dinner, and carefully brushed it under the stone roller that was made to revolve on a pivot at one end by the younger branches of the family.

The crops were all stacked, and the stacks and haycocks stood around after the fashion of our own, but they were better made, I think, for more pains appeared to have been taken to preserve them. Their conical tops had a roofing of sun-baked mud to render them completely waterproof; while, to prevent their being blown down by the severe gales that visit this exposed part of the country, thick ropes were passed through and over the stacks, to which heavy stones were hung. Great square harrows with long iron teeth, and curious sowing machines, seemingly but little used, lay in corners, and the rude carts for farming purposes, and the round-topped hearse-like vehicle for family excursions, were ensconced in outhouses near where the spare beasts of draught were tied, heads up, to posts before wooden or stone troughs.

Some wagons had the sides and ends enclosed by closely-woven screens of millet-stalk, and were employed in carting the powdery manure from the places set apart for its preparation to the fields. We had every reason for seeking to avoid these, or at least to get to windward of them; for if the strong *bouquet* of the precious load did not repel us, the cloud of fetid dust that covered all who might be anywhere near, was quite unbearable.

To increase the fertility of the soil, the Northern Chinese have only recourse, so far as we could observe, to animal manure, which is gathered and scrupulously hoarded up until winter sets in, and then prepared by admixture with the ooze of ditches, the dust of streets, or the earth of plains. After drying for a short period, it is pulverised into a fine powder, which is easily spread over the fields by sieves, or even by the hand. This is a less offensive mode than that in vogue in the South, where the *sordida rura* is collected

for months in huge earthenware pots, clustered around every village, and which prove heart-sickening objects to every European. Every such traveller gladly notes that the North is, if not so economical in these details, at any rate less offensive in its small open-air depôts. Nothing can be more disagreeable to him than running against those human fertilisers of the Flowery Land, who wander about, baskets over backs, handling three-pronged forks, with which they gather up the perfumed materials so essential to fructification.

Male and female labourers were busy in the fields mowing or cutting the grass with short-bladed, almost straight sickles, set at an acute angle in wooden handles; but we could not see a scythe anywhere. At one place we saw some women reaping wheat, with a small blade of metal strapped in front of the fingers, and a pad of tough stuff laid in the palm of the same hand, against which the blade was pressed to cut the few stalks grasped each time.

The grassy perfume was so exhilarating, the morning was so beautiful, though very warm, the country was so delightful, and the water in the deep wells so cool and delicious after that we had been drinking in the salt marsh (especially when we drank it under the shelter of those glorious old trees), that we were in raptures with our morning's ride, and many times thought of similar scenes at home; but somehow or another those yellow faces and long tails would spring up and destroy the kindly illusion. Had it not been so reekingly hot, these green meads would have been our halting-place for some time, for we were really enchanted by such a homely and congenial locality — the favourite resort of the skylark, whose numbers and endless warblings filled the ear, while in the clumps of willows various songsters were busy swelling the grand melodies of nature. Such retreats were very tempting when we were broiled and blistered by the sun; but we had a long distance before us, midday was nigh, and

inns were so scarce that we scarcely knew when we might have an opportunity of breakfasting.

We reached a sort of half lodging, half farm-house, at an angle of one of the numerous fenced-in fields through which we were confusedly trying to track the way, and we endeavoured to make a halt of it; but the building, besides being shockingly dirty, even for a Chinese house, was well crowded by a lot of unclean wretches, who squatted on the benches near the windows and looked at us in a rather repulsive fashion. It had also the great disadvantage of providing nothing better for our wearied beasts than hay; so we made up our minds to go fifteen li ahead to a village where our disturbed landlord told us there was a *tien*. Close by the house we saw several fine but small cows, with calves following them, and our desire to obtain a copious draught of milk became so powerful that we were compelled to ask for it of this man, who we guessed was their owner.

At first he did not understand us, then he wondered, then laughed, but observing that we were serious he assented, and said we might try any one of the herd. He at once fetched what may have been the most docile; but neither he nor any of his neighbours had ever heard of or seen such a strange feat as milking a cow, and would not be taught how to do it. We therefore dismounted, and, having procured a basin, set to work in as business-like a manner as could be expected from amateurs in dairy matters; but the brute, though docile and quiet enough to handle elsewhere, seemed mad when touched near the udder. She bellowed, kicked, and jumped in a most outrageous manner. We then blindfolded her and held up one of her forelegs, but after an ineffectual struggle the proprietor objected to our using any more restraint, and intimated that we could not have any *ngow-yur*, as he termed milk.

We had no alternative but, parched and hungry as we were, to course through the fragrant meadow-land, skirting

by tree-hid villages and willow hedge-row, until we came to a larger aggregation of dwellings than usual, and of a decidedly English type, with a good wide road flanked by a high fence on each side. We soon discovered what was once an inn, but the sign-post, with gasping fish and hoops, had been removed from the roadside; and though the courtyard contained one passenger cart, the long building in front was occupied by a large array of strong-smelling half-naked men, who tumbled about or slept on the kangs ranged on two sides of the house, and who, by the implements lying near them, were tillers of the soil resting during the heat of the day. From these and the stacks of grain piled in the yard, we concluded that this was a farmer's dwelling; and a very civil man who came out to meet us, and whom we supposed to be the landlord, confirmed our opinion, for he said he was not in the habit of entertaining travellers, and feared we could not be accommodated, as his house was full of workmen. We saw no earthly reason why we should thrust ourselves in the midst of such a crowd, and told him that we would rather go in another portion of his establishment which we indicated. It was his store and labourer's sleeping-room, but he offered no objections to our breakfasting in it. Our famished ponies were stabled and fed with all alacrity, and we were soon busily engaged in clearing out a space in the large room for our reception.

Amidst a most promiscuous collection of oddities — huge mat-baskets, filled with millet and Indian corn, stuck in the narrow strip of room left between brick winter-beds, on which were spread the only mats and clothes belonging to the nightly occupants — narrow forms, boxes, sieves, rolls of cane-matting, articles of saddlery, jars of bean oil, a few warlike weapons, wheelbarrows, &c. — we broke our fast. The place was crowded with great swarthy men, who annoyed us very much by their spitting and smoking, until we were, in self-defence, obliged to turn them away.

There was much, even in this humble dormitory, to remind one of similar lodging-houses attached to farms at home. At the head of every mat whereon some tired individual stretched his limbs at night, hung the little bundle of well-mended duds — the entire wardrobe of some unaspiring slave—the neatly hung-up boots, so often cobbled; the little trinkets of other days, carefully hid away in minute niches scooped out in the wall; the cracked bamboo flute, the screeching old fiddle, or the three-stringed guitar, to while away the dull evenings spent near the rays of the soft tallow-candle, whose traces we can plainly discern on little wooden blocks near the bed's head; and there was a gigantic bamboo skip-jack, the same in form almost, and identical in principle, with those we were wont at school to manufacture out of the breast-bone of a goose; with all kinds of rude and childish contrivances for the elicitation of amusement after the day's work was over.

The passengers' cart was got ready before ours, and a tall young fellow with a very pale face, a light gauze dress, and a conical straw hat surmounted by a white button, got inside and was driven away. We soon followed, and passing for a mile or two through a green lane, luxuriously roofed in by willows, we left the enclosed country behind as we came upon a great open plain covered with high-standing and almost ripe crops, breached in places by wide gaps of meadow-land, in which the people were working in black patches like so many ants. Threshing and other agricultural operations were busily going on in the hamlets we passed, and everybody looked busy, making the most of the lovely weather.

Our servants had been again imbibing the cursed samshu; the carter was hopelessly imbecile, and Ma-foo had enough to do to keep on his pony's back. The paths became more numerous, and crossed each other; the carter had forgotten all about the directions he picked up at the farm-house,

and wheeled abruptly into a road that we were certain could not be the proper one. In this fix we rode back to the young mandarin, whom we had passed notwithstanding his start, and he very obligingly told us our way.

Soon, high mountains began to be shadowed out dimly far away to the southward, in which direction we were tending; and we knew that these must be a part of the long range beyond Newchwang. By-and-by we see white sails moving swiftly among the trees and along the ground, like spectres, to the right and to the left, near us and a long way off. This part of the route was remarkably pretty, and so un-Chinese-like that we seemed to have got into a new country at last.

In a short time, and quite suddenly, we gain the right bank of that important river, the Liau hô, and find it as busy with all kinds of large and small craft as the Peiho in the spring season. The smaller junks of a light draught are scudding swiftly northward, wind and tide in their favour; and those bound for the gulf are securely moored inshore, waiting for the change in the current. The river is here of a considerable width, and divides into two branches — one running to the north-west, the *San-fun* river; and the other, the principal, bending acutely to the southward, and, farther on, to the north-east. As far as we could see, north and south, its course is extremely tortuous; and it twists and bends about in such a snake-like fashion over the land, that white square sails can be seen in every direction ploughing on in the middle of harvest fields, through dwarfish plantations, round villages, up bright-green meadows, and down again through reedy swamps, until one's head is completely turned watching the progress of boats seen but a few minutes before bowling smartly up at the rate of ten miles an hour, and now circling round and backwards and up and down, as if condemned never to leave the spot.

The water is very tawny and very muddy. The banks are undergoing a continual sweeping away and building up,

and suffering incessantly a greater amount of distortion and deformity, from the impinging and the earthy burden of the swift-running waters. Where the banks were being rapidly undermined by the former, the trunks and branches of trees were staked, or allowed to float a short distance above; and these broke the force of the stream, as well as caused a deposition of the earthy matter suspended in the water. But there appeared to be no remedy for the shelving deposits always being made where the banks projected into the river. The whole country on both sides looked rich and thriving as a grain-growing locality, and the scene was not without a good deal of beauty.

Newchwang was not a port, nor were there any Europeans residing there; but at a port situated near the mouth of the river, named Ying-tzse, our merchants had taken up their quarters, so to this place we must go.

We made every effort to procure a boat to carry us down —we embarking here, and sending the ponies and cart on by road — but without avail. We must needs rest at Newchwang for the night, and start for the new foreign settlement in the morning; and as that town is situated some two or three miles beyond the opposite bank of the Liau hô, we hired a large swing-shaped ferry-boat, impelled by huge wooden oars, curved and widened like a scimetar, and managed by two groaning fellows, that plied backwards and forwards for the transportation of travellers and carriages, under the guidance of a tall gaunt knock-kneed Chinaman (the knock-knees a novelty)—strikingly bearing the outward semblance of a Yankee skipper—in an enormous-brimmed straw hat, lashed to his pockpitted face and jaws by a network of hempen cord, who steered the slow-moving barge by a very unwieldy oar-rudder.

After a deal of delay in bringing this cumbersome vessel alongside the shallow bank, and after nearly knocking up the two oarsmen, who jumped overboard and tugged it with

might and main against the tide to where we were waiting, we, with our white-buttoned friend, get on board, and without any accident embark ponies, mules, and cart. The young mandarin is loquacious enough, and readily enters into conversation—though there is a certain reserve about him that considerably detracts from his friendly bearing, and would lead one to think he was suspicious of our character and unobtrusive mission. After all the time we were together—having to be pulled a long way down against the tide, and then allowed to drift up to the landing-place—we could elicit nothing from him that was worth remembering. He was not to be put off his guard during this long half-hour; and when we had gained the land again, and were beginning our progress towards Newchwang, we parted as if we never had met.

