crop down and cover my temples and neck, but it does not mitigate the fierceness of the sun.

The way I ascended looks ten times more difficult for descent, and highly dangerous, as I can only employ one hand to cling with, the other being engaged in carrying the inconvenient barometer, which I must either leave behind, or carry and seek a more facile route to the rear of the mountain, from whence a gully or ravine may lead me out to the plain.

Deciding on the latter course, I began to move down as well as the harsh declivities and the care necessary to prevent a downfall—which would have been a most serious affair here, as I was alone—would allow me; but not before I had with, I hope, pardonable vanity, and the licence of a first explorer, scratched on the solid part of the tower wall in very transient lines, 'Staveley Peak,' as a landmark and a trace to any future venturer. The thin smooth soles of my boots glanced off the mossy slopes and ridges of the living rock, as if they had been planted on sheet ice, when I wound round on narrow crags, shelves, and hair's-breadth projections that would have bothered the sure eyesight and surer footfalls of the chamois—slipping, tripping, and recovering again, times without end, until about half way down, when greater difficulties presented themselves in the form of immense irregular masses of rock—clay iron-stone it appeared to be—strewn thickly about, as they had been split, hurled, and rifted in great flakes and blocks by the expansive force of the moisture imbibed during wet weather, and frozen much beyond its liquid bulk in the severe frosts of winter.

To get over these was both vexatious and injurious; they were sometimes so loose, and disjointed, that no sooner had I put foot on what was to all appearance a trusty piece, than away it would slide, crashing over the smaller fragments, and throwing me ten or fifteen feet below; at other times,

the deep chasms between the sharp jagged edges would be treacherously filled up, and covered over by the wild vine or creeping weeds, like a masked *trou de loup*, so that before I could make up my mind whether to yield my weight to it or not—so headlong was my course at intervals, I was fairly trapped, and contused and shaken beyond all belief, until limbs, body, and brain were alike paralysed and jumbled about by the inavertible collisions. The stem of the vine, too, even where the descent was not bad, often proved a regular gin; for lying concealed from view in wily nooses, it inveigled toe or ankle into the mesh, and a heavy fall downwards was the consequence.

When I got to the bottom, which must, with the turnings and windings, and these bothering accidents, have been nearly two hours from the time I left the peak, the sun was above the mountain ridges, and a perfect globe of incandescent fire looked and felt as if but a few hundred yards above my head. Oh, how hot, how scorching, how heart-quickening and brain-melting was that forenoon sun at the Great Wall, on the eleventh of July! Had all the hot days I ever encountered; had all the fiery suns that ever beat upon my head, and struck their red-hot rays into my back, been collected into that narrow shadowless furnace, I could not have been more quickly conquered, more thoroughly overcome.

The feeble flutter that still moved in the air when I was on that tower, which now seemed hanging at an immeasurable elevation in the clouds of polished tin, had long since been excluded by the giant rim of vertical rocks that intervened between me and the plain; and the reflection—quintessence of the sun's furious power—from the naked crags on every side, had so driven out or so rarefied the lower atmosphere, that breathing became a series of convulsive gasps, executed with an agonising effort only less painful than the outrageous thirst I endured.

Resolutely I followed the ravine for about a quarter of a

mile, I think, climbing, jumping, and eagerly scrambling over the obstructive beds of *débris*, round to the eastward; and then, oh! how bitterly I was disappointed, when it ran to the left, to the north of the base of a scar cliff, instead of, as I had hoped, to the plain on the south! Like the starling of the Bastille, I was caged. I could not get out; not a single chance remained for me but to clamber up the nearest mountain as rapidly as possible, and escape from the unrelenting sun, that, like some foul fiend, crept more above and closer to me the less I felt able to resist it. A wild species of determination suddenly seized upon me, as I strained my eyes to measure the distance and the quickest way to the crest of the heaven-rending mountains. A mad desperation, mental and physical, urged me on to hurry recklessly over all kinds of obstacles, to struggle against precipitous walls of rock like a maniac, and to tear blindly upwards, as if for life, to that summit which I knew must overlook the plain, and which I frantically rebuked myself for ever losing sight of on such a fearfully dangerous day.

I can remember that I many times fell back from the unfriendly steep that denied me foothold or handhold; I also remember that I scaled the Great Wall where it in solitude bent over a deep fissure: that the stones felt like glowing coals, and that I wondered if the Chinese had reared it under such a liquifying sun, when I easily got down from the top of it. But I remember far better that, hand over hand, I got to the top of that weary mountain, with the perspiration running through my skin like water through a colander, stupefied and exhausted, with legs so tired that, though aching violently, they would not obey me further, and with feet cut and bruised through the rents and gashes in the flimsy boots.

Most appalling of all, the horrible sun had begun to affect me in an unusual and indescribable manner; for in spite of all my conscious attempts to suppress it, every inspiration I

made was accompanied by an involuntary jerking sigh, alarmingly loud. It sounded in my ears not unlike a hiccup, though far more distracting, and more resembling the deep sigh of grief, perhaps, than anything else of the kind; and with this, there was violent and tumultuous beating of the heart—its thumps dinning strangely and vehemently in the awful quiet of nature, as if it would break its way free; and there was the bursting throb of the carotid arteries, and the distended strain of the jugulars in the neck, as if I was being effectually strangled; with a faint blowing or ringing in the ears, like the sound of a far-distant railway-whistle. My eyes were so heavy that vision became an irksome task, but yet they were able enough to tell me that another dreadful range of precipices was in front, instead of the tree and crop-covered level I had striven for; and that another descent to a forbidding valley—it might be the valley of the shadow of death, it glared so repulsively and yawned so demoniacally in the full light of day—and another almost hopeless contention with sixteen hundred feet of upright stone, that stood a mocking partition between me and life, was an inevitable trial, if escape from such a den, such an inquisitorial torture-prison, was ever to be effected.

The terrifying stillness that haunted this perdulous spot was not among the least of my visitations, as I dropped down on the scraggy verge, imagining that a brief rest would lull or ameliorate the symptoms of exhaustion I laboured under. The total absence of everything animated, of everything that would stimulate one to exertion, to increased hopefulness, or even lend a transient gleam of life to the deathless solitude, and convince the desperate and all but despairing stranger that he was not entirely lopped off from the moving and sentient world, made the most sedative and dismal impression upon me.

Presently, however, a gorgeously-enamelled and emblazoned butterfly would lazily flaunt its gaudy figure past me—a

brilliant temptation which I could not have resisted at other times—and alight on some lichen-coloured stone near where I sat. Then a hawk or a falcon would poise itself on oscillating or fixed outstretched wing, as it scanned the crevices and corners where prey might be found; and anon a small bird's note would sound sweetly, but sorrowfully low, far up some lone valley. Even these were companionable and enlivening, and for the moment I felt thankful; but more gratefully did I hail a thready streak of water that just oozed from a mossy filter, like a black line down a brown splinter, within a few yards of me. The turban was rolled and steeped in it until it was almost swabbed dry, and then wrapped around my brow, with the end in my mouth. This served me as a reservoir for a very limited period; and though dreadfully bitter the tepid water tasted, it moistened my parched mouth until I had made another essay at the life or death struggle; for there was now no shirking the unwelcome thought that I had lost my way, and that, if I by a miracle managed to evade sunstroke or a broken neck, hunger and weakness would be a slower but no less malignant antagonist.

Every twenty or thirty yards forced me to rest on some projection, or hang on by my hands while I rallied for some seconds; and the most wonderful escapes from falls over perpendicular cliffs were matters of ordinary occurrence, before I found myself in a circular caldron-like dell, which the blazing sun above seemed to enclose from the world without, as it lay over its mouth like a Titanic dish-cover of burnished metal. The vertical fire struck through me as lightning would have done, in that amphitheatre in which nothing vital but salamanders could live; the invisible elastic air felt like a Dead Sea of molten lead—the place was a pandemonium of vivid incendiarism. Pluto might have revelled in the congenial element with his court, where everything seemed molten but the obdurate rocks.

To reach the foot of the mountain that I had purposed

climbing, was beyond my strength. A vague notion that shelter from the sun was the *summum bonum* of existence, and all that I must now seek for, took hold upon me; but through the glare and blaze of midday, when the undeviating luminary, in the glory of meridian, forbade the most trifling object its attendant shadow of other hours, I could see nothing but a group of shrubby bushes growing in an angular nook; and to them I staggered, giddy as a man inebriated, with that awful sense of bursting and throbbing from heart to brain, that mysterious sighing that would not cease, and the accompanying darkness and tintinnabulary ringing becoming more and more overwhelming.

Once or twice, I think, I fell; but recollection, as well as vision, became obscure. At last I reached the last hope—the only balm now left in Gilead: the miserable stunted handful of scrub seemed a heaven-endowed forest—a sanctuary and a refuge. 'Better a wee bush than nae bield,' says the Scottish proverb, and never did it receive such a verification before. As I sank through the thin foliage, which was hardly broad enough to cover my head and breast, I felt water trickling about my shoulders with inexpressible coolness, and soon it flowed around my face and splitting head. I had been guided to a spring of the tiniest dimensions; and yet, oh! how delicious was its little musical tinkle, and its merciful temperature, in that fairy pool—scarcely wider than two hands-breadths—as I immersed face and mouth in it, and almost drained it.

There was a renewal of life for a few moments; the weak bushes that grew on the only crumb of soil I had seen since early morning, and that sheltered so cunningly my fountain of a thousand blessings, my unexpected preserver, threw off the hotter rays, and allowed me to breathe a little freer. For a very short time I lay comparatively easy in this paradise; for,

> 'It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
> Even in the lap of horror'

But there was so much confusion in my head, such an incongruous mingling of ideas of the oddest description, that memory does not serve me much further. A dark curtain appeared to be drawn over everything; a stinging pain shot through my temples at times; and I felt as if the destroying angel Azrael hovered above me. The daughter of night and sleep had come to woo me lovingly; the distaff had been laid aside; the wheel was about to cease rotating; and the black-robed Atropos, whose trenchant fangs were those everlasting peaks that stood in grim grandeur around me, appeared to draw near with the dreaded scissors to divide my scanty thread of life.

I know not, nor can I guess, how long I lay thus; but it could not have been above an hour, as the sun had scarcely, to my thinking, stirred, and burned with its effulgent lustre as wildly as ever. I was conscious enough to appreciate the full danger of my situation, and the many chances I had to combat with before the evening should relieve me of my implacable enemy. Thanks to the perpetual drip, drip of the water on my head, and the complete soaking of every part of my body in the petty flood, I had got rid of the most urgent and prostrating symptoms, and could gather wits enough to reason on what was best to be done; for make one more dash at freedom I must, as my legs and feet, stuck all this time beyond the bushes, were almost broiled and benumbed, and the wounds ached very much—to such a degree, in fact, that I doubted if I could stand at all.

