

LETTER XV.

LAST DAYS AT SHANGHAI.

WE reached Shanghai safely from our trip into the interior on the morning of January 7, and we were each taken home on a wheelbarrow! I preferred to get off and walk awhile, allowing my valise to enjoy the ride alone. Thus far we have gone by all the different modes of conveyance peculiar to this part of China, save riding on Chinese horses. These would not be so bad to ride provided we had a foreign saddle in place of a double-story Chinese one. These wheelbarrows are more generally used here than any other sort of vehicle, sometimes as many as four riding on one.

On the afternoon of the 8th instant Bishop Marvin and I accompanied Brother Allen in a visit to the "arsenal," so that we might see what progress China is making in the art of war, which is really, in some sense, a measure of the civilization of a people. A musket is certainly an advance over the spear. The number of men employed at the arsenal is very large, and in a great variety of duties. Most of the workmen are Chinese, with here and there a European to direct their labors. Here are immense buildings where are made every thing from a Remington musket to a huge rifled cannon, or a complete frigate fully rigged and armed. The characteristic patience and industry of the Chinamen fully appear here, where hundreds are at their work-

benches, doing with remarkable skill the work first taught them by the foreigners. Soon they will no longer need a foreigner's oversight in the work which they have learned to do so well. Here is the school and the translation department, where Chinese students are taught English, and where histories of other countries and similar works of value are being translated and printed for the benefit of the people. The work of translating, under the lead of Brother Allen and others, with native assistants, progresses far more rapidly than that of printing.

We saw the laborious process of getting a book printed. The manuscript is first carefully copied on paper prepared for that purpose, each letter in a little square by itself, and very accurately made. A page of this is a fac-simile of the printed copy. This is then cut on blocks of wood by Chinese engravers. A brush dipped in ink is then rubbed over these blocks, and the paper placed on them, when another brush is rubbed over the paper and the printing is done. Every thing is on the most primitive scale, and painfully slow. The more enlightened Chinese laugh at it, and contrast it with the rapid and more attractive printing with movable lead type, such as is done at the Presbyterian Mission Press; but it will be some time before any decided improvement is made, and yet longer before a steam-press is known in China. In fact here human muscle is cheaper than steam, even for sawing lumber, as well as running presses, and is, of course, wholly used for these purposes. Still, foreign ideas are being received by some just as the sunlight touches the mountain tops before it floods the valleys below. On the recommendation of some of these more appreciative ones, Brother Allen, in consideration of his valuable literary work, has been made a mandarin, a fact chiefly significant

as admitting something good outside of Chinese ideas.

There is here at the arsenal a perpetual conflict between darkness and light, in which European ideas are constantly triumphant. The skill and judgment of the foreigner are every day being found of more worth than the opinion of the geomancer, whether it relates to casting a cannon or launching a ship. Several ridiculous blunders from adhering to their own ideas of lucky days have made the Chinese here employed lose faith in their old superstitions. It may now reasonably be hoped that these men, so skillful with their tools, will be equally adept under like tuition when brought to Christ, both in preaching the gospel and in administering the affairs of the Church. Many of the students from the school here are in important offices under the government, and some are connected with foreign embassies.

We next visited the great Catholic establishment at Sikawie, where live a community of more than a thousand persons, of whom about six hundred in some capacity receive instruction from the fathers or sisters of the Roman Church. The buildings have Chinese roofs for the same reason that the fathers wear the *queues* and the complete Chinese costume. Speaking of this with the clever French father thus dressed, who was our very polite guide through the different buildings, he remarked that it was to please the Chinese. The sisters, however, make no special change in their dress. Here are divinity students being prepared for the priesthood, and thence on down through every grade of instruction to the company of heathen induced to remain for a week or two at a time and be instructed in the Catholic religion. Then there is the nursery filled with children from a few days old to several years, where no Chinese child is too young to be admitted,

and under the tender care of the sisters be kept alive and subsequently trained for the Church. There is even a mad-house, or rather two, one for males and one for females, where the insane are cared for. All this vast institution, covering perhaps a hundred acres, with its various buildings, is supported by the income from judicious real-estate investments in Shanghai.

More than two centuries ago they numbered among their converts Si, the prime-minister of China, whose influence and means were profusely used in their behalf. The present grounds, Sikawie, belonged to his family estate.* Truth to say, the difference is extremely slight between the Buddhists and Catholics. The Chinese simply exchange their idols for others. The resemblance in the use of rosary, holy water, incense, candles, intonations, etc., is painfully oppressive to a Christian mind. The only encouraging feature about this institution is the observatory, with its fine apparatus for measuring the velocity and recording the direction of the wind, with other meteorological observations, scientifically made, which will have a tendency to supplant a false science that is wedded to superstition. Working in the same direction is the Polytechnic Institution, with its exhibit of the telegraph, and many kinds of apparatus used in medicine and in the mechanical arts. This, however, is located in the city, and is not under Catholic control. When I mention that in an apothecary's shop I have seen dried lizards, snakes, crocodiles, centipedes, bones, the horns and hides of deer, and many other such things, collected to be pounded together and used for medicine, the room for advance in that department will be readily seen. It is a very common thing—in fact, the rule now, in serious cases—to send for a foreigner, even though not a physician, whose simplest remedies are confessed to be more

effectual than the compounds of the native physician.