A little booth stood on the tracking-path, in which eatables of various kinds were displayed for the inspection of the sailors who ventured ashore. Here we were delighted to regale ourselves with several basins of warm muddy water, for which the stall-keeper charged us a rather large number of cash, considering he had but a few yards to carry it from the river.

For about two miles we kept following the contorted course of the Hô, the banks of which were in many places very lofty, and watching the little fleets of junks making their way towards Moukden; some with a favourable puff of wind gliding smoothly in mid-channel, others at the bends and reaches tacking, and some, tired of wooing the inconstant Zephyrus and circling in the giddy maze of the crooked waterway, were being hauled along by long strings of men.

When the Liau at length began to incline to the north, we left it, and proceeded easterly for some five miles in as fine a piece of country as any one need desire to see so far northwards, and where closely-gathered farm-houses with

well-thatched roofs, and ample yards stocked with grain and forage in abundance, testified to the thriving character of the locality, and the well-dressed, hale-and-hearty looks of the people we met on the road, spoke eloquently in favour of the climate and the comforts spread around. Trees grew everywhere, and their light foliage and tall trunks, flinging shade and variety over the scene, afforded all that was necessary to relieve the very flat country, and redeem from monotony the almost wearying repetition of corn and millet crop, standing with such rigid regularity on all sides.

At intervals the booming sound of firearms in the distance startled otherwise unmolested herons, cranes, and wild ducks, from their feeding-places by the side of green-banked pools of stagnant water.

It was after sunset when the large straggling town of Newchwang was entered; and as we passed by what may have been the remains of a mud and brick enclosing wall, as well as some large respectable-looking houses, with numbers of shops, profusely ornamented with painting and gilding—particularly the pawnbroking establishments—we felt glad; for here, we thought, we should meet with a good reception, as our merchants must be well known, and be in constant intercourse with the inhabitants of a town such as this, for it is not twenty miles from our new treaty port. This feeling was the more powerful from the fact that we had been thirteen hours in the saddle, though we had only travelled forty-five miles, and had met with but very *ordinary* accommodation for the last two or three days.

So, as soon as we had gained the precincts of the town, Ma-foo was sent on before to secure quarters in the best inn, and prepare to get us a good dinner while we at our leisure threaded the principal streets, intending to have a gratifying inspection of what we were led to infer was a highly important town for trade—the Liverpool or London of Mantchuria.

We had scarcely, however, got through one or two pavementless thoroughfares, before we were beset by as noisy, tumultuous, and ill-conditioned a rabble as I had yet been entangled in during my stay in the land, and which received a rapid accession of numbers from every alley and dwelling on the way. From a few dirty strapping-looking fellows, who at first turned out and jeered at us when they were at a safe distance, the crowd became a mob, and the comparatively mild taunts were quickly exchanged for very opprobrious epithets and indecent expressions, as these unfriendly wretches clung closer and closer to our ponies' heels. Amid tumultuous howls and shouts, there was no difficulty in distinguishing words which by their import made us once more unstrap our holsters, and look anxiously from time to time at the handle of our friend-in-need. One, especially, sounded in such a lively spirit-stirring strain, that it recalled the emotions with which we first read of the deeds enacted during the Reign of Terror, with its yells, *à la lanterne! à la machine!* This was the word *Sha* or *Shat*, which being interpreted means 'cut their heads off;' and it decidedly looked as if such was the aim and determination of the base *cretati* who were so liberal with their threats, for they became bolder and bolder as we flogged and spurred through them. We had no option at last but to leave the streets and seek refuge in the courtyard of a large hostelry that stood near, until the arrival of Ma-foo.

The place was filthy and desolate. The yard, containing troughs and mangers, was a perfect Augean stable; and as we dismounted and entered the yawning hovel called the inn, a stench met our noses sufficient, at any other crisis, to have driven us back to the outer air again. The mingled odours of that pungent sickly millet-spirit—*samshu*, rancid bean-oil, garlic, filth and fustiness, assailed our collapsed stomachs in a most uncomfortable, hunger-annihilating way —yet face them and breathe them we must. The courtyard

was crammed with the riotous *fœx populi*, mounted on mangers, troughs, boxes, and carts, to carry out their mischievous projects, and who, when we turned upon them to order them away, boldly faced us, and did not move a jot. This was the worst symptom we had yet observed, as at all the other places where we chanced to be annoyed, whenever we made a demonstration, or showed a resolute front, the people gave way at once, and fled.

Inside the building, which was like all the others of this class in having two immense stove bed-places running on each side for nearly the whole length of the building, and some small rooms at one end in which we saw a plentiful supply of bows and arrows, we were not more fortunate, for the door was at once the scene of a most uproarious crush and struggle for admission. The paper panes of the windows, and even the window-frames, were quickly smashed in, and the more active of the scamps even mounted on the roof and began pulling up the thatch in a most ruffianly fashion. The landlord stood at first behind a kind of counter, saying nothing during all this row, but eyeing his unfortunate customers with a very malignant countenance that far from favoured our anticipations of assistance from him. Though he had no lodgers and his house was empty, as he acknowledged when we inquired, still he vowed he would not let us remain under his fast-disappearing roof for love or money. When we showed him our passports he shook his hand before his face and averted his eyes, as much as to declare that he cared nothing for them.

All persuasions having signally failed, we tried a bolder course, and, sitting down on one of the beds, told our inhospitable host that we would remain there until the morning, as it was his duty and business to afford accommodation and food to travellers. This only made things worse, for he stepped back among the crowd and left the vagabonds composing it to do as they liked. They—strong

as officious, but not valiant—else we might have been overpowered—soon brought their unclean bodies into very close approximation to ours. There might quickly have been a collision, had not our christianised Ma-foo edged his thin carcase through the unruly mass, and stood there before us 'drunk as fifty pipers.'

Embarrassing and trying as was our plight at this moment, and dangerous as was our position,—because we were at the

The Mob at Newchwang.

mercy of a rude and hostile gang, the most nervous individual who ever found himself in the presence of a multitude of willing headsmen, could not have resisted the intensely comical appearance of the intoxicated little man. All but speechless; his face so distorted and queer that we thought he had been attacked by partial paralysis which had drawn one corner of his mouth up almost to an eye that remained spasmodically closed, while the other one twinkled like a

flickering taper; his legs kicked about with a St. Vitus' uncertainty, and his right arm bent at an acute angle (the fingers pointing upwards) might have been fixed in that position. Seldom — very seldom indeed — has it been our lot to behold a drunken Chinese, but this one exhibited so ludicrous and melancholy a figure that, after our first burst of merriment, I think we had no desire to see another inebriated celestial.

Poor Ma-foo's crossings and devoutness, and reported long apprenticeship to the congenial forms and absolutions of a religion that did not cost him much in the way of conscience, could scarcely tend to give us a very vivid impression of the character of a Chinese convert, or of the trust that one might place in him merely because he was a Roman Catholic. At the time of all others, when his services as an interpreter and intermediator were most required, and we relied most upon them, this was his condition.

With the greatest amount of patience, and an infinite number of hiccups and breakdowns, he contrived to make us understand that no house in the town would receive us for any amount of money. Their friendship or their love we certainly never depended upon for aid, but we always flattered ourselves that money would have proved a more potent pick-lock to their mercenary hearts. Not so, however; and here we were on the verge of a scuffle, everybody against us, and in momentary expectation of some outrageous provocation that would entail a serious retaliation and damaging ulterior consequences to a good number of those concerned.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and the twilight was vanishing, while the interior of the inn looked more foreboding; so, leaving the tipsy groom and carter to fight their own way out, we got on our ponies with some little trouble, and were soon in the street, where, as good luck would have it, a boy was found who was bribed with a florin to put us on the

road to Ying-tsze, some thirty miles off; and with all kinds of bitter defiances and some few stones hurled after us, at that late hour, tired, hungry, baked, and thirsty, we, with no reluctance, left a place where a few minutes' longer stay might have seen bloodshed, and began a dark and dreary journey towards the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WELCOME HALT — APPROACH TO THE NEW BRITISH SETTLEMENT AT YING-TSZE — MR. MEADOWS, THE ENGLISH CONSUL — ENJOYMENT OF ENGLISH COMFORTS — SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE — SENTIMENTS OF A COMPRADOR RESPECTING THE UNPROFITABLENESS OF BRITISH TRAVELLERS — TRADE AT THE NEW PORT—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS PORTION OF CHINA — NATIVE SHIPS — NEW PASSPORTS.

THE road was shockingly bad, and our leg and spirit-worn ponies floundered about in the holes in a very jeopardising style, until some time near one o'clock in the morning we came to a roadside halting-house, and knocking up the inmates got them to give the animals some hay, while we lay down in our travelling costume on a dry bit of ground outside to rest until daylight broke, when we might finish so much of our enterprise and be again among countrymen.

We were so thoroughly beaten by fatigue, that I much doubt if even the threats and fierce hullaballoos of the Newchwang rabble would have readily roused us. We obtained at least three hours' sleep before we were disturbed by the villagers getting ready to go to their fields, the clattering of ponies' hoofs, and the teeth-tingling screed of the plough-cradle along the dusty way.

'Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks' applies as truly to the Chinese tiller of the soil as to the more scientific furrow-maker under the Western heavens; for the lark and the ploughman must have left their beds nearly together that morning, and were both hastening to their chosen scene of industry—the one in cloud-land, the other in the parched-up glebe or fallow field.

We hurled ourselves rapidly along a tolerably good and wide highway, with, on each side, a well-cultivated country, but as the sun got higher and higher the heat became very intense and stupefying, and in our famished state we felt it more than we had done for some days. Not a puff of air passed over the land, but the heated atmosphere flickered in tremulous undulations near the ground, and the crows, dropping languidly on the most open places they could find, turned their breasts seaward, and, expanding their wings, waited to catch the slightest intimation of the gulf breeze.

About eight o'clock we entered a small grocer's shop, and without very much ceremony walked into a back apartment, told the terrified owner that we were hungry, and wanted something to eat; and sitting down on a bench, tarried until he had made us some tea and furnished us with about a dozen cakes, very palatable indeed to such ravenous mortals. We were not a long time in soothing the fears of the small dealer, who did not forget to charge us comfortably for the passover.

Gulfwards, the country became more and more sterile—though the beautiful range of distant hills parallel to our course redeemed it a good deal—and unpromising enough; yet we passed on at a lively pace where we could, for the road was broken up into a number of narrow paths with earthen banks and ditches, in passing over one of which our shaft mule got fast, and was nearly strangled by the collar. After catching a glimpse of some junk-sails on the right, which told us of our proximity to the Liau hô, and to our front a patch of bristling junk-masts projected from the face of the country like the quills of irascible porcupine—with the tall tapering masts and heavy spars of an English gunboat and some European trading vessels, we are satisfied that our new port is before us. We therefore leave the slow toiling cart to its fate, and hurry on to ascertain what refuge may be there in store for us.

We are soon on an open plain nearly denuded of crops—the black muddy ground evenly powdered with a hoary layer of salt and lying very low, especially where it is covered with pools of water. Slush and mud everywhere,—a congenial home for myriads of crustaceans, who dart about and rush for safety to countless perforations where they may hide themselves. The river is neared; and its extravagant windings, bends, and doubles, are really perplexing. Almost as wide as the Thames near Gravesend, and like it in many respects, it flows through a wretched tract of land lower in level than the Essex marshes, the inhabited side almost a waste of shallow pools and black saline earth, parched and submerged by turns during the summer, and frozen into a stony solidity during the rigours of winter.

