

LETTER XII.

VISITS TO WOOSUNG AND NINGPO.

ON Monday, December 18, we took a ride on the Shanghai and Woosung Railroad. It only extends about thirteen miles, and the cars are no longer than street-cars, which they also resemble in the style of seats. But the line has already become historic, not only on account of the great opposition to its construction, and as being the first railroad in China, but as being one matter of dispute between the British minister and the Chinese plenipotentiary in their recent negotiations, whereby the road is to pass into the hands of the Chinese at the end of a year, on the payment of the amount at which the road shall be valued by three disinterested parties. Numerous attempts are made to tear it up, but the tau-tai, or governor of Shanghai, has stationed a guard of soldiers at one or two points for its protection. One great cause of opposition to it is that so many graves were destroyed to construct it. In the short distance between the terminal points of the road the eye falls upon hundreds of thousands of graves. Graves are found everywhere in city and country. They are respected by all classes, although they occupy perhaps in all China hundreds of thousands of acres of the best farming land. Hence the Chinese would not readily consent to the desecration of these graves by the pick and shovel of the railroad laborer.

We passed through a fine agricultural section, devoted mostly to the cultivation of cotton and rice. The tall, coarse grass is cut from the graves and is used for fuel, and this is all the return from about one-third of the soil. It is the grass "which today is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." Many coffins were placed on benches, and thus occupied less valuable space. The very vaults are used by beggars for their lodgings, so I have been told. A buffalo drawing water by means of a wheel was a very Oriental scene. A Canton tea merchant was in our car, and was very anxious to know how Chinese goods were regarded at the Centennial Exposition, saying that he had done very much toward sending many of them. He showed the Chinese love of age, by especially commending some of the carvings that were many hundreds of years old. The conversation occurred in the Mandarin, which is a common language for educated Chinamen, notwithstanding the vast differences in the local dialects, which make men from various parts of the country utterly unable to understand each other. We were commenting among ourselves about his self-satisfied air, when he shortly began to speak in English, an accomplishment of most Cantonese, who are the live business men of the empire.

On our way to the cars we saw two Chinese thieves, with their *queues* tied together, being led away to the mixed court. They bore upon their shoulders the articles which they had stolen. These *queues*, which the Chinese were compelled to adopt as a badge of subjection to the Tartars, they continue to wear, partly as a fashion and partly as a sign of patriotism. Only the coolies wrap them around the head. They are largely made of silk, plaited in with the hair. On our way back we saw several Chinese chained and with horizontal boards about their necks, there being simply room enough

for them to turn their heads through the hole left for that purpose. These boards are so long that the prisoners cannot feed themselves, being unable to reach their mouths. They had probably been engaged in obstructing the railroad track. We saw at different points proclamations announcing the result of the late negotiations with the British minister, and commanding that hereafter foreigners be treated with greater consideration, lest all those molesting them should be beheaded. The proclamation recites that only the intercession of Mr. Wade saved the heads of some recent molesters of Europeans.

On Tuesday, December 19, Bishop Marvin, Brother Parker, and I, took passage for Ningpo on the steamer "Han-Kwang." This ship, though officered by Americans, is owned by the Chinese Merchants' Steam-ship Company, composed entirely of Chinamen. The ship is a very fine one, built in Scotland and brought out through the Suez Canal. The crew, of course, are all Chinese. The lateness of the season forbids our thinking of going to Peking, and so we have concluded to visit the historic cities in easy reach of Shanghai, such as Ningpo, Soochow, and Hangchow, all walled cities, of perhaps a half million souls each. Leaving Shanghai at 4 P.M., we were at Ningpo by 7:30 A.M. the next day. All along the river as we approached the city our attention was called to pyramidal straw houses, used for storing ice. The ice is gathered from the paddy-fields, or rice-fields, which, being constantly flooded during the winter, yield as profitable a harvest as during the summer. The ice is used in shipping fish, immense quantities of which are sent in junks from Ningpo to Shanghai, Soochow, and other prominent cities. Here, as at Shanghai, the eye rests on innumerable graves, which in many instances are being cut away by the muddy current

of the river, which is as yellow as the waters of the Missouri.