When I thought of the mistake I had made in not leaving the troublesome instruments at the tower, and arriving where I had parted from M. by the known path I had scaled, instead of losing my way, and them, too, in some forgotten place, and getting the hard knocks of rocks and sun, with starvation and excessive weakness to the bargain, I was madly chagrined; and the ever-recurring idea of dying in such a wilderness, hemmed in by untrodden hills, on which

I had not seen the minutest trace of a human being having ever been among them, was, I thought, intolerable. There was little certainty of one's body being disturbed, when I calculated the miles and miles that I must have travelled, up and down valleys and over arduous hills, into this utterly forsaken place—where searchers, if bold enough to seek so far, would pause long before they came to the conclusion that I might be here. I thought, too, how I had neglected the advice given by the mandarins as to there being no roads, and the heat of the weather. Whenever I fancied the exultation and arrogance they would undoubtedly indulge in, and the unfavourable light a fatal termination of my disregard of their counsels would place foreigners, I was pressed on by a decided determination not to give in. I would not forsake hope so long as I could move, though it seemed as if I could never again rise ten feet up an ascent unaided. Then my companion, what could he be doing all this time? Surely he must have surmised what had happened, from my many hours' absence, and done something in the way of getting the country people to examine about the hills! It is singular that I was then more uneasy on his account than on my own; and at the dilemma I had got him into such a weary way from Tien-tsin; and how he would be able to act in it. The agony of mind I suffered was truly excruciating, and half hoping, half despairing, I sought to drive it away by action.

The weak rushing din of a remote stream had caught my attention more than once since I recovered my senses, for the ringing and deafness I had felt before going to sleep had blunted every sound, and I reasonably concluded that if I could only track it out it would conduct me to the outside of the barrier by some easy passage—once there, I was safe. Unfortunately, I had lost my cap and handkerchief, and almost everything but a note-book, out of my pockets I daresay I had thrown them away. Indeed, I am not quite

certain if, in that awful sun delirium, I was not walking with my cap in my hand; and the only article remaining was the long cotton scarf I had worn as a turban outside the cap, and which I now found on my shoulders.

Once more a quantity of the grand elixir was imbibed, and, with the new fashioned head-dress wringing wet, I resolutely set off to hunt up the prospective stream. Heavens and earth, how hot it was when I got again among the angry black rocks: every one of those I touched might have answered admirably for an over, rather than an under-heated gridiron! An atmosphere fit to breathe there was none; but there was an aerial substitute of diabolical flame drawn in with every inspiration, that felt as if dissolving and volatilising every atom of fibre—every drop of blood.

Undergoing much torture from my damaged feet, but, worst of all, a sprained ankle, I managed to hobble and crawl for about a quarter of a mile to the eastward, gasping like a stranded fish, and steaming and perspiring like a race-horse after the race, and nobly faced a low fragment of cliff that had been separated and thrown down from the mountain side, until I had got a short way from the river. Alas! it, too, was one of my disappointments in China; a picture of so many things met with daily. It was perversely running the wrong way—against nature, and against reason, it splashed and rioted away among the crooked passages to the west, skipping idly over its rock-strewn bed with aggravating liberty and ease. The strong desire to drink, roll, and lave in it could not be gratified, owing to the space between us being jammed up with surly blocks and flakes, quite enough to prevent any prospect of ever getting away from them, if once I trusted myself inside—I was so done up, so cramped, and so unhinged. Yet, like a caged lion, I was determined to bounce and spring at the unyielding bars until the last.

Turning away from the tantalising stream, whose echoing

babble had derisively lured me so far, I dragged on to the eastern peaks, again to wage a contest with them from, as it seemed, the bowels of the earth. Nerved to the utmost limit of desperation, a few hundred feet of seemingly interminable intermural ascent was won at an almost superhuman effort of strength and mind, and a sudden circle round the mountain brought me into a more favourable position for shelter; because the laminar nature of the overlaying stone that imposed itself on the granite was more irregular and disrupted than any I had met before, and was heaved up into all sorts of caves, and niches, and columns, gladly provocative of rest in case of need. An abrupt twist round a corner, demanded by the violent divergence of a great angular projection, showed me, about five hundred feet higher, a tower of the great wall, on the crest of the very cliff I was toiling on, which I knew, from the view I had obtained in the morning, must overlook the country below. Another hour's holding out, and I must be there.

Merciful powers! how closely I hugged and fought with that iron-hearted precipice; and with what a distracting sense of destitution did I gripe and clutch at every tuft of weeds—every point, chip, and crumb of stone that lay about, to support or aid me on! And what a feeling of maddening despondency took possession of me, as a fragile or fretted hand or foot-purchase deceitfully gave way when depending on it, and I was launched back again many yards!

The scorching influences again begun to play their part, after too short a respite, and I was attacked with the old dreadful sensations more virulently than ever. To maintain the struggle until the tower was reached, I could not, with the fiery sunbeams enveloping me as with an atmosphere of flame, making the soul sick, and the brain quiver. A few yards to the right, I noticed a cave. It lay between two tall ledges that formed its sides and back; with a massive splinter which had toppled from above, and been

stopped in its course by the inequalities around, to form an impenetrable roof over a cascade that came welling from the dark interior in a feathery jet. For this I hastened with unutterable anxiety to avoid total annihilation by the heat. At nearly every stride a rest was demanded—not to recover consciousness or strength, which were fast giving in—but to relax the cramped muscles of my legs, now so acutely painful and almost useless. These intermissive struggles lasted for a long time, and the den seemed ever receding from me, until I had fairly thrown myself into its deep shade, so overcome and prostrated by the day's conflict that something kept telling me I had finished, and that this was the end.

The last thing I did was to throw my coat on a little upright block at the mouth of this chamber of grey rock, to attract the attention of any men who might be sent in quest of me. A little sloping trough, very jagged, and very shallow, received the thin spout of water from the step above, and conveyed it to the almost subterranean gutter among the crags below. Into this I plunged at once, and with the dark deep shadow of the rock overhead, and the icy chill of the benignant cascade fluttering about face and temples, and soothing the boiling brain, I fell into a lethargic state. Incapable of thought, like another Alastor, I passed into a blissful sleep—

> 'Lone as incarnate death
> On the smooth brink of that obscurest chasm.'

It was late in the afternoon when I awoke with a fright from some incoherent and fantastic dream of monstrous incongruities, to the somewhat romantic and startling, but by no manner of means pleasant realities of the natural hydropathic establishment I had so opportunely discovered. For some minutes I lay completely at a loss what to think of the strange adventure. Why had I been transported to this

wizard-like retreat, and how could it have happened that I should be nearly afloat in a sitting posture in a dam of water, with a perpetual fountain gushing and spluttering but a few inches above my heated cranium, and laving and titillating me so agreeably. Surely the age of magic, sorcery, and incantations had gone by, and Aladdin lamps, rings, and charms had all been worn out since my nursery days had expired. For the life of me I could not fathom the mystery,

Sleeping in a Spring.

nor believe that I was not yet in the embarrassing and hair-moving crisis of a nightmare dream. I felt like one contending with a gloomy phantasm, from which he endeavours to escape, though aware of its character: so dull and torpid were my faculties. But they gained their natural elasticity with a thrill, when I tried to raise myself from the watery depths, and was assailed by a host of unpleasant sensations, ranging from the toes upwards; the principal of which, such

as stiffnesses, cramps, numbness, and dull and shooting pains, were more than sufficient to convince me of my mortal state. Then the whole of the day's adventures thronged thick upon me, and so wonderful did they seem that I could scarcely believe in them—so confused had my thoughts become.

All around was as still as the grave; yet I listened with strained attention for the approach of investigators headed, as I felt sure they must be, by M., and, as minute after minute rolled by, became grievously annoyed that he had not come to my help. Before the night set in I felt assured that some one must find a clue to my hiding-place, and bring me succour of some description; for, physically, I was incapable of putting a foot to the ground. My brain was still whirling and throbbing, and there was a sickness and lack of energy about the heart that forbade exertion for some time to come. I must have swallowed an enormous quantity of the contents of this crystal well before my parching thirst had abated, and a welcome relief the voracious draught afforded; for I dropped off into a hazy slumber, lulled and refreshed by the most delicate of shower baths.

Oh! those grateful feasts and festivals of the old Romans! those glorious and sanctified Fontinalia on the thirteenth of October, when the chaste nymphs of wells and fountains—fair maids with rush-bound locks, elegant conceptions of grace, sweetness, and amiability—were dutifully honoured and worshipped by the religious devotees who had shared their favours throughout the year; and presented for acceptance with the loveliest and most fragrant of all the gifts that Mother Earth can yield; with the loveknots and nosegays, wreaths and coverlets of flowers, culled from the brightest and most fragrant spots! How ardently do I at this moment wish that those twin preservers of life, to whom, through a kind Providence, I owe existence, and regard more fondly than, perhaps, ever did a son of Rome his mossy repository of *Aqua*

fontana—but which are now lost for ever in those trackless chasms and tortive mountain walls of Mantchuria—were brought within the ken of man, and tended with that respect and affection their presiding deities deserve.

One almost feels as if a pilgrimage to the most remote verge of Cathay with the dutiful love-offering of flowers to the sweet-handed goddess of these prattling rock-bound founts would be but doing justice to one's conscience. Nevertheless, if such be necessary, let the distant pilgrimage be on a favourable day, and not in the zenith of sun and summer.

Suddenly a long, clear whistle echoed and re-echoed from slab to crag, and from crag to cliff, breaking the muteness of the weird solitude, and infusing hope into an almost hopeless mind. 'Joy! joy!' I cried, 'at last they are there, for that is M.'s call. I am safe!'

I roused up, and shouted and bawled until I could make no more noise; then fell back exhausted. The whistle, unvaried in compass or strength, was continued monotonously, until I was compelled to believe that it was but the warbling of some lonely bird in the coolness of the evening; and felt vexed. Two or three times I heard a rustling murmur, as if somebody was trundling loose stones down the mountains a little way off, in his descent towards me; but no one came. It was only the evening wind brushing through a couple of dried-up bushes near the cave.

But these trifling indications of life and motion were not lost upon me. I fairly got up to test my utmost abilities to move into the daylight. Thank heaven! the flaring, blinding, and grilling beams of the rather too glorious orb were transferred to some other region of *coups de soleil* and frost-bite; and with the exception of some confusion, vertigo, and stinging darts, my head did not seem so much the worse as I had expected to find it. Creeping to the aperture of my cell, the scene was found to be entirely changed from what I had conceived it to be. Instead of the infernal white heat, the

untouchable stones, and the *aqua fortis* atmosphere, there was a comparative Eden; though

> 'On every side now rose
> Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,
> Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
> In the light of evening'—

to bar the footsteps of the intruder. There was a silky breeze that would scarcely have altered the course of a falling rain-drop, it waved so finely, but oh! so gently soothing.

