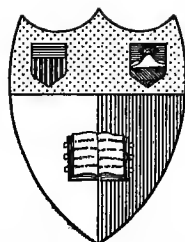


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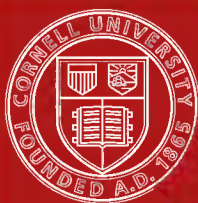
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AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

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To  
THE BROTHER AND SISTER  
TO WHOSE SYMPATHY AND ENCOURAGEMENT THIS BOOK  
OWES ITS EXISTENCE

E. L. DE B. D.



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## PROLOGUE

MANY books have been published about China during the last twenty-five years: books of absorbing interest dealing with the Chinese nation, its literature, customs, religions, and characteristics. But most of these books have been written by experts in one line or another, scholars, politicians, experienced missionaries, or well-known travellers; therefore my friends assure me there is still room for this simple record of the life of ordinary European residents in China, who were interested in the people amongst whom they lived, and very friendly with them.

So I send out my little volume, hoping that it may interest ordinary people like myself, and may possibly give some amusement to the Olympians!

I offer my sincere thanks to Prof. H. A. Giles of Cambridge for his kind permission to use three of his "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio," and for the two charming little nursery rhymes which he translated; to the Rev. F. E. Bland of the H.C.M.S. for his very kind help; and to Mr Percy French for his invaluable criticisms and hints with regard to style and matter.

E. L. DE B. D.,

DUBLIN.



# AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

## CHAPTER I

“ Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,  
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.

Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.”

—*Stephen Gwynne.*

IN the year 1888 I first left home for the Far East, bound for Ningpo, in the Chekiang Province, Mid-China, where I was to take charge of a small hospital for Chinese women which had been started by Mrs Hoare. Mr Hoare, a son of the well-known Canon Hoare of Tunbridge Wells, was then Principal of Ningpo College, and afterwards Bishop of Hong-kong.

It's a far cry from the beech-groves and grasslands of Roscommon to the tea-plantations and rice-fields of Mid-China, farther still to the frozen plains of Manchuria; but people do not think much of long journeys in Ireland, where practically every family has some members Empire-building overseas, or spreading the knowledge of Christianity and civilisation amongst alien races, and where a simple country girl, who has hardly ever left her own townland, will start for U.S.A., Australia, or New Zealand, without any fuss, on receipt of a letter from her “mother's

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

sister's son," sending her passage-money, and assuring her that "great wages she'll be gittin' in that land beyond the say."

Moreover, some of my people were intimately acquainted with the family of Mr Hoare, and Roscommon men had already made a name for themselves in North China.

It had been arranged that I was to live for a time with Mr and Mrs Hoare, and begin work at the hospital as soon as possible, having had some training in such work in the Mildmay Hospital, Bethnal Green—training which stood me in good stead during all the years spent in China.

Some of my family could not be prevailed upon to look at this enterprise of mine in a serious light. One brother, lately returned from India, dwelt constantly on the fun I should have on board ship; on the ease wherewith one rendered operatic music in the atmosphere of the Mediterranean, and on the frequent flirtations between lady passengers and ships' officers. He solemnly warned me never to pull out my deck-chair hastily on a dark evening, for on one occasion he had done so and marvelled at its unusual weight, when he discovered that he was gaily dragging it over the deck to the tune of "Golden Love," with two enamoured ones seated upon it. A soldier cousin, in spite of my protestations that I was going out intent on serious work, sat on one of my boxes puffing his pipe, and chanting at intervals: "Meet me on the hupper deck at arf parst noine. Ain't you going to have the time of your life!"

But these were the frivolous ones, who kept up the tradition that Erin has ever the smile as well as the

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

tear in her eye. Others speeded me on my way in very different fashion, and at last I was off, and farewells over; from all a longer farewell than any of us contemplated, from some a final one on this plane.

By request, my very own folk refrained from seeing me off at the London Docks. Anything more nerve-racking than the departure of a big ship I do not know. First one hawser is let go, then another; more farewells are shouted, more last messages, increasing in inanity each time: "Don't forget to write to Suez." "Send a line by the pilot." "*Have you got your keys?*"—a long-drawn ordeal. This I was spared; but to prevent my feeling forlorn, two good friends gave me a kindly send-off, and the same two welcomed me at Prince's Landing Stage on my return twelve years later.

In those days the voyage to China took longer than it does now; our ship was not a fast one, although comfortable and well found. She belonged to the Glen line of steamers, which then carried passengers on the outward voyage, loading up with tea on the homeward one. The cabins were roomy and airy, her high poop deck made a pleasant lounge, and in hot weather the punkahs went by day and night, being worked from the engine-room. The lighting was poor, just oil lamps and candles.

Officers mixed with passengers, sharing their amusements. We had a concert, of course, quite a nice one; the captain had a really good voice, and gave us "True Till Death," a favourite ballad at that time.

How funny some of these concerts are! I remember one on a P. & O. ship, at which a passenger offered to perform but refused to rehearse. He

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

chose to sing "Oh, Dry Those Tears." There was a fresh breeze, the concert was held on deck, and naturally ropes creaked and awnings flapped, so that when he began to sing we heard nothing but the accompaniment. He opened his mouth and moved his lips; the piano waxed louder and louder, while *our* tears of laughter flowed. On the same night a famous baritone, travelling incognito, was breezily invited to sing a comic song. "You look as if you could give us a really good one, old fellow," said our concert promoter heartily, and wondered at the coldness with which the compliment was received!

The first-class cabins were full. I shared mine with two other ladies, one of whom, an experienced traveller, helped me at those distracted moments when all my hairpins disappeared, and hair wreathed itself around arms and refused to be "done" in any fashion, or when shoes and other essential garments hid themselves far under the berths and grinned at my fruitless efforts to hook them out with a parasol. She possessed a tea-basket, and first taught me how refreshing China tea with a slice of lemon can be, especially when one is a trifle upset. There was no library on the ship, but this resourceful person seemed to possess all the latest Tauchnitz editions, truly "a boon and a blessing." How quickly the cabin, which at first seems so tiny, expands into a cosy bedroom when one has found out all the little conveniences it contains! But on this boat looking-glasses were placed so high I could only see the top of my head, so had to rely on this kind friend or on hasty peeps in the saloon mirrors, to see if all were correct in my attire.

Amongst our passengers we had some extremely



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pleasant people, some oddities, and a few, but really very few, disagreeable folk.

There were a good many children, notably twin boys, four years old, never sick or sorry in their lives, but a trifle too adventurous and restless for the general comfort. They thought of such odd things to do, which their mother, who had them under excellent control, did not realise should be forbidden.

In the Red Sea they turned on all the water taps in our cabins while we were at dinner, carefully leaving the plugs in the basins so as to make "lubly, bubbly waterfalls" on to the floor.

In the Indian Ocean they opened the hencoop to release the fowls because the poor things needed exercise, and wept bitterly when they beheld the unfortunate birds left far behind flapping feebly over the waves. They climbed and fell about in a most alarming manner.

A taciturn Scotch engineer, bound for the Straits Settlement, aroused from his usual calm by ear-splitting shrieks from the twins, who were impersonating engines in collision, remarked to me: "Soon after I came on board this ship I was afraid these children would fall overboard; now I am afraid they won't."

But the twins were such jolly, affectionate little souls, full of the *joie de vivre*, one forgave them much, and their parents were charming.

In the Bay of Biscay we experienced bad weather, and found that our ship could roll; in fact for many hours she rolled continually and with determination, presently developing a considerable list.

Part of our cargo consisted of big guns for Hong-kong, one of which shifted, and the consequences

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

might have been very serious had this not been speedily rectified. All I knew about it at the time was the aforesaid list, and when I clambered on deck that afternoon amongst the few survivors of the bad weather, it was reassuring to hear the second officer gaily warbling:

“Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves.”

“If Britannia does rule the waves, young man,” growled a crusty passenger from the U.S.A., “I wish she would do some ruling right here!”

Afterwards the Bay showed us how truly charming it can be. The sun shone down upon sparkling waves, lighted up the glorious peaks of the Sierra Nevada in all their snowy beauty, and the air was fresh and exhilarating in the extreme. Never again have I seen these mountains look so splendid; they were like a glimpse of Fairyland, reminding one of Scott’s lines:

“And mountains that like giants stand,  
To sentinel Enchanted Land.”

We passed Gibraltar at night, so it was not until a later voyage that I saw that most impressive rock, with the clearly defined Lion’s Head brooding over the Straits. It seems like the spirit of the British Empire, grave, quiet, indomitable; guarding her children as they pass and repass to her dominions overseas.

The ancient city of Algiers, which I had always associated with piracy, slavery, and all kinds of wickedness, we also passed at night; but there was a brilliant moon which turned the white houses, with their Moorish architecture, into fairy palaces, dis-

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

guising all squalor and decay, and transforming the sinister old town into a vision of calm and peaceful beauty.

At Port Said we went ashore and did the usual things, smelling and seeing the East for the first time, buying tinsel scarves, Turkish delight, and filling our cabins with fruit until, as one of my room mates remarked, *it* smelt like a harvest festival. Then came the slow passage of the Canal.

Only two years previously, vessels had not been allowed to pass through the Suez Canal at night, but after 1886 search-lights were supplied to those ships which did not possess them. This light was placed right forward, illuminating the waters for hundreds of feet ahead. Out of the velvety darkness into this radiance came silently floating the picturesque Arab dhows, with their quaint lateen sails, looking like ghostly ships floating into space.

Before I left my Irish home one of our workmen, who had made the voyage to Australia, remarked to me: "Shure, it's the quare bastes of prey ye'll be seein' in the Suez Canal, miss." So I was disappointed, for nothing more alarming was to be seen than strings of camels, which do not appear to have lovable dispositions, but can scarcely be described as "bastes of prey!" Moreover, they suit the landscape. There is something essentially Eastern and Biblical in their appearance, pad, pad, padding through the sand of the desert, with their dark-faced, white-robed riders silhouetted against the hard, blue horizon.

It is interesting to recall the fact that thousands of years ago an Egyptian monarch realised the need of a canal in that place, and actually had one

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constructed; also that Napoleon the Great was the first powerful modern to take up the idea.

What a grand day it was for France when after years of patient toil and indomitable perseverance, M. de Lesseps saw his splendid work completed, and the first procession of ships pass through the Canal, with the lovely Empress Eugénie on board the leading vessel. That was in 1869. One wonders if any presentiment of what 1870 was to bring France marred the pride and glory of that day!

More beauty awaited us in the Gulf of Suez, with its glorious sunsets and wonderful lights and shadows playing over the mountains. But I missed some of it, being seated in my cabin cutting the lining out of frocks, which an untravelled dressmaker had insisted upon lining stoutly and boning with firmness. I have since come across many travellers who were similarly occupied at the same stage of their journey. However, I saw all that was really interesting, including the Peak of Mount Sinai, or what I was told was that peak.

Nothing of interest occurred in the Red Sea. Fortunately there was a head wind, without which the heat is almost unbearable.

We touched at Perim, having run short of coal, and went ashore early in the morning on this most desolate island, almost the dreariest place I have ever seen—I say almost, because some of the lonely spots we passed through in plague-stricken Manchuria during the winter of 1911 ran it very close. But that, as Kipling would say, is “another story.”

Perim was bad enough. The sun beat down pitilessly upon the barren soil. We were warned not to attempt to bathe in the blue waters of the little coral-

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

strewn coves because of ground sharks ; we searched for vegetation and found it not, except one plant, off which I gathered a little bunch to give to a sick fellow-passenger, and was bitterly reproached by my companions for taking away the only green thing growing on that volcanic rock!

Perim is important strategically because of its position in the Straits of Bal-el-Mandeb at the southern entrance to the Red Sea, and it is extremely useful as a coaling station, although the harbour is a difficult one to enter (two wrecked vessels were pointed out to us quite close to it). This does not seem to prevent ships touching there ; the Port doctor told us our ship was the thirteenth to call in that day.

Apparently the island has no aboriginal inhabitants ; coolies, servants, and boatmen come over from the Arabian Coast, from the Straits, India, or even China. One felt sorry for the Europeans living there, especially the women ; we were told there were four, only one of whom was British. As we approached the little settlement—which already (at about seven-thirty) looked white and staring, without a particle of shade from tree or rock—a young Frenchwoman passed us, a bride who had arrived that morning. So daintily fresh she looked, we all admired her, and hoped she was an optimist ; she would need to be, poor dear!

Near the ice factory stood a bungalow, which reminded one of Mrs Beecher Stowe's description of the abode of Legree. An utterly neglected compound surrounded it, and all about were strewn bottles and bottles, and yet again bottles—"dead marines," as the sailors call them ; but in this case the dead told tales.

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From this depressing region, hot and steamy even in November, we were glad to return to the ship, although coal dust still pervaded her; cabins and saloon smelt of coal, and everything one touched was gritty.

Of course we had been told the stories of "The Taking of Perim," and "The Contented Subaltern." I insert them here with apologies to my Anglo-Indian friends; I really do not think it necessary to apologise to China hands, because quite an intelligent one has just told me he passed Perim five times but never heard either of these tales, which I trust are not "Mock Pearls of History."

### THE TAKING OF PERIM

When France occupied Egypt in 1799, a British garrison was placed upon Perim; but the island was not annexed until 1857. The mode of annexation was, according to the story, as follows:

One day a French frigate put into Aden, where her officers were duly entertained by the British Governor with the lavish hospitality of those times.

No one knew the destination of this mysterious vessel, not even her own officers; only the captain held that secret safely locked in his manly breast. But perhaps he had dined not wisely but too well, perhaps thought it mattered little if "*ces Anglais*" learnt his purpose when they could not possibly prevent it. However that may be, he, to quote the clever author of "The Lays of Ind,"

"Raised for a moment a bit of the curtain,"

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

and mentioned airily, that *of course* only bent on scientific investigation,

“ He intended to order his master to steer him,  
*En passant*, quite close to the Island of Perim.”

“ Perim!” The Governor pricked up his ears. Already the Suez Canal project was in the air; had France also designs upon that desolate, though strategically important place?

Like that famous Irish member of the House, this British Governor “ smelt a rat, saw it floating in the air, nipped it in the bud!”

About twenty minutes later he whispered a few words to one of his aides-de-camp, who left the room very quietly, but was no sooner outside than he sprinted for the harbour, where he boarded a gunboat and gave a private message to the Commander which seemed to afford them both much amusement. Soon the little ship, the aide still on board, was under way, and when the French frigate sighted Perim her captain beheld the Union Jack floating from a flagstaff hastily erected upon the summit of the island, and

“ Astride on a rock, in an umbrella’s shade,  
Like the sprite of the scene, our acquaintance, the aide!”

### THE CONTENTED SUBALTERN

When “ perfide Albion ” annexed Perim in the manner described, the island was placed under the Aden Residency, and was garrisoned by fifty sepoy and a solitary British officer. But so lonely, dull, and

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

monotonous was the life, no subaltern could stand it, and the Governor, a kindly man, was at his wits' end.

“ The Gov'nor of Aden he raved and he stormed,  
His mind with perplexity laden,  
' A duty's a duty and must be performed,  
' But how?' cried the Gov'nor of Aden.”

Various plans were tried, such as sending two at a time, but all failed, until at last a truly contented and well-balanced young sub. was discovered, who astonished his superiors by requesting to be left at Perim when his time was up.

“ And they wondered the more when a letter from Mac  
Informed that, so far from disliking  
The post, he'd at present no wish to come back,  
And considered the scenery striking.”

The Governor concluded the youth possessed unusual resources in himself, and thanked his stars for such a treasure. But when two years had passed and still the subaltern remained contented, he feared for his reason, and dispatched a medical board to examine him and report on his condition.

“ To Perim the cargo of doctors soon ran,  
But they found not a trace of the sub.;  
He'd been living, that very contented young man,  
At home, for two years at his club! ”

—From “Lays of Ind” by *Aliph Cheem*.



## CHAPTER II

“What should they know of England, who only England know?”  
—*Kipling.*

IT may well occur to some readers of these reminiscences, that the Irishwoman is taking a long time to get to China.

Have patience a little longer, oh travelled ones! and if this chapter bore you, skip on to the next; my reasons for this leisurely procedure are twofold.

First there is a tendency, now that other and quicker routes to the Far East are available, to neglect “via Suez” with all its advantages and charms. This is quite natural in those who have frequently used it; but for the new hand the old route is full of interest and gives a gradual introduction to things Eastern impossible to obtain on the Siberian or Canadian ones. Therefore I heartily recommend it to all fresh travellers, provided (important detail) that they are good sailors.

Again, this journey shows one in a vivid light the power and dignity of the Empire to which we belong, and the courage, patience, and far-seeing wisdom needed by our pioneers; for from Gibraltar to Hongkong, aye, farther—to Wei-hai-wei in North China—our flag is waving, our influence dominant. Whatever mistakes we have made, and they have been many and great, the British name still stands for justice, probity, and freedom.

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

One or two illustrations of this will suffice.

When Germany leased the port of Tsingtao, which has so lately been lost to her, and proceeded to transform that uninteresting Chinese town into a bit of "Fatherland," we expected to hear of German merchants flocking from under the Union Jack or Dragon Flag to take up their occupations beneath the German Eagle.

Not a bit of it! They knew their "heavy Fatherland" too well, with its many restrictions on action and speech, extending even into domestic life, and dealing with such matters as shaking a duster out of a window, or eating green gooseberries. They also knew that under British rule freedom was assured to them both in business and pleasure, and they remained where they were.

When Russia procured Port Arthur it was just the same. "Are you not going to Port Arthur now that Russia is in control there?" we asked a Russian friend. "Dear me! no," was the reply; "too many admirals and generals there for my taste."

In the Straits Settlements and in Hongkong it is extraordinary to see the number of wealthy Chinese who have become naturalised British subjects. More astonishing still to remember that during the Boxer Rising a Chinese regiment, raised at Wei-hai-wei, drilled by British officers, remained absolutely faithful to them, and fought bravely against their own countrymen in defence of the alien.

But this is an interlude. We must continue our voyage, now at the pleasant stage of the Indian Ocean, where we had glorious weather and still a head wind. Almost everyone had got over any tendency to sea-sickness, except one poor girl, who

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

suffered so much that she kept assuring me she would never return to Europe unless she could travel by land, little realising that in the years to come the Siberian railway would enable her to do so.

Some passengers, athirst for information, pestered the officers with questions about the many islands we passed, shimmering like sapphires in the blue midday haze. Our genial captain actually produced books of reference and replied to these curious ones with indomitable patience and courtesy.

These same islands always remind me of another taciturn Scotchman, a ship's officer this time, who, wearied by a lady passenger asking him the name of each one, replied solemnly: "That, Mrs R., is Cockatoo Island."

"Oh! Thank you so much; and that distant one?"

"Cockatoo Island No. 2."

"Indeed; and that curious one with the high peak?"

"Cockatoo Island No. 3. They are all called Cockatoo Island," and he bolted for the engine-room.

One lovely morning we passed Colombo and were positive we scented the "spicy breezes" blowing "soft o'er Ceylon's Isle." Later I saw that beautiful place under excellent conditions.

It was the month of May and the monsoon had broken, an ominous fact the full force of which I did not appreciate until we put to sea again.

Great clouds of spray rose over the breakwater, and huge, white-tipped waves rolled into the grounds of the Galle Face Hotel, where a cool, refreshing breeze kept the atmosphere pleasant. In the after-

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

noon we drove through the cinnamon gardens to Mount Lavinia. Great acacias, the "glory of the forest," were in full bloom; the tropical verdure, red earth, solemn palm groves; and walking along the road, the gaily dressed Cingalese women with their graceful carriage all fulfilled what one had heard and read of the gorgeous East.

The hotel at Mount Lavinia stands high on a cliff overlooking the sea, and is surrounded by a pleasant garden and cocoa-nut groves. Here we had tea and were amused by the elegant, glossy little crows, so different from our clumsy big ones, and so tame that they will carry off your cakes before your eyes, and are adepts at catching scraps thrown high in the air.

The environment was, as the Chinese would say, "quite proper." As we entered the harbour diving boys appeared, queer catamarans with their extraordinary rig to take us ashore; and on the hotel verandas were the lace and curio sellers, snake-charmer with his cobra, and conjurer doing the basket trick, or making a little tree grow from seed in the course of a minute.

We were sorry to leave it all, and still more so when we found what the breaking of the monsoon meant when once at sea, for during the next twenty-four hours a life on the ocean wave was not a happy one.

At Singapore my sister met me. She had come from Rangoon with her husband (then in the Bengal Civil Service) and her children. We had not met for five years, and friends who had seen her assured me she was little changed, in spite of the damp heat of Burma; but for me the distinguished, rather

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fatigued-looking lady whom my fellow-passengers thought so handsome was not the bonny, lively sister I had lost, "whose cheek was like the Catherine pear, the side that's next the sun."

Soon, however, all her old wit and jollity showed itself, and we had a lovely time together. How we talked, telling each other all sorts of news, reviving family jokes and reminiscences; both speaking together most of the time, amidst the chuckles of the "Burra Sahib," who corrected so many of our supposed misstatements that we had at last to inform him, "accuracy was too fatiguing a virtue to practise in the tropics."

On my referring to an old friend well known for her good works, my sister's comment was: "Ah yes! dear, excellent woman, but she always reminded me of a statue of Neuralgia."

When told that our old cook, who had always been called Mrs McCausland, was revealed by the census to have only brevet rank as a matron: "Dear me! The Virgin and the Scales!" bringing to the mind's eye a vision of the fat, jolly dame plodding down a long passage in our old "Grey Home in the West," scales and weights in her hands, and "The wake's tay, ma'am; the wake's sugar, ma'am," on her lips.

The captain left me ashore as long as possible, so I had two days in which to enjoy my sister's company and get my first peep at Anglo-Eastern life.

The shout for boy or ayah when you wanted anything, my sister's manner of carrying her baby on the hip, picked up from the Burmese women, the great airy rooms without fireplaces, the mosquitoes, the large lizard walking along the back of my chair—all were novel and interesting.

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Some hints of hers on how to dress and what food to take in hot weather were very useful, and some of her remarks struck me as pathetic, showing how little we at home had realised her craving for news.

“Home letters are often so disappointing,” she said. “Not enough details, and subjects left unfinished. How often a letter ends with: ‘So-and-so has just come in. I will tell you all about them next mail.’ But when the following letter is eagerly opened, those friends about whom I was longing for news are not mentioned. Or: ‘Things have altered very much in such a place; will give you details next week.’ But the subject is never again referred to.”

At Singapore it rains every day; the vegetation is beautiful, and the well-laid-out public gardens, full of tropical and semi-tropical plants, are most attractive. The place is very healthy and free from malarial fever, rather an amazing fact in view of the overflowing creeks and myriads of mosquitoes. I thought the heat excessive, but my sister assured me it was pleasantly cool compared to Burma. The roads are smooth and wide; bordered by fine trees, and standing back in well-kept gardens are handsome houses, many of which belong to wealthy Chinese, who, as I have said, are often naturalised British subjects and flourish exceedingly in the Colony.

We had touched at Penang, and a beautiful island it is, but oh! so hot and steamy. By the time one has climbed to the waterfall one is quite worn out, and any pleasure I experienced from the lovely gardens, which possess so much more natural beauty than those at Singapore, was marred by the sight of the European children playing there. The

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poor little things were so white and languid, like wax dolls, and almost as inanimate.

A very handsome woman came on board in the afternoon, and the captain invited me to meet her at tea. As she was leaving, I remarked to the doctor how lovely she would be if she were not so pale. "Why," he replied, "we brought her out three months ago, and she then had brilliant colouring." There was not a vestige of it left.

Since then hill stations have been started in Penang which are quite healthy. I have met children from there who were rosy and sturdy; indeed one young person was a perfect terror, never quiet for a moment, and when Maggie appeared on deck with the light of battle in her eye it was wise to keep other children out of her way. Dropping things down ventilators or throwing toys overboard were favourite pastimes of hers, and she *could* yell!

Outside Hongkong the weather was bad, and all our portholes were closed, many of the ladies sleeping on mattresses in the saloon, under the punkahs, and accommodating their children on tables. In the middle of the night our captain suddenly appeared in the saloon, as he had been informed that the piano had "broken loose." This was actually the fact, and a mercy it was they found it out before some horrible accident had occurred. A heavy, iron-bound piano breaking loose amongst a crowd of sleeping women and children might easily cause a tragedy.

We had shipped a great number of coolies at Singapore—weird-looking folk of various nationalities, and probably many of them pirates. The captain went about armed at night in case of a row,

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and looked very fierce when he came amongst us so unexpectedly.

We got rid of these gentry at Hongkong, and many of our saloon passengers also left us there, amongst them the usual bride whom we had brought out. There was a pretty wedding in the Cathedral, at which most of us were present, and all went off smoothly and happily. There are true tales of brides who come out to marry some trustful youth waiting for them, but change their mind *en route* and become engaged to someone else. Three such cases have come under my own observation; so beware, expectant bridegrooms, do not keep your fair ladies waiting too long, lest ye be left lamenting!

Hongkong was at its best. The weather charming, like a fine home summer, the Peak clear of mist, all was fresh and beautiful. The Peak tram-line had not then been laid down; the flower-sellers sat in the streets as they do now; the shops were full of pretty things, handsome embroideries, silver ware, and delightful cane chairs and tables of all shapes and sizes. The gardens were a disappointment. So stiff and artificial they seemed, full of pots sunk in the ground or placed in rows. I was afterwards told that the soil is principally disintegrated granite, and few flowers grow in it, although ferns and shrubs abound.

Here, as I have said, many of our passengers left us, some to remain there, some to go to Japan. Of these passengers the greater number were missionaries, and there had been the usual jokes about sky-pilots, and the bad weather sure to follow them; but in our case this did not hold good, as our voyage was a prosperous and comfortable one with very little stormy weather and practically no fog. The clergy



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on board belonged to the Church of England and held service every Sunday, which was well attended.

We spent a Sunday in Hongkong and went to the Cathedral, where the chaplain officiated; the Bishop was on furlough. This reminds me of a funny little incident, showing how unwittingly chaplains may offend.

A certain naval commander arrived in Hongkong, having brought out from home a new gunboat of the sloop variety. He had gone through perils manifold, and encountered very bad weather with which his ship was quite unfitted to contend, being at that time far too heavily sparréd.

The commander attended service at the Cathedral, where the chaplain offered prayers for the safety of the Bishop, then on the high seas. This upset my naval friend terribly.

"Just like those parsons," he exclaimed. "They spend their time praying for a bishop coming out at the best time of year in a big mail-boat; and if he *were* drowned he would go 'topside' all right anyhow. But never a word about us poor devils, in peril of our lives, and the greatest discomfort for days and days. Pray for the Bishop indeed! It's enough to make a man give up going to church!"

He was a regular attendant at church, so had more right to criticise the chaplain's procedure than those captious ones who go there once a year or so, and are extremely outraged if all is not done according to their views.

The chaplain in the Far East needs to be a man of infinite tact, patience, and sympathy; he must be a proper man, and have some wisdom and learning too. It is no easy task, for even where

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congregations are very small, they consist of educated people of various creeds and nationalities ; sometimes very intelligent and critical, sometimes that type of fool whom a parson must learn to "suffer gladly." It may be we expect too much, and if Gabriel himself came to be our chaplain, we would find him too *something* ; possibly too angelic!

Our last two days out were anxious ones ; the doctor was very ill with infective ophthalmia contracted in Hongkong. The captain gave up his deck cabin to the patient, and we did all we could to alleviate his pain, but he suffered badly ; some remedy he needed was not in the ship's medicine-chest, and had we been out a day longer, he would have lost the sight of one eye.

Before closing this record of a voyage in the 'eighties, I should like to pay a small tribute of respect and appreciation to the British Mercantile Marine, with whom I have travelled under many and varied conditions, and of whom I have nothing but good to say, nothing but kindness to chronicle, in this first voyage, as in many succeeding ones.

The captain was a real friend, whose kindly interest in our welfare did not cease with the voyage. He realised how interested we were in matters which were mere commonplaces to him, and would point out a big shark, lazily turning from side to side in the Red Sea, the pretty flying fish, or a school of porpoises, who always seem to have such a jolly time ; and he did *not* assert, as an annoying fellow-passenger did to me, that these same happy-looking creatures were probably flying from an unseen enemy!

He called me up to the bridge, and drew my

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attention to the curious contrast, so clearly defined, between the blue waters of the China Sea and the tawny waves of the Yellow Sea, explaining that this was caused by the muddy waters of the great River Yangtze which rushes into the ocean at that point. The banks of most Chinese rivers consist of soft soil which silts into the river and mingles with it.

That day also I saw a waterspout for the first time, hanging between sky and sea like a great balloon. When night fell and the many lights of the China coast shone out, he told me of the old days, how ships dropped anchor and remained stationary all night when near these perilous shores.

One old sea-dog who had sailed the China seas for many years, thoroughly annoyed by these new-fangled aids to navigation, was heard muttering to himself, "Another flashlight! By gum! they'll provide us with a handrail next!"

Our second officer, a member of the Royal Naval Reserve, possessed a medal for bravery, won when quite a boy. He refused to leave a sinking ship when all hope of saving her was gone, because the captain could not be taken off, as he had been terribly injured. There the lad remained for hours, with the ship gradually sinking under him, having watched the boats, in which he might have gone safely away, slowly disappear. Happily they were sighted and brought back help, so both he and the captain were saved.

In after years I often experienced help and kindness from sailors: in many a tedious coasting journey, in the sore anxiety of the Boxer Rising, and on my last voyage home, when I was so ill that many

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thought I should never again see the green hills of Ireland.

Gallant, patient, kindly men! I hope to speak of them again as opportunity arises; but here, at the beginning of these reminiscences, I make my "chin-chins," as I cannot take off my hat, to the British Mercantile Marine.

## CHAPTER III

“O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,  
To flowery regions of Cathay.”

—*Longfellow.*

REAL wintry weather awaited us in Shanghai where the deck of the little “sampan,” or native boat, in which I went ashore, was covered with hoar frost. Fortunately friends in Hongkong had told me what to expect, so I was prepared with warm clothes which emerged from their boxes very wrinkled and crushed. An obliging stewardess soon put that all right.

As a rule I have found stewards and stewardesses most civil and helpful, but one fat old dame on an ancient P. & O. steamer refused to let me have a smoothing iron, cheerfully remarking, “Your skirts will come all right, ma'am; I mostly sits on them myself!” and indeed hers looked like it.

Archdeacon Moule and his son met me at Shanghai where I spent a few days, which the kindness of the Moule family and some friends I had met on the voyage made very pleasant.

I left for Ningpo in a comfortable steamer one December afternoon, arriving there early the next morning.

Ningpo, the “city that gives peace to the waves,” as the name signifies, is situated twelve miles from the mouth of the River Yung, the entrance to which

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is picturesque, having on one side a rocky island crowned by an ancient monastery, on the other side the small walled town of Chinhai.

There is a curious legend connected with this island. The Chinese believe that an old water fairy of a very malevolent disposition has her abode there, who, unless propitiated in some way, works grievous harm to seafaring folk.

Apparently the old lady has a sweet tooth, and is inordinately fond of sugar, so every junk laden with sugar heaves overboard a small bag of it for the fairy. During our stay in Ningpo a British ship went ashore on this very island, and became a total wreck, doubtless because this precaution had been neglected. As she had tons of sugar on board, the fairy must have thoroughly enjoyed her food for a long time afterwards.

On the river-banks are many icehouses, where great quantities of ice are stored for the benefit of the big fishing fleet which plies its trade in the Chusan Archipelago. This ice is collected from artificially flooded fields very early in the morning during the short winter; consequently ice was cheap and easily obtained, a great boon to the housekeeper in summer. The fish is excellent, particularly a kind of sea-trout known as samli which is much enjoyed by Europeans.

The foreign settlement stood on a peninsula between two reaches of the river. At one end an old pontoon bridge crosses the second reach; it is formed by hulks of boats linked together with chains, and can be opened to admit of the passage of large junks.

It, too, has its tradition. In time of severe

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drought, if a man will throw himself from the bridge with his umbrella open in his hand, and allow himself to drown in the turgid "chow-chow" water underneath, the gods will send rain. Some years ago when the rice crop was threatened with destruction from continued drought, a man did so immolate himself. The results were immediate and most beneficial, refreshing rain fell, and the harvest was saved!

I have never forgotten the dismalness of my own first arrival at Ningpo. It had been arranged that I was to live for a while with Mr and Mrs Hoare at their house in the College Compound inside Ningpo City, of which College Mr Hoare was then Principal. I was to take charge of a little hospital for Chinese women, having had some training, as I have already mentioned.

We made fast at the Ningpo Bund about seven o'clock. It was pouring rain, and hardly any Europeans were to be seen.

A large, scantily clad and very wet coolie, presented me with a kind but extremely damp note from Mrs Hoare, explaining why she could not come to meet me, and introducing the bearer as her chair coolie, who would look after me and my belongings.

He smiled blandly, but could speak no English, and I no Chinese. Fortunately one of the passengers who knew the place explained matters, pointed out my luggage to the coolie, showed me how to get into the sedan-chair with its dripping curtains and long poles, which was borne upon the shoulders of the coolies in quite unexpected fashion, and told me to sit tight until I reached the College, even when we came to a ferry, as the coolies would carry me in my





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geance! Graves newly made, graves in ruins, graves behind and before, with not infrequently a wooden coffin just resting on the earth awaiting a propitious moment for burial. The Chinese heap earth over the coffins and do not make trenches after our method.

At last we got through them and reached the College gate, the usual covered *porte-cochère*, through which we passed into a pretty garden, still green in December. At one end was the College, and close to it Mr Hoare's house, where I was kindly welcomed and cared for by Mrs Hoare; her husband was in the country visiting out-stations.

Mrs Hoare had engaged a teacher, a woman with a very clear pronunciation, who carefully initiated me into the sounds of the Ningpo dialect.

Some of these sounds are harsh and unmusical, so that I was not surprised at the remark of a little girl who had heard her father practising them. On seeing a large flock of ducks and ducklings rushing into a pond with loud quacks, the little one turned to her mother and said "Oh, mummy, the ducks talk Ningpo all the same daddy!"

However, the dialect is not a difficult one, and I soon knew enough to make myself useful in the hospital; but unfortunately the area over which it is spoken is not large, so that when we went up north this knowledge was of little use to me.

My teacher, my servants, the matron of the hospital, soon got to understand me, and treated my crude efforts with the greatest courtesy, never laughing at mistakes, and helping others to understand me also, although some of these mistakes were absurd enough.

One day I wanted some persimmons—those one

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bought in Ningpo were a small, very red, and delicious variety—so I ordered a dish of them for dinner. What I really ordered was a dish of lions, though the cook never revealed this fact to me, but received the order gravely and produced the fruit. Again I wanted the fire made up, but told the coolie to bring in the canal; and yet again I never could distinguish between a cupboard and a devil, so constantly gave orders to have the devil locked up carefully.

After some months spent in the College Compound, I went to live in a large house near the hospital, of which I only occupied three rooms. The servants' quarters were quite separate, and it was a bit eerie and lonely after dark. Some of the rooms had furniture stored in them belonging to people who were home on furlough. The house had been occupied by a bishop, before the bishopric had been removed to a more central position, and at times I could have sworn that the departed bishop held visitations in those deserted rooms and sat down heavily on creaking cane chairs.

Later on I had a companion in this big house; one of the ladies who taught in the Mission school next door came to live with me, and we were very contented and happy together. She spoke Chinese well, and was much amused at some of my peculiar remarks.

She became engaged to be married to a charming man in the Church Missionary Society. We felt we could not possibly conform to *Chinese* etiquette during her engagement,<sup>1</sup> so it was decided that I

<sup>1</sup> In China, as in most Eastern countries, the betrothed couple are kept apart, and do not see each other until their marriage day.

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was to explain to the matron of the hospital and to another senior woman amongst the Chinese workers what our customs were.

They were invited to call formally on us, and having carefully rehearsed my remarks beforehand, I told them that Miss H. was betrothed to the missionary in question.

“Very good indeed,” they said; “we are delighted to hear such good news.”

“Please tell the other women,” I went on, “and also inform them that, following our customs in such matters, Miss H.’s fiancé will dine with us twice a week, and take her for a walk every day.”

“Excellent!” they cried. “They will then become so well acquainted with each other; how much better than our custom of marrying total strangers!”

We then offered them tea, the signal for a guest to depart, and with many injunctions on our part to “go slowly, slowly,” or, as the Ningpo idiom has it, to “go sitting,” they left us; looking so neat and nice in their best silk jackets of plum colour or blue, black pleated skirts, and wide blue or maroon-coloured trousers, just showing underneath. Their hair was neatly coiled, and adorned with silver and enamel hairpins, they wore a black bandeau over the forehead with a pretty ornament in the centre. These women had bound feet, but not extremely small ones.

Miss H. seemed amused at something, and when I asked her whether I had not explained matters clearly, she replied: “Oh yes, very nicely indeed! But you were so emphatic that they are now convinced I must take a walk with my betrothed every day, if not it will be a dreadful breach of our etiquette. And remember the rainy season is near!”

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The climate of Chekiang Province is a trying one, although better than that of Hongkong or Kwantung. The winter is short and wet. April is a charming month for up-country expeditions, as the hills are covered with azalias in full bloom, and the tender green of bamboo groves and young rice crops is most refreshing.

May and June are steamy and hot. It rains every day; shoes are covered with mildew, matches have to be dried in the oven before they will strike, pianos are kept dry by charcoal braziers lighted near them, making the rest of the room unbearably hot, and everything is, as Mr Mantalini would have said, "dem'd moist and unpleasant."

From the end of February until the real hot weather sets in, Mid-China is indeed a flowery land, roses, lilies, quantities of violets, which are not in the least modest, but grow on long stems, forming a lovely crown of sweet-scented bloom above the leaves; fruit blossoms of many kinds, honeysuckle, magnolias, and other flowering shrubs, amongst them a very handsome hibiscus with great bunches of pink and white flowers.

This the practical Chinese call the "vu yuong hwa," or "useless flower," because it withers immediately when picked; and the lovely amaryllis they dubbed the "cockroach flower." I cannot think why, unless they thought its shape resembled those unpleasant creatures. Their favourites are the kwe-hwa,<sup>1</sup> so often seen painted on porcelain or in pictures, and, of course, the narcissus, chrysanthemum, and lotus flower.

Space would fail me to tell of the beautiful shrubs

<sup>1</sup> Peach or plum blossom.

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and creepers, bougainvillæa, wistaria, and literally yards of stag-horned moss flung over the hill-sides, with myriads of ferns, the great *Osmunda* amongst them, adding to the loveliness. Great fields of red or white poppies grew in the plains, off which two crops of opium were obtained each year.

But there was plenty of animal as well as vegetable life to consider. In April the voice of the mosquito is heard in the land, and centipedes are to be found in sponges, loofas, and, oddly enough, quite frequently inside the piano. They were about three inches long, and half an inch wide, of a dull red colour, and their bite was very painful.

One night I dreamt I had burnt my hand, and on awaking, found, to my astonishment, a long blister exactly like a burn on one finger, which I was afterwards told was due to a centipede having walked across my hand as I slept, and stuck his poisonous feet into the skin.

A story is told of a missionary bishop, to the effect that when at his prayers one evening he felt a centipede crawling up his leg. He crossed one leg over the other and continued his devotions. On rising he shook out the centipede, which had not bitten him! Personally I do not believe he could have attended properly to his prayers while that horrible "scrawny" creature was walking up his leg.

In the garden were hairy caterpillars which left their tawny bristles sticking in your skin, causing much irritation. There were a good many snakes, too, mostly harmless ones, though very large and uncanny. Occasionally one heard of a rattlesnake or cobra, but they were rare.

In July and August the temperature rose to 90,

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95, 98, and sometimes over 100° F. Often this culminated in a thunderstorm, with a drop of about 20°, after which the same performance commenced again.

The grass was parched and dry, all the lovely flowers wilted, and the cicadas sang, or rather screamed, by day and night.

Punkahs were put up even in church, and it seemed odd, when paying a visit, to be offered a fan if you did not carry one yourself, which one soon did just as naturally as a pocket-handkerchief.

September was a cooler, but a very unhealthy month; cholera and kindred troubles often appeared then. But the late autumn was perfect—no rain to speak of, crisp, beautiful air, heavy dews keeping down dust, and the country gorgeous in red and gold. Golden rice crops, crimson persimmon and tallow trees, great heads of silvery pampas grass, and the famous tree from which the Ningpo varnish is taken, whose beauty is a trap to the unwary, for the sap is extremely poisonous. If it gets into a cut or abrasion of the skin it may cause high fever and other symptoms resembling erysipelas.

Autumn is lovely all over China, but nowhere more so than in the hinterland of Ningpo.

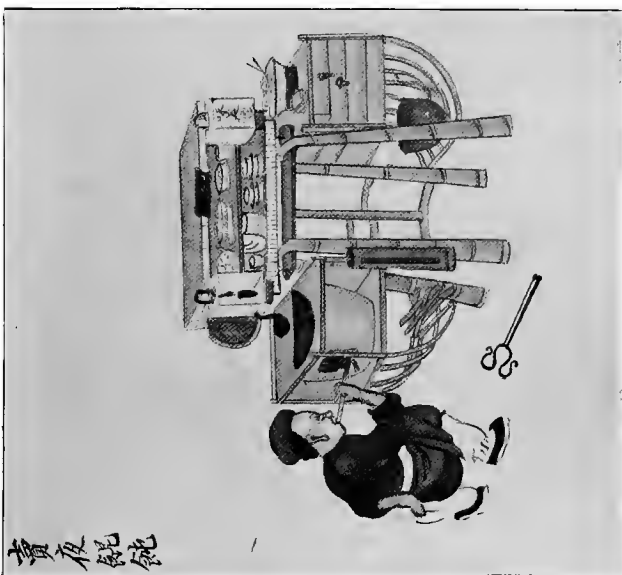
The hospital in which I worked was a small one, furnished entirely in native fashion. The beds consisted of mattresses of bamboo fibre stretched upon wooden frames, and resting on trestles; they were very cool, clean, and easily washed and disinfected.

We had no nurses; if a patient needed constant attention a relation, or in some cases a servant, came with her.

The rooms were all on the ground floor, built



SOME FAVOURITE DISHES.



THE CHINESE BELLOWS.





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round a small compound, and quite separate from the men's hospital, a much larger building near my dwelling-house.

In the centre was a guest-room, neatly furnished with the handsome carved and varnished chairs and tables made in Ningpo; the floor was covered with matting, and pretty red and gold scrolls adorned the walls.

Occasionally we received presents of furniture or other necessities from well-to-do patients. One of these, Mrs Tong, the wife of one of the principal merchants in the city, had lately provided our guest-room with new furniture. The same lady invited me to visit her in her country home about fourteen miles away.

The hospital matron and I set off one evening in a native houseboat, and arrived next morning at a neat landing-place near the house, which was situated at the foot of some hills.

It was an immense place. We passed through courtyard after courtyard and room after room, finally reaching the lady's private sitting-room, which was furnished much as I have described our guest-room, but a trifle more elaborately.

The house was bitterly cold, as there were no fireplaces or stoves in the rooms, only little braziers filled with charcoal on which one rested one's feet.

At the evening meal various delicacies were supplied, which Mrs Hoare was said to enjoy. One of these (poached eggs daintily flavoured) was most excellent; wine was served hot in teapots, and besides the inevitable rice there were many little dishes containing roast-beef, pork, chicken, or duck, cut up into small pieces, dried ginger, dried fish, etc.

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It is a poor Chinaman indeed who has only rice at his meal; this would be equivalent to our having only bread; and while I cannot positively say Chinese never eat dogs or rats, I have never come across any who did, or seen such meat exposed for sale. They are excellent cooks, second only to the French, and we owe many of our sauces and relishes to them.

The Chinese never drink "raw" water; they consider this an uncivilised habit and like the beasts. Weak tea is the principal beverage, and their wine is not potent. They make a strong spirit called samshu, which is distilled from rice, but are very abstemious in using it.

My hostess was so hurt when I suggested a return to the houseboat that I consented to stay the night at her house, where I was lodged in a room on the upper story containing a handsome carved bedstead, with pretty silken hangings and coverlet, very fresh and clean.

All round the room stood bright red cupboards with brass locks and ornaments; on top were big pewter jars, very finely engraved, most bright and decorative, containing wine or preserves. Mrs Tong often gave me boxes of sweets, dried ginger, or pulling candy with melon seeds, called there "cow-hide sugar." A few chairs and stools highly varnished and a table or two, on one of which stood a small mirror, completed the furniture; the mirror, a very poor one, was carefully covered with a beautiful piece of embroidery.

The cupboards were probably part of the lady's dowry, and were full of handsome garments, quilts, embroidered pillow-ends, etc.

I felt rather lonely and isolated when the big

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

compound gates closed with a bang, leaving me the only European within those walls, or indeed in all that district; but after a quiet night's rest morning dawned bright and fresh, although still cold.