The following day I devoted to the study of Chinese customs. The first visit was to the mixed court, where a representative of either the American or English government sits jointly with a mandarin to decide those cases where both foreigners and Chinese are concerned. On our arrival we saw the criminal on his knees in an open space before the judges. He was charged by an American with a theft. The two judges must determine both the law and the fact. If guilty he is bamboosed, or beaten with bamboo rods. This is a great advance over Chinese justice, which is administered without witnesses, and on the principle that the accused must of course be guilty, and he is usually put to the torture and made to confess it, and then he is punished in addition.

Not very far from the mixed court is a Parsee garden, chiefly remarkable for evergreens trained to represent monkeys eating. The resemblance was very striking, as was also the figure of a dog. I shall write more fully of these things from Singapore, where they abound in a remarkable degree.

I had often passed the Ningpo "dead-house;" this day I entered it. The people of Ningpo, next to the Cantonese the most enterprising in China, are in Shanghai in such numbers that a special place is provided for their dead until they may be removed for burial in Ningpo. The dead-house is a long building, the roof resting on columns of wood and projecting several feet over the walls with quite a space between for ventilation, and yet so built that the rain cannot beat in, as the coffins are arranged in rows slightly elevated from the ground. There were between seven and eight hundred of these in sight, all of which had been placed there within two years; for the rule is at the end of that time to re-

move for burial any that have been uncalled for. The wood of the coffins is several inches thick, and the body is usually placed on lime, covered with paper, so that at this season of the year there was no unpleasant odor. Right adjoining these premises is a theater, all being inclosed by a common wall. The Ningpo people come here for their amusement as well as are brought here to await burial. They even enter the theater by passing amid rows of coffins to be given away in charity to the poor. This is one of the many ways of acquiring merit. Another is for widows to refuse to marry again, and to see that they *do not* a home is provided for them where they are cared for until death, but are not allowed to see any one. Such an institution, and also one for the aged, I visited within the walled city. Whether or not this latter dates from a period prior to the influence of the Catholics two centuries ago, I was unable to ascertain. It is quite possible that, owing to their great respect for old age, a home for the aged originated with the Chinese themselves.

From these worthy charitable institutions we went to a temple not far distant, where worship is paid to a deified hero. In 1842 a Tartar general was killed by the English, all his troops having deserted him and he refusing to leave his guns. For his heroic death the emperor proclaimed his promotion to a place among the gods, and that henceforth divine honors and worship should be paid him. Shortly after, a communication was received from the deified general announcing that by the heavenly ruler he had been appointed second general on the board of thunder, and that he yet hoped to be of valuable service to his country. A life-size image of him is placed in the temple, and we saw incense burning before it. Near by are the images of two city officers killed during the Tae-ping rebellion. There are lesser divinities to whom worship is paid

since their death, as their rank was lower while living. The likenesses are pronounced excellent by those who knew the living officers.

We also visited a Buddhist temple for the sake of seeing their purgatory. On each side of the court, as you enter the temple, are the representations of the present condition of the dead in purgatory. Fierce, frowning demons or divinities are seated upon thrones, before whom are assembled the unhappy dead, who must by their sufferings make full expiation of their sins, before they can either be elevated to heaven or permitted by transmigration of their souls to return to earth in the forms of lower animals. The figures are either of wood or plaster, and leave a frightful impression of the sufferings of the dead. Some are being thrown on spikes long enough to pierce through their bodies; some are being pounded in mortars; some ground in mills, with the blood pouring out on every side; others are being sawed asunder; others are cut to pieces; others are walking amid serpents; others are burning in the flames; while others still are being transformed into animals, preparatory to their return to earth. It is not strange that, with such views of purgatory, the deluded people will pay large sums for enough prayers to effect a speedy release of their kindred. In fact, *fear* is the controlling spirit of the heathen worship and life. We saw children with rings in their noses, and the explanation was that the spirits might take them for calves and not want them. Boys wear rings in their ears that the spirits may think them girls, and so not worth having.

The yoke of idolatry is hard and its burden heavy. Even ancestors are worshiped more in fear than in love. Would that a voice might be heard in all the empire saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light." While we were at one of these temples we saw a man bowing very earnestly before the idol, then taking the bamboo-case of sticks, which he waved three times, he shook it until one dropped out. This he took and handed to the priest, who gave him a slip of paper bearing the same characters as the stick, besides containing directions as to what he should do. Usually these directions are to do certain mysterious things, which are supposed to determine favorably the doubtful issue. In response to Brother Lambuth's inquiry the man said that he was praying for a sick person, but the priest remarked, "Do not believe him; it is about a matter of business." While he prayed, as is frequently the case, many Chinese crowded around, some laughing and talking, so that on rising from his knees he turned on the crowd and said, "Get out of my way."