I felt a new-created being, though in honest truth I badly wanted repairs. Then there was the Great Wall tower standing with its grim visage hundreds of feet above me, as if it overhung the world. That was the height of my ambition, and might be achieved before dark. There was plenty of time, for the sun's slanting beams yet rose lively enough above the westerly peaks. The gnawing effects of nearly twenty-four hours' fasting began now to press unpleasantly, and they alone were ample to stir me to action.

Not without much pain did I get rid of the remains of the boots from my swollen feet, as progression in them was out of the question, and my almost naked toes, though much hurt, and all but dislocated, were far safer in that state on the slippery sheets of rock I had to cross than under the ragged leather. The out-lying coat was drenched in the pool, and tied about my crown and neck to keep up the refrigerating process. In such circumstances one is obliged to be one's own medical adviser, and I was apprehensive of a relapse of the heart-beating, sighing, and disturbed cerebral symptoms, as I issued from the primitive hospital with many hearty benisons in my breast and on my tongue, for its salvatory goodness to, perhaps, the first mortal who had ever faintingly sought its precincts, or reclined—

> 'Lulled by the fountain in the summer tide.'

I then thought that if ever fate should carry me within

hundreds of miles of the possibility of such a thing being realised—

> 'I'll build a pleasure house upon this spot,
> And a small arbour made for rural joy;
> 'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot.
> And place of love for damsels coy.'

And

> 'A cunning artist will I have to frame.
> A basin for that fountain in the dell'

This was wild speculation, and the stern business of grovelling at a snail's pace up towards Cloudland shattered all other thoughts, and necessitated a calm survey of both ends of mortality, in favour of which, life or death, the chances were now about equal. Carefully, tenderly, and slowly, without once looking up, I went on, glad that I was retrieving something towards an escape from that saturnine crater—that midday volcano—than which—

> 'The sun on drearier hollow never shone.'

Long and wearily appeared every yard, for a hundred feet were more tedious and difficult to be got over than a thousand would have been at other times. Another range of peaks beyond this, and the hunt was up; I should have no longer power to move, and might as well resign myself quietly to the impending finish, when a myriad of ecstatic raptures flooded reason, and almost carried me headlong over the thin-edged ridge.

There was the plain lying before me far below, wearing the sober beauties of a magnificent sunset, but as petrified in its life as when I last looked on it so early in the morning. The Crusader's first view of Jerusalem, the travel-weary pilgrim's first peep of Mecca, or the exile's earliest glimpse of his native shore, could not compare with the joy I experienced as I scrutinised every morsel of the declivity, and

traced out each path and village for signs of movement. But no; all that bore the quickening impulse was the fresh breeze from the gulf, and the tags of weeds waving their blasted leaves and heads listlessly from it.

I was free! and though many many hundreds of feet of almost sheer descent had yet to be accomplished, I was out of the pit, and for very gladness would have hugged and squeezed the square hard-featured old tower that had so generously served me as a finger-post in that never-to-be-effaced moment, and would have scaled its battlemented crown, and exultingly waved my wet coat as a signal of triumph, had I not been so leg weary and spirit worn.

Halting but a few minutes to recruit from this tardy and desperately fought resurrection, and more and more perplexed at the non-appearance of friends or mandarins, I began to glide down the weather-beaten mountain, which stands a good deal more to the north than the one I had ascended in the morning. Meeting with the dry bed of a torrent, I had plain sailing for a long way over the boulders and water-worn stones, sledging down on a flag or block whenever I could.

Once only on the passage I came across a wild raspberry-bush with but a few berries on its delicate twigs, and lost no time in stripping it of the unripe but luscious fruit, which tasted like the essence of everything grandly nutritive.

When near the foot, I heard with unqualified delight the voices of men during one of my long pauses, and was sharply made aware of their whereabouts and vocation, as they sung and talked in a very loud key, while they cut the scanty grass and weeds from the sides and bottom of a scraggy valley.

Now I was in the land of the living, and might consider myself as quite rescued; for these hardy countrymen could not refuse to do what was needful, even though I was a stranger, and would readily assist me in getting to the town.

For the purpose of asking them I turned off my course, and got quite near before they noticed me.

Good gracious! what a shout of terror they gave when a big stone, uptorn by my weight, went thundering by them, and caused them to look up smartly to see from whence it

The Genii of the Mountain

came. There were only six, and four of these threw down their reaping hooks and fled, bawling stertorously as they leaped and tumbled over the irregular ground. Had their national dragon suddenly alighted in the grass they were mowing, they could not have exhibited greater fear and consternation.

One old man stood stockstill and speechless, unable to move his eyes from the dreadful apparition; but the other, a strong young fellow, with his head wrapped in a blue turban, hooted and howled as he brandished a long knife in one hand, and his implement of husbandry in the other,

loudly commanding me to go back — to go quickly back to the mountains again!

This was another strange turn of affairs; no sooner escaped from a rather fierce frying-pan, than I am to be immolated by a fiery native. Certainly these romantic adventures were crowding rather quickly into one day's catalogue to be kindly appreciated; and, though it might make a thrilling finale to the exciting tale of a day at the Great Wall to wind up by a throat-cutting scene, yet for the Chinaman's sake, and the matter of conscience troubling him afterwards, I was loath that he should commit murder, after the maltreatment I had already received from his sterile mountains and treacherous sun.

I sat down and beckoned him to me, telling him who I was, and where I had been as well as I could; but for a minute or so he vociferated more loudly and tried to look more menacing, until I remembered the unearthly guise I was in, and the scarecrowish head-dress I wore. In a moment these were regulated or removed, and I must have appeared somewhat less like a bogle or a warlock, for he then commenced to advance carefully, making sure of a good line of retreat, however, and keeping an eye on his old friend behind, who had got out of his cataleptic seizure, and supported the fighting man with great courage and tact.

A few words, signs, and gestures made us friends; the Damoclean whittle was returned to a more fitting and congenial sheath than it could have found in my contused body, and the reaping hooks were agreeably reversed and laid down on the bloodless grass; while the valorous youth escorted me to a village we had passed in the morning, near the clump of firs to which my companion had resorted with the mandarins when I began the heavy day's work.

Just as I stopped at one of the cottages to obtain a drink

of water and wait the despatch of a messenger to M., I chanced to glance at this little grove, and was rather astonished to see one of two men mount a pony in hot haste and ride off in the direction of the town. As soon as I had imbibed such a quantity of water as made the old fellow who fetched it stare, I made towards the remaining messenger or spy, intending to have sent him to the inn with tidings of my arrival in the lower world, and with a request that a cart be sent for me—as walking some two or three miles was rather impracticable considering I had no boots, and was nearly *minus* toes and shins; but the strange fellow was mounted and away at a brisk trot before I got near; so I had to hire one of the villagers, who made such good use of his legs, that he overtook the hurried equestrian and gave him the note.

Meanwhile I reclined under the pleasant firs, and thought how much I would have given for their deep umbrage four or five hours before, when faltering under those agonising symptoms—more racking a hundred-fold than those which precede insensibility in drowning, and reflected what a stiff job I had to get out of danger on those glib escarpments, shadeless pits, and horrid chasms. I soon had a group of villagers of all ages around me, and in the distance, at every door or garden wall, the little round faces of the, as inquisitive, but more bashful, dear creatures peered out. The old men sat down and smoked, and made their remarks, while the juniors stood outside the circle, and all were remarkably civil—over polite, in their way. Numbers of questions were asked by them, but I fear my very slight knowledge of their language and dialect did not go far to enlighten them on the subjects they were so anxious to learn something; still, however, we managed to maintain an animated conversation, in the which my desperate ascent of the 'bad' or difficult mountains, and the ruinous condition of my travelling-suit, furnished no small item. I was given to understand that they never by any

means attempt to go beyond a certain height, and that their shoes even then are always spoiled by the stones.

These people were the first Chinese, by the by, I had seen wearing leather shoes in China, though farther in Mantchuria we met them frequently in use. They were made of the brown soft leather I had seen prepared at Tien-tsin, where the hides, after being steeped until the hair is easily removed, are smoked or cured over the wide flue

Tartar Shoes

of a low furnace in the open air; the tanner manipulating the pelt over the cloud of dense smoke which rises from the burning straw introduced below, so that every portion is equally permeated by the preservative ingredients given out from the smothered combustion, and the operation of tanning, as thus practised, requires but a few hours in the Chinaman's hands; but the material is soft and thin and cannot stand wear well. In shape they were not unlike the Roman sandal or *caliga*, and each was formed of the one piece of skin moulded to the desired form when soft, and, without any additional sole but the smooth surface of the leather, which, rising above the heel, the sides of the foot and the instep, was drawn into puckers around the mouth by a thong, and furnished with a tongue or lip of more pliable stuff to cover the front of the foot.

On my enquiring their name for the Great Wall, they gave me a local appellation of wonderful import, and then asked if the English had a great *myriad li* wall, manifesting some surprise when told that we did not require such a fabric; and so on with other matters. They were a strong healthy contented lot of people, fair specimens of the, I should think, finest peasantry in the world. Though they had never before seen the face of a foreigner it was very remarkable how kindly they were disposed towards me.

Two chubby little boys—ruddy cheeked and manly little chaps—sought to fraternise with me at once, and brought me basin after basin of water — for I was 'Danish or Dutch with thirst' in earnest—and gathered me bouquets of wild flowers, while the old men eagerly enquired if I wanted anything to eat.

The fan inscribing was a great amusement when I happened to pull out my note-book—the only thing, I think, left in my pockets—and began to write with the 'everlasting pencil.' But the interesting *tête-à-tête* was happily broken by the arrival of M. in our stiff chariot, bumping along at a spanking pace over the untutored path, and the *rencontre* was a most satisfactory one for both of us, as a world of anxiety and trouble was at that moment thrown to the winds. Interchanging adieus with my simple-hearted entertainers, who had made themselves so affable, we mounted the churning machine and sped off to the town. A few words sufficed to account for my absence, and the non-appearance of M.

He had waited until nearly the middle of the day at the halting-place among the trees with the two officers sent to keep a watch on us, one of whom turned out to be a first-rate good-humoured fellow, who had collected about a dozen words of English from some of our naval people when they were surveying on the coast, where he was commandant of a seaward town, and they used to visit him—which words he

was very proud of showing off on all occasions, and this made him friendly and confident.

Finding I did not return in a reasonable time, my companion became so apprehensive of an accident having befallen me, that he attempted the ascent of the mountains, followed, but for a very little way, by the two fat warriors, whose plethoric condition did not give them any great advantage in climbing. He could only reach half way, when the sun drove him back, and then, with the mandarins, he returned to Shan-hai Kwan to procure assistance from the authorities in searching me out.

In this Ma-foo was prime mover, for he started off at once to some high personage, obtained twelve men, and, regardless of age and infirmities, accompanied them as a volunteer, gallantly leading the way. But he was not long in returning with bad tidings, of course; as his party could not have waddled more than half way to the peak, and the exertion was sure to throw the poor fellow into a desponding turn of mind. M. gave me up as lost as the hours flew by, and made every preparation for the worst, getting fifty men from the commandant of the garrison, who were sent off to trace my steps, but who, in all probability, never got any farther than the first—for the Chinese have an antipathy to clambering up these nearly inaccessible rocks—and came back without a word of tidings. He was just about organising another search, to be superintended by himself, and was bent on despatching our factotum back to Tien-tsin with the bad news, when my note reached him.

