

Rambles

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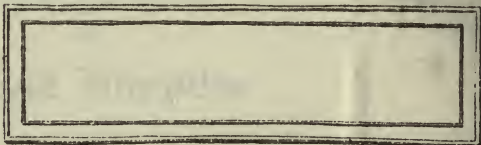
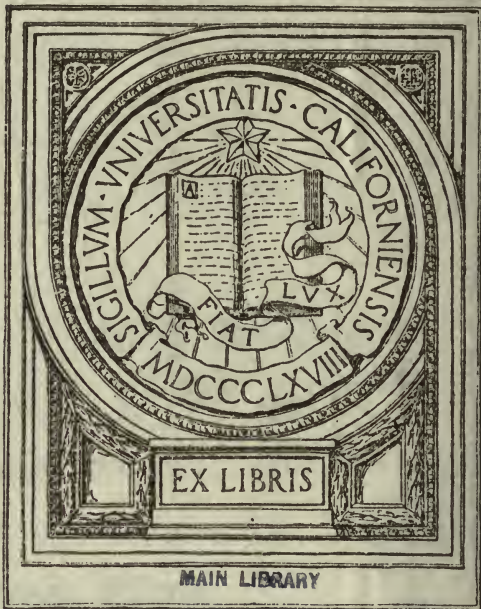
Shanghai.

WILLIAM R. KAHLER, M.J.T., M.S.A.

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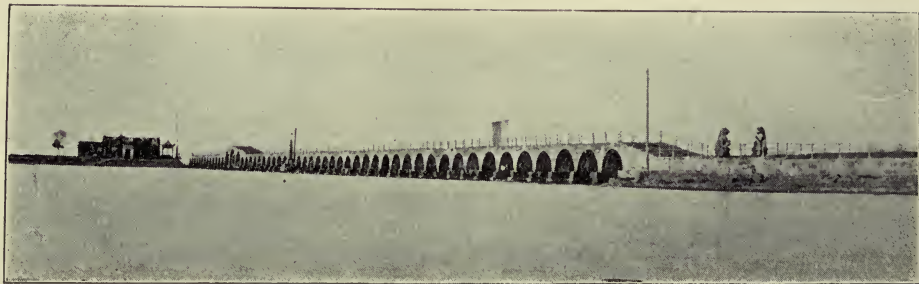
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W. R. KAHLER,
Editor and Proprietor.



POW TAI JAO OR "PRECIOUS GIRDLE" BRIDGE.

RAMBLES ROUND SHANGHAI.

(SECOND EDITION.)

With Forty six Illustrations.

BY

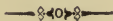
WILLIAM R. KAHLER, M.J.I., M.S.A.

*Editor of "THE UNION" and author of "Five
Hundred Miles in a House Boat,"*

"My Holidays in China,"

"The Hangchow Bore,"

etc., etc., etc.



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OF

LEWIS MOORE, Esq.,

who for thirty seven years served the
Shanghai Community as a Volunteer
Fireman, but to whose family the Mu-
nicipal Councils of 1903 and 4 refused
a Fireman's Long Service Medal, this
volume is dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THIS second edition of *RAMBLES ROUND SHANGHAI* is more fully illustrated than was the previous issue, while new chapters have been added and some of the others revised. I have always striven to gain an insight into the customs, manners, motives and superstitions of the Chinese and trust that my humble efforts may help the reader to more fully understand the Black-haired race among whom we dwell.

WILLIAM R. KAHLER.

Shanghai, Nov. 1905.

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CHAH KAH LOH KOW.

CHAH Kah Loh Kow,—our readers need not pronounce this name unless they want to, although it is rendered phonetically—is a village near Chay So, on the Pootung coast, some eighteen miles from Shanghai and reached by the Zang Pang and the Pah Lien, or White Lily Creek, the latter, which is nearest to Shanghai, entering the Whangpoo below the Arsenal which is on the opposite side of the river. Chah Kah is right alongside a splendid seawall or embankment the top of which is so broad that three carriages could be driven abreast only they have no carriages, that is horse ones, at Chah Kah, though we saw a native trundling an antediluvian wheelbarrow on the top of it. His idea of balancing was con-

trary to all recognised theories on the subject, for whereas it is the general practice to have the heaviest part of the weight nearest the wheel, in the present case the native had it nearest his hands. But then one should not be surprised at this, for the Chinese usually do things the opposite way foreigners do them.

While taking a photograph on top of the seawall we were accosted by an old lady who wanted to know whether we were "making maps" or surveying, as she mistook our camera for a theodolite and our walkingstick for something else, and as she appeared to be somewhat excited over the subject we explained to her that she was mistaken. While still on the top of the wall we saw three Roman Catholic churches, one of them a new one with a tall spire, while here and there were numerous tung tahs or lantern pagodas, that is tall poles which the natives put up at this time of the year and hoist lanterns on at night, nearly every hamlet having one. The landscape was exceedingly pretty, but will be more so when the trees are in leaf. The coast line is something more than a mile distant from this wall, there being an



KAO CHANG MIAO ARSENAL.

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outer one close to the water, and while standing on it we saw the latest addition to the I. M. Customs Lights Department, namely the new light-vessel *Kiutoan*, and two lighthouses. Here, too, we met a Chinaman who spoke "pidgin" English; he belonged to these parts but had been in the employ of some Shanghai firms as a coolie for twelve years and was now rustivating. He acted as our guide and wanted to know whether we could give him a job in Shanghai.

Our stay at Chah Kah having come to an end, we started for home, but as the boatmen took a wrong creek, we had an opportunity of viewing some fresh country the denizens of which apparently had seen but few foreign houseboats for as we passed the various farmsteads the occupants came running out of their dwellings to look at the *nah koh zay* or foreign boat. Most of the bridges over this creek were so low that it required some engineering to get the *Gem* through them, but all were eventually negotiated and then the water became so shallow that the boatmen had to use their poles. We were told, however, that it would be all right when we got to the Hoo Sou Ling

Nga, a tree with a history or legend. The name means the burnt ling nga tree. We do not know who planted it, but it is reputed to be several hundred years old, and a part of it is dead having been burnt, and other trees have grown up all round it close to the stem ; seemingly from its own roots. It stands on the bank of the Zang Pang and forms a familiar landmark.

Now for the story which made the tree celebrated long, long ago. The Chinese have a belief that spirits dwell in trees, at least they are supposed to dwell in some of them, and when such is the case they are worshipped. This ling nga is reputed to have been possessed of such a spirit though how the discovery was made we do not know, but somebody said so and the report soon found credence and thus in course of time crowds of people visited the tree and offered incense, among them being those who wanted sons in their families and those who desired wealth also asked the kind spirit to hear their prayer, while other people with various other wants also invoked the inmate of the tree, but whether they were satisfied or



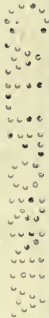
HOO SOU LING NGA TREE.

