crowded with tradespeople and artizans, who looked both healthy and happy.

That was indeed a proud and joyful moment when we gained the large bastion—which differed from all others we had yet entered, by having two archways, one on each side—and, rattling over the granite slabs that paved the intervening space between it and the inner city, found ourselves within the real limits of the Mantchu metropolis. What less could I do than doff my turban and reverentially salute the grim walls which then contained two Britons, for the first time known as such here, and concealed by no native artifice or borrowed costume? We had gained our cherished object at the end of a long journey, the termination of which no one could prognosticate without some feeling of doubt or alarm when it was begun.

Small space was given to see where we were, for the crowd, though a stationary one, extended in every direction, and precluded all chances of examining the houses or character of the wide thoroughfare into which we were now launched. Fortunately the promised inn was near, and we made a kind of triumphal entry into the neat courtyard, where another body of police armed with huge whips like the Russian knout stood ready to receive and to guard us. An active *red-faced* little mandarin stepped forward and took our party in charge at once, without giving us the slightest verbal intimation to that effect.

An order to his men to clear the square of the mob that had burst past our late escort outside, was but partially successful, though cuts and shouts were freely used to enforce it.

The host, or manager, or whoever he was, came to the front, and tried to be as amiable and talkative as an undersized man can be who is labouring under a strong sense of asphyxia from fatty accumulations everywhere—but more especially in the region of the face and throat—and is

quaking from a great dread of our presence. He introduced us to one room, which had been a lumber store previous to our arrival. We, without delay or scruple, objected to the insult. He strove to remonstrate, but made such tedious and painful efforts to speak through his constricted windpipe that we had no patience, and, we fear, as little sympathy for his corpulence: so we rushed out of the detestable apartment, fully impressed with the idea that the people wished to degrade us by lodging us in the filthiest rooms in the house.

Another hovel was then thrown open to us, worse if possible than the last, as it was in a state of thorough dilapidation. We would not look at it, and loudly protested against such uncourteous treatment of far-travelled strangers, who civilly claimed their hospitality and were willing to pay for it.

The mandarin commenced a long harangue with the asthmatical host, who would maintain that his house was engaged, and there was nowhere else he could put us; but when he saw that we were not to be imposed upon, he suddenly remembered there was one room yet unoccupied, and with no good grace he took us to it.

Enclosed within a little brick wall fancifully built with lots of crucial spaces in it, this chamber was certainly better than the others, though it was dark and dirty: so, being tired with bothering, and nearly choked with dust and thirst, we consented to take it. A few minutes' rest sufficed to refresh ourselves sufficiently to think of moving out to see how the population and their rulers stood affected towards our perambulating the streets, and visiting whatever might be worth looking at; and as the larger portion of the vast assemblage of Moukdenites had been driven or talked away from the courtyard by the police, the opportunity promised well for a ride, as our ponies were still saddled and ready. The guide whom we had brought from Newchwang said he

knew the city well, and gave us reason to hope that we should be amply repaid for our trouble, as there were many things of great interest in the place.

There were a number of well-dressed people loitering about outside expecting to get a look at us, and as soon as we launched among them another buzz and tumult of wonder and astonishment burst out from them, as well as from the throng held back in the street by the merciless thongs of the guard. To them everything about us was dumbfoundering, inexplicable, or marvellous, and the manifestations of their emotions were as various as in any western crowd—though, perhaps, our friends were more polished and civil in their behaviour than the generality of mobs we have seen nearer home.

Some were rather apt to giggle and titter at our unshaven heads and faces, and to crack facetious jokes at our expense; others were lost in admiration with the leather of our boots and the cloth of our coats; some would persist in doing nothing but stare intently in our faces, as if they expected us to turn them upside down; two or three looked astounded and perplexed, apparently, at our audacity and independence in venturing so far alone, and the cool easy manner with which we moved and conducted ourselves; while others, scarcely satisfied with looking freely, used their sense of touch, and laid inquisitive fingers upon us—one in particular was found with his hands in the bottom of one of M.'s coat pockets. A shriek of agony and alarm broke from an old man who, on hands and knees was squatted behind me to inspect more closely my hunting-spurs, when I unwittingly stept back and sent the sharp rowels into his nose and thigh.

Just as we were about to mount, and M. was giving directions to the guide, a petty official, many of whom were dodging about and watching our movements, stepped up and whispered loud enough for M. to hear him, that the man

was not to go. This advice or counsel to our conductor at this early period of our visit was not to be borne, and my companion at once hunted the fellow off.

As soon as we emerged from the gateway of the inn, some eight or ten lusty guardians on foot attached themselves to us, and by their noisy demonstrations were speedily attracting that attention far and near that would have put an end to our explorations, when we started off at a smart trot northwards. In a few minutes they and the multitude were out-distanced, and we were at comparative liberty to move about where we liked, so long as we did not stop at any one place and give the people time to collect.

If Peking was a disappointment to those of us who, in the preceding year, had expected to see a great and a grand city — a capital with superb palatial buildings, streets unsurpassed for width and cleanliness, and crowded with triumphal arches, where all the wealth and magnificence of a rich and mighty empire had been stored — and if we had found it as unpleasant as opening a musty old tome that has been lying covered with mildew in some mouldering ruin for centuries, and in which moth and maggot have done their work, leaving only the massive buildings which envelope the decayed leaves intact — then Moukden could indeed lay claim to having excited in us a degree of pleasurable surprise, until then unknown in our rambles in the land.

The great regularity of the streets — the ample breadth of the principal ones — the absence of filthy and indecent displays at their sides, such as everywhere offend the eyes and nose in Peking; the uniform height and frontage of the shops, and their respectable, though far from gaudy appearance, and the total absence of tumble-down wooden arches, or *Pai-lus*, such as in almost every other town obstructed the way or marred the prospect; quite took our good opinions by storm, because the change was unexpected,

for we had long ceased to imagine that a tolerable city existed in the country.

Moukden, so far as our experience went, was pronounced to be the Edinburgh of the Middle Kingdom. The people were well, though not luxuriantly, dressed, and I do not think during our stay we noticed a beggar or a ragged individual within its walls. There were large stands of cart-cabs with excellent mules in them, superior to those of Peking. There were capital shops with large open windows, in which were counters for the sale of furs, native cottons, dye-stuffs, grain, and medicines, as well as ready-made clothing; but we could perceive nothing European, save a couple of boxes of German lucifer matches which we saw when we afterwards had an investigation on foot. A good proportion of these shops were kept for the manufactory and sale of bows and arrows, and in some of them there were splendid specimens of the skins of eagles and vultures.

We passed several large Yamuns or government buildings, before which were drawn up dozens of cabs, and crowds of attendants awaiting the convenience of their several owners who were within, probably discussing questions concerning the management or mismanagement of a province the length and breadth of which is estimated at 700,000 square miles. Each of these public offices was guarded by rows of high black *chevaux de frise*. The great number of officials—whether mandarins, servants, or soldiers we could not always distinguish in the crowds and dust we often got involved in, struck us as extraordinary for such a small city, and such a comparatively unimportant capital of a province beyond the Great Wall.

Booths and stalls there were none, and even the nomadic vendors of eatables, and the peripatetic craftsmen of all grades and trades who roam freely elsewhere, were here invisible. We looked closely for some indications of Tartar existence, but without success, except in some streets where

shops were devoted to the fabrication of figures or effigies made of reeds and covered with paper to represent men and women servants bearing cups of tea and other things necessary for a feast; and in addition, horses and stags, modelled and painted in a sporting style, such as we could fancy the Mantchus—as we had read of them—might appreciate, and desire to have burnt at their graves to do them service in the next world.