His anxiety must have been greater than mine; for at such a distance from Europeans, in a town where foreigners had never appeared before—at least in foreign costume, and among a people whose friendly countenance was matter for doubt—he would have spent a most wretched time alone, until somebody from that place had come to aid him, had I not returned.

A close surveillance had been kept up all day by the jealous magistrates, and two spies were seated in the outer room of our quarters at the inn when we entered. Ravenously I satisfied the hunger that had so tightly wrung me for hours, by an extraordinary onslaught on the mutton-chops promptly prepared by Ma-foo—whose old parchment countenance was pinched into acute smiles at the prospect of our journey being renewed without further trouble—and drinking a shameful quantity of sherry, with oceans of water.

Just as I had come in—without washing my face, or changing my clothes, so sleepy and fatigued did I feel—I threw myself on the hard kang, and almost before my head had touched the cane mat, was off into a profound slumber—so profound that I did not hear the jabber and row of some more of the passport gentry, who wished another copy of Tsung's paper, without which, they said, we would not be allowed to leave in the morning. I think M. held out against this trifling with, or ignoring of, the legalised passport, and wished them again to say if it was inert and void; but they were guarded enough.

CHAPTER XIX.

ACCOMMODATION GRATIS — LEAVING THE CITY — CHINESE CIVILITY — GOOD-BYE TO THE HILL-SEA-BARRIER — THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CANGUE — THE COREANS, JAPANESE, AND CHINESE — OUR CONSORT — BEYOND THE GREAT WALL — COAST LINE OF DEFENCE AND ITS PROBABLE HISTORY — GRAND VIEW OF THE WALL — FATHER VERBIEST — HUNTING WITH HAWK AND HOUND — HUN-CHOW — A TARTAR CARAVANSARY — RUSTIC THEATRES — ROADSIDE COMPANIONS — THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH — THE SHOEING SMITH AND FARRIER.

WHEN the day broke next morning, we were up and preparing to depart from the dirty rooms and the mandarinish town of the Great Wall. Innumerable damages, over and above those felt yesterday, made themselves troublesome, and much in the way, and my head still swam a little and ached; but my eyes were the most painful, and fiery hot from the inflaming glare of the rocks. Otherwise, there was nothing serious to remind me of the exposure and buffeting about that had formed such a prominent episode in our quiet trip, and I relied on the excitement and exercise of a day beyond the Wall to put me on the high road to convalescence.

As we were ready to set off, and one of the spies in waiting had already started on his mission to inform the magnates of our intentions, the bill was sent for, and we fully expected to have something tremendous, if the charges were to be in proportion to the attentions we had received; but an answer came that there was nothing to pay but homage, for that the inn was a mandarins', kept up by government for the convenience of these worthies when travelling to and from Mantchuria; and all that was expected from us as we left was a formal obeisance to the absent son of heaven.

Certainly a very moderate demand for such villanous and miserly accommodation, which reflected no great amount of credit on the Emperor's generosity to his servants, nor on the management of the home department.

When passing out of the main courtyard, I could not help glancing towards the building where the comptrollers of the imperial household held out so manfully two nights before; and there, sure enough, I saw the finikin, pot-bellied little man of many terrors, the grinning man who delighted in dilemmas when he knew he was safe from peril, the young bucks who smirked and swaggered from the inner room, and all the other members of the establishment who had suffered, more or less, from fright or confusion of mind, looking out from doors and windows with evident glee.

In the streets a greater crowd tossed and tumbled about, and a stronger body of *un*-civil servants had to perpetuate the blessings of peace by unmerited castigation, than awaited us yesterday; but we steered in tranquillity through them until the military guard-house was neared, when we found the same decent display of clean well-dressed officials standing in the way, and the old blue-button on the steps beckoning us in. We dismounted, and our ponies were held by ready attendants, while the operation of real hand-shaking—which the fat 'English' gentleman, I suppose, had told them was the proper thing to do—was gone through, and the cementing beverage was handed round within doors.

The thumb was in great request in the conversation that ensued, and the gesticulations particularly affecting and comical by turns, as the proceedings of yesterday were reviewed and commented on. The Bluebutton was one of those who made sure I would return all right from the stony mountains—'woo-shi' and 'I canna be fashed thinking otherwise' flashed through one's mind on this declaration; but as he had been instrumental in sending out the impotent searchers to the foot of the mountains on both occasions, and seemed

lavishly gratulatory on our good luck in getting back, he was impressively thanked for his kindness to us unworthy strangers, and regrets were expressed that we could not show our appreciation of his supreme regard in any other way than by words.

This put him in a lively state of body, if not of mind, for he struck his breast as if about to displace his sternum and fracture all his ribs. He then grasped at something there, which we were to understand was his heart, and which after a tearing struggle he proffered to us with the fiercest self abnegation. All he possessed was ours; but surely we would return again and dine with him? No! Then his sorrow is so bitter that he must cry; and he actually went through the motions and expressions of sorrow very cleverly, wiping his eyes with a closely folded pad of dusky cotton stuff, which he drew from the long sleeve of his coat, and throwing himself into a loud fit of superficial emotion. But would we show *him Tsung's passport again to read — only for a* minute, and we would get it back?

There was no understanding this excessive desire to be continually handling, and reading, and copying the Tien-tsin Commissioner's useful favour; for, to speak candidly, it was childish and supererogative to a most exalted degree, and inexcusable on any pretence; but as he had admitted the validity of the proper documents, there could be no great harm in letting him have a farewell peep after the amusement he had afforded us. A pair of goggling spectacles of huge dimensions were adjusted on the nose, after a pinch of snuff; a very grave look was suddenly assumed, and he read the paper for the second time with a good deal of byeplay which seemed to take well; then it was given over to be again copied, more for the sake of display and manufacturing business, it struck us. than anything else. A little more talk followed, in which we were surprised to be informed that he was a Chinaman, and not a Tartar, as we had sup-

posed; and that he knew the capital of Mantchuria by its geographical or Mantchu name of Moukden,—being the only man we met on the long ride who did so, and then the audience was finished with another round of strong scented snuff.

When we had once more shaken the long-fingered and long-nailed hands, the big man of a dozen words, who had all along been very jocose, got up and said with strongly marked emphasis, 'Go?—good-bye!' at which great effort he laughed immoderately. It sounded strange, and not unpleasant, to hear a mandarin at the Great Wall use such words, and with some degree of pride too. They all followed us to the street, and in another minute we were out of their sight. The police cleared away the crowd until we were in a busy suburb outside the east gate, where numbers of men and boys were fishing with rods in the wall moat; the sides of the street lined with stirring little shops and stalls, containing all the animal and vegetable necessaries of Chinese life, and a stroke of trade driving on, rather unexpected after the sepulchral look the place bore from the hills; and then they too fell behind.

We noticed a melancholy-looking fellow seated on the border of the active thoroughfare undergoing the punishment of the cangue—a public exhibition much more fatiguing and obnoxious to the prisoner than our obsolete stocks could have been—in the hot morning sun. Poor wretch! he appeared very helpless and forlorn as he leant forward on the edge of the great square board fastened round his neck, and through the centre of which his head protruded in a somewhat laughable fashion—as a little child fed him from a basin, and a watchful guardian stood by to overlook the integrity of the wooden collar.

Out in the open country it was rather astonishing to discover a mounted man riding behind us, for the very ostensible purpose of guiding our steps, but in reality to watch us—an

extension of magisterial solicitude and thoughtfulness that we unkindly believed we could have dispensed with, for of all things in travel nothing feels more galling than to be dogged by spies and haunted by reporters. However, we never spoke to the individual, but pushed on in front, confident of having his company for many days, seeing that

The Punishment of the Cangue.

he bestrode two well-filled carpet saddle-bags, and that his large yellow waterproof coat was rolled like a valise behind the wooden saddle to be ready for a rainy day.

We had now passed from the most important of the eighteen provinces of China—that of Chili, signifying Direct Rule, because in it is the capital, Peking, from whence the Emperor issues his mandates and proclamations to the great empire he reigns over—and beyond the eastern limits of China proper, into the south-west boundary of what is called the Mantchu country, or Mantchuria, through a portion of

one of the three provinces of which—that of Shinking—it was necessary for us to move in our way along the head of the gulf. Under the Ming dynasty this part of the trans-mural territory was named 'Tunking,' or the Eastern capital, from the chief town in it; but in our European maps it now figures by the ancient title of Liautung—east of the river Liau—at one time applied only to the country lying between the Corea, the Sea of Japan, and that large river; and also as 'Kwantung,' or the region east of the Pass or Great Wall, a name better known by the people among whom we travelled than any other.

We were also on the track of the Coreans, who, issuing at a certain period of the year from the Fung-whang-ting—a town at the gate of that name in the palisade which separates the Corea from Eastern Mantchuria, and through which everything must pass between the two countries—traverse this province, and enter Heaven's Empire by the gate we had just left, on their mission to pay tribute and homage to the once mighty Autocrat, and transact other political business at Peking. The road, still continuing to the north-east, was wide and firm, though unmade, and may be busy enough at some other time of the year, but now it was almost lonely, and ran away over gently undulating ground, flanked on the left-hand side for many miles by quiet little villages, and on the right by fields and sandy patches extending down to the waters of the Gulf of Liautung.

At about a mile from the gate of the custom-house to and but a short distance from the highway, stood a massive square embattled tower,—something after the fashion of the old Peel houses, or castles on the Scottish border, built of brick, and about eighty feet high, but without any outward sign of defence beyond that of its own height and solidity. This, we had been told by the commander of Shan-hai, was the real boundary between China and Mantchuria in this direction; but in all likelihood he had been in error, as the

Wall must have been intended to limit the confines of both countries.

On the other side of this building, at intervals of what was said to be three lí, or a mile, began a series of circular forts, also of brick, and furnished with a crenelated parapet; but they were neither so wide nor so tall as the square one, and altogether in outline resembled lofty martello towers placed on commanding positions, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left of the road, and following the coast line for a stretch of about fifty miles.

Many were in a good state of repair—or rather preservation and had resisted the weather so well that no signs of decay could be perceived; but others were rent, cracked, and shaky, and several had been stripped of the external casing of brickwork by the villagers. They showed their compact interiors of mud and lime so plainly that there could be no doubts as to these mile forts having been erected as places of temporary defence only from their summits, and not as habitations for garrisons, or places to which to fly for support or shelter in case of attack; as their structure was solid throughout, and the walls were a uniform blank, displaying neither door to enter by, nor window to light up a room or staircase within, thereby leading one to surmise that they must have been accessible only by means of ladders or some such contrivance.

