states, 220–280 A. D. Before that time Canton was known as “Nam Hoi.”

Canton was incorporated into the Empire of China during the dynasty of Chin-Chi-Wong, the Emperor who built the Great Wall and burned the Chinese classics in 218 B. C.

CLIPPER-SHIP DAYS



IN THE early days of the last century, when the American merchant marine sailed in the first rank of the trading fleets of the world, largely because of the perfection to which the clipper ship had

been brought by shipbuilders and designers, Canton was the destination of hundreds of sailing vessels from the United States and other countries.

American clipper ships sailed from the ports of Boston, Salem, and New York—laden with cotton goods and other American products—proceeded through the Straits of Magellan to the Pacific Coast, where they traded their cargoes for furs, and sometimes stopped at Hawaii where they traded their cargoes for sandalwood.

Sandalwood and furs, prized by the Chinese, were taken in the clipper ships across the Pacific to Canton, and there exchanged for silk and tea. The voyage usually required two or three years, and when the clipper ships returned to their respective





Examination Hall—Rows of 12,000 Cells—Where the Ku-Yan Tuenneal Examinations Occur, Canton

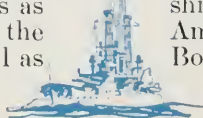
ports, and their cargoes of tea and silk were disposed of, the owners often found they had made a fortune on the single voyage.

Prosperity came to American ports as well as to Canton during the days of the fast clipper ships, and Chinese, as well as

Americans, mourned when the advent of the steamer spelled the end of the clipper. For many years trade between Canton and American ports continued to decline as a logical result of the decline of the American merchant marine; but now that the flag is again seeking out new trade routes, as in days of old, trade between Canton and other Chinese ports and the United States is beginning to assume something of its former proportions.

History relates that the first traders to enter Canton came from Arabia more than a thousand years ago, at which time they built the minaret known in Canton as the "Plain Pagoda." Besides engaging in trade with the Cantonese, the Arabians introduced Mohammedanism to the natives, and now, although the Arabian trade with Canton stopped many years ago, the religion of Mohammed still remains in the port.

Portuguese traders entered Canton in the early part of the sixteenth century (1511). They were followed about a century later by the British, who sent ships to Canton from Liverpool, as the Americans later sent clipper ships from Boston, Salem, and New York.





THE FAMOUS SEDAN CHAIR OF CHINA

CANTON

MEMORANDUM

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CANTON

MEMORANDUM



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