

Shanghai, from which we are distant only forty-eight hours' run. We mail this letter here that it may catch the "Alaska" on her return trip to America.

Steamer "Nagoya-Maru," Dec. 11, 1876.

LETTER XI.

FIRST DAYS IN CHINA.

OUR good ship weighed anchor at daylight on Tuesday, December 12, and sailed out of the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki. We had expected to leave at midnight, but could only have done so, on account of the extreme darkness of the night, at great risk to the junks and other boats along the coast. We kept in sight of land until late in the afternoon, when beautiful Japan faded from our gaze, perhaps forever. We were on the Yellow Sea, and in full expectation of rough weather. In fact, so usual is it to have a rough passage that the steward had the table-racks put on on general principles. But save during the first night, when for an hour the sea was rather high, and several waves broke clear over the ship, we had a smooth and delightful passage.

On the afternoon of the second day the freight clerk rushed into the social hall and announced "the famous and immortal Saddles." We went out on deck to get a fine view of the Saddle Islands, some ninety miles from Shanghai. One was shaped quite like a saddle. That night we anchored at the light-ship, some forty-five miles from Shanghai. Early on the morning of December 14 we were moving across the mouth of the Yang-tse, her waters for all the world like those of the Missouri, and coloring the sea for miles around with the

sediment of mud brought down from the valley through which the river cuts her way. The land which first appeared was a low strip along the horizon, unrelieved save by an occasional house or clump of trees. We shortly turned up the mouth of the Woosung River, and crossing the bar, were only twelve miles from Shanghai. The Chinese village of Woosung, best known as the terminus of the only railway in the empire, a little line of twelve miles, lay off to our right. All about us were Chinese men-of-war, junks, and other boats, nearly all of which had large eyes painted on their prows to enable them to see.

As we passed up the river we could see very distinctly mounds and vaults, which reminded us that China was one vast grave-yard. Still we were hardly prepared to see not less than a half million of them within a few days. The fact is, the population of China find the dead a great burden. They cannot, as in Japan, use the most undesirable spots as places of burial, for all plots of ground are fit for cultivation, and yet perhaps one-third of every field about Shanghai is taken up by graves. It would be worse yet were it not that these mounds are all leveled with a change in the ruling dynasty, and two hundred and fifty years ago, with the coming in of the Tartars, the whole country took a new start, and was made one vast level. These mounds are usually round, and yet are often long, and rise to a peak in three or more points. The taller the mounds the greater the social distinction of the dead. Many coffins were simply placed in brick vaults above ground, others covered with straw matting; and in a single hour we have seen no less than twenty lying on the ground and wholly uncovered by any thing. Usually in such cases the coffin has been placed there by permission, until another site could be chosen for burial purposes,

but it is never removed, and many of those we saw have been there for years. Some are the coffins of children. A more usual way of disposing of infants is in what are called the baby towers, of which we saw several, where in a small hole in a brick tower twelve feet high the dead bodies of children are thrust, wrapped in some coarse cloth. This would be done until the tower was filled, when they would build another.

As we passed on up the river, with these reminders of death on each side, the splendid houses along the "bund" at Shanghai met our gaze, and we were shortly at our wharf, and pressing the soil of the Celestial Empire. Of course our faithful missionary, Brother Lambuth, was on the lookout for us. The inevitable jinrikshas were also on hand, and were drawn by Chinese coolies, though less skillfully than by the Japanese.

Without being troubled by the custom-house authorities, we sped rapidly along the "bund," or street facing the wharf, then off into the native town until we were at the Southern Methodist Mission. Inclosed by the same wall are the residence of Brother Lambuth, the chapel, the book-room for the sale of English and Chinese publications, the printing-office, and the girls' school, or Clopton School, recently erected at a cost of one thousand dollars, mostly the price of a piece of jewelry given by a lady in Tennessee.

Presently some of the native Christians called to pay their respects. One old man said that what they all needed was more of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and, in response to the remark that we needed to pray more for it, said that he tried to pray for it several times a day. He appeared to be a very sensible old man, and his face was such as to inspire veneration. He is one of the early converts of the Mission. Then filed in the children from the girls'

school, some sixteen bright-eyed girls, ranging from seven to sixteen years of age. Anna Stibbs, Berenice Scarritt, and Kate Glasgow, being educated by funds sent out from Missouri, were among the more interesting of the number. The first two are about seven years of age, and are really pretty, and, dressed in their native costumes, interested us not a little. The Chinese name of the latter is A-Ban, and that of the former is Sung-Nay.