I have made every enquiry possible, both at the time of our journey and since, regarding the history and uses of these isolated works of other days, but without much success. Their object was evidently to protect the coast against invasion from some sea-going enemy, so that they can hardly be considered as supplementary to the Great Wall, or as an auxiliary means of repelling the audacious Manitchus in their attacks on that extensive line of defence; and from their integrity and general appearance appear to have been thrown up many centuries subsequently to the reign of the Ta Tsin

dynasty. It is well known, however, that the intrepid Mongol, Kublai Khan, the founder of the Yuen dynasty, in 1280 despatched a great army to attack Japan, and subjugate the high-spirited Japanese, who had refused to acknowledge his supreme sway and to render the customary tribute exacted from neighbouring states as a token of submission. The expedition met the merited fate of the Spanish Armada, for the troops were wrecked and slaughtered, and scarcely a man returned to China.

'The Land of the Day-dawn,' elated and emboldened by the defeat of the arrogant Chinese, took the initiative in a long list of retaliatory measures, and its predatory bands harassed the sea-board of China by plunder and desolation, and making dire inroads on the unfortunate country, which its rulers vainly endeavoured to remedy and avert. From the beginning of the thirteenth century up to the end of the sixteenth did the unconquered race sweep the coast and pillage every place they set foot in; especially in 1388, in the twenty-second year of Hung-woo of the Ming dynasty, when they caused that monarch much uneasiness by their wholesale devastations and piratical seizures, and drove him to all kinds of shifts without avail.

At last he solicited the counsel of a minister, who, from his knowledge of nautical matters, the emperor thought would be a fitting person to give advice. In reply to His Majesty, this man gave it as his opinion, that as the Japanese came by sea, by sea they must be repelled. He said, 'Let there be built along shore, at certain intervals, places of defence, occupied by land troops; and between them let vessels of war be stationed. Thus in all probability the Japanese will be unable to land, or if they do, it will be impossible for them to spread themselves. Further, instead of oppressing the coast with troops brought from a distance, let every fourth man of the inhabitants be required to bear arms.'

To this proposal the Emperor assented, and fifty towns

(or towers?) were built near the sea, each of them defended by a thousand men.* But the Chinese annalists tell us how ineffectual even this strong measure was to stop the ravagers' hands, for they record nothing but misfortunes and tales of sacking and conflagration for nearly two hundred years after, and relate how these irresistible reivers fought their way up the Yang-tsze-Kiang at last as far as Nanking, clearing all before them, and killing all who opposed their onward sweep and fell into their hands. This last event occurred in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the historian informs us that about the same time lead bullets were first used, and muskets first introduced by Japanese, who entered the country and were captured; and their lives were only spared on the plea that they were required to teach the Chinese the use of these arms, as their own were exceedingly inefficient and rude;* an example of liberality and willingness to borrow, even from an enemy, very different to the close conservatism and blind policy of the present Mantchu dynasty, which succeeded that of the troubled Mings.

May we not then suppose that these guardian edifices have been a portion of the minister's proposed bulwark against the buccaneers from Zipangu, and for some reason or other raised here to defend the most vulnerable corner of the province, as well as to be a line of outworks in advance of the Great Wall itself?

Between ten and twenty miles from Shan-hai Kwan, when the country becomes wider, and the high road winds over rough knolls and through broken ground, among the luxuriant crops, and often between thick rows of willow trees, the higher mountains to the north and north-west assume an almost Alpine grandeur in stateliness and outline; and here it is that the Wall shows out to most advantage in the brilliancy and glow of the morning sunshine. The

* *Chinese Chronology*: Morrison.

pleasant old Scotchman, John Bell, of Antermony, who travelled from Russia to Peking, in the suite of a Russian diplomatic mission under Ismailoff, in the reign of the Emperor Kang-hi, 142 years ago; and who has left us a lucid and veracious account of the journey, breaks out into a burst of astonishment and delight when describing the part of the Wall through which they entered China away to the north-west. He tells us, it is commonly designated the 'endless wall' by the people, and expatiates on the magnificence and wonder of its situation as it skirts from rock to rock, with its square turrets here and there: but certain I am that nowhere could it be more grandly viewed, nor at any other place could such a peculiarly apposite and majestic a range of cliffs and peaks be found to display so well this grand work of man's hands, than in this eastern corner of the empire.

There is a something closely allied to a sense of sublimity that takes possession of the mind when the delighted eye is made to wander quietly along that magnificent range, where many a grim crag is undergoing transfiguration in the trembling saffron-and-blue aerial haze of the young morning, and where the acicular jags, harsh and threatening in the foreground, are softened and toned down by the far distance into velvety regularity.

One sees those cloud-capped towers extending away over the declivities in single files, until dwarfed by miles and miles of skyward perspective, they dwindle into microscopical minuteness, yet stand with the solemn dignity belonging to ghosts of a giant creation long gone by, as if they were condemned to look out on the march of time; while the brown-and-black dike at their feet hurries on with many a twist and throe across gorge, defile, and ravine.—now buried in fissure and chasm, then with brobdingnagian spring tearing up the unmeasured height as if in wanton turbulence, altering the outline of the rocky pinnacles which it high-nigh it surmounts, or stealing along the sometimes comparatively smooth margin of the

most soaring of all the range, it looks like a great pucker on the mountains' noble brow, speeding along until in the misty neutral tint it appears but a filmy scratch on a sandstone hill — a slender brown thread fluttering in easy undulations around the mountain tops a great way off as it fines down to a shadowy hair's-breadth on its longsome journey to remote Kansu — the Province of profound Peace! It would be difficult to find, in any other part of the world, a spectacle so full of admiration and so wonder-raising, as this monstrous achievement of other days unfolds itself to the traveller who rides along the pleasant road which conducts him into the Tartar land from the boundaries of old China.

It is about this part of the country that we come upon the footsteps of the early Jesuit father, Paul Verbiest, the priestly mathematician and artillerist; he who wrote treatises and cast cannon for his imperial master, and left behind him an enduring monument of European ingenuity and skill in those astronomical instruments of the most exquisite workmanship and design, which yet stand on that neglected weed-grown wall tower at the south-east angle of the Tartar city of Peking; and whose grave in the Portuguese cemetery, to the westward of the capital, still indicates where he sleeps under a monument with an imperial epitaph. This worthy missionary, I find in Du Halde, accompanied the Emperor Kanghi in his progress into Eastern Tartary in the beginning of 1682, after a serious rebellion of seven years' duration had been suppressed by the execution of three kings or princes, one of whom was strangled in the province he had conquered, another was conveyed to Peking, with his chief partisans, and was there cut to pieces in open court by the mandarins, in revenge for the barbarous murder of their relatives; and the third, who was the ringleader, had committed suicide in order to escape punishment. His Majesty started from Peking at a more favourable season of the year than we did — on the 23rd of March — with the intention of

visiting Liautung, the country of his ancestors, and doing homage at their sepulchres.

He took with him his eldest son of ten years, and three wives, each in a gilt chariot, and was attended by the chief minister, the members of his Court, and the most influential mandarins of all orders, with a retinue so great that it numbered more than 70,000 persons. The accomplished Father was ordered to accompany the magnate, and be always near his person, in order to take observations in his presence of the disposition of the heavens, the height of the pole, the declination of each country (oblique situation on the globe), and to take with instruments the heights of the mountains and distances of places, His Majesty desiring to be informed about meteors and other matters in physics and mathematics.

The account is brief, and almost devoid of interest or assistance to the modern excursionist; for the Father tells us that the road from Peking to Liautung is pretty level, and that the four hundred miles in that province are much more uneven on account of hills. He mentions arriving at Shan-hai Kwan, which he describes as a fort situated between the South Sea and the Northern Mountains, and that here begins the famous wall that separates Liautung from Pechili, and extends a vast way along the northern side over the highest mountains.

As soon as the Imperial *cortége* entered the province, the Emperor and his nobles quitted the main road and took that of the hills, where they spent some days in hunting.

Paul then briefly sketches out how these sports were managed, and how the emperor, choosing some 3,000 men of his guard armed with bows and darts, dispersed on every side so as to surround the mountains, making a circle of at least three miles.

In this small narrowing space, such a brisk chase was kept up that the unfortunate game, spent with running, lay down

at the hunters' feet, and suffered themselves to be taken up without resistance. He mentions having seen two or three thousand hares thus taken in less than a day, besides a vast number of wolves and foxes. A most ignoble way of conducting sport, certainly, but a method not altogether incompatible with the easy turn of mind in which a Chinaman usually seeks amusement and excitement, without incurring an unpleasant or fagging amount of exertion.*

It was but last winter that we saw the Tien-tsin salt

A Hunting Party (from a Native Drawing).

merchant, as the wealthy *magnifico* of our garrison town was styled, hunting poor puss on the dead flat beyond the town walls, with a pair of slow-running 'noseless' Tartar

* This mode of hunting game is very like the 'Tinchel' of the Scottish Highlanders, where a circle of sportsmen, by surrounding a great space of country and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the ring or 'Tinchel.'

hounds, from which the hare could easily have escaped had it not been also pursued by a couple of hawks—carried to the ground on the wrist of the shaven-headed falconers, who managed them with the tact of sportsmen, and had them confined, wings and legs, with very British-looking brails and jesses, and hoods with scarlet plumes quite after the fashion of two centuries ago. The hunt was a short one, for the prey had no sooner evaded the dogs and was getting into its steady stride for a good run, than swoop went the falcons, and if they did not strike they drove back the poor animal on the dogs, which it could barely circumvent, until another swoop sent it into their very jaws, and the game was over.

The slow sport was watched by the gentle-paced merchant and his guests on ponies, without his betraying any visible marks of exhilaration, or moving many yards from the starting-place. But, in all probability, there are some men in North China who go on foot to hunt their game with matchlock, hawk, and hound, as the annexed copy from a Pekingese drawing will testify; in which a regular encampment has been formed in the snow, and the party is returning to the tented ground, laden with the results of the *battue*, and ready for the evening meal, now in process of cooking. To hunt as we do, and gallop on swift horses over every obstacle, would be nothing short of furious madness in the estimation of our quiet friends, who cannot understand why we should be so possessed and value our lives so cheaply. Even swimming in the Peiho in moderately warm weather took them all by surprise, and one old fellow, after watching the frolics of some hundred of our men in the refreshing waters, could not refrain from exclaiming, that truly the English were a hardy but a strange people.

When the road became rough and wavy and the day was near its meridian, we lost sight of the Wall in the dim distance, and the pensile turrets sank lower and lower as

they and the pre-eminently lofty vantage-ground on which they were posted, subsided behind the lower hills skirting the gulf to the north-east. I then began to think of the feat I had achieved, and the out-of-the-way corner of the globe we were so auspiciously venturing our heads into, without the shadow of a chance of danger; living among and trusting to the good faith and friendship of simple-hearted creatures, whose only fault—which they were powerless to remedy—was unaffected wonderment and curiosity. It may yet be a long time before the foot of the Briton, roaming from Dan to Beersheba, again seeks out those lonesome, but far from unpleasant, paths in this ultra-mundane region, and longer still before we can —

> 'Flying to the Eastward, see
> Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea
> And toast upon the Wall of China.'