Something of this kind is mentioned by Marco Polo as taking place at the funerals of Tartar princes in his day, but the victims were living beings. He says, after speaking of the invariable custom of interring the bodies of the grand khans and chiefs of the race of Ghengis Khan at a certain lofty mountain, no matter where they may have died.—'It is likewise the custom, during the progress of removing the bodies of these princes, for those who form the escort to sacrifice such persons as they may chance to meet on the road, saying to them, "Depart for the next world, and there attend upon your deceased master," being impressed with the belief that all whom they thus slay do actually become his servants in the next life. They do the same also with respect to horses, killing the best of the stud in order that he may have the use of them. When the corpse of Mongu, the fifth Tartar monarch, and grandson of the great Kublai Khan, was transported to this mountain, the horsemen who accompanied it, having this blind and horrible persuasion, slew upwards of twenty thousand persons who fell in their way.' And in the year 1661, Shun-chi, one of the early emperors of the Mantchu dynasty, perpetrated the dreadful atrocity of ordering a human sacrifice on the decease of a favourite mistress; but one of his ancestors, Tien-Ming—so writes the Jesuit Martinius in his account of the conquest of China by the Mantchus—vowed, when invading China to avenge the death of his father, that he would celebrate the

burial of the murdered king by the slaughter of two hundred thousand Chinese.*

These figures seemed to us to be the only relics of this custom, and the sole testimony of the existence of the Mantchu nation, for we could gather nothing else concerning them.

Near the end of the long street we had first hurried along was a low archway, over which there was a bell-tower or *chang-lu* in a rather shaky condition. Speeding through this we reached the wall, and soon were in the outer city again; but as there was nothing to be seen here except a shattered pagoda, we returned again to the wall and entered by a west gate. This was a quiet part of the town, and as everybody had been outstripped except a few wild young scamps, who managed to keep pace with our ponies, and a small wicket was hard by that opened on the steps leading up to the top of the brick wall, the temptation was too strong to be resisted. A momentary glance over the city from such an elevation would tell us more than days of painful search, and was indeed the only apparent means of arriving at any sort of correct idea of the plan and dimensions of a large city like this, standing as it did upon a level plain.

Bacon's advice to those who were about to make the *grand tour* in his time seemed now to be for once in our excursion followed. 'They are,' says he, so far as memory serves us, 'to set forth on their journey under some tutor or grave servant, and their objects should be the courts of princes, churches, fortifications, cities, gardens of state.' Here was our grave servant ready to afford us any assistance or information that could come from within his narrow limits, and there was a fortification—the only one the place could boast of, and from which we were to have a prospect

* Travels of Marco Polo. Edited by T. Wright, M.A.

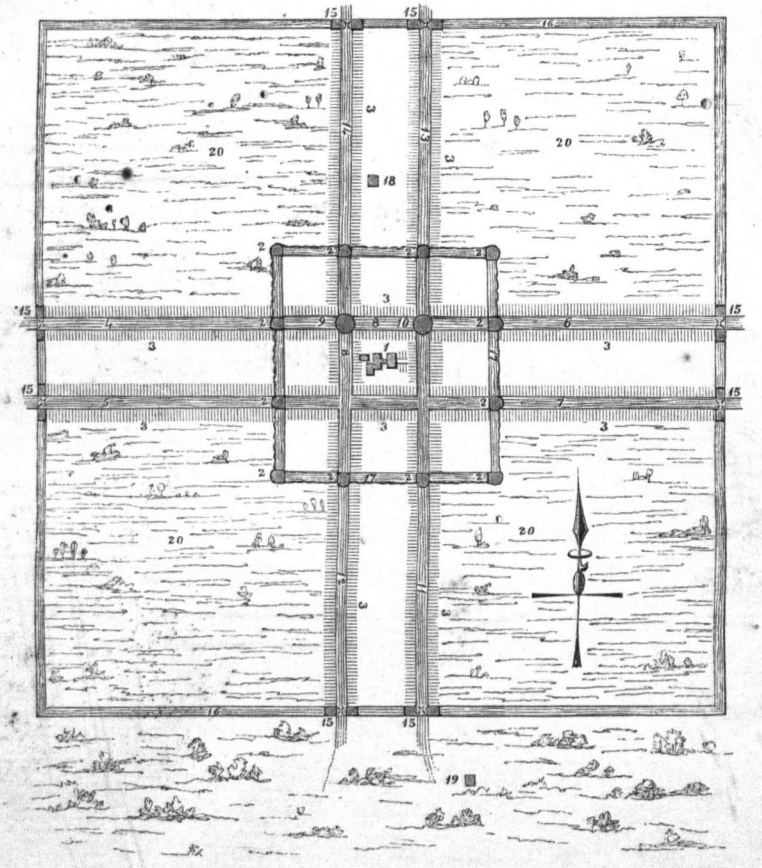
of the other details mentioned. The idea was at once acted on, and leaving our ponies to shift for themselves, we opened the wicket, ascended about a dozen steps to a small square landing of brickwork, and then mounted the inclined plane that led to the rampart, where we were exceedingly gratified to find the city mapped out for us below in a far more satisfactory way than if we had traversed the streets one by one.

The wall itself exhibited little to make it different from other city walls, and, so far as we had time to notice, it was a fac-simile of the Peking fortification on a smaller scale. Its height might be about thirty-five or forty feet, its width at the base about twenty-five, and the top fifteen feet, and everywhere it was in good order. The towers, twelve in number, were intact, and those nearest us had good doors firmly locked. The single parapet was crenelated in the ordinary way, but at its junction with the rampart were numbers of small apertures inclining obliquely downwards, for the purpose possibly of pouring a vertical fire or boiling water on the heads of the assailants immediately beneath. The boundary of the outer wall may have been from ten to twelve miles. The inner or imperial had a circuit of about three or four miles.

The outer city contained the largest warehouses and the working classes, but a large portion of its extent towards each angle was either taken up by gardens or lying waste. The outer as well as the inner wall had eight corresponding gates called great and little, though there appeared to be no difference in their size — from which the eight principal streets ran, and intersected each other towards the middle of the imperial town, giving an appearance of regularity and convenience to the whole rather pleasing to the eye.

An ancient Chinese authority mentions with regard to these eight gates, that they correspond to the eight principal winds. In the book of customs of the Ta-tsin (the present)

dynasty it is said, 'The city of Moukden has eight gates—two to the south, one of which is termed the doorway for the introduction of the numerous virtues, and the other the entrance gate for the admission of the Protection of Heaven (one of the early Mantchu emperor's titles); two to the east—one named the gate of attentions for those who are



Plan of Moukden.

1. Mantchu Palace. 2. 2. 2. 2. Wall Towers. 3. 3. Principal Streets in the Imperial and External Cities. 4. 5. 6. 7. 11. 12. 13. 14. Main thoroughfares. 15. 15. 15. 15. 15. 15. 15. 15. Entrance Gates in the External Wall. 16. External Wall. 17. Internal, or Imperial Wall. 9. Ku-lu, or Drum Tower. 10. Chang-lu, or Bell Tower. 8. Streets into which the Palace has private entrances. 18. Pagoda. 19. Llama Pagoda and Temple. 20. 20. 20. 20. External City, composed of dwelling-houses, artificers' shops, stores, and at each angle waste ground.

near, the other the portal which guards the interior; two to the west, of which the first is the gate of affection for those who are afar off, and the second, the way by which the strangers and tribute-bearers come to pay homage; of two to the north, one is called the gate of victories which brings back good-fortune and power, and the other the honourable gate of the earth.'

Conspicuous above the other buildings in the city stood two towers named the *Ku-lu* and the *Chang-lu* or drum and bell towers, and between them and the south side of the city, exactly in the centre, was a mass of yellow-tiled roofs of various heights and forms, with trees interspersed, which we at once set down, and correctly, as the old palace of the Tartar sovereigns.

Elsewhere there was little to be seen but the tidy streets alive with passengers, crowds of housetops, temple roofs, and green trees. According to E-toong-tche, a native geographer, Moukden is a city of the first order, and is placed on an elevation; while the country which surrounds it is watered by a number of rivers which renders it very fertile. There is to the east the great white mountain—*Chang-pi-Shan*; to the west the country of E-hi; to the south the river Ya-lu; to the north the river Hoontoung (obsolete names).