The opposite shore is covered only by long dense thickets of reeds, which grow in wild luxuriance in the dangerous mud, and so great a circle does the Liau here make round a large extent of the land, that if the traveller did not know beforehand he would certainly pronounce it to be an island, for there are the steadily moving sails of junks completely surrounding it, and looking as if ever condemned to revolve —satellite-like—round this unattractive centre. The Thames as seen from Shooter's Hill, or the Forth from Stirling Castle, could not present anything nearly so flexuous as this.

The first huts we came to were of mud, and of the poorest description; while their occupants were squalid in the extreme. In the foul black slush of a wide ditch, which had been but recently deserted by the tide, a squabbling crowd of naked children of both sexes are immersed, who are as actively engaged in the capture of some unfortunate decapodous animals left behind, as if their existence depended on them. This ditch margins a plot of aguish-looking semi-aqueous ground on the river's bank, only partially reclaimed from the tide; with six platforms, and as many gaping embrasures commanding the approach from the sea. We learned

with something akin to horror and pity, that this unpleasant spot has been fixed upon as the site for the new British settlement, and it is here that a very unpromising Shanghai is to be founded on as barren and deadly a soil as could be picked out in any other quarter of the globe. It is impossible to look at it without commiserating those who have to build and reside upon that foundation, even though the buildings be raised, drained, paved, and patched after a design as perfect as only British enterprise can afford or execute.

Yet, as we draw nearer the town, we are impressed with the idea that this is the most favourable and judicious selection that could have been made in a place where the general level seems to be below that of the water; for besides its being at that proper and not inconvenient distance above Ying-tsze, which will admit of its extension—should that ever happen—seawards, and its more complete isolation from the disagreeables that invest and sicken Chinese towns, it stands on a wide reach of the river where there is space and depth enough to contain a fleet of such European vessels as are employed in the coasting trade.

A few yards farther, and at the gate of a rather comfortable new temple, we see some white faces—a gladdening sight after our long ride of twelve days—and are told that this is the temporary abode of Mr. Meadows, the English Consul. We enter the courtyard and are introduced to the notice of that gentleman, who rather astonished us by saying that he knew of our being at Newchwang the previous evening—word to that effect having been transmitted to him by the authorities there, though we had never seen or heard of a single mandarin in that town, else we would have strongly appealed against the treatment to which we had been subjected.

The Consul seemed surprised when we told him our adventure, and, with a business determination, wrote off at

once a strong remonstrance to the presiding functionary of that town for his neglect of common courtesy to strangers, and his infraction of the articles of the treaty of 1860. If a large display of revolvers, rifles, and guns, ready to hand, around Mr. Meadows's room and bed-head, could be taken as any criterion of his faith in the peaceful character of the Chinese in this region, it was decidedly less than our own; and this was not increased when he told us how, a day or two before, his assistant was just rescued from assassination by some of the townsfolk for attempting to save a woman from ill-treatment.

One of his messengers conducted us into the town in which we had so much to expect; though on the way to our friend's quarters we saw little, save a long narrow street, paved with stone flags after the manner of Southern seaport towns; shops lining each side of this street of a very inferior style; great stacks of circular matting, containing beans and various kinds of pulse, in many courtyards; bean-crushing mills hard at work expressing the rank oil that so annoyed our sense of smell in every house, and which seems to be quite an important article of trade here; stalls lining this street, principally occupied by quack doctors, who mustered largely in stag's horns, bear's paws, fœtal animals, snake skins and live snakes, or, when dead, preserved in tar.

This was all that could be seen of our treaty-port; and the first and subsequent impressions were decidedly against it as a part of the world to make a livelihood or a fortune in, such as our Hong Kong and Shanghai merchants would seek. There is nothing about the trade or the situation of the place to commend it to speculators, and we shall be glad to learn if it ever pays a modest interest on any moneys that may be invested in its commerce.

Ere long we were at home in the society of countrymen, and received a welcome and hospitality such as amply made amends for the rough existence we had led since leaving

Tien-tsin; and joyful it was to share in the good things which civilisation contrives to send to this very distant nook. A bath was an inexpressible luxury after the dusty days and fusty nights in the various inns; and who can express the grateful feelings that seized us when swallowing deeply of Bass's Pale Ale, the only true nectar, wherever it is found?

Just at the moment we sat down to dinner, a strange sensation was experienced, that for the time nearly deprived me of breath, and completely took away all my self-possession. A tremulous vibration rattled for about a minute through the room, shaking us and everything in it as if we had been in a railway carriage when, at a moderate speed, it was being shunted suddenly from one line of rails to another. So confusing was the shock, and so unsophisticated were we in these sensations, that neither of us could tell in what direction it came or went. It was over so quickly that the opportunity of ascertaining anything exact about it was lost. From the undisturbed manner in which the Chinese took it, these subterranean perturbations cannot be of very rare occurrence on this side of the gulf; and in all probability the Japanese Sacred Mountain — the volcano Fusi-yama — has something to do with them and their production.

Our arrival overland from the Peking side of the gulf created quite a furore, not only among those of the natives who saw us enter the town, but particularly among that strange class of beings who have made a transition step towards Western civilisation and Western ideas — the genus Southern comprador — the real bargain-driver and business-transactor in the European hongs. Some of these men are a study in themselves; and I have never met with one who did not either instruct or amuse me. The object of our undergoing so much risk and fatigue was astutely canvassed; for the Chinese have no idea of what can possess a man beyond trade, or the prospect of making dollars, when they see him riding through their country jaded and dusty, stopping

frequently to dismount and anxiously examine every herb, flower, leaf, and stone he finds about, and carefully gathering and putting them away; or ascending almost inaccessible heights, to chip off a fragment of rock, which is diligently scanned, and then transferred to a secure receptacle. Travel with them is synonymous with trade, and trade is the realisation and accumulating of money, which is the only real passport to aggrandisement in this land after all. Utilitarian in the most rigorous acceptation of the term, they are unable to understand why men should expose themselves to the weather, and undergo all kinds of unnecessary exertion and fatigue, with the risks and chances of a wandering life, for the mere satisfying of an extravagant curiosity, which their old-fashioned materialism no doubt attributes to some erratic tendency in the minds of the wanderers, something akin to harmless insanity or highly-developed eccentricity.

The Chinaman rarely, if ever, leaves his home and the 'shrine of his household gods' to explore other countries, or even to journey into an adjoining province, unless his cupidity has been strongly roused by the prospect of acquiring wealth. When that has been attained in abundance sufficient for the maintenance of himself and family, he settles down quietly to spend the remainder of his life near the tombs of his fathers. Such is essentially the nature or the custom of the land population; and doubtless it exists to as great an extent among those who pass their years on the water, in trading along the coast, and up the rivers from one town to another.

This being the case, it was not to be wondered at that M.'s old and shrewd friends in tails and long skirts, should marvel at an English merchant neglecting business and riding for days and days together through a country where he could not traffic, and could scarcely even speak the language. No one could blame his old familiar comprador when he took his *protégé* aside, and gravely lectured him on his apparently objectless trip all the way from Shanghai to this lonely place,

and the light in which his fellows viewed those rambles, in something like the following oration: —

'What for you so muchee walkee walkee? You Shanghai have got largee housey. More better you stop Shanghai. No 'casion you so trub (trouble) walkee walkee every country. Chinaman no custom walkee walkee.'

Ying-tsze, at the time of our visit, was not a very enviable place to pitch one's tent in. The half-dozen merchants, or their starless representatives, who sweltered and swore out the summer in close airless dens called dwelling-houses, hired at a remorseless rent from fleecing owners, had nothing in life to enliven them beyond the expanse of landscape running out seawards: where a few conical tumuli, a narrow edging of melancholy sedges, a boundless vista of yellow water, and a few dreary ships of too great burden to cross the bar at the mouth of the river, stood high above the low shore, and gave a dismal picture of this penal settlement. There was scarcely any trade, and the little that was transacted at uncertain periods scarcely deserved the name. There was nothing to export, for the only native production — pulse — was not allowed by treaty to be carried in English ships; and the limited importation of cottons and opium, when disposed of, could hardly pay the expenses of storage, in consequence of the predominance of that ignoble institution here, as at every other trading port in the land, the—'squeeze.'

'No can do that pigeon (business); that man he wanchee (wants) make too muchee squeezy,' was the almost constantly iterated complaint of some comprador trying hard to dispose of his employer's goods to some intermediate dealer, who nefariously wished to line his own pocket at somebody's expense.

But there was much to worry and alarm these pilgrims of commerce in the great want of fresh water, which had to be carried in boats from a long way up the river; so that they were entirely at the mercy of those uncivil villagers towards

Newchwang, who might at any moment forbid the passage of the water-carriers; in their banishment for an indefinite time from all civilisation and society, and the non-receipt of papers or letters for months together; and among the last, but not the least of the worries, in the killing swarms of flies ever buzzing and crowding within doors.

Then there was the prospective danger of massacre ever before them, for the roystering sailors who infested the banks of the river were not slow to express their displeasure at the presence of the British traders and those sea-worthy ships which damaged their freightage and diminished their numbers; and there were cliques of ruffians existing in the town going by the names of sword and lance-racks, consisting of fellows who would not hesitate to stand as bullies for any Chinaman who felt himself aggrieved, and had money enough to pay for the murder of those who had offended him, if so be they were weak enough as to be easily overcome in an unwary manner.

The hard-visaged people one met in the streets were not so civil or so mindful of the presence of strangers as those we had been accustomed to see on the opposite side of the gulf; for whereas, at Peking or Tien-tsin, a Chinese who met you in a narrow way would do his utmost to make room for you passing him, here he would make a point of putting you to as much inconvenience as he could, without showing the slightest deference for your presence. Brush against him, or unknowingly give him a push, and ten to one he would return it, while his eyes and angry countenance gleamed upon you and said as plainly as need be: —

> 'You must not think
> That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
> That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
> And think it pastime.'

So that in reality there was but little safety in venturing out alone for a ramble, and nobody could tell when some one of

their little number might not be sacrificed; for human life could have but small value in a place where you might see a countryman carrying a covered basket, and if you removed the cloth to see what it contained, half a dozen heads with hacked necks and smeared with blood would meet your gaze, as the bearer told you that they were lately the property of robbers, and he was bringing them in to claim some reward. If you were so bold as to roam through the long single street, you could find little to divert your attention for even an hour. The fish-stalls might merit a passing glance if you cared about ichthyology. At times they contribute some curious specimens, and among some good table varieties you could distinguish the tiny *Lupea alba* (or something so closely allied to it that neither a close inspection nor a pretty sharp taste could establish a difference)—the white-bait of Western countries selling for almost nothing, and a most delicious little fish (*Leucosoma sinensis*), slender as an eel and clear as gelatine, in great abundance; with large piles of shell-fish, principally in a brownish bivalve shell covered with angular lines (*Circe castrensis*).