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not is another question. This went on for years, many votaries visiting the tree, till on one occasion a mandarin passing in his boat, enquired why there were so many boats in the vicinity, and on being informed said he would also burn incense on his return from the business he was then on. This he did, but sprites under a certain age are afraid of the officials and the higher the official the more venerable must the spirits be before they cease from troubling about the officials. In the present instance, the spirit was still youthful, it—we don't know what sex it was,—was not yet five hundred years old, and was considerably alarmed when the mandarin kow-towed before it, so much so that it incontinently deserted the tree which had been its abiding place for years the consequence being that the tree lost its virtues. People do say the spirit was seen running away in the form of a mongoose and that immediately afterwards the tree caught fire. Our opinion is that the natives have reversed the order of things and that some of the worshippers having accidentally set the tree on fire, a poor mongoose which lived in it, finding things getting un-

pleasantly warm, decided to relinquish its tenancy before it was too late and so escaped across country.

We know it is not considered good form to spoil a good story, but a truthful historian, when in doubt, should give the other side of it also, and this we have endeavored to do to the best of our ability. We can, however, vouch for the tree being where it is and we have made a walkingstick out of one of its branches, but how much of the yarn is true we leave our readers to decide for themselves. The story may have arisen in this way; the tree is called a ling. Now another character called ling means a spirit, and so the natives may have confused the two lings and evolved the legend out of the similarity of the sound of the two characters. Popular belief is that this tree bears two kinds of nuts. If you eat one kind, you die; if you eat the other, you become immortal, so that the immediate result is similar in both cases. Popular belief is also very accommodating as regards the blossoms. If you see them, you may either rise to an important post or else you will become very insignificant.



CREEK SCENE, POOTUNG.

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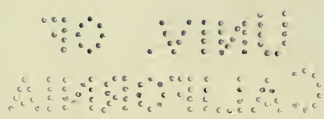
CHAY SO.

N EARLY opposite the Arsenal is a creek called the Pah Lien Ching or White Lily Creek, at the further end of which is the town of Chuan Shah, locally called Chay So or Sandy Stream. Entering the creek a little distance above Tung Ka Doo dock, the first place we come to is the Lew Le Jao or Six Le Bridge of five spans, with iron rails, and the village bears the same name. The next place above this is the grave of Chu Dah, who appears to have been a man of some importance in his day, for there are two monoliths in front of his grave, also a pi low and other evidences of departed greatness, Chu, having died at Shanghai about fifty years ago. Above this is a wooden bridge covered with vegetation and much in need of repairs and as we

pass under it, a boy calls out in "pidgin" English "Foreign man chow chow Frenchman." Up till now, we have been under the impression that Frenchmen are foreigners like the rest of us, but it seems they are not, according to the dictum of this youth and the place where we are thus enlightened is called Ne Kong Jaó; it is a lekin station and distant nine le from the river. Loong Wong Miao, or the Dragon King's Temple, is three le further up, and several other places are seen, but our lowdah says they have no names, and we ask how people can explain where they want to go to if the places are nameless, a question which appears to surprise him. An immense raft of logs is passed being laboriously poled up the creek with the tide and it is over four hundred feet long. Proceeding, we come to a Roman Catholic Church in a village which has a large number of sunflowers turning their heads towards the sun and then on to Pó Chah which is eighteen le from the river and thirty from Shanghai. It stands on the right bank of the creek and is a good sized village, being the centre of the cotton collecting industry, the plant



SCENE OFF PAH LIEN CREEK.



growing in abundance here, and the people have taken to using Japanese gins for removing the seeds from the bolls. The place is the resort of beggar and gipsy boats as is usual wherever busy people congregate, and there is also a large teashop doing a good business. We stop here for several hours during the day and our boatmen, after enjoying themselves, for the town is having a holiday, return to the boat and proceeding we arrive at New Koh Che, twenty four le from the Whongpoo, and here the Pah Lien Ching breaks off into two branches, that on the left called the Chang Kong Sah and the other the Zang Pang which is the one we take. Continuing, we pass the Hoo Sou Ling Nga tree referred to elsewhere. At Tsu Kah Zah we find the natives holding a celebration with the aid of Taoist priests and hazard the remark that this is a "chin chin joss pidgin," but the lowdah, in a solemn whisper, says "No b'long chin chin joss; b'long deblo." Later on we come to a stone bridge called Kwong Che Jao, but better known as Zung Su Kway Jao. Here the Zang Pang ends and

turning sharp to the left we get into the San Cho Pang, twelve le from Chay So. At San Cho village there is a large dispensary which, while we are in the vicinity, is largely visited by women. It is nine le from Chay So. Tah Ping Jao, or Great Peace Bridge, four le from Chay So, is a wooden structure and too low for a foreign houseboat of any size to pass under, though as the middle span can be raised, there is no difficulty in getting through, but at the next place the bridge is built of stone and the arch being very low, we only get through by lowering the roof at the stern of the *Gem* though in the dry season boats experience no difficulty in negotiating it. We soon reach Chay So, twelve hours after leaving Shanghai.

Having had something to eat, we set out to see the sights, but soon find there is not much to take the attention. Chay So is a small place, though it ranks as a ting or sub-prefectural city, the officer in charge receiving his instructions direct from the governor of the province, instead of from a taotai. The walls are very much in want of repairs; in fact, in places they

have fallen down and the parapets in other sections are entirely wanting. Leaving the boat outside the North gate we enter the city and notice an old proclamation under the gateway directing the people now that the weather is beginning to get cold, to take care of the children and hang out lamps at night. We go into a temple and find a board on which is written "Good and evil divided distinctly," while in the porch there is suspended from the roof a boat which is called the "Go-out-search god-boat." There is a temple to the god of the five roads to happiness, to the god of literature, to Whah Zung, the god of smallpox, and to the god of medicine, etc., and as is usual in many temples, there are empty coffins stored in spare rooms for the owners, or for charitable societies that keep them handy for the indigent and strangers for whom they may be required. On the gate is a motto "Manifest goodness." The next temple is that to the Holy Mother, Queen of Heaven, and some of the tablets in it contain such sentences as these "Virtue worthy of Heaven," "Water virtue" which does not appear to have much meaning to the majority

of the natives ; and "Protecting people." As the Chinese are noted for their utilitarian ideas, it is not to be wondered at that they have utilised the court of the temple to dry their paddy in.

We may mention here that there are three ranks of temples in China. Those with black walls are the lowest ; next come those with red walls, while the highest have yellow walls which denote they have imperial authorisation.

Small squares of yellow paper pasted on the walls of many houses denote that the women-folk within belong to the "Pool of Blood Society," the members of which abstain from killing animals and eating meat, because it is supposed that women have to pass through a pool of blood after death, and to escape this they become vegetarians, as by so doing they hope to accumulate sufficient merit to counter-balance the evil in their natures, which would otherwise consign them to this loathesome infliction. It seems strange that according to a number of religious beliefs, woman is either blamed or is threatened with something that the man



SCENE, INSIDE CHAY SO.



escapes, the object being apparently to keep her down, while the Scriptural injunction commands a woman to obey her husband, thus making her the subordinate instead of the help-meet of the man. A Chinaman does not want girls in his family; the Jews expressed more joy on the birth of a son than they did on the birth of a daughter. It may be that as the ancients had frequently to fight for their lives, the women were not of much use for such purposes; hence the high appreciation males were held in, but this does not hold good in all countries; witness Alaska, parts of Central Asia and some of the African tribes. Among these, a woman is somebody; she is the superior, not the inferior of man. We do not profess to accept this state of affairs, but we consider that the woman is at least equal to the man in many respects.