We remained to the midday meal and received a short visit from the master of the house—not nearly so attractive a person as his gentle-mannered wife. He did not have his meals with us, but would do so with his family were no female guests present. They had several daughters, one of whom was soon to be married, and Mrs Tong was very busy preparing her trousseau. There was one son, a pretty but spoilt youth of about ten years, the apple of his father's eye, for on him would devolve the duty of ancestral worship, whereby he would secure the future welfare of his parents.

Mrs Tong was a thoughtful woman, much more progressive than her husband; she would listen for hours to our hospital matron, who was an excellent exponent of Christian doctrine, and expressed herself admirably, as most Chinese do. But they are inclined to be verbose; as Mr Hoare used to say, they like to begin with Genesis and end with Revelation at one sitting.

I got back to Ningpo next day and to work in the hospital, having been much interested by this little peep into Chinese home life.



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lady, the blinds were carefully closed. Sometimes a very gorgeous one came swinging along, bearing an official handsomely dressed, accompanied by many servants, and preceded by an outrider or two; sometimes a still more gorgeous red chair carrying a bride to her new home. In the poor streets bordering the canals houses were small, often squalid, children and dogs abounded, and odours were varied and as a rule unpleasant.

The residential quarter of a Chinese city is dull and unattractive to the passer-by. High walls surround the compounds, and even when the large gates are opened the view is impeded by a short wall or screen which secures privacy and is also a protection against evil spirits, who do not like graceful curves and object to going round corners, apparently preferring a straight road. There is also a curious idea that evil influences come from the north. A high artificial mound is erected in certain sacred places, which prevents their access from that point of the compass.

The courtyards of the well-to-do are pleasant. Ancient trees grow there, oleanders, and other flowering shrubs in tubs; sometimes the centre is occupied by a pond containing goldfish and lotus flowers, and surrounded by a low, pierced wall. Rooms are built round this courtyard, and under their projecting roofs women sit nursing their children, making beautiful embroidery, preparing food, or having a comfortable gossip and smoke.

Sometimes one passed a school from which, if it happened to be the hour of preparation, a most surprising noise proceeded; no subdued hum, but a roar of voices. Chinese pupils learn all their lessons

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aloud, each one yelling his task at the top of his voice in order to drown that of his neighbour; it is a perfect pandemonium. I have never forgotten my astonishment when I first heard Mr Hoare's pupils at "prep."

The boys were absent for the Christmas holidays when I first arrived, and no one had told me what to expect on their return. One morning as I was quietly seated with my teacher, a most appalling noise arose; it seemed as if a fire must have broken out, or a riot amongst the students. For a moment I was quite alarmed, until my teacher explained that it was only the Chinese boys preparing their lessons. The Europeans living in the compound had become accustomed to it, and apparently made no objection; the boys could learn quite as well when compelled to do so in silence, for this experiment has been tried with success.

Chinese have the highest respect for literary attainments and for the written character; foreigners may often give great offence by treating the latter roughly. Structures are provided in towns where scraps of written matter can be burnt, so that it may not be defiled or trodden in the mud.

Until quite lately success at the triennial examinations was considered the only honour worth coveting. If a boy showed special aptitude for learning, not only his relatives, but the inhabitants of his village encouraged him and helped to pay his expenses if he were poor. In spite of the fatigue attending an examination lasting for nine days, during which time the candidates were shut up in cells from which they could not emerge for air or exercise, very old men have competed in them. Dr Arthur Smith mentions



TEMPLE AT NINGPO : STONE PILLARS BEAUTIFULLY CARVED.





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that in the province of Anhui in the year 1889 eighteen of the candidates were over ninety years of age. The senior classic was indeed a king amongst men, and covered his remotest connections with glory. Unfortunately those who attain to such heights are few. In the majority of cases, Chinese schoolboys waste their time and excellent abilities in learning portions of the classics by rote without understanding in the least what they commit to memory.

Ningpo possesses many temples, in one of which, the temple of the Fukien Guild, there are most beautiful carved pillars. From the drum tower, situated in the middle of the town, a fine view is to be obtained, but I avoided it after discovering that the Chinese were in the habit of taking patients recovering from smallpox and other infectious diseases up there to be "aired."

Buddhist temples, with their bamboo groves, the red walls surrounding their compounds, and fantastic tiled roofs, are extremely picturesque. In some of these temples there are special days upon which women attend in large numbers to pray for the gift of sons to Kuanyin, the goddess of mercy, and Dr Martin mentions one in which he noticed crowds of women praying that they might be born again as *men*. Poor things, no wonder! Chinese Buddhists hold that a woman can only be born again as a man after living a life of superlative goodness during seven incarnations, and even then she will only be a beggar-man in the eighth.

There are many processions in honour of divinities or of popular heroes. One of these is held in remembrance of a man who, on finding a certain well



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of drill, and wore peculiar green turbans which earned for them the nickname of "Green Heads." Until quite lately the profession of arms was much despised in China. Soldiers were undisciplined, untaught, and often much dreaded by the peaceful population.

One day, when passing through the graveyard described in the last chapter, I met a number of these soldiers, who had been practising shooting upon the city wall. I was in my sedan-chair, peacefully enjoying a lovely spring morning, having become accustomed to the graves, by that time covered with grass and flowers.

One of the soldiers, thinking it would be good fun to frighten the foreign woman, raised his gun, pointed it full at me, and pretended he was about to shoot.

Any Chinese I knew at once fled from my memory, and I called out sharply in English: "Put down that gun." The man grinned and obeyed. Probably he had only meant to frighten me, but the quick order, given in English, was effective, also the fact that I *showed* no fear, in spite of certain uneasy qualms, knowing the bad reputation of these men.

In my rooms at the College I had a photograph of one of my brothers, taken in uniform. One day Mrs Hoare brought some Chinese ladies to pay me a visit; they at once noticed this photograph, and asked what the dress meant. Mrs Hoare replied that it was a picture of my brother, who was a soldier.

"A soldier!" cried the dainty little ladies in horrified tones. "Is then this lady's family not a respectable one?"

Mrs Hoare tried to explain that my brother was a

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“military mandarin,” also the very different status the British Army holds to that of the Chinese; but I fear I lost caste badly in their eyes, as the soldier, the chair coolie, and the Buddhist priest were then classed together in the social scale.

Mr Hoare had a factotum called David Wông, who, as a little lad, had been adopted by a certain Sergeant Armstrong, a member of Gordon's army. The boy's parents were killed in the Taiping rebellion, and this kindly British soldier took charge of him, brought him to England, and had him educated there.

David returned to Ningpo when grown up, and was immediately recognised by an old woman living in the city; but when he tried to get hold of some property belonging to his parents she utterly refused to identify him.

He was extremely intelligent, a good accountant, and spoke English better than Chinese, so was very useful in all sorts of ways, and saved Mr and Mrs Hoare many a weary tramp with important or importunate globe-trotters, who frequently arrived with introductions to them, and who seemed to think these busy people could spend hours answering their questions and “personally conducting” them around the sights of Ningpo.

David was absolutely honest and trustworthy; so much so that the Chinese, astonished at his refusal to “squeeze,” that is, exact, a certain toll for himself in all money transactions, dubbed him “the foreigner.” I have sometimes wondered whether he were equally conscientious in the stories and explanations he gave to these travellers, some of whom are as full of “satiabile curòsity” as Kipling's

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“Elephant’s Child,” and quickly wear out the patience of European residents. But the Oriental in David may have borne the strain.

Mr and Mrs Hoare were devoted to their work, and the latter spoke the Ningpo dialect with the utmost facility. They were very well off but allowed themselves few luxuries except that of giving, in which they rejoiced.

Mr Hoare was a broad-minded clever man, who did excellent work amongst students in the College and Chinese generally. For many years results were slow in appearing, but latterly he and his wife were greatly cheered by a marked increase in the number of Christians, due largely to the interest awakened amongst hospital patients. Mr Hoare was on friendly terms with all the foreign community, and he and his colleagues served the little settlement church. He excelled in outdoor sports—tennis, rowing, riding—and kept in robust health by living a regular life and taking plenty of exercise. He encouraged his students to do the same, but found that while the younger ones enjoyed gymnastics, cricket and tennis, once they became monitors or masters they could not be persuaded to join in such sports; it would be too undignified and they would “lose face,” a terrible misfortune which a Chinaman will avoid at all costs and in some ludicrous ways.

For instance: a cook who had lived with us for five years announced one day he would leave unless I provided him with a “makee learn,” or assistant cook. This I refused, so he made up his accounts and departed. The head boy was told to get a temporary cook, and in about an hour’s time announced that he had procured one. When I went



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Societies were working there, and an extremely friendly feeling prevailed amongst them all. Modes of thought and work differed widely, but they respected each other's motives and convictions, and where they could not work together, avoided clashing by arranging to occupy different districts.

They did quiet but excellent work amongst the Chinese, educational as well as evangelistic, and were well liked and respected.

The medical work which Dr Daly had initiated undoubtedly helped greatly to encourage this good feeling. People who had mistrusted and disliked the foreigner and all his ways, speedily became friendly when pain was relieved, sight restored, or broken limbs set.

The Chinese have a certain knowledge of drugs, and feel sixteen pulses; but many of their remedies are fantastic or frankly disgusting, and they have no knowledge of surgery. Consequently, such an operation as the removal of cataract filled them with admiration and delight. A person went into hospital blind and came out seeing! "Hai-yah! These yang-kne-tze (foreign devils) *do* know a thing or two!" And here I may mention that the use of this epithet is not so offensive as it appears. They often use it without any very strong feeling, although of course it is not complimentary, and the Chinese also call all foreigners "red-haired," or refer to them as "kidnappers," the former expression merely meaning "foreign," as they will speak of a "red-haired" bottle or chair. The latter is used as we use "bogyman."

I remember hearing a girl of about ten screaming to her little brother as I approached: "Run, run, here

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comes the kidnapper to catch you!" The boy scooted into his home, and the young lady followed quite calmly. As I came up to her I said: "Why did you say that to the child; I don't want to kidnap him." "Oh no!" she said cheerfully, "I know that, but he would not go in to have his hair combed!"

In those days one of the most important benefits conferred by the hospitals was the opportunity given to victims of the opium habit to overcome this craving. One ward was specially set apart for such cases. It needed great courage, perseverance and patience on their part to endure the sufferings of the first days of abstinence from the drug. Some could not endure it. One man, maddened by the craving, made a parachute of his umbrella and thus descended from the upper story in which the ward was situated, went home and back to his opium.

One moonlight night I heard a noise in the hospital compound adjoining my house, and looking out saw a couple of native assistants dragging a man up and down the paved pathway. He kept saying in doleful tones, "Peh ngô zo, peh ngô zo!" ("Let me sit down, let me sit down!"). He had taken opium in order to poison himself, longed to sink into the peaceful sleep from which he would never awaken, and was not in the least grateful for being walked back to life.

In other cases, where people had taken opium in a fit of rage, jealousy or fear, they were glad to be saved from the results of their folly. It was strange that these cases so often occurred rapidly one after the other, like an epidemic, after which none were heard of for a long time, when again several would be brought in.

In China anyone can set up as a doctor without



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troubling about degrees or diplomas, and native doctors are not supposed to charge a fee ; but a stated sum is paid to them for "horse money," which, in the case of a man of repute amounts to a good deal. As I have said, the Chinese possess herbal remedies which are often excellent. There was a nice old lady living near Ningpo who enjoyed widespread fame as a baby doctor, her treatment was simple and very successful. Native books on medicine are numerous but absolutely useless. An amusing story is told by Professor Giles, in his "China and the Chinese," of a doctor who realised this.

He had undertaken a case which was beyond his powers, and the relatives of his patient were very indignant having already paid him highly and obtained no return for their expenditure. They seized the doctor and tied him up, intending to administer drastic punishment. In the night he managed to free himself, and escaped by swimming across a river. On his return home, he found his son studying medicine and gave him this remarkable advice: "Do not be in a hurry with your books; the first and most important thing for a doctor is to learn to swim!"



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massive building, and usually asked how much they cost.

Soon after my arrival in China we took a walk one fine afternoon along the bank of the River Yung, and lingered to admire a glorious sunset gilding the waters and lighting up the hoary city wall. Presently a Chinese gentleman paused near us.

"He will want to know what we are looking at," said Mrs Hoare.

Sure enough, after observing us for a while, he inquired politely what the ladies were looking at with so much interest. On our pointing out the glory of the sky he smiled indulgently and passed on, probably thinking that we did not wish to tell him what really fixed our attention, so made this foolish reply.

The Chinese are not attracted by what we consider beautiful in personal appearance, but they admire fair, plump children. Tall, thin women they think very ugly, and object to our manner of walking, saying it is like a man. The type of dress in vogue when I first went out, with its trim waists and square shoulders, seemed to them positively indecent. The only garments in my possession which they thought pretty were loose, easy-fitting ones, especially a dust-coat of soft, silver-grey material, which they considered really nice and "convenable." Veils are only worn by brides upon their wedding-day; if a lady is seen in one they think she has some blemish on her face which she wishes to conceal.

But in some cases foreign women are admired by the Chinese.

A very clever worker in wood from Ningpo attended the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and made a great deal of money by the sale of his handsome

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

wares. He spent all his gains, some *seventy thousand* Mexican dollars, on having a good time and seeing the world. Afterwards he loved to tell foreign customers his experiences, dilating on sights seen, hotels stayed in, and prices paid. But he had one regret—that our stupid European laws forbade him to bring back a French wife. Evidently the charm and elegance of the Parisienne appealed to him, for he found his own good lady very plain on his return.

When I understood more of the language my attention was drawn to the fact that conversation heard in the street is always about food, money, or the weather. The usual form of greeting is, "Have you eaten your rice?" When travelling by chair or boat, passers-by will call out to your coolies, "How much are you getting for that job?" expressing their approval or otherwise of the pay given; while if you stop for a time, a small crowd soon collects who want to know your destination, where you live, income, number of your family, and honourable age. When still in the thirties I have been asked how much over seventy I was; this was a great compliment. All this questioning is no breach of good manners, Chinese consider they have a perfect right to know all about you and your affairs.

The lot of Chinese women, although happier than that of their Indian sisters, is far from enviable. They are usually married very young, about sixteen, sometimes to boys younger still. The bride is taken to live with her husband's family, where she is completely under the control of her mother-in-law, who has power to make her life happy or miserable. In poor families the young wife is the drudge of the household until she, in her turn, becomes a mother

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of sons. In Ningpo she was even called by the name of her eldest son, and I was amused when visiting a Chinese lady to hear myself announced as "the mother of Ulick" (my eldest boy).

Girls in the upper classes know nothing of the person to whom they are betrothed; everything is arranged by a go-between who is usually in receipt of pay. The Chinese version of our saying that marriages are made in heaven is "marriages are made in the moon," where an old man is supposed to live who arranges the matrimonial affairs of mortals. Since Chinese women have become more educated they have realised their right to be consulted and have free choice in such matters. Of late years a number of progressive young women formed a club, the members of which were pledged to commit suicide rather than marry a man of whom they knew nothing. About *one hundred* young women actually fulfilled this pledge.

A Chinese girl's marriage-day is usually the most miserable in her life. For days beforehand she has been in the hands of the song nyrang-ts (the dressers of the bride), who soaked her face in very hot water, and then tweaked out any superfluous hair, applied powder and rouge, dressed her hair elaborately, and early on the wedding morning arrayed her in heavy satin robes, richly embroidered, placing a heavy crown and tinsel veil upon her head. The thermometer might be well up in the nineties, no difference was made in her attire.

On her wedding morning the bridegroom comes to fetch her; she enters the handsome "flowery chair," and is borne to her husband's house, where many guests are assembled and much feasting going on.



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Chinese women hold many superstitions and live in constant fear that evil spirits may take away their children or do them harm. They will speak of them as rats or puppies, *or of the boys as girls*, so that they may not be thought to value them too highly. Dr Ross, the pioneer of the Scotch Mission in Manchuria, told me he always recognised a Christian woman by her expression; she had lost the anxious look which belief in hostile forces always surrounding you naturally gives. I think his opinion is valuable, not only because of his long experience, but because he understood Chinese women and was in sympathy with them.

I was present at a service at which he preached one hot Sunday in June. We were all rather languid and inattentive until he got up to speak. At once a wave of interest passed over the women; they listened attentively to what seemed to me a very long sermon, because the preacher was in touch with them and knew how to interest them.

Women of the upper classes are often highly educated, some have been celebrated as poets and historians. There is now a great demand for education on modern lines amongst Chinese of all classes and both sexes; but formerly working women were not educated at all, except in Mission schools, as they could not afford time to study the difficult written character. In Ningpo and also in other parts of China a number of religious and educational books have been published in romanised character. I believe Dr Martin first tried this method, which has been an immense boon to busy women, as they can learn to read and write very quickly by means of it; but although such books widen personal knowledge,

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they are despised by learned Chinese and only useful locally, whereas the native character is understood by the educated all over China, Corea, and Japan.

While speaking of Chinese women I must not omit to mention the custom of binding the feet, which prevailed amongst all classes in Mid-China except slaves. It was extraordinary to see how active the working women were in spite of this horrible practice, which we consider so injurious to health. This opinion was sometimes disputed. At a debating society in Ningpo a native student of Western medicine spoke strongly against foot-binding, mentioning many ills resulting from it. In the discussion which followed a young native clergyman modestly remarked that although doubtless the learned doctor was right, he would like just to mention that his mother, wife, "his sisters, his cousins and his aunts," all bound their feet, and yet they enjoyed excellent health. Moreover, he did not consider the custom nearly so objectionable as the European one of compressing the figure by means of corsets. So much for the point of view!

The origin of footbinding is obscure. Some Chinese authorities say it dates from between A.D. 300 and 500; others that twelve centuries ago a noble lady so fascinated the Emperor Ming-huang by her tiny feet, which were compressed into the shape of a half-moon, that she advised others to imitate her. The custom spread and became so extraordinarily popular that even the great Emperor Kang-hsi could not abolish it. This Emperor was a Manchu, and had never seen the women of his race hobble themselves in this manner. He issued an edict forbidding the practice, but was obliged to



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withdraw it in three years. Even appeals to Confucius, who maintains that "filial piety requires you to preserve your bodily members entire," were of no avail. In Mission schools where footbinding is forbidden, girls were so ashamed of large feet that they would make their shoes much too small, and even sleep in them in order to compress the offending members, they so dreaded the ridicule of their relatives and knew they were at a disadvantage from a matrimonial point of view.

There is now a strong movement against footbinding amongst progressive Chinese both men and women. A Chinese gentleman, Mr Tong Kai Sun, told me he had promised his wife a bicycle if she would unbind her feet; this she consented to, and as soon as she had got over the inevitable pain and discomfort attending the expansion of those cramped members, gaily mounted her wheel.

Mrs Archibald Little, author of the "Land of the Blue Robe," and other books on China, started with enthusiasm "The Guild of the Heavenly or Natural Foot." This lady was so enthusiastic that we were all a little frightened when we heard of her proximity. One day our Consul told me Mrs Little was in the offing and had her eye on me as a local secretary of the Tien tsu Hui. In vain I protested that the Consul's wife was far more suited for such a post; also that in Manchuria, where we lived at the time, few women bound their feet. I soon received a polite letter from the head office in Shanghai, saying I had been unanimously elected secretary for a new branch to be formed in Newchwang, and that literature would follow! It did, stacks of it, which I could not read; but fortunately Mr Tong Kai Sun came to

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my aid, translated books and pamphlets, and advised me which were suitable for distribution. With his able assistance, I obtained a most undeserved reputation for successful work, and at the next general meeting of the society our branch was held up to others as a noble example. Alas! our success was short-lived. By the following year Mr Tong Kai Sun was a political fugitive living in Britain's Cave of Adullam—Hongkong. Without his aid interest in the Guild dwindled quickly, and we became an awful example of too rapid growth.

Elsewhere the Guild prospered exceedingly, obtained many adherents, and the movement has now become so strong that one has great hope that the time is not far distant when Chinese women will no longer be the victims of this cruel custom. Mrs Little has returned to England, the Guild is now entirely managed by Chinese, but it must gratify that lady greatly to hear of its progress and success, the excellent result of her own hard work.

Chinese women's dress, apart from their footgear, is suited to the climate, modest and pretty. Handsomer clothes are worn when visiting than when receiving at home. One day my daughter and I called on the wife of our Tao-tai, or Governor, and found the lady very plainly dressed in serge of an ugly shade of brown, wearing no jewels, flowers, or rouge. It was a time of mourning for the Emperor, which partly accounted for this, as usually silk is worn when receiving, although it is plain and of sober colour. A few weeks later I received a message announcing that Madame Yuan was coming to call. Presently a charming lady, beautifully dressed in soft harmonious colours, wearing hand-

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some jewellery, and elaborately rouged and *coiffée*, came into the room with the correct golden lily gait. She was a very pleasant, dignified woman, and enjoyed comparing notes with us on customs, manners and dress. It is impolite to visit a lady of position in plain garments, and in winter one could not call on such a person in any fur less valuable than squirrel.

It will be a great pity if Chinese ladies adopt European dress, for their native costume suits them and their climate; it is comfortable and pretty, and it will be a long time before they understand how to dress tastefully in any other. Some time ago the wife of a high official in Moukden attended a dinner-party given by a European. Over her handsome silk robe she draped a common black woollen shawl, and on her head, instead of enamel or silver hairpins and pearl ornaments, wore a silk jockey cap!

Chinese women are no dolls, but possess strong characters, are intelligent and capable. They sew and embroider extremely well, and often have good business capacity. Amongst shopkeepers the wife has charge of the cashbox, while the mandarin commits that most precious possession—his seal of office—to the care of his T'ai-Ta'i.

Old residents in China all agree that women possess much influence in domestic, commercial, and even political life. The immense power wielded by the late Empress Dowager is a case in point, and amongst humble folk very shrewd old ladies are to be found.

Some young men of my acquaintance frequently consulted their old Chinese nurse as to investments, and made large sums of money by following her

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advice. She understood the bewildering fluctuation in exchange, considered the money market carefully, and took the keenest interest in their fortunes. Chinese women obtain influence and power by sheer strength of character, with little help from their environment; when that is improved they will become a power in the land which must be very seriously considered.

One very terrible indictment is made against the Chinese which I cannot pass by in silence, although so much has been written on the subject that I do not mean to dwell upon it. I refer to the crime of infanticide. While one cannot deny that this crime is committed in China, the extent to which it is practised has been much exaggerated.

In Ningpo there are certain square brick towers outside the city wall known as Baby Towers, about which very erroneous ideas are held by many foreign visitors, who are persuaded that live girl-babies are thrown into these towers by their unnatural parents! As a matter of fact, they are built by charitable people, so that the bodies of the children of the very poor (who cannot afford coffins) may be placed in them, and thus saved from prowling dogs, pigs, and carrion birds. Once or twice a year, at a time considered propitious by the necromancers, these towers are cleared out and the remains cremated.

Some time ago I was astonished to read an article written by a clever lady of my acquaintance, which really would lead the home reader to understand that all Chinese women had bound feet, that nearly all were killed in infancy, and the remainder committed suicide! How the writer reconciled this with the

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PUNISHMENT OF THIEVES : THE WOODEN COLLAR WORN DAY AND NIGHT.



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extreme virility of the Chinese race, and their fondness for children, I do not know; and she is an admirable and intelligent woman too.

One explanation of these exaggerated statements is, I think, that so many people come to the East with preconceived ideas about the people and country, and but little realisation of the fact that in such an immense area there will naturally be an equally immense variety in climate, scenery, customs and conditions of life. As someone has wittily remarked: "You cannot tell the truth about China without telling a few lies!"

Some people's ideas are very hazy indeed. One friend told me she had heard many speeches and lectures about China, but only two impressions remained with her—that the Chinese were extremely numerous, and their women bound their feet. Another, a young German bride, who had come to Manchuria via Siberia at about the worst time of year (early spring), when dust flew in clouds over the wide plains, and not a green thing was to be seen, told us dolefully she had imagined China to be "all one palm tree."

My own impression was that in China I should find a teeming population; that the landscape would resemble the design of a willow-pattern plate; the people would be small, sallow, clever, deceitful, unfriendly, and cruel, entertaining a great dislike to, and contempt for, all foreigners, and absolutely wedded to their own customs and ideas.

All these impressions were true, but not the whole truth. For instance, Chinese are extremely numerous, but there are certain parts of the country which are sparsely populated.

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In South China, and also in Peking itself, the willow-pattern type of scenery is very usual; but not in Manchuria, which is a country as large as France and Germany put together. Southern Chinese are small, sallow, clever and artistic. In the north they are big, fresh-coloured, rather clumsy and powerful.

In Canton the people dislike and suspect foreigners, whereas in Ningpo, as I have shown, they are quite friendly.

Very often the foreigner has himself to blame if he gets into trouble through carelessness, thoughtlessness or ignorance. How many ladies know that if they step over the yoke of their sedan-chair they will bring ill-luck to the bearers; or that to reprove a senior servant before his junior will cause the former to lose face terribly?

Even in peaceful Ningpo the foolish action of a young foreigner nearly caused a riot. He saw a large snake cross the path, not a poisonous variety, and picking it up with his stick threw it over a neighbouring wall, which happened to be that of a courtyard. The snake fell into a basket quite close to a woman who was sitting in the courtyard. Naturally she was very much frightened. Her husband rushed out and began to abuse the young man, who lost his temper, retaliated, and was with difficulty rescued from a howling mob.

The assumption of official rank by Roman Catholic missionaries, and their refusal to allow inspection of convents, orphanages and schools, also the high walls erected around these institutions, awakened much suspicion in the Chinese mind, and led to awful consequences in Tientsin in 1870, when not only the



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Mission, but the whole French community, were massacred without mercy.

As to Chinese Conservatism, this is certainly a strong trait in their character, but they are too practical to allow it to interfere with either profit or comfort. If they find a new method saves them time or money, they are always ready to make use of it.

I travelled on a new railway line the very first day upon which passenger tickets were issued. At every stopping-place crowds of Chinese were waiting, with their bundles and baskets, to take advantage of this rapid mode of transit. As to the telephone, our servants, far from being nervous about using it, had to be restrained from indulging in long conversations with their friends.

So that after all one trait balances another. Human nature is pretty much the same all the world over, and whether he be born in East or West, "a man's a man for a' that," and so is a woman!

No doubt this is rather a bewildering statement, but intelligent readers (I am sure *all* mine are intelligent) will understand it.

## CHAPTER VI

“ Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,  
A flask of wine, a book of verse—and thou.”

—*Omar Khayyám.*

NINGPO stands upon a fertile plain, yielding two crops of rice and other cereals every year. Within easy distance by boat, there are many beautiful spots, some of which are much frequented by holiday-makers from Shanghai, especially sportsmen, who find “the Lakes” an ideal happy hunting-ground.

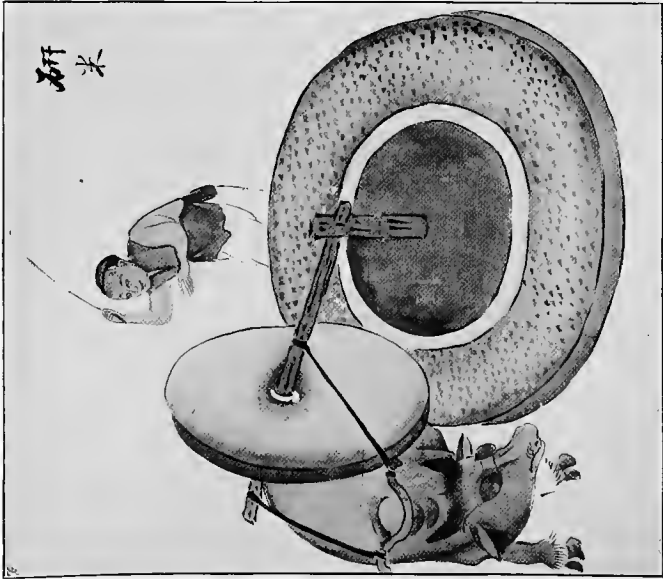
These are great reservoirs of water, partly artificially made, surrounded by hills, which, in spring, are ablaze with azalias, crowned by feathery bamboo, and terraced with the tender green of young rice, or the dark glossy leaves and white flowers of the tea-plant.

Leaving the plain at night, you awaken in the morning to find your houseboat moored under one of these hills, clear, cool water lapping gently against the sides, mellow horns sounding to summon passengers from the numerous villages to the hong, or public boats, plying between the city and Lakes, and far up in the fresh, pure air, the great Bromley kites wheeling and soaring continuously.

The entrance to the Lakes is rather exciting, as the canal by which they are approached is on a lower level, and there are no locks. A dam about ten feet high divides the two. Over this, boats are hauled by



A WONDERFUL CATCH.



GRINDING CORN.



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means of a great rope placed underneath, which is attached to a windlass worked by five or six strong coolies. Up and up the boat goes, poises a moment, and then glides down the dam, making fine waves as she strikes the water.

A very nervous, fussy lady once accompanied us on this expedition, and was so alarmed at the thought of the "haul-over," that she lay down on her berth before we began to mount it; but unfortunately did so the wrong way, so took the descent head foremost, and thought me most hard-hearted when I laughed at her doleful description of the experience.

The Lakes are a veritable sportsman's paradise. Wild geese, duck of all kinds, snipe, pheasant and partridge abound, and there are quantities of fish; but I have been solemnly assured over and over again that no foreigner has ever succeeded in catching one. Chinese fish with lines and nets, not silently as we do, but with weird cries and beating of gongs they drive the fish into the latter. They also use tame cormorants to catch fish. A number of these birds are taken out by their master and seem perfectly obedient to him. They are perched in a row along each side of his boat, and trained to plunge into the water, capture a fish, and return with it to the boat. They may eat the little fish, but a ring around the neck prevents their swallowing the larger ones. A still more peculiar method is that of men diving after the fish, disturbing the water as much as possible, and when they are dazed and terrified, catching them in the hands.

Many groves of trees grow by the water surrounding ancient stone graves built in horseshoe form, partly overgrown with moss and ferns, and extremely

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picturesque. We sometimes spent two or three days on the Lakes. My husband would start off early in the little punt with gun and ammunition, arranging to meet me at a really nice grave at tiffin-time. We returned to the houseboat for dinner, which consisted of four or five appetising courses, prepared on an old kerosine oil tin, with holes punched in the top, and charcoal burning inside. The servants produced our meals at the usual hour, and served them in the usual manner: early coffee, hot scones for breakfast, cakes for tea, snipe served piping hot in the pan in which they were grilled. I think Boy took special pride in having everything "alleg plop-a," when we were supposed to be on a picnic.

Sportsmen need to keep a sharp look-out lest they shoot a farmer engaged in weeding his crops or gathering tea leaves. On one occasion a friend of ours peppered a Chinaman in the leg with snipe shot. Dr Daly immediately extracted the shot, bidding our friend give the man two dollars, one to hold in each hand during the operation. This proved an excellent anæsthetic; the victim was quite consoled. Later the same friend wrote that in the Yang-tze Valley natives were evidently much cheaper, for he shot one there who was easily propitiated by a gift of seventy-five cents (about one and sixpence).

A sailor friend went with me on one of these expeditions, whose style of shooting, I had been warned, was somewhat erratic. To make quite certain that he should see me, I arrayed myself in a light blue skirt, scarlet cape and white hat.

A wisp of snipe whirled up from behind a grave, wheeled after their custom, and our erratic friend, quite forgetting my proximity, wheeled also, but

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fortunately fired at such a distance that the shot fell around me harmlessly.

The pheasants were extremely handsome birds, with their beautiful plumage and white necklaces. Snipe and duck are plump and excellent eating; but in that respect the Manchurian pheasant excels, which we thought due to their feeding on millet and berries, not on rice.

From the Lakes we sometimes went to Tiendông, where there is a very fine temple. It was a journey by canal of about ten miles. If there had been heavy rains and the canals, were very full, it was difficult to pass under the low flat stone bridges; native houseboats are built with a removable roof, but ours was a fixture. One night we bumped against a bridge, and had to sink the boat lower in the water by means of heavy stones. It was a weird sensation to feel her sinking under one; and the weirdness increased when a little Chinese girl came out of a cottage near and danced about in the bright moonlight, chanting cheerfully, "Come and see, come and see; the boat of the foreign devils has bumped against the bridge, the boat of the foreign devils has bumped against the bridge—(da capo, da capo)," the chorus swelling as more children joined her.

The great temple of Tiendông stands at one end of a beautiful and fertile valley, and at the foot of a semicircle of hills clothed in trees of many varieties. In the centre of this valley rise two graceful memorial arches, which give the Eastern touch to an ideal harvest scene when the rich crops are being reaped. An avenue of fine elm trees, about two miles long, leads to the temple, and here and there peep out little grey rest-houses, built for the benefit of weary

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pilgrims or coolies. In front of the temple is a very large clear pond, reflecting the building, with its quaint roof ornamented by animals carved in stone, and many bells. Inside are most enormous images of Buddha, Kuanyin, and other divinities, which are said to be the largest in China. The Buddha is about thirty feet high, and they are richly moulded and painted. Before them stands an altar draped in handsome embroidery, bearing incense burners, stands for joss sticks, pewter candlesticks with red candles, offerings of rice, and the sacred lamp.

The monks treated us very kindly, offering hot water in little red basins wherein to bathe face and hands, and tea in pretty cups. As a rule these monks are lazy, ignorant, immoral and of very low social standing, their clumsy, stolid bearing the heavy, vacant expressions correspond to this character; but amongst them are some exceptions, men of genuine religious feeling and ascetic life, who are honoured, consulted and held in good repute.

We once spent ten days at an old temple in the mountains, where the Abbot was of this type. He had the face of a visionary, and seemed absorbed in worship or contemplation, never taking any notice of our presence; whereas the other monks talked to us, asked us questions, and loved to pose before the camera. Services were held constantly at all hours. At two a.m. the sonorous boom of the great fish-shaped gong would resound through the courts. Then followed the shuffling of many feet and the priests' monotonous chant, or still more monotonous repetition of the name of Buddha—Omitofu, Omitofu, Omitofu—over and over again, perhaps a thousand times. This exercise is considered to have a bene-





A CHEERFUL DEITY.



HEAD OF COLOSSAL BUDDHA, HAICHENG, MANCHURIA.



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ficial effect in withdrawing the mind from worldly thought, but seems rather to deaden and hypnotise the mind and make it incapable of any serious thought whatever.

This temple of Shihdoza, or "Snowy Valley," stood a thousand feet above sea-level, amidst exquisite scenery. Near by thundered a great waterfall, five or six hundred feet high, where, as in the River Yung, people have been known to immolate themselves in order to procure rain. Amongst the hills were many other falls. But charming as this region is, it is difficult to explore, for almost all the paths are paved with round cobble-stones, most trying to walk upon, and my chair-bearers were men of the plains, who did not understand the peculiar gait needed for hill-climbing. Moreover, there was no Guild of chair coolies anywhere near, and ordinary men lose face by doing this work.

At last some were found who consented to carry me if the T'ai-T'ai would sit in a large rice basket slung from a single pole; she could then be considered as a burden, not a person, and thus their face was saved. It was far from ideal, but if the men walked slowly it was not so bad. My husband lined the basket with rugs and cushions and assured me I was most comfortable, and there was nothing to complain of, even when the bearers ran and the basket swayed violently from side to side like an excited pendulum. One day I persuaded him to try my "chair." He may have remained in it five seconds, not more. The men set off at a brisk trot down hill, and he soon tumbled out, saying "things" as he did so!

I think it was at Shihdoza we first read Jerome K.

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Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat." How we enjoyed it! There were no relics of Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. to admire, but the little touches about tin-openers, tents, and tarpaulins appealed irresistibly to us. For instance, my husband had a red umbrella, which was supposed to form a tent around him in which to develop photographs; but it would collapse at the crucial moment, and he and it became inextricably mixed. One day we were preparing our tiffin seated at the edge of a very steep hill, and were as usual extremely hungry. A tin of corned beef absolutely refused to be opened; it was banged and hammered until it, too, might have had its picture taken like that in the book. Suddenly, inspired by some demon and by a particularly strenuous bang, the beef rushed out of the tin and flew in one solid mass down the mountain-side into the valley hundreds of feet below, followed by our hungry eyes and many lamentations, and leaving us to quarrel over the number of scones each consumed, and the fair division of a succulent Amoy pomelo, an excellent fruit like an enormous orange, which I have never seen at home.

When writing of these up-country expeditions I must not omit Da-Laen-Saen, as a description of my first visit to that pleasant mountain resort will give an idea of many others.

Da-Laen-Saen, the great white mountain, lies about thirty miles from Ningpo. Bungalows have been built at an altitude of two thousand five hundred feet, most of which belong to different Missionary Societies, a few to Ningpo residents.

I left Ningpo one August evening in a houseboat, and was supposed to arrive at a large village called

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Ning-Kong-Gyiao very early next morning, where it is necessary to change into the small flat boats or rafts which are used in the mountain rivers for ascending rapids.

The boatmen took advantage of my inexperience, and delayed their start until about nine o'clock, consequently this journey was undertaken in the heat of the day, and was most exhausting. My chair was placed upon a little platform made of short bamboo poles lashed together, and then fixed firmly upon a long bamboo raft. I could not stir off this platform, because when one walked about the raft it sank several inches under water. The chair had a green oilskin canopy, over which I put my cloak, first soaking it in the stream, and with a sunhat, inside which I had placed a damp sponge, blue spectacles, and the coolest dress I possessed, prepared to face the six hours' journey up the rapids.

It *was* hot! The sun beat down upon the water between the great grey cliffs, which rose on each side of a rapid river, reminding me of the Dove in Derbyshire, and sometimes of the Dargle in Wicklow. Many ferns and wild flowers grew in the crevices, and trees wherever they could get foothold. Sometimes we glided into deep pools of clear water, sometimes past lovely glades and lawns.

The rapids were numerous, and the rush of water very strong. Often two of the boatmen got out on the bank and towed or "tracked" the raft, while the others poled. It was very hard work even for those strong, hardy coolies.

At the end of our river journey we reached a large Chinese village, and were immediately boarded by a horde of yelling coolies, who seized me, my chair, and

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luggage, and rushed away with me up the mountain. Fortunately I had been warned about this and told the men were perfectly harmless, only anxious to secure a job, and that there was a regular tariff of payment. The path wound round the mountain-side, frequently crossing the torrent—sometimes by stepping-stones, or by a suspension-bridge formed of bamboo poles which swing in an alarming manner. When turning corners, my chair hung over the edge of the precipice; but this was not really dangerous as the bearers are so surefooted. It is the rarest thing for them to slip or stumble.

On one occasion I had a narrow escape when descending that mountain. We had just passed beneath a high cliff when I heard a rush of water, and looking back, saw a mountain torrent leap over the edge, cross the path, and rush down the precipice to join the river below. Had it come a moment sooner we should certainly have been carried away. It was a most beautiful sight when viewed from a safe distance.

I enjoyed walking along the lovely path when the coolies stopped at one of the little rest-houses which are found at short intervals along frequented routes. These are built by pious people as an act of merit, the repairing of roads and building of bridges being also considered meritorious actions by the Chinese. I presently discovered that the chair coolies thought walking an excellent habit, and to encourage me in it, began to groan and say how heavy the foreign lady was, that doubtless she ate much mutton, that they were terribly weary and were indeed "eating bitter money" carrying her up the mountain on such a hot day; they must really have extra pay.



GORGE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF MID-CHINA.



BAMBOO BRIDGE ERECTED AS WORK OF MERIT.





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I felt quite sorry for them and walked as much as possible, until at last, tired out, I seated myself firmly in the chair, and told them to cease talking and carry me up the mountain. We had just come to an exceptionally steep part, but my bearers breasted it gaily without any signs of exhaustion, and speedily brought me at a swinging trot to my host's bungalow. He laughed heartily when I related my experiences, payed the men the correct sum and no more, and told me that in my place a fat Chinaman weighing a good eighteen stone, probably with a child on his knee, would never have budged during the whole journey, nor would the chair coolies have expected him to do so.

It was cool and pleasant on that high table-land, and we made many pleasant expeditions.

A favourite one is to the Valley of Z. Ling, where the path suddenly descends through charming woods by a flight of some five hundred steps to a ravine, through which runs a rapid river spanned by a graceful arched bridge. Far above on the other side of this ravine cotages cling to the rocks, and tiny white kids play about at giddy heights. Less attractive was a big, sullen water-buffalo, which was crossing the bridge as we approached, with a wee boy perched on his back. On seeing him we hid behind rocks, as these creatures love not the alien and are often dangerous. It is most humiliating to see one sniffing you out from quite a distance, and to have to hide from or avoid him, whereas a brown, naked mite of six, playing a little flute, will sit contentedly on his broad back and guide the powerful brute with a word or touch.

In autumn these hills look specially lovely, with

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the gorgeous leaves of the persimmon and tallow trees, sombre pines, and feathery bamboo groves, which should be seen from above to fully appreciate their light and graceful beauty.

One year some German friends lent us their bungalow at Da-Laen-Saen. It was furnished most suitably with cane chairs of every shape and size, Chinese tables, all the same height, which could be put together if a long one were needed, plenty of enamel ware, no fripperies of any kind; but when we went over the list of furniture quantities of things were missing.

The caretaker shook his head gravely, and murmured, "Da fong, da fong," solemnly assuring us that anything not forthcoming had been blown away by a typhoon which had lately raged amongst those hills. We traced the course of that most intelligent storm, and found it had blown chairs, basins, and blankets into the caretaker's house. He did not seem in the least put out when we retrieved them, and I have no doubt that after our departure another typhoon or landslip restored them to him.

We entertained guests in our bungalow that year, amongst them a fellow of the Linnean Society known to his intimates as "Bug W." He was a keen naturalist, and extremely well-informed, but "bugs" were his speciality. With a bottle of chloroform in one pocket wherewith to quiet his specimens, a bottle of ammonia in another wherewith to cure stings or bites, he fared forth in quest of beetles and beasties.

"You will find such and such a beetle under that stone," he would remark, pointing to an apparently very ordinary one, and he was invariably right. He was greatly interested to find sea-water crabs at such

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an elevation, saying their family tree must date back to the time when those mountains were under the sea.

On leaving, he shook hands heartily with me, saying he had enjoyed himself immensely, and had discovered sixty new specimens of bugs during his stay in our house!

My first visit to Da-Laen-Saen came to an abrupt and tragic ending. I returned hastily to the Port to receive my friend mentioned in a previous chapter, whom I had left a happy bride, but who now came back to me a widow. Mr Harvey, her husband, had worked for some years in Portsmouth, and was one of the most charming men I have ever known; he lingered too long over his work in the native city, and started on his wedding journey very much run down. Five days after his marriage he died of cholera on the French Mail Boat. Handsome, cultured, a fine musician, and full of zeal and sympathy, native and foreigner joined in regretting his death. The poor young widow lived with me until my marriage when she went home, and within the year she too, as the Chinese say, "crossed over" to the other side, where—"perhaps we'll play together—later on."

## CHAPTER VII

“Still to ourselves in any place consigned,  
Our own felicity we make or find.”

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

A FEW months after Mr Harvey's death I was married in the settlement church at Ningpo, very quietly, for the memory of that tragedy overshadowed our happiness, and the young widow was still with me.

Bishop Moule (brother of the Archdeacon of Shanghai mentioned before, and also of the well-known Bishop Handley Moule) performed the ceremony, assisted by his nephew, and the matrimonial knot was further tightened by our friend Mr Giles at the British Consulate.

The Moule connection is a very large one, and they reminded me of the characters in Miss Younge's books, with their refined cultivated minds, and fervent religious feeling.

My husband, Dr C. C. de Burgh Daly, was then Port doctor at Ningpo, but finding the care of a small community did not afford nearly enough scope for his energies, he ran the Church Missionary Society's hospital also, and in this way came into contact with the Chinese to a much greater extent than most non-missionary doctors working in Treaty Ports, and was a great favourite with them. David Wông was anxious to call one of his children after Dr Daly, but was much upset by the (to him) heathenish

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sound of my husband's names, so fell back on Mr Hoare, as his name—Joseph—presented no such difficulties.

Our community was small but by no means uninteresting. The British Consul, Mr H. A. Giles, now Professor of Chinese at Cambridge, was the author of many interesting books, and the compiler of the standard Chinese-English dictionary now in use.

This dictionary was in proof that year. Mr and Mrs Giles (who is also an author of several books dealing with very varied subjects) were busy proof-correcting. There was a good deal of unrest in China then; on the Yangtze anti-foreign riots had occurred, and we used to plan the rescue of those proofs should trouble arise in Ningpo.

The controversy as to the rescue of Baby, or Sistine Madonna had not then arisen. Had there been any choice between saving Consul or dictionary, Mr Giles would certainly have effaced himself in favour of the latter, over which he had spent fifteen years of his life.