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HISTORY OF MOUKDEN — ACCOUNT OF IT BY FATHER VERBIEST — KIEN-LUNG'S EULOGIUM OF THE TARTAR CAPITAL — THE PEN AND THE KE — POPULAR EXCITEMENT AT OUR APPEARANCE — A MOUKDEN MERCHANT — THE TARTARS AT A DISCOUNT — OUR VISIT TO THE PALACE PREVENTED — THE WATER-GUN — LOWER TEMPERATURE AT MOUKDEN — CHINESE ARTIST — RETURN JOURNEY — LORD JOHN HAY — DOING THE DRAGONS — ON BOARD THE 'ODIN' — REVISITING THE WALL.

THE place wherein Moukden now stands is the same which in the almost traditionary times of Yau (2357 B.C.) bore the name of Tsing-chow; in his successor's time, Eng-chow; in the time of Han (206 B.C.), Liau-toong-kiun; and under the brilliant Tang dynasty (A.D. 618), Nan-tong-tau-hau-fou, that is to say, 'the place which guarantees rest and tranquillity to the eastern people.'

Under the Tartar houses of Liau and Kiu, in the 13th century, it was sometimes called Tunking, or the Eastern Court, and at others Liau-yang, or the Sun of the Liau. Under the Mongol or Yuen dynasty, it was commonly called Shin-yang-lou, signifying properly 'the path of the sun;' and under the Mings, the affix *lou* was changed to that of 'wi,' city or burgh, and it was then Shin-yang-wi, the city or burgh of the sun; but the Mantchu warrior, Tien-ming, the 'Providence of Heaven,' having made himself master of the country to the east of the Great Wall, some years before his death deliberated with his friends on the choice which he ought to make of a situation for his court. It was concluded that this ought to be in a city, purposely built. The city was

accordingly founded, and received the designation of the Eastern Court; but when his authority and influence began to extend itself to the Chinese side of the Wall, he did not hesitate to remove his residence to Shin-Yang.

Five years later (1630), his successor, Tai-tsoung, pulled down the walls of the city, and rebuilt them on a larger scale than before, as well as improving the buildings generally. From this time it was called Moukden; a word derived from the Mantchu, signifying 'to grow,' 'to rise,' 'to augment in wealth and honours,' 'to flourish.' This monarch gave to his reign the title of Tien-tsoung, meaning 'by the palpable manifestation of Heaven,' or 'the light of Heaven,' because he believed he had been called by the Divine Will to rule over China. His son reigned here in that orange-tiled palace, but his grandson, the conqueror of the Chinese Empire, preferred the court of Peking.

In the 10th year of Kanghi (1681) the walls were repaired, and two years later the towers above the gates added, about which time Father Verbiest came in the suite of his imperial master, and in the course of his narrative—to be found in Du Halde—he merely says of it, 'Shin-Yang, the capital of Liau-toong, is a pretty and complete city, and shows the remains of an old palace. Latitude, 41° 50′. The needle has no variation here. Some Coreans having presented the Emperor with a sea-calf, he showed it me, asking whether Europeans mentioned it. I told him we had a book in our library at Peking that treated of its nature, and had a cut of it. He longed to see it, and immediately despatched a courier to the Fathers at Peking, who brought it me in a few days. He was pleased to find the description in the book answer to what he saw, and ordered the fish to be sent to Peking and kept as a rarity.'

The enthusiastic Kienlung, a century later, exhausts his scholarly energies in eulogising this city, first in the Mantchu language, and then in some sixty-four different forms of

Chinese writing.* Before visiting the native place of his fathers, he begins at Peking his poetical *chef-d'œuvre*, by an appeal to their virtues and exalted qualities, though perhaps forgetful that the ancestral princes immediately preceding the noted Tien-Ming were nothing better than marauding chieftains of a petty Tartar horde residing in this neighbourhood.

'The Empire,' the old translation runs, 'being transmitted to my humble care, I ought to leave nothing undone to keep alive or to follow the virtues of my ancestors; but I justly fear that I shall never be able to equal them. Every day I meditate profoundly on the means which I ought to adopt to aid me in feebly imitating them, and to render them a tithe of my gratitude—every day I prostrate myself before their portraits, and I render them the most sincere homage. It is at these times above all that I am transported in mind to Moukden—to those venerable places, the most illustrious, the most glorious, in my opinion, of all those which the heavens has formed.'

Soon after, he reaches this city, and continues: 'Arrived at this place, where my ancestors in other days held their court, I found my heart overflowing with filial piety, and I exhibited all the proofs of it of which I was capable. I worshipped the smallest things that might represent the slightest vestiges of my fathers.

'I saw with a lively and inexpressible joy those mountains covered with verdure (a mild draw on his imagination), those rivers where rolls a pure flood (now they are strongly tainted by mud), that fertile country, and those enchanting places which seem yet to feel the presence of their ancient masters.

'Above everything else, I admired the people, so sincere and good, who live happily because they are content with their lot, and who live without fear because they live in the honest abundance of all things.

* In the poem before mentioned, as translated by Father Amiot.

'Behold, said I to myself in a transport of delight, behold really a kingdom that Heaven favours! It is now I am penetrated by that satisfaction and bliss, which makes the true happiness of a sovereign. It is now I can praise myself for seeking those sanctified places, which have been the nursery of those only whom we can regard as veritable kings.

'Yes, it is of these spots that the most remote antiquity has spoken with so much praise under the names of Pen and of Ke.* It is sufficient to have been reared in Pen or in Ke, or only to have dwelt in the country for some time, to be acknowledged fit to govern men! You, whose position to the north of the waters of Simia (called in Chinese *Shin-shuay*, probably a general name for the waters of Shin-yang), insures to the atmosphere surrounding you a constant salubrity; you, that the grand rivers and the lofty mountains render a fitting bulwark to protect the world:— illustrious city of Moukden, you are distinguished from every other city in all the other countries of the universe, as much as the tiger and the dragon are from all other animals. It is on you that the great empire of Ta-tsin (the Mantchu dynastic title) has laid the solid foundation on which it is reared. The deep ditches that have been dug around your walls—your walls themselves, which are so strong and so high—guard you from all surprise and all danger. You are at once the heavens and the earth. You represent the two all-potent principles—the Yang and the Yin.

'It is within your walls that we distinguish and appreciate everything; it is there where the nine descriptions of markets are found (disposed according to the old Chinese custom, one in each quarter of the principal winds, and one in the centre—devoted to the sale of different commodities),

* The *Pen* and *Ke* of the reign of Chow, and the *Foong* and *Pe* of Han, are the old poetical names for this country.

and the warehouses of five classes; it is there that the real doctrine of Kings—so far as being taught to govern men well applies—is found in all its vigour, and it is from thence that this knowledge is spread to enlighten the rest of the world. You are, O Moukden! the Pen and the Ke of Chow. You are the Foong and the Pe of Han! Better than the village of Pe-shuay; better than the Palace of King-chang,* you are the proper place to prepare and to produce Kings. The heavens which canopy us, shine with nine kinds of rays (in allusion to an old poem which says, "the red light that margins the horizon exhibits nine colours"); the earth that bears us contains in its bosom the chief of all treasures; it throws them open to us,—it brings them to perfection,—it distributes them liberally according to our wants or our desires. Do we cultivate it in order to gain from that which in itself would produce nothing? Then it gives us always a hundred-fold of what we have confided to it, and this of the best.

'The mountain of Chang-pe-Shan that stands near you, and conspicuously towers above all the other mountains (it was invisible from our part of the Wall, as was the entire range of mountains), shelters you on one side, while an arm of the Great Sea guarantees you from danger on the other. Your situation—which is of the most secure and commanding—your form and disposition—indeed, all that which constitutes you a city, gives us cause to hope that to the most distant generations you will preserve the pre-eminence you have acquired above all other places on the earth.

'It is already more than a hundred years since you began to be the mother of those without as well as within. You nourish both; you maintain them: you enable them to live in tranquillity, in abundance, and in joy. When these reflec-

* The village of Pe-shuay and the palace of King-chang are both celebrated places in Chinese history.

tions present themselves to my mind, I feel myself actuated by a stronger impulse to perform my duty, and render myself worthy of the throne which I have inherited.'