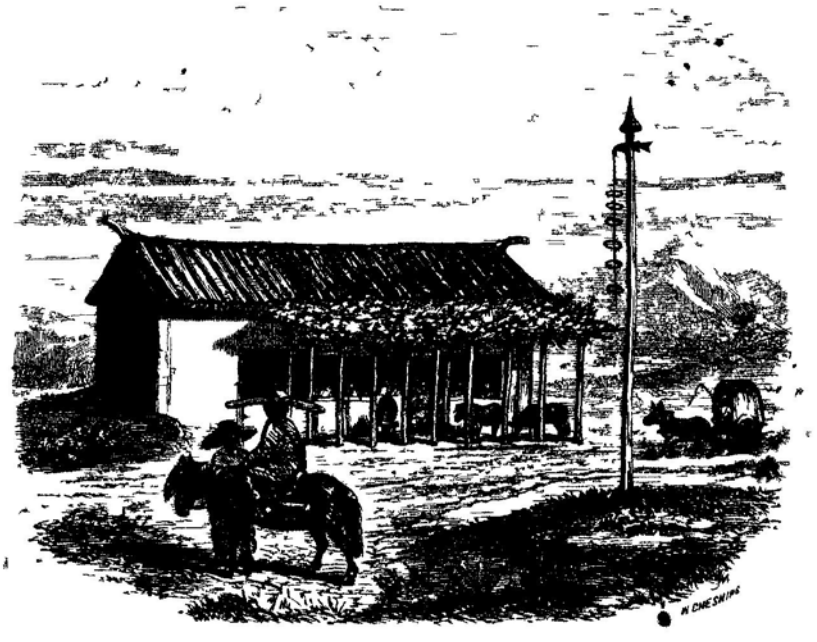
When that enterprising and venturesome lady, imbued with the Quixotic spirit of the nation in worming out every notable nook and difficult journey in creation, does arrive at the Hill-sea barrier, let her profit by our hard day's fight for life among the mountains, and be content to refresh herself with the Sinensian brew on the rampart near the town, instead of a more aspiring situation.

We passed through a number of small hamlets and what would, perhaps, be called towns—one of which, Hun-Chow, a walled town, and apparently of some importance at a period somewhat distant from the present, was in dismal ruins and filthy in the extreme.

The midday halt, after twenty miles of a journey, was in the bustling village of Cow-chow-wah, where there was a regular caravansary for the benefit of travellers, got up in a manner new to us.

A long one-storied house built of brick,—the entire front of which had been devoted to yawning windows and door

open to the roadside, was nearly concealed by an almost equally long shed made of slender tree-stems, and roofed in by dry, russet-coloured fir branches, beginning from the half-concave tiles and running out on the path for a considerable number of feet. Underneath this numbers of ponies and mules fed in mangers, and others stood saddled and bridled ready for moving off. Inside the building little parties of dusty individuals were comforting themselves on the best cheer the place could afford; and others sipped tea,



A Caravansary beyond the Wall

or sent out rolling clouds of smoke from the over-dried tobacco continually undergoing a cloudy change in the little bowls of homely pipes. The sign-post, henceforward to be met by the half dozen in every town, was characteristic of people with odd fancies. Topped by a tiny conical ornament, it had, not far from the end, a sickly-looking wooden fish pinned across, with a ring in its mouth—fish and ring

strongly recalling to our memories the emblematical salmon or trout represented in the Glasgow coat of arms as gliding across the stem of a tree—from which hung a line having at intervals brown hoops with a fancy paper fringe.

We had scarcely time to note these, as we steered past a footman and an equestrian who were anxiously guessing what we could be, and endeavoured to escape damage from a mule cart that was going eight miles an hour, when four men hustled out of the doorway, and another uncoiled himself from an easy position in which he was snoring out the lazy hours under the shady outwork, to gather about us. They were a band of swag-bellied brothers, each of whom, for size and weight, must have eclipsed all other men I have seen among a people whose principal indication of prosperity in mind, body, and worldly estate is the being preposterously fat and in good case. The senior of these portly youths advanced with a rolling gait a pace or two, and reclining his folded hands over the amplitudinous corporation that bulged out balloon-like in front, gave a guffaw that rumbled sonorously from the lower regions of his immense body, and shook the yellow integument hanging in unctuous folds around his shining face; and then in a succession of satisfactory grunts managed to enquire, 'Do you come from Ta-tsin?' To which we, translating the 'Ta-tsin' as the old name for China, or perhaps the more modern one for Peking, answered with another grunt, signifying 'Yes,' and were soon breakfasting under the attentive auspices of the bulky family, and the observant eyes of the temporary inmates.

In the afternoon — such a beautiful afternoon it was, though overheated rather — we were more than ever pleased with the country, and the journey yet before us. The road, though lonely and dull, was by no means bad, and sometimes led us through a well-cultivated district with dainty little hamlets sparsely spread among the tilled fields, or vil-

lages at pretty regular intervals by the wayside, which, from the disproportionate number of inns and fish sign-posts displayed, might lead one to infer were solely maintained for the convenience of wayfarers like ourselves. At the outskirts of some were the same description of little temples, covered in by old willows, which we had noticed on the other side of the Wall; and now and then, in some favourite strip of open ground, a lot of children would be playing at shuttlecock with their feet, or romping about at a more boisterous game—one party, in particular, we saw amusing themselves at blind man's buff, in which the blindfolded urchin and his tormentors acted just as they would have done had they shared our own school-day freaks.

It was somewhat satisfactory to be enabled to remark that not very unfrequently blooming girls with uncramped feet oftentimes joined in these merry pastimes, and gave a more lively aspect to the game; and that in sundry cottages, strong countrywomen ventured beyond their thresholds, busying themselves in outdoor labour, or strolled comfortably in natural-sized shoes with high clog soles.

We set these down as Mantchus; but I am not certain whether we were correct. At any rate, they looked different beings to the usual run of sheep-footed Chinese women we had hitherto seen, and were doomed to meet everywhere in our peregrinations in the land; for their hair was quietly smoothed down about their heads, or in the younger females gathered up in bows, without all that extravagant amount of gumming and skewering so indulged in by the vain little bodies of China; and they were taller, stronger, and more independent-looking in the long blue cotton gowns which they wore, and which hung loosely about them, like a chemisette, from their shoulders almost to the ground, hiding the outlines of their figures, and leaving us only a few inches of their homespun trousers to look at, before these were tucked, in a masculine manner, into the legs of white socks. Their

faces, too, were round and heavy, and their features were less pleasing, and did not evince so much intelligence or vivacity as those of the crippled wives on the other side of the Wall.

Tartar Ladies.

Nearly every aspiring little town or larger-sized village had its temple to Thalia rigged up in the public road, or in a shady bye-lane, and primitive to a degree beyond Western belief. These rustic theatres offered no more pretensions to convenience or effect than did the creaky four-wheeled wagon on which Susarion and Dolon first exhibited their invention—the original comedy—in the streets of Athens, for a cask of wine and a basket of figs. There was a shaky old cart, with more frequently two wheels than four, and *minus* the ordinary sides, made safe for the agile footsteps of the strolling Thespis by a very limited platform of boards fixed on the warped and cracked shafts—a very small table and two very decayed chairs, to serve as stage furniture, disposed

towards the back of the conveyance, and a millet-stalked framework propped up on supports and thatched with rushes to screen the actor's head from the sun; while sometimes a form or two would flank each side for the accommodation of the discordant orchestra and the teapots.

There was not much to enliven us for a long part of the way, though the scenery was as varied as our proximity to the mountains on the one hand, and to the shores of the gulf on the other, would admit. There was still, to the left, the same kind of rugged grandeur hanging about the lonely mountain tops, and the same charming peeps of green vallies and tilled fields occurring at their base which we had before admired; and on the right the yellow shingle, with the distant waters of the eastern sea, unspecked by any sail of mat or calico, smoothed out in an unlimited surface of silvery white.

A peasant's cart sometimes made us move to one side of the dusty road, but this was seldom. Once we passed a rumbling old car, grunting and squealing through lack of repair and lubrication, drawn by a sorry mule, in which was the earthly all of a peripatetic juggler or acrobat; consisting of unassuming but inscrutable bags and boxes of leather, wooden swords and sham spears, basins and bottles of stone, and the little ornamented stand, on which was secured the tinkling brass gongs and small drum, used to give a theatrical effect to the open-air performance, as well as to stimulate the eye and hand of the hard-up, weary-looking man who strode at the head of the half-starved beast, urging it on with a *cluck* or a *turr* as if anxious to reach some town before the night set in.

A ragged body in female guise—probably his consolation—squatted on a bundle of odds and ends over the axletree, suckling one child and affording a pillow for the heads of two others, that were too young to follow the footsteps of two or three old-fashioned imps who, almost shoeless, laboured along

the side path. The rear was brought up by an undersized Bruin which came limping along footsore, and hanging heavily on the chain that bound him to the wandering household. He was nearer the colour of a Siberian wolf—thanks to the incessant dredging to which he was subjected in the impalpable dust—than a black-furred bear, and showed himself all the worse for hard feats and harder fare.

A Juggler's Cart.

Rather more frequently than we desired, we came across sundry stragglers, whose appearance, to say the best for them, was suspicious. A few wore desperate hazards stamped on their faces, while all bore some kind of weapon, oftener than otherwise a spear, but with what object we could not glean. There must have been some cause for the constancy with which every man, young and old, stuck to his arms in this part of the country. Even the poor old wretch who drove his donkey along the road, flourished a rusty lance over the

load of firewood that was piled on its back, as if he apprehended an attack. We were afterwards told that this fashion or necessity arose from the frequency with which wolves left their lairs and secluded haunts among the mountains, to avail themselves of the dense cover afforded by the far-extending crops of millet in the autumn, and pounced upon travellers and dwellers near the borders of these cereal jungles; but the cadaverous heads displayed so often by our path rather tended to confirm us in our opinion, that man was more to be dreaded than wild beasts.

CHAPTER XX.

PASTORAL LIFE — INDUSTRY — YELLOW-SKINNED VULCANS — M. ABEL RÉMUSAT ON THE INFLUENCE OF ASIATIC INGENUITY ON THE NATIONS OF THE WEST—HORSE-SHOEING IN CHINA—FARRIER'S INSTRUMENTS—THE CHINESE VETERINARY SURGEON—HORSE-FLESH—CHUNG-HUE-SOH.