Many nationalities, creeds, and occupations were represented amongst us. Some of my best and kindest friends were Germans, people of real *kultur*, not the spurious type now so loudly asserting themselves. I have met some exponents of *that* type to whom I shall refer later, when they showed themselves in their true light after the Kaiser's savage command to them to behave as Huns.

During the summer we played tennis or croquet when it was very hot, and enjoyed sailing in a cat-rigged, centre-board boat, sixteen feet long, and very fast. We amused ourselves racing with the

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owners of other boats, and had many a pleasant sail in her.

In winter there were dinner-parties, an occasional concert or entertainment, and a very occasional dance if a gunboat were in port.

It was a quiet little place, its principal advantages being the proximity of good shooting and lovely scenery, and the good steamer service.

In summer the sun went down suddenly about seven o'clock with what Kipling calls an "undignified bob," putting a stop to all our amusements. I remember finishing an exciting croquet contest by the light of Chinese lanterns held over the hoops. Once darkness fell the mosquitoes became rampant and voracious; under the dining-room table was one of their favourite haunts. Some people put their feet in pillow-cases. I sometimes thought how funny it would be if an alarm of fire arose when we were thus protected, and we all started on a sack race out of the house.

My husband could not leave the Port until after September, as that is an unhealthy month; and the long, hot summer was trying, in spite of ice, punkahs, and thin clothing. Children, and sometimes grown people, suffered from prickly heat, lost colour and appetite; I used to roam about the veranda at night with my baby's cradle, trying to find a cool spot for his repose. We often sat out until very late on a large pontoon wharf near our house, finding it a degree or two cooler, or dined on the houseboat anchored in mid-stream.

As a rule our little community was very friendly, but we had our social typhoons. One unprincipled person will set a whole settlement ablaze with "gossip

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and scandal and spite," and one such we had amongst us for a time, who could even descend to the depths of anonymous letters to a newly-married wife, accusing her husband of breaking the entire decalogue. Happily, in this case the people attacked were impervious; but it does not always happen so, and I have known of untold mischief being done, not only through deliberate malice, but through idleness and careless gossip.

Conditions of life in the East are so different from home. Girls come out from ordinary middle-class homes in England, where they have probably lived very simply, and done much of their own housework. Suddenly they find themselves provided with a household of servants, many unaccustomed luxuries, and ample leisure. Often they have no idea how to manage servants—are harsh and inconsiderate one day, too familiar the next.

The first summer in the East is very trying to a young wife. Her husband is probably occupied during a great part of the day; she misses her own people, her young companions, feels the heat and discomfort, and unless she has a strong character, is adaptable and unselfish, and takes some intelligent interest in her new surroundings, is apt to degenerate into the bored, vapid person, who spends all her time paying calls, dressing, supervising her tailor, or flirting (harmlessly enough at first) with that "Tertian Quid" at whose door lies the blame of many a domestic catastrophe.

In after years she presents the melancholy spectacle of the butterfly grown elderly (which is against Nature, who has provided that those lovely creatures die young), or she may become the capable, bossing

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woman who gossips with her amah, knows what everyone has for dinner, and frequently interferes with her neighbours' arrangements. This type is full of jealousy, and will get up an intense rivalry with other women. If Mrs P. has six courses for dinner, *she* will have seven. Poignancy was added to one of these contests by the fact that the rivals were mother and daughter. One felt so sorry for girls who came out without warning as to these pitfalls, or any knowledge of the difficulties awaiting them. Some are not easy to warn.

On one occasion when living at home, a very clever and interesting friend wrote asking me to visit his fiancée, who was soon going out, and give her any hints I could as to outfit, etc., and also try to describe what her surroundings would be in a very lonely station where almost the only British residents were missionaries.

I found a really lovely girl, so beautifully dressed I hardly ventured to give any advice about clothes; but the poor dear had no imagination, very little education, and thought she was going to a life full of luxury, amusement, and general jollity. She was just a beautiful nonentity, and the sequel was as I had feared. She could not adapt herself in the least, became discontented and miserable, and finally returned home for an indefinite period, her husband rejoining a bachelors' mess.

There are heaps of women living normal and natural lives in the Treaty Ports and big settlements, looking after household and children, centres of pleasant, rational, social life, helping lame dogs over stiles, unobtrusively charitable—read good women. Still more admirable are those in lonely out-stations,



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who keep up their refinement, culture, and high ideals, with very little assistance from their environment.

A charming woman, with whom it was impossible to quarrel, was stationed in a small port where there were only two other European ladies, who would not speak to each other, but often called on my gentle friend, arriving together, and conducting a triangular conversation, talking at each other through her. I think it is small wonder that she had frequent attacks of malarial fever in that port, during which she was unable to see visitors.

Want of occupation and outside interests are often at the root of these petty squabbles. We were fortunate, as most of our friends had hobbies of some kind, took an interest in the hospital, or in helping to educate European children. One started a Kindergarten, and studied hard in order to run it effectively; others collected porcelain, silver, or varied curios. One lady I know has eighty pendants of all sorts and descriptions—a peculiar interest, but it is an interest—a very real one to her—and she contrives to make other people enjoy it too. Others are always ready to help in times of sickness, and never happier than when wielding a thermometer or preparing drastic mustard-plasters. In the small communities where trained nurses cannot be obtained, their help is most valuable, always provided they do not imagine they know more than the doctor.

Friends with whom I have stayed in the large settlements, such as Shanghai and Tientsin, have found it necessary to make hard and fast rules that they would only go out to dinner so many nights a week, or entertain so often a month. But these were

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established people; it is extremely difficult for new-comers not to have all their time taken up in returning calls, or entertaining and being entertained, and also to realise necessary social distinctions and their reasons.

In these Eastern communities there is no aristocracy of rank, ancient family, or distinction; so one has been formed of officials in various services, professional people, heads of large business firms, and banking companies, all of whom have their acknowledged status. It is well that this should be so if people realise that social rules and distinctions are not divine commands, and that they admit of modifications; for if this is forgotten such rules become unbearable tyrannies.

One strange peculiarity about Ningpo was that it seemed to be such a very dangerous place for first wives. Almost everyone had had two, several three, and one six wives. To verify this statement you have but to go to the pretty little cemetery where this much-married gentleman reposes; four of his wives lie beside him, one in Chefoo, and one in the States. Those who designed his tombstone were wanting in a sense of humour, for amongst other eulogistic remarks this inscription is found thereupon: "Temperate in all things"!

Chinese servants deserve more than cursory mention; those hailing from Ningpo are known all over the China coast for their capability and resourcefulness, adaptability to foreign ways, and general cleverness. The head boy is major-domo and often engages other servants, to whom he explains the character and fads of his employers. Chinese read character very quickly, and are fond of giving nick-

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names which show their opinion of people in a word.

A pilot, who was an extremely energetic man, was called by them "the Flashlight," while a very deliberate, rather hesitating person was known as "Begin and never finish." It is very difficult to persuade them to reveal these names, but I am sure we all had them, and in hotels the table-boys have nicknames for each guest, accurately describing his peculiarities.

They are excellent mimics also. I remember coming home one afternoon to find my children in roars of laughter over an impersonation given them by Boy of a Russian lady and gentleman with whom he had lived. He described how the lady played brilliantly upon the piano, smoking vigorously all the time, while her husband sat in a huge chair, also smoking, with the samovar steaming near, and frequently ejaculated, "Hurashô, bis, bis!" ("Good, again, again!"). He must really have acted the scene very well, for the children's reproduction was so life-like that *I* roared with laughter also.

In resourcefulness it would be difficult to beat them. Say that a guest arrives suddenly just at tiffin-time. Perhaps you have ordered a very small meal, your husband may be away, no one expected. But you remain tranquil, for the servants will not allow you to lose face; and after a little delay an excellent tiffin is served. I have mentioned the elaborate dinners prepared in a houseboat, without apparent means.

On board ship one very rough night a resourceful boy saved me from what might have been a real catastrophe. It was a small coasting vessel; my

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cabin was off the saloon, and there was no other near it. I went into the saloon in the middle of the night to prepare some food for my baby. The heating apparatus upset, the methylated spirit caught fire and rapidly spread. I rushed into the pantry where the night-boy slept, shook him violently, and told him to come. Looking sleepily at the burning mass, he seized an enormous dish-cover and put it over the flames, which subsided at once.

One day at tiffin my husband remarked that he might stay the night at the College, where we were dining, as he would probably be called out to a patient near. On going upstairs I found his bag packed ready, so remarked to Boy: "I never told you to pack master's bag."

"What for tellee?" said Boy loftily. "My savee."

Chinese cooks are excellent, second only to the French, but they are fond of employing a "makee learn," to whom they will leave everything on ordinary occasions if not carefully watched, and will themselves probably run another kitchen elsewhere. They are sometimes very bad-tempered too. I had one who was a perfect treasure, and really could, as he asserted, "cook English fashion, French fashion, German fashion, *any* fashion missee wantchee." But he tried to murder Boy one day for some fancied insult, and the latter came to me (my husband was attending a patient very seriously ill), with a ghastly face, to complain that cook had attacked him with a knife and he dared not face him.

"Send for coolie," I said.

"Coolie too muchee fear."

"Oh! nonsense-talk, Boy; call the chair-bearers."

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“ Chair coolie too muchee fear, *all* too muchee fear; that cook got *very* large heart, my heart too muchee small.”

So I told him to summon the entire household, and the redoubtable cook appeared, white with rage, and said Boy had called him a Shanghai buffalo, and only blood could wipe out such an insult.

I harangued the company, said none of them had any face to make such a bobbery when master was out and could not come back, that they were all to make peace at once, or else I should send them to be dealt with by Mr Giles at the Consulate; also that I was hungry and needed dinner in a quarter of an hour.

The dinner came up and all was peace; but my husband thought that jewel of a cook too dangerous, and sent him away. Alas! I never had his equal; my mouth waters now when I remember his ice-creams, *soufflés*, and omelets.

We found Chinese servants very honest from their own point of view. A respectable servant never steals, but they squeeze, that is, exact a certain toll for themselves in all money transactions; and this they consider legitimate. It is graduated according to the income of the employer.

Amahs or nurses are as a rule very faithful, fond of their charges, and extremely patient in illness. They spoil children by giving in to them too much, and sometimes make favourites. I have known of one case where a little girl was very cruelly treated by an amah, but *only* one. Where would you find a European nurse who would take out three different coats of varied weights lest a sudden drop in the

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temperature cause baby to catch cold? They believe firmly in their own capabilities if they are experienced, and dislike interference by young parents or doctors. Once my husband gave Amah some directions about baby's health. She came to me in high dudgeon. "What for master tellee me that?" she said. "Master savee doctor pidgin; *my* savee baby!"

During the Boxer outbreak our servants kept watch at night of their own accord, and had made arrangements to convey our children to a place of safety, if necessary; they considered we could look after ourselves.

In many ways Chinese and Irish servants are alike. They will rise to an emergency, are very good-natured and obliging, but lack many of the solid virtues of the English domestic.

Bachelors' servants usually do not like to remain with their masters once the latter marry.

A story is told of a Shanghai resident who, after ten or twelve years of bachelor life, during which time he employed the same boy, took unto himself a wife. A few weeks passed, and Boy inquired one day: "Master, missee have come to stop?"

"Of course, Boy."

"Master, missee have come to stop—my no can!"

History does not relate what decision the master came to.

Boys are very particular that table-appointments should be up to date and correct, and they do not hesitate to borrow anything needed.

A young vice-Consul gave a tea-party to which I was invited, and asked me to pour out tea. The

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teapot had a familiar appearance, and my boy told me afterwards that the host's boy had borrowed ours, because it would not be proper for his master to give guests tea out of a china one.

If a bachelor brings a guest to dinner and the food provided is insufficient, Boy sends to the guest's house for *his* dinner in order to supplement it.

A friend of mine who lived in a terrace in Shanghai bought an ice-cream freezer. Her boy reproached her for extravagance: "What for missee buy that—spend plenty dollah. No. 12 missee have got." My friend was not acquainted with the lady at No. 12, but Boy knew No. 12 boy!

Some boys decorate tables very tastefully. At Shanghai flower-shows prizes are given for artistically arranged tables; house boys often compete for these, and frequently win them. I have seen a harmony in autumn leaves which would be very hard to equal, arranged by one of these boys.

Chair-bearers are a class apart, of which fact I once had a curious illustration.

One of our bearers, a very respectable man, asked me to employ him in the house, producing a fine stalwart nephew to take his place as chair coolie. All one winter I bore with his clumsiness, but at last told him he had better return to his former occupation, at which he received higher wages, and to which he was much more suited. To my dismay he said he must leave our service, as the family of his betrothed would on no account allow her to marry a chair coolie, and had only consented to the engagement on his promotion to housework.

Wages were very moderate; I only paid that

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

paragon of a cook twelve pounds a year, and he provided his own food, supplemented, I doubt not, from my stores.

In foreign communities servants usually speak "pidgin," or business English to their employers; and servants from different parts of China will use this weird language in speaking to each other. The formation of the sentence is the same as Chinese, and it is an unholy mixture of English, Portuguese, French, and Chinese. Most quaint and amusing some of the phrases are.

A bishop is called "No. 1, top side joss pidgin man," "top side" standing for heaven, "joss," dios, "pidgin," business.

Mr Holcombe tells a story of two gentlemen who came to call upon the King of Siam when he was staying in Shanghai. They entered the hotel and asked the proprietor, a courteous American, if His Majesty were at home.

"Boy," called the proprietor, "one piecee King have got?"

"Have got, sir," replied the boy cheerfully.

"His Majesty is at home, gentlemen," translated the proprietor.

One day a large party assembled on a steamer to bid farewell to homeward-bound friends. Wishing to make certain that the steamer should not carry us off, the steward was informed in excellent Mardarin that he was to come and warn us of her departure. He stared blankly. Someone tried Ningpo dialect—no use; Shanghai—still a blank stare. At last my husband called out, "Boy!"

"Yessir."

"Wantchee walkee can come talkee! Savee?"



## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

“All right, sir; my savee.”

The Chinaman's description of a motor-car is worth remembering: “Hai yah! What thing? No pushee, no pullee, go like hellee!” Equally vivid is their description of tobogganing: “Swissh—walk back two miles!”

Servants quickly find out our likes and dislikes in food, and act accordingly. A friend of mine was fond of snipe, and often ordered them for dinner. One evening an unexpected guest arrived; my friend told Boy there were not enough snipe, but she would not eat one. Presently Boy nudged her, and remarked in a loud whisper: “Missee *can* have snipe; one piecee man no chow!”

Much has been said about the Christian servant, usually in his disfavour. One of the best and most trustworthy servants I ever had was a Christian. Often those rascally ones are impostors, or have been dismissed from some Mission for misconduct. A curious testimony in favour of Christians was given by a man who had no sympathy with Mission work, but always employed Christian servants because he said he could trust them; and truly he had cause to. One of his children fell ill of smallpox. The miserable parents fled, leaving their little one to the care of one of these Christian servants, who called in the Mission doctor, and nursed the child back to health with unfailing kindness and devotion.

European children brought up in China are very fond of Chinese food; a special dainty is a kind of dumpling filled with fresh meat, minced very small, and flavoured with garlic. One schoolboy at home when visited by his parents had forgotten nearly every word of Chinese, until his father mentioned



## CHAPTER VIII

“ He travels and expatiates as the bee from flower to  
flower,  
So he from land to land.” —*Cowper.*

IN 1893 Dr Daly decided to apply for the post of Port doctor at Newchwang in Manchuria. We were truly sorry to leave Ningpo, where we had so many good friends, interesting work, and had spent many happy days; but the climate was trying, financial prospects poor, and we all needed change.

Mr Hoare deeply regretted my husband's departure. From the first they had been friends, had many tastes in common, and during the eight years of Dr Daly's residence in Ningpo, had worked or taken recreation together almost every day. We met again some years later in Hongkong, after Mr Hoare became Bishop. He was just the same vigorous, able, kindly man, and we little thought it was the last time we should see him alive. In 1906 he lost his life while visiting some villages near Hongkong in his houseboat. A typhoon suddenly burst upon the town and harbour, so suddenly that there was no time for the usual storm signals to be hoisted, and the Bishop with several of his native helpers were drowned. Quite lately I stood beneath the fine tablet erected to him in Tonbridge School Chapel. It was good to realise how green his memory is there

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

still, a Christian warrior of the best type ; it seems as if many could have been more easily spared than he.

We left Ningpo towards the end of May, and after spending a few days with friends in Shanghai, sailed for Newchwang, the most northern of Chinese Treaty Ports.

Our friends gave us a very kindly send-off, and many pretty mementoes, while everything possible was done to lighten the fatigue of packing and removal for me, as I was not then very strong. For the last week we stayed at the British Consulate. Professor and Mrs Giles had gone home, but equally kind friends occupied it, who invited many of our intimates to a farewell dinner the night before our departure, which happened to be the 24th of May. Our German friends laughingly remarked that the Dalys and Queen Victoria divided the honours that evening. This amused them hugely ; certainly no private individuals would be allowed to share the Kaiser's birthday celebrations in a German Consulate !

Excellent steamers ply between Ningpo and Shanghai, and at that time there was an amusing rivalry between two big steamer companies, which was shared by officers and men, and in which the residents in that quiet little place also took an interest.

Some of these boats were of the ancient but very comfortable type seen on the great American rivers. Their captains were often on the same run for years and were well known to residents in the ports. One gallant old American used to invite me to sit on the bridge in fine weather, and always supplied his lady passengers with a sumptuous rug of woven silk.

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

Another was full of information of all kinds, but told me that on one occasion he had as a passenger a well-known lady traveller who was writing a book on China. She worried him so with questions that, as he expressed it, "I told her all I knew, and then I told her what I didn't know. She seemed equally interested, took it all down, and reproduced it carefully in her book. I said she might make any use of my information she pleased."

Many of us preferred these boats to the more powerful modern steamers, because of their spacious saloons and deck, and roomy cabins, without upper berths. In fine weather they were ideal, but rough seas were often encountered in the Hangchow Bay, and then indeed one suffered. The others were much faster, especially the *Kowshing*, a fine ocean-going ship.

One afternoon we left Ningpo in a river-boat, and were passed by the *Kowshing* after some hours, although she had started much later. As we pounded along in her wake, her third officer came to the stern and played loudly on a penny whistle, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This was indeed insulting, but we were to see her again that voyage.

It was a foggy night, our prudent captain anchored outside Woosung, at the entrance to the Shanghai River, and about two a.m. we were awakened by a violent ringing of bells, whistling, hooting of fog-horns, also much language (in fact we might have signed ourselves, like Augustus Moddle, "Amidst the tempestuous howling of the sailors!").

Dr Daly rushed on deck, and stood just outside my window with one of the officers. Suddenly the latter disappeared, but returned in a few seconds,

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

remarking cheerfully, "I lost everything in my last collision, so I thought I'd save my watch this time."

It was a near shave; a big ship passed as close as she could without touching—the *Kowshing* once more. She had gone round us in the fog, not having anchored, as her reputation for speed had to be maintained; off she went, hooting dismally, no insulting melodies *this* time.

A ship always seems to me to be, in a way, a sentient thing; I can well understand the affection she often inspires. Both these steamers now lie many fathoms deep. Of the *Kowshing* we shall hear later; her end is a matter of history. That particular river-boat was piled up on the Garden Bund in Shanghai while trying to avoid a collision with a Chinese man-of-war.

It is amusing to an onlooker like myself to hear the criticisms of merchant seamen on naval officers, of civil engineers on the royal engineers, of volunteers on regulars.

One old salt told us his invariable rule was, if he met an English man-of-war in narrow waters, to give her as wide berth as possible; if a foreigner he turned and went with her, if a Chinese he piled his ship up on the shore!

Of another ship (the same which provided the Ningpo water fairy with sugar) a pathetic tale is told. The chief engineer, who had sailed in her for years, was dreadfully upset when she ran aground. The ship was fast upon rocks, some of which were sticking up in her hold; but the weather was calm and she broke up slowly. Every day the chief went to the engine-room and carefully polished his beloved

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

engines as far as the waterline, until they too disappeared in the depths below.

One autumn I started for Shanghai in stormy weather, with baby, Amah, and Boy, whom my husband had sent to help me, as the skies looked so threatening. Presently the dinner-gong sounded, and I sent for Boy, Amah having already succumbed. The steward announced, "Missee, Boy makee lie down, no can get up"; and we were not yet out of the river!

A delightfully clean, chubby child of about twelve now appeared, a "makee learn" steward, to whom I confided baby; they beamed at each other, and the small steward began at once the pretty Chinese nursery rhyme about birds flying, illustrating it so gracefully with his well-shaped hands.

After dinner the captain came into my cabin to make fast baby's cradle; this seemed to me a bit ominous, but it was quite necessary. Baby had a delightful native cradle, given him by Mrs Hoare; it resembled an enormous basinette, but was much broader and higher. It had a bamboo mattress, over which an ordinary one was placed, and when the young man travelled, he carried his extra raiment in the space beneath him. Truly we were rocked in the cradle of the deep that night; baby seemed to like it, but I felt quite worn out with violent exercise when two apologetic servants came to my relief on reaching the calm of the Shanghai River.

The little steward had appeared very early to help me. Chinese boys of that age are so attractive it is a pity they ever grow up; and younger still, the tiny brown people are equally pleasing, who tumble about in hot weather dressed simply but sufficiently

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

in a silver necklet, from which a charm in the shape of a silver padlock depends (to guard against evil spirits). Baby roared when parted from this "makee learn," clung tightly to his long queue, and would only release it when he was placed in what was to him a novel conveyance—an open carriage drawn by a sturdy Mongolian pony.

Coming as I did from a country where the cult of the horse is so important, these ponies struck me as the shaggiest, queerest little creatures. In those days people did not trouble to groom them carefully, and you often saw a very smart brougham, with mafoo (groom or coachman) immaculately dressed, drawn by an unkempt, rough pony. When the big Australian horses and the handsome Russian ones appeared in Shanghai, it is no wonder that they are said to have addressed these ponies as "Mongolian microbes"! But to return.

We left the "City of the Peaceful Wave," and started on the first stage of our journey in one of the river-boats, which bore us past the Chusan Archipelago, where innumerable fishing-boats tack and retack, crossing the steamers' bows continually, as they consider the oftener they do so the more hope of a lucky catch.

These boats, with their flat sails, fine lines, and general appearance of power and ease, give an indescribable effect of life and energy.

Chinese are splendid seamen, and never look better than when steering a boat in a fresh breeze, and keeping a wary eye on sail, a careful hand on tiller and sheet. This habit of crossing a steamer's bow is not a pleasant one for the man at the wheel. Sometimes it is impossible to avoid a daring boat



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which crosses once too often. I have seen one cut in two in spite of slow progress and the most careful steering. The crash of her timbers, and sight of half her hull with a few men clinging to it, are not pleasant memories. Those men were rescued; but I fear the rest never came to the surface.

Many of these innocent-looking fishermen are really pirates who in former days were a menace even to foreigners passing through the islands, but who now confine their attentions to native craft.

Chusan, the island which gives its name to this archipelago, possesses historic interest to the British traveller; for in 1841 it was held by Great Britain until after the Treaty of Nanking was signed two years later, during what was known as the "Opium War," a misleading name, as the student of history will find. Great Britain had many other reasons for declaring war against China, apart from commercial interests. Our statesmen had been extremely patient and long-suffering, and the Chinese Government was largely to blame for the distrust and odium in which foreigners were then held, as it encouraged the horrible allegations brought against them. It is a pity that we should be considered to have gone to war solely on the opium question, whereas it was only one of many *casus belli*, and an unworthy one at that. The island is large, fertile, and was then considered of great strategic value, as it commands a portion of the coast on which lie many great cities; but our Government showed their wisdom when they exchanged it for Hongkong, which now holds the proud position of third amongst British ports—only London and Liverpool being her superiors.

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On the island there is a little British cemetery, where lie the remains of those who fell in that forgotten conflict, whose graves are tended still by members of an American Mission working there.

It is strange and moving to realise how all over the world we have left these relics of our gallant pioneers—there in Mid-China, far away in tropical islands, or amongst the snows and fogs of the Behring Sea, where Russians will tell you of other British graves at beautiful Petropavlosk, still cared for by kindly hands, the traces of another forgotten battle.

Well might Felicia Hemans (is *she*, too, forgotten?) sing of "England's Dead":

"Son of the Ocean Isle!  
Where sleep your mighty Dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is raised o'er Glory's bed.

The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave!  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep—  
Free, free the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's Dead."

. . . . .  
But to return to the Chusan Archipelago. Another of its islands, called Poo-too, was considered very sacred. Only monks lived there, and no native woman was allowed to set foot upon the shore. Curiously enough, no objection was made to visits

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from foreign women, and it is a favourite resort of excursionists from Shanghai. In the centre rises a very fine peak about two thousand feet high, called "The Head of Buddha," and on the island are many monasteries and temples, one containing a handsome hall, the roof of which is upheld by fine carved pillars, said to be five hundred years old or more.

The journey from Shanghai to Newchwang was uneventful and very slow, as we had to go out of our way to stand by a steamer belonging to the same company which had come to grief on the Shantung promontory. It was very dull waiting beside her while cargo was shifted and repairs made. On another voyage we stood by the *Sobraon* when she ran on an island near Formosa. That was much more entertaining. It was a beautiful place, and the ship was in such an extraordinary position, she seemed to be trying to walk up a hill; but this one was just dropping things out of her hold and bucketing about in the sea. Unfortunately, some of the things she dropped were wedding presents for great friends of mine. I did not know that at the time, and was only extremely bored by the delay.

We put in at Chefoo, then a favourite summer resort for Shanghai and Tientsin residents, most of whom now go to Japan or Pei-tai-ho. It is a very pretty place; the foreign settlement is built on a steep hill overlooking the bay. Across the harbour rises another picturesque hill, where stands the famous temple in which Li Hung Chang signed the Treaty of Peace in 1895—a treaty across which Admiral Alexieff laid his sword, thus preventing Japan reaping full benefit from her strife with China, and

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sowing the seeds of bitter retribution for Russia and for himself.

Chefoo is in Shantung Province, not far from Wei-hai-wei, where the Chinese fleet then lay, and also within easy distance of Tsingtao, then a little-known Chinese town.

The people of Shantung are very poor in spite of their skill as gardeners, and their trade in the well-known Shantung silk. I have stayed in Chefoo several times, and have always been struck by the number of beggars and wretched, ragged-looking people one saw in the native city, so different from the prosperous, well-fed natives of Chekiang Province. It is strange that this should be so; for besides the silk industry, a very pretty lace is made there, which would gain a ready sale if known at home; and Shantung is a fine fruit-growing country. Chefoo pears, plums, and grapes are celebrated.

Dr Nevius, an American missionary, introduced the William pear, various good apples, and other fruits, and instructed the people in fruit cultivation, with excellent results. He was a most energetic and devoted man, and his charming wife was equally wonderful; she learnt to play the violin when well over sixty years of age, in order to lead her choir with the instrument when she could no longer sing.

After her husband's death she made her home in Chefoo, and now lies amongst the people she taught and loved. It has been wittily remarked that Dr Nevius should have as his epitaph, "By his fruits ye shall know him"; and indeed this is true in every sense of both these fine people.

"China's Sorrow," the Yellow River (Hwang-Ho), is largely responsible for the poverty of Shantung, as

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it frequently changes its course, flooding one area, leaving another waterless and parched, in the most unexpected and disconcerting manner.

Farther north there is the port of Tung-Chow-Fu, a very interesting old place, possessing an ancient storm-harbour for junks, surrounded by a high, crenelated wall, above which, perched on a lofty cliff, stands a fine temple.

Over the courtyard walls peeped pomegranate trees laden with brilliant red or yellow flowers, and we mounted by many stairs through courts innumerable, until we reached a broad terrace running along the top of the cliff. At one end stood a small lighthouse, and at the other, let into the wall, was a most curious stone, which our guide assured us was a magic stone and absolutely unique. It was certainly unlike any I had ever seen, except a small, polished piece of the Rock of Gibraltar, which my father used as a letter-weight; but that was not nearly so brilliant in colour. This stone was about two feet across, almost completely round, a handsome red colour, and so highly polished that it reflected the ships in harbour as in a mirror. The monks declared it had been found when the temple was in building, brilliant as we saw it; that no one had polished it; but that when found it was immediately placed in this conspicuous position and never moved.

Another of their treasures was a beautiful porcelain vase, said to be a thousand years old. It stood in the middle of a small room on an ebony stand, quite by itself, surrounded by a strong wooden railing. As well as I remember, it was of the beaker shape and in the five colours; but I was not then interested in porcelain, so cannot trust my memory. That it

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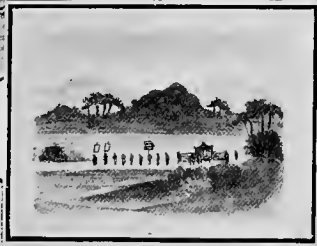
was lovely I do remember, and also that its beauty was sadly marred by a sheaf of hideous artificial flowers which had been thrust into it.

From this terrace there was a charming view across the blue waters and golden sands of the harbour, to the white cottages nestling amongst trees on the farther shore, with blue hills rising beyond them. I hope these cottages were as nice as they looked, for the streets of the town were unusually clean; but in many cases I fear the Chinese written character for family—a pig under shelter—would describe them only too accurately. Mrs Archibald Little's description of the Chinese as a people of "clean clothes and dirty habits," is also very apt.

A number of rooms opening off the terrace were reserved for visitors, as this temple is a favourite summer-resort for wealthy Chinese, who leave the interior during the great heat, bring their families and many servants with them, and enjoy the fresh sea breezes for weeks together at a very moderate cost.

At the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili stands a strange, forbidding-looking rock, known as Iron Island, which is said to possess such strong magnetic attraction that it affects the compasses of passing ships. Port Arthur, now so well known, was then from the British standpoint an obscure Chinese fortress, although Russia and Japan had realised its strategic importance.

Early one morning we lay outside the Newchwang Bar, waiting for the tide, and presently steamed up the broad River Liao to behold our future home at its very worst. No rain had fallen for weeks, a strong south wind blew, and everything was enveloped in



DOMESTIC SCENES AND FAMILY WORSHIP.





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clouds of dust, through which the Dragon flag loomed eerily, as it floated from the Customs flagstaff, almost torn from its place by the force of the wind. It was truly a dismal contrast to the green and flowery regions we had left.

## CHAPTER IX

“ A garden is a lovesome thing,  
God wot.”

—*Thomas Brown.*

CONDITIONS of life in Manchuria are in many ways different to those in the south. Although our first impressions were unpleasant, we soon found that it was a better place to live in than Mid-China, and it rapidly became vastly more interesting.

A day or two after our arrival heavy rain fell; the air was fresh and pleasant, the coolness delightful, also the comparatively long duration of daylight. We found ourselves going out to dinner in the twilight, which seemed very homelike, and so did the big bushes of lilac, hawthorn, and spirea which grew in all the gardens.

But the mud! It really was unspeakable! There were no roads, only broad cart-tracks deep in dust or mud according to the weather, with a few narrow brick paths bordering them. At the end of our garden ran one of these tracks, punctuated by deep holes, in one of which a mule had been drowned, and this in spite of the fact that every cart which entered the town paid a small tax for the upkeep of roads. This must have amounted to a very large sum, for tens of thousands of carts, laden with up-country produce, passed through each year. Where the money went to no one knew, but many guessed.

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Official corruption is as usual in China as commercial honesty, the reverse being the case in Japan.

Our house was a roomy and comfortable bungalow, standing in a large garden which was laid out in stiff, uninteresting fashion, very like a cemetery—straight walks, small flower-beds bordered with stones or tiles.

The flowers were interesting and curious. Our predecessor was fond of experimental gardening. He would get cartloads of earth from the hills, dump them down in his garden, and await results. Some of these were very attractive—yellow foxglove, blue campanula, the splendid Manchurian larkspur, and the white peony. A quantity of little dog-violets grew amongst the tiles which bordered our walks, and a pretty little blue iris.

It interested me very much to find a pretty yellow rose and a dwarf lilac, both of which were familiar, as they grew in our old garden in Roscommon and were always called by us Siberian shrubs. I have often wondered since how they got there. An expert in horticulture who visited our Manchurian garden was really quite annoyed when I said they were old friends, and could not imagine how I knew them. These roses were like a Scotch rose, but somewhat larger. In after years we had a rose walk, which was a very lovely sight in blossom time.

Another charming tree to be found in North China is the pink mimosa. The leaves are like the ordinary mimosa, but the rose-pink flowers growing along the branches in small bunches, like very soft roses, are really—as one flower-lover said—like fairy blooms. The castor plants, with their handsome copper-green leaves, grew to a height of from eight to twelve feet,

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and made a fine background for every kind of sunflower or the lovely, delicate cosmos. The green variety bore heaps of berries full of that horror of our childhood, castor-oil.

The gardeners had many devices for dwarfing chrysanthemums and securing large blooms: sometimes they bent the stems round the pot while they were still pliable, sometimes cut them back at regular periods; but I always begged them to leave some to nature, as I loved the great bunches of soft flowers. The same expert did me a good turn when he pointed out a queer fibrous plant of an orange-red colour growing in one of our borders. He assured me it would choke up a bed (say two feet by four) in the course of an afternoon, and that it was known as the devil plant in some parts of China. True enough. It was about four inches high when I saw it first; we went into lunch and I forgot about it until the afternoon, when the horrible thing was beginning to appear above my young Cape gooseberries and form a kind of network over them. The gardener needed no urging, but quickly rooted it up and burnt it. He seemed to think it had been brought into the garden with some pots of flowers from the south, and I never saw it so rampant again.

Many lilies grow in Manchuria—tiger-lilies, orange-lilies, and the sweet-scented lemon variety. The gorgeous Canna lily made a splendid show, like monster gladioli with big bronze or vivid green leaves. In the park which surrounds the Imperial Tombs at Moukden, lily of the valley is to be found. In Korea it is very plentiful; there is an island which one passes *en route* to Seoul which I have always longed to see, as I am told it is covered with this



OUR GARDEN AND ROSE WALK.



## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

lovely flower. But in Manchuria, as in Siberia, all this beauty is short-lived, and often want of rain made our gardens a sad disappointment.

We had no very large trees, but groups of elm, willow, and acacia made a pleasant shade. The garden shown in the photographs surrounded a bungalow which my husband built close to the hospital. There were no trees in the compound at first; but our gardener went up-country and brought down hundreds of willows and elms. The latter were planted in the usual way, but the willows were simply thick poles about twelve feet long, which he planted in spring in deep holes filled with water. On top of these he put horrible caps of rags to keep down the sap, and left them to grow! I was much teased about them. Imagine a double row of bare poles, about two hundred of them, all round our garden. People asked if they were intended to hang the washing on, or to make wire entanglements. One morning a young friend rushed in to me shouting, "Mrs Daly, Mrs Daly, your trees are budding!" And so they were, every one. Two planted at each side of our principal walk turned out to be weeping-willows, as graceful as any bamboo. The gardener declared he obtained this effect by turning the trees upside down!

A certain large, brown, furry caterpillar frequented the elm trees, and looked so exactly like the bark that it was most difficult to distinguish them. They would lie along the trunk in ridges, hundreds of them close together in a compact mass about two feet wide, a most interesting case of protective mimicry. Another pest was the la-la-goo. I believe it is a mole cricket, which burrowed under-

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ground a little way, and with its strong pincers nipped a flourishing nasturtium or snap-dragon plant, which immediately withered and died.

The gardener laid traps, and tried various expedients, amongst them this curious one: in front of a row of precious plants he put in dozens of castor seeds, and when the castor plants had grown up about a foot, removed them, saying they had served their purpose in keeping off the la-la-goos. Later these creatures develop wings and flop about with loud thuds on the floor, or cling to mosquito screens.

The Treaty Port of Newchwang, where for several years Dr Daly was the only European doctor, is a very busy place. At that time it was the only port of any importance in Manchuria. The fine River Liao, upon which it is built, taps the hinterland for many miles. Fleets of boats laden with the soy bean and other products of the soil arrive there constantly, and are anchored in rows twenty or thirty deep along the river-bank.

It is a port of call for steamers of all nations, and for the picturesque junks from the south, with their gaily decorated poop-decks and enormous painted eyes. The Chinese say, "Boat no got eyes, how can see?" so all are provided with them.

There is a very strong tide, running from three to five knots. The river is about three-quarters of a mile wide, and presents a most animated appearance in summer. Our little cat-rigged boat was too small for such waters, so my husband bought a yawl from a departing resident; she was half-decked, two and a half tons, very safe and comfortable, and we had many a good sail in her. In winter the Liao





THE RIVER LIAO IN SUMMER : NEWCHWANG HARBOUR.



## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

froze to a depth of three feet, and the ice piled up on the banks in great hummocks, sometimes ten feet high. The tidal action often caused dangerous cracks to appear in spring near shore long before the river broke up.

No ship could penetrate the ice, and during the Russian occupation it was suggested that the Port could be kept open by means of ice-breakers. These vessels are built with an enormously strong bow sloping downwards, so that they glide on to the ice and use their weight to break it; but they cannot disperse or sink the ice, so the project was abandoned.

All native craft left the river, or were drawn up on the banks and covered over, about the middle of November; foreign steamers disappeared a little later, sometimes very hurriedly if severe weather set in and the sharp new ice formed in the water, while spray froze on the decks. They reappeared in spring about the end of March, when one would rush out at the sound of the first signal (an extremely cracked bell) to enjoy the sight of five or six ships steaming slowly through the ice, and once more connecting us with the outside world, after four months' seclusion.

If the river broke up during a calm, the ice floated quickly out to sea, and was seen no more; but if during a strong southern gale, the floes and hummocks were blown up the river and drifted back and forth with the tide, grinding along the side of ships, mounting their anchor chains, until they were obliged to steam back to an anchorage just outside the bar and await a favourable moment to return. Sometimes steamers have been detained for days and even

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weeks in this way. It is terribly trying for those on board who are not prepared for such weather; often these ships built for southern runs have no steam-heating apparatus, and are extremely cold.

To the pilots, waiting in their boat to conduct ships into harbour, autumn and spring, with their sudden storms and bitter cold, bring great hardship. There was a company of eight pilots who pooled their gains; the boat had been designed and built by one of their number, a fine old Scandinavian, who irresistibly reminded one of pictures of the Vikings, with his long, fair beard, strong build, and grave, courteous manner.

The Newchwang community was about the same size as that of Ningpo when we arrived; but many more ships put in at Newchwang, and most of them were officered by Europeans. As this port is a terminus, they often remained for several days, and the officers would then join in cricket matches or other amusements.

Our tennis-courts were made of a mixture of mud, sand, cinders, and lime; and excellent courts they were, faster than grass, not so fast and hard as asphalt. My husband took to cricket again; he had not had any opportunity of playing in Ningpo, and soon got back his form. Matches were arranged between residents and shipping, or elevens from some gunboat. In one of the former he succeeded in making over a century, and was naturally much "bucked," as our boys would say now; but when he examined the score to see how many threes and fours he had accomplished, found, to his amusement, that the scorer (a ship's captain lately promoted) had entered each run singly, like bales of cargo, so that

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

his record consisted of one hundred and fifty-three singles!

Some people kept ponies, and enjoyed riding on the plain outside the town; but in summer this plain was so covered with crops, especially millet, which grows to a height of twelve or fourteen feet, that their course was spoilt. Sometimes wolves used to hide in this millet and frighten so the little coolie boys who picked up our tennis balls, that they would not go home to their villages without escort. Some of our local sports tried to shoot these wolves, but did not get many; it was very difficult in such close cover.

One great beauty of that northern clime was the sunset. More glorious ones I have never seen even in the Indian Ocean or on our own Western shores, than those which delighted our eyes on summer evenings, gilding the murky waters of the Liao until they shone like burnished gold, and glorifying all the uninteresting country around.

In winter we amused ourselves by skating on a large pond, sleigh-rides on the river, and many small social functions in our assembly-rooms or in private houses. In those days there were no railways in North China, and no roads. After the closing of the Port our mails came overland, and news was fairly ancient by the time it reached us.

I missed our up-country expeditions very much at first. After the railways were made I was able to travel about more, and sometimes took short trips by sea also.

We were fortunate in our residents, many of whom were musical, or talented in other ways. The fancy-dress dance, which was held once a year, brought out

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much latent originality. One engineer appeared as "Red Riding Hood while the wolf was eating her," his nether limbs clad in wolf-skin, while from the waist up he represented a small girl with the traditional red cloak and hood.

Another youth appeared as a "primeval man," clothed in goat-skins, bearing in one hand a terrible spiked club, in the other a large bone, which he declared was all that was left of a man who said he (the bearer) "was no gentleman"!

At first we found the tone of the place extremely conservative. "As it had been, so it *should* be" was the prevailing idea; and one lady was quite annoyed when we began to receive letters and newspapers every day. She, like the immortal "Toddie," "didn't want to be boddered with lots of fings." But soon we had to march with the changing times; there was no choice.

The climate of Manchuria is healthy, very like that of Canada. During the short summer our gardens were gay with many flowers, and up-country the crops were abundant as a rule. The thermometer never rose above 90° in the shade in our house, and if we had enough rain it was an enjoyable season. In the winter it was bitterly cold. Temperature drops to zero, 10° below, 16°, 20°; 23° below is the lowest I have experienced. Not a green thing is to be seen from the end of November until the end of March; the ground is frozen to a depth of three feet, and the sting of the north wind absolutely painful. In the middle of the day the bright sunshine, crisp air, and blue skies alleviate the cold; if there is snow on the ground it is very dazzling, and one's skin is sunburnt as in summer.

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Sometimes the temperature drops very suddenly. One year we were still enjoying pleasant autumn weather on the 8th of November. I had been out on a shopping expedition, and came in about six o'clock, noticing as I did so a big thundercloud and frequent flashes of lightning to the north. But it seemed as if the storm were a long way off, and it was still quite mild, with the wind in the south. Suddenly it whipped round to the north, and in five minutes we were in the midst of a tremendous storm.

Mr Geary Gardiner of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, who was staying with us at the time, came to tell me he could not shut his window which faced north and had blown open; so the united forces of the family went to his aid, and managed to shut it, but not before a small snowdrift had formed on his floor. As he remarked, it was like a storm on the stage, lightning and thunder were continuous; the latter came in a long roll, not in claps, and the velocity of the wind must have been very great. This extreme violence only lasted about an hour, but unfortunately the native boats were still in the river and had not time to run for shelter. Many of them foundered. The banks were strewn with wreckage next day, and about four hundred lives were lost in the welter of water, wind, and blinding snow.

The deep, strong tidal river which meant so much to the trade of Newchwang exacted its toll of lives year by year, not only when sudden storms arose, but at the breaking up of the ice, and when it formed in autumn. The former time I dreaded, for Dr Daly had patients living on the north side of the river, and might be called over there at any moment. Two of his experiences will illustrate the danger.

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One dark night he started across the ice on his bicycle to attend an urgent case. About half-way over the bicycle skidded; he was thrown but not injured. When he rose he found his lamp was broken, his bag of instruments had disappeared, and he was alone on that frozen waste, knowing that near the landing-place there was a big crack where the ice had fallen away from the side with the ebb of the tide. He managed to recover his bag, and went on, pushing the bicycle before him. When the front wheel splashed into water, he tried another place, and at last got safely over.

Another day he was crossing in a "sampan" with a number of natives. The ice had broken, but was drifting about the river in floes and blocks. Their boat and another with only Chinese in her, were caught between two floes, and gradually forced out to sea. My husband knew that if they drifted round a certain bend nothing could save them, so persuaded the men to help him, not only to row, but in getting out on the ice and pushing the boat, rocking her violently to prevent fresh ice forming—anything they could think of to keep her from drifting out to sea with the tide. After two and a half hours of this work, they got near enough to the shore for ropes to be thrown them, and thus partly on and partly through the ice they were dragged in.

The other boat was not so fortunate; it drifted past the bend, and was never again heard of. But even that was better than the tragic fate of a boat's crew, who, for several days, drifted in and out of the harbour between floes of ice, and for whom we could do nothing. I saw them from the bund on the first day; I heard of them afterwards. The boat was





MAIN STREET, NEWCHWANG : COVERED CART AND HANDSOME SHOP SIGNS.



THE RIVER LIAO FREEZES TO A DEPTH OF THREE FEET.



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right in the middle of the river ; many attempts were made to reach her, but without avail.

Another day we watched nine men leaping from floe to floe. How eagerly we counted them each time, and what a sigh of relief went out when the nine scrambled up the bank safe and sound.

The ice on the river is usually rough and hummocky. The Chinese make paths for the passage of their pai-tze, or sleighs, which are propelled from behind, and shoot along very fast. Sometimes a mile or two of the river will freeze smoothly and allow of ice-boating, an exciting sport, when much tacking is needed.