On disembarking at Ningpo we were met by the Rev. Mr. Leyerberger, and from that moment until we took ship again one and another missionary anticipated every wish, and every acquaintance made during the day was at the wharf to say good-by as we started homeward. The Rev. Mr. Butler, of the Presbyterian Mission, was our *cicerone* all the morning. Among other places of interest visited was a large tea hong, where several hundred men were employed in firing tea. The tea is placed in huge iron pots, or mortars, over a charcoal fire in the furnace below, and men are constantly engaged in stirring it with their hands until it is properly fired, or cured. It was quite warm to the touch, but great care was taken that it should not burn.

We saw where indigo was being pulverized to form part of the coloring-matter. Even while we were looking at the firing process one man came around with a basket of coloring-matter, composed of Prussian blue and other chemicals, a large spoonful of which he threw into each of the several hundred mortars, which was promptly stirred with the tea by the men at work. Thus is made the green tea of commerce, the ordinary tea used and preferred by the Chinese being uncolored, and only slightly coloring the water even by a strong infusion. The choicer varieties are always those of the largest leaf. Men are engaged in sifting out the smaller, finer particles, which are sold very cheap. The Chinese tea merchant gave the Bishop and myself each a small canister of his choicest tea, the leaves of which were larger than any I ever saw before. Unfortunately, however, it had been colored for the foreign market.

As we walked along we saw a large coffin out in the middle of the street ready to receive the body

of an old man over eighty years of age, who had just died. The Chinese, notwithstanding their great respect for old age, still do not like to entertain an old man over night, lest he should die in their house. The family were dressed in white, which is the badge of mourning among the Chinese. During the day, our attention being attracted by some children dressed in white playing in front of a house, we noticed in-doors all the family in mourning, and around a rude picture of the recently deceased mother, to which they were paying a sort of worship. At another place our ears were pierced by the most plaintive cries, and looking around we saw an old woman weeping at the grave of her husband. The wail was very touching, but we were informed that it was semi-professional and very formal, occurring once in every seven days for quite a period. Once every year there is a general visit to the graves of friends, when there are many strange ceremonies performed. There are also hired mourners, whose wailing is very plaintive. Worst of all, we came across another baby tower, where infants, especially girls, are placed at death, wrapped simply in straw matting. At this season of the year the bodies are taken out of these towers and buried, and the straw matting is burned. We saw the fresh pile of ashes near by that told how this tower had recently been emptied. The Rev. Mr. Butler, who was with us, told us that on one occasion, while he and a friend were passing one of these towers, they heard the crying of a child that had been placed in there before death, but as several more had since been put on top of it, they were unable to rescue it, there being simply a hole in the wall quite near the top. I hope that I shall not be tempted again soon to write on this *grave* subject, but it has been so constantly thrust upon my attention at every turn that I could not give

a faithful picture of my experience in China without it.

The Rev. Dr. Lord, of the Baptist Mission, is also United States Consul, and while calling on him we had good opportunity to hear of the success of his girls' school. The condition of attendance is that the feet be unbound, the same as at Mrs. Lambuth's. At first parents objected that their daughters never could marry if they did not have small feet. The teachers insisted and triumphed, and now not only have as many pupils as they can accommodate, but the girls are well married whenever they desire to be. It is painful to see the average Chinese woman walk. It would seem as if her feet had been entirely cut off, and that she had to walk wholly on the stumps. Her feet are so distorted by being bandaged from childhood that all the toes are twisted under, save the large one, and the whole length of the foot will not average over four inches. In fact, the ankle is usually about as large as the foot. Even gray-haired old women hobble along in this miserable way, and I have seen hundreds of women at their daily toil who seemed hardly able to stand up. They claim, however, that compressed feet, unlike tight lacing in America, does not take away life. The children are so dressed, and their clothing so wadded, that they seem like round balls ready to roll in any direction. Men, women, and children, have a very convenient way of withdrawing the hand up the wadded sleeve in case of very cold weather, and often on a sharp morning they appear to be without hands. Nearly all the clothing is well wadded for winter, and many of the wealthier Chinese, under their wadded silk coats and vests, wear lining of nice furs.