The next temple we enter is dedicated to the God of War, and is called the Holy Military Temple and there are handsome lamps here made of beads and in various colors. The temple contains the throne of the Prince of Water and stars are painted on the

walls of the building, typical of the extent of the authority of this god, while the "virtue of self-denial" is set forth on a tablet, and other maxims meet the eye, and boys are busy in the porch making joss sticks. In the temple to the Three Original Emperors, of whom it is said "countless multitudes of people are protected in their bosoms," we find Taoist priests officiating, and continuing our journey come to a pi low or memorial portal to a virtuous widow, with phoenix and fish ornamentation, the pi low having been erected about 190 years ago. There is a temple to Wah Toe, the Yah Wong or Medicine King, who is here called the Clear Eyed Earl, because he is supposed to be able to see into a person's inside, a la X rays. He is the patron of doctors and the temple is the residence of a doctor, while a notice on the wall intimates that "if you have any respect for yourself, you will give incense money," but we are inclined to think we left the place low down in the estimation of the natives. There is, too, in a glass case in this temple the image of a goat with green eyes, and people troubled with sore optics worship it. Wah

Toe is supposed to ride this animal.

Proceeding, we get on the city wall and come to a three-storied dummy pagoda which is surmounted by a deep blue button. The pagoda is called the Balcony of the Star of Literature and is close to the examination hall in which the pupils are now taught foreign subjects in addition to Chinese, there being pictures of animals, vegetables and minerals and maps on the wall, while a visitors' book is kept. Leaving the city by the East gate, we pass a shop in which spinning wheels are being made, the spokes of which are artistically carved and near by is the place of business of the people's "uncle" with a notice put up giving the names of "things to be redeemed to-day," while for protection from fire there is a good-sized hand engine on the premises. We pass along a street lined with shops of the usual description, for outside all cities we have ever visited, in the shops the commodities have always been confined to the kinds we see here. It may be that this has been settled by the guilds, for Chinese guilds are all-powerful among the traders, and they arrange that no new

shop shall compete with an existing one in the same line of business at a less distance than ten shops, though in the foreign Settlement of Shanghai, the rule is not adhered to because the Municipal authorities will not recognise such a regulation. We soon get into the open country and make up our minds to tramp to the coast which cannot be seen from the city walls. On asking a shopkeeper how far it is to the sea, he says nine le, but we find these Chinese miles pretty long ones, especially as the road is full of lumps, the result of the traffic after a heavy rain. Cotton is growing in some of the fields; in others, the rice crop is spoilt by the recent heavy rains, much of it having been cut down and it still lies on the ground, while the remainder, not yet cut, is mildewed.

In a cotton field is a shrine to the God of the Five Productions, that is millet, rice, wheat, hempseed and pulse. It is painted vermilion and the roof is about six feet high, with a shadow wall in front of it to give it an air of authority and respectability, while inside the shrine itself there are a number of



SCENE, OUTSIDE CHAY SO.

10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

small idols, black as night, ranged in a row with candles in front, the gifts of devotees, and underneath the idols, joss paper and small boxes of paper dollars are being burnt, while near the shrine there are quite a number of poles, like those seen in front of mandarins' yah-muns and they have been presented by people who have experienced the favor of the god. Keeping on, we eventually come to an embankment and hope to see the sea on the other side, but we find that though the sea is on the other side, it is so far off that it does not come within the range of our vision; consequently we tramp on till the next embankment is reached but even from the top of it the water cannot be seen. This embankment is some twenty feet high and twenty five broad at the top and from it we notice a third embankment. We notice, too, a primitive four-wheeled cart made entirely of wood which the people use for carrying reeds that grow up from twelve to twenty feet high and are used for many purposes, such as hut-roofing, fuel and blinds, while the fluffy tops are worked into straw winter shoes.

While trying to take a photograph

of the cart, an old man comes to our assistance by producing a stool to place the camera on; he is a very obliging old fellow and when asked to get us some tea, replies that he will make it and while we are waiting, he invites us into his hut where we soon become the centre of attraction on the part of the villagers who are very quiet and orderly. After tea, one of our party offers the old man some money, but he pushes the offerer's hand away several times and appears rather hurt because payment is tendered, a pleasing instance of hospitality on the part of the humbler classes of the people, seeing that they have the reputation of expecting to be rewarded for all they do for you. "Thank you for coming" says a youth in our own tongue, much to our surprise, though this is probably the extent of his knowledge of the English language, for we are not coming, but going, at the time he speaks to us. Another party, who apparently mistakes our camera for a colporteur's outfit, asks us if we have any books. We proceed to the third embankment, but before reaching it see the smoke of passing steamers, and our

eyes are soon gladdened with the sight of the water, which is not salt, although it is part of the sea. It is, however, slightly brackish, the fresh water from the Yangtse reaching as far down as Chay So and beyond.

Landwards, water buffaloes are grazing and they are attended by herons which are very friendly, for they perch on the animals' backs and move along with them ; truly extremes meet in this case, for here are the heavy, ungainly buffaloes and the slight and graceful herons side by side.

Having rested ourselves, we make tracks for our boat which it takes two hours to reach and then, starting back for the Whangpoo, arrive in ten hours at our destination. In the Pah Lien Ching the tide runs ebb for twelve hours, the flood three and the house-boater must leave Shanghai at slack water so as to be able to pass under the first bridge at the beginning of the flood.



LEGEND OF A
GO-OUT-SEARCH GOD-BOAT.

IN every temple to the Chung Wong, or City God, in Kiangsu and some other provinces, there is always a Chinese boat fitted up like an official craft, with all the title-boards and other paraphernalia denoting that the occupant is a mandarin. These boats are called go-out-search god-boats, and usually hang from the ceiling of the temples, though sometimes they stand on trestles and are intended for the use of the city god who is supposed to go out in the boat for the protection of people afloat ; that is for good people, and keep their vessels from capsizing or otherwise coming to grief. With regard to bad people, they are beneath notice, so that when a boat upsets, the theory is that the occupants are wicked and thus deserve their fate. Very fortunately for these latter, Chinese benevolence comes to



GO-OUT-SEARCH GOD-BOAT,

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the rescue, charitable institutions having established life saving stations and boats, so that there is probably more hope of shipwrecked people being saved by human aid than if they were dependent upon supernatural agency. 'The go-out-search god-boats are never taken down from the ceiling from one year's end to the other ; that is, nobody has ever seen one leave its aerial position, but there is a case on record of one of those in the Shanghai city god's temple—for this temple boasts of two, one for women—having most certainly been absent on a particular night, and the following story explains the occasion.