The foreign community consisted principally of British subjects ; there were a few Germans, French, and American. The British Consul, Mr Bullock, afterwards Chinese Professor at Oxford, looked after French interests, and a British merchant acted as German, Norwegian, Swedish, Japanese, and United States Consul. When war broke out between Japan and China, this gentleman solemnly notified all whom it might concern that he had transferred his Japanese papers from himself as Japanese Consul to himself as United States Consul.

Several large business houses had agents at Newchwang, and there was the usual customs staff. We were provided with a chaplain by Bishop Corfe of Korea, but at that time we had no church, service being held in the court-rooms of the British Consulate. Our chaplain was a young man, an excellent preacher and good musician, very popular with everyone.

The only Missions working in Manchuria were the French Mission Apostolique, and the Presby-

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terian (Scotch and Irish), of whom I shall have more to say later, as we became very friendly with these fine workers, who have well earned the title given them by Putnam Weale of "The Manly Missionary of Manchuria."

We were also on excellent terms with the members of the French Mission. The "Sisters of Providence" often visited me, and we exchanged cuttings from favourite plants, or shared in the care of sick people. I found a knowledge of French most useful during my life in the East, and looked back with gratitude to the "Mademoiselle" whom I used to think so unnecessarily assiduous in her instructions.

One day I found the Mother Superior in a great bustle; she told me with a twinkle in her eye she had just arranged sixteen marriages for her orphan girls! She was so bright and cheery, and had a great sense of humour. I apologised for bringing in a male friend who wanted some sewing done by the girls. "Ne vous excusez pas, Madame; j'aime bien les Messieurs!" was her response. Alas! this good Sister died of a most painful disease while still comparatively young, and towards her end refused all opiates, believing that she had been called upon to endure the full measure of suffering. One could not but admire such fortitude, however mistaken one may feel it is to refuse the alleviations a merciful Creator has provided.

These Sisters came out for life, but they never lost their love of country, and simply hungered for news in any special time of interest (such as the Fashoda incident), for they are not allowed any newspapers.

One day a French lady who had come to Newchwang called on them. "Une Française, une

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Française," cried the Sister who admitted her, and immediately sounded the great bell to summon all her colleagues to share the treat of her company.

The Sisters lived very simply, and were not allowed looking-glasses in their rooms. In fact so ascetic was their mode of life that a Cantonese gentleman once told me (in pidgin-English, for he did not understand our dialect) that "If God Almighty tell me, if I live all same that French Sister, by and by I go topside, I tell Him I no can!" He was absolutely in earnest, and meant no irreverence by this remark.

They took in all sorts of people, and refused none, however wretched or ill. True, they could not always manage the bad cases, and, like the Sisters in Ningpo, would call Dr Daly to their help. One bitter winter evening about six o'clock, I was walking home from a friend's house, accompanied by a coolie carrying a lantern. As we passed an archway, we heard someone groaning, and discovered a very poor-looking man lying on the ground, apparently in great pain. Plague was raging in the place at the time, and I felt almost sure he was stricken with it, so could not bring him to our hospital, and it would have taken a long time to notify the authorities; so I dispatched the coolie to the French Sisters for aid. They at once sent a litter, took the man to one of their outhouses, and had him attended to. He died next day from exhaustion and exposure, not plague. It was a relief to feel the poor creature spent his last hours in warmth and comfort.

At that time Newchwang did not possess a hospital, and although the place afforded more opportunities for work than Ningpo, Dr Daly had more leisure than he cared for, so offered to run a hospital either for

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the Presbyterian or Church Mission. But neither of them could build one at the time. However, some of the Chinese merchants said they would gladly do so if my husband would run it for them on Western lines. This he consented to do, and the work of collecting funds was begun, the Chinese realising their need. But neither they nor we had any conception of how great that need would be in a few months' time, when Newchwang became what a naval doctor appalled me by calling a "Paradise of Surgery." Good heavens! Imagine such a conception of paradise, where, let us hope, the surgeon may turn his knife into a spade or chisel when the warrior turns *his* sword into a ploughshare!

## CHAPTER X

“ The tumult of each sacked and burning village,  
The shout which every cry for mercy drowns,  
The soldier’s revels in the midst of pillage,  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.”

—*Longfellow.*

IN ancient times the three provinces of Manchuria, most northern of Chinese dominions, were frequently the theatre of war, while during the last twenty years the war cloud has brooded over them constantly, with very short intervals of the sunshine of peace.

In the summer of 1894 war broke out between Japan and China, the cause of war being that the former objected to China’s action in sending troops to quell a rebellion in Korea, over which country Japan considered herself to have dual control. Japan had long coveted Korea as an outlet for her surplus population; she warned China that if troops were sent there it would be considered a cause of war, but China thought she was quite strong enough to cope with Japan. One sad result of the war is that poor, beautiful Korea, the “Hermit Kingdom,” the “Land of the Morning Calm,” was so ruffled and disturbed that her charming name is no longer an appropriate one, for that calm has never since been restored.

The Japanese dislike living in their own northern island, with its heavy snowfall and frequent fogs,

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Tracts of land have been offered by the Government to those who would colonise there, as well as grants of money and facilities for farming ; but without avail. Korea, where the climate is not unlike their own, Manchuria, with its bright sunshine and crisp air, appeal much more to them, in spite of the cold of the latter in winter.

For months, probably years, previous to the war, Manchuria was overrun by Japanese spies disguised as Chinese, and their Secret Service department knew the country by heart. Every soldier, and even the sturdy coolie who pushed the laden hand-cart, was supplied with an excellent map. It is very easy for Japanese, if they speak Chinese well, to pass themselves off as Cantonese or other natives of South China. There were four hundred Japanese thus disguised working on the fortifications of Port Arthur, where the Russians were in occupation of Southern Manchuria.

Japan, hearing that the *Kowshing* (the large steamer I mentioned in a previous chapter), which was owned and officered by British, had been chartered by the Chinese Government to carry troops to Korea, sent a cruiser to intercept her. On board this ship were, amongst others, about a thousand men, the pick of the Chinese Army, trained and commanded by Major von Hanneken, a German officer.

The Japanese stopped the *Kowshing*, announcing that they would take her and all the soldiers to Japan and retain them there as prisoners of war ; but the Chinese general in command absolutely refused to surrender, and consequently the Japanese sank the ship. All the Chinese soldiers were drowned, but



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Major von Hanneken, who was a powerful swimmer, escaped, and so did most of the ship's officers—but not all.

A pathetic story is told of the wife of one of them, a young woman lately married, who was staying at Chefoo (where a young German lady, Major von Hanneken's fiancée, was also staying at the time). One after another the foreign survivors from the *Kowshing*, who were thought to be dead, were brought to Chefoo by friendly Chinese junkmen, and as they appeared hope revived, and she could not believe that *her* husband also had not been saved. Day after day she climbed the hill to the signalling post to see what steamers came in; day after day she inquired who had arrived either in them or the junks; day after day she was disappointed; until at last nerves and health gave way, and her friends persuaded her to return home.

This was a sad case enough, but what of the wives and families of those men drowned in Korean waters without having had the chance to strike one blow for their country? Undoubtedly, according to Chinese custom, they were all married men. For those desolate ones there was no "Bureau of Information," no "Soldiers and Sailors' Families Associations"; nothing but the misery of hope deferred—the bitterness of bereavement.

Fighting commenced in Korea, and early in September of that year (1894) one Japanese army rapidly approached the eastern boundary of Manchuria, while another army landed in the south of that country and attacked the fortress of Port Arthur.

Here the Japanese soldiers found the mutilated bodies of some of their civilian fellow-countrymen,

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and, maddened by the sight, they wreaked an awful revenge.

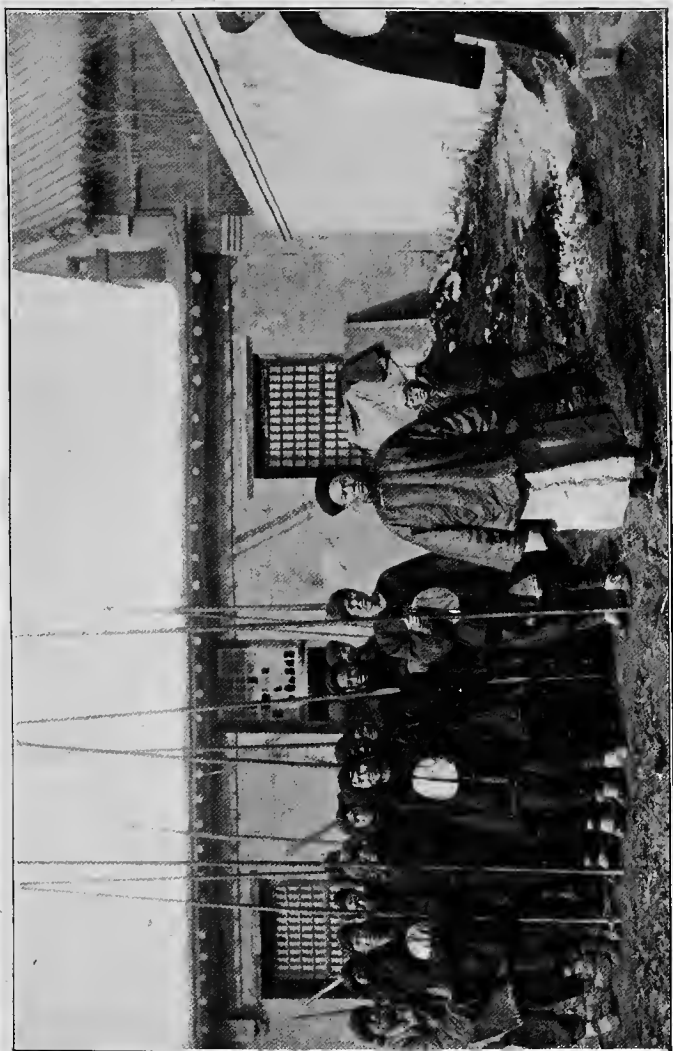
They massacred all the inhabitants of the town without mercy, and without regard to class, age, or sex. As a Japanese gentleman who showed me over the place later on remarked quite calmly and simply: "When we took Port Arthur in 1894 this river (a pretty stream running through the town) ran red, for we killed *all*."

To those poor people—as to how many in Belgium and France to-day?—the fact that their homes were within a war zone meant not only ruin but annihilation.

The Japanese made short work of the Chinese fleet at Wei-hai-wei, and their two armies, as winter closed in, rapidly overran Manchuria, where the Chinese also massed their forces. During that autumn regiments of Chinese soldiers, sometimes about two thousand strong, passed constantly through our little foreign settlement at Newchwang.

It was a pathetic sight—fine, strong, well-built men, many quite six feet in height, good-humoured and full of hope, not in the least realising what they were going to oppose. They carried quantities of gay flags, and blew blasts on ancient trumpets of great length, probably of the same design as those used outside the walls of Jericho. And their arms! Amongst them were good modern weapons, obsolete breech-loading guns, modern guns with the wrong ammunition, their own ancient jingalls (an unwieldy weapon needing two or three men to carry and fire it off); some Chinese soldiers simply carried bamboo pikes!

As food for Japanese powder they went, badly



CHINESE SOLDIERS, OLD STYLE : BAMBOO PIKES VERSUS MODERN RIFLES, CHINESE-JAPANESE WAR, 1894.



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equipped and organised, badly fed and paid ; without ambulance, commissariat, proper training, or leadership. Their uniform was about the worst possible for the field. On a dark ground each man wore a kind of white target, embroidered with some Chinese characters both on the front and back of their jackets ; and, being winter, their clothes were inter-lined with cotton-wool, which was carried through with the bullets into the wounds, causing endless trouble.

Contrast with this description the foe against whom they advanced so confidently—well-armed and disciplined, courageous yet cautious. No “ thin line of ’eroes,” but a solid phalanx of determined men, looking for victory yet taking no chances.

In commissariat and clothing the Japanese made some serious mistakes, which they rectified before the next war. For instance, the soldiers were well and suitably clad to resist the rigours of a Manchurian winter—good, serviceable clothes, warm underclothing, comfortable, fur-lined coats, with hoods not unlike the Russian bashileek ; warm, loose gloves fastened to the coat-sleeve in such a manner that they could be easily slipped on or off ; but very poor footgear—shoddy leather boots or even shoes, and the coolies often had only straw sandals, with the result that great numbers suffered from severe frostbite both amongst soldiers and coolies.

Their Red Cross Society was well organised ; many of the doctors had been trained in Germany and were quite up-to-date. Another advantage they possessed was their mode of transport. Very few horses were employed. Strong jinricksha men and other coolies (some very savage-looking creatures

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from the Loo-choo Islands) took their place, and were much easier to forage and arrange for than beasts of burden would have been.

Severe fighting went on in our immediate neighbourhood all that winter; but in spite of all their disadvantages, the Chinese soldiers fought valiantly in battle after battle until outnumbered; and proved then, as later at Wei-hai-wei, and the other day in the Revolution, that they are by no means to be despised as fighting material. Their leader was old General Sung Ching, a veteran over seventy years of age, whom the Japanese greatly respected for his courage, although he had no knowledge of military tactics.

Our community consisted of about a hundred and fifty all told, mostly British, but some French, German, and a few Americans. Once the river froze we were completely cut off from the outer world for four months in the year. There were no railways, no roads, and travelling was difficult and wearisome. Our mails usually arrived once a week, but at the close and before the opening of the river there were often long delays.

As the armies approached nearer and nearer it was decided that we should apply for protection. The United States Government sent up their gunboat, the *Petrel*, which was docked for the winter close to the settlement; but this was not considered sufficient, as, should the Chinese soldiers, smarting under defeat, fall back upon Newchwang, the consequences to us "aliens," as we were, might be very serious.

After much consideration the British Government sent us the *Firebrand*, an obsolete gunboat affec-



THE WELL-EQUIPPED JAPANESE SOLDIER, CHINESE-JAPANESE WAR, 1894 :  
CONTRAST THIS WITH PICTURE ON PREVIOUS PAGE.





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tionately known as the "Terror of the East," with about eighty souls on board all told, and so slow that when she offered to convoy a large merchant vessel taking her last voyage to Newchwang for that season, the latter arrived two days before her convoy, having lost sight of her during the first night out, as the "Terror" could not manage more than five knots an hour. I may mention incidentally that for a long time during that war we had an army of forty-five thousand Chinese encamped outside the south wall, about a mile or so from our houses; but, as we say in China, "Maskee" ("No matter"), we had the *Petrel*, and the *Firebrand*, and the day that absurdly inadequate "warship" was docked, exchange went up in the native city, showing the confidence of the Chinese in Great Britain, her probity and protection.

The *Firebrand* officers and men did indeed "play the game." All through that trying winter they joined heartily in our mild amusements, made our church services cheery and bright, appreciated our restricted hospitality, and in every way helped us then to "carry on," as we are all trying to do now. The first lieutenant, Mr Carey, started a drum and fife band. He was not a bit musical, but succeeded in producing most inspiring strains on church parade; also when he took a firing party with a machine gun out for practice on the plain, preceded (when he could be prevailed upon to precede) by a pretty little brown Manchurian bear, the pet and mascot of the ship's company.

Other notable additions to our community were the British missionaries summoned from the interior by our Consul after the murder of one of their colleagues by Chinese soldiers. Amongst them were

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medical men and others, both men and women, experienced in nursing and relief work, all of whom were immensely helpful, and cheerfully endured overcrowding and hardships of many kinds.

It was an unhealthy time. Typhoid, influenza, and scarlet fever broke out amongst us. There were no nurses to be had, but the well nursed the sick, and all, regardless of creed, nationality, or position, lent a helping hand.

We were so busy with our sick that we scarcely realised how near the fighting was coming, until on returning from a walk one afternoon I found all my household outside the front gate listening to the long boom of the big guns at Kang-wang-tsai fourteen miles away, where a battle was raging.

Long before this our walks had been restricted to a tiny square in the settlement, round and round which on calm days we diligently plodded; but even that walk was shortened if the north wind blew, to a kind of deck promenade up and down the south side of the square, or beside a large skating pond.

Along the south walk ran the public road (a mere wide frozen track) into the native town, and down this road flowed a continuous stream of refugees driven in from the surrounding country by the tide of battle.

The foreign settlement was already full to overflowing of British refugees; missionaries and their families; but *these* were natives, and in much worse case, many of them ill, old, destitute, having hastily left their homes burning behind them, or to be dismantled and ruined.

On they came day after day, hour after hour; some in carts covered or open, some in rough sedan-

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chairs, or riding the pretty little Chinese donkeys, but the majority patiently tramping through snow or dust as the case might be, carrying little ones, and perhaps some of their household goods also. Everyone took in some of these refugees. You asked no questions if you found people sleeping in your out-houses or greenhouse. We had about thirty in our compound; others had many more, and the French Mission accommodated a very large number. But even with this help the native town speedily became a "congested district" with a vengeance, and the last outgoing steamers were a sight, crowded to the very funnels with people fleeing south, and the holds packed like the old slave ships for the "middle passage" with human cargo.

The line of battle in some of the great conflicts in Manchuria in 1904-5 stretched for seventy or eighty miles, and the guns carried eight or ten miles. You can imagine how many people were rendered homeless and destitute in that area. As I write, the line of battle in France, Belgium, and Poland extends for hundreds of miles through a much more populous country, while the guns carry from twelve to sixteen miles. Comment I think is needless, but try to realise what this means, apart even from cruelty and rapine, to the non-combatant, the women, the aged, the children.

Soon we could see the movements of the combatants and the bursting shells from the tops of our houses, and the boom of cannon drew nearer and nearer. We noticed the curious effect made by the turning of the shell in the air; it looked as if they paused to consider where to drop before descending.

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Another procession wended its weary way past the little square, sadder, more ghastly than that of the refugees—the procession of the wounded, the sick, and the dying. I can see them now, as we saw them then, in rough, jolting carts, carried on men's backs, in great bean baskets or coal baskets, wounded, sick, and dying; in every case where they had been obliged to lie for any time on the frozen ground, frostbitten.

It was a bitter winter. The temperature fell to zero, 5° below, 10° below, and eventually to 20° below zero, that is to say 50° of frost. This is the cold which kills; no one can remain out of doors for the night with impunity.

One terribly cold day (it was Sunday evening, I remember, and we were all muffled up in furs while attending service) we heard to our horror that about two hundred wounded men, not knowing they could be cared for in Newchwang, had been sent off in open carts to Tientsin, a distance of *four hundred* miles. How many reached there alive we never knew.

For the first time in the history of China a Red Cross organisation was started in Shanghai, and many Chinese ladies helped in it, notably Mrs Andersen, a daughter of the great Chinese house of Lysoon. In Newchwang Dr Daly organised a branch of the society, with the hearty co-operation of naval and missionary doctors.

Once the River Liao was frozen we could no longer obtain supplies from Shanghai, and well was it for us that medical stores had reached the Port for those doctors who had come from the interior, as otherwise both medicine and anæsthetics must have run out.

I think you can now clearly realise what our posi-

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tion was, in a community of about one hundred and fifty civilians, say a hundred and sixty officers and men on the two gunboats, severe fighting going on around us, refugees and wounded pouring into the town. Added to this, the constant dread of attack by Chinese soldiery should they get out of hand, infectious sickness in our midst, and no possibility of leaving except by cart or on horseback through a disturbed country and in bitterly cold weather, our nearest refuge being Tientsin, four hundred miles away. And yet I feel I can honestly say we could all have joined in the cheery shout which our soldiers raise so often now: "Were we downhearted?—No!"

There was never any panic amongst us, and mighty little grumbling. I don't for a moment say I was never afraid; I was horribly afraid more than once during our various experiences, and I am sure other women were afraid too. But we kept our fears to ourselves, trusted in God, and took all sensible precautions; in fact I think we all acted on much the same lines as good old Père Caubrière, one of the French Mission, who, when warned by Dr Paul, the *Times* correspondent, that he was running into danger, said: "I put my trust in God, mais j'ai aussi mon pistolet!" unconsciously paraphrasing Cromwell's famous advice to his Ironsides. And, after all, my own countrymen will understand me when I say it is not worth while to be alive if one is so desperately afraid of being dead!

One anxious night I will describe—a battle had been fought not far off, and Dr Daly had gone to see about the wounded being brought into shelter as quickly as possible. It was quite late, he had not returned, the children and Amah were asleep, and

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the men-servants had gone to their quarters. Suddenly I heard three guns fired quite near. Now our defenders had arranged that if need arose for women and children to take refuge on the gunboats, the signal would consist of three guns with an interval of fifteen seconds between each gun, after which a red lamp would be hoisted at the different Consular flagstuffs, and the masthead of the gunboats.

For the life of me I could not tell from what direction those guns sounded—whether from the gunboats to the north of the house, or from the Chinese army to the south; nor could I count the interval. So I ran into the dining-room, from which, fortunately, the flagstaff of the British Consulate could be seen. All was in darkness. I returned to my room, but took a look at the hold-all which I had prepared to take with me, and hastily put in another bottle of Mellin's food for the baby. About twenty minutes after three more guns boomed, and I went through the same performance, except that I did not add to baby's supplies; and all through the night at short intervals the firing continued, until about two a.m. it ceased. Dr Daly came in, and told me what had happened.

The retreating Chinese soldiers *had* tried to fall back upon Newchwang, and every time the city gate to the south of our settlement was opened to let in wounded men, a disorderly rabble of soldiers clamoured for admission. The Chinese General was moving about, and constantly being saluted, *and his salute consisted of three guns!*

Had it not been for the prompt action of a fine old mandarin, a certain Mr Ma, the General could not have saved us from an ugly rush of retreating and demoralized troops.

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This mandarin stood at the city gate, a loaded revolver in each hand, and threatened to shoot the first man who entered without his permission, thus keeping out the soldiers, and ensuring our safety.

But the wounded poured in that night in such numbers that our accommodation was quite inadequate, while it was necessary to get them into shelter and warmth as quickly as possible. Already some were frozen to death.

Dr Daly sent a message to Mr Webster of the Scotch Mission, a man well known and liked by the Chinese, asking him to procure an inn as quickly as possible for the wounded men.

Away went Mr Webster, full of zeal and energy, and, marching into the first inn he passed, announced in stentorian tones to the astonished landlord: "In the name of the Emperor I demand this inn for his wounded soldiers; turn out your guests!"—and they actually obeyed him!

An hour or so passed, and again the message came, "Find me an inn." Off he went again, made the same announcement, and procured another inn.

Four times that night Mr Webster received the message, "Find me an inn"; four times he made the same announcement, "In the name of the Emperor I demand this inn for his wounded soldiers; turn out your guests," and four inns were duly procured, although, I must allow, with increasing difficulty, for amongst those guests were naturally some who did not see why *their* comfort should be so lightly set aside.

One of these was a mandarin, who came down from the country that afternoon with all his entourage. Thoroughly disgusted and worn out by repeated

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ejections into the icy streets, he at last turned upon Mr Webster, and insisted on his going with him before the Governor of the town, to whom he denounced that enthusiastic and kindly missionary as a "hung-hu-tze," or brigand of the deepest dye. Fortunately the Governor knew Mr Webster, and had himself been helping in Red Cross work, so he explained matters; but personally I have some sympathy with that harassed mandarin!

As you can well imagine, surgical dressings, bandages, etc., began to run short, and many hands were needed to prepare them. Our house was turned into a kind of factory, and all who could helped. We employed some of our refugees, who speedily became very skilful at the work. Although we set aside two rooms for it, the house seemed to be all over bandages, lint, and cotton-wool, in various stages of preparation, all day; and every evening four great canvas bags were sent up to be filled for the hospitals, which had to be supplied with bandages and other dressings, according to the list of requirements sent by each doctor.

The accommodation in these temporary hospitals was of the roughest, the surroundings far from ideal, but to the Chinese soldier they were (as Dr Christie says in his most interesting book<sup>1</sup>) "heaven." For the first time in history, Chinese wounded received skilled attention and kindly care, were warmed and fed, and to them it *was* heaven.

As I said before, we had no nurses, but doctors, clergy, sailors, and officers, customs assistants, and men, business men, pilots—in fact all who could

<sup>1</sup> "Thirty Years in Moukden."



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helped ; and excellent were the results. The Chinese have great recuperative powers, and many a life was saved, many a sorely wounded man cured.

Our helpers are worthy of a few words of description.

Working with my husband were seven other doctors, two of them naval men, five medical missionaries. There was Dr Christie, handsome, courteous, Highland gentleman, of whom we will hear again later—with him were trained Chinese workers, who did excellent service ; Dr Penny of the *Firebrand*, full of zeal, energy, and cheerfulness ; Dr Arnold of the *Petrel*, clever, kindly, and full of a slightly sardonic humour. To the bluejackets every Chinaman was “ John,” while Dr Arnold generally accosted them as “ My—Christian—relation,” and informed them that according to all laws of hygiene, medicine, and surgery, they ought to die ; but as they did not understand a word he said, they simply profited by his skill, and lived to fight another day. Mr Macintyre, one of the patriarchs of the Scotch Mission, interpreted for the doctors, comforted the patients in fluent Chinese, and nursed them with such devotion, that one man was known as “ Macintyre’s Resurrection Case.” He even supplied certain cases with a little opium when he thought it advisable, a proceeding which would, I imagine, be viewed with horror by the “ unco guid.”

In view of recent experiences at home, it may interest you to know how the war affected our house-keeping. Every year (until the railways were built) we were isolated for four months by the freezing of the river, so well before that occurred, which was usually in November, we laid in groceries, vege-

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

tables, potatoes, and even fruit, which, in the long, dry winter, was almost a necessity. There were two Chinese shops from which one could obtain stores, but they were not very reliable; their prices had greatly increased, and also there was a run upon them, owing to the presence of so many refugees. So the housekeeper needed to look ahead and provide well; and glad I was that flour was included in my list, as the Chinese baker got a damaged lot that year, or else stored it next to his oil, and most people had to eat bread richly flavoured with parafin.

As the campaign progressed, the Japanese found that rice alone was a very unsuitable kind of food for an army in the field, and they bought up all the European stores they could get, as well as meat, fowl, fuel, and furs. In fact, on looking back after four experiences of life in a war zone, I find that household expenses increased on each occasion, and never returned to their original standard; consequently, the Treaty Port of Newchwang, instead of being the cheapest place on the Chinese coast, became the dearest. The cost of living had quadrupled.

So the winter passed, with constant fighting going on, and (except in one mountain pass where they were held in check by a bandit chief and his followers) a steady advance towards Newchwang of the two Japanese armies now united. We asked ourselves anxiously what was going to happen, as Sung Ching's army, forty-five thousand strong, lay outside our gates, and we were bound to have a very hot time indeed if he gave battle there. On the 4th of March old Newchwang, thirty miles to the north of us, fell into the hands of the Japanese, after a

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severe and bloody battle, and the next day, to our great relief, Sung Ching withdrew his army ten miles, to Tien-chwang-tai, and concentrated there.

On the 5th the people were greatly excited and alarmed, knowing the Japanese were approaching. Many of the wounded and sick fled from the hospitals, not understanding the protection of the Red Cross. The doctors tried hard to reassure and keep them, but in a great many cases without avail.

On the morning of the 6th, the Japanese quietly entered Newchwang; there was a little fighting in the streets, after which we thought all was over, but in the afternoon a sudden cannonade began quite near us. The Chinese fort, less than two miles off, had opened fire, and as their shells were directed in a very erratic manner, the town and settlement were in quite as much danger as the Japanese. My husband went off to the hospitals to see to his patients, and two of the non-combatant officers of the gunboat came to look after me, our children, and two other ladies who were with us. Our house was very near the gunboats, but we thought it best not to take refuge on board, lest our doing so should cause panic amongst servants and refugees.

So again we watched the shells poising and bursting in their peculiarly intelligent manner, and waited anxiously for the end of the duel. It only lasted a few hours, when some ground mines exploded, killing a few Japanese, and the little garrison retired across the river after spiking their guns.

Next day we saw the Japanese army, horse, foot, and artillery, moving up the great white road of the frozen River Liao to Tien-chwang-tai, where the last stand of the Chinese army was made.

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Early on the 8th, cannonading began, and continued all that day and part of the next. Hour after hour we listened to it, until there was a sudden violent explosion which shook our house—and then silence—that sinister silence after the boom of cannon, the scream of shells, the sharp crack of rifle-firing, is not good to listen to.

## CHAPTER XI

“There lies a giant asleep.”

—*Napoleon the Great (on China).*

THE town of Tien-chwang-tai, a busy place of some ten thousand inhabitants, was burnt to the ground by the Japanese, and the large fleet of river-boats docked there for the winter was also destroyed. Some of our Red Cross helpers went there at once, and a few days later a party of doctors, who found only one house left standing, and the streets full of dead bodies, both soldiers and civilians. A very few wounded crept out from the ruins, and were brought back to Newchwang.

They saw also what to me was one of the greatest horrors of war, the half-wild, ghoulish dogs which infested the battle-fields, often feeding on the dead. I longed for the ice on the river to break, so that they could not avail themselves of that road to come prowling round our homes. Some Manchurian dogs are very handsome and have magnificent coats. In some parts there are dog farms where these fine animals are bred, and it is interesting to know that one of the Arctic expeditions (I think the Peary one) obtained their sleigh dogs from Manchuria.

But those dogs which go about the villages and towns in gangs of a dozen or so, are a mongrel type, often very like wolves, and most unpleasant to meet at night. In the summer they collect in some waste

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spot and make night hideous with their barking and howling. What added greatly to my dislike to them was that North China is one of the worst places in the world for hydrophobia. I think it is a great mistake to keep foreign dogs there; the climate is very dry, not a green thing to be had for so long in winter, and the water in Newchwang impregnated with salt to such an extent that even when boiled and filtered it is not free from it. Dogs become cross and snappish. One fine St Bernard developed a very bad temper, and it was no wonder, poor dear, for he came from Australia, and on his first arrival mistook the seasons and shed his warm coat in winter. Afterwards he adapted himself better to the climate, but was never happy.

One year there were so many cases of hydrophobia in Shanghai that the British Volunteer Force took the law into their own hands and shot masterless dogs in great numbers.

One of our intimate friends, truly a "very gallant gentleman," died of this dread disease, facing his doom with a courage and Christian resignation worthy of all praise; for such as he truly "the shadow of death" (and what a death!) "is turned into the morning."

The Japanese occupied the Port and strictly forbade egress from the town, which was placed under military rule. Some of our residents then began to feel a strong desire to walk upon the frozen and wind-swept plain outside the walls, and were greatly insulted by the curtailing of their liberty. The British Consul, with the Commanders of the *Firebrand* and *Petrel*, all three impressive-looking men, announced that *they* certainly could pass out, and,

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arrayed in all their glory, attempted to do so. But the little brown-coated sentry silently placed his musket across the gate, and back they came—fuming.

Before very long Mr Sanomiya, a highly placed official at the Court of the Japanese Emperor, took over charge at Newchwang, and established a Civil Administration. He was a cultured man who understood how to deal with Europeans, and the administrators in the other large towns seem on the whole to have dealt justly with the people during that occupation, although at first many excesses were committed and injustices done. Japanese officials compare very favourably with the Chinese; but their commercial men, on the other hand, have neither the business capacity nor the character for upright dealing possessed by the latter. Japanese, like the Russians, are not good colonists; they prefer their own country to any other, consequently those who emigrate are usually an inferior type most difficult to deal with; especially when added to the ordinary emigrant, you get the heterogeneous crowd which follow an army and are under practically no control or discipline. However, in time these people returned to Japan, or drifted south, and we saw no more of them for the moment. They made little lasting mark upon the country at that time; but the fact that Japanese, following Western methods of warfare, had so easily defeated the imperial forces, opened the eyes of thoughtful Chinese to the backward condition of the Flowery Kingdom, and had far-reaching results.

The Japanese Red Cross hospitals were well managed, but suffered from the effects of "red tape," just as so many of our own institutions do.

My husband took me to visit a Japanese hospital,

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which we found in excellent order under Dr Kato, who had been trained in Germany. The day was frightfully cold and very windy; it was all I could do with the help of a stout stick and my husband's arm to walk against the wind. Poor Dr Kato was in despair, for he had received orders to remove his patients the next day to the headquarters of the Brigade, some eight miles away, and he was obliged to obey no matter what the weather might be.

Next morning our chaplain saw the wounded and sick being transported on litters and hand-carts to this place in the midst of a blizzard; before they left the town they were covered with snow, and *he* thought the Japanese must be removing their dead!

I think the fact that the Japanese refused to employ pilots must also have been due to red tape of some kind, for it led to much unnecessary loss and danger.

One day we had all assembled on the bund to watch the little *Firebrand* coming out of dock. There was a very strong tide running and a half-gale blew from the south. Presently a Japanese transport came into harbour laden with troops, and having also on board the Korean Minister and his following, and a French newspaper correspondent. She anchored close to a Japanese man-of-war, and, miscalculating the strength of wind and tide, drifted on to the ram of the latter ship, colliding against it with such force that a great hole was made in her side. The transport was a fine vessel, captured from the Chinese, who beamed with satisfaction when they saw her making for the north shore, rapidly sinking as she went.

Many boats surrounded her and took off crew and passengers; one boat from the *Firebrand*, under the



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command of our friend Mr Carey, received the Frenchman, and the officer was greatly embarrassed by the latter's fervent gratitude and frequent ejaculations of "Mon sauveur! mon sauveur!"

A fortnight later the pilots again had the laugh on their side, for the ship in which the Japanese Administrator left was stuck on the bar, and two more of their vessels adorned the muddy banks of the Liao, one on either side.

Peace was signed on the 8th of May.

Already the terms of this peace were rendered much more favourable to China than they would otherwise have been by the foolish action of a Japanese student, who attacked Li Hung Chang, and inflicted a bullet wound upon the aged statesman, when he visited Japan as Chinese Plenipotentiary. Later Russia, France, and Germany stepped in and prevented Japan reaping the full benefit of her victory by insisting upon the retrocession of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula. She was obliged to content herself with the large and fertile island of Formosa, a great portion of which neither Japan or China has ever really conquered.

For many months the country districts of Manchuria were a prey to bandits and in a most unsettled condition. Alarming rumours reached Shanghai as to the state of Newchwang and the safety of foreigners there. Early in spring the British cruiser *Edgar* was sent up, but could not enter the river because of the ice; some of her officers penetrated half-way up in a steam-launch, they then landed, and tramped through mud and slush to the settlement, bearing six heavy bags of mail with them. How welcome they and these bags were you can well

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imagine; we had had no letters or papers for about a month. Soon another British ship, the *Porpoise*, appeared, and, having heard we were in evil case, actually loaded up with provisions, flour, fowl, and even sheep! We were right glad to get them too, although we still had food; luxuries were non-existent, and comforts very expensive.

All that winter we had had a European patient or two in our spare room, which was a large and sunny apartment; but many of our refugee friends had so little furniture that we lent them what we could spare, and this room was soon furnished as a "prophet's chamber," with "table, bed, stool, and candlestick," the only extra being a bath.

Dr Paul, the *Times* correspondent, who met with an accident at Tien-chwang-tai, occupied it for some weeks, and was amused at the gradual disappearance of all superfluous articles. In after years we had a small ward set aside in the Chinese hospital for European patients, and people of many nationalities were treated there.

At the close of the war Dr Daly was given the Order of the Double Dragon, third grade, which carries with it a certain official Chinese rank. He was also presented with a very handsome wooden tablet, which hangs in our hall.

Mrs Percy French says I am to describe this tablet; that what I have said conveys nothing to her mind (and she is most intelligent), so perhaps I had better try to make a clearer picture of it.

The Chinese often present scrolls, satin hangings, on these large wooden tablets, as signs of appreciation of work done for them, or on special occasions such as a wedding. This particular one is about ten

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feet by five, of a very soft, dark blue colour, with a quotation from the classics in large gold characters inscribed upon it, and (also in gold) the names of the six Chinese generals who presented it, amongst them General Sung Ching, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese forces in Manchuria at that time. It has a very handsome red and blue carved frame, and is the nicest thing of the kind I have ever seen; many of them are very crude in colouring. It was brought to our house with a flourish of trumpets and much beating of gongs and clashing of cymbals, and hung in our dining-room for years. When returning home we decided to bring it with us, and it is an object of much interest to our friends as well as an interesting memento for ourselves.

The doctors who worked with Dr Daly were also given the Double Dragon; and the Chinese Red Cross Society voted some surplus money which remained after the war to certain hospitals.

Our share enabled us to build the hospital which had been previously planned; the Chinese merchants again came forward to help with it, and one of our first European contributors was the late Mrs Bird-Bishop, the well-known traveller and author.

That clever and charming lady had come over from Korea on the outbreak of war; we met her several times and greatly enjoyed doing so. She was a genuine traveller and observer; not of the type who could be taken in by practical jokers, or who overpower one with endless questions. She was really interested in the country and people, and wherever she went encouraged and supported medical work.

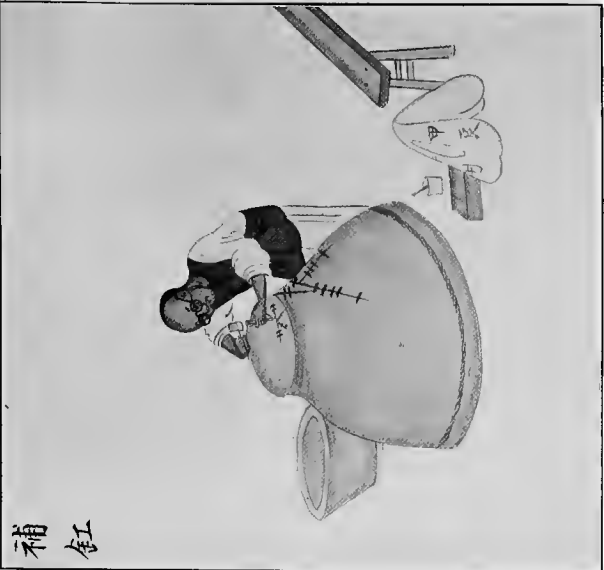
She had a beautiful speaking voice, an admirable vocabulary, and a dignified presence. But she was

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terribly energetic! In spite of her sixty-three years and extremely delicate health, she would spend hours writing, travelling, or taking photographs, and would sometimes be so fatigued that there was nothing for it but complete rest in bed.

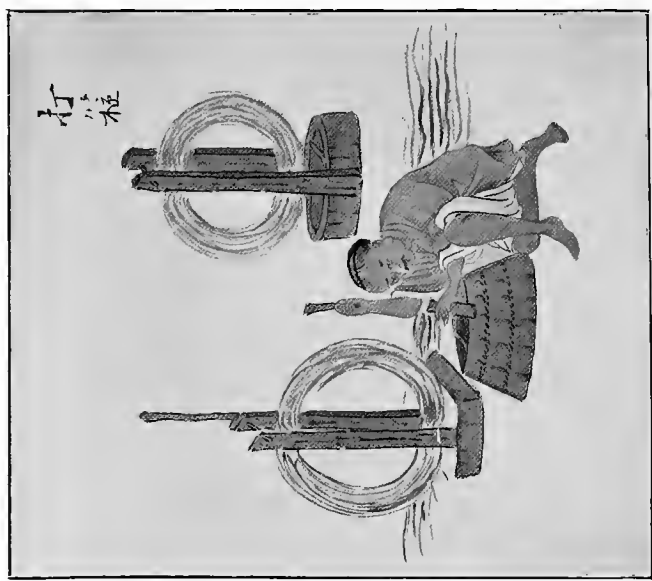
One day we took her out sailing. As it happened, we had to tack frequently, and every time we went about Mrs Bishop insisted upon changing her seat in order to trim the boat, and thought me very lazy not to do so. In vain I protested that it was not necessary, and that we had taken her out for a restful afternoon on the water. She sailed her own boat on a Highland lake, and would have none of my indolent methods. I took her back to the British Consulate after about two hours of this exercise quite tired out, but after a short rest she was delighting us again with her interesting talk. She was quite indifferent to food, and, her Chinese servant said, often made a meal of little flour cakes made of exactly the same mixture as the paste she used for putting in her photographs! Her description of Newchwang was "this dustiest and friendliest of ports."

The attitude of the ordinary Chinese towards the war was curiously indifferent; they said it was no concern of theirs, and thought of it only as a rebellion which would be quickly quelled by the Emperor and his troops. Many people in remote regions never heard of the war at all; but it had an awakening effect on some of the more progressive, who were bitterly humiliated by their defeat at the hands of the "dwarfs." One funny excuse the soldiers gave for bad shooting was that they had been trained to fire at full-grown men, consequently their bullets went over the heads of the Japanese!



補缸

STITCHING EARTHENWARE JAR.



打木桶

MAKING TUBS.



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A Chinese gentleman (the same who was so impressed by the simplicity of the French Sisters' mode of life) said to us a few years later, "Our country is asleep, our Emperor is asleep; the war with Japan disturbed them, but now," he added (yawning in a most realistic manner), "they have fallen asleep again."

It certainly looked like it to the ordinary observer. The people returned to their villages, rebuilt their houses, re-sowed and tilled their fields; business again became brisk in spite of the disturbed state of the country.

But underneath this appearance of forgetfulness and indifference, the tide of change and progress rose higher and higher.

Foreign methods and education, even the foreign religion became for a time the fashion. Missionaries were obliged to look closely into the motives of those who wished to enter the Christian Church; not that they were "rice Christians," but because they thought Western religion, like Western science, must be an advantageous study, for were not the nations who professed it far more powerful than the followers of Buddha or Confucius?

The Emperor himself was studying the Bible and other Christian books, as well as modern scientific works and histories. He was extremely friendly with the Reform party, and sanctioned the building of railways, and of a university to be conducted on Western lines in Peking. It seemed as if radical and greatly needed reforms would be peacefully accomplished.

Perhaps he was in too great a hurry, and that the effort he contemplated to free himself from the

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dominion of the Empress Dowager, and to wrest the power from her, would have resulted in disaster to his people; who can tell?

That astute and ruthless woman had ostensibly resigned control of the Empire to her nephew in 1889, after her long Regency; but the Emperor Kuang Hsü never really shook himself free from her powerful influence, although up to the time of China's war with Japan, he and his aunt seem to have been on excellent terms. For the defeat and humiliation of the Manchu dynasty in this war, she blamed him bitterly, though she had never advised him against it, and knew well that the money intended for naval reform had been expended on the Summer Palace at the instigation of her favourite eunuch, Li Lien Ying.

The Emperor still fulfilled all his ceremonial duties towards the Empress Dowager. Li, who hated him—why, it is not easy to find out—delighted in making them as difficult and humiliating as possible. For instance, we are told in "China under the Empress Dowager"<sup>1</sup> that when the Emperor visited the Summer Palace, he was obliged to kneel at the inner gate until admitted by this eunuch, who sometimes kept him waiting for half an hour before allowing him to enter.

In 1898 the Empress Dowager made her great *coup d'état*, and once more seated herself upon the Dragon throne, compelling the Emperor to issue an edict in which he stated that she did so at his request. Six of the principal Reformers were executed, others exiled, a reactionary policy was vigor-

<sup>1</sup> Bland and Backhouse.



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ously pursued, and progress and reform retarded for another decade.

The poor Emperor found his St Helena on an exquisite island within the Forbidden City, from which he never again issued except to fulfil the mandates of the Empress Dowager, and the now empty ceremonials which she dared not allow him to forgo.

He had undoubtedly been genuine in his efforts at reform for his country and emancipation for himself, but he had failed.

Once more the Giant's sleep was disturbed—never afterwards were his slumbers so profound as in the past.

## CHAPTER XII

“The palace that to heaven his pillars threw,

I saw the solitary ringdove there;

And coo coo coo, she cried, and coo coo coo!”

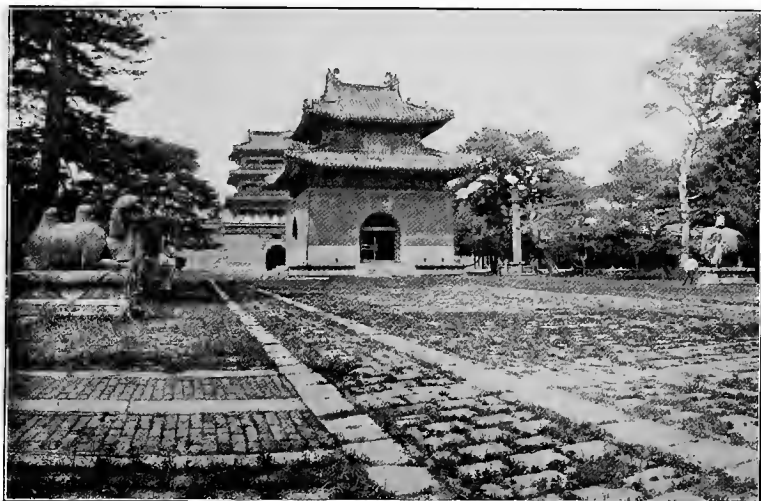
—*Omar Khayyám.*

TWENTY years ago dwellers in Great Britain knew little about Manchuria. When we first went there, I received a doleful letter from one of my sisters complaining that I had been far enough away in Mid-China, but now seemed to have “gone into space.” Missionaries home on furlough, when called upon to address meetings, were obliged to “begin at the beginning,” as children say: explain where their sphere of work was, and describe climate and conditions; while when the war broke out, even well-informed people, editors of responsible papers and periodicals at home, were extremely hazy about the whole thing.