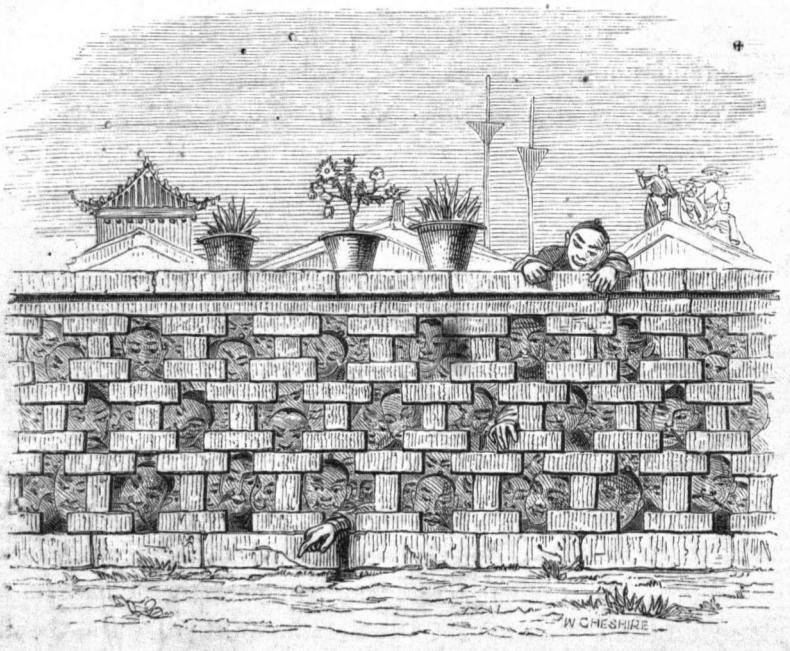
This rather vain and high-flown language was scarcely applicable to Moukden as we now looked at it; and 'the fitting bulwark to protect the world' appeared but an ordinary north China city; though cleaner, in better preservation, and laid out with more regularity, certainly, than any other we had visited. Hastily making a rude map to enable us to find the celebrated palace at some other time, we dismounted from our lofty stand and found that a crowd had in the meantime gathered round our ponies. It did not take long to get clear of it and pass through the streets again to the inn, where we breakfasted and performed our ablutions in the best way we could.

The excitement in the street and courtyard was quite extraordinary, after what we had already encountered. The noise and commotion, the scaling of roofs and walls, the incessant attempts of infatuated men to obtain access to our room despite warnings and ignominious expulsions, the cat-like agility of many who clambered over the high wall that enclosed a small courtyard behind our apartment in order to puncture the paper panes of the back window — all this was for a short time amusing and comical enough, but it soon became tiresome, and gave us little hope of being allowed to walk far in the city. The open brick-work in front was literally plastered with human faces, divided and sub-divided by the intervening bricks into countless fragments; but somehow or other there was always a very large proportion of glancing eyes seen through the cross-shaped apertures.

We had taken a letter of introduction with us from a Comprador at Ying-tsze to a general merchant in Moukden, and it was deemed most advisable to send for this man, and make him useful to us either in the way of gathering information from him, or getting him to act as a conductor; for

we were given to understand that he was a personage of some importance in the trading world.

He came, a thorough specimen of the thriving Chinaman, fat, phlegmatic, snuffy, and well garbed in summer clothing, with fan, pipe, and tobacco-pouch. On entering he made a half curtsey, and gave us a nod or two, as did also two rather swaggering friends of his, who proceeded without a moment's delay to handle and examine all our things.



Courtyard Wall.

Our business with him was briefly told. We had come to see Shin Yang—for such we must now designate Moukden, as that name was all but unknown among the people of the towns and villages on our way, and in the city itself it was not recognised, while its other names—Shinking—the 'affluent capital,' which was at one time the title of the present seat of government as well as of the whole Mantchu territory; and Fung-tien-fu—the 'city of the heavenly wind,'—was only understood by a few intelligent Chinese, so that the

famed Tartar capital is now only known by the Mongol or Ming appellation of Shin Yang. We asked was there much to see, and how long would it take us to visit everything? He answered, 'Oh, there was a great deal to see, and at the least it would take us three days to look at everything properly.'

This certainly put us on the tip-toe of expectation, and as the man was civil and obliging, and thought himself rather patronised by our inquisitiveness, it was agreed that we should walk out in the afternoon to begin our inspections with a pilgrimage to the palace. Until then, the tobacco-pouch was constantly appealed to, and in a room besieged by the restless crowd without, clouded by dense fumes of smoke, and covered by our travelling kit strown about the floor, we chatted away with our oily-skinned guests as well as our meagre stock of Chinese would permit—though oftentimes we wished them far enough when we were made sick at heart by those never-to-be-got-accustomed-to emanations of garlic and onions—those volcanic rumblings presaging a fearful eruption which every well-bred Chinese takes care to display after meals, with the inevitable coughing and spitting that with these people is the loved accompaniment of smoking. We found cause afterwards, when we began to collect and handle the various articles scattered within their range, to lament that the fashion of carrying spittoons did not extend beyond the imperial reception-room at Peking to the circles in which we were obliged to move on our journey.*

The first important question we propounded to the friendly trader, who had forsaken his shop to do us so much service, was concerning the whereabouts of the Mantchu people, and

* Strange it is that Marco Polo should mention this courtly use of a partial remedy for a filthy habit in his day. 'Every man of rank carries with him into the hall of audience, a vessel into which he spits, that he may not soil the floor; and having done so, he replaces the cover, and makes a bow.'

if any were really to be seen in the town ; or if they had become so denationalized, so incorporated with the Chinese element, and swayed by the invincible powers of Chinese civilization as to be unrecognisable in the ever-changing crowds about us.

The novelty, and, perhaps, the boldness of the question seemed to startle and then amuse the Middle Kingdom exotic, for, looking at his interrogators with some surprise, and then with a smile and a grunt of disdainful indifference, he replied in a careless tone, 'The Tartars are cows'—a figurative expression for the extreme of uselessness and stupidity—'there are a few Mantchu merchants, some mandarins, and a small number of soldiers in Shin Yang, but the poor men (a scornful grunt) live away in the wild country there'—giving his head a nod northwards in the direction of Kirin and the Songari valley.

'That is a Mantchu man, at the door,' he said, as he indicated a tall skinny old man with large prominent features, who in light gauze stuff, and a straw hat with a low-rank button, was at that moment striving to obtain a good view of us. The merchant evidently thought him something of a curiosity from the way in which he drew our attention towards this solitary specimen of the almost obliterated race.

By dint of their extraordinary industry, thrifty habits, an unceasing desire to accumulate wealth by any amount of plodding, cunning, or hardship, the Chinaman has wormed himself beyond the Great Wall, built towns and villages, cultivated every rood of land, and is at once the farmer and trader everywhere. He claims the best portion of Mantchuria as his own, and dares even to scandalize the Tartar race in their own capital, though it is barely two centuries since that race filed in long cavalry troops through those gates at Shan-hia-Kwan, and were introduced by an indiscreet Chinese general to the vast empire which they soon conquered and sternly governed. Now, the Chinese seem the

conquerors ; for they have not only obtained possession of the land, and converted it into a region thoroughly Chinese, but they have imposed their language, their habits and customs, and every trait belonging to them on those of the original occupants who chose to mix with them, and ousted out every grim old bannerman who would not condescend to shop-keeping or handling the spade or plough.

There is not the most trifling Mantchu word to designate town, hamlet, mountain, or river, in use among the people now-a-days, and anything that might at all tell of the character and power of the original proprietors is entirely effaced. If the Mantchus obtained possession of the Dragon Throne at Peking partly by force of arms and military prowess, and partly by perfidy, aided by rebellions amongst the Chinese themselves ; and if they compelled the hundreds of millions, over whom they found cause to rule, to alter their dress, wear tails, and, perhaps, smoke tobacco, the people thus subjugated have made ample retaliation by wiping out every trace of their invaders in their own country, and leaving the existence of the usurpers all but traditionary in the metropolis where, two hundred years ago, they held their court, and where one of their kings boldly vowed revenge for seven great grievances that he imagined had been brought on him by the Chinese Emperor.