You might dwell on the outskirts of the large crowd always assembled before the open-air theatre, where the actors appear never to have got more than half-way through some drama of a hundred acts—each act requiring a month to finish; and where the jingling orchestra seem to have been engaged by the lifetime to play each his own composition; or you might ascend the look-out station not far from this show, and strain your sight a few miles further over the wearying gulf, or walk to the other end of the town and scrutinise, until your eyes were painful, the gaudily-painted and gilded temple dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy, or some other saint, in an elaborate style of architecture, which is made to serve as a place of worship and an archway for the many passengers who enter and leave the town.

None of the by-lanes you would mind about exploring,

for Europeans who have penetrated a short way through the squalor and stench will have already initiated you into their mysteries, and given you a few of their new names, which are more expressive than delicate. The river may be the only attraction, and for a few minutes it is interesting; for there are moored in rows, four and five abreast, junks from nearly every port in China, whose forms, though based on the same principles of naval architecture, are as diversified as the places they sail from. A tutored eye would permit its owner no hesitation in guessing correctly, by their lines, and sails, and rig, their distant homes; for each owner prides himself on its style, though this may be as stupid and defective as the reckless beings who navigate them.

Shanghai has its immense ship, with square, acutely-sloping bows, and long verandah-like stern, a massive tall mast amidships, and a diminutive one fore and aft, a great eye on each side of the bows, and a number of the same on each quarter. Ningpo shows an unwieldy lugger, clumsy as a whale to look at, with but one mast in the middle, and a meagre spar at the bows. Chefoo sends a craft all concave and convex lines, smart as a Chinaman's dress shoe, and with three sails to drive it across from the Shantung promontory; while Tien-tsin marshals a fair crowd of two-masted arks, less bedaubed with paint, and more working-like than any of the others.

The groups of mariners on the highly-concaved decks are not without some claim on curiosity, but the insufferable effluvia springing up in dense volumes from the vile garbage on the crumbling bank, will effectually deprive the traveller of any romantic prying; and, longing for some other scene, he will seek temporary shelter, but little edified by the ramble. One thing he may have noticed, and that is the prevalence of the word FUH, which means, as an intelligent comprador tells us, 'plenty son, plenty dollar, and number two mandarin (or middle rank),' and is here substituted for the SHAU

(longevity) of Tien-tsin and Pekin; written as it is in all kinds of fanciful ways, but more frequently as two birds pecking each other. . .

Fuh.

We could never understand what delight this people could take in throwing the saltatorial propensities of the great green grasshopper (*Phasgonura viridissima*) in abeyance by confining it in a tiny cage, where it night and day emits the most heart-breaking stridulous scraping possible. In the courtyard, around which the rooms we occupied were ranged, a number of these petulant males nearly drove me mad by their never-ending questions and replies, trios and quartets, throughout the whole night; the agonising bites of the mosquitos seemed as nothing to this hideous rasping. Every house, every shop-door, and every courtyard, had its full complement of these insects, and the din made by them was really intolerable. Added to this, was the nocturnal screeching of a music-ridden wight of a petty dealer, who made up for the dullness of trade by a traffic in the most discordant squeaking ever tickled out of the three-stringed native fiddle. My attempts to sleep therefore were profitless.

So after a day or two of Ying-tsze, it afforded us no mean pleasure to receive fresh passports from Mr. Meadows, enabling

us to begin anew our wanderings in the direction of Moukden. With a liberality of mind and spirit worthy of the author of 'The Chinese and their Rebellions,' these documents were made not only useful to the Mantchu capital, but might have carried us through the whole of Mantchuria and Eastern Mongolia, had time and opportunity allowed us such an interesting peregrination. Through his kind offices, and the strong complaints he forwarded to the magistrates of Newchwang, assurances were sent to us that a timely notice of our approach to every town and city on the route would be despatched, if we only named the day we purposed starting. This was assuring. Having taken into consideration the nature of the roads, and the trouble we had already experienced with our carter, we discharged him. We trusted to a pack-pony to carry all our necessaries to the metropolis and back, taking as few things as we possibly could, and avoiding all attempts at display.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUR NEW ATTENDANTS — PRECAUTIONS — INDISPOSITION — NEWCHWANG AGAIN — OUR CONDUCTORS — 'TEA IS NOT TEA, AND RICE IS NOT RICE' — A 'SOVEREIGN' REMEDY — THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-ROOM — SHU SHAN — THE MOUNTAINS — A DISTANT VIEW OF LIAU YANG — ORCHARDS — HARVEST-TIME — DISAGREEABLE SPECTATORS — THE CITY OF LIAU YANG IN THE EARLY MORNING — TRADESMEN AND MECHANICS — NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PAGODAS — THE TAITSE HÔ — THE LIAU — HIGHWAYS — THE PEOPLE.

THOUGH informed from a very good source that a rebellion was on foot but a little way beyond the city for which we were preparing to start, and though warned that there might be danger in trusting ourselves near it, we could not afford to lose an opportunity then within the reach of so very few travellers; and, danger or no danger, we braced our minds for the undertaking as resolutely as we could, resolved not to return without seeing the capital of an extensive region — the metropolis so much vaunted by the dilettante Emperor, whose ancestors had founded it, and whose principal literary merit rests on the eulogy he composed for the purpose of exhibiting his scholarship, and bringing this remote home of his fathers into notice.

According to preconcerted arrangement, when we were ready to begin our travel one sultry morning, a remarkably fine-looking young man, becomingly attired in a clean white cotton suit and an over-waistcoat of blue silk, with the official hat and red-silk plume, waited upon us to show us the road, and give notice of our presence to the mandarins when we neared the towns. Though well mounted, he kept an easy pace behind, and left us to push on as hard as we

might, always certain of overtaking our party by near cuts, which his familiarity with the country enabled him to do.

Besides this man, and Ma-foo—whom despite his inebriety we could not get on without—another native of the seaport town was engaged for the expedition by a comprador, as a person who thoroughly knew the road, and had several times been in the large city. He was willing to lead our lightly-equipped pack-pony there and back, as well as provide for his own conveyance on the top of a tough old galloway that he rode with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups, out of the comparatively small fee he had required for his hire. M. and myself were rather indisposed at starting, and we did not improve during the day. Prudence would have dictated our remaining until quite well; but time was becoming short, and the future movements connected with a return to Tien-tsin were yet somewhat obscure and uncertain.

Having made a start from shores rendered friendly by British hospitality, we made a good forenoon's work, though our sickness was so great that we had to stop for some time at a roadside hotel to procure a short sleep. In the afternoon Newchwang was entered, the scene of our late tantalising and dangerous reception. There our dandy follower disappeared, I suppose to give intimation of our presence, for before a crowd had time to gather, two or three ragged old men rushed down a street, flourishing sticks and bellowing loudly enough to keep back the suspicious characters, who would not have hesitated long in making themselves as disagreeable to us as they had done before. There was a better chance for seeing more of the town than on that occasion, because we had to pass right through it, and in broad daylight; but there was nothing to give it any claim to attention. The number of antiquated streets we traversed, though wide, dirty, and dusty, could exhibit only one tolerable house for every half-dozen in ruins, or nearly so; and the majority of the little shops contained nothing but

coarse native cotton stuffs, and wares manufactured in China. Pawnshops were numerous enough, and they formed by far the best class of building in the place.

We crossed what must have been a wide tributary of the Liau hô at no distant period, by a seven-arch bridge of wood and stone, and observed another spanning the nearly dry bed of this river a short way off. From the manner in which the town is built on both sides of this defunct water-way, there is no difficulty in concluding that its present almost lifeless state arises from the shoaling of its highway, for there was scarcely water enough in mid-channel to float a gig. The same causes which were, and are now in operation, in raising the land gulfwards, and elevating the beds of northern rivers, had converted what was at one time an important town into a straggling, languid mass of decaying shops and houses, tenanted by idle-looking people.

The road was excessively heavy to the northward of Newchwang, and we had abundant reason to congratulate ourselves on the good hit we had made in leaving the cart behind and resorting to pack transport; otherwise we should not certainly have accomplished the forty-two miles we did that day.

Not farther than two miles had we got from Newchwang, when our party was joined by another attendant—a bare-headed elderly man, but meanly dressed, riding a good bay pony, whose forelock was twisted into two upright horns by red tape, and its mane and tail plaited and knotted up in a fashion peculiar to this part of the country. The two emissaries kept a good deal aloof from each other and spoke little, if at all, the whole time I saw them; but as they never put up with us when we halted, they may have fraternised when the weight of our presence was removed from them.

An old house with the hoop and fish signpost was very thankfully hailed before darkness set in, for I really felt so

unwell and unfit for riding, that nothing but the most urgent determination to reach Moukden could have prevented my returning to the foreign settlement. Our usual excessive appetites failed us, and the most tempting of viands would have stood untouched before us, as we lay down on the hard *kang* to sleep that evening. Yet we thought that an effort must be made towards recovery, and that we must assist nature to reassume her sway by some means or other. We had no medicines, but we had a popular tradition, the essence of which, we thought, would be as effectual as, and far less unpleasant than, any unpalatable stuff compounded in rhubarb-smelling shops.

Some venerated philosopher or profound classical manipulator—it may have been the Emperor Kien-loong himself—had a favourite child lying ill—dying. In vain were all remedies prescribed and administered: in vain were all sorts of tempting and nutritious dainties coaxingly offered. The boy would not eat. Nothing would he manifest the slightest inclination for. All hope had nearly fled. The grieving parent suddenly bethought him of something that would excite a momentary desire, or perhaps a favourable issue to the case. It was TEA. A thimble-sized cup of the most fragrant infusion was immediately brought to the sick boy's bed. He pitifully averted his eyes and shook his head. The last remedy had failed: there was no chance now.

Yes! there was another. The most carefully selected grains of the choicest rice were tenderly boiled until they were like granulated snowflakes, and with loving hands presented to him. Loathingly the child turned his head away. 'Ah!' mournfully sighed the desponding parent as he saw these last sovereign remedies fail, '*Tza pu-sa tza; Fan pu-sa fan*'—Tea is not tea; Rice is not rice.

We ordered tea, but it had little of the bouquet or anything else of that plant's good qualities to recommend it; while Ma-foo superintended the boiling of rice, which cer-

tainly came nearer our expectations; and conquering our apathy with all our might, we took a little of both.

Our situation was not so desperate as that of the youth's, for these staple commodities still retained their virtues and their enticingness, and contributed not a little, perhaps, to make us sleep soundly. At any rate we got up in the morning very early, and much better, to find that there had been a regular rain-storm, which had flooded all the roads—but that we did not mind—and that Ma-foo had prepared us a good breakfast of tea, rice, and eggs.

Our line of country was a difficult one, for the low-lying roads were nothing but canals, where carts could never go: so our guides put us into byepaths through the crops—paths made by some earlier travellers who had made lanes through the heart of the sturdy millet-fields. There was not much to cheer us, but luckily the day was beautifully cool, and felt home-like in temperature—the first time we had experienced such a happy sensation in the Central Empire. The further we advanced northerly the more marked this became.