A telegram appeared in the *Times* one day, which amused us very much: “Confidence has been restored in Newchwang by the arrival of H.M.S. *Esk* at Ichang.” Personally, we failed to feel much safer because that minute vessel had arrived at a port a few thousand miles away! The general idea of the cause of war was that it had “something to do with Korea,” and few people had grasped the importance of this war, not only to the Far East, but to Europe.



NORTH TOMB, MOUKDEN, WHERE LIES THE FOUNDER OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY.



COURTYARD, NORTH TOMB: GREAT STONE FIGURES OF ANIMALS.



## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

My readers will, I hope, forgive this digression, and also the little description I am about to give them of Manchuria and its people, as my reason for inflicting it upon them is that I may make clear why Manchuria has been the scene of war in modern times as in the centuries gone by, and what fatal attraction she possesses for her neighbours in the north and the east.

The population of Manchuria is reckoned at about twenty millions, but it is always increasing through the arrival of emigrants from Shantung and other poor or congested southern districts. Only about two and a half millions are really of Manchu ancestry, but at the time I write of in this chapter, they were still powerful. Those Chinese who came from the south perhaps a hundred years ago, still do not consider themselves Manchus, although they have adopted the customs and dress of that people.

The Manchu dynasty came into power in 1644, when the last representative of the great Ming dynasty called upon the Manchus to help him to quell a serious rebellion. They were at that time a hardy and warlike people, inured to hardship, excellent horsemen, and possessing a well-disciplined army trained in the use of the bow. They responded at once, marched to Peking, and easily quelled the rebellion; but when requested to return to their own country, flatly refused to do so, and the wretched Ming Emperor, Chung Chen, found, to his dismay, that the Manchus had come to stay. They calmly proceeded to conquer the rest of the Flowery Kingdom, and established garrisons known as "Tartar" garrisons in every province. By degrees they lost their warlike attributes, and became so assimilated

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to the commercial and peace-loving Chinese, that to the ordinary observer it is difficult to differentiate between them.

In the northern and central provinces there are splendid waterways, notably the Amur and its tributaries, and the country is rich in gold and other minerals, as yet very little exploited; while the virgin forests contain most valuable timber and all sorts of game, from the great Manchurian tiger, said to be the finest in the world, to the little tarabagon or musquash, beloved of motoring ladies.

When we first went north, furs were very cheap; we bought squirrel, racoon, even sables, and a friend of mine, the wife of a well-known missionary, possessed a magnificent sable stole, having bought the skins for about eight or ten shillings each, probably less. When on furlough with her husband, she innocently wore this beautiful stole on the platform of a missionary meeting, and was considered a most extravagant and worldly woman, who must ruin her husband by her indulgence in expensive furs! She was obliged to hide away her stole all the time they were at home.

The richest and most fertile part of Manchuria is the great plain extending from the hinterland of Newchwang right up to Harbin. Some parts of Manchuria are very beautiful; Kirin I have heard described as one of the most picturesque cities in the world, and the district of the Chien Shan (or thousand peaks) is very lovely also.

In the fertile regions almost any kind of crop will flourish, but the staple products of the country are beans and millet. To the dwellers in North China, millet affords food, fuel, fodder, and is extraordin-

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arily productive. Bean cake, bean oil, and beans pour into the Port by boat in the summer, by cart in the winter ; in fact, when there has been a harvest of what the natives call " twelve tenths," Manchuria is prepared to " give beans " to all the world!

In 1895 the fish take in Japan failed, and the Japanese sent to Manchuria for bean cake to use as a fertiliser. On finding what an excellent one it is, they substituted it for rotten fish, which they had previously used, as I knew to my cost ; for when I visited Japan in 1889 the odour of that charming country was something too terrible, and quite spoiled my pleasure in many a walk and ride.

The carts which brought in all this produce were drawn by teams of ponies or mules, sometimes a mixture of both ; sturdy, shaggy animals, well fed, and very hardy. They are never housed at night, no matter how cold it may be, and are not allowed to lie down, but tied by short halters to a post or staples driven into a wall, and sleep standing.

The courtyards of native inns are full of these animals at night. Generally the carters arrive about four or five o'clock in winter, and start off again before dawn.

Some of these mules and ponies are vicious and will bite and kick ; one knows the biters by a kind of basket-muzzle with which they are provided. They are well fed and not often beaten—but I can hardly say kindly treated, for one often saw them straining to get heavy loads out of some awful mud-hole, whips cracking, carters shouting and swearing ; but it apparently never dawned upon the men to lighten the load, and many of the poor beasts were blind on the off-side from the long lash of the whip. The

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mules are tall, handsome animals, but nervous and tricky.

They are very much afraid of foreigners, and a little English girl I knew used to have the loveliest time after she discovered this fact. She passed every day along the broad track I have mentioned to the convent school, and in winter she would stand in the middle of the road, a sturdy little mite of about six, and wave her little muff by its cord at the mules, who would swerve to one side and gallop away in terror, while her terrified amah expostulated vainly from the footpath.

Once a fine young British sailor, not knowing how nervous these creatures are, seized the leader of a team by the bridle, was dragged along the frozen road by the frightened animals, and finally trampled upon and killed. Poor lad! he had just been promoted and was full of life and energy. He could not speak any Chinese, and was trying to stop this carter and bring him to the assistance of another whose cart had overturned.

In spring and autumn excellent shooting was to be obtained. Flocks of wild duck, geese, and swan flew constantly over the settlement towards the south or north according to the season. The swan were beautiful objects when seen in the sunlight; they then seemed to be of a soft pink colour. When sitting quietly by the fire at night one heard the "honk honk" of the geese, and the peculiar, melancholy call of the swan, like lost souls crying in the dark. All these fly in the wedge formation. Millions of teal also passed over, flying in the ever-changing cobweb formation, and sometimes cranes were seen. Lovely birds, amongst them the golden oriole,



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hoopoo, handsome larks, and the butcher bird, visited us in spring. They only remained a short time as a rule; but one summer a pair of golden orioles stayed for several months.

Magpies were a great nuisance in winter when flocks of them frequented our compounds and sat down heavily on the upper branches of cherished trees, breaking off twigs, and pecking at the bark, so that frost nipped the branches, which quickly withered and died. These magpies are large, powerful birds with glossy plumage and strong beaks. They used to play a weird game of "catch who catch can," with an old cat, belonging to a friend of mine. It was a most curious sight. The cat would lie apparently asleep in the middle of the tennis-court, and the magpies formed a ring round her. Presently she would pounce, but the bird she aimed at always eluded her, and flew off with triumphant squawks. The ring closed up, and the game recommenced and went on for a considerable time, until perhaps puss looked a bit too dangerous, and all the magpies flew away to safety.

Our gardener was fond of birds, and could easily catch sparrows or tomtits in his hands without any net or trap. The Chinese used incubators long before we did; in fact, probably at a date when our ancestors ran about in woad or goatskin. Quantities of tiny chicks are hawked about in very large, shallow, covered baskets at the proper season, and up-country snipe, pheasant, sand grouse, and the wild turkey or great bustard were very plentiful.

My husband usually went up-country in winter with a friend for two or three weeks' shooting. He would return laden with game and extremely fit,

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having greatly enjoyed tramping over the hills in the clear, cold air and dazzling sunshine. At night they stayed in Chinese inns and slept on the brick-stove beds which are built along one side of the room, and have a flue running underneath. They slept like tops, and were always extremely hungry and ready for the thick soup, or "Irish eschew," which Boy provided for them. One year the region they went to was infested by hung-hu-tze, or bandits. But they engaged one of these gentry as their guide, philosopher, and friend at good wages; he remained perfectly faithful, and allowed no one to molest them. Dr Daly preferred this mode of amusing himself to the curious idea of sport affected by some of our community, who would sit for hours beside the frozen river on a block of ice waiting for the geese to fly over.

On one occasion I accompanied him to Moukden in the winter, and stayed there with our friends Dr and Mrs Christie while he went on short visits to shooting-grounds in the neighbourhood.

It was a very severe winter. The Christies' house was new, and had been built by a young Scotch architect who thought he knew all about the requirements of a Manchurian winter. He built a very pretty house indeed, but had the weirdest ideas as to heating and ventilation. Our most hospitable and kindly hosts must have spent dollars and dollars on keeping *us* warm, and Mrs Christie warned me to stand clear of the ventilator (a little door in the chimney) when the fire was blazing brightly, as it sometimes flew out! This it actually did twice, and once caught an unwary lady, giving her a sharp rap on the head.

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The same youth built a hospital for women, in which all the windows were placed so high that the two lady doctors (who were small) could see nothing but the sky out of them. But he lived and learnt how to build houses in "intemperate" climates; young experts sent out from home for such purposes are one of the trials Missions have to put up with!

One bitter day a Russian friend came to visit me, and said I must not leave Moukden without seeing the North Tomb. I begged earnestly to be spared this chilly expedition, saying if he would take me to a South Tomb I would go with pleasure, but I felt a North Tomb would be the last straw, and I should leave my frozen bones there.

However, he insisted on my going. Mrs Christie backed him up, and the next day a comfortable droshky, drawn by powerful Russian horses, came for Mrs Christie and me. The rest of the party rode, and on a brilliant winter day I saw the Peh-Ling (North Tomb) for the first time, promptly fell in love with the beautiful place, and heartily thanked Mr Momanoff for taking me there in spite of my protests.

Dr Christie has given so excellent a description of the Peh-Ling that I will only insert a very brief one here.

In the midst of a large park wherein grow many flowering trees, lovely even in winter with their delicate tracery of branches covered with sparkling frost, numerous red berries, and great bunches of amber and scarlet mistletoe, one arrives suddenly at a splendid marble gateway, the entrance to an enclosure through which stretches a broad, paved road with great stone animals on each side.

To the east and west there are less imposing

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entrances, from which paved pathways lead through avenues of solemn pines to the broad road. A brilliant red wall surrounds the enclosure. Following the wide path one reaches a square courtyard surrounded by a broad, crenelated wall with towers at each corner. Beyond this again is the Tomb of Tai Tsing, son of Nurhachu, the founder of the Manchu dynasty. The grave itself is simply a high mound of grass, guarded from the evil influences of the north by an artificial hill. It seemed to me ominous that the first person who showed me this ancient resting-place should be a son of the north, who entered by the gate supposed only to be used by the Emperor's representative (when he offered sacrifice to this ancestor of the dynasty), and allowed his coachman to drive over the sacred marble bridge without protest.

Another day we lunched with Mr Momanoff and visited the Imperial Palace, passing through courtyard after courtyard, and hall after hall, once handsome, cared for, and full of life. Now weeds grow through the cracks in the pavement, pigeons coo under the lofty, carved roofs, the Dragon throne itself is covered with dust; over all is written "Ichabod" ("The glory is departed")!

Presently we were shown great quantities of cups, bowls, and plates, all in the imperial yellow, and without a flaw, for they were intended for use should the Son of Heaven visit Moukden. No emperor had done so for two hundred years, but the Celestial has long patience, and all these articles were in readiness.

Afterwards we visited the museum, where beautiful vases of all shapes and colours, splendid jade



DRAGON THRONE, MOUKDEN : OVER ALL IS WRITTEN "ICHABOD."



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sceptres, carved jade plaques, lacquer plaques, wonderful painted scrolls, and many other treasures were taken out of their cupboards for a few minutes and displayed to us.

I asked the probable date of a vase.

"It was made during the reign of Chien Lung," was the reply.

"And this gorgeous jewelled sword-hilt?"

"Chien Lung."

"This splendid robe with a great dragon worked in seed pearls?"

"Chien Lung."

At last I whispered to Dr Christie: "This is getting on my nerves. If they ask my honourable age I shall say I also am Chien Lung. Did nobody make anything under any other monarch?"

Dr Christie, who is extremely careful about etiquette and politeness, hastily asked them to show me an ancient bronze dating from the time of Moses, and so saved the situation. I must say it "gives one furiously to think" when one sees genuine articles of such extreme age which have survived the changes and chances of so many mortal lives, still intact and unchanged, testifying to the artistic skill and patience of those ancient craftsmen, and the durability of their work.

The city of Moukden is just as busy and bustling a place as Ningpo, or Shanghai native town, added to which it is the ancient capital, and an important official centre. The streets are broad, to admit of cart-traffic. It lies four square, with an ancient grey wall enclosing the original city, pierced by eight gateways, over each of which a tower is built. Outside this wall are large suburbs. In one, by the side

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of a small river, stood several foreign houses, the homes of the Presbyterian missionaries, also their hospitals and schools; the church was in a more central position.

My husband found that Dr Christie's name acted as an Open Sesame wherever he went; he had but to say that he was a friend of "SSu Taifoo," and had come from his house, to be greeted with broad smiles, and to have every facility given him for sport.

There are those who say the Chinese are ungrateful; but this has not been our experience. During the Boxer outbreak, a rumour spread in Moukden after the massacre of the French missionaries that Dr Christie was in hiding at the North Tomb. A former patient (a man of bad reputation as a poacher) disguised himself as a seller of cakes and other food, and went out to the park to search for and succour the doctor at the risk of his own life.

My husband wished to go on board a ship one day, and found his own boatmen were absent at their midday meal, so hired a "sampan." On offering the usual fee, the boatman declined it, saying he would take none from a person who did so much for sick people. This man had never been a patient of Dr Daly's, but he knew many who had, and wished to show his appreciation of the work done. In every visit I paid to Moukden I saw changes and developments, but even the awful experience of the Boxer time, or of the Russo-Japanese War, seemed only to increase the devotion of the missionaries working there, and to endear them more to those amongst whom they laboured.

I have mentioned the lady doctors. There were other ladies stationed at Moukden engaged in educa-



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tional and evangelistic work who were just as keen and successful in their own line. At certain seasons of the year they travelled about to villages and towns where no missionary was stationed. This was often arduous work, and they became experts in arranging their carts so as to avoid too much bumping and jolting. One had adopted this ingenious device. She cut the legs off a small armchair with strong springs, put it inside the covered cart, fixed it firmly, and behold, a carriage with springs! Sometimes farmers from the country sent in a big cart to bring one of the doctors to attend an urgent case many miles off. I met Dr Stamer one day on her way to such a case. She looked like a very small pea in a very large pod, sitting on an island of cushions in the middle of the big cart.

I also spent a very interesting morning in her consulting-room, listening to her as she dealt with the varied cases brought in. Usually crowds of relatives come with the patient, who all give *their* opinion as to what is the matter, which has to be courteously listened to. Often the cases are very bad, all sorts of remedies having been resorted to before the foreign doctor is tried. One brought in that day was suffering from what the Chinese consider demoniacal possession; the poor girl was really an epileptic, and had probably been treated with great harshness, for she looked terrified and distraught. The gentle kindness shown her by the doctor and her assistants soon quieted her, and she went willingly to receive treatment.

I became very friendly with these assistants, who deserve a word of notice. They were particularly refined, nice-looking young women, some of good

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family, and all very intelligent. Chinese women make excellent nurses, dispensers, and surgical dressers. They are very deft, gentle, clean, and have beautiful hands. My husband used to admire the wife of one of our assistants at Newchwang as she went about her duties there; she had been trained by one of the up-country lady doctors, and was most efficient. I referred before to Mr Putman Weale's tribute to the "Manly Missionary of Manchuria," but he quite ignores the women, so I feel it is time they, too, received a word of appreciation. Both native and foreign workers thoroughly deserve it, and I felt real regret in parting from those Moukden girls when they accompanied me to their compound gate that day, with words of courteous farewell and many cordial invitations to return and visit them again.

## CHAPTER XIII

“ In the North look! ’mid the vapours,  
Something rises—what? ”

—*Learmontof.*

PRIOR to the Chinese-Japanese War, Russian subjects rarely visited Southern Manchuria. Once a year a Russian ship put in at Newchwang, laden with seaweed to be used for fertilizing purposes, preserved cranberries, excellent dried salmon, and perhaps some caviare—a delicacy which I considered very overrated until I tasted it absolutely fresh. After she left, we never saw another Russian face until her return, a year later, and most of us knew little of the steady advance Russia was making in the regions north of the Amur, or that for centuries Manchuria had been the El Dorado of adventurous Russian spirits; the wildest rumours as to her potential riches being current amongst them.

The story of Russian advance and adventure in Northern Asia is a fascinating one. How, ever since 1587, when they first crossed the Urals under the great Cossack leader, Yermak, they steadily advanced through six thousand miles of difficult country, enduring untold hardships, facing manifold dangers, until about 1638 they reached Okhotsk, on the shores of the Northern Pacific, and found, to their unspeakable disappointment, that after all their perils

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and sufferings, they had only arrived at another frozen sea.

Having heard of fertile regions to the south, of great rivers, grain-growing districts, and gold to be had at the expense of very little exertion, and above all, of warm water ports free from ice all the year round, their imagination was fired with the desire to exploit so rich a country, and Russia continued her advance during the reigns of Peter the Great, Catherine the Second, and other rulers.

It is interesting to find our old friend Robinson Crusoe remarking that "If the Czar of Muscovy (then Peter the Great) would cease fighting with the Swedes and turn his attention to the Far East, he could easily make himself Emperor of China."

In 1857 a great forward movement took place under General Muravieff, resulting three years later in a readjustment of boundaries between Russia and China, which shut China off from access to the Sea of Japan; after which for many years no apparent progress was made, although Cossack settlements gradually extended nearer to the coveted territory.

The action of Russia in 1895 already referred to, when she took advantage of the weakness of Japan after the war with China, to insist upon the retrocession of Port Arthur, first openly showed her designs upon Manchuria; in the following year came the Cassini negotiations, and the Russo-Chinese bank agreement. Through these Russia obtained permission to conduct her Siberian railway in a direct line to Vladivostock, across the northern province of Manchuria, China also agreeing to the leasing of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, afterwards known as Dalny, to the Russians for a period of thirty years;

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and the building of a railway from Harbin, stretching south, right through Manchuria to those ports. A branch line was begun at Newchwang, which joined the main line of the so-called "Chinese Eastern Railway" at Ta-Shih-Chiao, about twelve miles from the Port.

There was little of Chinese about this railway, except the coolies who laboured to construct it. Russian engineers planned, Russian money financed, and it was policed by armed Cossacks, who were described as railway guards, but were quite indistinguishable from soldiers.

An amusing description of these men appeared in the *Daily Graphic* about that time, in which it was explained that they were *not* soldiers, but peaceful, retired military men, who wore quite a different badge from the genuine soldier. Whoever was responsible for that statement would have been a little surprised had they met these lamblike folk (as we soon did every day) always clad in the now well-known grey uniform, and always fully armed, some of them wild, uncouth-looking men, very Mongolian in appearance, others handsome, fair, and tall, all splendid riders, and extremely fond of their horses.

They were under strict discipline. I remember one tall, fine-looking Cossack sergeant who had met with an accident, in which he sustained a fracture of the ankle bone. He was taken to our hospital, duly attended to, and left for the night. The next morning Dr Daly was informed that the Cossack could not be found. Presently we were told that he was at the Russian barracks, some half a mile away. When asked why he had gone there he simply answered: "My officer sent for me, so of course I

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went." Someone had blundered, but orders must be obeyed, so, leaning on his sword, he hobbled painfully over the hard road to the barracks.

We often had Russian patients in hospital during those years, and found their own description of the Cossack as "a babe in time of peace, and a fiend in time of war," not far from the truth. Simple, good-natured men they were, very grateful for any kindness shown to them—in their own way extremely religious. Some of them were very intelligent; where any education has been given them they profit greatly by it. One day I asked a man what he was reading. "The Psalter," he replied, and then, in order to explain better, "The songs of the Czar David!" He knew a little French; another could talk some German. Dr Shinderokofski, one of their medical officers, was amused to find us trying to trace our army in South Africa with the aid of a map and explanations in five languages!

As more Russians came to live in Manchuria it seemed to me that no family, certainly no official family, was complete without a few Cossacks. They cooked the dinners and minded the babies, answered the telephone, acted as coachmen or outriders, when they would tear along in front of their employer's carriage, clearing the way for it, no matter how crowded the road might be; then rein up across the road, and stand like equestrian statues until the carriage came near, when off they would rush again.

Russian coachmen don't worry about roads; if there is a road they make use of it, if not, *nichivô* (no matter), they make straight for their destination as the crow flies, and I must say I thoroughly enjoyed these wild drives when Russian friends have taken

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me out with them. At night the outriders look most picturesque, as they carry flaming torches fastened to a long lance reaching down to the stirrup.

One day I was caught in a sudden dust storm while out with two of my children, one of whom was so small he could not struggle against the wind and dust; so I took him in my arms, and told the other to walk behind me, when, to my relief, I saw a Cossack. "Cossaque!" I gasped, "ocheen veeatnô—rebenok ocheen bolschoe!" ("It is very windy—the baby is very big!") He grasped the situation at once, took both children up in his strong arms, and carried them home.

It was interesting to notice the difference between Russian and British methods on the two railways which at that period were being constructed at either side of the River Liao: the "Chinese Eastern Railway," with its cumbersome machinery of guards, interpreters, clerks, foreign engineers needing comfortable quarters, and enormous expenses; the "Imperial Railway of North China," in which there were many British shareholders, and where British engineers were in control, where the engineers picked up a working knowledge of Chinese, became friendly with the natives, lived in any kind of native house they could make fairly comfortable, and the work progressed rapidly and on the most economical lines. It is true that young men ought not to be sent to isolated places amongst natives only; it is too big a strain, and in cases of sickness sometimes results in tragedy. One such case I have never forgotten.

A fine young engineer spent a few days with us before going up-country on construction work, and

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left us full of energy and boyish good spirits. We sent him as far as Tien-chwang-tai in the *Albatross*, our sailing-boat, and supplied him with some books, plum cake, and other home luxuries. A few months later this message came to my husband by courier: "For God's sake come to me, Daly, I'm dying." What were we to do? Plague was rampant in the Port, and my husband was the only European doctor there. We decided to send medicines and stores by one of the engineers who lived at Newchwang, and who offered to ride from the railhead to his station; but it would take forty-eight hours to get there, and we did not know what was the matter, except that the courier told us his master was in high fever and suffering much pain. Suddenly we remembered that Dr Livingston Learmonth, of the Presbyterian Mission, could get to the sick man faster, so wired to him.

Dr Learmonth was in time—but only just in time to save the young man's life. He had a long and weary illness, and would certainly never have recovered had it not been for Dr Learmonth's treatment, and the kind care given him at the nearest Mission station when he was removed there from his own wretched quarters. Even so, recovery was partial; he never was the same again.

We were very proud of these British engineers: of the confidence with which they inspired the Chinese, and of the excellent account they gave of themselves during the disturbances which broke out later.

All these changes and developments naturally made Manchuria much better known, and travellers, some of them important and distinguished people, began to appear; amongst them, in 1898, Lord



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Charles Beresford, who was then travelling in the Far East as the apostle of the open door.

He was entertained by the agent of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, and his travelling companions stayed at various houses. Dr Morrison, then *Times* correspondent at Peking, came to us.

Lord Charles was, of course, fêted by the Russians, and taken to see their railway works. The engineer in charge provided a cavalry escort, and Lord Charles was mounted by his host. He, like most Irishmen, is never happier than when astride a good horse. Cross-country riding in Manchuria is very dangerous on account of the sharp stalks of millet, very like those of a sunflower, still protruding from the ground after the grain has been cut; but Lord Charles rode straight for his goal, the Cossacks following at full gallop. Fortune favours the brave, none of them came to any harm; and it was an amusing and interesting sight, the Russians acknowledging that this British sailor was quite as good a rider as the Cossacks, famous as they are for their horsemanship. On his departure the Customs guard of forty men, drilled by an ex-British soldier, made a brave show. These men, affectionately known as "the forty thieves," were a feature of our isolated port. They were extremely faithful, and on one occasion prevented what might have been a serious riot, when some Chinese soldiers excited the mob against the foreigners.

One day Lord Charles came to tiffin with us and inspected the hospital. I happened to mention how disappointed our little boy had been because a naval officer who had lately stayed with us had never taken part in a battle. "Send the lad to me," said the

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genial admiral, "I'll tell him stories." So for a long time the boy sat enthralled while Lord Charles entertained him with thrilling tales.

Our business men soon found that Lord Charles quickly grasped a situation, and that beneath his genial personality he is a shrewd observer, and realised the importance of Russia's attitude towards China from a commercial and diplomatic point of view.

Dr Morrison, too, is extremely far-seeing and observant. He has great sympathy with the Chinese, and understands their character and outlook on life as very few foreigners have ever done, which is the more remarkable as his knowledge of their language is small. He was one of the few who realised the importance to the world in general of China's war with Japan, and who understood Russian feeling with regard to both these countries. In speech he is deliberate, perhaps a trifle pedantic, and seems to weigh his sentences before pronouncing them; in fact, he speaks exactly as he writes.

As the stirring years rolled on we had many interesting visitors; but when any crisis impended Dr Morrison generally turned up, having watched the trend of events and prepared himself accordingly.

In 1899 plague broke out in Newchwang for the first time. Some years previously it had appeared in epidemic form in Hongkong, and it seems pretty certain that sporadic cases occur in China and Eastern Siberia every year, and have done so for a very long time. Every possible precaution had been taken in Shanghai, Chefoo, and Tientsin to prevent the disease spreading north; but from the history of

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the first case it seems quite clear that infection was brought to Newchwang in a ship which arrived at our Port direct from Hongkong, not having put in anywhere *en route*.

My husband had just finished his hospital work for the day and was leaving the compound, when two men were brought in who seemed extremely ill. He stopped to examine them, and on hearing their histories was convinced that they had plague, the dreaded black death which devastated London in 1665.

These men came from a village just outside the city wall about two miles from the hospital. One of the family had arrived from Hongkong in the aforementioned ship very ill, others were infected, and altogether ten people had died in their compound within a few days. They were greatly alarmed, and on their own initiative had cremated the bodies, and brought these men to the foreign doctor to see what *he* could do.

Dr Daly immediately consulted the Tao-tai (Governor of the town) and the consular body, as to what measures could be taken to prevent the plague spreading, and suggested that a cordon should be drawn around the infected village, suspects segregated, if necessary, houses destroyed—of course compensating the owners. But the Tao-tai would not hear of this being done, and one or two of the Consuls were sceptical as to whether the disease which had broken out was really plague, as no bacteriological proof was available.

Other proofs came quickly enough; the plague spread rapidly, every variety of it—bubonic, septi-cæmic, and the fatal pneumonic type which struck

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terror even into Chinese hearts in the great winter plague of 1910-11. Soon the long-drawn wail of funeral music sounded in our ears every day, almost all day long. Domestic animals were affected, and of course the rats. Rewards were offered for the destruction of rats, but only for a stated period, lest the Chinese should take to breeding them.

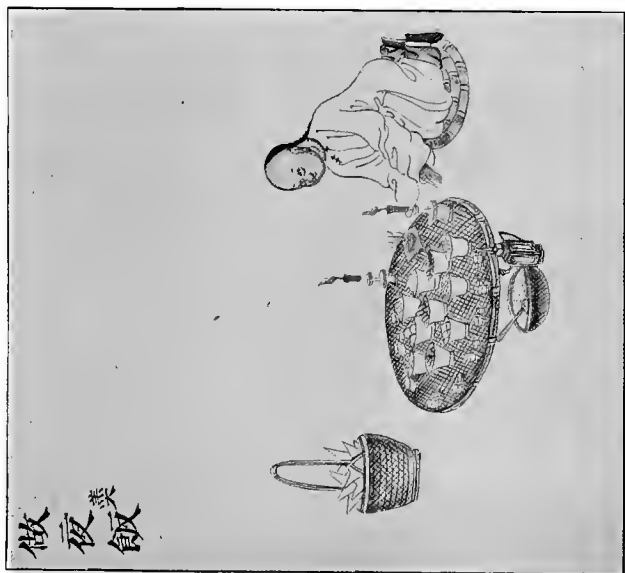
Experts in bacteriology and in the treatment of plague began to arrive—Dr Noguchi, since so famous in that line, from Japan; Dr Mesny, a French expert from Tientsin; Dr Yassinski and Dr Padelevski, from amongst the Russians. My husband fitted up a small laboratory, and became greatly interested in watching the antics of the “peste bug”; he also made various arrangements as to what we were to do in case he himself took ill with plague. These arrangements were very altruistic; he wished, so far as I could make out, to be isolated in a tent and left to get well if he could! But he quite forgot that I might not like to leave him to his fate! However, I listened to his plan, and then Dr Padelevski and I decided to adopt it *with variations*. Thank God, we did not need to follow out the instructions, as Dr Daly kept quite free from infection.

Dr Padelevski is an enthusiastic bacteriologist. Later he carried off specimens in glass tubes to Europe, and wrote to me *en route* to say he was hurrying home lest any accident should happen to “*mes bacilles bien-aimées*”! Dr Noguchi had some bacilli in a glass case outside the private door of the hospital; these he watched carefully to see the affect of the temperature on them.

When a sudden cold snap came in autumn the



AN APPARITION.



OFFERING FOOD TO SPIRITS.



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number of cases rapidly decreased; but at the height of the epidemic we knew of one hundred and fifty deaths a day, and most likely there were many more which the natives did not report. The cold scotched but did not kill the plague demon; every year after that some cases occurred, and we had several outbreaks, notably one in 1905. But this, our first experience, was quite the worst we had in Newchwang—how bad it was very few people knew outside Manchuria.

In addition to the trouble and anxiety caused by all this sickness in our midst, 1899, the year in which war broke out in South Africa, was a most trying time for loyal subjects of the British Empire living amongst aliens, many of whom were inimical to us, and openly rejoiced in our defeats and disasters. My husband arranged that Reuter's telegrams should be sent to him from Tientsin. After we had read them they were forwarded to the British missionaries at Moukden, who sent the news to their colleagues in other stations. Under these circumstances you can imagine the gloom of the black week in December, 1899, the eager looking for tidings, the bitter disappointment when wire after wire only contained news of retreats, defeats, mistakes, disasters.

One day there was a heavy fall of snow, and our telegrams did not come. Dr Daly plodded down to the telegraph-office in the native town (a walk of about two miles) to procure them. "England no can," said the Chinese telegraph clerk contemptuously as he handed him the wires, meaning that England was evidently beaten and could do nothing.

Another day a Russian had been "rubbing it in" to

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me about Paardeberg, where Cronje was still holding out, and I went into the little reading-room of the Customs Library feeling very depressed, and sat there with a few British ladies turning over illustrated papers six weeks old, and trying to cheer each other up. Suddenly my husband put in his head. "Cronje had surrendered!" he shouted, and disappeared to tell his friends at the club.

We hurled away the newspapers and commenced to cheer lustily, much to the amusement of a friendly Dane, the only other occupant of the room. Then we decided we must celebrate in some way, so marched off to the British Consulate, where we found the Consul's wife ill with influenza. One of our number performed a noiseless saraband in the hall with the Consul, and we went on to the Parsonage. Here Mr Turner (afterwards Bishop of Korea) received our information with enthusiasm, and we celebrated the occasion with him for about an hour in a most satisfactory manner.

Russians and Germans were much against our action in that war; the latter were often insulting, but even then we did not realise their animus against everything English—we thought it was their political point of view, and that they had a perfect right to their own opinion, just as the Russians had. But *they* were able to look at our side also, and many of them even congratulated us after the relief of Ladysmith, knowing what the strain of that long anxiety had been.

Right proud we were of the sons of Erin in that war. My brother Percy voiced our feelings in his "Queen Victoria's After Dinner Speech" (as reported by Jamsey Murphy, deputy assistant waiter



## CHAPTER XIV

“ There was madness on the earth below,  
And anger in the sky.”

—*Aytoun.*

So absorbed had we been in all these important happenings, that the increasing unrest in China, which terminated in the fantastic madness of the Boxer outbreak, had not as yet begun to cause us much anxiety.

There had so often been anti-foreign riots and demonstrations, which were quickly quelled (although not until some blood had been shed on both sides and much material damage done), that if the disturbed state of the country were referred to, most people refused to regard it seriously and considered it merely as one of these periodical outbreaks; even responsible people spoke of this “coolie rising” with indifference, and our Minister in Peking, the Consuls in the different ports, and most of the foreigners shared their indifference. This was the more strange as they were not without warning. The local Press did all it could to open their eyes, missionaries and travellers of repute added their evidence as to the strength and danger of the new anti-foreign movement, but without avail; and when trouble did break out most of the foreign residents in China were quite unprepared for it.

Many people at home considered that this anti-



OUR HOUSE. SUMMER AND WINTER.



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foreign feeling was aroused by the missionaries, who with their converts were the principal sufferers; but this was not the case. It is true that much animus was shown against the followers of the Christian religion; that the desire to look into it shown by the Progressives seemed to have disappeared; but that was simply because it is taught largely by foreigners and looked upon as a foreign cult. Other causes were at work also. The deep humiliation felt by educated Chinese because of their defeat at the hands of the Japanese; the alarm engendered by the leasing of Port Arthur to Russia, Tsingtao to Germany, and Wei-hai-wei to Great Britain; the failure of the Reform Movement of 1898, with the reactionary policy which followed—all these things had their share in bringing about the final upheaval.

General Sung Ching, who had been so friendly to foreigners in 1894, now became markedly anti-foreign. He felt bitterly having to give up the fortress of Port Arthur to Russia without being allowed to strike a blow in its defence. Shantung, the sacred province, the home of Confucius, was overrun by Germans. Foreigners openly spoke of China being divided amongst various powers, and patriotic Chinese became genuinely alarmed for the future of their country. The Empress Dowager, while speaking of the Boxers as rebels, really encouraged them, for in spite of her cleverness she was too ignorant to understand the real strength of foreign nations, and believed that her subjects *could* "drive all foreigners into the sea."

The absurd term "Boxer" originated in this manner. There was an ancient secret society known as the "Guild of Righteous Harmony Fists," whose

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members practised a kind of occult drill consisting of mesmeric passes, glaring of the eyes, and curious contortions, which were supposed to render those who practised them invulnerable.

As the summer approached, all the horrible accusations formerly brought against foreigners were revived; it was said that they kidnapped children, killed them, used their eyes and hearts for medicine, and that twenty little ones had been "sacrificed to the foundations" of Lu Han railway alone.

Anti-foreign placards were posted up in the native city; our servants began to bring in weird tales of people who could handle fire without harming themselves, of invulnerable soldiers, and others, who, if killed, would immediately revive again or be replaced by spiritual soldiers. Leaflets on the same lines as those placards were given to people in foreign employ; one given to our servants stated: "That in consequence of the foreigners and their religion, rain had ceased, and many misfortunes had come upon the land. 'It therefore behoved all patriots to help in their extermination, and an enormous number of spiritual soldiers would come to the assistance of the faithful in this heroic work. Moreover, anyone who assisted the Boxer propaganda by giving away these placards, would be immune from molestation when actual fighting began."

In spite of all this we failed to realise the imminence of danger, and had even planned that I should go south for a little trip. Our eldest boy, Ulick, was staying up the line with Mr and Mrs Dunn (Mr Dunn was engaged in constructive work on the Imperial Railway). We were enjoying life, as it was the pleasant early summer-time; the harbour was

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crowded with ships and boats, our gardens gay with flowers.

One morning Mrs Dunn brought Ulick home, as she thought the constant rumours of trouble and the general excitement bad for the child, and also felt the care of him too great a responsibility. I was delighted to see her, and she stayed with us some days. We were told that Boxers were drilling near, and were still so far from dreading them, that she and I planned to go and see the exercises gone through by the exponents of this curious cult! Fortunately I told my husband what we proposed, and he at once said we must not do anything of the kind, as he had heard that these fanatics were more dangerous than we supposed, and he also advised me to pack a small box with necessaries in case we had to leave hurriedly. I scoffed rather at this, saying I had packed one in the Yangtze riots and in the war, but would do it on the principal of carrying an umbrella to keep off rain.

Mrs Dunn wished to return to her home a few days later; things seemed fairly quiet, and we started for the railway station at the north side of the Liao River, but met a telegraph messenger on our way, who gave me this message from Mr Dunn: "Keep the patient until all danger is over." We had no foreign patient in our charge at the time, and concluding this referred to Mrs Dunn, brought her back to our house. She was the daintiest, freshest little lady, of French parentage, always *mise à quatre épingles*. I used to call her "my show refugee," she was so well provided with up-to-date garments.

Another day we proposed to go out sailing, and I warned Amah that if any hint of trouble were heard, she was to take the children at once to the

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Commissioner's house near the river. She laughed at this, and told me that would be a very bad plan, because the Boxers would certainly intercept her, and that the servants had long ago arranged amongst themselves what to do in such a case. For many nights they had been keeping watch. Amah had Chinese clothes ready for baby, to whom she was devoted; Boy was to take Ulick, who was a very strong child, and help him to run away; while the gardener, a hefty Shantung man, was to carry our little girl. All three were to be hidden away in some houses belonging to Amah outside the settlement. This elaborate preparation on the servants' part alarmed me, and we decided not to separate even for a few hours.

Added to this the Roman Catholic and Protestant Missions were again threatened.

A friend of mine told me that a Chinese servant had spoken to her secretly, and begged of her to withdraw her children from the Convent school, because if trouble arose that would certainly be the first place attacked. I went to see the Mother Superior, and told her what I had heard, adding that I felt I must ask her to give my children holidays also, as I should be so anxious if we were separated for several hours during the day. At first she thought me nervous and fussy, but presently agreed that it was better for the nuns to be relieved of responsibility for the safety of the children. On leaving the French Mission I met one of the Fathers, and told him what I had done. He laughed, and said: "Si, Madame a peur; sans doute! Mais ne vous inquietez pas, il n'y en a pas de quoi!" After we were at peace again Mère Supérieure reminded me of

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this episode, and said with her irrepressible humour: "Il riait jauné après, Madame, n'est-ce pas?" The sinister fact that all tenants of houses belonging to the French Mission disappeared in one night, added to my anxiety, and we took the children away.

We did not understand the magnitude of the danger even when some travellers arrived from Tientsin, who had had difficulty in getting through, part of the railway having been broken up. They had also seen the sad plight of the Belgian refugees from the Lu Han Railway, engineers with their families, who had literally fought their way from Pao-Ting-Fu to Tientsin, losing *en route* four killed (including one lady) and three missing; they actually shot one of their own comrades who was mortally wounded, to prevent his falling into the hands of the Boxers. Pao-Ting-Fu, in the province of Chili, was shortly afterwards the scene of a terrible massacre of missionaries and their converts.

Still the trouble seemed far away, and we considered ourselves safe in Newchwang. Mrs Dunn and I went out to pay some calls on ladies who had visited her, in proper calling array, our chair coolies in their neatest garb, our card-cases in our hands. But we soon returned, and set to work to prepare beds and order in food; for before we reached the first house on her list, we met family after family of refugees (European this time) pouring into the haven of refuge they considered Newchwang to be—engineers' families from the railway, missionaries from the interior, wives and families of the Russian railway guards and Cossacks, many destitute; some ill, all looking for accommodation, rest, and food.

Some of these had had no easy task to get to the



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Port. Had it not been for the help of faithful servants or converts, some would never have reached it. In the case of the missionaries, no one would drive carts or carry sedan-chairs for them except their own people. One poor sick lady was stranded fifteen miles from the railway. She was rescued by six members of her husband's congregation, men of good position, who volunteered to carry her chair, a task to which they were, of course, quite unaccustomed, and which is not only laborious, but considered very derogatory.

The arrival of these refugees seemed to excite the Chinese, who began to gather together in groups, talking of all that was happening, and saying, "The foreign devils are running away." Everyone opened their houses even more widely than in 1894; the assembly-rooms were turned into lodgings, and some empty wards in the hospital also.

Mr Dunn and his colleague, Mr Gibson, came to us, having escaped on the last engine which came through, leaving their houses burning behind them.

Presently we heard that Mr Turner, our chaplain, was crowded out with refugees, so Mrs Dunn and I went round to the Parsonage, and found amongst them Mrs Westwater, wife of Dr Westwater of Liaoyang, and her two little boys. She was a great friend of mine, and we brought her and the little lads back with us, and arranged beds for them in the private ward, which was fortunately empty. They were absolutely tired out. Mrs Westwater told me they had slept the previous night in the Cossack's quarters at Liaoyang Station, and that it was the first good sleep she had had for weeks, as there she felt safe. Previous to that, they had suffered constant alarms and

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threats of attack upon their Mission. Dr Westwater would not leave his post, as the Consul had not sent for him, but later some of his colleagues wired to him to come down to the Port.

News of fighting, disaster, massacre, now kept coming in; our menfolk became very anxious about the safety of their families, and appealed to the Consul to apply for a British gunboat; but he delayed too long, none were available, all had gone to the Taku forts, on the way to Peking. A volunteer force of all nationalities was formed, numbering seventy-two. There were thirty Cossacks guarding the Russo-Chinese Bank, and a little Russian gunboat was in harbour, the *Otvajny*. At the terminus of the "Chinese Eastern Railway" two miles off, there was a Russian railway guard of about a hundred and fifty men.

The Russian Consul came to see me, and said that should an attack be made upon the settlement it had been decided that all European women and children, whose homes, like ours, were situated outside the barricades, should go to the Commissioner's house, which was in a good position for defence, and close to the river, in case we had to fly for safety to the ships. Also, that the signal for us to take refuge there would be a rocket sent up from the Russian Consulate.

On the night of the 23rd of June, the day that Mrs Westwater came to us, my husband came in rather late from a meeting of the volunteers. Our weary guests had gone to bed, and I remember standing by the wide-open windows, for it was a hot evening, and wondering whether wire-gauze fly-screens would keep out even a spent bullet. Soon I,

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too, went along the veranda to my room, and as I did so, heard the whiz and explosion of a rocket.

I ran back to my husband and told him I had heard the signal; but he thought me mistaken, said that all day there had been mutterings of thunder, much coming and going, and I was tired out and nervous. However, even the best of husbands are not always in the right! I returned to my room feeling sure something was about to happen, and for a few minutes, I frankly confess, felt very much frightened; but, as I said before, that feeling soon passes for those who "trust in God and keep their powder dry."

I made a few simple preparations, and had hardly completed them when the summons came. Some volunteers had come to warn us and add to our escort. Guests and children were aroused. Mr Gibson routed up Ulick who slept in his room; the boy was extremely sleepy, and merely turned over, saying, "Not much, old fellow, it is quite dark, *I'm* not getting up yet!" However, he was soon prevailed upon to rise and dress. I found my little girl crying on her bed, not knowing what all the fuss was about. Amah was out of the house with baby in a few minutes, but *he* was a boy! My husband brought in Mrs Westwater and her two tired, sleepy little lads from the hospital; they kept asking me *why* they had to get up when they *were* so tired, as I helped a Russian volunteer to put on their socks.

Then we started for the Commissioner's house, stumbling over the rough road, no lights being allowed us; but just before we reached it the search-light from the *Otvajny* shone out, much to the children's joy.

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Mr Bowra was then in charge at Newchwang. On our arrival we found about sixty women and children assembled, not a pleasant surprise-party for Mrs Bowra, who brought her two little boys into a corner of her big drawing-room, and gave up the bedrooms to those who were ill or weary with long travelling.

One poor sick lady was already in the house, having been taken ill while on a visit to Mrs Bowra. We found her sitting in an armchair in a most extraordinary costume. She had been advised to dress by her harassed hostess, who could not help her at the moment, so she dragged herself up and put on the first garments she found. Her attire consisted of a very smart red tailor-made coat and skirt, white silk stockings and shoes, an opera cloak, and a sailor hat!

Our menfolk went off to man the barricades, and we prepared to sit up and await events. An ancient field piece was mounted in the front garden, and Ulick, then eight years old, begged to be allowed to "stand by" there with a Customs officer, who was in charge of it, and whom he liked immensely. I allowed him to go (as he was quite as safe there as anywhere else) and got my small daughter to sleep on a congested bed area.

So the long night wore on. We lent each other hairpins and pocket-handkerchiefs, made tea on spirit-lamps, heated milk for the babies, tried to be as cheerful and optimistic as possible, waiting and listening all the time for an attack which did not come, until at about five o'clock Dr Daly came to say we could go home, that the enemy had not appeared, it was a false alarm!

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We trailed wearily back to our houses, and tried to get some sleep.

About eight o'clock my husband went out, but returned at ten with the news that Seymour had failed to reach Peking, that Tientsin was invested, and that about five hundred well-armed Chinese soldiers were stationed in the fort a mile and a half from our house, who would undoubtedly join the Boxers on the first opportunity. Added to this, the place was full of refugees, and he, as well as many other residents, thought it advisable for all women and children who could do so to leave.