Nothing prevents the invasion of the Corea by these wonderful Chinese, but the high palisade that keeps them within the limits of Mantchuria ; for if once they managed to get a footing in that country the Coreans would suffer the same fate as the Mantchus, and there is no telling where the sons of Ham would finally stop in their bloodless aggrandizement and territorial acquisitiveness. But the merchant told us that the Chinese are never allowed to pass beyond this palisade, though the Coreans are permitted to enter Tartary by one gate — the Fung-whang — with their merchandise thrice a year.

Having rested ourselves sufficiently, it was considered

best to delay no longer in proceeding to the palace, as it would require much time to go through all the rooms, and we must be back by sun-down. So the three Chinese led the way and we followed; but the police tried very hard to dissuade them from going beyond the inn gate, until we interposed, and the merchant finding himself thus supported, pushed on. The sun was very warm, the crowd half-frantic and pressing in upon us closely, and almost heedless of the tremendous whacks dealt amongst them by the ugly whips; so that it was out of our power to see anything except dust and sky. Half smothered, we left the principal street and turned down a half-deserted sort of lane with a chain across as a barrier. While this was being unfastened, we saw before us an old wooden gateway, and a portion of a paved courtyard. This was the palace entrance, and in a few seconds more we would be within the shelter of its doors. Sad delusion! for as we were congratulating ourselves, a betattered soldier rushed out from a half-ruinous guard-house on the right, and with a piece of string began to tie the two half-leaves together to prevent our admission. He had a difficult task, and I much doubt if he could have succeeded — for the whole fabric looked as if it would tumble down upon him, when about half-a-dozen officers came out in procession, and as soon as they saw us they all, with one exception, retired precipitately again.

This exception was a middle-rank military man — a good-looking fellow with red cheeks and a European face, who stepped forward to speak with the puzzled friend of ours, while a few dirty soldiers grouped behind him. There was an animated conversation carried on for a brief space, and we remarked that our friend was nothing backwards in urging our claim to be allowed within the palace. The official said we could not go unless we were prepared to pay homage — do the *Ko-tau* — before a portrait of the emperor in one of the halls. To this we did not give any very decided answer;

all we cared about was seeing the courtyard, and perhaps we might make our obeisance to his Majesty afterwards. This did not suit him, and our party of guides, seemingly resolute on going in, alarmed the magistrate, who took us into the guard-room, where, seated on the dirty kang, with a lot of bows and arrows in front of us, he reasoned civilly enough with the tradesman; and not without effect, for we were informed, at last, that it would be necessary to apply to the Mayor or Prefect, whose yamuns we had passed on the way, before we could be favoured with admission.

There was no alternative but to do so, or leave Shin Yang without seeing this imperial residence, and as we were not in quite presentable trim for a visit to either of these great worthies, and had but little desire to make their acquaintance, we gave up our pursuit, satisfied that there was not much to attract us, after all.

In returning, and but a short distance from the shaky gate, we saw a long court branching off to one side, at the top of which was an octagonal peristyled building of wood, with a heavy roof of yellow tiles, and dragons twining around the pillars. Though very much gone to decay, there was yet enough left to show that it must have been an elegant building of its kind about a century since. In two rows on each side of the edifice were ten smaller structures built in the same style. The large one, we were informed, was the Imperial reception room, and the others were erected for the Emperor Shun-chi's brothers. This emperor, who is regarded as the first of the dynasty, held his court here about 220 years ago, but when he had made secure his hold upon the great empire of China, he removed to Peking, since which time this regal dwelling has not been occupied for any lengthened period by his successors, and it has been only used by some princes of the yellow girdle who have no great claim to higher consideration.

The sum of two thousand dollars is granted annually to

keep the place in repair, but, said our informant—a Shanghai Comprador at Ying-tsze—with a knowing look, 'all that dollar go big mandarin ; he think it all same cumshaw (present or gift),' certainly a mild way of looking at such a fraudulent misappropriation of public money.

We saw nothing anywhere to confirm, or at all substantiate the belief so popular in some of the Chinese communities, that the Emperor of China remits every year such sums as he may be able to collect in Peking to Shin Yang, there to be kept for emergencies; and doubtless the report is without foundation.

The merchant seemed greatly chagrined at the uncourteous reception we had received from the dignitaries, and could not satisfy himself why, when respectable Chinese were given admission to the palace at any time during the day, two strangers who had travelled so far, and provided themselves with passports too, should not be shown every civility. Ignorant man! he little knew that the only obstructions Europeans generally have thrown in their way in his country are the work of officials, and that the safest course to adopt when wandering through the land is to avoid them and their myrmidons whenever practicable. But he tried to compensate us for our disappointment by leading the way through several streets — all better than any of those we have waded through in Peking—and provided with good shops; though the crush and crash were so great, the heat and the dust so suffocating, and the policemen's whips so busy, that the whole party of us gladly turned towards the inn.

We were anxious to have purchased some little *souvenir* of our visit, and saw some shops where trifles, such as we fancied, were sold; but to have entered them was to threaten or subject the proprietors to actual ruin, for the crowd would have swept everything before them in their headlong madness. We reached our room looking like millers or dustmen, and our perspiring companions would have been all the better for

a sousing under a pump. This was the termination of the promised three days' sight-seeing, and we could not but feel a little mortified, though we had much to be thankful for, and could find no great cause for complaint.

So we tried to put on the best face we could, and to console ourselves by a half-European, half-Chinese dinner done in Ma-foo's best style. Thanks to the diffusion of Western civilization and Western luxuries, we could not only muster a Frankfort sausage, a tin of questionable hotch-potch, but also, O ye erratic epicures who cannot travel fifty miles unless certain that your dinner bill of fare includes the choicest delicacies! *Pâté de Foie gras d'Oie* preserved to perfection.

Never had Moukden received such an importation, and great was the excitement and consternation elicited among our friends and spectators when one tin-canister after another suffered a hurried autopsy, and our meal began; but their wonder reached its culminating point when the first bottle of Schweppe's soda water was opened with a bang that made them jump and change countenance, and the resuscitating draught was quaffed off. How they stared and gaped to see what effect the explosive compound would produce on the grateful imbiber! And how they struggled and fought, old with young, mandarin with manure-gatherer, when the empty bottle — a perfect marvel to them, and which an observant patriarch aptly, and without hesitation, christened a *chang suay*, or 'water-gun' — was thrown beyond the doorway!

Our three friends remained with us until a late hour, endeavouring to conceal, under a badly-assumed *insouciance*, the intense surprise our acts caused them. At last they left, and the door was barred inside to keep out the restless people whom we had robbed of their sleep. Before we lay down on the hard bed-place, however, we had to frighten away some half-dozen wretches who had climbed walls and performed wondrous feats of agility in getting to the window

immediately above our dormitory, and riddling its oiled paper panes with their fingers.

Sometime towards the morning we awoke shivering with cold; for as the nights nearer the gulf had been so oppressively sultry and unpleasant that a Chinese suit of the thinnest cotton was the only covering that could be tolerated when we left Ying-tsze, no blanket or rug formed a portion of our necessaries on starting; and now we were obliged to get up, dress in the few articles of wardrobe we possessed, and walk about the room smartly to keep up a comfortable degree of warmth. The difference in temperature between Shin Yang and the new foreign settlement, or Tien-tsin, at this season of the year was truly astounding, and quite accounted for the healthy fresh complexions and hardy-looking men we had noticed during the day. The clear atmosphere; the very warm, but never prostrating sun — the delightfully cool nights, and the general salubrity of Moukden, must render it a most delectable refuge for those unfortunate countrymen of ours, who come to extend the commerce of Britain by dwelling on the banks of the Liau Hô, and fidget body and mind in the prosecution of trade.