THE dry beds of many rivers and streams unknown to song were crossed, a few of them during some portion of the year washing over a wide space of pebbly ground; and we forded others whose volume had very much contracted during the summer drought. For some distance here and there the soil was poor, and afforded only a thin dry herbage for the sustenance of flocks of diminutive black goats, and scraggy ponies and asses, which were tended by wild unkempt urchins, who roved listlessly around their herds, or lay in the full face of the cauterising sun, crooning snatches of unearthly-sounding ditties. These were the first glimpses I had as yet obtained of a pastoral life in a region where we certainly expected to find Tartar nomads, sauntering behind browsing swarms of cattle and sheep, or dwelling in black felt tents—for the purchase of which, as *curios*, we had so many commissions imposed upon us before leaving Tien-tsin —and drinking mares' milk, fermented or unfermented, as may have suited their palates or desires. But everywhere else beyond these uncultivated pasturages, congregations of erratic tribes would have been as much out of place, and as much bewildered, as butterflies in Fleet Street; for all was a great grain-field and a great forest of strong stems, more thickly planted and nearly more difficult of penetration than a backwoods forest.

In all the villages something was going on—fathers, wives, sons, and daughters, were, in many houses, or out of doors, spinning cotton by very antediluvian-like wheels; and grandfathers and grandmothers twined the same material, or silk, into cord by means of an iron weight set twisting round at the end of the string. The tramping crockeryware-mender assiduously drilled holes in the cracked and broken pots and basins, and bound the divided edges together with artful little clamps of iron or copper. The indefatigable son of Crispin seated himself at the family doorway, and soled or patched the fronts of those easy wearing shoes of blue or white cotton stuff, which for comfort we have often thought far more civilised-like than our own toe-squeezers: And the barber lathered and shaved the heads and faces of his dusty customers, or scraped the inner sides of their eyelids, and trifled with their tympanums with his hooks, pickers, and brushes, greatly to the gratification of the individuals so operated on, who appeared quite happy while undergoing these injurious ticklings.

Above all the stir and bustle of business, the whizzing of saws, or the clanking of copper and tinsmiths,—with the more subdued hum of less noisy avocations, the rat-tat tittle-tat of the blacksmith rung out as cheerfully and harmoniously as if it were being rehearsed for the adaptation of another Handel —the two strokes of the heavy sledge on the iron, and the one rhythmically struck in by the smaller hammer, blending in symphonious vibrations with the intermediate jingling tap on the hard-faced anvil, as the perspiring Cyclops, Arges, and Brontes fashioned and formed the rude implements of husbandry used in the fields.

One could scarcely forbear smiling at the odd resemblance of these yellow-skinned Vulcans to their co-artisans of the West, as they swung their weighty hammers overhip with a vigorous grunt, and wore the unimpeachable trade-mark stamped in a smutty daub on each side of their undeveloped

noses. Little scraps and shreds of iron were carefully welded into serviceable bars in the blaze of a fire scantily supplied with coal, but made more effective in its work by being covered over with a piece of earthen pot, which threw back the flame on the metal, and the heat was intensified by the regularly intermittent blast of air from a wooden box, something like a small travelling trunk, in which an *aide* slowly pushed and drew the wooden piston that served as a propeller of air through the nozzle of this very simple and efficient bellows.

Occasionally in the smaller, but more frequently in the larger, towns, one lights upon a sedulous lot of Chinese Wayland Smiths — characters seldom, if ever, seen in the South—moiling away at their humble occupation of assisting nature to sustain the tear and wear imposed on the hoofs of the ponies, mules, and oxen so much employed in a tract of country without canals, and with but roughly constructed roads, and pursuing that lowly art with care and tact; an art unknown to antique civilisation, and which is only discovered in the modern world after the wild hordes had made their inroads, overrun and transmogrified the older nations of the West; perhaps in the same manner that their barbarous predecessors in Asia may have done to facilitate their rapid advance towards the wealthy capitals of these nations, when the dwellers in the terror-stricken towns through which they passed were unconscious of the utility of iron as a means of protecting the hoofs of their steeds — for we may presume that the Romans knew nothing of this most useful art, which has so altered the nature and character, and enhanced the value of our willing beasts of draught and burthen, enlarged the ways of commerce, and benefited mankind: when in Italy alone they laid several thousand miles of paved road at an enormous cost of time and labour, and which have withstood the trials of 2,000 years, with the object, among other things, of preserving

their horses' feet; and we also know that they had to borrow other motive powers than animal strength to move their heavy wagons along these roads, because they did not know how to shoe their horses; and this, in all likelihood, when the Chinese or Tartars were fully cognisant of the principles and practice of this species of handicraft, — for with them it bears evident signs of a venerable existence.

And yet it is strange to find these ultra-mundane shoeing-smiths acting in their way much as our own artisans do, and deftly using tools which, if not quite identical with those handled in the London forges, betray, one could almost vouch, a common origin.

And so it is with many other cognate arts you can daily see followed in the workshops of the towns of North China, where the analogy between the manufacturing, preparing, and applying different articles, as well as the instruments required in the processes, of the remote East and West are surprising and perplexing to the stranger, whose first thoughts are whether we have borrowed from this people or they from us; or whether there has been a spontaneity of origin or invention at the extreme ends of the earth, when the wants of man compelled him to seek new means of production or utilisation.

Cogitations lead to nothing, and enquiries go no farther; but M. Abel Rémusat gives us a little matter for speculation when he alludes to this affinity in his Memoirs. Speaking of the Mongol hordes who had swarmed into Western Asia and began to exert a panic pressure on Europe, and the treaties and overtures that succeeded between the Tartar princes and Western kings, especially towards the termination of the Crusades, he says: 'The series of events which are connected with these negotiations serves to complete the history of the Crusades; but the part they may have had in the great moral revolution, which soon followed the relations which they occasioned between people hitherto

unknown to each other, are facts of an importance more general and still more worthy of our particular attention. Two systems of civilisation had become established at the two extremities of the ancient continent, as the effect of independent causes, without communication, and consequently without mutual influence.

'All at once the events of war and political combinations bring into contact these two great bodies, long strangers to each other. The formal interviews of ambassadors are not the only occasions which brought them together. Other occasions more private, but also more efficacious, were established by imperceptible, but innumerable ramifications, by the travels of a host of individuals, attracted to the two extremities of the earth, with commercial views, in the train of ambassadors or armies.

'The irruption of the Mongols, by throwing everything into agitation, neutralised distance, filled up intervals, and brought the nations together; the events of war transported millions of individuals to an immense distance from the places where they were born. History has recorded the voyages of kings, of ambassadors, of missionaries. Sempad, the Orbelian; Hayton, king of Armenia; the two Davids, kings of Georgia; and several others were led by political motives to the depths of Asia. Yeroslaf, grand duke of Sousdal, and vassal of the Mongols, like the other Russian princes, came to Kara-Koroum, it was said, administered by the empress herself, the mother of the Emperor Gayouk. Many monks, Italians, French, and Flemings, were charged with diplomatic missions to the grand khan. Mongols of distinction came to Rome, Barcelona, Valencia, Lyons, Paris, London, Northampton; and a Franciscan of the kingdom of Naples was Archbishop of Peking. His successor was a professor of theology of the Faculty of Paris.

'But how many others, less celebrated, were led in the train of those men, either as slaves, or impelled by the desire of

gain, or by curiosity, to countries hitherto unexplored. Chance has preserved the names of a few. The first envoy who came on the part of the Tartars to the King of Hungary was an Englishman, banished from his country for certain crimes, and who, after having wandered through Asia, had finally taken service among the Mongols. A Flemish cordelier met, in the depths of Tartary, a woman of Metz, named Paquette, who had been carried away from Hungary; a Parisian goldsmith, whose brother was established in Paris on the Grand Pont; and a young man from the environs of Rouen, who had been present at the capture of Belgrade. He saw there also Russians, Hungarians, and Flemings.

'A singer, named Robert, after travelling through the whole of Eastern Asia, returned to find a grave in the Cathedral of Chartres. A Tartar was a helmet-maker in the armies of Philip the Fair.'

After enumerating a number of travellers and adventurers who penetrated this dark region, he goes on to say:—

'Many of these adventurers must have established themselves, and died in the countries they went to visit. Others returned to their country as obscure as when they left it; but with their imaginations full of what they had seen, relating it all to their families and friends, and doubtless with exaggerations; but leaving around them, amidst ridiculous fables, a few useful recollections and traditions productive of advantage. Thus were sown in Germany, in Italy, in France, in the monasteries, among the nobility, and even in the lowest grades of society, precious seeds destined to bud at a later period.

'All these obscure travellers, carrying the arts of their native country to distant lands, brought back other information about these no less precious; and thus effected, unconsciously, exchanges more productive of good than all those of commerce. By this means not merely the traffic in silks,

in porcelains, in commodities from Hindostan, was made more extensive and more practicable, opening new routes to industry and commerce; but that which was far more valuable, foreign manners and customs of before unknown nations, confined since the fall of the Roman empire within too narrow a circle. Men began to have an idea that, after all, there was something worthy of notice in the finest, the most populous, and the most anciently civilised of the four quarters of the globe. People began to think of studying the arts, the religions, the languages of the nations who inhabited it; and there was even a proposition to establish a professorship of the Tartar language in the University of Paris.

'Before the establishment of the intercourse which first the Crusades, and then later the irruption of the Mongols, caused to spring up between the nations of the East and those of the West, the greater part of those inventions which distinguished the close of the middle ages had been known to the Asiatics for centuries. All'—speaking of a number of discoveries and inventions, such as gunpowder, the polarity of the loadstone, playing cards, printing, &c.—'all were made in Eastern Asia; all were unheard of in the West. Communication took place; it was continued for a century and a half; and, ere another century had elapsed, all these inventions were known in Europe. Their origin is veiled in obscurity. The region where they manifested themselves—the men who produced them—are equally a subject of doubt. Enlightened countries were not their theatre. It was not learned men who were their authors; it was common men, obscure artisans, who lighted up, one after another, these unexpected flames.

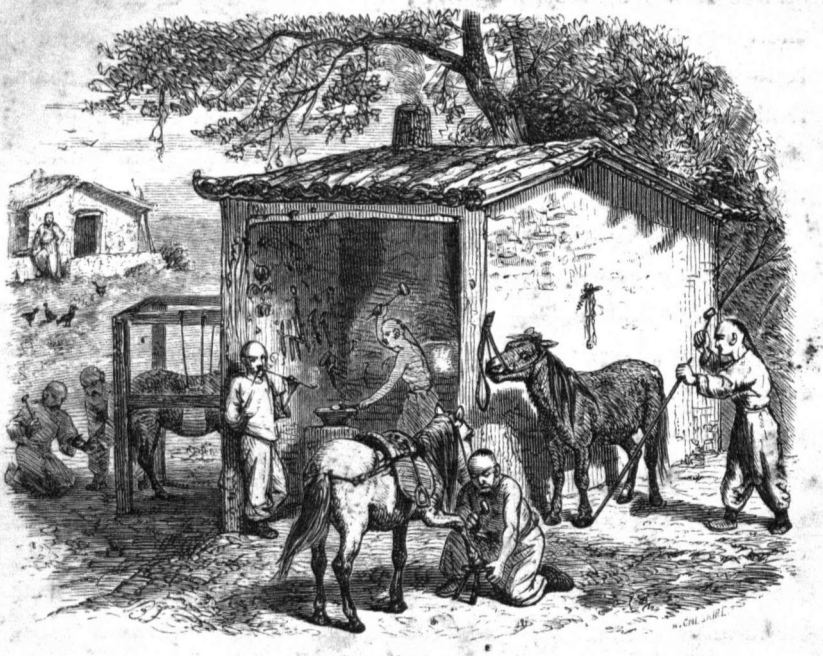
'Nothing can better demonstrate the effects of a communication; nothing can be more in accordance with what we have said above as to those invisible channels—those imperceptible ramifications—whereby the science of the

eastern nations penetrated into Europe. The greater part of these inventions appear at first in the state of infancy in which the Asiatics have left them; and this circumstance alone almost prevents our having any doubts as to their origin. Some are immediately put in practice; others remain for some time enveloped in obscurity, which conceals from us their progress, and they are taken, on their appearance, for new discoveries. All are soon brought to perfection, and, as it were, fecundated by the genius of Europeans operating in concert, thus communicating to human intelligence the greatest impulse known to history.'