It happened many years ago, we are afraid to say how many, that a married lady living at Shanghai fell ill and wrote to her son at Yangchow, on the Grand Canal, to come and see her. The youth who was a very filial son, was greatly distressed, but set out at once to see his mother before she died. Fate, however, as he thought, was against him, for he could not get a boat, so he started to walk the whole way, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles. It was afternoon when he set out

on his long journey and he plodded along the bank of the Canal, down-hearted at the thought of the time it would take before he could see his mother, for he feared she would be dead before he reached Shanghai, when lo, a boat appeared in the darkness, for it was now night, and it seemed to come from nowhere. However, he hailed it and asked where it was going to, receiving reply that its destination was Shanghai. "So is mine," said the youth, "can you give me a passage?" "How many of you are there?" called out the man in the boat. "Only one, myself," replied the youth. "Then you can come" answered the boatman who was the solitary occupant of the mysterious craft, "but you cannot go into the cabin, and must remain in the after part of the boat and keep your eyes closed." The youth promised to observe all these conditions, and went on board. There was nothing peculiar about the boat, and the youth, who was tired, soon fell asleep.

He was awakened by hearing the boatman call out "We have arrived at Shanghai." The youth awoke with a start; he rubbed his eyes to assure him-

self that he was not dreaming, as he could not understand how the journey could have been made in so short a time. However, he prepared to land, but was stopped by the boatman with a request for payment. "Your fare please" said the boatman. "I am sorry to say" answered the youth "I have lost my purse." "Well," said the boatman, "you cannot go on shore till you have paid me; can't you leave something with me as security till you can get the money?" "I only have an umbrella," replied the passenger, "I'll leave that if you will take it." "All right, but mind you come and redeem it." "That I will" said the youth and departed for his home. His parents were much surprised to see him, as the letter announcing his mother's illness had only been despatched a very short time before. "How did you get here so quickly?" they both queried in a breath. So their son detailed the circumstances of his meeting the boat, his falling asleep and finding himself at his destination.

His mother saw at once that some supernatural agency had been at work, and told her son to go and return

thanks at the city temple. He did so and presented mock money and incense and while rising from his knees glanced upwards and—could it be a dream?—there was his umbrella in the go-out-search god-boat hanging from the ceiling. So he went and asked the priest where the boat came from. “Nowhere” said the priest, “that boat has been there many years.” “That cannot be” answered the worshipper “for I see my umbrella in it.” “Your umbrella, indeed,” ejaculated the priest, “what makes you think it is yours; are there not thousands of umbrellas alike?” “That may be,” rejoined the lad, “but my name is on mine, and if you will take it down, you will find it cut on the handle.” “What’s your name?” asked the priest and on the umbrella being taken down, sure enough there was the lad’s name on it! This conclusively proved to the priest and others that the boat had really been out with the god on an errand of mercy, namely to bring a filial son to the bedside of his sick mother, and if the reader does not believe this story he can ask the average Shanghai man who will confirm it.

AROUND SOOCHOW.

TO our mind there is no better nor pleasanter way of enjoying one's holidays than by taking a trip in a houseboat, and if we could afford it we would spend much of our time travelling about China. We should like to roam about the country, the numerous waterways affording excellent means of locomotion, and a person willing to make good use of his eyes and ears can learn a great many things about this country as there is always something new, even though one has been over the same route lots of times before. For instance, on this trip we saw a Chinese woman dressed exactly

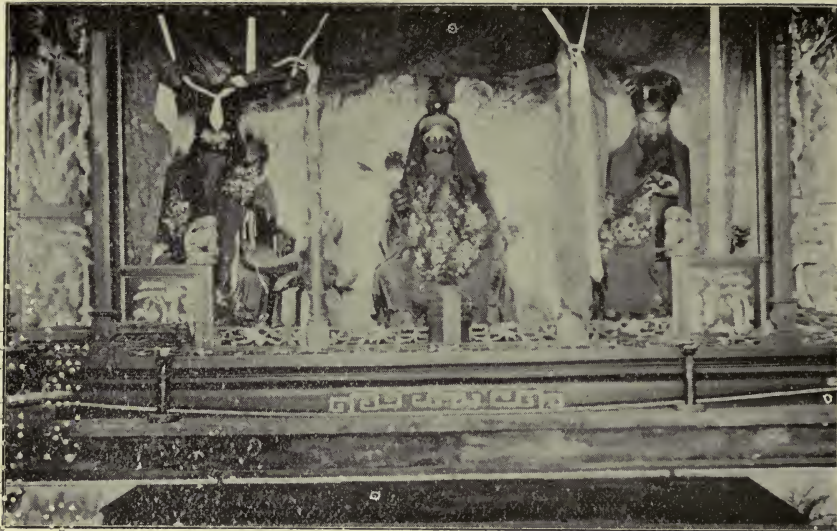
like a man, the only distinctive mark of her sex being a black handkerchief tied over her head. She belonged to a fishing boat, the crew of which illustrated the utilitarian instincts of the black haired race, by using a kerosene tin to hold their fish in.

We leave the steps in front of the General Hospital at 2.30 p.m. on the day on which some people take advantage of others, who on that one day of the year are liable to be informed that their mental acumen is a minus quantity. Among the victims is our lowdah, as two of our boat coolies have kept up the custom, for, having been paid a day's wages in advance, they are non est at the time of starting, so, after considerable running about by the lowdah to find them, the *Gem* leaves with one man short, the supposition being that the absentees have accepted an advance also from some other lowdah or head boatman. We pass Quinsan at 11.30 a.m. next day and E Ding at 4 p.m., reaching Soochow the same night. The wind was in our favor, as was the tide while it lasted, and the distance was done of eighty miles in thirty hours. We were towed back to Shanghai in

twelve hours in time for business on Monday morning.

We had been told about the New Wong Miao or Cattle King's Temple, S. E. of Soochow. Surely, we think, this is a place worthy of a visit, so the lowdah is directed to stop at it, but it does not look like a temple for it consists of a long row of buildings painted white after the style of a private residence. In one of the rooms where there are a picture of the Cattle King and an altar, we are received by a venerable old gentleman who invites us to the inner apartments, an invitation politely declined on the plea that our time is limited, but we ask him to show us the cattle sheds, for this temple is supposed to be the home of bullocks, cows and buffaloes that are past work. There are about a dozen animals which appear to be in good health, housed in clean stalls, and further on, two buffaloes, one of which has horns each at least two feet long, while there are sheep and goats in another department. Some two hundred of the deported Shanghai curs are here imprisoned for life, though several mangy ones are at liberty, but

perhaps it is feared they will contaminate the rest, so, like Tom Pepper in the legend, they have been cast out. Our entertainer pays a return visit to the *Gem* and tells us that the establishment is supported by the voluntary contributions of the charitable at Soochow, Shanghai and elsewhere, who are imbued with the transmigration belief and are thus opposed to the killing of animals and do their best to alleviate their sufferings while alive. It might be awkward to have one of his ancestors in a buffalo or in a cow and as no transmigrator can deny the possibility of this, it follows that if he has any respect for his defunct relatives, he will do what he can for them. Besides, his own turn may come and the soul in the bullock he has befriended to-day may be in a man in the near future, while the man's soul may have taken up its residence in a sheep, hereafter. The Buddhist therefore implicitly believes it is best to do unto other animals as he would have other animals do unto him, but it is a pity that all Chinese are not transmigrators; then less would be heard of cruelty to animals. At E Ding we saw two natives carry-



CATTLE KING, SITTING ON BUFFALO.