Next day we were somewhat undecided how to spend the time, because the annoyance and hubbub continually attendant on our moving out of doors made us averse to seek the streets, and the attentive merchant, who had taken up his abode with us again at an early hour, did not offer much encouragement, or induce us to prolong our stay. At first, we thought that it might be possible to ride seventy or eighty miles farther to visit the graves or tombs of the Mantchu princes, termed *Yoong ling*, or 'Tombs which ought never to perish,' and which are three, built on mountains to the north-west of Shin Yang; but as our friend could give us no information about them, or even indicate the way to the town near which they are situated; and as there was every probability of our being prevented from seeing them, if we suc-

ceeded in reaching the locality, by some jealous, narrow-minded, buttoned men, the idea was given up.

The next project was to send our ponies back to the British settlement by road, and hire boats at the Huin Hô in order to sail down the Liau, and, as this would offend none of the authorities, it was agreed upon. The Chinaman civilly sent one of his shopmen to engage the boats, but he soon came back with the unwelcome tidings that there was a breeze blowing, and the river was so disturbed that no *San-pans* or *tschwans* could venture on it. So, foiled in all our attempts, there was nothing for us but to return as we came.

In the forenoon, an artist, whom the merchant recommended, was sent for, with a request to bring some specimens of his handiwork in drawing, as we were bent on purchasing some *memento* of the Mantchu metropolis. He came—a Chinaman, of course—and brought several books for which he demanded extravagant prices, and stuck to his demands as tenaciously as if these fantastic daubs had been of far more value to us than to his countrymen. One curious sketch-book, made up of odds and ends, was at last bought by me for a sum I should be almost afraid to name when showing the work to my western friends, and I have no doubt the painter would gladly have welcomed the presence of strangers more frequently, did they all pay him as handsomely for his somewhat clever etchings.

It was with some regret that we mounted into our saddles again in the afternoon, and bidding the amicable fellow who had sacrificed so much time, and exposed himself to such a mobbing on our behalf, a long good-bye, turned our backs to the north, and to the only respectable city we had seen in China.

We ardently wished to penetrate far beyond its walls, and into that unknown country of which Father Du Halde, recounting Verbiest's travels, says : 'Beyond Liautoong the road is difficult; the hills are covered on the east side with huge oaks and forests uncut for ages past. All the country is like

a wilderness. You see nothing around but hills, vales, and dens of bears, tigers, and other savage beasts; scarce a house, but some pitiful huts by the sides of rivers and torrents.' Our passports offered us aid; but time was getting scarce, and the great uncertainty of finding our way again to Tien-tsin prevailed, and debarred us from the attempt. The same bevy of policemen, headed by the little man on the donkey, were in waiting, and almost the same performance was enacted as on our arrival.

When we got beyond the town, a solitary horseman followed us; but he, too, left when we had embarked on the ferry-boat at the Huin Hô; and, after a lovely evening's ride almost alone on the road, we slept for the night in a good inn, satisfied with our visit to Moukden; which visit we were never again to repeat.

Favoured by fine weather, we made a rapid journey downwards, and without any particular incident until we got near Newchwang, when, on a quiet road, we beheld a most unwonted sight—a long string of carts, a large escort, and a tall figure in a blue jacket and white trowsers, making long strides to keep pace with quick-stepping mules, in a quite un-Chinese fashion. As they neared us, we discovered the stalking gentleman to be a British tar, and when alongside, found Lord John Hay, R.N., and two officers of his ship, doubled up in a tailoring posture, and looking everything but comfortable in their jolting conveyance. The 'Odin' had arrived at the Ying-tsze anchorage a day or two after we departed, and Lord John hearing of our project, got passports, carts, conductors, cutlasses, and two live mandarins to do them the honours in every town and halting-place on their way, and to overtake our unostentatious little party. It was pleasant once more to see English faces and to hear English voices in such an unexpected situation; and though we had but little incentive in the shape of novelty to hold out to them in the outlandish city they were bound for, there was nothing but

the conduct of the magistrates towards us that could discourage them in our account.

Anticipating every assistance, however, from the spectacled white and red buttons they had brought with them to exhibit, the *dragons* of Moukden, they felt confident of seeing the interior of the palace, and many other things we had not been able to achieve.

But alas for the confiding nature of Britons, and the deceit of mercenary mandarins! When they returned to the settlement some six days afterwards, they had a very indifferent tale to tell. The small officials had fleeced, or rather, in the pigeon-English vernacular, 'squeezed,' them whenever they got the least chance, and they had carried them on to Shin Yang, and there decamped; leaving the unlucky men to grope about the city without a guide, thwarted by the police when they assayed to get on the wall, and altogether ignorant of the situation of the palace.

At Newchwang the people were as uncivil and rude as ever, but we got through all right, and after journeying at the rate of fifty-five miles a day, on those trusty ponies of ours, we were safely housed among Europeans, grasshoppers and larks, and in full receipt of the uncongenial odours that hang about that putrescent cesspool, Ying-tsze.

Our steeds had actually improved in performing what must have been well nigh seven hundred miles over a rough country, at nothing less of an average than forty miles a day, and on such miserable fare, too, as bran and chopped straw; so that it was not to be wondered at that they should realise more at Ying-tsze than they cost at Tien-tsin. We felt it a little trying to part with such hardy servants, on whose gaunt frames we had passed some long weary days; but there was no alternative. Mafoo, a thorough citizen of the world, did not care about going back to Tien-tsin again, so took service with one of the newly-settled merchants, stronger than ever in his predilections for Samshu.

The early sailing of the 'Odin' for the mouth of the Peiho gave us an excellent and fortuitous opportunity of returning to our garrison and duty again; and through the courtesy of Lord John Hay, and the sailorly kindness of the ward-room officers, we were favoured with a passage across the Gulf, and the best cheer the mess could afford.

The weather was so delightful and the yellow waters so tranquil that it was considered but little out of the ship's course to touch at the termination of the Great Wall, where it abuts on the sea. Strange sensations were recalled when the shore was sighted, and the Scottish-like mountains stood there, grand in their heavenward ruggedness, but divested of the savage majesty which so ennobles the Grampians, by that tremendous crowning effort of human labour and endurance seen in lines of masonry and fearless towers, binding and manacling the riotous peaks, until nature seems to succumb to the power and perseverance of man; for the giant cliffs sink into insignificance, as the eye courses for miles, and without interruption, along their loftiest borders, and finds the mammoth barrier exultingly overleap them all.

As we drew closer to the land, the quiet road along which we had passed many days before, full of uncertainty and hope, became visible; the old battlemented towers stood along its margin, like antiquated men-at-arms, frowning seawards; and the yellow sand, the green millet, and shreds of inhabited land were all that met the searching gaze. It was necessary, for several reasons, to anchor at some distance from the shore; so we had a long pull to reach the wall, which, as it finishes its prolonged march in a junction with the eastern sea, resembles very much some old Rhenish castle. Imagine our astonishment to find the brickwork face of its foundation daubed with white paint in large letters, and in German, testifying that the Prussian Frigate 'Arcona' had visited this place on the 16th of July, four days after our departure from Shan-hai-kwan. However remarkable it may

have been for one of the few Prussian war-ships to stray so far from Fatherland, it certainly did not add much to the renown of the *Kaiser*, whose title was stumped up in the lonely placard, or of those who had indulged in this reprehensible habit, and we were pleased to observe that no traces could be found of any such silly vanity in our countrymen, though many ships had touched here belonging to Britain, since 1841.

What struck everybody was the great solidity of the wall, standing as it does on a low rocky promontory, and the little damage time has been able to inflict upon it in two thousand years.

We walked some distance along its parapet, and with no small emotion singled out that tower-mounted peak, then becoming gradually imperceptible in the approaching dusk of evening—where, on that fearful 12th of July, I had begun my hard day's struggle for life with the furious sun, and behind which, in some of the never-to-be-sought chasms, lay our thermometer and aneroid.