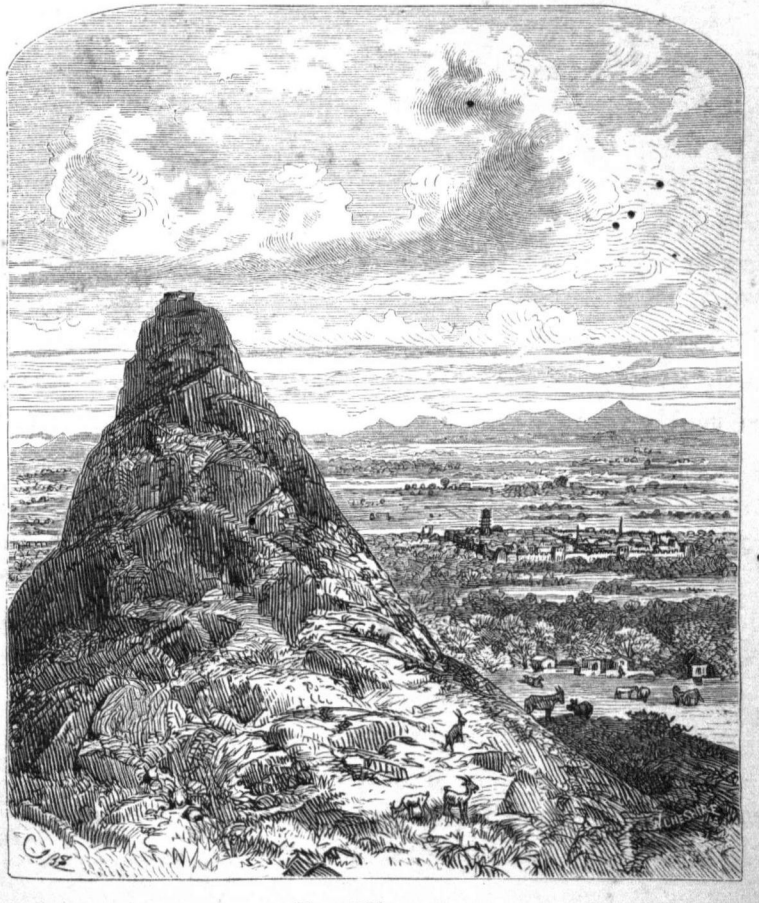
When twenty miles had been put behind us a rest was ordered, and preparations for a midday repast began. The crowds were quite as great, and their uncontrollable curiosity quite as, if not more, lively as at the places along the gulf. One of the windows of our room looked into a small court-yard belonging to a village school, where we could plainly see the old dominie hard at work teaching a number of boys to handle the pen—or rather the brush. There was little difference between these studious youngsters and similar anxious little chaps in our agricultural villages. Here were pale little faces and anxious black eyes, lips covered with ink—left there when they were trying to screw fine points on their pencils—tiny fingers no better, and many a daub on the sleeves and cuffs of the long robe. The furtive glances thrown at us from the window were numerous, but often checked by a mild rebuke from the garrulous old master, who tried to be as

indifferent to our presence as if he had seen us all his life-time. Occasionally we caught a sight of him slyly looking over his glasses—such gigantic things they were—and peeping at us, but he slipped out of sight as soon as detected, and began to lecture some elder boys who were rhyming away at a lesson in the middle of the room.

The Village School.

When we got away again, no escort was visible, nor did we afterwards see either of the two men who had convoyed us thus far; but a ragged, ill-to-do fellow, who lay in a field watching a pony grazing, jumped up as we drew near, and

catching the roaming animal, mounted it, and cantered over to us. He introduced himself by a loud laugh, and then, in the most loquacious manner, commenced to tell his history, concluding with the news that he had been sent twenty miles to conduct us to Liau-yang — a large town. This man was not only talkative but useful, and stopped in every village



View of Liau-yang.

to procure us water to drink. But after sixteen or seventeen miles, he too vanished most mysteriously, and left us to ferret out our road as well as we could.

In the afternoon we were quite close to the foot of the

high range of mountains, which, beginning at the gulf, runs in a direction from south to north, intersecting the little peninsula of Liautung, and extending as far as the palisade which separates the Corea from Mantchuria. They were jagged and lofty, and the lower peaks were rendered more gloomy in their greyish nakedness by scattered pines clinging here and there on their summits.

The An-shan river was forded, and an old-fashioned tumble-down sort of town — Shu-shan — with nothing better than a gaily-painted temple to look at, and streets belly deep in mud and water to plunge through, was passed, and then the narrow roads began to ascend and descend over an irregular country. About two miles beyond the last town, a very lofty hill of the same name rises up like a skittle-pin, with a little house on the top. From this a pretty view is obtained of the surrounding locality, and a far prospect of the green crop-covered plain westwards, with distant hills — the rough mountains before noticed, to the eastward; and towering, like an old-fashioned pepper-box, the pagoda of Liau-yang stands to the north in a perfect den of trees and verdure, where the higher country smooths down into a fine open landscape.

On the banks of the Sa-hô — another tributary of the great Liau — a good orchard of pear, apple, and walnut-trees was rigorously guarded by an old man, who politely warned us that we were not to trespass within the limits of the little boundary ditch, for fear of damaging the apple-trees, many of whose branches were so heavily laden with fruit that they were propped up by poles. The gardens here, too, were nicely laid out, and not a few of them were tenanted by sly-looking jetty-eyed young Hebes, with good-humoured nut-brown faces, and their gummed and plaited hair encircled by a garland of well-assorted flowers. They were not at all bashful; and, finding themselves safe behind the fences and palings, did not manifest any dislike to our presence amongst

them. Many had natural feet, and knew how to use them in climbing over obstacles to have a look and a laugh.

The fields of grain were rapidly ripening, and the care of the proprietors was extended to the erection of mat and pole structures, some feet above the general level, in which men were housed, whose duty seemed to be to keep a sharp look-out for thieves, and, assisted by exceedingly European-like scarecrows, to frighten away feathered marauders, now hovering about in clouds. Almost every field of any size had a little temple placed in it to propitiate the favour, as we supposed, of some god or goddess in the completion of an abundant harvest.

True to our resolve of not dwelling in any large town for the night, we stopped at an inn near Liau-yang, agreeing to pass through that town by the early dawn and before the citizens had time to get notice of our approach. Our experiment of travelling through such populous places in British costume, our very small number, and without anyone to offer us advice or protection in case of need, made us all the more wary and disposed to incur as little risk as possible; for it was difficult to guess whether our visits would be viewed in a hostile or friendly light, and the example of Newchwang rather tended to shake our confidence in the behaviour of the people towards two solitary strangers, who bore with them no imperial mandate to ensure respect. Besides, the city gates were closed, for it was long after sunset. Even had they been opened on our demand, the infrequency of such an occurrence would most certainly have attracted an undesirable amount of attention.

Our quarters were not good, and we were so besieged by a gaping crowd, that, summoning the host, we threatened to leave at once, unless he cleared out his premises, and permitted us to retain our room in peace. Poor man, he did all he could in the way of expostulating and reasoning, but to no purpose. Nearly all the mob listened and remained

where we were, and we fed, washed, wrote, and conversed before them—the subjects of many a strangely-ludicrous remark. Their society was, to say the least of it, unpleasant. The night was hot, and perspiring Chinese are no treat to the olfactories at any time; but when they come from their meals, additionally perfumed with onions, garlic and tobacco, they are offensive in the extreme.

Every act of ours was noted and commented on, and nowhere could we go that we were not followed by an inquisitive mass of busybodies. When we lay down to rest, the paper frames of the window immediately above our heads were simultaneously perforated by countless fingers, as if a cloud of grape-shot had been poured into them.

Five o'clock in the morning is generally, in other countries, a very early hour to find a large city fully awake and stirring; in China it is an advanced hour, for, get up when we might after day-dawn, everybody was at work, all looking as if they had been so for hours. In the suburb we found a great crowd awaiting our arrival, and, as we went on, this swelled to gigantic dimensions. Where we expected to see only a few people moving about, we were surrounded by a countless sea of heads. Entering the city of Liau-yang by the western gateway, we found ourselves in one of the principal streets, and at liberty only to glance for a few minutes at the interior as we passed through.

One great disadvantage we laboured under, was in having no itinerary or guide-book to refer to for historical or descriptive information regarding the towns and the districts we were wandering through; and in a city like this we felt that we should have lost much of the interest which must have attached to our brief visit, had we been in possession of any such aid. We could only glean from various sources that, during the reign of the Chow dynasty — some hundreds of years before the Christian era—the dominions of the Coreans extended as far as this city of the second order; that in the

time of the Tang dynasty, when China was the most enlightened country on the face of the earth, it was called 'The City of the Coreans in Liautung;' and that during the rule of the great monarch, Tai-tsong, of the same dynasty, the people of Sin-lo, being attacked by the half-savage Coreans, implored his assistance and protection, and he, marching to invade the Corean territory, got as far as Liau-yang, when he died; but his son finished the expedition by subjugating the enemy.

In the native geography of this province, published some two hundred years ago, it is noted that, as the city is of great importance, there is always maintained in it a good garrison. Of this we saw no signs, and even the guard-room at the gate was without a single individual who might be supposed capable of bearing arms. The wall was in decay, and in one place the greater part of the rampart had disappeared, portions of the parapet had crumbled down, and deep rents and fissures disfigured the face of this ancient fortification. In its best days, it could not have been more than thirty feet high, and must certainly have been less substantial than any other wall I have seen girding Chinese towns.

We had scarcely got within it, when two red-topped messengers, mounted on ponies which had been in waiting close to the gate, and our ragged friend of yesterday, sprung out from some corner, and saluted us with a series of grins and shouts not at all in consonance with our peaceful intentions. They fell into our train, and in less than a minute there was a procession behind us of everybody within hail. As we rode rapidly through the town, we were satisfied that Liau-yang was the most business-like place we had seen since we first began our journey. The streets were very wide, and flanked by large shops for selling all kinds of native wares. Every place looked as busy at that early hour as if it had been midday. There was an air, if not of wealth, at least

of active trade quite gratifying, but at the same time surprising at such a time in the morning. Wheelbarrows of goods were being shoved along by panting labourers; the spacious tea and eating-houses were crowded by those oily, lazy-looking occupants, who seem always to be eating, drinking, and smoking; fat semi-nude shopmen sat at their doors or behind their counters, as brisk as if they had not been, or did not require to go, to bed; or noisily bargained with wide-awake customers, so intent on making the most of their speech that they scarcely noticed us; while, in the workshops, the joiner was sawing and planing after his own fashion, finishing off excellent furniture, beautifully varnished or polished, or measuring and fixing up the massive planks of timber, which Chinese undertakers believe to be necessary for the protection of their dead.

The blacksmiths, with unwashed faces, pelted away lustily at the molten iron, which fizzed and threw out ruddy sparks against leathern aprons, wooden walls, or the legs of passers-by. The barbers scraped, plaited, and steeped the stubbly heads of their early-rising patrons, or twirled their gigantic vibrating tweezers as a signal of their whereabouts.

'The flour-sifter was heard with the pulsating beat of his rocking sieve, sifting the fine from the coarse flour. The weaver, after an obsolete fashion, could be seen assiduously, but with painful slowness, throwing the shuttle from hand to hand through his weft; and perhaps next door to him the shrill twanging strum of the cotton cleaner's bow, would fall smartly on the ear. Cooks puffed and blew over cakes, dumplings, and stews, and potages of nondescript quality; and hawkers of vegetables, bread, or nutritious compounds, bawled out the names of their commodities in quite a musical cadence. The samshu shops, too, drove a little trade by selling their perniciously strong spirits to dissipated wretches, who begin the natural day by an unnatural stimulus. These shops have an interior not at all unlike that of an apothe-

cary's, with jars all round and great labels on them, and numbers of little square leaden measures placed in order on shelves. Strange to remark, on the street face of their counters they have painted in their most elaborate style the character 'Shau'—longevity—which our teetotallers might think as inappropriately placed there as on the coffins exhibited for sale at the undertaker's.