There was a Japanese mail-boat in the river, on which we took our passages for Kobe, and we decided that I had better take the children straight home, *via* Canada. Soon a Russian officer came to ask us to be on board by one o'clock, as the authorities were very anxious to place non-combatants in safety as soon as possible. That was a hurried packing and leave-taking. But even under such circumstances, the combination of Scotch, French, and Irish in our house unavoidably brought out the humorous element.

Mrs Dunn never turned a hair, was perfectly calm all the time, and we could not help laughing when she and I remarked simultaneously that the poet who preferred to "dwell in the midst of alarms" rather than reign in solitude had probably never experienced many alarms. Mr Gibson helped splendidly in my packing, but being a canny Scotchman, was much exercised by my leaving behind certain hatpins (quite ordinary ones) in my pincushion. In vain I protested that I did not need them. I found them in an extra hat-box when I arrived in Dublin! He was

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most thoughtful for our comfort, and at the last moment brought me an armful of books, which were a welcome distraction when we got out to sea.

We sent for Amah and asked her if she would accompany me. She was an old woman who had never been away from North China in her life, but she hardly hesitated before replying: "All right, I go with missee take care my baby, if missee take me see my old missee in London." Of course I gladly promised to do so, and in three hours we were on board the *Sendai Maru*, Mrs Dunn and Mrs Westwater also; but just as we were weighing anchor Dr Westwater came into harbour in a Chinese boat. His wife and children returned to our house, and stayed for another fortnight there. I little thought I should never see her again. That fortnight was one of constant alarms, villages burning all round, no one knowing what would happen. Later they had a stormy journey across to Japan on a dreadfully crowded ship, and she could bear no more, but died at Kobe, thoroughly worn out in nerves and body. Another friend of mine died of heart failure at Vladivostock. Undoubtedly there were many other sad aftermaths of that time of anxiety and terror, known only to those whose relatives and friends were the victims.

## CHAPTER XV

“And the high gods took in hand  
Fire and the falling of tears.”

—*Swinburne.*

IN a previous chapter I spoke of the discomforts endured by those Chinese refugees who fled south during the Chinese-Japanese War. It was now our turn to experience something of the same kind.

The *Sendai Maru*, in which we left so hurriedly for Japan, had a few comfortable cabins and a fairly good saloon, but every cabin was soon overflowing. My daughter and I, with several ladies and children, slept on the settee at the end of the saloon, the small boys were accommodated on the lockers above us, and several people simply used their long chairs as beds; bicycles and other extras were piled near us. The ship rolled a good deal, and sometimes I would hear a melancholy wail from my little girl in the middle of the night: “Mummy, I have fallen off!” when I would hurriedly retrieve my daughter from amongst the bicycles, and try to tuck her in firmly.

The Japanese captain and officers did all they could. Ulick spent hours in the captain’s cabin, where he was entertained by weird drawings of animals and ships. Sometimes he played with the carpenter, who made little boats for the children, and even allowed them to do some carpentry themselves.

Fortunately *we* are all good sailors; but many on board suffered badly. It was warm even at sea, the

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cabins very crowded, and some were ill before they started, or upset by our hurried departure. Meals were hurried to admit of relays of people being fed. Altogether I think Mrs Dunn was justified in a message she sent to a friend in Newchwang with whom, a few days before we left, she had been having a discussion. "Tell Mr B.," she said, "that we now know where purgatory is, and exactly how long it lasts!" Poor Amah went to help a passenger who was extremely ill, after which *she* succumbed, and I was very anxious about the children, as the upper deck was so unprotected.

One or two funny incidents occurred. A young lady, after long seclusion in her cabin, came on deck and walked about a little. Presently the breeze freshened, the ship began to roll, and she turned pale. To my astonishment, I saw a Japanese sailor go up to her and slap her violently between the shoulders with his open hand. "Oh!" I cried to the captain, who was standing beside me, "*what* a shame! Why did he do that?"

"I am so sorry," said the poor captain in a small, meek voice; "I told him to do it; we think it is such a good cure for sea-sickness!"

I think it did cure her, for she was so indignant that she forgot her uneasy feelings, scolded the man roundly, and felt much better

On our arrival at Kobe we found that the *Empress* boat, in which we were to continue our journey, would not arrive for a few days, so rested a little and wrote many letters. That night Prince Matsukoff, a Russian naval officer who had been recalled from leave, came to see me, and offered to take letters to Newchwang for us; he had been stationed there



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shortly before the outbreak. But we could get no news from there. Mrs Dunn and most of the other ladies decided to remain in Japan, and after a time they got news, but I never succeeded in obtaining any until after my return home.

The journey across the Northern Pacific is very monotonous—grey waters and grey sky; we did not sight a single ship until just outside Puget Sound, and she signalled us for news from China! My small son gave a fairly accurate description of that region, when, much to the amusement of his teacher, he said, while taking a geography lesson: “I don’t want to learn about that stupid old Northern Pacific; I’ve been there, and there is nothing in it but a few old whales!”

Again I experienced the kindness of officers and passengers to women and children in such circumstances as ours, both on the *Empress of India*, in that long and weary train journey from Vancouver to Montreal, and again crossing the Atlantic. People were most kind and thoughtful. Even the negro attendant on the train, seeing how tired I was, told me the drawing-room car was empty, and that I could sit there whenever I liked. One little steward on the *Dominion* steamer used to play with the children half the day. A magic painting-book I had bought for them was the joy of his heart; he thought himself a real artist, and displayed the pictures with immense pride. The steward in charge of the nursery cabin, where the children had their meals, was devoted to baby, who would rush into his arms calling, “Boy! Boy!” The steward said to me one day: “He’s a bonny child, ma’am, I shall be real sorry to part from him; but I wish he would call me a man!”

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At Vancouver I tried in vain to get a wire through to China, and at Montreal, where we stopped a few days, I besieged telegraph and newspaper offices, and finally the Russian Consulate, with no better result; everyone tried to help me, but the wires were cut, postal arrangements disorganised—they could do nothing, while rumours of horrors unspeakable were the only news published in the papers.

The journey, which under other circumstances would have been so enjoyable, was only a long trial of endurance. Three lovely things I remember: the islands of the Inland Sea of Japan lighted up at night for some festival, shining like jewels on the water, with innumerable fairy-lights gleaming amongst the trees and on the little boats; the wonderful vision of Fusiyama clear of mists and clouds, which was vouchsafed to us as we left Yokohama; and the glorious Rockies who so well deserve their name, verdant green clothing their sides up to an immense height, where suddenly the great grey crags rise in lonely majesty:

“Titanic sentinels who all the night  
Look at their kindred sentinels—the stars.”

I almost cried as we left them and glided, oh, so quickly, into the vast prairie-lands of Alberta.

In Victoria the interviewers began to get upon our scent. Amah was a big, remarkable-looking Chinese woman, and gave us away badly. At one station (I think it was Medicine Hat) one of them insisted on interviewing me for five minutes. I often wondered what his article was like; to judge by one which I saw at Montreal, it must have been extremely funny.

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In this case I had refused to tell the interviewers anything, having promised an article to the *Star*. The journalist was very disappointed, and lingered in the hotel lounge. Presently Amah appeared and called to my little girl to come up "topside chop chop, makee wash hands, catchee tiffin." "Can your children speak Chinese?" he asked me. "Oh yes," I said, "but *that* jargon is not Chinese." He then asked whether I had experienced any difficulty in escaping from China. "None, thank you," I replied, and departed upstairs.

From this meagre material that enterprising person evolved several columns of the most extraordinary rubbish, ending with this beautiful piece of journalese: "Mrs de Burgh Daly, although still young, has spent several years in the Far East, and her children are *conversant with the languages of the Orient*"! Shades of Chinese sinologues defend us!

We had a calm passage across the Atlantic, but in the English Channel it was very stormy; no one was allowed on deck, and we were right glad to get into Liverpool. The pilot brought a newspaper on board containing the news that fourteen thousand Boxers were marching on Newchwang, and still I could not get a wire through, so my anxiety about Dr Daly was very great. This report was true; a very large force did advance towards Newchwang, but for some unknown reason turned off at Haichêng, forty miles away. Probably the preparations for defence made by the foreigners had been magnified by rumour, and they feared to attack the place.

At Liverpool the same good friends who had seen me off so many years before awaited the arrival of our

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ship, and took us to their home, where my brother, Major French (who had rejoined his regiment and was quartered at Lichfield) came to meet us.

We left for Ireland that night, and in the morning, when we arrived in the Liffey, Amah, who was accustomed to Chinese rivers, came to me in great alarm. "Oh, missee!" she said, "I too muchee fear; this river belong so small that ship no can turn round, have got too much other ship, you look see!" What she expected me to do I cannot imagine, but she was much relieved when we were safely moored.

It was good to be home, although the home-coming was so different from what I had hoped for. We went first to my father-in-law's house where, after about a week, we received a wire from my husband saying that the Boxer attack was over and he was quite safe.

After a short visit to my husband's people, we went to my former home in Roscommon, where it was a joy to see so many of the old familiar faces, although there could not fail to be some blanks, and the longing for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" was hard to bear at times.

Amah was greatly struck with the big trees, horses, cows, and sheep. I was really pleased to see that our cows did not like her any more than Chinese buffaloes liked me, but manifested much uneasiness when she appeared, and would certainly have attacked her had she come too near them. The country people were so nice to her; although they thought her the most extraordinary person they had ever seen, they treated her with the utmost courtesy,

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and still ask me for her when I go there. She was delighted, too, with the great open spaces and profusion of flowers, and insisted that Dr Daly must buy an exactly similar place on his return for "her baby" to play in. After a few months I took her to London to see her "old missee," and she returned to China with another family, travelling, to her joy, by the same steamer we had come home in and receiving the same kindness from stewards and attendants.

Meanwhile, those left in China went through exciting experiences; our anxiety about them was far from causeless. The Boxers swept through North China and Manchuria, killing, torturing, burning, and destroying. In Newchwang their attack was repelled, but from there to Kirin in the far north not one stone was left upon another of all the Mission buildings—Roman Catholic or Protestant—which had been erected in Manchuria. Churches, hospitals, schools, dwelling-houses—all were destroyed. When the allied troops entered one town in North China where a terrible massacre had taken place, a pathetic diary was found, written by a very young woman, a newly married wife and expectant mother, in which she recorded day by day the long-drawn ordeal she had gone through. The last entry on the day of the massacre, as well as I remember, was: "It is coming very near now; I think God will give me my little baby in heaven!"

Almost equally pathetic were the letters received by the Mother Superior in Newchwang from Sister St Croix, one of the Sisters who was killed in Moukden. They too knew there was no hope of escape and that "it was coming very near." Sister St Croix used to throw her sad little letters over the

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wall, and some of the Christians managed to send them later to Newchwang. She was well known to us all in the Port, as she ran the little school for foreign children there for several years, and was very capable and an excellent teacher.

Dr Christie had been warned by a friendly official that the command had gone out to kill all foreigners. He and the other members of his Mission sent their families away, and warned the French Bishop. A few days later, at the request of the converts (who felt that the presence of the missionaries only increased their danger), the few remaining Protestant missionaries left, only just in time, for soon the railway was impassable, bridges were blown up, and the track destroyed. Dr and Mrs Christie went to our house in Newchwang, where after a few days they received a telegram announcing the burning of church, hospital, and houses, with all their contents; how many Christians were killed was not known.

The French missionaries refused to leave. They and their converts assembled behind the high walls of the Mission compound, and repelled three attacks made upon them. The Boxers then succeeded in setting the place on fire. Bishop Guyon, seeing the situation was hopeless, invited his people to enter the cathedral, went quietly into his vestry, robed himself, and administered the last Sacrament to those present; after which the end came quickly. They were killed while the ceremony was going on; the Bishop's body was afterwards found beside the altar.

A number of Catholics were helped to escape from Tiehling, a large northern town, by some Russian engineers and an Irish Protestant missionary. Amongst this party were two Sisters who

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had lately been sent from the convent in Newchwang. Afterwards they returned to the Port, and one day I met the missionary, Mr O'Neill, who requested me to go with him to the convent to visit these ladies. What a welcome they gave him, and how eagerly they told me all he had done for them! Suddenly Sister Geraldine exclaimed: "Mais, ma sœur, son chapeau! c'est *vraiment* son chapeau! Madame! regardez donc le chapeau de monsieur!" I looked and beheld rather an ancient sun-helmet, exactly like any other sun-helmet. Why was I called upon to take this vivid interest in "le chapeau de monsieur"? But the Sisters explained that in it Mr O'Neill had brought them water when they were quite exhausted by heat and thirst, and could have gone no farther without refreshment.

The Russians assisted all the northern missionaries to escape, and another interesting incident occurred to the party I have spoken of. A number of Chinese women and children who were with them were experiencing great difficulty, and retarding the progress of all. Presently they met a band of Cossacks having with them carts laden with loot. I think it was sycee (silver in bulk). Mr O'Neill appealed to them on behalf of the exhausted women and children; the soldiers threw away their loot, took the refugees into the carts, and conveyed them to safety.

In Newchwang frequent alarms had occurred, and the Russians increased their forces greatly.

On 6th August Dr Daly wrote me an account of the Boxer attack on that place, which I insert here. He said:

"On Saturday morning Boy woke me up with the

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news: 'The Boxers are coming.' I jumped out of bed, hurriedly dressed, called Dunn, seized my Mauser and cartridges, and rushed off to meet them. On turning the corner of the hospital wall I saw about one hundred and fifty Boxers, dressed in yellow and red garments, with swords and flags, advancing along the wall towards the south gate, so went there and waited with some Russian soldiers for them to come on. We opened fire at a distance of about two hundred yards. It was a strange sight to see them come swaggering slowly on, waving swords and flags, making passes, and going through various strange antics to impress us and frighten us away; but when they found this had no effect and we opened fire, they quickly retreated, pulling off their gay clothes and distinctive marks as they ran.

"Meanwhile, another one hundred and fifty advanced along the North Street and were met at a barricade near the bund by four volunteers, who promptly shot down seven, and captured one who was afterwards shot. This man was the Boxer leader; he advanced wearing a sword and making passes, and was easily taken prisoner. It was considered necessary to execute him publicly in order to convince his followers that he really was dead.

"Boy had never been disillusioned of the idea that these people were invulnerable, so after this man had been tied to a great stone in the vacant plot near the temple, and the volunteers fired a volley, killing him instantly, I sent for Boy, and pointing to the Boxer leader, said: 'Belong dead; no belong dead?' Boy examined him carefully and replied: 'My thinkee belong dead!' At last he was convinced!



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“The volunteers saved the situation for the moment.

“The Boxers were picturesquely dressed with red sashes, yellow facings to their blue coats, and their hair tied up with many-coloured ribbons. Some of them were mere boys and some unarmed. I did not feel the least scruple in shooting at and, if possible, killing these fanatics, as they have caused and will cause the death of thousands, aye, even tens of thousands of innocent people.

“The Boxer attack was followed by one from the Chinese soldiers, who sent the bullets flying plentifully about the south gate, the hospital, and our house. It was very funny to see the attitude of various people under fire. Mr — kept bobbing up and down at every bullet; but most of the volunteers soon got used to the noise, and all behaved very well. Some of them, you know, are quite boys, about sixteen years of age, but they did extremely well. There was not much danger, as most of the bullets flew too high. Firing continued all the morning and afternoon, and at three o'clock the gunboat *Otvajny* commenced to bombard the town from opposite Butterfield and Swire's godowns. Soon a house near there was on fire. But strange to say very few people were killed in the town; they had all taken cover behind walls.

“While this was going on, troops from the Russian settlement began to pour in and surround the town on the south and east sides; the Artillery also arrived. The Russian General took up his position on the roof of Mr Bowra's (the Commissioner's) house, where we also were in the afternoon, and at about four o'clock the Chinese soldiers and

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Boxers who were in the town, followed by hundreds of civilians, fled to the plains outside, only to meet the Russians in every direction. The Cossacks swept over the plain, killing as they came; even at a distance it was an awful sight.

“One of our Russian residents asked the General what he proposed to do with the native town, and was horrified to find he intended to allow indiscriminate slaughter and loot. I went to Mr Alexandroffski, the head of the Russian Red Cross, and asked him in the name of the Russian civilians and ours to appeal for mercy. This appeal the General acceded to, on condition that the Chinese officials came to surrender the place.

“We immediately sent two plucky Chinese down town, and later on four Europeans also went, and managed to find one small official (the Tao-tai had escaped to Tien-chwang-tai) who with some merchants came up to interview the General. He ordered them to bring up all arms by seven o'clock that evening—an impossible task! After much trouble he gave them until seven o'clock next morning. Knowing they could not collect the arms, we went to see the Russian Consul and the General, to protest against further slaughter, and undertook that the volunteers should go down with sufficient soldiers to occupy the town quietly. This we did about eleven o'clock, and found the streets deserted and much looting of houses going on.

“We were with the Russian officer appointed to receive the arms. It was a funny sight. Three Chinese carts were drawn up, laden with every kind of ancient arm from the times of the patriarchs to about thirty years ago! At first the officer was

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inclined to be angry, but we persuaded him to accept these curios as really it was impossible to get the others. Our friends amongst the Russian civilians stood out boldly for mercy.

“Now the town is quietly occupied; the Russian naval flag flies from the Customs flagstaff. We are all safe and well, and our property is not injured. I found two little boys standing by a wounded Boxer, making passes and incantations to cure him. With great difficulty I persuaded them to leave him, and I then got them safely away and gave them into the charge of some Chinese I knew.

“Admiral Alexieff arrived yesterday, and intends forming a Provisional Government.”

Some time after the children and I left Newchwang Chancellor Alexandroffski, of the Russian Red Cross, called for volunteers to go to the relief of some members of the Basle Mission, said to be held up by Boxers eighty miles away.

About half a dozen Britishers (two of them missionaries) and twenty Cossacks were amongst the relief party. Mr Dunn was also one of them, and Mrs Dunn told me afterwards that when she questioned fresh arrivals from China as to the names of those who had gone on this perilous expedition no one could ever remember who the sixth Britisher was! After a weary and dangerous journey, they arrived at the station to find empty houses; the missionaries had escaped to Port Arthur. Mr Charlesworth, of the Korean Mission, was one of the relief force. He was a small, delicate man of so gentle a disposition that I am sure he would never have shot anyone; but he was full of pluck, an

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excellent horseman, and insisted on carrying a heavy rifle just as the others did. His cheerful courage, and the fact that he always said his prayers every night, no matter how rough or crowded their quarters might be, made a great impression on that mixed company.

So much interest was centred upon Peking and the perilous condition of the foreign legations there, that events which otherwise would have occasioned much comment passed unnoticed by the world in general. For instance, the short, sharp siege of Tientsin, where for a time the fate of all European residents hung in the balance; the gallant defence of the railway station there by a Russian regiment who, when very hard pressed, applied for reinforcements, but were informed none were available, and that they must hold the position. They did so, but at what a cost we are told by the long "roll of honour" inscribed upon the fine monument to their memory which stands in the Russian settlement there.

Yuan-Shih-Kai, the present ruler of China, was at that time Governor of Shantung, where the Boxer movement originated. From the first he was against it, and when one of its instigators came to him telling of the occult powers possessed by these fanatics, he invited him to put his followers to the test by allowing Yuan's foreign-drilled soldiers to fire on them with modern rifles. This the Boxer leader agreed to. Yuan-Shih-Kai assembled the inhabitants of the capital of Shantung; many Boxers were drawn up in a line, the soldiers fired, and killed them all. Yuan then pointed the moral, and made the people convince themselves that these men were really dead and their supposed powers non-existent.

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He seems to have been successful, and waged bitter war against the Boxers, killing thousands of them. Dr Christie tells us that the Governor-General in Moukden tried a somewhat similar plan but without the same success.

Dr and Mrs Christie were in our house at Newchwang when they received the news that all their private possessions in Moukden, as well as the hospital with all its contents, had been destroyed. They were most plucky over it, as were all the missionaries, and "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods"; but it was impossible to remember all they had lost, and years afterwards Mrs Christie would remark, when preparing for some extra guests, "We will use such and such a thing to-day," and would suddenly recall the fact that she no longer possessed it. Once Mrs Carson, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, showed me a large bunch of keys; it was all that was left of a certain flourishing missionary home and school, and had been put into her hands by the owners when going on furlough before the outbreak, which they had never anticipated. Somehow that big bunch of keys appeared to me strangely pathetic, as I knew the owners—careful, busy people, who had, I am sure, left everything in perfect order behind their locked doors, and who came back to—ruins!

## CHAPTER XVI

“ Ils chantent—ils payeront ! ”

—*Cardinal Mazarin.*

CHINA had thrown down the gauntlet to the world; the nations had accepted her challenge, and in the ensuing conflict China had been defeated. Now she must pay the price of her rashness.

News began to filter through to Manchuria, news of Boxer defeats, the advance on Peking of the Allied forces, of the ignominious flight of the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, and their court. How bitterly poor Kuang Hsü must have felt his humiliation! One wonders if he dared to retaliate in any way upon his autocratic aunt for her reproaches after China's defeat in 1894. Apparently his spirit was quite broken, and the “old Buddha” retained her fierce and revengeful temper even in her hurried preparations for flight, as before leaving the capital she gave orders that the Emperor's secondary wife, to whom he was greatly attached, and who had dared to intercede for him in 1898 (when the Empress made her *coup d'état*) should be thrown down a well. This was done, and another burden of sorrow added to the Emperor's heavy load.

The Allies entered Peking, and occupied it and other large towns. At the taking of the Taku forts, an incident occurred so characteristic of the British naval officer that I cannot pass it over. Captain

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Keys, now Commodore in command of a flotilla of destroyers and submarines which are doing fine work in the North Sea, was then a lieutenant in command of a small flotilla of four destroyers serving under Admiral Seymour. Some sixteen miles inland there was a large Chinese fort, against which Captain Keys advanced with a small force landed from the destroyers. He succeeded in taking the fort without any casualties, and hoisted the British flag over it. On his return he duly reported the capture of this fort, and when questioned as to his dispositions, remarked airily that it was all right, he and his force were quite safe; he had left *four men* guarding communications over the sixteen miles which separated him from his flotilla!

The Russians now began to repair the damage done to their railway, and they occupied many Manchurian towns, Moukden of course (they were in full force there when I paid that visit to the old city spoken of in a previous chapter). Haichêng and Liaoyang, the home of Dr and Mrs Westwater, were also occupied. Liaoyang is a large and busy place, standing in a fertile plain, and with beautiful hills not far off; the soil is very rich and the gardens full of flowers. Dr Westwater accompanied the Russian forces, and endeavoured to prevent reprisals being made upon the people of Liaoyang, by acting as an intermediary between them and the Russians. The duplex character of the latter was very plainly shown at the taking of this place.

The General in command was the same who had treated Newchwang in such a drastic manner, and who, had it not been for the intervention of some of his own nationals and the volunteers, would have

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allowed indiscriminate slaughter there. He was a very tall, rather stout man of heavy build. On entering the city he was thrown from his horse, which was frightened by the sight of a burning house; he sustained some injuries, and was taken to a temple near. The General sent for Dr Westwater (who thought he wished him to treat his wounds or make some arrangements for his comfort) and said, "You speak Chinese, Dr Westwater, I want you to send down to the shallow river outside the city gate. Just before I met with this accident I noticed a cart overturned there, and a little Chinese child was in it; please see that he is taken from that dangerous position and properly cared for."

I have mentioned other cases of kindness on the part of Russian soldiers, and amongst civilians I found very humane and charitable people. The Chinese used to say that of all the foreign soldiers who then came to China the British, American, and Japanese behaved the best, the Russians were cruel when excited, *the Germans were cruel in cold blood.*

It was at that time, fourteen years before the outbreak of the Great War of 1914, that Count Waldersee and his troops were sent to China by the Kaiser with this awful commission: "Make the name of the Germans to be feared as the Huns were feared of old."

They fulfilled this ruthless command to the full, and showed no pity. An eye-witness of their methods, who, like Dr Westwater, did his best to prevent reprisals, told me that when the Germans entered a village which they wished to occupy, they drove all the inhabitants out of their houses regard-



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less of age, sex, or state of health. These poor people would hide amongst the high millet crops, and perhaps steal back to their homes in the dusk to try and procure some food. The Huns would then deliberately pot at them, and shoot them in cold blood.

Many of these victims were perfectly innocent people, who had nothing to do with the Boxers.

Gradually the Russians tightened their hold upon Manchuria; this rising had given them an excellent opportunity of doing so. The country was still very disturbed, the people groaning under heavy taxation inflicted on them by their own Government in order to obtain money to pay the indemnity claimed by foreign Governments.

The missionaries began to return to their stations and gather their people around them once more, living in little Chinese houses, or, as the Christies did, in the gatehouse of their former home, carrying on hospital work in temples or very inadequate houses. The congregations were sadly reduced, for many had been killed in this, the greatest massacre of Christians since the time of Nero. Many had fled; some, but comparatively few, recanted. In dealing with these poor people the missionaries showed much wisdom, for, realising the magnitude of their temptations (in many cases they had been brutally tortured) they did not quench the smoking flax or break the bruised reed, but only administered a very mild discipline before receiving them again into full Communion. When it comes to red-hot irons and other tortures, how many of us would remain steadfast I wonder?

The year had been a sad one in England; the war

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still dragged on, and "Victoria the Good" had gone to her long home.

I remember that when the news reached Dublin I happened to be just at the end of Grafton Street looking for a cab. As I stepped into one, I heard the newsboys shouting something, and asked the driver what it was. "She's gone, ma'am," he said, adding as he reverently raised his hat, "She was a good woman, God rest her soul." A little newsboy who was spreading out the placard on the pavement, seeing what it contained, rushed off and spent one of his scanty pennies on a bunch of violets, which he laid on the sheet, having heard they were her favourite flower. And these are the people whom agitators and demagogues will not allow to be loyal!

I was in London with Mr and Mrs Percy French on the day of the Queen's funeral. We started off that morning, not having made any special arrangements, to see the procession, and after various adventures found ourselves in Upper Berkeley Street, very near the Edgeware Road. It seemed that we could not get any coign of vantage, even on a rickety stage a carpenter was hastily putting up; and I began to lament that I had come all the way from China and now could see nothing.

"Chin-chin Chinaman," said a friendly navvy. "'Ere y'are, mum! The lidy in there says you can sit on her roof for 'arf a crown!" And sit on the roof we did, where we had quite a good view of the procession. Fortunately for us, it was a still, calm day.

Certain things stand out vividly in my recollections of that solemn pageant: the extreme smallness of the casket in which the "little great lady" lay; the imposing effect made by King Edward and the

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Kaiser as they rode behind it—the Kaiser, with his usual instinct for what is striking, rode a beautiful white charger, but King Edward's simple dignity was quite as effective—and the curious murmur, almost a subdued roar, which greeted "Bobs."

No body of men looked so fine, it seemed to us, as our own splendid Dublin Metropolitan Police; as they passed we could hardly help cheering them.

In March, 1901, I returned to China, taking my youngest boy with me. My husband and I had a quaint telegraphic correspondence; we had purchased a very useful little code called the "Unicode," and by its means I wired when I should arrive and name of ship (a P. & O. intermediate steamer). Presently my mother was amazed by receiving this wire: "Intermediate-hot-slow-come-mail." She was greatly puzzled; what was an "intermediate" (the word in Ireland is associated with a school curriculum), and why hot-slow? At last it dawned on her that the wire was for me. I found a beautiful sentence in the code-book all under one word, "Rhoda"—"Telegram received, do not agree with contents," so I firmly wired that, and again the name of the ship.

A very funny article might be written on telegrams and their results. On one occasion before my marriage, I was returning sooner than I had expected to Shanghai from Japan, and a friend wired for me to another in Shanghai at his business address—the name of my ship, and my name, as I had told him to do; but he reversed the order, and the telegram read—"French, *Tokio Maru*." It caused much excitement in Shanghai, because a little while before one of the *Marus* had been in collision with the

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French mail, and they supposed this wire announced another accident. But quite the funniest travelling telegram any of us have received was sent by a cousin, who became inextricably mixed up in cross-country Irish railway lines, and finally wired, "Am lost—returning!"

The voyage was a very prosperous one, but certainly slow. We touched at Malta, and remained there all one day, so drove about and saw a good deal. Even in April it was hot and staring; the long white roads without shade, and the ugly square houses like children's toy ones, were not attractive.

Valleta was interesting, with its steep streets and pretty girls going about in that extraordinary hood or hood-cape, which, unless you *are* pretty, makes you look perfectly hideous.

We visited the Cathedral of St John, with its famous silver gates, and the palace where Napoleon had stayed, where the orange-groves were a refreshment to eyes wearied by glare and dust.

I believe the ugly cape is not now worn. According to one legend, some crusty old Pope inflicted it on the women of Malta as a mortification because he considered them vain! They were to use it for a hundred years, and they actually obeyed. When we were in Malta the hundred years were almost up, but still nearly everybody wore it, in spite of the fact that it is purposely arranged so as to hang crookedly and destroy the grace of the figure. Certainly if this be true, Maltese women must be extremely dutiful daughters of the Church! I have never seen so many priests in any other place. One constantly met schools of young priests clad in long black robes with a purple sash; they were rather sullen-looking as a

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rule, I thought, although some had fine, intelligent faces.

At Port Said I did not go ashore, as we were only there a few hours, and were kept in the outer anchorage, having loaded up with lyddite at Gravesend, a cargo about which I think passengers ought to be consulted before they risk travelling with it.

At Penang it was very hot, so I did not leave the ship until we got to Singapore, where our friend, Dr Paul (who was *Times* correspondent in 1894-5), was then living. He took us to his home amongst the palm-groves, and introduced us to his wife and daughter.

At Hongkong we spent a few days with Bishop and Mrs Hoare, and there we parted from a soldier family who had come out with us. There were nine of them, ranging from fourteen to six weeks in age, and one of the little boys used to play a great deal with my little son. One day he asked me whether I had a nurse with me for Charlie. "No," I said, "I wish I had. I do miss my nice old Amah." He looked at me solemnly and remarked, "But Charlie is only one little boy; what would you do if you had *our* lot?" I made no reply, for I really did not know what I should do under those circumstances.

My husband met us at Shanghai, and so did old Amah, but alas, "her baby" was no longer a baby, and had forgotten her! It is really pathetic to realise the devotion amahs and ayahs pour out upon European children, who so often do not return this affection when they are no longer tiny mites. I felt quite sorry for the poor old thing; but she came back with me, and stayed quite a long time, afterwards going to a Russian family, with whom she still lives.

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On our arrival in Newchwang we found many changes. Russian flags flew from various flagstaves, the Russian Eagle spread its wings over the Administration buildings, and on all sides one met Russians, soldiers and civilians.

Dr Daly had been appointed Health Officer under the Russian Administration; later he was decorated with the Russian Red Cross for his treatment of their soldiers during the Boxer outbreak; and later still the Administrator, on behalf of the Czar, presented him with a handsome silver cup of antique Russian design, as a memento of his work during the plague epidemic.

The General made his headquarters at a temple in the middle of the foreign settlement, and temporary barracks were soon erected. When the weather became mild the military chaplain held evening service on a kind of plinth outside these barracks every night at nine o'clock, and we all enjoyed hearing the beautiful Russian evening hymn, the sonorous chanting, and their fine national anthem. When service was over the men were played back to barracks with a lively march, often the "Double Eagle." The moment they got in the music stopped short, no matter if it were the middle of a bar, which used to aggravate me so that I had to finish it on the piano, or fly from the sound before that march began.

The Russians are extremely musical, and their soldiers generally sang on the march—sometimes in unison, but often in harmony.

Once during the war time I was coming home late in the evening, guided by a coolie with a small lantern. It was very dark, the road was not lighted, and as I followed my lantern-bearer on the narrow

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path, I heard the steady tramp of a large body of men in the road beneath us, and an occasional word of command, but it was so dark that I could see nothing. I heard afterwards that these were soldiers returning from a long march, thoroughly tired out; they were not singing as usual, and the effect was most strange and weird, reminding me of Kipling's story of the "Lost Legion."

Members of a regimental band were not chosen because of special musical talent. A man was simply told to belong to the band, and what instrument he was to learn, and then he just learnt it without any demur. Soon the band was a feature of the place; a little bandstand was erected near the river, and several times a week the soldiers played there while we took our constitutional on summer evenings. Many of the soldiers' songs were very sad and pathetic, but sometimes troupes came up from Port Arthur (which was rapidly becoming a residential place as well as a fortress) who gave us the charming boat-songs of the Volga, or played the balalaika (Russian guitar).

Russians are very sociable people, and frequently entertained us in their houses, or got up dances etc., in our little assembly-rooms. Wherever any number of them gathered together, there was the band; and all their entertainments are characterised by an élan, a spirit of enjoyment eminently delightful. *They* certainly do not take their pleasures sadly. Some of the officers and Russian residents were very fine musicians; one, a nephew of Tschaikovsky, had much of the family talent. He would sit and play all the evening, roaming from composer to composer, or would give us some descriptive music, rendering it

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in such a manner that we actually saw what he meant us to see as he played.

One of these pieces described a legend something like that of Leonora—how the devil ran away with a lovely lady, who was rescued by a gallant knight; how the devil pursued the couple, sending after them floods, storms, and even earthquakes; and how they finally escaped in a lovely little chromatic scale to the regions of the blessed.

Another Russian friend was a perfect magician on the violin, while yet a third was the most sympathetic accompanist I have ever come across.

Our little community became very lively, as besides the influx of Russians, military and civil, British gunboats frequently came in; one was docked every winter, and soon the United States followed suit, so that we often had British, American, and Russian men-of-war in port at the same time. Sometimes a French or German boat would put in for a few days, just to keep their flag waving; and of course the Japanese were frequent visitors. Our community became more and more cosmopolitan, and sometimes the babel of tongues was truly remarkable.

It was inevitable that some little friction should arise from time to time between the crews of these ships, but no serious trouble ever occurred. One winter evening some of our men were returning to their ship, which was docked outside the city walls, and a burly A.B., who had had a little more than was good for him, suddenly taking offence at the sight of a Cossack on guard at the city gate, squared up to him, shouting as he did so: "My ancestors fought your ancestors in the battle of the Crimea, so take



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that!" The astonished Russian, knowing only that he was being attacked, retaliated with his bayonet, and the sailors rapidly made off. Relations were a bit strained for a few days, but soon all were friendly again.

Most of our sailors were steady and well-behaved men; sometimes we had one or two as patients in our little foreign ward, and it was amusing to hear the Cockney tongue again, and their quaint comments on things in general. One man to whom I had lent some magazines told me what he enjoyed most were the "continued tiles." After some consideration I realized that he was referring to serial stories.

Another described an interview he had had with a Chinese who had wandered on board the ship in a casual manner, and whom he wished to get rid of. "So 'Op it!' says Oi, an' he never budged. 'Opp hit,' says Oi—not a move out of 'im; then I hups with a balayin' pin I does. 'Opp hit!' says Oi; an' 'e 'opped it!"

The Commander of one of our gunboats boasted to me that his men were most regular in attendance at church, although they were quite free in the matter and need not go unless they wished.

"Oh! Captain W.," I cried, "how can you say that, when you turn round in your seat and glare at every man who enters to see that all are present?"

"Of course I do," he replied, "and they know well that if they did not attend I should give them a fine long service on board; but there is absolutely no compulsion!"

Not being Irish, he could not understand why I laughed.

Amongst Russians, military, naval, and civilian,

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we had many friends. Here again I found a working knowledge of French very useful to me, German also, when one met with people from the Baltic provinces. Presently I had some Russian pupils, who were supposed to interchange languages with me; but they usually got on much faster than I did, although the little Russian I learnt I did not forget, and found it useful afterwards when crossing Siberia.

Russian ladies are charming—so pretty, so full of fun, and often very talented. One with whom I became very intimate soon spoke and read English quite easily, and thoroughly enjoyed a good English story. For instance, she was charmed with “Cranford,” an illustrated edition of which I sent her after she left Newchwang, and told me she and her friends were reading it together.

Of the doctors I have already spoken. The Russian General who was in charge of communications during the Boxer rising we also knew well, and we found many of the naval men very friendly.

Admiral Alexieff was installed at Port Arthur with the high-sounding title of “Viceroy of the Far East.” In appearance he is very typically Russian—a handsome man of medium height and very strong build, wearing a short beard, very courteous and pleasant in manner. My husband had various dealings with him, as Dr Daly was appointed Health Officer to the Port. He always found the Admiral just and kindly. Captain Eberhardt, afterwards an Admiral serving in the Baltic, was appointed Administrator at Newchwang, and shortly afterwards Captain Crown was sent up in command of the *Bobr*, and remained all winter in dock.

Captain Crown was a descendant of a British

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Admiral, and his father and grandfather had been Admirals in the Russian Navy. The family, like many others, had fled to Russia during the Jacobite troubles. Soon after the present war broke out one of our illustrated papers contained pictures of distinguished Russian soldiers and others who are of Scottish descent. The poet Learmantoff is another instance; his family name was originally Learmonth, like the doctor to whom I have referred.

The two captains were intimate friends, had been together in the Naval College, and had much in common. Afterwards Captain Vassilieff arrived in command of the *Mandjour*; he was another of their cronies, and it was delightful to hear them chaff each other and recall old times together.

Admiral Eberhardt is an unmarried man, very shy with women as a rule. He used to tell me he meant to remain a bachelor until he was sixty-five, that then he would marry my daughter, whom he had never seen, and die with great promptness, leaving his wife a fine pension, as he did not wish the Government only to profit by money *he* had earned!

One day there was some trouble between Chinese and Cossacks in a village outside the gates where the cows were kept which supplied us with milk, so we, and what was much more serious, our babies, could not get milk. I told Captain Crown, who came to tea, to tell the Administrator that if the cows were not allowed to come and be milked as usual (they are driven into the compounds and milked under supervision) a deputation of British mothers would wait upon him early next morning to know the reason why. "No threat could be more effectual!" he cried. "Eberhardt will be terrified. I

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will tell him at once." Apparently he did tell him, for the cows duly arrived that evening!

All these officers spoke many languages. Captain Crown's English was faultless, and his children were learning it with an English governess. A letter written in English by his little son of seven years old, which he showed me with much pride, has a pathetic interest in the light of after events. In it the child asked: "Are you *soon* coming home, and are you very dull without me? I am *very dull* without you!" Poor little lad! I wonder if he is now fighting for his country, as certainly his elder brother, then in the Guards, will be.

These three friends delighted in telling us stories of cadet and midshipman days: how on one occasion they were on the Russian Admiral's ship in Grecian waters, when an International Demonstration was made there. As they spoke English they were frequently sent to the British ships, and would gravely deliver their message, first in Russian. The officer on duty would shake his head; then young Eberhardt would try modern Greek and Turkish. Vassilieff would follow with Finnish, German, and French, and when the British officer was thoroughly bamboozled, young Crown would give the message in perfect English; all three clicked their heels together, and bowed in courteous farewell, leaving the British officer with his mouth wide open, but no words proceeding from it fit to be reproduced here.

Russians are very fond of children, and Captain Eberhardt kept open house for the youngsters of the Port, who dropped in to tea with him quite *sans cérémonie*. One often met him driving out to the *Bobr* dock or the Russian settlement with his droshky

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so crammed with children that he reminded one of the famous old woman who lived in a shoe.

At Christmas they entertained the little ones right royally ; but the last Christmas party I attended on a Russian ship was marred by the feeling that " peace on earth " would soon be a thing of the past for all of us. Once again the war cloud brooded over Manchuria, and only a few weeks later it burst.

## CHAPTER XVII

“ The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,  
The rattling musketry—the clashing blade! ”

—*Longfellow.*

DURING the next five years the “ Russianising ” of Manchuria went on apace ; but Japan steadily prepared, for she knew well that she must eventually fight the great northern power, and must fight to win. If she were beaten in that conflict all hope of expansion in Manchuria and Korea—in fact, all hope of ever becoming a really great power—would be lost to her.

According to a convention agreed upon between Russia and China, which was signed in 1902, Russia undertook to evacuate the country by 8th October, 1903 ; but she failed to fulfil her promise. China could not force her to do so, and Russia did not realise how offensive this failure was to England, the United States, and notably Japan. Another cause of offence to the little island empire was that Russia had established lumber camps on the Korean side of the River Yalu. To protect her lumbermen (from the fierce Koreans!) she also sent soldiers there, and for the benefit of these soldiers she began to erect barracks, and even forts. So strongly did the Japanese feel on the matter that this action of Russia may be considered as one of the principal causes of the war.

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Apparently there were very few Japanese in Manchuria at that time; but their Secret Service people were very active, even more so than in 1894, and their spies were everywhere. I have already spoken of those who worked as coolies upon the fortifications at Port Arthur; others posed as Chinese barbers, servants, etc.—some may even have made their way into Alexieff's entourage.

The Russians could not bring themselves to believe that Japan would really challenge them to fight. One officer remarked to me: "They can imitate Western methods, and have done so very successfully, so of course their army is far superior to the Chinese; but when they are pitted against Europeans, and have to show initiative and skill in tactics, it will be a very different story."

Russians did not take the idea of evacuation at all seriously, but used to joke about it; and one day when some large sheets of corrugated-iron roofing were being dragged through the streets, I asked what that appalling noise was? A Russian officer immediately replied: "Oh! that is the Russian evacuation, of course. What else could it be?"

When *we* were all assured that war was inevitable, many Russians still pooh-poohed the idea. Anxiously we watched the papers to see where our friends were, and if the *Mandjour*, now commanded by Captain Crown, had been recalled to Port Arthur from Shanghai, the *Variag* and *Koriets* from Korea. Captain Eberhardt had gone to Port Arthur, where he was acting as Chief of Staff to Admiral Stark. Vainly he implored that infatuated man to recall those ships and refuse all leave to his officers. Stark overruled Captain Eberhardt's proposals, with the

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result that the first torpedo attack made by the Japanese on Port Arthur was completely successful; no one was prepared for it.

One war correspondent gave a dramatic account of that first attack. He was on board a British merchant vessel lying in Port Arthur harbour on the night of 4th February, 1904. It was a calm and beautiful evening, the great battleships lay at anchor; from the heights above the harbour rose the walls of splendid forts. At nine o'clock from every fort and every ship came softly the melody of the Russian evening hymn, then the sound of prayers solemnly intoned, and the stirring music of their beautiful national anthem. As he looked and listened he said to himself: "Port Arthur will never be taken!" Two hours later a sudden alarm! Soon peace changed into confusion. Admiral Togo's torpedo-boats entered unperceived and made a daring attack upon the Russian battleships, disabling three of them. In Korea the *Variag* and *Koriets* put up a valiant but hopeless fight, and the *Mandjour* was interned in Shanghai, where poor Captain Crown was eating his heart out in hopeless inactivity.

After this attack on Port Arthur, the Russian women and children were hastily sent away from that place without proper food or clothing, some even travelling in open trucks, through the bitter bitter cold of a Manchurian winter, to Siberia. On all sides we again saw the results of unpreparedness and ignorance of the strength of an enemy.

That the Russians were brave no one will deny. The men who fought for forty-eight days from chamber to chamber of General Kondrachenko's fort at Port Arthur, until the soldiers themselves insisted



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on a truce and shared drinks and cigarettes with the enemy; those six thousand who fought to the death on 203 Metre Hill; and the brave defenders of the foreign settlement at Tientsin in the Boxer time—all proved what the Russian soldier can do; but they also proved that fine physique, dogged endurance, and courage are of no avail without proper training and good leadership.

Some months after the termination of that war I stood in a hollow near the interesting old pagoda at Liaoyang, and Dr Westwater described to me how from the shelter of the city wall he had watched the Russian soldiers stationed in that hollow, while hour after hour they fought at a fatal disadvantage as to position, arms, and skill.

A Japanese battery placed on high ground not far off poured a deadly fire upon them, killing officers, mowing down men; but the latter held the position doggedly, carrying off their wounded and dead, replacing them with more food for powder, because they had received no orders to change their position.

What a contrast there was between the two armies! One prepared for the grim realities of war, united, compact, bent on victory; the other an unruly mass of units, despising their enemy, ignorant of his power, knowing little of why they were fighting, and with bitter jealousy and much intrigue weakening the hands of their leaders.

Some Russian statesmen such as de Witte and Landsdorff foresaw the consequences of provoking Japan too far, and General Kuropatkin, who was Minister of War when hostilities broke out, was strongly opposed to the war. One cannot but feel sorry for this fine soldier, who played a losing

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game with so much courage, hampered by dissensions amongst his subordinates, want of proper organisation in Intelligence and Commissariat Departments, and the knowledge that the war was an unpopular one with the people of Russia.

The Japanese realised his ability, and in spite of their great successes felt keen disappointment at their failure to capture the "Black Partridge" ("Kuropatka," a "partridge" in Russian). One day a friend of mine who had just heard the news of the Russian retreat from Moukden told a Japanese gentleman she met about it. At first he seemed delighted, but then asked eagerly: "Have they got the Black Partridge?" On hearing this was not the case, he hung his head and seemed quite depressed.