A number of poor villagers came to look at the strangers, and they were no ways backward in lending themselves to carry away a few of the splendid, but rather cumbersome bricks, as trophies of the call we had made:—trophies which, I fear, were not carried many thousand miles before they were discarded.

The lateness of the hour did not admit of our walking so far as Shan-hai-kwan, so content with having *done* the ten thousand li barrier a second time, we sought the ship. In three days more we were navigating the perplexing links of the Peiho, and had launched into the furnace-heat and foulness of Tien-tsin; where, during our absence, sickness had been playing havoc among the troops, and had been changing some of the bronzed faces of friends and brother officers into yellow and pale physiognomies, very unlike their home hue.

Our successful journey had been quite a feat, and our safe arrival within the walls of a British garrison town again, without having lost by stealth the smallest article of the equipment we had started with, redounded greatly to the credit of the Chinese; indeed everything conspired to leave upon our minds a delightful recollection of our travel through this truly wonderful country.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY BEYOND PEKING, TO THE COAL-MINES.

THE list of my school-day books, besides the other varied accounts of travel by land and sea, penned by writers and travellers of near and remote ages, all quoted the then, to me, wondrously curious narrative of the unfortunate Venetian, Marco Polo; and though many years have passed away since I admiringly lingered over the perusal of his seemingly fabulous recital of the extent and peculiarities of the strange land in which he had so long been a dweller, yet, by oft-repeated readings and a natural taste for remarkable tales, every page left its due impression on a mind fully awakened in after-years to the truth of what the honest Polo had vouched for, when on a visit to the land of Sinim; and more especially to the city of Cambalu, the abode of the Grand Khan.

The long strings of tawny funereal-paced camels, begrimed with the carbonaceous loads they bore with such melancholy-looking fortitude, conducted by sooty Sinensians through the wide dusty streets of Peking; the sonorous tinkling of the heavy brass bells suspended to the lower part of their acutely bent-up necks, and the frequent shrill discordant scream of anger or fatigue emitted by these slow but patient creatures, told of the neighbourhood of coal, and the statement made by the *protégé* of Kublai Khan, was immediately recalled to my memory.

'Throughout the whole province of Cathay, there are a kind

of black stones cut from the mountains in veins, which burn like logs. They maintain the fire better than wood. If you put them on in the evening they will preserve it the whole night, and will be found burning in the morning.'

So a strong desire to visit the source of this mineral wealth, excited by last year's stay at Peking, mainly prompted me to travel from Tien-tsin to the capital in the fiery heat of August 1861, and to undergo the pleasant hardships of a river trip of six days' duration. After revisiting the various sights of the great metropolis, and experiencing the usual amount of fatigue in threading the long, wide, hovel-margined streets, to get a peep at the external walls of some Imperial building—like all the others, in a state of uninterrupted decay; or to obtain the dusty scrutiny of a neglected park or garden through the mouldering bars of a tumble-down gate, I determined that a trip to the hills should be had recourse to, in order to indulge my desire to examine the coal mines beyond Peking, as well as to get rid of the feeling of dreariness and desolation that made itself evident after two days' rambling through the vast labyrinths on every side, notwithstanding the kind attentions of Her Majesty's representative, and the almost regal splendour and hospitality to be found in the ambassadorial residence of Liang-koong-fu.

So on a lovely morning, and before the sun had begun to fulfil his broiling functions, a small party of us mounted a somewhat disreputable-looking stud of mules in the courtyard of our host. Accommodating the inferior end of our spinal columns, and twisting our legs into the intricacies of rickety wooden saddles, we were soon in motion and threading the busy streets in the vicinity of the Chinese city. We passed through a narrow dirty lane, not far from the middle wall, one side of which was lined by a collection of mouldy old houses or dens and squalid occupants.

'There,' said our guide, pointing to one more venerable and repulsive than the others, 'is the inn for tribute bearers in

general, and the Coreans in particular, when these half savages come to Peking to settle accounts with the Son of Heaven, and do the homage of a tributary people.'

As I almost loathingly cast my eyes over its mean exterior, and the vilely odorous neighbourhood in which it is situated, I was horrified when told that 'in this inn for tribute bearers, one of our Ambassadors, with his suite, was obliged to live during his stay and attendance on the haughty court;' but now, within five hundred yards of the place, the British ensign flies over the princely residence of another minister, who, I hope, is viewed in a very different light to that of a tribute bearer by the functionaries who surround the Dragon Throne.

An hour's ride carries us from the stenches and puddles of the uncomfortable streets to the open country. Fine roads, dry and level, shaded by old trees, and skirted by neat-looking villages embosomed in leafy solitude, remind me of some of the pleasantest nooks in England, and certainly give one a favorable impression of the rural beauty that encircles the City of the Plain. Fantastic temples covering great spaces of ground, and in good repair, are here and there exchanged for a tall ridge-ribbed pagoda, or ruinous structures, the yellow-tiled roofs of which, gaping and rent and tottering on walls or pillars, seem to be the remains of former imperial magnificence, and, like everything else within the city, indicate a state of prosperity and wealth gone by, a state very unlike the present.

About 20 lí from Peking, in a south-west direction, we leave the cultivated country behind us, and emerge on an open sandy plain, quite devoid of interest and of life; for, until we reach Loo-gu-chow, five lí a-head, we only meet with a petty cavalry mandarin, escorted by two tatterdemalions on gaunt semi-domesticated ponies.

Loo-gu-chow, standing on the left bank of a tolerably wide river, the Huin Hô, is a walled town of a very antiquated

type, and apparently in a state of collapse, despite the spasmodic efforts half-a-dozen workmen were making to improve the appearance of one of the hemiplegic wall towers by whitewash—possibly to deceive the eye of some corrupt sub-inspector of Celestial fortifications. The wall, once strong and high, was in many places parapet-less, and, with the ditch, was rapidly hiding itself under high banks of drift sand that had scaled to the top of the north side.

Here we breakfasted; but as neither the hostel nor mine host could gain any credit by a description of the strong-smelling compounds set before us in a thoroughly characteristic manner, in a room which, we could safely say, was never troubled by the profane touch of a brush or invaded by the faintest trace of pure air, we need not recommend the place to any future traveller; more especially as the charges made far exceeded the value of our entertainment.

Nowhere in China have we seen a finer stone bridge than that which spans the rusty-coloured mud-laden river close to the town, built, as it is, in the most substantial manner, and yet with an elegance of outline and justness of proportion quite surprising to those who fancy that these structures are only to be found in perfection in Western countries.

I can specially commend this *pons elegans* to the favorable consideration of wandering artists, and think that, with the two or three peristyled buildings containing the mythical sea-horse bearing Fohi's stone tablets, at one extremity of the bridge, the wide and graceful expanse of the foot and carriage ways, and the handsome stone parapet surmounted by no less than 280 tutelary lions, a worthy and, perhaps, unique picture would be given of this species of architecture, which is certainly curious.

The left bank of the Huin Hô, which flows in a winding manner from the western mountains and in a south-easterly direction, is faced and well built, up to a height of twelve or fourteen feet, for several miles, with blocks of granite, with

the object, apparently, of preventing its overflow, and submerging the country in the direction of Peking.

On the right bank, and away beyond to the undulating ground at the foot of the hills, the land is low and sandy; and as we approached Wool-an-gan, a village 43 lí from Peking, we found it becoming thickly covered with water-worn pebbles and boulders — the *débris* carried from the mountains by the river, the bed of which had now become much more limited and defined.

About mid-day the foot of the hills is reached, and in the village of Le-end-tswang we avail ourselves of the cordial hospitality offered by the chief priest of the clean, tidy temple of Foong-foo-tsza. We are near the coal mines; for in the distance, passing along a road pretty well cleared of stones, we can see the sombre 'ships of the desert,' stalking in solemn array in single files, preceded or followed by sturdy, quick-stepping ponies laden, like the camels, with the 'black stones from the mountains,' which are stowed in bags, and fastened on serviceable pack saddles instead of pads. In answer to our enquiries, the priests inform us that the largest *mae-shan* or coal hill, is fifty lí off, but that a small one is now before us, and within six lí; so, as quickly as we can lodge our mules in the airy stables maintained for the accommodation of equestrians, we set out for the long-desired survey.