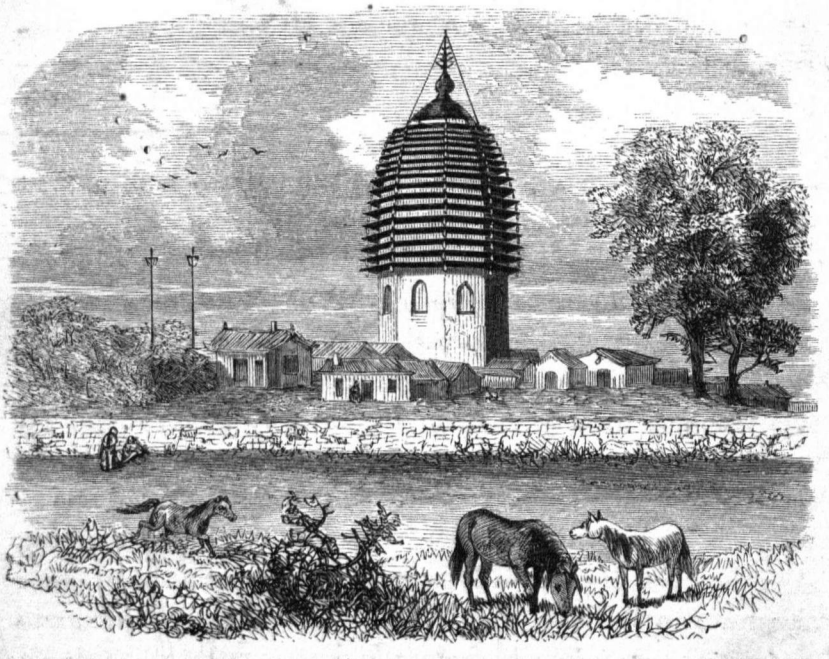
There were many large houses by the way, with wide courtyards well stocked with merchandise; but we had little opportunity of examining these, for the street had by this time become so densely crowded by people who gathered to see us pass, that our conductor, who understood our antipathy to mix much in these mobs, suddenly wheeled up another street—a bye one—where nobody was waiting, and so disappointed the expectant multitudes.

We were not long in getting beyond the region of shops and traffic, and into the quieter parts of the town where gardens abounded. Here, as within the walls of nearly all the northern cities of China, as it used to be in the old cities of Assyria, and as it is in many Eastern walled towns at the present day, there were large spaces of ground at each angle of the quadrilateral *enceinte* laid out as kitchen gardens or orchards, and nooks channeled out into ditches and pits for the reception of rain water—at Peking there is even pasture land within the enclosure—this being the only provision, I suppose, made to supply the wants of the people when closely besieged by an enemy. These gardens were perfect models of neatness, and their proprietors were busily displaying their skill and care in those horticultural pursuits for which they are so famous.

From a house not far off the road we were being led through, and which had a temporary roof of matting raised over it, like the roof of a temple, came the clanging of cymbals, gongs, and tom-toms, sounding the crankiest funereal music ever listened to, and celebrating the noisy obsequies

of some defunct townsman in an everlasting allegretto movement, having almost as much pretension to be called music as the clank and jar of a fire-engine over a rough pavement.

The majestic pagoda we had noticed yesterday, as we approached the city, was now within three or four hundred yards of us, and as we had freed ourselves almost entirely from the crush of spectators by the sudden *détour* our guide had made, there were a few minutes left to admire and



Pagoda of Liau-Yang.

sketch it. From where we saw it, its proportions seemed very perfect, and to it the town owed all it possessed in the way of novelty; for reared to a height of eighty or ninety feet above the plain roofs of the single-storied houses, and the low garden walls, it looked noble and imposing only by contrast, and carried novelty with it in its strangely-fantastical shape and adornments.

If any feature is more unique and characteristic than

another in a Chinese picture, as painted by Europeans, it is the pagoda of Southern China, which is ever in the fore or background, and is deemed the only fitting accompaniment to the flat features, long robes, and plaited locks of the groups of celestials introduced to give life to the landscape, and to add variety to the odd-fashioned boats, fir-clad hills, or rice-covered plains; so that a drawing intended to represent Chinese scenery, Chinese industry, customs, costumes, or national eccentricity, would lack one of its best ornaments did the draughtsman omit to introduce one of these structures.

When the traveller arrives in the land, and begins to look about for these architectural vagaries of his new friends, he finds himself as familiar with their lineaments as he is with the figure of his parish steeple. The little octagonal houses, piled one upon another from the ground high up in the air —some of them elevated enough for an eagle's nest—until they form a sort of Cleopatra's needle, with long projecting eaves over every tiny chamber hung round with bells, to be climbed only by some Jack of the Bean-stalk, are scarcely a wonder to him; but when he comes to know more of the people, and finds them in ideas, fashions, and prejudices, so unlike every other nation now existing, and nearly realising what he has read of the old Egyptians, Assyrians, and other nations passed away, the pagoda is invested with a certain degree of interest which is inseparable from everything really Chinese.

But the northern pagoda is as different from that of the south, as are the two peoples from each other. At Tungchow, near Peking, I beheld the first example; to the western side of that capital I discerned two more, and again near the Liau-hô river on our journey, another had been remarked, built on a high hill; this of Liau-yang was the best by far. The form of a pepper-box will give a tolerable idea of its shape; but all the equidistant curved eaves of the Canton pagoda have

in this been compressed into one-half the space they there occupy, thus leaving the lower half of the eight-sided structure bare and blank,—with the exception of a gothic-shaped blind window, and the upper half closely garnished with bristling ridges, from each corner of which faintly-sounding bells were suspended; while the whole was surmounted by a black convex metal roof, with a long barbed spike rising from it, having lines of wire or rope passing from the very apex to the body of the edifice.

Turning to the eastward angle of the walls—here in a good state of preservation, though the parapet was very narrow and irregular, we came to a rather narrow and low archway, which our guide told us was named the 'Gate of the Coreans.' It was that by which the Coreans were allowed to enter the city at fixed periods of the year.

We left Liau-yang by this gate, and all at once came in sight of a nicely-wooded plain, with rugged hills in the distance, and a wide river—the Taitse Hô—winding silently towards us. The early morning sun gave all the charm and freshness to the scene that it was possible to impart, and the dewy mist rolling upwards from the low ground lent an air of coolness and freshness quite unknown at that time of the year nearer the gulf.

We were obliged to ride some little way along the river's bank in order to reach the ferry, and in doing this we met several families out for an airing before the sun became too warm. The women were well-dressed, with their hair done up with flowers, in the double smoothing-iron handle shape; and their movements were not disordered by the cramped feet, though they might have been more pleasing had they not worn such thick-soled shoes. The children rolled and tumbled in great glee, or gathered wild flowers at the foot of a very old high earthen embankment running parallel with the river for nearly half a mile.

Crossing a small divergent stream, we came upon a great

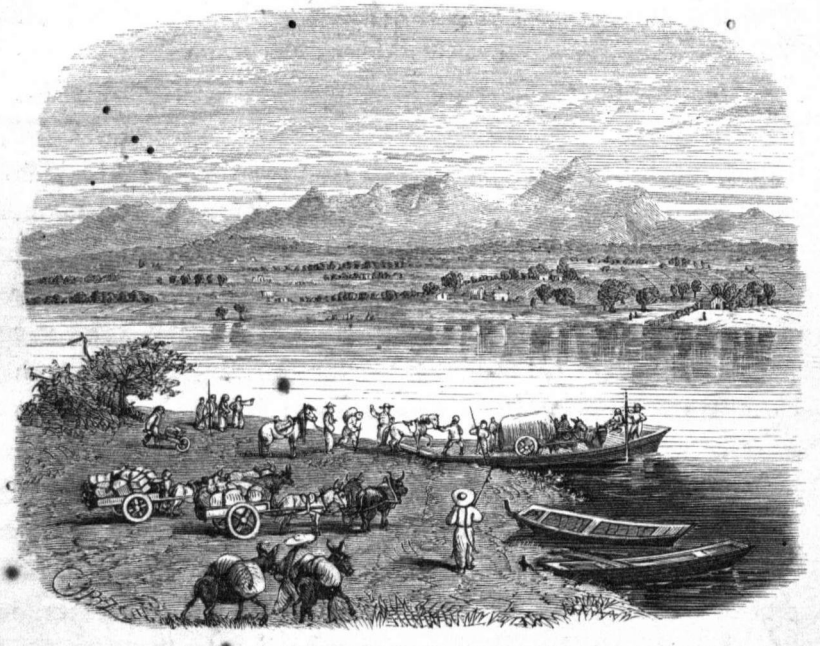
number of boats of very light burthen, lashed together and moored to the bank. The largest of these could not be capable of carrying more than two or three tons, and doubtless they were well adapted for transporting goods up and down such a tortuous watercourse as the Liau-hô. Nearly all of them were laden with beans and pease, which appeared to be the sole articles of export everywhere in this district, lying in a loose state in the bottom of the skiffs and ready to be transferred to the heavier coasting junks at Ying-tsze. Many of the crews lived in temporary mat dwellings on shore, and were intently engaged in preparing their breakfasts when we surprised them. Beyond a doubt they were a turbulent lot of burly fellows.

There was quite a crowd waiting for the ferry-boat, which was slowly emptying itself of a large cargo on the opposite bank. Pedestrians who had been a long time on the road, and were armed with spears, reclined on the grassy bank; mounted men dismounted, and taking their packs off their saddles, spread them out and squatted down on them. There was a blind, venerable-looking, old man led by a boy, who was describing us to him in the best way he could; and there were passenger cabs, bullock wagons, wheelbarrows, and all sorts of conveyances, heaped together to be carried across. There, too, stood two lanky saffron-complexioned scouts sent to note our arrival, and see us fairly on board beyond the jurisdiction of the Liau-yang magistrates.

The way which these fellows sprung up in all sorts of odd corners and out-of-the-way places—the unceremonious manner in which they attached themselves, barnacle-like, to our persons without speaking a word or changing countenance in the slightest degree, and vanishing again at uncertain places without being noticed, was something marvellous. Assuredly the solicitude of the local authorities on our behalf made us feel rather constrained and annoyed sometimes, and I fear we did not so fully appreciate their kind motives as we ought to

have done. We were courteously allowed to embark about the beginning of the crush for the boat, and got good places to stand on while we held our ponies quietly by the head.

From the close proximity of the Taitse Hô to the town of Liau-yang, it must afford a valuable means of carrying on a brisk trade between that place, all the other towns on the Liau-hô and its tributary streams, and those beyond the Gulf of Pechili. Undoubtedly to this advantageous circum-



Ferry by Liau-yang.

stance Liau-yang owes its existence as an important grain emporium; for a Chinese city without a canal or river transport, is like a limb in which the principal artery has been tied—it quickly withers and dies.

Its width could not have been more than 120 or 140 yards, and its greatest depth 8 or 10 feet—quite sufficient, certainly, for the fleets of lighters employed. Its velocity may be about four or five miles an hour, as it flows from east to west

through a muddy strip of land, with a high bank here and there, but generally with low sides, which it often overflows and denudes entirely of vegetation.