At all these temples great quantities of "paper money" are burned. The idea is that money is thus transferred to the unseen world, and is ready for use there by the departed. I have seen more shops devoted to the manufacture and sale of paper money than of any other one thing. It is made both in the shape of silver dollars and of sycee silver. The sycee, or shoe-shaped blocks of silver, worth fifty taels each, or about sixty-seven dollars, is the currency for the wealthy Chinese, as the "cash" is for the poor. Paper imitations of this money are sold for a trifle, but are supposed to bring the full value of the original in the other world. I have seen sedan-chairs, opium-pipes, and wardrobes, all of paper, being taken to the graves to be burned for the use of the dead. Sometimes elegant paper-houses, completely furnished, are thus

ferried over the "Styx" for the dwellings on the other side. Horses and weapons may thus be sent to the warrior. Friends who desire the comfort of the dead may thus be able in a number of ways to contribute to their happiness, besides the annual bringing to their graves the choicest of prepared food.

The number of worshipers that we have seen at any of these temples in China was not large. Every house has its kitchen god, who is supposed to know every thing that takes place in the household. Many dwellings and places of business have on them a block of wood with the eight diagrams, which is supposed to regulate the good luck of the house, very much as the horseshoe over the door is regarded by the superstitious in other lands. I have seen incense burning to heaven and earth in the home of a wealthy tea and silk merchant. In short, the whole nation is given to superstition; yet probably not more than the Athenians, who, offering worship to every known idol, determined to be on the safe side by erecting an altar "to the unknown god."

What is the outlook for the salvation of this people? Japan is looked upon as a very encouraging field, with foreigners employed in her schools; with many of her young men being educated abroad; with merchants of enough enterprise to run a line of steamers; with the introduction of the railroad, and the safety of travelers in the interior. All these things are true of China, and this in addition, that foreigners have rarely to show their passports here, while in Japan they must be shown every night outside of the treaty limits, and before one can purchase a railroad ticket to a place other than a treaty port. The revolution in Japan is chiefly political, and by the head of the government, and followed, in some things at least (as evinced by the

recent attempted insurrection), by a reluctant people. The revolution in China is more intellectual and moral, and is more manifest among the people than the leaders of the government, and hence attracts less attention. Whatever advance has thus far been made is in response to the demands of the people, who are prepared to ask for more so soon as they see reasonable hope of success. This fact awakens the belief that what has been done in China in the way of progress will be permanent, and not dependent on a change of rulers. The people are anxious for yet other benefits of civilization, which are only possible in their fullest measure by accepting the Christianity to which they inherently belong. This also they will do in time, as many individuals among them have already done. While we can hardly expect the redemption of China at an early day, yet there is much ground for hope in the number of native Christians who are at work helping to hasten the day.

January 11 was our last day with our Church in China. All of the native preachers were present to say "Good-by," save one over eighty miles distant. One came twenty-four miles, and another sixteen, to be here. After a prayer-meeting in English with our devoted missionaries, one was also held with the native preachers, in which they all took part, both in praying and in speaking. Their prayers were very fervid, the burden of them being the blessing of God on the work in China. Their remarks expressed much gratitude for the presence and interest of the two visitors from America, for whose safe journey and possible return they promised to pray. They reminded us that the Church in China was yet weak, and needed the prayers and help of the Christian people in America, from whom they first heard of Jesus. This morning they accompanied us to the ship, and as we extended the

parting-hand before leaving the wharf, we felt that we were parting from brethren in the Lord. We have learned to love them as objects of Christ's love. His intercessory prayer ascends no less for them than for us. We expect to meet them in heaven and to know them there, holding converse in a common tongue. It would have been pleasant to linger for many parting words with our dear brethren, who have made our visit to China one of deepest interest and pleasure, but already the motion of the tide bade us hasten on board, and soon the "Geelong" moved down the Woosung to the Yang-tse and out on the Yellow Sea.

We are making fine headway toward Hong Kong, where we expect to arrive early on Monday morning, January 15.

Steamer "Geelong," Coast of China, Jan. 12, 1877.

LETTER XVI.

HONG KONG AND CANTON.

THE steam-ship "Geelong," which bore us to Hong Kong, belongs to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company, whose only special competitor on these waters, and between Shanghai and Southampton, is the Messageries Maritimes, a French line subsidized by the government. Our officers were all English, and English customs, of course, prevailed on shipboard. "I thank you" is shortened into "Thanks." The usual way of getting you to repeat a remark that has not been distinctly understood is for your interlocutor to say, "I beg your pardon," with special stress or emphasis on the word "beg." This custom prevails all through foreign communities here. Even Americans are in the habit of using these phrases, as well as of pronouncing *a broad*, as in *ah*. One is somewhat nonplused at first when he hears "vases" called "vahses." These and other English customs are not objectionable, however; but somewhat less drinking would be more agreeable to a temperance man. Every officer has his bottle of ale, or beer, or wine, at every meal save breakfast, and if not at "tiffin," or lunch, always at dinner at 6 P.M., and he finishes the bottle at a sitting. They only bring their home customs with them, and we shall be able to see on reaching England the extent of these drinking habits, especially among the laboring