Everywhere we meet with the utmost civility, though the people were moved by the most unmistakeable symptoms of curiosity, oftentimes, indeed, unmitigated by the filmiest polish of civilization; yet their remarks and their conduct were in every respect inoffensive, and they showed themselves always ready to oblige us when the fear, inspired by the *ta hoosas* or great beards, as they called us, had passed away. In the village, we were surprised to find the houses slated after the European fashion, and an abundance of slate of a bluish-yellow tinge, with as perfect a cleavage as the best

Welsh. Though the principal use to which the rock is put is as roofing: yet large square slabs are found in readiness to serve as tables, or as the material for enclosing the small plots of ground in front of every house, wherein the vegetables required for family use are preserved from the inroads of dogs or pigs.

As we begin to ascend the low rounded hills which contain the coal we find that their structure is essentially slaty; large masses of the finest slate rock, torn and rifted here and there, as if nature had purposely split up and laid bare this great deposit of compact stratified rock for the special use of man, who, however, is slow to avail himself of the opportunity; as in no other village did we see this most useful article pressed into the list of necessaries required for domestic purposes, though the labour entailed would have been insignificant.

A narrow gorge leads from the road in a tortuous manner up the sides of the hills; and where it presents difficulties in the way of ascent, steps of mica-slate or gneiss are made to facilitate the transport of baskets of coal from above, by men and boys. A mountain stream affords water to the clusters of mean cottages grouped along the narrow track, and smutty men are removing the dust accumulated during the day at a pool which has been dammed up in its course.

The smooth round surface of the higher hills is thinly covered with a peculiar variety of oak—a dwarfish scrubby tree of little beauty—yet affording an agreeable contrast to the sterile grey mountains of granite beyond, which throw up their jagged fantastic margins to the clouds in an uninterrupted line, far as the eye can reach.

The presence of coal in the rocky regions we are now traversing is made more manifest by the abundance of clay slate strewing the track, in which is thickly disseminated fragments of iron stone; while thin streaks of coaly matter are observable wherever the road has been cut deeply through

the shoulder of a bank. At length, after half-an-hour's toiling upwards, we arrive at a coal yard. Unluckily we are too late, for the workmen are preparing to go home for the day, and the small collections of coal, heaped up in several places, are being carefully streaked or dribbled over with whitewash, to mark whether any one may attempt to disturb or borrow from the lots during the night—a practice which, if we remember aright, is in vogue in our own coal depôts. We enquire for the pit, and are conducted to a little shed, built over a small perforation in the ground, which seems to us little larger than a rabbit-burrow, and with wooden bars or steps fixed in the earth for the purpose of ascent or descent on the rather steep slope which leads into Cimmerian obscurity below. We notify that we are anxious to go down, but no volunteer will accompany us. We are referred to the proprietor of a mine, a long way higher up; so we have no alternative but to withdraw, after remarking that the only means of ventilation consists in the use of a small primitive-looking fanner driven by one man.

We were more fortunate at the other establishment; for, after grappling with the difficulties of the way, we find that, though rather late, the master civilly allows one of his men to show us the mouth of the pit, which is a new one, and built over, like the one below, by a small shed in which a large coal fire is kept burning, probably to cause a draught towards the interior excavation, and thus aid in ventilating the work, for we can see nothing of fanners here. We desire to penetrate to its hidden recesses, but the Chinese say it is very unpleasant, because it is steep, wet, and dirty. These objections we care nothing for; and, at last, the guide puts on his head a closely-fitting old cap, over which he slips the string of a lamp—the very fac-simile of those used in going up and down pits at home—then puts on a suit of coaly clothes, and when ready to go below is the exact picture of a Lancashire or Newcastle miner. We pull off cap, coat, and

braces, and turning our faces towards the steps, as if about to climb or descend a ladder, we stoop very low in order to enter the constricted circular opening, which leads to impenetrable darkness and unknown depths.

The guide goes first, and is very fidgetty, as he looks upwards and finds us making a very clumsy beginning, clinging to the rude wooden bars, which are fixed, like the rounds of a ladder, in the damp ground. His cautions are numerous, and we are soon able to avail ourselves of his directions and stride slowly backwards and downwards into the realms below, like an earthworm, with the faint glimmer of the lamp barely revealing the features of the narrow passage we are creeping through. At an angle of about 45°, or even less, this hole is drilled through a thick stratum of what seems to be mica-schist, loose and soft in texture, and necessitating the *timbering* of the roof with rude frames of the stunted, but apparently durable oak, to prevent its falling in. Every fourteen or fifteen feet of this shaft, we calculated, possessed a gradual turn or twist, so that this highly inclined subterranean way worms its road down through the rock in a spiral direction. Passing through the beds of softer rocks, which allow the water to permeate their substance, and drip in icy globules on our heads and on the floor of the shaft, we come to a very deep layer of what must be a blue compact limestone, which must have cost a vast amount of labour and patience to penetrate, and which the guide calls bad rock. Still downwards, until we have counted a hundred and twenty long strides, and until our heads are becoming stupid, and our arms and legs well tired with the dark uncertain path and the irregular way in which the steps are fixed.

When we have half repented of our anxiety to explore a Chinese coal-pit, and have fully realised the danger that might result did we lose our hold, or did some of those huge blocks of hard stone, sustained overhead by such slender props, happen to fall in, we are glad to find the lamp and its

bearer brought to a standstill, and to hear the voice of the gnome calling to us to stop and look. We have reached a gallery, narrow and wet, running along the surface of the coal, which some excavators have been digging up from the floor. We go to the end, which is about twenty feet from the shaft; and then the *cicerone* telling us that this is not a good place for coal, beckons us to follow him back to the shaft, where he removes a small trap-door from another passage—which door, he tells us, is to divert the air from one gallery to another—and we once more commence a march downwards for thirty strides, until we are again brought to a halt by a series of branching galleries running to the right and left, which are the seat of more active operations. The place is now lonely and still, however, for the people have gone home, with the exception of one boy, whose twinkling lamp comes across us quite unexpectedly at a turn of the passage. He is also leaving, but he carries with him, or rather drags behind him, the proceeds of his mining, in a long shallow basket mounted on two wooden skids. This truck is painfully and laboriously dragged up the circling foramen, until it gets to the surface, by means of a rope band passed over the shoulder and allowed to play between the legs, while the bearer is puffing and blowing with the light draught of about twenty-five pounds of coal behind him.

Remarking that, though no means of ventilation exists, the pit nevertheless feels cool, and the air is not unpleasant; the man, who is very intelligent and communicative, informs us that it is a new pit; but that in the old pits accidents are frequent from the entrance of *bad wind*, the want of drainage, and the giving way of the roof; and that when this happens, the work is deserted, and an opening is made in fresh ground.

Having stretched our backs in the somewhat lofty passage, and finding myself perfectly satisfied with what I had seen of the very imperfect way in which the black stones are procured

from the mountains, — but which has probably not been improved since the days when Polo looked upon their use as something marvellous, we retrace our steps, and after a long toil emerge once again to the fast-fading daylight.

I could not leave the place, however, without asking why our Chinese friends did not quarry the coarse stony anthracite from the side of the hill, instead of beginning on its apex, and burrowing through beds and strata of tough unmanageable rocks, from the bowels of which they are obliged to carry up the sought-for treasure, without the means of supplying fresh air, or draining off the water that quickly accumulates in troublesome quantity. But they grinned, and did not care about answering such impertinent interrogations, which had for their object only puzzling surmises and unfeasible propositions, quite incompatible with the stereotyped notions and rules of Chinese antiquity.

It was dusk when we reached our temple, where hunger made us right willing to appease its demands on savoury viands strongly redolent of pork fat.

The priests did their best to furnish amusement, and more especially one little man, who appeared to be deemed a proficient on the flute: for aught I know his solos extended far into the night, as I soon went to sleep, and only awoke when warned that it was high time to start for Peking.

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