From its size, it might be inferred that this was one of the largest tributaries of the Liau; and we find in an old native geography of this province, that one branch of this river is described as rising beyond the frontier on the north-west, in a distant region; and another, having its source to the eastward, is formed by the different streams which flow to the north-west of Chang-pe-shan, the classical mountain of Mantchuria. This on its way receives other minor rivers, until it separates into two branches that travel onwards until they rejoin and form one which bears the Chinese name of *Cɑɑ-Liau-hô*, signifying the 'great river whose course is very rapid.' This passes the town of Hai-cheng-hien, where it forms a junction with the one here—the Taitse Hô, which in other days used to bear the Mantchu name of Tiger river—it is then called the Santcha-hô, or river of three branches. A little lower it is designated the Liau—in Tartar it used to be named the Sira-Muren river—and passes to the sea.

It was now only 120 lí, or about 50 miles, to Moukden, and we were not, therefore, much surprised to find ourselves passing along a fine wide road, with grand old trees on each side, and with a somewhat lively concourse of passengers on foot or on horseback, going to and from the river; for here is the character of these highways written by an emperor more than a century ago: 'The roads which traverse it (Moukden),' says Kienlung, 'are straight, spacious, even, and well distributed; the pathways which border them are commodious, useful, and agreeable.'

Perhaps they may have been allowed to remain without much repair since that time, for we could see nothing of footpaths, and in the hollows ruts were heavy and deep, and anything but even. Travellers' carts found some difficulty in getting through them; and produce wagons, piled up with

sacks of grain, were very laboriously pulled along by their teams of twelve or sixteen animals, notwithstanding the sonorous *wo*'s, *turr*'s, and *ta*'s, and the startling detonations from the gigantic whips plied by the brawny arms of the drivers at almost every stride.

If the Chinese are ready to take advantage of water as a medium of communication and traffic, and show some skill in their manner of doing so, on land they signally fail; and though possessing the necessary materials for the formation and repair of the important roads which lead from one large town to another, in an abundance of stone of excellent quality found in the immediate vicinity, yet they never avail themselves of the opportunity, but leave the rain and wind to gradually fill up the breakages caused by the narrow-rimmed wheels. What a change macademised roads would effect in such a richly agricultural country!

Little towns and villages were frequent, and though they were inferior to those we had seen on the other side of the Wall, still they were busily thronged by people at work in gardens or farm-yards, who were sure to be ungraciously surprised by some busybody announcing the approach of two strangers. The men differed but little from those westward, but all the women were taller, more robust than the average of Chinese females, and walked on natural feet. Their faces were pleasanter, I think, than those of the Chinese, all the more so for the ruddy brown complexions they wore, and the wreaths of red and white flowers around their hair. They looked a strong healthy race, and we found it a great relief to get away from painted skins, dwarfish figures, and crippled feet. Some of these bouncing ladies we observed hard at work threshing wheat with flails, and using the spade and hoe like men.

We were not a little amused when, at a sudden turn of the road, we came upon a valiant petty mandarin of the military type, who bestrode a large mule equipped for a long journey,

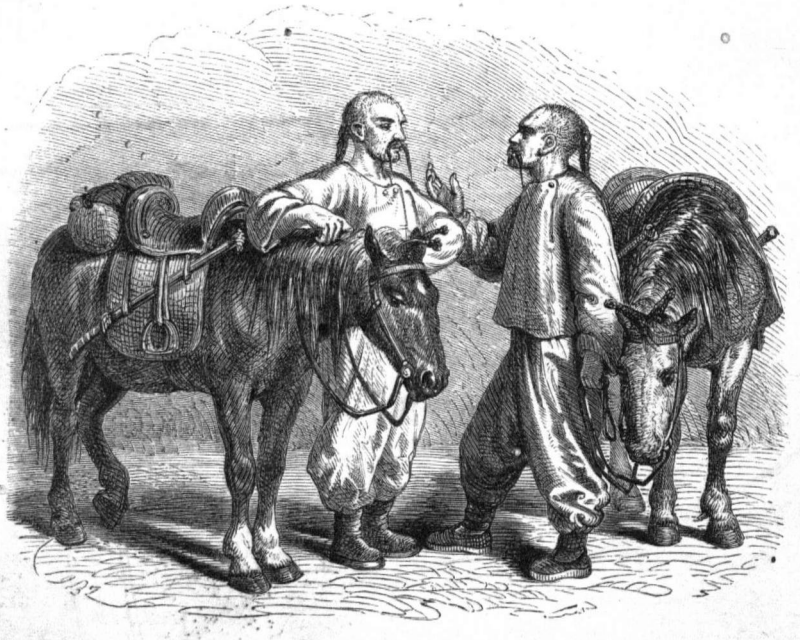
if one could judge by the accumulation of gear about his saddle, the presence of an oiled paper coat, and a grandly-ornamented sword of a decidedly theatrical appearance, *minus* a guard, stuck under his left saddle-flap. Two attendants similarly got-up rode in advance, and, as we almost bumped against them, they were thrown into a most unmilitary state of confusion and panic, and fell back on the brave gentleman. He was obliged to *make way* for them by retiring on that precipitate mule of his; and, ensconcing himself between two cavaliers who rode behind, and who managed to rally the others when they found we were really peaceable mortals, he waited until we had passed. Then we left them worrying each other by all sorts of hard questions as to who or what we were, and whither we were going.

The better class of wayfarers whom we met, still carried their weapons of offence or defence; and though these were not very formidable, yet one would have supposed they were often effectual enough for the intimidation of robbers, two or three of whose heads we noticed hanging up in cages to the trees. Even the pedlars mounted arms; and it was impossible to forbear smiling when a slim young scion of that branch of industry—like anything but a fighting man—passed us with a rusty scabbardless sword of most portentous breadth, and twice the length of his pack, stuck between the cords which bound his small fortune. He seemed a veritable Corporal Nym, and the very man to exclaim, when pushed to extremities —

'I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's the humour of it.'

Once we met an old man and a young woman astride of a gaily-caparisoned little donkey, that trudged along and was apparently nowise loath to carry the loving couple; and at the door of a village caravansary, we found two cavalry

soldiers resting from some long journey. Broad-set strapping fellows they were, with the ruddiness on their cheeks trying to make itself manifest through their deeply-tanned skin. Their clothes were none of the best, even for Chinese soldiers; their heads had not come under the barber's hands for some time, and they looked fatigued and hungry; yet they had a free-and-easy rough-and-ready bearing about them



Tartar Soldiers.

which rather prepossessed me in their favour as soldiers, and they seemed to have lots of *stamina* for many a long ride, little to eat, and bad weather, as well as for the more serious concomitants of war. Their ponies were very small, but wiry, with their long tails and manes tied securely in rough plaits and knots, and their forelocks bound up in tufts like horns. The dusty saddles were worn-out, and very old, and had the antiquated sword slung on one side, and the

small matchlock, ornamented with red horse-hair at the stock and muzzle, on the other. They scarcely bestowed on us one or two furtive glances, when they resumed the animated conversation with the other travellers, which we had rather suddenly interrupted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ELEVATION OF THE LAND — TOWN OF PAY-TA-PU — GAMES OF CHANCE — THE HUIN-HÔ — CURIOUS MONUMENT AND LLAMA PRIESTS — SUBURBS OF MOUKDEN — THE POLICE AND THEIR COMMANDER — CLEARING THE WAY — THE STREETS AND TRADES AND THE CROWD — A FAT BONIFACE — CONDITION OF THE CAPITAL — TARTAR TRACES — A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

SINCE leaving Newchwang, the country appeared to be rising, yet so gradually as almost to be imperceptible; and it still bore the same well-tilled agreeable aspect it had done, with some few exceptions, all along our ride. Harvest operations had just commenced; the weather was lovely; and there seemed to be nothing wanting to complete the happiness of the peasantry, who thronged in the fields singing and toiling. Everywhere, the land — which was light — looked to be productive and rich in all the elements necessary for the culture of the plants grown upon it, without requiring a very great amount of manure or labour; and the neighbourhood of the hills, with the prevalence of sea breezes, must have greatly favoured the abundance and quality of the cereals so largely dealt in.

As we advanced, we got glimpses of never-tiring scouts galloping a long way ahead, who did us no manner of service, so far as we could see; but who, on the contrary, collected all the idle and curious of all the hamlets and villages near by their reports, and we found these assembled at some convenient spot close to which we must pass, where they pryed, joked, and speculated regarding us.

The people were, however, to all intents and purposes—con-

sidering the wonderful sight of two such mortals as we must have appeared to them — civil and well-behaved, and not a fault could we find with their conduct in any way. Their bewilderment was sometimes beyond all description. I think I shall never forget the eager anxiety of two blind villagers, who knelt in front of one of these congregations, with their arms clasping young boys, to know all about what we were like, and everything concerning our appearance that could be conveyed to them by words.

In a pretty little stretch of rural beauty, but where the road was a complete canal and forbade a passage to our ponies, we were obliged to pass round a village through a narrow path between hedgerows, in order to gain a more secure footing and a readier highway. While doing this we heard the mumbling of a voice as if a person was reading, and, glancing over the fence, saw a good-looking country-woman in her garden perusing a book. Some remark we made disturbed her, and darting at us but one brief and terrified squint, she sprung up from her seat, took to her heels like a startled hare, and bounded over the lower shrubs and furrows, swift paced as Atalanta, the daughter of Schœneus. Unluckily—and before we had time to assure her of our innocuousness and mortality—something tripped her up, and she sustained a heavy fall on the hard ground; but this little diminished her alacrity, for she was up and away again in a twinkling, until concealed by the trees. Her ideas must have been rather deranged for some time afterwards.

Towards nightfall we reached the neat little town of Pay-ta-pu, where there was a very picturesque pagoda rather the worse for wear, built in the South China fashion. Here our Ying-tsze conductor wished us to remain for the night, as we had been a long day in the saddle; but being some eight or ten miles from Moukden, we were intent on pushing as

near to that place as possible, so as to get in at a good hour next day.

After a deal of murmuring we resumed our course, and sprawling about in the dark, through long fields tenanted only by black pigs, and frogs, and toads, whose croakings were awfully dismal, we were compelled to halt in a very wretched assemblage of hovels boasting of two inns, one of which was occupied by ragged men gambling by very dim lights.

'The great Khan,' says Marco Polo, 'has prohibited all gambling and other species of fraud to which this people are addicted beyond any other upon earth;' but the great and little khans who have succeeded Kublai do not seem to have understood the proper means for the suppression of games of chance, for in everyone of these places, whenever two or three men got together, the dice bowl and cards formed the only amusement. In this case the accommodation was so bad, and landlord and guests were so deeply engaged in their game, that we were driven to an opposition hostelry: where the proprietor, after the surprise we caused in his bosom had subsided, received us with more attention, and rather unceremoniously ejected a number of questionable individuals who had been staking their cash, smoking their tobacco or opium, and drinking their samshu. The long room was awfully dirty, dusty, and cobwebby, and the hurried brushing of it by two or three imps nearly stifled us; yet glad were we to find a place to rest and sleep in, though surrounded by filth and breathing an almost pestilential atmosphere.