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ing a pig by the fore and hind leg on one side and this is a common practice. During the winter months, poor farmers send their cattle to the New Wong Miao to be housed free of charge while in addition to the cattle and canines cared for by the charity, coffins and corpses are also looked after.

We may explain here how it came about that Shanghai dogs were sent to Soochow. This was years ago when the order was issued that all captured and unclaimed canines found in the Settlements were to be destroyed, so the natives went to the Council and offered to deport the animals to Soochow and thus prevent their being killed. This was agreed to and for a number of years the arrangement was in force, but at present the old plan of destroying unclaimed dogs is in vogue again. One of the conditions imposed by the Council was that the dogs should have their ears slit so that if they came back to Shanghai the Police would know the Chinese had not kept the animals in Soochow, and the arrangement would be cancelled. The Chinese made their request because

they were imbued with the transmigration theory, but from our point of view this works both ways and in a conversation with a member of the Chinese committee, we referred to the slitting of the dogs' ears, and suggested that according to the transmigration theory, when the soul in the dog was born again into the world as a human being the child would have one of its ears slit, and thus it would be known that it had been a dog, so that the committee, instead of earning the thanks of the soul, would be execrated for interfering with the arrangements of the Council and causing a stigma to attach to it in its new existence. Our friend candidly told us he did not believe in the transmigration doctrine, so we fail to see why he was on the committee.

The general belief in the transmigration of souls and the re-appearance upon the earth of people in a different sphere of existence according to their worthiness or otherwise, was once taken advantage of by a native who had lost one of his hands, to get rid of a much too inquisitive questioner in reply to whom he said, referring to his hand, "Yes, that is a souvenir of a previous

state of existence. I was given to pleasure in the existence before the last and was turned into a pig. One day while my disembodied spirit was awaiting a chance to be re-embodied into this world, a carriage rolled by in Hades; there was a merry crew in it and they asked me to join them. Nothing loth, I jumped up into the carriage and soon found myself born into the world as a sucking pig. I did not like this and fretted so much that I got thin and miserable which made my owner threaten to throw me out into the drain. This made me take pains to improve my personal appearance so that when I got sleek and fat, the farmer killed me and having been salted, I was sold. My spirit longed for the day whom the whole of my flesh should have been eaten, for till that happened I could not expect to be born again, and becoming impatient, I entered the body of a new born babe, but as there was still one foot of my pig's body uneaten, I appeared in this new existence with a pig's hoof instead of a hand."

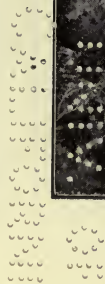
Here is another veracious story and our readers may believe it or not as

they have a mind to. In a certain district of Tungchow a man named Liu was working in the fields when he suddenly felt great pain in one of his feet. His wife went to his assistance and while examining his foot, a sudden flash of lightning, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, laid him dead at her feet, and on his back were found the characters in red "Punished for killing his mother in a previous existence." The native paper which recorded this said that Liu left a blind old father and a young widow, and that if he had been guilty of the most heinous crime in his former state, why was he not punished then by the laws of this world or by tortures in the nether world before he was born again? To call him to account now does not really punish him, but punishes the poor widow and the blind old father who certainly had nothing to do with his crime committed in the previous life and yet who are the only sufferers now.

Proceeding on our way we reach a range of hills called the Che Tsz San or Seven Sons' Hill which commences at the Chu Kway Loong Jao or Nine Arched Dragon Bridge and leaving



VIEW FROM SHANG FONG SAN.



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the boat in the Sah Hu or Stone Lake at the foot of the range, at 11.30 a.m., ascend the first hill on which is a pagoda, which was built in A.D. 609 and which like most of these structures, is in ruins, but some utilitarian has converted the basement into a temple and called it the Shang Fong Fu Te. This peak, called the Shang Fong San, is 300 feet high, the next 200 feet higher, then a third, 100 feet more, and so on, it being "Excelsior" all the time till the last is reached and that is 950 feet high. There being none higher, we look about for a pathway to get down to the plain, but find it harder to descend than it had been to go up, and when the bottom is reached we are a long way from the boat and do not find it till after 5 p.m. so that we have had nearly six hours steady tramping.

On the way back, some peculiar tombs are noticed, a few of them with railings round them, some being rectilinear with trees in front and a clear pool crossed by a bridge. This being the Ching Ming or Pure Spring—which co-incides with the date of our Easter—when the Chinese do up their ceme-

teries, the tombs have been recently whitewashed and the stone slabs freshly chipped. In other places the mounds of earth have been sprinkled with lime to keep away evil spirits which are reputed to detest it.

Another hill visited is the She Tsz San, or the Lion's Hill, which, from a distance, looks like a crouching lion, and according to the natives, is watching the Huchew district. We succeed in climbing up its side for 100 feet where there is a dilapidated temple with an idol in a niche cut in the solid rock, for the hill itself is nothing but a rock, parts of which overhang and are dangerous to climb so, not being insured, we do not attempt it. Close to the temple there is a pool of crystal water and characters cut into the rock denote that it is the Cleansing Heart Stream.

The Chinese appear to have temples to almost everything; one we saw was dedicated to the Water Sprite Brilliant King. They also have lots of names to designate foreigners by. In addition to Yang Kwae Tz, "foreign devil;" Lalelong, from the Spanish *ladron*, "thief" the natives call us "Ah Say;" "G— d—



BUDDHA STONE.



you ;" Se Yang, or "Western Oceaners ;" Tung Yang, or "Eastern Oceaners," or Japanese ; Yang pu erh, "foreign clothed," and Yang loh pah, the last two words being seemingly a corruption of the French *la bas*, "over there." Perhaps, however, the term loh pah or loh pan "the old plank,"—a respectful term employed to mean master—is intended. The latter expression is used by beggars and gipsy children outside Soochow and in other parts of the Kiangsu province.

Along the banks of the creeks and canals are erected stone pillars, usually seven sided and surmounted by lotus flowers and on each side are seven characters—though sometimes there are less. The first two characters, Nan Wu or Nah Moh, are a Chinese transliteration of the Sanscrit *No Maku*, an invocation meaning "I pray Thee O Lord ;" the next three are a name of Buddha, while the last two mean "Self-coming" which is also a designation of Buddha. These pillars are erected as a charm to prevent the spirits of drowned persons troubling the living on shore.



A WILD GOOSE LEGEND.