Dr Daly and I visited Port Arthur some time after the war in lovely autumn weather, and were shown over the place by a Japanese friend, then Commissioner of Customs there. He took us to the top of Monument Hill, and pointing out a little hillock in the valley below, with a ruined fort upon it, told us that a short time before war broke out Kuropatkin ordered this fort to be built. It was one of the most difficult to capture, as it drew the fire of all the other forts in the neighbourhood; the Japanese, who lost thousands of men there, called it the "Demon Fort."

The Russians are wonderful fort constructors, and the Japanese speak of the North Fort (where General Kondrachenko was killed, and to which I have already referred) as a "miracle of construction." At one time the atmosphere in the galleries and chambers of that fort was so bad that both sides were accused of using poisonous gases. It was in this fort that the Japanese were obliged to tunnel, and

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the Russians made a counter-tunnel. The Japanese sappers had a piece of rope tied to their ankles, so that if killed their comrades could draw out the bodies and free the passage.

That General Kondrachenko was the real hero of Port Arthur is now, I think, fully allowed; it was not until after his death that Stoessel surrendered the fortress. Had he lived, most probably the siege would have lasted longer and the defence been much more stubborn.

On Two Dragon Hill, where the largest fort had been constructed, the Japanese troops experienced great difficulties. Our friend told us that a tunnel was made there with the object of undermining the escarp. The mining operations concluded in a huge explosion, but unfortunately, owing to some miscalculation, the debris from the explosion fell upon the storming party, nearly all of whom were killed.

At that time the fortified hills were bare of trees and swept by strong winds and often heavy snow-storms; this added to the hardships endured by the soldiers upon both sides. As we drove about I noticed plantations of small pines, and was told that these little trees were often planted by the Japanese soldiers on a spot where some friend had fallen. By this time they must have grown to a considerable size and made a great difference in the appearance of the hills. In summer they are covered with wild flowers, and the air is splendid, so fresh and invigorating; but the place is simply a museum and monument of war. Many of the hills, notably the celebrated 203 Metre Hill, are, to again quote the Japanese, "so ploughed up by shell-fire that they look more like the top of a volcano than anything else."

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We stayed at a very comfortable hotel at Port Arthur, and on our second day there, started to visit 203 (Ur-pai-ling-sæn). The road was being repaired in expectation of a visit from General Nogi, and presently we left our carriage and proceeded on foot. We had been warned not to take photos even of the ruined forts, as the Japanese were very suspicious of photographers, and some European visitors had got into trouble in this way. As we walked along, a Japanese mounted officer joined us, and saluting, said, "Where are you going to?" On our replying "203 Metre Hill," "I will accompany you," he said. At first we felt a little annoyed at this watch being kept upon our movements, but he turned out to be a pleasant and interesting cicerone, who explained everything clearly, and in good though rather slow English.

Two hundred and three stands exactly opposite Monument Hill. On the summit a very small, neat memorial-stone has been put up, the top of which is in an exact line with the top of the monument, a handsome obelisk. Near this obelisk, on a slope of Monument Hill, there is a sort of vault, or, as the Japanese call it, a shrine, where, neatly arranged upon shelves, are quantities of caskets containing the ashes of twenty thousand Japanese soldiers. On 203 the fighting was terrible. The Japanese were determined to carry this hill, which commanded the harbour, and they acknowledged the loss of ten thousand men there. After many assaults, they gained it, and erected a bomb-proof shelter on the summit, from which point of vantage one of their officers directed the fire of a great howitzer upon the Russian fleet, and rapidly sank most of the ships.

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When we again reached our carriage, the officer left us, thanking us for the lesson in English we had given him; afterwards he wrote saying that his object in joining us was to receive this instruction. I think he would have liked to continue it by correspondence, as the Japanese are very keen upon learning English, and will pounce upon people at railway stations or on steamers with this end in view. Sometimes their questions are very amusing. One tall, dark missionary was accosted by a Japanese clerk in these words: "Sir or madam, as the case may be—what is your name?" And I have been told that a placard was exhibited on a little Japanese house, setting forth that "English is taught here up to G." The house coolie at the hotel said to me with a polite bow, "Will you have some hot?" I discovered that he meant to ask whether I wished the steam heat to be turned on!

When returning, we met numbers of Japanese school children, who were being taken by their teachers for a picnic on 203 Metre Hill. Jolly little people they were, full of fun, fat and rosy, all provided with little satchels containing their food. There must have been several hundreds of them, both boys and girls, who had come in from Dalny and the surrounding country. We asked them in Chinese where they were going, and they all understood and shouted out gleefully, "Ur-pai-ling-sæn!" (203).

The next day we visited the Russian cemetery, and saw the beautiful monument erected there to General Kondrachenko; we also bought some mementoes—pieces of shells, little pom-pom shells fitted into strips of wood taken from the Japanese ships

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sunk to blockade the harbour, and a tiny Russian cross, hundreds of which, worn by the Russian Tommies (Ivan Ivanovitch is their official name) were found on the battle-fields. Every orthodox Russian is given one on the day of his baptism, and never parts with it; wealthy babies have gold ones, but these were made of silver or pewter.

Again the fighting drew nearer and nearer to our home; refugees poured into the big cities. In Moukden alone nineteen thousand—destitute, ill, forlorn—had to be received and cared for. Our hearts ached for the Russian soldiers, as for the Chinese in the former war; often badly cared for and equipped, their leaders, even after the reverses experienced by the navy, not realising the strength of their enemy by land as well as by sea.

One day I was speaking to the Russian General in charge in the Newchwang district about some social matter, when he remarked, gaily laughing: “Madame Daly, dites-moi donc, où sont les Japonais; j’aimerais bien savoir!” He knew well enough later, poor fellow, when after two days’ and nights’ strenuous fighting, Kuropatkin insisted upon his evacuating Ta-Shih-Chiao, from which place he was telephoning to me.

General Kuropatkin pursued a policy of retreat, drawing the Japanese forces farther and farther from their base, knowing, as they also knew, that they could not follow him into Siberia and beyond.

Again I became a refugee, this time with only one child to look after. My good old Amah was with the Russian friend of whom I have spoken, and as we travelled together she was a great help to us both. We went by rail to Tientsin, along with other women

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and children of all nationalities. Many of us stayed in the same hotel, where every evening we met and talked together, trying to add to each other's scanty knowledge of what was going on. We went often to the railway station to see if other refugees were arriving, and how they fared. One day my Russian friend went alone, and came flying back to me with two tiny children whom she had taken charge of. Their father was an employee of the Russo-Chinese Bank, and had arrived that day from Newchwang with one baby in his arms, the other in a Japanese basket, and for sole provision, some milk which had gone sour on the journey! We took them to the Sisters of Mercy for a time, and afterwards this Russian lady kept those forlorn mites for a year in her own house, until the father, who was a widower, could make arrangements for them.

Dame Rumour was again busy, and little reliable information could be obtained. At last Dr Daly wrote to tell me Captain Crown had escaped from Shanghai, made his way to Newchwang, and had just gone down to Port Arthur in the highest spirits. Admiral Makaroff had arrived there, and had sent for him; he believed he was to be put in charge of a torpedo flotilla.

Soon afterwards my husband telegraphed for me to return, as all immediate danger of an attack on Newchwang was over for the present. I went to interview the hotel proprietor and arrange about my journey. "You cannot possibly return," he said; "a telegram has just arrived saying the Japanese are bombarding the town of Newchwang." At first I was taken aback, but on examining the wire, found it had been sent off two hours before Dr Daly's,

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so decided that it was merely a rumour, and that I would leave next morning.

I found my husband had arranged to go home for a while, as we had long intended to do. There were very few people in the Port, and the Russian Red Cross had sufficient helpers there. So we packed up, and just as we were closing some boxes a few days later, a Reuter's telegram was brought to us containing the almost unbelievable news that Admiral Makaroff, with all his staff, the pick of the Russian navy, the men of purpose and resource on whom she depended to retrieve her naval prestige, had been blown up in the great battleship, *Petropavlosk*, which had struck a mine when returning to Port Arthur after a sortie. On board that ill-fated ship were our two good friends, Captain Crown and Captain Vassilieff, and the great Russian war painter, Verestschagin, whose wonderful pictures of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow are so well known.

For a time the Russians seemed paralysed, and the navy never recovered this blow; but fierce and terrible struggles took place on land, exceeding in the lists of killed and wounded any before known. Gettysberg and Sudan were small in comparison. But all these, even the battle of Moukden, in which the line of battle extended for nearly a hundred miles, pale before the magnitude of the operations at present in progress in France, Belgium, Poland, and the Carpathians. It is interesting to note what is now a well-established fact, that had General Kuropatkin possessed competent intelligence officers who would have found out the true state of affairs for him, he could have turned the tide of events both at Liao-yang and Moukden in favour of the Russians. At



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Liaoyang, General Kuroki was isolated on the right, at Moukden General Nogi on the left; but no one gave Kuropatkin the necessary information, and these great opportunities were lost.

In the meantime we had travelled home by the old route. General Kondratovitch assured us we could still go via Siberia, that he would provide a pass to carry us through; but we feared long delays and possible hardship, which would have been bad for our little son. We had a pleasant journey home in the *Malta* and *Himalaya*, although we experienced bad weather outside Colombo, as the monsoon had broken; and I must say I have never seen such well-grown cockroaches as those on the *Malta*. My brother once told me that those which frequent troopships are sometimes as large as a small mouse. I considered this a traveller's tale, but when I saw what the *Malta* could do in that line, I realized that he was not exaggerating.

It was interesting to find how differently people at home now thought of Manchuria. At our hotel in London, on trains and steamers, in clubs and private houses, one heard discussions going on about the war and its probable results; people studied the geography of the country, and were greatly interested in anything we could tell them about it.

In the spring of 1905 my husband and I returned to China—this time without our children, whom we had left at school.

In the previous autumn Admiral Rozdestvenski began his extraordinary voyage to the Far East, during which the strange Dogger Bank episode occurred, which so nearly resulted in war between Russia and England. When we were off the coast

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of Indo-China, the Russian fleet was supposed to be somewhere near, but we saw nothing of it, and on our arrival in Shanghai found everyone wondering where the Japanese fleet was, and when they would again attack their enemy. We stayed with the British Consul General, an old friend, and had much difficulty in procuring a passage to Newchwang. Once all our luggage was placed upon a certain steamer, but we had to take it off again in a hurry, as this boat was chartered by a number of newspaper correspondents, who went on a voyage of discovery to find the Japanese fleet, and be present at the impending naval battle. I do not think they succeeded in their object, for Admiral Togo was in no hurry about attacking.

Finally we obtained a passage on a coasting vessel, one of those big boxes for cargo with only two tiny cabins for passengers, which abounded in cockroaches—not such monsters as on the *Malta*, but big enough to be unpleasant. Dr Daly was so afraid of them that he slept in the tiny saloon. I sat up as late as I could, and then got quickly into bed, put out the light, and tried to imagine they were not there.

That was a tedious and dismal journey! Usually it takes about three days to reach Newchwang from Shanghai, but this time we anchored every night, and were six days and nights on that ship.

This was a precautionary measure, for many mines which had been laid near Port Arthur and Dalny had broken loose during storms, and were floating about the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Liaotung; they had already wrecked several ships. Night and day extra men were kept on the look-out, and the thought that

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at any moment we might come into collision with a floating mine did not add to our cheerfulness.

Fortunately the chief engineer was an old friend and a chess player, and I had plenty of books and work with me; but one of the junior officers was learning the mandoline, and sometimes after we had anchored, he would come out on deck and play well-known tunes on it *very* slowly. I did not find them exhilarating.

Early one morning my husband shouted to me to come on deck to see a mine which we were just passing. It looked like a floating buoy painted red; out of the top protruded many spikes. Had we struck one of them it would have gone badly with us. A few hours later we passed another mine, and the next day the hull of a wrecked junk.

At last we reached Newchwang, and I found many of my friends amongst the European community still there, although the Russians had disappeared. Again a transformation scene had taken place; everywhere one met Japanese, soldiers and civilians, and the rising sun floated over the Administration buildings.

A few weeks later the naval battle of Tsushima was fought, in which Admiral Togo secured his final victory. The war dragged on until the autumn, when peace was signed at Portsmouth (U.S.A.) on 29th August, 1905. By this treaty, Japan, with the consent of China, obtained the lease of those portions of Manchuria formerly leased to Russia, and the railway as far as Kwang-Cheng-Tzu (now known as Chang-Chun) was also ceded to her. Since that time Russia has prepared; she had learnt her lesson, and the army now fighting so gallantly in the Carpathians and in Poland show the splendid results of her

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preparation. It is good, too, to feel that at last Russia and Great Britain have "squared yards," that we can look to our Allies in the Far East and say, "Banzai!" and turn to Russia with a heartfelt "Slavnie Rossia!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

“The pulse of human nature throbs  
From England to Cathey.”

—(*Translation of Chinese rhyme*) Prof. Giles.

THE Russian defeat at Moukden practically ended the fighting in Manchuria, but not the suffering. All during the war this had been intense amongst the unfortunate inhabitants of the country. The dogs of war were snarling over them, they could not escape; while the realisation that whichever way the conflict was decided it would profit them nothing, must have added bitterness to their sad lot.

On our return to Newchwang my husband became Treasurer to the local Red Cross and Refuge Aid Society, which had done excellent work. All the European ladies had come forward to provide warm clothing for the refugees, and the missionaries in Moukden and other large towns, assisted by the Chinese Government, did all they could to help, but it was a tremendous task.

Again the winter was exceptionally cold; all who were driven from their homes might well pray that their “flight be not in the winter”! Provisions and coal were at war prices; in Moukden the latter cost five pounds a ton. And to crown all, infectious sickness broke out in some of the refugee camps. When the people returned to their homes they found villages and crops destroyed, while many casualties

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occurred from unexploded shells which were buried in the ground, and exploded when struck by a plough or spade. Everywhere there were barbed-wire entanglements, pits covered with wire, and the horrible ground-mines concealed in the earth, or under branches of trees apparently left lying carelessly on the ground. These ground-mines consisted of two thick pieces of wood about two feet square, with a very strong spring between them. Under this spring the explosive was placed, and when a heavy cart or a man on horseback passed over, the spring was pressed down and the mine exploded.

The beautiful park at the North Tomb outside Moukden city was occupied by the Russians, and the red wall round the enclosure loopholed. Here, where we had enjoyed so many pleasant days, Mrs Ross, when searching for flowers, found an unexploded shell, and more ghastly still, the body of a Russian soldier.

When I visited Moukden after the war I noticed that Potiloff Hill, the scene of so many sanguinary fights, could be plainly seen from the hospital windows, as all the timber which formerly hid it from view had been cut down; and when Mrs Christie proposed that we should picnic in a shady grove near the Hun River, we drove and drove for quite a long way searching for this shady spot, but it too had disappeared. After all, with coal at five pounds a ton and the temperature nearly at sixty degrees of frost, I think I should burn any tree I could get hold of; besides, many of them had been cut down to prevent their affording cover to the enemy.

Much sickness broke out after the war—cholera,

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dysentery, and enteric, while plague reappeared in Newchwang that autumn. In Moukden the flies were dreadful. All through North China the common house fly is a great pest, even worse than mosquitoes because more unhealthy. By the 1st of June it is advisable to screen every door and window in the house with wire-gauze, which keeps out the flies, but also a good deal of air, and one feels as if one lived in a meat-safe. Anything was preferable to the flies; one of them inside your mosquito net will wake you up at dawn and effectually keep you awake.

When our hospital was being used as a Red Cross one by the Russians, two ladies, one a Countess, were working there. They did not realise how careful one must be to keep out flies, and were dreadfully pestered with them. One day they came to tea with me, and their first remark was: "Mais, Madame, comment!—il n'y a pas de mouches!"

The Chinese do not seem to object to the flies, and are very careless about letting them into the kitchen; unless one watches them constantly they will calmly prop open a fly door if it suits them to do so, and leave it open until some of the flies penetrate to the mistress's part of the house, and she appears in righteous wrath.

My husband had his work cut out for him as Hon. Treasurer of the Red Cross and Refugee Aid Society; the accounts were most difficult to keep, payments being made in all sorts of coinage. The Mexican dollar, Russian rouble, Japanese yen, Chinese copper cash and paper money, and the special Japanese war note—all had their turn, and not only did they differ from each other in value, but exchange varied from day to day. Our housekeeping



A FRIENDLY CALL.



THE CURE-ALL PLASTER.





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expenses were paid in the silver Mexican dollar as a rule, and every time I went over them with the cook he would tell me what the exchange was that day, and we would calculate accordingly. The only thing that saves one from madness is that all this calculation is done on the decimal system.

Before we went home Dr Daly handed over the hospital (with the consent of the Chinese who helped to support it) to the Irish Presbyterian Mission, and on my return to Newchwang I found that the missionaries had set aside a ward for women, and that it was fully availed of by the Chinese in spite of the fact that a ward in a hospital for men, although separated completely from the male ward, was not at all a suitable place to receive women in. Afterwards I took a great interest in this ward, and many of our community ladies did also. Mrs Christie, on my next visit to her, helped me very much and encouraged me to take up this work in spite of the fact that I had never studied Northern Chinese and made but a poor attempt at speaking it. She herself is quite at home in the language, and I used to envy her facility when we went about together. Being Scotch, she did not flatter, but merely encouraged me by saying she knew of at least one lady who spoke worse than I did, and that she was sure I could manage quite well to make the women understand. I took her advice and found much to interest me in the hospital.

Later on the residents rose nobly to the occasion, and we got up a bazaar which Europeans and Chinese vied with each other to make a success. We made enough money to justify us in beginning to erect a hospital for women. This is now a *fait*

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*accompli*; many patients are treated there, and Mrs Carson, an experienced missionary, frequently visits the women, who are very ready to listen to her instructions.

That was a most amusing bazaar. Greatly daring, I said I would undertake a flower stall. Friends from Tientsin helped me with gifts of plants, and all my goods were sold in about an hour. Some pretty little girls who were assisting me must, I think, have sold the plants several times over; at least, they brought me far more money than I expected for them! An American lady, who made delicious sweets, was also sold out in a very short time; and with the help of a stirring auctioneer who foisted babies' socks on bachelors of long standing, and startling works of art made in Germany on fastidious artistic people, we cleared everything off and realized a substantial sum.

Not without heartburnings and small social volcanic eruptions had that bazaar been successfully engineered; but one friend consoled me by saying that any little troubles we had gone through were nothing to what he had experienced in a continental resort where a bazaar had been got up in aid of some charity, and where he solemnly assured me the "wounded had been carried away on stretchers"!

During the next few years I paid many pleasant visits to friends living up-country either in the great towns or in quite out-of-the-way stations. One summer I went to stay with the wife of an engineer, where we certainly lived the simple life. I used to admire her contentment and the dainty care she took of her house, never allowing herself to get slack about it. Her husband would go off very early in

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the morning and not appear again until nearly dinner-time. We would walk about the veranda a little after breakfast, then read, write, or sew until tiffin; after that we usually read foolish books or dozed in long chairs until tea-time, and after that we *watered the garden* steadily for two hours, as there had not been any rain for a long time.

The house had formerly been inhabited by Russian engineers, and as one always finds when following in Russian footsteps, the garden was full of poplar trees. These trees make a rustling, when there is a breeze, almost exactly like the sound of rain, and I often looked out thinking the longed-for break in the weather had come; but no! it was still necessary to water all the plants. I always had an insane desire to water the rain gauge which Mr Rigby inspected so carefully every day. Mrs Rigby, however, said if I did so I must also water all the big veranda near it, or he would not be deceived, and that would use too much of the precious water.

In the evening we took a walk to a small private graveyard, where three trees grew, and on our return Mr Rigby would place our chairs where we could obtain a fine view of the sun setting behind the hills some fourteen miles away.

I often wished to visit those hills. In spring they were a beautiful sight, covered with wild cherry blossom and other flowers; and from that district come peaches, pears, and many grapes. Manchuria is a great country for grapes; we used to buy them for about twopence a pound, large, sweet purple ones, and in Chefoo the green varieties are also to be had.

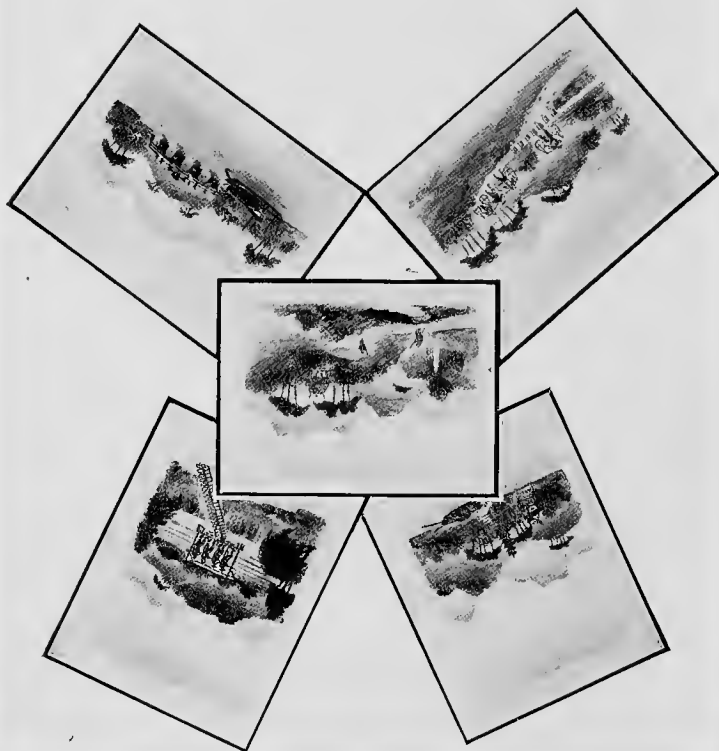
Later I stayed with these friends when they were stationed at Fengtai, about eighteen miles from

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Peking. This is a charming place within easy distance by trolley of the "superb bridge" mentioned by Marco Polo, parallel with which the railway bridge now stands. I had heard the legend that no two people have ever arrived at the same computation of the stone lions which adorn the parapet of this bridge, so thought I should like to try if we could concur as to the number. We began to count, but I had only got to about two hundred and fifty when a string of camels came along, and in getting out of their way and trying to avoid falling over the uneven pavement, I lost count. Mr Rigby lived in a temple near by this old bridge when he was helping to build the railway one, and he assured me that he never looked towards it without seeing camels' heads appearing over the parapet; they seem to pass continuously to and from Mongolia, and to me they tone in extremely well with the ancient appearance of the bridge. I suppose the camel's pedigree is no longer than that of the horse or dog, but of all domestic animals he always strikes one as the most nearly primeval.

From Fengtai, too, we visited the garden of one of the princes, part of which is now open to the public and used as a kind of Zoo. The village outside the park is just like the picture on a willow-pattern plate, and as I remarked how characteristically Chinese and old-world it was, "whiz!"—a motor-car went past us, leaving a long train of dust and a most modern smell behind it. Round Fengtai the scenery is picturesque; low hills crowned with willows meet one everywhere. Sometimes one passes a sacred tree in which hangs a bell of sweet and solemn tone, or beneath it may stand a little

COUNTRY SCENES.





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shrine to some local deity. Tiny shrines not much bigger than a doll's house are very frequently seen in the fields; they are generally dedicated to the god of agriculture.

Peking itself is a fascinating place; Dr Daly and I first visited it in winter. On a glorious morning we went to see the Altar and Temple of Heaven. In the midst of a fine park, within a grove of cypress trees, rises the Altar of Heaven, open to the sky, the most impressive place of worship I have ever seen. It is an immense white marble structure, three-storied, and built in circular form, with white marble balustrades beautifully carved to represent clouds. On the central slab the Emperor used to stand when he went there three times a year to worship and offer sacrifices. A marble pavement surrounds the altar, and leading from it to the Temple of Heaven there is a raised causeway, at each side of which ancient cypress and fir trees grow, their sombre branches forming a fine contrast to the white marble altar, and the elaborate colouring, carving, and gilding of the Temple of Heaven with its threefold roof of blue tiles.

Imagine all this beneath a sky of cloudless blue, the ground covered with untrodden snow, and amidst the absolute silence and peace of the great park. Surely the people who could imagine and erect such a place of worship must have a strong realisation of the majesty and holiness of the Supreme Being, for the worship which is conducted here is simple and grand, free from the numerous and often degrading superstitions which have gathered round Taoism and Chinese Buddhism. Inside the temple there are no images; the Tablet of Heaven is brought there



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when special ceremonies are to be performed. The only jarring elements we noticed were the signs of neglect (weeds growing between the slabs of the marble pavement, dust upon the pillars and tables of the temple) and the unsightly scratches and marks made upon the pillars, and even the very altar itself, by some European or American visitors. Can Vandalism go further than to inscribe its obscure initials upon the stately monuments of a worship said to be the most ancient in the world, and still held sacred by the Chinese?

The following day a Russian friend, Mr Konovaloff, of the Imperial Chinese Customs, took us to various places of interest, and a delightful guide he was, full of information and understanding of what we would like to see. But then he is delightful at all times; this was only a new phase!

To stand on the city wall of Peking, under the beautiful pavilion over the Chien-Mên, and watch the varied procession passing underneath, is a fascinating way of spending an afternoon. Here come the Chinese coolies, bamboo over shoulder, with basket or bucket depending from it, going at a jog-trot, chanting monotonously as they do so; following them a sedan-chair with two or four bearers, perhaps a wheelbarrow squeaking dismally, laden with goods, or possibly taking passengers into the country, seated on each side with their luggage between, as on an Irish car. The horrible noise made by this vehicle is considered lucky; if they are noiseless a piece of wood is cunningly inserted to *make* them squeak. The Chinese, like "Helen's Babies," "*wantsh* to hear wheelsh go wound"! Presently a covered cart belonging to some official passes through the gates,



A MANDARIN IN COURT DRESS.



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gay with red hangings and paint; if these are yellow the owner has to do with the Imperial Court, and if ladies are inside the curtains are carefully drawn. Smart broughams and dogcarts drive rapidly along, a motor or two, perhaps after them a great cart drawn by bullocks and driven by Sikhs—tall, handsome, bearded men with fine faces and splendid white teeth—or a company of Goorkhas—sturdy and small, very like Japanese in their khaki uniforms; and as an anticlimax, a long caravan of camels, solemn and grotesque, padding steadily and much more swiftly than one imagines, into the country, or from the sands of the Gobi Desert.

Peking, the ancient Khan-baligh (Cambula), really dates back to several centuries before the birth of Christ, but it was only made the capital of the whole Chinese Empire in 1264, when Kublai Khan took up his abode there.

There are really four cities—the Chinese, Tartar, Imperial, and Forbidden Cities. These are all pierced by many gates with handsome pailows, or pavilions, over them; but none are very high, as the Chinese believe good spirits descend to within one hundred feet of the earth, therefore no building should be more than ninety-nine feet high, lest it should interfere with their passage. From the Chien-Mên one obtains a fine view over the Tartar City to the palaces of the Forbidden City; once I saw it in September, when the riot of colour was wonderful, what with the autumn colouring of the numerous trees and the gorgeous palace roofs.

Peking is said to possess ten thousand temples in and around it. I think you will not want me to enumerate many of these, but a few I must speak of.

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

The Lama Temple, like many Chinese temples, was formerly the abode of an emperor. Thousands of monks live there, headed by one who is known as the Living Buddha. There is a beautiful carved reredos representing the Buddhist Paradise, an immense image of Buddha, and many curious Thibetan pictures. We were present at a service in the Chanting Hall, and were struck by the deep bass note which seemed like a sort of sonorous accompaniment to the chant; I never heard anything like it except in Moscow. The Lama priests are strongly built but sensual-looking men, apparently of a low type. Formerly they were very anti-foreign, but now manifest no ill-will to the foreigner who visits them. Sir Valentine Chirol, in some interesting articles, mentions his surprise at this change of feeling when he paid his second visit to Peking, and attributes the improvement to the good influence of medical Missions, where he saw some of these men being treated.

Near the Lama Temple stands the Temple of Confucius, which in its fine simplicity is a relief after the gorgeousness of the former.

Great cypress trees, said to be a thousand years old, stand in the courtyard. Inside there are handsome, polished tables; on the principal one stands the Tablet of Confucius, with its simple inscription: "The tablet of the Soul of the Most Holy Ancestral Teacher Confucius."

Here again dust and neglect prevail, although Confucianism is the only creed which educated Chinese will allow that they hold, and it undoubtedly still exercises immense influence. The moral code of Confucius was magnificent; he was a teacher of

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

righteousness, specially of righteous government, and constantly tried to impress his views on princes and rulers. In the endeavour to establish such a government he was prepared to sacrifice himself utterly; but his tenets omitted any idea of a Supreme Being or of a future life. Once he met the old philosopher Lao-Tze, who, on the contrary, was undoubtedly a prophet of the spiritual, although his doctrine of "Tao," or the Way, was too mystic to appeal to the ordinary mind.

Confucius was not in the least in sympathy with the old man, and the meeting did not prove a success.

Chinese really practise Taoism and Buddhism as well as Confucianism, and intermingled with these are all sorts of superstitions and cults. Ancestral worship itself has also degenerated into a worship of propitiation; they fear the spirits of their ancestors, but do not seem to have any affection for them. Psychical research has long been known in China; they have their psychical societies, séances and books; but Chinese ghosts do not appear to foreigners, nor can they see ours.

One night a friend of mine was returning from a dinner-party in her sedan-chair, across a vacant plot containing a few graves. Suddenly her coolies dropped the chair, and rushed away with loud exclamations of fear. The lady got out and walked home; fortunately she had not far to go. Her husband was very angry, but the coolies explained that they had seen a ghost and were terribly afraid, but of course missee, being a foreigner, had seen nothing! Another time some English ladies lived in a house haunted by Chinese ghosts. No servant would remain with them, they said the appearances and

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

noises were constant; but the European ladies saw nothing. Planchette is also derived from the Chinese; it is in a clumsy form, but evidently the same idea. A stick is attached to a cross bar, and two people hold it in such a manner that its point touches a layer of sand on a table or tray. It moves at the instigation of the spirit, and forms characters on the sand, which give the message. So truly, the more one examines things Chinese, the more one realises that there is nothing new, but only what is forgotten!

It is necessary in Peking to keep a tight hold upon one's purse strings. Such beautiful carpets, scrolls, porcelain, and cloisonné are to be had there; it is indeed a city of severe temptation. As we visited the curio shops, I noticed that the best articles were kept in rooms far back across courtyards, and not exposed to the vulgar gaze. In one of these inner rooms there was a most lovely porcelain vase of the Ming period, standing on a small black wood table, so beautiful in colouring it seemed to decorate the whole room. The cloisonné is modern work, very fine and dainty, although the colouring is not equal to that of the very old pieces. When staying in the hotel at Tientsin, a curio dealer accosted me one day, showing me an obviously new cloisonné buckle, which he assured me "belong ta Ming." "Ah! my friend," I said, "I have been twenty years in China, *my* thinker belong 'day before yesterday.'" He was not a bit put out, but asked me where I lived, and begged me to visit his shop and see some real old pieces.

Just outside Peking the railway now passes through the Great Wall of China, which was built about

廣  
婦  
遊  
街



THE REAL PEKINESE.





## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

200 B.C., with the idea of defending the country from invasion. It was a marvellous work, and took many years to accomplish, stretching as it does for thousands of miles, sometimes over the top of high mountains. In many places it is over twenty feet high and in some seventy feet wide; the railway now runs to the Nankow Pass, where the wall is seen at its best.

This line was not long finished when I was at Fengtai, and Mr Rigby took us for a short trip upon it, when everything seemed very comfortable and well managed. One of the constructors had been a pupil of Mr Rigby's. I remarked how proud he must be of the man's work, but he shook his head and said, "It looks very good, but they have economized in the wrong place, and in a few years a great deal of the line will need reconstruction." This prophecy came true, and I fear the same thing happens elsewhere in China; when native engineers are employed, they cannot stand up against foolish economy on the part of directors, even when they themselves are conscientious workers. Perhaps in time these things will right themselves, for the Chinese are so shrewd, they may learn that expenditure in the right place is real economy.

The British Legation at Peking is a beautiful place; the minister lives in a real palace, which has been made comfortable as well as picturesque. It was in this Legation Compound that all the foreigners in Peking were collected during the siege (with the exception of the members of the French Mission). Many heroic actions were done during that siege by men and women, soldiers, civilians, and clergy, who showed both bravery and endurance worthy of all praise. The present Anglican Bishop (then Mr

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Norris of the S.P.G.) and Deaconess Jessie Ransome of the same Mission, were specially devoted. When Deaconess Jessie died, she was accorded a military funeral, and she had indeed the heart of a soldier. With Mrs Rigby, I visited the Anglican Mission at Peking, meeting there various old friends—Bishop Scott and his niece, Mr Norris, and that man of varied experiences, Dr Aspland, who had worked with Mr Grenfell in the farthest north, had settled in Peking, but volunteered for plague work in 1910-11, and took part in Red Cross work during the late Revolution.

The Anglican Church and schools, destroyed in 1900, have been rebuilt. The missionaries live in Chinese houses near by, very picturesque, but not, I imagine, very comfortable. On our return from this visit we saw a curious relic of the Boxer time. As we passed along a narrow street in our rickshaws, a man stood out on the road making passes, staring with fixed eyes, muttering to himself—a somewhat terrifying figure. But Mr Norris called out to us to have no fear, the man was a lunatic, and quite harmless. He had become insane in 1900, and still imagined himself a Boxer; every evening he went through these exercises to render himself invulnerable, and prepared when called upon to face the foreign devils. He seemed in a kind of trance and quite unaware of our presence.

## CHAPTER XIX

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

—*Pope.*

THE Port of Newchwang has always been called by that name by British, Americans, and most Europeans, although its real Chinese name is Yinkow, the “fort at the mouth of the river.” Newchwang proper is situated some thirty miles to the north, and we now refer to it as “old Newchwang.” British people have a peculiar passion for altering names which I cannot account for, and which results in dire confusion at times. For instance, when, in 1895, a severe battle was fought at old Newchwang, and the telegrams relating to it were sent home or to South China, naturally our friends were much alarmed, thinking we had all been in great peril. Again, the ordinary Chinaman has no idea what places we are referring to when we speak of Moukden or Port Arthur, as these are not the native names. Were the latter difficult to pronounce it would be another matter, but they are really quite easy, so it must be out of pure “divilment” that we have altered them.

The Chinese name for Port Arthur is Lu-Seng-Ko, for Moukden, Shengtien; but there is no need for my readers to remember these names unless they intend to visit Manchuria, as they are never used in newspapers or books. The Port of New-

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

chwang, on the contrary, is now frequently referred to as Yinkow, so perhaps they will be good enough to make a note of this, and to realise when they see the name in print that it is the real designation of Newchwang.

It very soon became apparent that the occupation of Manchuria by the Russians was a purely military one, and had no solid business basis; no great industries of any kind had been started, and soon very few Russians remained in the country, which was again rapidly overrun by the Japanese.

The Chinese found that from a money-making point of view the change was for the worse. Russians are not businesslike in the least, nor are they particularly considerate of their employees; but they are lavish and generous, hence the Chinese made much profit out of them. For instance, I have known Russian officers, intending to travel, who sent their servants to Moukden or some other town in advance of them; they afterwards changed their plans, and did not appear on the scene for several days. In the meantime the servant had to forage for himself, and did so at the expense of the Chinese. But *nichivó!* When his master arrived *he* paid a rouble where ten cents would have been quite enough, and the Chinese scored.

The Japanese, on the contrary, do not pay lavishly, and at the same time favour their own people just as much as the Russians. At that time, too, they were naturally somewhat elated by their victory over Russia, and inclined to adopt a swashbuckling attitude towards the unwarlike Chinese, treating them as a conquered people.

It is very interesting to see the change which has

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come over the British mind with regard to Russia and her people during the last decade. It has always, I think, been admitted that socially they are charming, but there was a sort of "wicked baron" idea in people's minds which was difficult to eradicate. As poor Captain Crown remarked to me one day, "If there is a Russian character portrayed in your plays or novels, he is always the villain of the piece. He is usually a prince, has the most exquisite manners, but is a villain all the same!"

I said before that the Russian is duplex; he is more, he is complex, for in the same person you will find cruelty and compassion, simplicity and sophistication, deep religious feeling and moral laxity. In conversation, I referred to the Russian peasants as superstitious; a Russian friend at once corrected me. "*Religious*," he said, "really religious; and as to their drunkenness, remember the conditions of life in country places during the long Russian winter. The climate is so inclement they cannot work in the fields or play any outdoor games; their one idea, therefore, on the frequent holidays observed by the Greek Church, is to be warm and comfortable, so they make for the nearest tavern, sit by the huge stove, and partake of something hot and strong. During the short summer they must work very hard, but they also have their holidays, when they thoroughly enjoy games and dances, joining in them with great heartiness."

During the war, two Britishers owed their lives to the soldiers' respect for religious observances. One was a war correspondent who was mistaken by a Cossack for a Japanese, and would certainly have been bayoneted had not the soldier stopped to cross

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

himself before taking away a life ; as he did so, one of the Russian officers perceived his intention, and shouted to him to desist, that the man was English. The other was a missionary, who again was mistaken for a Japanese, pursued by Cossacks, and actually placed with his back against a wall to be shot. He had made a study of the Liturgy of the Greek Church, and hastily ejaculated one of the prayers in Russian. Immediately the soldiers released him, saying, " Why, his man is an orthodox churchman ; we must not touch him ! "

We witnessed the ceremony of the " Blessing of the Waters," one Epiphany at Newchwang. It was impossible to perform it upon the river, which had not frozen solid that year, so it took place upon a large, frozen pond. A great hole was cut in the ice, a pavilion erected over and around it, within which stood an altar. Sand was laid on the ice to form a path, on each side of which great branches of fir trees were firmly placed. Presently the priest arrived, a picturesque figure with his long hair and handsome vestments. He intoned some prayers, and blessed the water ; then dipped a brush made of twigs into it, and sprinkled the people. The soldiers were drawn up in line, and the band played Dimitri Bortnianski's lovely hymn. The priest walked all down the line, accompanied by an acolyte carrying a vessel of this holy water, with which he vigorously sprinkled all the soldiers.

In the Russian navy there is a peculiar ceremony which once caused great excitement at Hongkong. A large Russian man-of-war entered the harbour here, and presently, to the horror of the inhabitants, was observed that the body of a man was hanging

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

from the yard arm. The authorities were most indignant, and at once sent off to know why this outrage had been committed in a British port. The Russians courteously informed them that it was Good Friday according to their calendar, and that the figure was an effigy of Judas Iscariot, which they are in the habit of hanging at the yard arm upon that day!

Russians are emphatically good company. It is true that a great deal of wine and vodka used to be drunk at their entertainments; you are always offered vodka with the *zakuski* (*hors d'œuvres*), and champagne begins very early in the evening. I used generally to make my meal off *zakuski*, which were varied and delicious, often served in a small room near the dining-room before the actual feast commenced.

Russians are also good sports, and in this respect more in touch with the British than other continental nations; but they cannot bear dullness—love to ride hard, drive like Jehu, and play high.

A young Vice-Consul once described to me his feelings when playing bridge with some quiet English people, before the days of "auction bridge." Written words will hardly convey his utter boredom. "It is one funeral!" he exclaimed. "You sit down *very* quietly in a quiet room, you cut for partners, someone declares trumps, you say very gently, 'May—I—play—to—hearts—partner?' 'Pleeeese!' It is one funeral!"

Admiral Eberhardt told me of some young officers who stayed with him during a week of special festivity in Newchwang. I had admired their beautiful dancing, fine open boyish faces, and gay spirits. "Poor boys," he said, "I want them to come here as often as they can and get some social amusement.



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They are stationed up-country, and are so utterly *mnuyés* that, although they are excellent friends, they were on the verge of fighting a duel by way of distraction when my invitation arrived."

One of the writers in the *Times Russian Supplement* of 26th April, 1915, remarks that if you scratch a Russian you will find a child." It may be so, for in some moods they are absolutely child-like; but it is a child of great potentialities. Another contributor to the same paper has (while referring to the extraordinary fact that Russia has suddenly become the most temperate nation in Europe) quoted his weighty sentence from the poet Tiutchev: "Russia cannot be understood by intelligence, she cannot be measured by a common foot-rule; she possesses a special stature—one can only believe in Russia."

I missed my Russian friends very much on our return to Newchwang after the war, and the following summer I went to Pei-Ta-Ho (the now well-known summer resort for Europeans living at Peking and Tientsin) where some of them met me, and we spent a few pleasant weeks together.

It was the month of August, but Pei-Ta-Ho was very cool and pleasant, although the water was so warm one could stay in it for any length of time. It is a perfect paradise for children, who splash about dressed in their little waders all day long.

The bay is a pretty one, surrounded by hills, and the water is quite clear and blue. It is a pity that the place has not been planned with an eye to artistic effect. One does not want to see an esplanade and stiff rows of houses reminding one of Brighton, such as the Germans have erected at Tsingtao; but it is a

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mistake to have the view blotted out by one's neighbour's house, and the only vista that of his backyard, as is sometimes the case.

One evening a great thunderstorm burst over Pei-Ta-Ho. It was a magnificent sight. The sky was covered with what really looked like a velvet pall, out of which vivid forked lightning flashed continuously, long streamers of fire illuminating the sea and the silver sands.

A few days later I started for the railway station with Dr Westwater. I was in a sedan-chair, and the doctor on a sturdy donkey. The station is about six miles from Pei-Ta-Ho, and there are no real roads, just paths through the millet fields, or rocky tracks up the hills, which immediately become water-courses after heavy rain. We had gone about two miles when a storm broke over us, and we took shelter in a village. The coolies said it was useless to go on; they could never be in time for the train, and we had better return while we could. I was very glad I took their advice, for we presently reached a small ravine through which the water was rushing so fast down to the sea, that my bearers only just managed to ford it, and Dr Westwater had to turn aside and remain in a house near by until the evening.

Pei-Ta-Ho is a very cosmopolitan place, as people of all nationalities from the Legations in Peking and the large foreign settlements in Tientsin have houses there, and a number of the missionaries also gather there in summer. Most of my friends refused to pay any calls, or take part in social functions while there, but lived an outdoor life, bathing, boating, or having pleasant picnics to the hills, which are covered with wild flowers. Quantities of the sweet-scented lemon

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

lily grow there, and I was interested to find a scarlet, or rather a crimson, pimpernel.

One day a Japanese lady arrived at the hotel and wandered into the sitting-room, where I was playing the piano for the benefit of my little godson, Boris, who is very musical. She spoke English, and told me she could sing, so fetched her music. She had a very sweet, true voice, had been trained by a German Professor at Tokio, and presently produced some accompaniments which were quite beyond me. My Russian friend played them for her, and we had a little *entente cordiale* of our own, cemented by the music.

Chinese and Japanese sing quite well if trained by Europeans, but their own mode of singing never appeals to me. There is an artificial, strained sound which I think most unpleasant, and a kind of nasal twang, while their instrumental music is very monotonous; the melody often terminates on a rising tone, and is generally in the minor key. They have one instrument very like the bagpipes, and they seem to enjoy listening to a piano. Many wealthy Chinese possess pianolas. I have been amused to hear a mandarin steadily playing through the "Overture to William Tell," for the edification of English visitors; it seemed so odd to see him, with his queue and his handsome robes, seated at this very modern instrument!

At this period Lord Kitchener arrived in Manchuria, passing through Newchwang on his way to Moukden. The whole community mustered to do honour to the great soldier, who is also a collector of porcelain!

Our Consul, Mr Wilkinson, who has a small

算命先生



A BLIND MUSICIAN.



## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

but beautiful collection, had much conversation with him, doubtless about vases, "Ming," "Chien-Lung," etc.

During the peaceful years which followed, I paid many visits to friends in the different Mission stations or on the railway. Some lived in very isolated places; but in Moukden there are now a number of foreign residents—Consuls representing different nations, a Commissioner of Customs and his staff, and a college for students of Chinese belonging to that service. There are also some business people, and a number of missionaries. Dr Christie's new hospital is a large building, and near it stands the Medical College, built in memory of Mrs Bird-Bishop, and of Dr Jackson, to whom I refer later. At the other end of the town there is a large Theological College, worked by the Irish and Scotch Presbyterian Mission.

When visiting Moukden after the war, I procured some pieces of porcelain which experts pronounce good, and they are certainly very decorative; but I have refused to become a collector of *anything*, either porcelain, silver, pendants, brasses, bronzes, or any other curio, because if I once started such a taste I should become absolutely absorbed in it, and a general nuisance, as well as an expense, to my family; and also because so many disturbances occur in China that art treasures are never safe. Several friends of mine have lost many of them in various upheavals.