After lunch, which was shared with us by Brother Parker, who had just arrived from Soochow, and whose Chinese diet seems to agree remarkably with him, we all started to attend service at the chapel in the heart of the walled city of Shanghai. Hereafter "we" will stand for more than one person. The perpendicular pronoun "I" is ample to designate either Bishop or corresponding editor, and "we" must embrace both in the future. An experience in a Chinese city is needed to remind every individual of the utter insignificance of one person in this world. Even the editorial "we" must needs give way before the pressure of several hundred thousand Chinese jostling you in the eager endeavor to keep soul and body together. While the rest of the company walked I concluded to try a chair, and thus avoid any ill consequences that might come from undue exertion after a slight fever for a day or two on board ship. Accordingly I took my place in Brother Lambuth's chair, which was fastened on two long poles, with cross-pieces at the ends, and the whole was immediately lifted to the shoulders of two coolies, who trotted off slowly to the north gate of the city. The walled city is over four miles and a half in circumference, with a large gate at each point of the compass. The wall is perhaps twenty feet high, and is twenty feet thick at the base and about ten feet at the top, or wide enough for pedestrians, and much used by them.

We all kept together until reaching the gate, where, in the press and throng, my coolies became separated from the others, and, by dint of continual shouting, navigated through the surging sea of humanity on toward the chapel. I had heard of narrow streets and dense masses of people and mixed smells, but I no longer wondered that travelers did not attempt to describe them. It is simply impossible to give any accurate picture of them. To say that two persons standing in the street may place one hand on the houses on each side and then clasp their other hands in the middle of the street, to say that they would be jostled out of position by the passing throng before they should be thus able to measure the width of the street, and that the loathsome odors would disincline them to make the attempt were they otherwise able, would be to make statements utterly true, and yet which would still fail to tell all the truth.

While I was thus being borne along amid this moving mass of human beings until I became painfully conscious of my littleness in a universe so densely populated, I had still farther opportunity of meditation by my coolies suddenly stopping and depositing my chair on the ground in one thoroughfare somewhat less crowded than the one we had mostly traversed. They had borne me on their shoulders for over a mile, and with some distance yet before them they chose to stop for a rest. Had I been a Chinaman thus deposited all alone in a side street of San Francisco I might have expected to be assailed with stones, but the heathen Chinese contented themselves with calling out occasionally, "Yung kwatsa," or "Foreign devil." These were mostly "young Chinese." I had almost said "young Americans." My sense of helplessness under these circumstances, before I had learned a word of the language, or a point of the compass, can neither be

described nor imagined. Waiting a reasonable time for my coolies to rest, and to refresh themselves by looking in at the shop-windows near by, I concluded to go on. Calling, "Halloo!" and motioning for them to move on, they lifted the chair to their shoulders and trotted on, finally stopping in front of a chapel where a Chinese was preaching. On entering I recognized among the congregation the old man whom I had met an hour before at Brother Lambuth's, and then I knew that I was all right, for Bishop Marvin and the rest did not arrive for several minutes after I did.

The chapel is what is called a street-chapel—that is, fronting on the street, so that any person may feel free to drop in during the service and spend only so much time as he can. The congregation is thus changing much during a single sermon. There were probably not over twenty present at any one time while we were there, and yet perhaps not less than sixty heard more or less of the sermon. The preacher would fix his eye on the attentive ones and ignore any confusion from those coming in or going out. He appeared very fluent and earnest, preaching with a copy of the Chinese Testament in his hand. His name is Brother Yung. He was among the first baptized by Brother Lambuth. We afterward went to the East Gate Chapel, outside of the walled city, where we heard Brother Dzung preach to a larger and more attentive congregation. In one part of the chapel there were several women, who did not lose a single word, while all appeared anxious to hear. The only words which I could recognize were "Jesus" and "Amen." We rent this chapel, and have preaching here twice a week, besides a mixed day-school taught by one of the native Christians. We own the chapel in the heart of the city, which is a more commodious room.

While out on this trip to the walled city we saw

our first Chinese wedding procession. The sound of voices clearing the way, and the approach of men bearing beautiful lanterns, preceded a most elegant sedan-chair, with its silk curtains drawn down, thus concealing the face of the bride, who was being borne on the shoulders of coolies to the residence of her future husband. She had very possibly never seen him, as all marriages are arranged by "go-betweens," who attend to the selection of husband and wife, and even to the marriage-settlements, for which they receive a proper remuneration. The husband arranges to meet the bride on her way, and the two sedan-chairs then go on together until his house is reached, when the marriage ceremony is concluded by the worship of his ancestors.

In the evening we attended prayers at the Clopton School. The girls, with their teachers and the native helpers, were present. The singing of the Chinese hymns was very interesting, especially "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." A Scripture lesson and prayer followed, all, visitors included, responding heartily, "Amen," at the conclusion. Brother Lambuth then asked what report they had of the day's work, and if any circumstances specially encouraging had taken place. One of the native preachers then told of an interesting conversation had at the city chapel during the afternoon with a man who had become thoughtful about Christianity, and sought instruction. Bishop Marvin and I then addressed a few words to them, Brother Lambuth acting as interpreter. The school-building is most admirably arranged, with school-room, dormitory, dining-room, and even prayer-closet, where the girls are encouraged to go alone every day for secret prayer. The pupils are taught some of the useful arts, as well as the different text-books. The Romanized character is used in the school, which is being received with quite general favor throughout China. It is a great

improvement on the ordinary Chinese character, and the student is quicker reached with a Christian literature by this agency. Arabic numerals are used, and we examined a number of problems done by them, which were generally found correct.