Up to this time we had been in the settlement, and not in the native walled city. Entering one of the gates, a Chinese soldier, with musket and bay-

onet, presented arms in true military style. We mounted the walls and walked for over a mile on the broad top of perhaps fifteen feet, obtaining a fine view of Ningpo and the surrounding country, which is quite mountainous, and by far the most beautiful which we have yet seen in China. While walking along we saw several walls around residences covered with wine-jars. This is a peculiar conceit of the wealthy Chinaman, to show his wealth by the number of wine-jars which he has emptied. Some walls had probably not less than a hundred. Perhaps, after all, this is a no more senseless way of displaying riches than in the self-gratification and luxurious living of which we see so much in America.

Much of the city was destroyed during the rebellion, and has not been closely rebuilt. Perhaps the wall is hardly less than six miles in circumference. The city gates are always closed at nine o'clock at night. In the heart of the walled city is a venerable pagoda, more than a thousand years old. During the war all its porches, or verandas, were burned, so that it does not present a very romantic or poetic appearance. It is seven stories high, with stair-way leading up on the inside. We obtained a very fine view of the entire city by making the ascent of some four or five stories. An idol is placed in a large niche on the first floor, and incense was being burned before it as we entered, but the worship, like the pagoda, appeared strangely shorn of whatever was attractive or impressive, and to be going rapidly into decay. The same impression was made while visiting the chief temple of the city. We found one poor woman burning incense and rattling bamboo sticks before the idol, while the temple-yard was filled with those "who bought and sold doves," or, in other words, with a multitude who seemed bent on turning a penny.

Peep-shows abounded, or paintings arranged with springs, and made to appear at pleasure, mostly, we were informed, of an obscene character. The Chinaman swears in obscene language, and not with the ordinary oaths too familiar to American ears. The temples are large and imposing, but neither so elegant nor so clean as those in Japan. The Buddhist worship is, of course, about the same in both countries.

Ningpo is recognized by some as, next to Canton, the finest city in China. The principal business street, the Broadway of the walled city, is somewhat wider than usual, and the shops are larger, and the goods more attractively displayed, occasionally in show-cases; but, after all, there is nothing to compare with the business streets of a European or an American city. Every thing seems to be on a small scale. The places of business are more properly called shops than stores. Happily, perhaps, for the people in general, there are no A. T. Stewarts or H. B. Claffins to almost monopolize business. The stock in hand usually in one of these shops is not large, but any thing can be made to order on short notice.

Ningpo is mostly celebrated for its carvings. The display of carved wood-work at the Philadelphia Exposition, which excited such universal attention, was from Ningpo. We visited the shop from which all this fine work was sent, and while it is the largest Chinese place of business I was ever in, save a tea hong, which is necessarily quite large, it was a building two stories high and only about fifty feet front and twenty deep. There were tables for perhaps twenty workmen, but only six were occupied. The work done is very fine. Birds, foxes, grapes, buffaloes, men, houses, and many other things, are carved with great accuracy. Cabinets, work-boxes, brackets, toys, and especially picture-frames, are the

principal articles manufactured. There are a number of houses devoted to wood-carving, but they are located in the settlement, and not in the walled city. You go between the two either by native boats or over a bridge of boats. This latter was constructed by foreigners, and the natives, unable to purchase it as cheaply as they wished, have for two years run a free ferry of Chinese boats, so as to reduce the bridge-tolls and bring the foreigners to terms. Their tolls, however, continue ample, notwithstanding all the opposition.

Another Ningpo peculiarity is the way in which the women wear their hair. The butterfly is the Chinese ideal of beauty, and this design is wrought in all their silk-work; and the Ningpo women wear wings of hair at the back of the head, to resemble the wings of the butterfly. Like false hair in this country, these wings are sold by weight. Switches are also worn. The hair of the people seems invariably black.

Among other pleasant acquaintances made during the day was that of the Rev. Robert Swallow, of the United Methodist Free Church of England, who, learning that we were expected in the city, had made arrangements for us to take "tiffin," or dinner, at his house. The Church with which he is connected numbers only sixty-four thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven members, and yet has one hundred and seventy thousand six hundred and forty-nine Sunday-school scholars at home, and forty-seven foreign missionaries in different parts of Australia, China, New Zealand, Jamaica, and in East and West Africa, for whose support it contributed last year over fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-five dollars, or nearly one dollar per member. At Ningpo they have two missionaries, seven native preachers, and over a hundred members. All told, they have in foreign stations

six thousand five hundred and forty members, besides seven hundred and twelve on trial, or more than one-tenth as many members as at home. We had but little knowledge of this body before, but these facts, which we gather from their last minutes, awaken the profoundest respect for those who are making such full proof of their ministry. We hope to attend their Conference next summer in England.