You cannot help bestowing a passing glance at the operations of the *Ting-chang-ta*, as the shoer of hoofs is denominated, for you may require his assistance frequently during your travel to secure your ponies' clanking shoes, or to adjust a new pair; and you are certain to find him busy in the most crowded thoroughfare, or in the most stirring corner of the market-place.

He is not, generally, a very bold man in his calling, nor has he much patience with skittish or unmanageable solipedes; for he too often makes it his practice to secure the unruly or vicious brute in the old-fashioned trevises or stocks — exact counterparts of those employed by country farriers in Britain and on the continent half a century ago — where it is firmly bound and wedged in by ropes and bars, and a twitch — an instrument of punishment still tolerated and favoured in other lands — twisted to agony round the under-lip of the subdued beast, until its extremities have been iron-clad. The more docile and submissive animal is less harshly dealt with, for it is allowed to stand untied, with one of its feet flexed on a low three-legged stool, while the workman shaves off great slices of superfluous horn from the thick soles, by a weapon which differs in no particular that we can see from the now obsolete buttress of England, or the present *boutoir* of the French *Maréchal*. Perhaps a

fidgetty draught animal does not quite relish the idea of parting from its worn-out shoes, and the squeamish shoer, to avoid sundry uncomfortable contusions on his shins, stands



Horse-shoeing.

some distance away, as he hammers at the end of a long thin-pointed poker, inserted between the useless plate of iron and the hoof, to twist it off.

Whether aware of it or not, like the French, the Chinese seem to prefer the foot in process of shoeing being held up by an assistant, instead of courageously grasping it between their knees or laying it on the outside of the thigh, as our farriers do, and dispensing with this auxiliary and oftentimes needless help. The Tartar ponies being light-paced and small, and the roads not very stony, the shoe is light, thin, and narrow, and quite ductile. It is, in fact, nothing more than a slight rim of tough iron,

Tartar Horse-shoe.

pierced by four nail-holes, with a groove for the reception of each nail-head; and the heels are drawn so thin that, when the shoe is nailed on the foot, they are bent inwards to catch each angle of the hoof and thus support the nails. Altogether, it is far more like one of our own horse-shoes than those of the Affghans, the Arabian or Barbary, or the Persian and Turkish curiosities, and certainly very far before the straw sandal everywhere used in Japan to protect the horses' feet.

There is little care and a great deal of dexterity exhibited in nailing on one of these iron plates. The excellent strong feet of the ponies afford every facility for a rough and ready job—the overgrown horn is shaved away to a level surface: a single blow makes the shoe wider or narrower without heating: it is applied to the solid crust, and one by one the unbending nails are sent through the whole thickness of the insensitive part of the foot with a few sharp taps, the tips of the nails being only simply twisted and hammered close to the face of the hoof; and the Wayland Smith has earned his silver groat. At odd intervals one comes upon a group of these tinkers arming the hot, painful, road-worn toes of prostrate struggling bullocks with a nearly semicircular plate of metal on the outer margin of the hoof; and so smartly, that the bellowing creatures have hardly been thrown on the ground and secured than they are up again, proof against the hard, sun-baked roads.

There is yet another novel institution, connected with the utilisation and preservation of domestic animals, to be found in the larger towns of North China, which is, perhaps, altogether unknown in the South, where canals, rivers, and streams, and the tightly-packed character of the tilled fields, forbids the expenditure of land in wide highways, and consequently abolishes to a very great degree the necessity of employing animal labour for purposes of traffic.

This is the 'Yi-ma,' or horse doctor, a rather well-to-do

and intelligent personage oftentimes, who pushes at seasons a lively business. He visits his dumb patients fan in hand, and ministers to their ailments with the dignity and self-possession of a skillful practitioner, and a useful member of society. He is most frequently seen about the public ways in the forenoon, hurrying on behind a coolie or servant, who carries, suspended from each end of a bamboo pole, the trays containing his implements and drugs. You may here and there meet with traces of his handiwork in grotesque-looking punctures on the bodies of sickly nags, or hocks grooved and blemished by the too free application of the actual cautery.

Make the acquaintance of the first good-natured Vespasian you meet, and if the *rencontre* be ever so brief—if you are curious and humour him, and can talk to him on his professional mysteries, you will be sure to leave him a little enlightened; for he is not backward in imparting information, perplexing and ridiculous though it may seem to many Britons. He will tell you, in all likelihood, about the *Yang* and *Yin*, or the male and female principles, and how these have produced the celestial and material worlds; and, if he be a scholar, he may quote the opinion of Choo-tsze, a venerated sage, and say 'that the Celestial principle in the beginning was male, the terrestrial female; that all animate and inanimate nature may be divided into masculine and feminine, and nothing can exist independent of the *Yang* and *Yin*.'

This doctrine of materialism being so widely extended is, of course, in its dual capacity, rigidly applied to everything connected with the lower animals, as well as man. Your informant may cite the words of the learned author of a work on Chinese Veterinary Medicine, published more than five generations ago, which are to the effect, 'that though the forms and natures of the horse, ox, and camel'—the animals of which he specially treats—'be so dissimilar, and so different from man, yet are they all equally amenable to the influences of the *Yin* and *Yang*; for, as in him, it is only by

a harmonious and due union of them in their proper proportions and qualities, that those sanative conditions on which utility so much depends can be developed and maintained; when this is departed from, disease is the result.'

You will soon discover that this man, like our own empirical farriers, has had a lot of idle notions, vague traditions, and mouldy recipes, as well as the most approved modes of performing operations, handed down from the accumulated experience of generations in the ancestral line; with, in addition to the few stereotyped facts swamped in the middle of silly whimsies, instruments in a case carefully treasured, and bearing inscriptions which tell of their great age. This instrument-case and its contents is certain to be a wonderful curiosity. It is made of a brown kind of leather, something in the form of the pipe and tobacco pouch carried by almost every individual, with too long thongs to suspend it to the girdle. This is the operating receptacle, and the first article he will show you may possibly be a small round peg of iron, not unlike a skewer, which he uses when a horse is lame from cold (rheumatism?) by making it red-hot, wrapping it round with tow and oil, and then—having incised the skin in several places over the diseased textures, with an arrow-headed lancet—thrusting it two or three inches deep among the muscles.

The next may chance to be a slender iron hook with a sharp point, to seize and drag out the useful membrane at the inner corner of the horse's eye, for the purpose, he will aver, of dividing a small tumour which forms on it sometimes, and which causes the animal to 'leave its grass,' and be dull and heavy. If you hint that he must be mistaken, and that the tumour he imagines to have grown there is not only natural, but of the highest service, he will incredulously smile, and withdraw a tube from its corner, made like a surgeon's canula, but of a thick goose or eagle's quill, having a number of small holes in its circumference near the round

end. With this in his hand, he will boast of the number of ponies' lives he has saved when, at a certain season of the year, they have been allowed to eat too much grass, and death from suffocation is imminent by the distension of the abdomen diminishing the capacity of the chest; and if a pony or mule be near, he will obligingly indicate the exact spot over the large intestine where he makes a cut and a puncture for the introduction of the tube and the escape of the dangerous gas.

In this wonderful wallet he also carries a small punch to expel the deciduous incisors in young animals, when they are loose, or when it is fancied that they prevent mastication. He will go through the operation of venesection if you desire it; and, rendering the jugular vein turgid by pressure at the lower part of the neck, apply the point of his barb-shaped lancet to the skin over that vessel, then drive it in by a little wooden mallet. But he does not approve much of bleeding, and nearly agrees with a popular Chinese physician * as to the little benefit to be derived from the abstraction of blood in fever.

'A fever,' writes this medical authority, 'is a boiling pot; it is requisite to reduce the fire and not diminish the liquid in the vessel if we wish to cure the patient.'

After making you acquainted with a number of peculiar articles, each of which has its own allotted share in surgical demonstrations, he will choose a seton needle, in shape the *fac-simile* of a sailmaker's, to finish his catalogue; and, as he carefully puts them all in their places again, takes the opportunity of dilating on the wonderful cures he has made with this needle, in reducing tumours and opening abscesses, by passing it through their substance and leaving in a medicated thread of hemp for an indefinite period. His knowledge of anatomy is rather crude and confused, though

* Williams' *Middle Kingdom.*

he is perfectly aware of the existence of an arterial pulse in several superficial parts of the body; but if you place his finger on the temporal artery, you will undoubtedly be delighted with the joyous grin that overspreads his face at the discovery of another pulse; and when he begins to enlighten you on the vast importance to be attached to the frequency and force of the arterial contractions, he looks grave and learned.

He has the whole surface of the body mapped out into *gates of access*, such as the 'golden gate,' the 'gate of life,' &c. These lead to internal organs, and when one of these organs is supposed to be in a morbid state, a plaister or some other application is stuck over the gate, and, if very serious, a small quantity of medicine is given by the mouth. By the latter method of curing the disease, more particularly when the beast out-of-sorts is fretful and unwilling to be coaxed to swallow unpalateable stuffs, he uses gentle measures at first, and finding these not succeed proceeds to more potent inducement. Over the branch of a neighbouring tree he flings a sort of head collar, with a species of bent gag iron bit, called '*Tiau chiau*'—literally 'Hanging bit'—which, when put on the invalid, answers admirably the double purpose of elevating the head to a proper height, by pulling the end of the rope downwards, and keeping open the mouth. If still refractory in spite of patting and mild expostulations, the '*Nyng-tsz*' or 'twister,' as they dub the twitch, is screwed on the upper or under lip, and the unpleasant medicine, in a semi-fluid mass, is poured down the rebellious throat by means of a drenching-horn, identical with our own equine medicine administrator, and with a tact and neatness quite his own.

He appears to be familiar with a pretty large class of diseases, and talks as if he were very confident of being competent to contend successfully with them, especially with that scourge of the equine race—glanders. From what he