A LONG the banks of the river Yangtse, that is at its mouth, and reaching from Woosung, at the entrance of the Shanghai river, out to Yangtse Cape, flocks of wild geese spend the winter months, and among the places selected by them to sleep out on at night is the plain extending from the shore to the town of Chuan Shah, or Chay So, which is only a few miles from Shanghai. At one time, Chay So was close to the water, but owing to the silt brought down by the Yangtse, the foreshore has accreted several miles

and the town is now some distance inland. This made land was the scene of the following legend.

The presence of flocks of geese in the locality has, from time immemorial, been taken advantage of by the poulterers who supply the local markets and they make quite a good business by catching geese by means of nets, for few of the natives in these parts possess guns and if they did they would not shoot many geese for the eternal vigilance of these classic birds keeps them out of reach of their enemy, man. So nets are employed instead and the geese are caught at night. The legend illustrates the English expression "as stupid as a goose" and perhaps gave rise to it.

According to our story, the geese had come down to Chay So to spend the winter and, as other geese had done before them, camped out at night on the flats and as usual they set their guards consisting, according to the legend, of an unmarried male and a spinster female. Why these should have been chosen we cannot say unless it was thought they would have so much to say to each other that they would be

sure to remain awake, but, be this as it may, the other birds stood on one leg, tucked their heads under their wings and were soon in oblivion.

The night was unusually dark and favored the approach of two men who were provided with a net and a lamp. They stealthily advanced towards the sleeping geese and one of them suddenly flashed his lamp, but the watchers were on the alert and "Honk, honk" they called out in a breath, "here's a man coming." All the sleeping geese awoke with a start. "Where, where?" they cried, "we can't see anybody," and went to sleep again. After an interval the man flashed his light again. "Honk, honk" signalled the watchers, "there's a man coming" and the sleepers awoke. "Where?" they enquired, "we cannot see him" for the man had hidden his lamp, so they tucked their heads under their wings, rested on one foot and dropped off into slumber again.

"Honk, honk" again yelled the watchers as the man flashed his lamp for the third time, "there's a man coming" and the geese were instantly on both feet, but; could see nothing

and their patience by this time being exhausted, they were very angry. "There's no man" they said "and if you disturb us again we'll kill you." Then they slept, but only for a short time, for the man having flashed his lamp, the watchful guardians immediately called out "Honk, honk, there's a man coming." The sleepers awoke, but could not see anybody, so they fell upon the disturbers of their rest and tore them to pieces. "Now we'll have peace" they said and went to sleep again, and being geese, they did not set others to watch—a fatal oversight, for when the man again flashed his lamp and there was no response, he knew that no watch was being kept. So he and his companion quietly advanced and reaching the sleeping birds, threw the net over a number of them. "Honk, honk," the captured birds called out, but this did not avail to save them, though the others took the alarm and fled out of harm's way and were safe. The fowlers having secured their haul discovered the remains of two geese at some distance from where the rest had been sleeping and this furnished them with the details for the story.

CHO LIN.

PEOPLE who wish for a whiff of salt air in the summer time within easy distance of Shanghai can obtain it at Cho Lin though the town itself need not be the object of the outing, but the trip there and back. Cho Lin is South of Shanghai and a little to the West, on the Pootung side, and less than two miles from the sea coast. It is 100 le or 33 miles from Shanghai and can be reached by houseboat, under favorable circumstances, in twelve hours, while there is only one bridge that a large houseboat cannot at all times pass under and it is near Cho Lin, being not more than nine feet high, but all



NAY JAO,

the others are lofty ones. The people at Cho Lin are not in any way hostile to foreigners, and it is hardly necessary to add that the visitor is not required to wear a dress suit while enjoying a short residence in the place.

We leave Shanghai in the evening at half past nine, in the *Gem*, starting with the first of the flood and go up the creek opposite Minghong, reaching our destination next morning at half past nine o'clock. We slept soundly enough during the night, but are up betimes and see an ominous red sky, which, however, shortly afterwards changes to gold, silver and white; the temperature is below 70 and the barometer registers 29.90. We have our coffee at 4.30 and then go on deck to admire the scenery by which time Che Loong Jao, some 28 le from Cho Lin, is reached and here the country begins to look pretty.

At 6.10 a.m. we are at Nay Jao or Southbridge, some 18 le from our destination. This place is a large straggling and picturesque village, a regular Venice for canals and bridges, two of the latter having iron railings. The banks of the creek beyond Nay Jao are high and densely wooded, while

the gorgeous foliage of the trees is many colored—bright scarlet, yellow, white and green in its various shades, the trees extending right down to the water's edge and in some places meeting overhead, while their roots are exposed. Here too, grow slender reeds many feet high and feathery grasses, and feathered songsters flit from bough to bough and warble their morning song, with an occasional caw from a rook, a cock, cock, from a pheasant, the bleating of goats and the croak of a frog or field chicken as the Chinese call it, while one bird makes a noise in its first notes which sounds like pouring water down a tube, and ends up with something like a whistle. The solitude is still further broken by the rattling of the irrigation pumps and the creaking of the wheels with which blindfolded cows and buffaloes are pumping up water from the creek. Now and again a fish weir is passed through and a boat is met gliding almost silently along, while a remark is made by the occupants "here comes a bird shooter" or sportsman. Even at this early hour compressed footed women and girls are seen at the water's edge washing the rice



SOUTH WATER-GATE, CHOLIN

for the morning meal, and along the banks other women and girls in broad brimmed hats are hoeing the plants, the whole forming an excellent picture of rusticity. We meditate and moralise and compare the peaceful, happy existence of these people with that of the bustling life of Shanghai and half regret that our life cannot be spent travelling through such a lotus eater's paradise.

The scene changes somewhat and at 8 a.m. the temperature has risen to 78, not an unpleasant heat. It is touch and go with us at a bridge, but we manage to get through without accident and in about half an hour later reach Cho Lin, or the Pomegranate Forest and stop near the East gate outside of which a few well built and thatched one-storied tenements are seen. A small stone bridge spans the city moat and we enter the city, the walls of which are covered with vegetation and in picturesque ruins. The city portals are there, but some of the gates are missing and there is scarcely a building inside, for only a few huts, two temples and the ruins of the mud walls of a military encampment meet the eye and the population consists of about

thirty families. The city was long ago, that is during the Taiping Rebellion, given up to desolation, and is all overgrown with weeds; the canals are choked with tall reeds and are nearly dry and no officials of any kind live here, though Cho Lin once had from five thousand to six thousand inhabitants. The city was either built or was in existence in the 37th year of Kah Ching, A.D. 1559, for his name and the year of his reign appear on a stone, the characters on which are nearly all obliterated. At this rate Cho Lin is more than 300 years old.