The first missionary came to Ningpo in 1844, when there was only one convert in all China. Now, in the Ningpo Presbytery, there are over five hundred members and over twenty native preachers, not to mention the success of the Baptist and Church of England missions in the same field. There is now something of a Christian atmosphere in that part of the empire. The people know better what Christianity is, and it is easier to become a believer. There is less reproach attached to a change in one's religious belief. Moreover, less evil has been done by the pernicious example and notorious vices of foreigners, who are often confounded with Christians because they come from Christian nations. Ningpo has comparatively few foreign residents, who thus, as a rule, throughout China and the East generally, constitute the most serious embarrassment to missionary work. Still there exists here, as elsewhere, the well-nigh universal custom of the worship of ancestors, neglect of which shows lack of filial piety, and the converts have no easy time in opposing this form of idolatry among their own kindred. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is thus carried to the extreme of religious worship among the Chinese. This worship is inspired by *fear* of the departed spirits, who are supposed to be capable of doing great injury. On the whole, the work in Ningpo and vicinity shows how surely, though slowly, China is being leavened by Christianity. The results are

less striking than at Foochow, where, in the Methodist Mission alone, there are one thousand eight hundred converts; but a Christian atmosphere is being created at Ningpo, as at Foochow, and the results are equally sure.

We left Ningpo at 4 P.M., and by 5:30 P.M. we had reached the mouth of the river, and were tossing on the waters of the Yellow Sea. The scenery is by far the best in this part of China. The mountains on every side, that reach even down to the sea, extend all through China until they join the Himalayas. The entrance to the river is fortified, aside from occasional gunboats (which are always on hand for additional protection), against pirates and other foes. A large walled city is near the mouth of the river, and overlooking it is a castle on a high hill, which is now occupied by soldiers. Light-houses along the coast illumined our path on the waters for quite a distance. The following morning found us in the waters of the Yang-tse, approaching Shanghai, as on the occasion of our first voyage from Japan. We then turned into the Woosung River, and were shortly at our wharf, with a choice of Chinese wheelbarrows or Japanese jinrikshas to convey us home. A Chinese wheelbarrow is made to carry two persons, riding with their backs to one another, each supporting his foot by a sort of stirrup on the side. When only one is riding the wheelbarrow has to be tilted to one side, so as to be wheeled the more easily. One cooly wheels two without difficulty, and seems to prefer it to one. The jinriksha is always my preference, when it can be had.

One incident on board our vessel throws much light on one of the great sacrifices attending Europeans and Americans living in the East. Our captain told us with a sad heart of a telegram just received announcing the death of his daughter in

Massachusetts, where she had been for two years with her mother, pursuing her studies at school. Such separations appear a necessity. There are no schools here, and to educate the children they must be sent to the United States. Usually the mother has to accompany them, and when there are several of tender age, she often remains with them for many years, thus requiring long and sad family separations. Nearly every family in the East has some such sacrifices to make for the good of the children, who cannot be sufficiently taught at home, although this is done as far as is practicable. Nor is it best to rear children entirely in heathen lands. They always learn the foreign language first, and often in early years the parents have to address them in Japanese or Chinese to make them understand. As they learn the language from the servants, so, too, they learn their modes of thought, which have to be constantly counteracted by other influences. Thus it is not an uncommon thing to find frequent references to the children in a household, and on inquiring learn that they are all in America at school. But it is a sacrifice made alike by merchant and missionary, and is a necessity growing out of the state of society here. The merchant finds his compensation in a rapidly-acquired fortune, that enables him, after a few years, if he shall be content, to live in affluence in his native land. The missionary's compensation is in the multitude that shall rise up and call him blessed, and welcome him to everlasting habitations.

Shanghai, China, Dec. 21, 1876.