The strip of country we passed through before reaching the Huin Hô, or Muddy River, was not particularly interesting; and there was nothing to betoken the vicinage of a large city in the universal hush and stillness around us. This river, another tributary of the Liau, was of a good width, and the few clusters of masted lighters gathered at

odd bends of its course, proved that it was navigable thus far. The current ran fast over a shingly bottom, and as it was unfordable, rafts—consisting of a platform lashed on two small boats—were plying across with passengers. The scenery on the banks and away beyond, was not unpleasant. The mountains were toned down by distance into a bluish-grey as they receded towards the east; before us was a closely-wooded level; and to the right and left, gardens and fields. Wherever a foot of ground could be cultivated, there stood its allotment of millet, beans, or wheat; and when it proved obdurate, there was the labourer at work trying to improve it. The high ground and the northerly direction we had pursued, ensured us the benefit of a climate, than which nothing, we thought, could be finer. The sun had lost much of its intensity; the sickliness of the lower land to the west and south had vanished, and we felt that we breathed a respirable and enjoyable atmosphere.

The last three mornings had been indeed delightful, and the beneficial change the weather had wrought in us, conspired to make our trip an exceedingly happy one.

We ferried across the stream. We discovered it to be of variable depth, from the fact of our ponies—which were being towed behind the raft—finding bottom twice or thrice before we got to the opposite side. It was now only a mile to the capital we had so ardently longed to reach, and to visit which we had ventured so much.

We climbed the gentle ascent from the Huin Hô, and were much gratified to find ourselves in a regular park of old willows, gnarled and hoary, growing at random over a large expanse of ground. The coolness of their shade was delicious, and it was a treat to feel the elastic turf spring under one again, and to inhale the air that hung about the pendent branches so lightly. It was singularly pleasant to revel in the mingled light and darkness caused by the early morning sun flashing through the gaps in the leafy canopy, and to know by the

undisturbed nature of the ground, and the venerable appearance of the timber, that this small forest was

'Not by art,
But of the trees' own inclination made'—

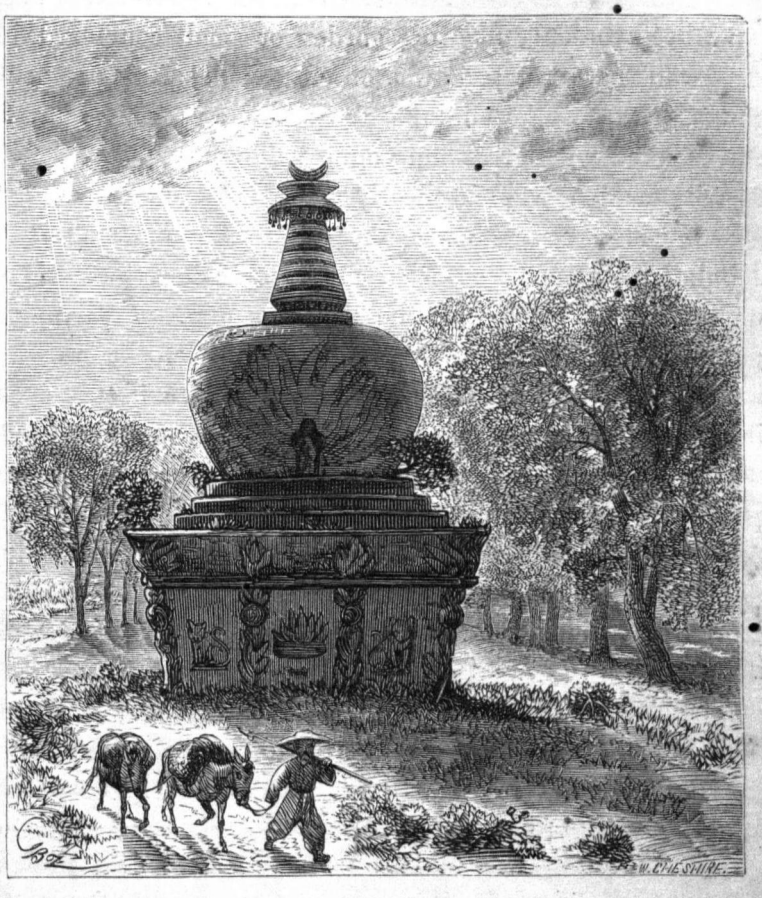
for everywhere else on our journey the hand of man had fashioned the landscape, and a patch of ground left untouched for a few years was indeed a novelty.

There was a good wide road on one side of this park, and across it stood a curious *Ta*, or pagoda monument, with the remains of which we were particularly interested, as it formed a strange feature in the foreground of a picture made by the trees, a high brick wall, and the yellow-tiled, curved roofs, of a Llama temple, which bore the title of *Wang yi-tang* —meaning the temple of the ten thousand beatitudes or felicitous transformations of the Buddhistic faith.

This structure may have been about fifty or sixty feet high, and many, many years ago have been a somewhat handsome monument of the kind, but now it was fast falling to decay. The plaster which had once covered it was altogether removed in many places, and the bricks composing its interior were here and there abstracted, leaving unsightly deficiencies in its outline. In shape it was not very unlike one of those immense glass bottles used to contain vitriol at home, mounted as it was on a wide pedestal, ornamented with the tutelary dogs, elephants, and other Buddhic symbols, and its top set off with a copper curtain fringed by bells, on which was fixed a crescent. The form of this antiquated variety of religious architecture was not quite unknown to me, for I had often remarked drawings of similar edifices in paintings connected with the Llama doctrinal creed. In a large niche in front, surrounded by lotus leaves, or something intended to represent flames, there was a character inscribed in red paint, but it was so effaced by time as to be illegible.

Plants grew thickly on every place that could give them a hold, and a young tree had fixed itself in a very conspicuous

situation, while the snowy whiteness of the lime that had in byegone days deeply coated this monument, was soiled and furrowed by the weather. As we were attempting to make a hasty sketch of it, a little host of Llama priests, in their yellow robes and cleanly-shaven heads, closed around us, and



Llama Temple.

they, with a crowd of stragglers, entirely frustrated our purpose; for in their irresistible desire to see what was doing, and to watch the movements of the wondrous pen that required no ink—as they styled the pencil—they brought their faces and unpleasant breath into such near contact, that we

were glad to bid them an abrupt good morning, after they had informed us that there was a pagoda like this one on each side of the capital.

The road led us into a suburb with but ordinary houses, at first scattered, then drawing closer and closer on both sides, until we reached a low narrow gateway—which might have been the entrance to a garden or small courtyard, in a mud wall that stretched away on either side, about the height and width of what could be cleared by an ordinary hunter, and covered with grass and young willows.

This, which we had nearly passed without noticing, we afterwards discovered was the outer wall of the city of Moukden, and enclosed what might be called the suburban or commercial portion of the Tartar capital. Entering this gateway, and passing a small hut on our left, before which sat two snuffy old carles, blinking at some four useless spears in a rack, we were in the south street of the outer city, within sight of the towers and parapet of the imperial enclosure, which are not unlike those of Peking; and in the midst of a bustling, yet orderly crowd, that kept rapidly augmenting as the buzz of surprise and excitement drew the more industrious from their labours or occupations within doors.

The street was wide—almost as wide as any we had seen at Peking—and a great deal better to ride in, for there were no ruts or holes to break one's horse's legs in, or pools of stinking water to avoid, though there was a good deal of dust. The shops and houses, still single-storied, were regularly built; and the unsightly inequalities on the sides of this and the narrower streets which branched off from it, caused by some disreputable hovel standing forward half-a-dozen feet in front of the others, were very few and almost exceptional.

Before we had ridden a hundred yards through the running and shouting crowds, we were made aware of the

presence of a *posse* of the guardians of the peace, who seemed to have sprung out of the ground, under the leadership of a valiant superintendent. This responsible commander was a little withered old man mounted on a very diminutive donkey, and almost hidden from observation by a great conical summer hat, far too large for his minute skull, covered as it was, too, by a tremendous red official fringe that made it look like an enormous scarlet flower, the calyx of which had been reversed — extinguisher-fashion — and lashed to his chin. A pair of glistering mouse-eyes peered out at times when a sudden movement threw the silken curtain to one side, and then we could see they were busy enough looking out for offending small boys and easily-terrified young men.

The quadruped he bestrode was scarcely larger than a middle-sized Newfoundland dog, but it was fairly buried between a gigantic pair of black satin boots with canoe-shaped toes and clog soles of unimpeachable whiteness, thrust as far as they could go into a ponderous pair of brass dragon-mouthed stirrups.

There he darted about like a firefly, with his meagre body badly done up in white cotton and primrose-coloured gauze, and with boots and hat almost touching each other, giving his orders in a torrent of squeaking aspirations, against the mirthful character of which there was no use attempting resistance.

He was as closely attended as might be expected from a man of his active habits, by a great fat fellow, evidently a subordinate, who sat perched upon the croup of an ass, anything but up to its work, and wriggling along at a very uncomfortable pace. This was possibly a deputy-inspector of the Moukden police, as our shrimpy little friend was visibly a full-blown inspector, from the great deference paid to him by the inferiors of that respectable force, who marched so closely about us as nearly to blind and suffocate us with

dust. Poor little man! the officious and very conspicuous zeal with which he headed the efforts of these constables to conduct the intrusive strangers within the walls of the city were strikingly comical. Like the law-serjeant of Chaucer's satirical sketch in the 'Canterbury Tales'—

> 'Nowhere so busy a man as he there n'as,
> And yet he seemed busier than he was.'

Pouncing from one side with a great-small shout, he would stoutly charge a flying body of ragged urchins, ably seconded

Entrance in Moukden.

in his daring deed by the animal he held within his knees: for between them there must have been some sort of sympathetic communication, matured through long years of contact, and during which the hair of both had become silvery grey, as the donkey required no urging or tugging, but intuitively made for the tiniest and slowest-going boy, because he

was easiest reached or followed; and when the regulated number of whacks from the short-lashed whip had fallen with due precision on the bare head or shoulders of the grinning vagabond, the two would return to their post again, followed by the stout aide, who had some difficulty in managing his long-eared steed, and was continually puffing, blowing, and perspiring from the unwonted exertion.

Though busy enough looking about for something novel in this newly-discovered city, our attention was distracted every few minutes by these over-prudent servants of justice, who evidently thought they had a good job and were determined to make the most of it. Whenever the amazed people began to show a little more anxiety or curiosity than was thought judicious or respectful, or when a few impulsive beings stuck themselves in the middle of the road, at a squeak from the chief, a bellow from the second in command, and a general shout from the 'force,' cuts of whips and lively jumps enveloped us in clouds of dust.

One of these fellows pointed out a lane to our conductor, who immediately wheeled down, and led the way until we came to an inn, where in the courtyard the landlord was found meditating amid heaps of bricks and mortar. A confused jabber and clatter of tongues was at once set up, which at length ended by our being informed that there was no suitable accommodation for us—a mild way of announcing that we were not wanted on the premises: so a prolonged conversation between another functionary and our guide ensued, when it was settled that we should go to an hotel within the imperial wall.

Houses, stores, and workshops ran up to the very base of this wall, and in many of the latter we saw armourers at work manufacturing matchlocks, and bows and arrows in large quantities. From the external gate in the external earthen bank to this inner gate, the length of the street may have been fully three-quarters of a mile, and all along it was