But I used to enjoy poking about the curio shops in Moukden, and in a fascinating street bordered by little booths, where a heterogeneous assortment of all sorts of things were offered for sale—I believe it

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

was really a kind of thieves' market—and my friends in Moukden were much amused at my liking for it. Hearing I was making some purchases, a dealer followed me about with a perfectly lovely carved lacquer box. It was a large round box of red lacquer, elaborately carved, but he wanted two hundred pounds for it, so it was quite beyond my means; but it really was an exquisite thing.

For the antiquarian there is an immense field of interest in Manchuria which I do not think has been much investigated as yet. When I first visited Moukden one could purchase ancient coins in the razor shape which dated from the time of Moses, and quaint bronzes and tablets credited with equal age. On the plain outside the city there is a curious mound called by the Chinese the "Korean" mound, dating from very ancient times when the Koreans, then an advanced and warlike people, ruled in Manchuria at various periods. Many relics of their rule have been found, such as the interesting camp discovered when the railway to Tientsin was constructed; and in some old mines galleries have been found extending for miles underground, which Chinese consider Korean.

The four picturesque, mosque-like buildings known as "tas," one standing at each point of the compass outside Moukden city, as well as the curious little Fox Temple so hidden away under the city wall that one would never notice it unless informed it was there—all invite investigation.

At Liaoyang, too, there is the pagoda with its obviously Indian figures, recognised by the officers of our Indian regiments as such; also the partly ruined pagoda at Fuchow (Manchuria).

Moreover, Chinese scholars will tell you that some



BUYING MEDICINE: A STUDY IN EXPRESSION. ]





## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

Buddhist temples in China were considered extremely sacred in ancient days, and pilgrims would travel to them from Burma and India.

Far away in Northern Manchuria, in the region bordering on the Amur, one hears of ancient stone cities whose history no man knows, buried in the primeval forest. It may be that these have been visited of late years, but if not it seems to me that when the Trans-Siberian route resumes its normal conditions, an interesting field of discovery awaits some antiquarian.

When we visited the Fox Temple at Moukden I noticed a number of votive offerings, very handsome pieces of embroidery enclosed in frames covered with glass, which must have hung there for hundreds of years; some of them were dropping to pieces with age. The temple was very small but well kept; a fine-looking young man was placing some joss sticks to burn on the altar. When asked why he did so, he smiled and made some evasive reply to the effect that it is well to propitiate the spirits as they may work harm to one—who knows?

At the side of the temple there is a narrow passage at the end of which an altar has been built. Once a year the fox comes to that altar and, as he is a benevolent spirit, confers benefits upon his worshippers. Other animals, such as the snake and weasel, are also worshipped; but foxes are believed by the Chinese to have many occult powers, to be able to foretell future events, and to appear at will under the human form. Most of them apparently are evil-disposed, but the one I have mentioned was not; and I was also informed that this was the first Fox Temple ever built in China, and the fox who

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

inhabited it was the original fox. As this curious cult seems to interest some people I insert here three little stories translated by Prof. H. A. Giles, which he has kindly allowed me to use.

### A STRANGE COMPANION

Han Kung-Fu, of Yu-ch'eng, told me that he was one day travelling along a road with a man of his village, named P'eng, when all of a sudden the latter disappeared, leaving his mule to jog along with an empty saddle. At the same moment, Mr Han heard his voice calling for assistance, and apparently proceeding from inside one of the panniers strapped across the mule's back; and on looking closely, there indeed he was in one of the panniers, which, however, did not seem to be at all displaced by his weight. On trying to get him out, the mouth of the pannier closed itself tightly; and it was only when he cut it open with a knife that he saw P'eng curled up in it like a dog. He then helped him out, and asked him how he managed to get in; but this he was unable to say. It further appeared that his family was under fox influence, many strange things of this kind having happened before.

### THE MAGIC MIRROR <sup>1</sup>

. . . But if you would really like to have something that has belonged to me," said she, "you shall."

<sup>1</sup>The following is merely a single episode taken from a long and otherwise uninteresting story. Miss Fenghsien was a fox; hence her power to bestow such a singular present as the mirror here described, the object of which was to incite her lover to success—the condition of their future union.

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

Whereupon she took out a mirror and gave it to him, saying, "Whenever you want to see me, you must look for me in your books; otherwise I shall not be visible"; and in a moment she had vanished. Liu went home very melancholy at heart; but when he looked in the mirror, there was Feng-hsien, standing with her back to him, gazing, as it were, at someone who was going away, and about a hundred paces from her. He then bethought himself of her injunctions, and settled down to his studies, refusing to receive any visitors; and a few days subsequently, when he happened to look in the mirror, there was Feng-hsien, with her face turned towards him, and smiling in every feature. After this, he was always taking out the mirror to look at her. However, in about a month his good resolutions began to disappear, and he once more went out to enjoy himself and waste his time as before. When he returned home and looked in the mirror, Feng-hsien seemed to be crying bitterly; and the day after, when he looked at her again, she had her back turned towards him as on the day he received the mirror. He now knew that it was because he had neglected his studies, and forthwith set to work again with all diligence, until in a month's time she had turned round once again. Henceforward, whenever anything interrupted his progress, Feng-hsien's countenance became sad; but whenever he was getting on well, her sadness was changed to smiles. Night and morning Liu would look at the mirror, regarding it quite in the light of a revered preceptor; and in three years' time he took his degree in triumph. "Now," cried he, "I shall be able to look Feng-hsien in the face." And there, sure enough, she was, with her

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delicately pencilled arched eyebrows, and her teeth just showing between her lips, as happy-looking as she could be, when, all of a sudden, she seemed to speak, and Liu heard her say, "A pretty pair we make, I must allow"—and the next moment Fenghsien stood by his side.

### FRIENDSHIP WITH FOXES

A certain man had an enormous stack of straw, as big as a hill, in which his servants, taking what was daily required for use, had made quite a hole. In this hole a fox fixed his abode, and would often show himself to the master of the house under the form of an old man. One day the latter invited the master to walk into the cave, which he at first declined, but accepted on being pressed by the fox; and when he got inside, lo! he saw a long suite of handsome apartments. They then sat down, and exquisitely perfumed tea and wine were brought; but the place was so gloomy that there was no difference between night and day. By and by, the entertainment being over, the guest took his leave; and on looking back the beautiful rooms and their contents had all disappeared. The old man himself was in the habit of going away in the evening and returning with the first streaks of morning; and so no one was able to follow him. The master of the house asked him one day whither he went. To this he replied that a friend invited him to take wine; and then the master begged to be allowed to accompany him, a proposal to which the old man very reluctantly consented. However, he seized the master by the arm, and away they went as though riding on the wings of the wind; and in about the time it takes to cook a pot of millet, they

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA

reached a city, and walked into a restaurant, where there were a number of people drinking together and making a great noise. The old man led his companion to a gallery above, from which they could look down on the feasters below; and he himself went down and brought away from the tables all kinds of nice food and wine, without appearing to be seen or noticed by any of the company. After a while a man dressed in red garments came forward and laid upon the table some dishes of cumquats;<sup>1</sup> and the master at once requested the old man to go down and get him some of these. "Ah," replied the latter, "that is an upright man; I cannot approach him." Thereupon the master said to himself, "By thus seeking the companionship of a fox, I then am deflected from the true course. Henceforth I, too, will be an upright man." No sooner had he formed this resolution, than he suddenly lost all control over his body, and fell from the gallery down among the revellers below. These gentlemen were much astonished by his unexpected descent; and he himself, looking up, saw there was no gallery to the house, but only a large beam upon which he had been sitting. He now detailed the whole of the circumstances, and those present made up a purse for him to pay his travelling expenses; for he was at Yu-t'ai—one thousand li from home! (From "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio," Prof. H. A. Giles).

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "golden oranges." These are skilfully preserved by the Cantonese, and form a delicious sweetmeat for dessert.

## CHAPTER XX

“ The web of our life is of a mingled yarn.”

(“ *All's Well That Ends Well.*”)

IN my last chapter I spoke of the peaceful years after the Russo-Japanese war, during which I was able to see a good deal of the country and obtain a better knowledge of the conditions under which my European friends were living; and of the steady progress going on amongst all classes of Chinese. Many graduates of English and American Universities were now in high positions in China, and amongst them were Mr Tong Shao Yi, Civil Governor of Moukden, and Mr M. T. Liang, who took over control at Newchwang when the Japanese again evacuated that place.

Later our friend Mr Chow became Tao-tai there. He also is a graduate of Yale, and all these gentlemen spoke English perfectly and were extremely well educated. Mr Chow was a delightful guest and host; he had a keen sense of humour, and would keep a whole table interested with his ready wit and amusing stories. He was in Tientsin when that place was besieged by the Boxers, and went through many vicissitudes, being in peril from his own countrymen, as he was friendly to foreigners, and also from foreigners, who did not realise his friendliness to them. One touch of nature amused me very much. He told us that if shells burst near him when

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he was out of doors he never could help instinctively putting up his umbrella!

Madame Chow is a very pleasant, dignified lady; she did not speak English, but we managed to talk a little, although her dialect was a southern one. I always tried to have someone to meet her who could speak Chinese easily, and we often met at our hospital working-parties, where she and her daughter were regular attendants and most helpful. The Tao-tai opened the hospital bazaar with a capital speech, in which he took occasion to remark that Europeans have an idea Chinese have few nerves and do not feel pain so much as they themselves do, but that he begged to state he felt an aching tooth or rheumatic joint quite as much as anyone else, and was quite as grateful for relief from pain.

In 1906 the imperial edict for the abolition of opium-smoking and the cultivation of the poppy was issued, and in Manchuria the Governor-General (H. E. Chao Er Sun) saw to it that the edict was literally obeyed. Unfortunately, many poor victims of the habit—driven almost insane by craving for this drug—resorted to morphia. Quantities of morphia were sold without restraint, specially by the Japanese.

A friend whose business took him daily into the native town at Newchwang, told me he saw men going about with morphia and hypodermic syringes, giving injections to anyone who asked for them at the rate of ten cents each. As no pains were taken to ensure cleanliness, the results may be imagined. However, this, too, was presently taken in hand by the authorities, and indiscriminate injection of morphia stopped; but I do not know whether the sale of the drug has been restricted.



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It is marvellous to think that in less than a year China should have abolished the growth of the poppy and the use of opium! But in China everything is on a large scale. If there is a flood it extends for hundreds of miles, and thousands of lives are lost; if a storm, it comes up in fine minutes and works destruction. If it is a good year the fields yield "twelve tenths," and if reforms are instituted they affect the whole country, are sweeping and rapid, although the abuses they rectify are hoary with age!

A remarkable religious movement occurred in Manchuria about the time I speak of, which interested me very much. It arose in Korea, and at first the dwellers in Manchuria, who despise the gentle, rather inefficient Koreans, were inclined to ask, "Can any good thing come out of Korea?" Soon, however, the movement spread, and all over the Protestant Church in Manchuria its effects were startlingly felt. It was inevitable that some exaggerations, some hysterical excitement, should attend it; but these were transitory. The real results of this so-called revival were lasting and beneficial; the whole standard of the native Christians was raised, and many new converts joined them.

The Christian women derived special benefit from this movement; they began to take a much more prominent part in church work, and to realise their responsibility towards others. One well-educated young woman, the wife of a telegraph clerk, used to come constantly to the hospital to teach and read to the women there; she was very kind and bright, and they all welcomed her visits. She told me she had never realised before how selfish it was of her to keep her knowledge to herself and not try to help

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other people. Mr Webster, to whom I have referred before, was often in Newchwang during that time as he travelled from station to station helping the over-worked missionaries at each place, and often dropped in to see us *en passant*.

It was a very cold winter; the Port was crowded with poor people from Shantung who had been driven out by flood and famine and had come up north, only to find themselves stranded in Newchwang and unable to proceed up-country until spring. They were desperately poor, and suffered much from the intense cold.

Mr Stanley Wright, an Irishman who was accustomed to relief work amongst the very poor, was then stationed in Newchwang under the Imperial Chinese Customs. One evening he told me he could not bear to see the awful distress amongst these poor folk, and wondered whether something could not be done to help them. Dr Walter Phillips—then in charge of the Mission hospital—joined our consultation, and we decided to make an appeal to the young men of European parentage, born in China, who knew and liked the Chinese, to help us in this matter. They responded nobly; we formed a committee, and soon were in a position to start a night shelter. But an unexpected difficulty arose. We were just approaching the Chinese New Year, and no one was willing to rent us a house until after that date! Chinese wind up all business transactions during the last few weeks of the old year, and have a strong prejudice against embarking on new ones.

One evening we sat by a blazing fire, thinking of the poor shivering creatures outside, having done all we could (as we thought) to procure a house, and

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failed; they must wait for at least another week, and how many would die of exposure?

To us arrived Mr Webster, having been travelling most of the day, and on hearing our story he simply remarked in his strongest Scotch: "Ye—ve got the money, ye—ve got the furniture and helpers; ye—re sitting here by the fire, and the people are in the streets and ye haven't got the house. *Come out and get one!*"

Out they went, leaving me unwillingly still seated by the fire, and in three-quarters of an hour were back again, Mr Webster having procured premises, where for the rest of that winter over two hundred poor people were housed and fed every night at a nominal cost.

Long before this our pretty little settlement church had been built, where people of various creeds and nationalities joined in the services. Before the Russian church was opened many of their soldiers would attend; they could not understand what was said, but they performed their own devotions, and liked to do so in a consecrated building. Sometimes our congregation was very small, but often the services were well attended, and always reverently conducted; it was a great pleasure to Church people, and also to many of our Presbyterian friends from up-country, to come to this simple service in their own tongue, where all was done "decently and in order," as in the Homeland.

It was amusing to hear some of the comments made by them on our services. One lady told me she never could attend to the Canticles, because she was always so interested in observing how we fitted in the words to the chant used; while Dr Phillips

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declared he found the greatest difficulty in really joining in the Liturgy because he was so interested by the beautiful English in which it is expressed! Our padres varied; sometimes we had Bishop Corfe for a while, then perhaps a young man just out from home, who would serve our little church while he studied Chinese; then just as we had all got to know and like him, another change would occur; but always we seemed to return after a while to Mr Sprent, to whose energy we owed our church, and who has only lately left to take up work at home.

What a time that poor man had over the building! Chinese workmen begin very early in the morning, and they would get through quite a lot of work before Mr Sprent appeared, although he, too, was early on the scene. He usually pulled down what they had done, and supervised them for some time, looking sharply after them at intervals all day; but next morning the same thing occurred, and the contractor delayed so long that report said Mr Sprent finally imprisoned him in the Vicarage and conducted him to his work each day under armed escort! However that may be, the church was finally well and solidly built.

Bishop Corfe, the first Bishop of Korea, so well known to naval men, was also the first to establish Church of England services in Newchwang, and he frequently came there in the intervals between various chaplains. It was always a pleasure when he did so, not only to grown-up people, but very specially to the children, as he was full of understanding and love for the little ones. I have heard that when the Archbishop of Canterbury told Mr Corfe he wished him to become Bishop of Korea, he mentioned that

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“there is no money, and you will probably be killed”—attractions which would undoubtedly appeal to his hearer! The Bishop, who is now an old man, is at present acting as Legation Chaplain in Peking. Like most thoroughly human, saintly people, he has a great sense of humour.

One day I told him that a bookshop had been started in Chefoo, in which I rummaged in vain for one of Rudyard Kipling's books, and that the proprietor said he had never heard of the author. “The man who can open a bookshop without ever having heard of Rudyard Kipling is a great man,” said the Bishop solemnly.

Eventually we came under the care of Bishop Scott of Peking, who supplies a chaplain to the Port. These clergy do not interfere with the work of the Presbyterian Church amongst the Chinese, but confine their ministrations to Europeans of all nationalities, and sometimes work amongst the Japanese at Dalny, where there is also a resident chaplain.

In the spring of 1910 we went home once more, this time via Siberia. We started without delays or difficulties of any kind—an amazing occurrence, as during the many years we had spent in China this had never happened before! Our friends gave many pleasant farewell entertainments, two of which I recall vividly.

One was given specially for me in the house of a friend, on the same night that the club entertained my husband. About twenty ladies were present; a little play was acted, healths drunk, and speeches made in the most correct fashion; even an escort being provided on my return home.

The other was given by Tao-tai and Madame

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Chow in the Governor's Yamen. It was a most delightful evening, and the food most delicious; so much so that one really ate much more than was advisable.

There were nine courses (the Tao-tai assured me he had let us off easily; had it been an official affair there must have been quite twenty-four), commencing with an excellent soup which our hostess had prepared, with balls of forced meat floating in it. I thought it was much nicer than the very over-rated birds' nest soup. We had shark's fins and delicious fish, beef cut up into small pieces and served very hot with ginger sauce, great mandarin oranges, pea-nuts toasted and salted, and various sweets; of course, preserved ginger in syrup and dry, cumquats (small oranges), and chow-chow, also in syrup. The latter is a most exciting preserve, for one never knows what may turn up in it—pieces of melon and ginger, an occasional cumquat, and one thing which looks like a bootlace rolled into a tight ball; but is very good to eat.

After dinner we went into the large reception-room, and were joined by some members of the Tao-tai's staff, with their families, who played the flute and on stringed instruments, and entertained us in various ways.

As we were leaving, Madame Chow said to me wistfully, "You are going to England; ah, how I should like to go with you! My sons are in England. I do so want to see them, and to see the country in which they are being educated; I want to understand."

Personally I believe that thoughtful and gentle lady *will* understand, and will be able to sympathise

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with her sons in their new outlook upon life, for she struck me as very adaptable and extremely sympathetic.

Finally two of the Tao-tai's daughters made a very clever little farewell speech. One of these young ladies, who spoke English, sat in a deep arm-chair; her young sister stood in front, completely screening her. The elder then spoke, and the younger gesticulated and moved her lips as if she were the orator; the effect was most comical. This young girl was a very clever mimic, and often reproduced, for her family, scenes she had witnessed at the theatre, with the greatest exactness.

In the beginning of this book I mentioned that the Chinese think our ideas of amusement very strange and rather crazy, but they have many forms of entertainment, and many games which they enter into with zest.

Theatrical entertainments are extremely popular. Gentlemen have their wine-parties, at which it is customary to have intellectual discussions, perhaps capping of verses, or recitation of impromptu odes.

Chinese chess is a most interesting game, not quite the same as that we play, and wei chi, a game played upon a large board with counters, provides endless complications.

I do not think most people know that diavolo, which was so popular some years ago, is really a Chinese game. It is played with a wooden top, varying in size, and so constructed that it makes a loud buzzing noise; in some places it is called the "great wasp." Some of the tops are enormous, and make such a loud sound that I once thought the

難滿月頭



BABY'S FIRST SHAVE : PRIDE OF GRANDFATHER.





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wind had risen suddenly on a perfectly calm day, and was moaning round the house; on looking out I perceived that it was only Boy having a game of diavolo, or great wasp.

Fighting-cricket is played with as fighting-cocks used to be at home, and the betting on favourite cricket champions is often quite high.

Chinese children have various quaint toys: dolls, rattles, balls, etc., and they kick a shuttlecock with much skill, keeping it up for a considerable time. Many models of carts and boats are constructed, and all sorts of funny little toys are made in the north out of reeds and millet stalks, such as hobby-horses with extraordinary heads, skeleton balls to roll before the wind, and little windmills. Chinese nursery rhymes are very quaint. I insert two characteristic ones here.

“ The poplars are whispering, la-la-la,  
And baby must sleep with his ma-ma-ma.  
Bye-bye, baby, go sleep I say,  
If Bogy comes near us, I'll drive him away.”

“ Away on the mountain there lives a fat ox,  
Eight toes on its feet you will find.  
Its head will be always seen going in front,  
And its tail always hangs down behind.”

*Translated from the Chinese by Professor H. A. Giles.*

When all the farewells were said, a final send-off was given us at the station, and after a run of about twenty-four hours on the Japanese line, we joined the Siberian railway at Kwanchengtze.

For the first few days we were much disappointed at the arrangements, which we had heard were so luxurious. We had struck an ancient carriage, and the electric light was out of gear, the heating appara-

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tus froze, and at last I was so worked up that I bearded the *chef de train* in his lair, and told him this was no *train de luxe*, but a *train de misère*.

Soon things improved, and from Manchouli (the frontier town between Manchuria and Siberia) to Moscow we had a pleasant and luxurious trip. The food and accommodation are excellent. The train only goes at the rate of thirty miles an hour; one can read comfortably, and in many parts the scenery is beautiful, especially in the Urals amongst the birch forests, in the trans-Baikal region, and by Lake Baikal itself.

That was the year of the great comet, "The Stranger," as I think it was called. Before leaving Manchuria we had seen it in all its magnificence: a star of immense size and brilliance, appearing low down in the sky, with a magnificent tail or "brush," as the Chinese call it, sweeping up like a huge curved diamond aigrette over the evening star.

One evening, as we crossed the steppes, a little boy came running into our coupé (he was a charming little lad, the son of the Argentine Minister to London). "Madame, Madame," he called out, "venez vite voir, c'est que le soleil a avalé la comète!" There was a most extraordinary sunset; a great shaft of light, like a high, narrow wall, descended from the sun and illuminated an otherwise sombre sky, looking really as if the sun had absorbed the lesser lights unto himself. So solid and strange was the effect, everyone observed it, and the train employees said they had never before seen anything like it.

About twice a day there is a stop of from ten to twenty minutes, when everybody gets out of the

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train and marches up and down the platform to get exercise. On Sundays many peasants collect at the stations to see the foreign travellers—strong, sturdy-looking men, in their big boots and shaggy sheep-skin coats. The women were refined-looking, often pretty, but rather weary and fagged, as if they worked very hard.

At every station there were the inevitable Cossacks, sometimes only one or two, in which case my husband used to take hasty snapshots of pretty places, while I watched to see the coast was clear, as the railway is considered a military one, and you are not supposed to take photographs, even of innocent trees or children.

He manifested the greatest unbelief in my knowledge of Russian, and would ask me to speak to one of the Cossacks, to ask him, for instance, how long the train would stop at a certain place. When the man understood, and replied to my question, Dr Daly was always filled with most rude astonishment!

We stopped off at Moscow for a few days, and had an interesting and delightful time. There is so much to see and to do, we could hardly tear ourselves away; and we were very glad we saw it in winter, for everything was covered with snow, the sleighs rushed about silently except for their pretty bells, and the whole *mise en scène* was as it should be.

We seem fated to take part in scenes of change and sorrow! We arrived at home in March, and in the following May, while we were staying in Dublin, King Edward the Peacemaker died. It seemed but a few months since we had all been so anxious about him, since his recovery and coronation! Surely it is seldom that so much splendid work has been

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accomplished by any sovereign during a short reign of nine years.

We spent the summer partly at a primitive but very beautiful little seaside place in Sligo, and partly at my old home in Roscommon. I went down there on the 1st of June. Truly it was a green land through which I drove that day; the dark Rosaleen was looking her very best, the hedges were full of hawthorn, and the great lilac bushes crowned with blossom. The cattle stood deep in the rich grasslands, and the larks sang as if they could never stop.

In the autumn we took a house in Dublin, not intending to return to China for nearly another year. Dr Phillips, who had become my husband's partner, was in charge, and all seemed going on smoothly. But shortly after Christmas came a bolt from the blue.

We were very busy just then, as Dr Daly and I were much interested in the National Service League, and a meeting was about to be held at which we were both to speak. On the day of this meeting, I was rehearsing my speech to my son and awaiting the arrival of General Mills, who was also taking part, from the Curragh, when Dr Daly walked into the room and read us this telegram:

“Plague bad, community want you.—PHILLIPS.”

We had seen some mention of an outbreak of plague in Northern Manchuria, but had not realised either its intensity or the rapidity with which it was spreading south. But one response could be made: we packed up and went out again via Siberia as quickly as possible. The wire reached us on Tuesday evening, and we left for London the following Sunday.

## CHAPTER XXI

“The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade.”

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE return journey to China via Siberia was not an interesting one. We did not “stop off” anywhere, and until our arrival at Irkutsk we heard no news about Manchuria.

There rumours of terrible happenings reached us, and from that place onwards the news was persistently bad.

On our arrival at Manchouli, the wife of the Commissioner of Customs there—a young German baroness—came to see me, and told me of the long anxiety she had gone through, as the town of Manchouli (Manchuria station) is a great resort of the marmot-hunters, amongst whom plague first broke out. Normally it is a Russian town, but during the marmot or musquash hunting season it is crowded by these men, who are natives.

Plague broke out there in October, and many deaths occurred; amongst the victims were two Russian doctors. The Russians segregated some four thousand Chinese in railway carriages, drew a cordon round them, kept suspects separate, and thus saved the town. The Commissioner and his staff, European and Chinese, lived and had their offices inside a large enclosure or compound. When the

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epidemic was at its height no one was allowed to leave this compound, but the Baroness went once a week to a Russian shop, attended by Russian servants, and did the marketing for her household and the entire staff—no easy matter.

The musquash are interesting creatures, and apparently very intelligent; they are watchful against the attacks of men, and also will drive out the sick from their warrens. Experienced hunters easily recognise healthy animals, as they are extremely lively, hard to catch, and have a curious cry which the Chinese say is exactly like their own expression "pu-pa," which means "don't fear." At ordinary times the hunters avoid those animals which appear dull, heavy, and sick; but the high prices given for the skins of late years tempted them to hunt and kill indiscriminately, with the result that many of the men became infected with pneumonic plague, which rapidly spread.

As we travelled through Manchuria it looked like a dead country; no business seemed to be going on, no long strings of carts laden with produce were to be seen, no mellow mule bells to be heard. The dread of the pestilence was over the land; already many thousands had died, and there was not one authenticated case of recovery.

At Harbin a young acquaintance came on the train and told us further horrors; while at Moukden station the engineer in whose house Dr Arthur Jackson died, came also with his tragic tale. The death from plague of that splendid young missionary had a powerful effect upon the Chinese, with whom in less than a year he had become a great favourite. Dr Christie has spoken fully about this in his book;

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but I cannot find any mention either there or elsewhere of the self-sacrificing work of this brave engineer, who risked his life day after day to prevent the plague being spread by railway passengers, and in whose house Dr Jackson died.

I felt as if we were going into a thick black cloud out of which we should never return! The train was very empty. Many of the passengers—thinking it inadvisable to pass through the infected area—had gone round by Vladivostock; a few remained, who were as helpful and cheerful as it was possible to be under such circumstances.

We were delayed before reaching Chang-Chun, and were six hours late, so Dr Daly telegraphed to Ta-Shih-Chiao (the junction for Newchwang) asking the Japanese authorities there to have an engine ready to take us to the Port. We arrived at the junction at midnight, and I was just going to the little waiting-room while our luggage was collected and arranged, when the stationmaster said: "You cannot go there, we consider the room infected with plague; a suspicious case of sickness occurred there. Please come to my house."

On hearing this one of our fellow-passengers jumped out on to the platform, and pressed some formaline tabloids into my hand, begging me to take one immediately, which I did, and felt much cheered by his kindness and the feeling that again I was "keeping my powder dry" so far as possible.

The stationmaster's room was warm and cosy; we waited there for some time, and were then told that our engine was ready. My husband went ahead to see the luggage was all right, and as I passed an empty train suddenly the lights were switched on and I



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beheld a weird and wonderful figure spraying the carriages with some disinfectant. He was dressed (as later my husband and his helpers were) in white overalls, with a peaked cowl, rubber gloves and top-boots, and a mask and respirator. When actually attending plague patients or suspicious cases, doctors and nurses also wore goggles and a cotton-wool plug on either side of the nose. This was my first sight of anyone so prepared, and I fairly gasped with astonishment; later I understood why these precautions were taken.

The short run over the moonlit plain to Newchwang was quite the most eerie journey I have ever experienced. There was no carriage attached to the engine; we sat in a little van watching a very coal-blackened little Japanese stoker busily feeding the fire, and there did not seem to be any other people living in the white, silent, snow-covered world through which we rattled.

Dr Phillips gave us hearty welcome on our arrival, and Boy produced a dinner of several courses in the small hours of the morning. The next day my husband took over quarantine work, and visited Tao-tai Chow, who was delighted to see him. The town was divided into sections for inspection, the Japanese doctors undertaking a certain portion.

Dr Phillips, not knowing I was coming out with my husband, had written me a letter in which he said:

“What a comment this outbreak is on the uses of railways! This Siberian plague must have often broken out in the Frozen North and wiped out a family or village; but never before had it so convenient a pathway down which to march with giant

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strides to the big towns, and reach the very heart of China. Already Moukden is bad; Kwang-Cheng-Tzu (or Chang-Chun) far worse; they have it in Dalny, Tientsin, away down to Chianfu; it has even, they say, reached Tsingtao; and yet by some strange freak of the disease not a case has yet appeared in Newchwang.

“We have all been working with frantic energy, and if we *are* scared, no one says so. This plague is said to come from the marmots; the infection is chiefly from inhalation, so we all go about wearing respirators. I am taking no chances. We all have to depart some time, but there is no use in being in a hurry. I am comforting myself with the theory that since this is a cold-weather disease it will vanish as spring comes on; but so far there is not much sign of spring. It is Chinese New Year; alas for all the people in their fine gay clothes! It has snowed all day; the drifts in the street are terrific. I was out in a carriage just now, going to visit a patient, and we stuck three or four times. I have to cross the river to the Chinese railway station twice or even three times a day, not getting back till after eight at times. Often I must rush off to the Yamen to advise the Tao-tai on the measures he is taking so energetically, or get special trains to go up the line to inspect suspicious cases. Now all trains are stopped on that line until we get the quarantine building finished; no one can get to Tientsin for love or money. What the up-country people are doing I do not know, except that Christie and his assistants are working very hard. My! won't I be glad to see the Taifu (Dr Daly). I would never have wired for him myself, but the community were naturally

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getting restless with only one man here, and a deputation came asking me to send for the trusty old warrior. I was delighted. . . .”

Soon after we arrived we were both inoculated against plague. The quarantine buildings Dr Phillips referred to were built upon the north shore of the Liao, and Dr Wong, Dr Phillips's chief assistant, took charge there and did most excellent work. It was indeed a relief to have him there; otherwise an enormous amount of time would have been taken up in crossing the river, and it was also most unsafe to do so. One day before we arrived Dr Phillips spent two hours in a “sampan” trying to get through the ice; he finally landed two miles from the station, and had to walk there in the teeth of the north wind, which was so strong that every few minutes he was obliged to turn his back to it in order to take breath.

My husband was very busy with quarantine work. Our faithful Boy, who now spoke excellent English, became his interpreter, and day by day he fared forth attended by this man and some of the sanitary police—very fine, intelligent men—to inspect suspicious cases, arrange for inoculations and other precautions; also to send telegrams of phenomenal length. Once he held up the line for an hour and a half! People got nervous about all sorts of goods, thinking they carried infection, so it was necessary to reassure them and prevent supplies of food and fodder being held up.

What a change had come over the Chinese since 1899! Now the authorities helped in every way to prevent the spread of this dread disease, and in the



GREAT PNEUMONIC PLAGUE, MANCHURIA, 1910 : EXAMINING RATS.



OLD CHINESE DOCTOR, WHO TOOK NO PRECAUTIONS AND PROVED IMMUNE TO INFECTION.

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large towns much good was done ; but in country places no one knew what was going on, and village after village must have been wiped out. The agents of large firms who usually travel about the country in winter arranging for the purchase of beans and other produce, reported that frequently on approaching a large village they found dead bodies lying outside, so turned away and went elsewhere ; finally they were obliged to give up these journeys altogether.

It was strange that certain people seemed to be immune from this form of plague, which was almost exclusively pneumonic. It specially attacked people in the prime of life ; the very old and very young were passed over. In one family of fourteen an old woman of seventy-one and a baby of two years were the sole survivors.

Still more extraordinary was the case of a woman who, without contracting the disease herself, was a plague carrier. Wherever she went plague appeared, and at last this was so marked that the Chinese drove her from their dwellings, and some missionaries found the poor creature wandering about in the frozen fields, gave her shelter in a segregated house, and cared for her until the epidemic was over, when she too lost her terrible power.

We do not really know how Newchwang escaped, for when coolies were prevented moving about by rail they walked from place to place, and many entered the town from infected areas ; but escape it did, by the mercy of God, and so far as I know plague has not since appeared there. It is estimated that at least forty-five thousand persons died during this epidemic (most of them being between the age of twenty and forty), that there were no recoveries,

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and that the disease was at its worst when the temperature was at its lowest.

Early in April an International Plague Conference was held in Moukden, at which eleven countries were represented; a most remarkable gathering in which the wonderful progress made by the Chinese with regard to medical science was forcibly demonstrated. Two Russian doctors who had been with us in 1899 attended this conference, Dr Padelevski and Dr Anna Tchourilina. (Dr Mesny, the French expert I mentioned before, was unfortunately one of the first European victims in 1910). Professor Kitasato, who first discovered the plague bacillus, took a prominent part in the proceedings, and an amusing story is told about him.

Some American travellers were staying at the Yamato Hotel, the comfortable railway hotel run by the Japanese at Moukden. Dr Kitasato was pointed out to them by the hotel clerk with pardonable pride in such a famous doctor. "Who is he, anyway?" drawled one of the travellers. "I know nothing about him."

"Not know Dr Kitasato!" gasped the astonished clerk. "Dr Kitasato, the man who invented plague!"

Many interesting discussions took place at this conference, which was admirably arranged for and run by the chairman, Dr Wu Lien Teh, a Chinese graduate of Cambridge, and his helpers; but although light seems to have been thrown upon the origin of the plague, and upon the best preventative measures to adopt against it, no cure has been discovered, at any rate for this peculiarly virulent form of the disease.

## CHAPTER XXII

“Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.”

—Robert Bridges.

IN the autumn of 1908, just ten years after her famous *coup d'état*, the Empress Dowager died, and the following day the sad, thwarted spirit of the Emperor Kuang Hsü “crossed over.”

It is a remarkable fact that when the Empress began to fail in health, the Emperor also rapidly lost strength, and was apparently very much nearer his end than the Empress at the time of her sudden collapse. Many rumours were of course current as to his death, but the truth will never be known; it is one of those mysteries which the charming precincts of the Summer Palace only too effectually conceal.

Shortly before her death the Empress had decided that the little Prince P'u Yi, a child of three, son of Prince Chun, was to succeed Kuang Hsü, and that his father should be appointed Regent. This was very much against the wishes of Yuan-Shih-Kai, the present ruler of China, who had good reason to know that the new Regent had no love for him, and who was also honestly of opinion that another prince would have been a better choice. But the Empress insisted, her wishes were obeyed, and in a very short time Yuan-Shih-Kai went into retirement, having been politely informed that he was suffering from a



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very bad leg, and could not possibly continue to perform his arduous political duties.

The character of the Empress has been so well portrayed by those who made it a careful study, that I do not propose to venture upon any description of it here; but it is interesting to notice the resemblance between many of her attributes, both good and bad, and those of our own Queen Elizabeth and Catherine II. of Russia. In all three you find great astuteness, courage, and faithfulness to those for whom they really cared, or whom they respected, combined with gaiety, love of amusement and of "pomp and circumstance." In all three you will also find an iron will, absolute unscrupulousness, a violent and cruel temper, and much ambition. But Elizabeth and Catherine were in touch with their time—even in advance of it; the Empress Tzü-Hsi was not. She was a clog upon the wheel of progress, only yielding to reform and change when no other course was possible.

During the next few years that animus against the Manchu dynasty which had always existed in the south became stronger and stronger, until, on the 10th of October, 1911, the Rebel Standard was actually raised in the large Chinese city of Wuchang, which is situated on the banks of the Yangtze opposite Hankow.

The Prince Regent was not averse to progress, and yielded concession after concession to the reformers; but it was realised that these concessions were only the result of weakness, that he was incapable of himself guiding the ship of state into calmer and safer waters, and the Revolutionary party were determined to end Manchu rule.

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In Manchuria itself a curious state of things prevailed. As I have said, Southern Chinese, who had lived there for generations, had so blended with the Manchus that they were practically the same. But some of the Newchwang people were comparatively recent arrivals; all their sympathies were with the Revolutionaries, and when news of the success of the rebel forces reached us, they wished to show their colours and openly join their ranks. Amongst these were Dr Wong and other native helpers in the hospital, who came to Dr Daly (Dr Phillips was home on leave) saying they wished to take off their queues and allow their hair to grow in front as their forefathers had done, and as their southern friends were now doing.

Dr Daly advised them not to be too precipitate, so they waited about three weeks more, and then renounced the Manchu style of headdress, which had been forced upon the Chinese so long ago by the Manchu conquerors as a sign of subjection.

In the meantime a certain reaction in favour of the Manchus had taken place in Moukden, where Chao Er Sun (who had shown so much ability during his previous time of office), was again in charge, but this time as Viceroy of the three provinces of Manchuria. He recognised the necessity of yielding to the Revolutionary party, although he remained faithful to the dynasty as long as it was possible for him to do so.

The General in command of all the trained forces in Manchuria at the end of 1911 was Chang Tso Lin, who was a capable and resourceful man and a brave soldier, absolutely in sympathy with the Viceroy. Presently it was discovered that the Revo-

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lutionary party planned the death of both Viceroy Chao Er Sun, and General Chang Tso Lin. Chang Tso Lin took rapid action; many of the plotters were killed, and those who had joined the rebels, and cut off their queues, were afraid to go about openly in the "days of the killing," as the Chinese called that time.

Just at that period an urgent message came to Dr Daly from some distance up the Chinese Railway, saying that a bridge had been blown up, many were hurt, would he go to their help? As Dr Phillips was away, my husband could not leave, but he sent Dr Wong and three assistants, and after they had left suddenly remembered that Chang Tso Lin's soldiers were in the neighbourhood, and would at once pounce upon these queueless men! So hurried telegrams were sent to the traffic inspector, who saw to it that our good Dr Wong and his companions came back to us safely.

Some of Chang Tso Lin's soldiers passed through Newchwang; they were of a type which is frequently found in a changing country—rough, strong, courageous—very much what the Cossacks were before they were incorporated in the Russian army—under a strict discipline of their own, and devoted to their leader.

Early in 1912 the poor baby Emperor abdicated, and the Dragon flag was lowered all over China. The last Dragon flag hoisted over the Port of Newchwang is now in my possession, having been reserved for me with great kindness by the harbour-master there. The success of the Revolutionaries was extremely rapid. Some severe fighting took place at Wuchang, but from the first it was clear

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that the Manchu dynasty was doomed. In their despair they sent for Yuan-Shih-Kai, who at first told them his leg was not yet cured, but finally consented to come to their help. He did not attempt to bolster up the fallen dynasty, but secured reasonable terms for the Emperor, Empress Dowager, and the Regent, and marched with the changing times himself, to such good purpose that he is now a king in all but the name.

Curious outbreaks and disturbances occurred after the Republic was actually proclaimed. In February, 1912, our friends the Bowras were in Peking, and Mr Fulford was Consul-General at Tientsin. My daughter and I were just preparing to make a trip. She had never seen Peking, and we purposed spending a little time there, at Fengtai, and in Tientsin with our friends in each place; but suddenly a mutiny broke out amongst the soldiers in all three places. Much looting and burning went on, and it was no time to add to people's anxieties by increasing their responsibilities; so we did not go. Shortly after I fell ill, and in the summer we went home, once more hurriedly, as it was considered necessary for me to leave at once, or at least as soon as possible.

It was grievous to think of all the wanton destruction which took place in Peking, Tientsin, and other large towns. A street in Tientsin, exclusively given up to fur shops, was looted and burnt; in Peking the beautiful curio shops, the great bazaar, cloisonné, and porcelain shops, shared the same fate, and in the south countless treasures in old cities like Soochow and Hangchow must have been destroyed, not to mention the collections made by private people. Even Yuan-Shih-Kai could not restrain the soldiers

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from loot; they considered it their right. To fight and not pillage, unheard-of idea! One regiment was ordered to leave Peking, where they had done much mischief, and were provided with a train to take them to Fengtai, some eighteen miles away. The soldiers filled the train with loot, and walked beside it themselves to their destination.

The soldier is no longer despised in China as of old—many of them showed great courage and endurance on both sides during the Revolutionary struggle; but the heart of the people is set upon peace, although strong patriotic feeling has now sprung up in many places. The country is so huge, means of rapidly moving about still so few, that it will be long before that cohesion is arrived at which is necessary before a country can be really great. The giant is awake, but he is like a great sleepy child rubbing his eyes, gazing around him in astonishment, seeing so much change, so much need for immediate action, and not knowing what action to take. As Dr Aspland wrote me last year: "I don't know where we are!"

The part Chinese women have taken in these changes is a remarkable one. They have displayed much patriotism and capability for organisation, and were amongst the most successful propagandists of Revolutionary doctrine. They formed "Dare to Die" clubs, and brought arms and ammunition from Japan to Canton in preparation for the outbreak. They gave generously to the funds, and even formed themselves into regiments, drilled by men and officered by women; but they were not called to the front. This so disappointed them that many of their number rushed into the lines and threw bombs at the

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enemy; how many lost their lives no one knows. When the Legislative Assembly of Kwantung Province was organised, ten women were elected, who duly sat in that assembly until other forms of government were adopted, and it was broken up.

In such great movements, during such drastic changes, it is inevitable that some undesirable elements will appear, many exaggerated and unwise measures be adopted; but these are excrescences, and will disappear in time.

After living amongst the Chinese for a quarter of a century, we feel that a people who are possessed of so much ability, so many good qualities, are bound in time to arrive at real greatness; not merely the greatness of bulk and numbers, but of equitable government and real patriotism.

I was much struck by a remark made by General Chang Tso Lin and quoted by Dr Christie in the book I have referred to: "What the young men of China lack to-day is tao-té (religion, moral principle); old creeds are passing away, new creeds and standards must take their place unless we are to have a repetition amongst these clever, literary people in the years to come, of the kind of *kultur* which is now devastating Europe. As Tiutchev said of Russia, so we must say of China, in spite of her apparent weakness and want of cohesion at the present time: 'One must only believe in China.' She will show herself worthy of our belief."

Dr Phillips arrived in China again in June, 1912, and took over charge in Newchwang, heartily welcomed by the community, who had already had experience of his skill and ability.

It was hoped that my old friend the sea, hitherto

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my best physician, would soon restore me to health, and again we started for home via Japan and Canada, travelling slowly, and often stopping for a few days in various beautiful places. But even the Inland Sea, Nikko, and later the Rockies, did not do me much good, and when we arrived at Quebec I was still very ill.

We took passage in the *Empress of Britain*, and when nearing Father Point, a thick fog came on. I was in my cabin amidships on the saloon deck, my husband had just left me to ask some players of deck quoits, who were having a game just over my head, if they would mind shifting the board; they did so at once, and I was settling into a comfortable sleep when suddenly it seemed to me that we were going very fast, and I wondered why our speed was so much increased when we were in a fog. A moment afterwards there was a crash. What I had thought to be increased speed was really the reversing of the engines; we had run into a big collier and cut her in two. I got out of bed and staggered to the port-hole, but in less than a minute my husband and daughter were with me, the stewardess and some friends nearly as quickly. I begged to go on deck, so was dressed and taken up, and shown our exact position. Our captain kept his head, and the *Empress* held up the collier (*Helvetia* was her name) until all on board were saved. Then we backed, and she immediately sank, while our bow went up so much that one realised how the collier's weight—she had seven thousand tons of coal on board—had been dragging us down.

One poor lady amongst our passengers had been on the *Titanic*, and had only just gained sufficient

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courage to go to sea again; when we struck, she fell upon the deck in a dead faint, at which no one was surprised. It was said that one of our passengers had been in nine collisions; if this were true, I think that man ought to be segregated upon some nice big continent, and never allowed to travel by water again! This mishap, and the slow return to Quebec (pumping all the time, for we were badly damaged), with the subsequent hot and trying journey to New York, deprived me of the little strength I had recovered, and I arrived in Queenstown a perfect wreck. But my native air soon began to resuscitate me. As we entered that beautiful harbour, I remember quoting to the doctor of the *Caronia*, in which we had sailed, John Locke's words:

“ Oh Ireland dear, but it's grand ye look,  
Like a bride in your fair adornin',  
And with all the pent-up love of me heart,  
I bid ye 'The Top of the Mornin'! ' ”

Alas, Dr Macdermot, a fine-looking Irishman from my own county of Roscommon, now lies many fathoms deep off the Head of Kinsale, for he was one of those who went down in the *Lusitania*!

And now “the book is completed and closed like the day.” This little record of war and peace in the Far East, which it has been a real pleasure to write, is finished.

We arrived home looking for peaceful days in our own Green Land, but again we are in the midst of war—war in the air, on the earth, on the sea, and under the sea, and we seem as far as ever from the



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vision which the old American poet saw from *his* peaceful home when he wrote :

“ Down the dark future through long generations  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,  
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the Voice of Christ say, ‘ Peace.’

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war’s great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.”

The vision is long. Though it tarry, wait for it;  
it will surely come.

THE END

C MW  
12/23/17

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