In one of the temples is the image of Tah Say who is supposed to punish bad people with disease and he is dressed like a young boy, his hair being tied up in two knots at the side of his head instead of plaited in a queue. He holds in one hand an ordinary hand bell which he never rings; if he did, it would have the same effect as sounding the big bell at Peking, that is, a deluge would result. In his other hand he has a long handled cross to which a tassel is attached and his birthday anniversary corresponds with that of the old Roman Janus, namely on the first day of the



TAH SAY AND MUNG CHANG.



year, and on the same stand is Mung Chang who looks after cereals. He is very small, and when a boy, some other boys broke his head with a brickbat or something hard, but one of the genii went to his assistance and healed his wounds so, to hide the scar, he wears a red band round his head and he is now called Chang Tien Wong or Chang, Heavenly King. The temple contains a tablet to Confucius and another to the Emperor, and there is a presentation board overhead with the words Shan se e ren "Western mountains (Shanse province) one man;" another board has on it Chun tah kwong ming or "Supremely great shining light"—both in reference to Confucius.

The sea cannot be seen from the top of the low walls of Cho Lin, but it is not far off, and a walk of twenty minutes from the East gate brings it in view. We first come to the inner seawall which was built ages ago to keep the water out. Between this and the outer wall is a space of about two hundred yards, well under cultivation, and beyond the outer wall in a plain studded with mounds, huts and patches of grass, and this is where the natives make salt.

They collect the sea water and filter it through raised mud beds, so that the water, slowly dripping into casks and jars, becomes clear as crystal and it is then drawn off and poured into flat wooden trays, where in process of evaporation, the salt remains in a crust on the bottom. The huts are the homes of the salt makers. We keep on and reach the beach, and here it may be mentioned that the road from the East gate is the best, that from the South gate not being continuous. The tide is coming in and we hear the roaring of the waters a long way out where the crested waves are tumbling over each other and in the distance in front and to our right are islands, but some miles off. We retrace our steps and see a peculiar kind of crab, the specimens having only one claw each and each claw is nearly as large as the rest of the body.

Some foreigners have evidently been at Cho Lin and their language has not been drawing-room English, for the children have picked it up and when some dogs bark at us, the youngsters call them "puppies" in English, with a strong English expletive as prefix. Oong mao shuen "red hair (foreign)



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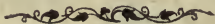


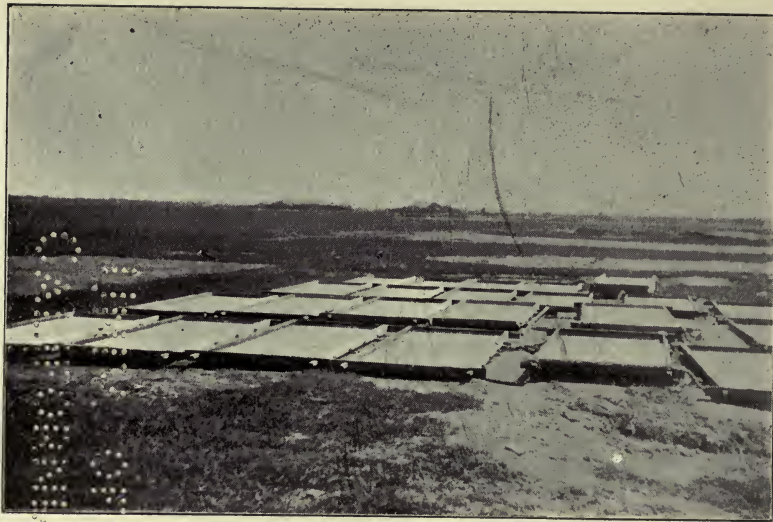
boat" says a Cantonese woman referring to the *Gem*. She may not mean it, but the term is disrespectful for *mao* means the hair of an inferior animal.

On our first night at Cho Lin we thought that as there was a good breeze, we should not be troubled by mosquitoes, but here we made a mistake, so after enduring a good number of bites we got up and lighted some mosquito cones and enjoyed peace for the rest of the night. In the early part of the evening we were treated to a concert of vocal and instrumental music and our slumbers were disturbed. Next morning, on mentioning this to the lowdah, he innocently informed us that he was one of the musicians of whom there were two, one playing a flute and the other a Chinese fiddle. The other instrumentalist was a traveling doctor whose boat was moored just ahead of the *Gem*.

While tramping round the place we came to a cluster of houses, in one of which an old woman was having her back scarified. The upper part of her body was bare and she was sitting on a chair with her arms hanging over

the back of another. The old lady was evidently suffering from colic or something of that kind, and another woman was applying the usual remedy in such cases, namely pinching the old lady's back with the first and second fingers of her right hand, the result being that there were rows of red marks all the way down the patient's back from the nape of her neck to her waist, and by this mean the bad air in her body was supposed to be expelled. The remedy was rather heroic, but we have no doubt the patient obtained relief for the practice is a common one in China. Sometimes a couple of copper cash dipped in samshu are used and the skin is scraped with a similar result, and everybody with the colic pinches the skin of his neck, so that quite a number of perpendicular scarlet streaks appear on the individual. To our idea this scarification is simply a counter-irritant, but is none the less effective.





SALT EVAPORATING WOODEN TRAYS.

LEGEND OF A FISH WEIR.

FISH weirs, like everything else, were invented, but no man knows when the first was constructed, though the Chinese have a story connected with the original one and attribute its inception to the spirit of a drowned mortal who tried to regain the mortal state through the agency of a fisherman. This latter was in the habit of fishing with a net and followed his calling during the night, and on one occasion while so occupied was accosted by a stranger. Now directly Chinese strangers get into conversation, they want to know all about each other and the two worthies referred to were no exception to the general rule. The stranger accordingly asked the fisherman how much he made a day and the latter replied that his take varied; sometimes he

made two thousand cash, sometimes a hundred and sometimes only fifty; it all depended upon his luck. "Well" said the stranger, "I can put you in the way of catching lots of fish, and easily too; you need not work at night at all; you can sleep, well assured that there will be plenty of fish in the morning."

The fisherman opened his eyes wide at this information, and well he might for visions of wealth crowded his mind. "What" thought he, "get all the fish I want and not work for it, it's too good to be true." However, he asked the stranger how this could be. "Nothing easier" was the reply, "all you have to do is to build a structure across the creek where you are now toiling and the fish will catch themselves." "Oh" said the fisherman "is that all?" and he proceeded to explain that such a structure would cost money. "Well" said the other, "what of that? You'll soon repay yourself for the outlay," and he disappeared. The fisherman continued to catch fish in the old way and was not very successful, for after the visit of the stranger he did not appear to have so much luck. After a few nights the stranger again

appeared on the scene and again suggested the employment of his plan of fishing. Still the fisherman turned a deaf ear to the charmer, but as the constant dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so the re-iterated suggestion of the stranger on numerous visits finally induced the fisherman to build the structure, which was a fish weir, across the creek, but as he did not know how to construct one, the stranger showed him and the result was that the weir was such a perfect labyrinth that the poor fish had little chance of escape when they once got inside, and the fortune of the fisherman was assured from that day out and became the talk of the country far and wide. This went on for some time, when the stranger again put in an appearance and said he had something to communicate. The fisherman was all attention, but the subject concerned the visitor only.