Sunday was a red-letter day with us. Bishop Marvin preached at the Union Church in the morning, and so much to the profit of the English community that arrangements were made to have him preach at least two more sermons before leaving Shanghai. In the afternoon the Bishop and I were called upon to address, through the Rev. Young J. Allen as interpreter, a union meeting of the native Christians of Shanghai. The service was held at the south gate of the city, at the Rev. Mr. Farnham's Presbyterian Mission. Several hundred were present, one-third of whom were Chinese women, dressed in their native costume, and with neat head-dresses, or bonnets. The rest were men and boys, among them several of the native helpers of the different missions. A Chinese woman played the organ, and a native preacher conducted the service, announcing the hymns, reading from the Scriptures, preaching a short sermon on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and calling on two native Christians to lead in prayer. The hymns were "Rock of Ages," "Sinners, turn, why will ye die?" and "'Tis religion that can give." They were printed on slips of paper for these union meetings, which are held monthly. It was a most memorable privilege to be permitted to speak to them, and, by means of our excellent interpreter, we almost forgot that our language was not the same. We told them of the words "Jesus," "Jerusalem," "Amen," and "Hallelujah," which we had in common, as well as the same old tunes as in America, and which served as a common bond to unite our hearts together. We told them of what Christianity had done for us, whose ancestors were

idolaters, the same as they had been until recently. We told them of the fact that the Church in America often almost doubted the success of the gospel in China on account of the vast population of the empire and the slow progress of the work, but that these several hundred believers there to-day were the first-fruits, which gave promise and pledge of the full harvest at length. We especially congratulated the women on what Christianity had done for them, and urged all to do their part toward its extension in China, for, after all, the Church in England and America could only send enough missionaries to direct in the work, and not wholly to do it. After remarks by Brothers Allen and Lambuth the service was concluded. Many wanted to shake hands with the brethren from America, and to know their names. Accordingly a Chinese character had to be given to each of us corresponding to some syllable in our names. My Chinese name is Hung. It sounds rather bad in English, but in Chinese it means "constancy," or "perseverance," a quality both admired and exemplified to a large extent in the Celestial Empire.

Brother Allen and I returned through the walled city, turning aside to see the thunder god in his temple. There are no less than six figures required to represent him—one forging the thunderbolt, one hurling it, another making the noise, another sending the rain, and among others one who has power, if prayed to, to counteract the effects of the thunderbolt when it has struck. The figures are placed in very dramatic attitudes, and many really are greatly impressed by them. They are carved in wood and gilded, and are about the size of a man. The people were as busy at their daily task as they were a few days before, when I was borne along on a chair, and the odors had not improved a whit nor the crowd diminished.

Shanghai has a foreign population of over three thousand. It being the great commercial city of China, the people are deeply absorbed in business, and it needs all moral forces possible to arouse them to duty. The native population of the walled city and the overflow is hardly less than half a million. The foreign concession closely resembles a European city, and is very imposing as you approach it from the river.

The markets of Shanghai are well supplied with choice game, such as pheasants, quails, venison, wild ducks, to say nothing of the finest fish, all of which abound in China, and are extremely cheap. The largest and best oysters I ever saw were from Chinese waters. The oranges are not as good as the Japanese. All kinds of vegetables abound from both European and Chinese gardens. Those from the latter are less desirable on account of the peculiar way of fertilizing the soil and forcing the plants. Here, as in Japan, immense quantities of dried grass, cotton-stalks, etc., are used for fuel, but coal and wood are, of course, mostly used by foreigners. China cannot compare in point of neatness with Japan, where every boat and house is scrubbed daily. The farmers appear a little less cramped than the Japanese, but the cities are far more crowded. The Japs are more impulsive and quicker to learn, while the Chinese are more sluggish and immobile, but once attempting any thing they cannot easily be turned aside. The Japanese love what is new, the Chinese what is old. The former have all the vivacity which belongs to an insular people. It will take much longer to understand the latter.

Here, as in Japan, only more so, the cheapest thing to be had is human labor. A huge roller, for making smooth the drives and streets, is drawn by no less than twenty men, who lazily pull the ropes attached to it. This process I have several times

witnessed. A cooly employed in such work as this can live on one dollar and a half a month, and be hired for about the same price. I have seen no pack-horses thus far, but all burdens are borne either on poles—often split bamboo, usually across the shoulders of coolies—on wheelbarrows run by human muscle. The horses here, as in Japan, are very small—nothing more than ponies, in fact. Two coolies are about as strong as a horse, and are very much cheaper. The great famine in Northern China is driving hundreds of the sufferers into Shanghai, and they live on thirty cash a day, or a little less than three cents, while the children are granted twenty cash each. The native Christians in our Church here have contributed ten dollars for their relief. This is a considerable sum in China, being about twelve thousand cash.

Unhappily the system of public granaries, which has prevailed in some parts of China for over two thousand years, is not in vogue in the northern part—now the famine-stricken district. No rice is allowed to be exported, and the general good arrangement prevents more frequent famines.

Shanghai, China, Dec. 18, 1876.