Said he "You may be surprised to learn that I am a spirit and that the body I used to occupy while in the mortal state was drowned hereabouts and I want to obtain a habitation once again. To effect this purpose, I must

cause the death of somebody by drowning and you can help me." This rather staggered the fisherman who had not bargained for such payment for the service rendered him in the construction of the weir. "You need not be alarmed," said the spirit, "all I want of you is that you will not interfere if you see anybody in danger of drowning; I will take all the responsibility and you have only to keep your mouth shut." Feeling considerably relieved, the fisherman promised and then the spirit unfolded his plan. Said he "Tomorrow, three years will be up since my body had the misfortune to be drowned and as I am tired of this wandering, homeless existence, I will make the first attempt them. A young woman will pass along the bank of the creek and she will see a pretty flower floating in the water. She will try to get it to put in her hair and will come down to the water for that purpose. I shall be the flower and will move away, but she will reach out to get it and will overbalance herself and fall into the water and be drowned and I shall be able to obtain a mortal habitation once more. When you see the



FISH WEIR.

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young woman reaching out you must not warn her of her danger and I ask this favor of you as some return for the pains I have taken to advance your prospects by teaching you how to construct the weir by which you are now making your fortune." The fisherman did not like to show his gratitude to the spirit at the expense of a third party, but he nevertheless promised to refrain from giving the alarm to the woman if she appeared.

Next morning, things turned out as the spirit had predicted and his eyes soon lighted on a pretty flower floating in the water. A well-dressed young woman walked along the bank and she saw the flower, too, and tried to get it. It seemed to be alive, for as she reached out her hand to take hold of it, it gently moved away, so she called a boat, but the words were no sooner out of her mouth than the flower came within reach again. Consequently she told the boatman she did not require his services and again made an attempt to clutch the prize. Strange! It again eluded her grasp and she was just on the point of overbalancing herself when the fisherman,

who had been watching the proceedings, could contain himself no longer and he blurted out "Take care ; that's not a flower, but a demon." The woman was dismayed at this and left in a hurry and so saved her life.

At night the spirit appeared and upbraided the fisherman for his ingratitude and not keeping his word. Said he "I must now wait for another three years before another opportunity presents itself to recover my lost state" and he threatened to take away the fisherman's luck and vowed all kinds of dreadful things against his betrayer. However, he said he would come back in three years which he did when he re-iterated his plan to become a mortal again. This time a lad was to be the victim. "The boy," he said "will see a toy boat floating past and will try to get it and in his endeavor to do so will fall in and be drowned." The spirit warned the fisherman not to interfere, and he gave his promise not to, but next day when the boy came down to get the boat and was in danger of falling in, the fisherman's humane feelings overcame all other considerations and he shrieked out "Take care ; that's a

demon; you'll be drowned" so the boy, very much frightened, ran away and thus saved his life.

Again the spirit appeared and his wrath and disappointment knew no bounds. He upbraided the fisherman and rated him soundly for his deception and it required all the latter's eloquence to calm his visitor. Said the spirit "You have deceived me twice already; beware how you act in future. I must now wait for another term of three years before I can hope for a further chance." The fisherman said he was very sorry, but he could not help calling out as he had done.

The spirit went away but returned in three years when he said he would try again next morning as an old man would pass by and a sudden gust of wind would blow his cap off into the water. The owner would try to recover it, but it would elude his grasp and the old man would fall in and be drowned. The fisherman was on no account to warn him of his danger; if he did he would suffer for it.

Next morning an old man came along when all of a sudden a gust of wind blew his cap into the water.

“That’s annoying” said the man, “but I’ll get it out” and suiting the action to the word, he went down the bank. As he reached out his hand, the cap moved away. “That’s curious” said the old fellow, “there’s no wind and no tide, what can be the cause of the cap acting in this strange manner?” Just then the fisherman chimed in with “Take care, that’s a devil.” “No devil at all,” said the old man, “it’s only my cap and I’m going to get it.” Seeing that the man was no persistent the fisherman promised him one of his own caps if he would desist from his efforts, so the old man finding that he would have much difficulty in recovering his own article, accepted the offer of the fisherman and went on his way rejoicing.

When the spirit appeared that night he was too sorrowful to be angry. He said, addressing the fisherman “Three times I have made an attempt to recover my mortal state and each time you have prevented it. My chances are now all gone and I had three. From henceforth, I shall be a wanderer on the face of the earth and all through you.” The fisherman felt

sorry for the spirit and promised to do what he could for him. He told him that although he could not re-enter the ranks of the mortals there was no reason why he should not become an immortal and he would help him to effect that consummation. So the fisherman made an image of mud and placed it in a niche in the bank of the creek and people seeing it came and worshipped it and burnt incense before it as the personification of a drowned person whose spirit had been unsuccessful in re-entering the mortal state, and through the medium of the incense the wandering spirit was enabled to take up its permanent habitation in the image and thus at last obtained rest.

We should have thought that the spirit would have had more sense than to confide in a mortal after the way the fisherman had betrayed his confidence on the first occasion, but Chinese story-tellers like to show how easily the spirits are imposed upon and how easily they can be circumvented.



A CHINESE FAIR.

IN the western suburb of Shanghai, some two miles beyond the Defence Creek, is to be seen the Bubbling Well, the road being named after it. This well is usually in a state of edullition ; hence its name, but nobody seems to know why the water is thus agitated.

In the vicinity of this well there is quite a number of Chinese hotels and pleasure resorts which are extensively patronised by natives of both sexes who visit these places in well-appointed equipages but the females mostly belong to a class which would not be received in society, that is foreign society. They are usually attended by



BUBBLING WELL.

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female servants who help to swell the number of visitors to these resorts, in contrast with which are three Buddhist temples at the well, one called the Wu Shun or Holy Military and another the Zung Ah Zu or Silent Peace Temple. It is in this locality that a fair is held annually on the 4th day of the 8th moon, that being the birthday anniversary of Lew, one of the resident josses in the Zung Ah Zu.

Lew was originally a mandarin who distinguished himself during the Tai-ping Rebellion, and after death was deified for his services and like all mortals deified by the present Dynasty, the idol wears mortal's clothes, whereas the idols of all those deified by the Ming and other Dynasties are covered with similar material to that of the idols themselves.

The scene becomes very animated on this occasion and is attended by buyers and sellers who come from the surrounding country, and when the fair is over it is moved elsewhere, it having been at some other place before it came to the Bubbling Well.

Primarily, the fair is held for the disposal of articles made of wood,

such as buckets, tubs, basins, cooking pan covers, carrying poles and spinning machines, but many of these are roughly made, and nearly all are without paint or varnish. In addition to these, bambooware is one of the attractions, the articles consisting of baskets, stools, chairs, mats, sieves, fly flaps, chopsticks and fowl coops, while rope, dusting brushes, tapes and various small articles find a ready sale. There are other things, too, which change hands, such as knives, choppers and fans, while flat whistles made out of tin and which will not sound unless the sides are closed by the fingers rejoice the hearts of the youngsters as do toy imitation halberds and other ancient weapons, birds, windmills and puzzles, the latter made of copper wire and manufactured while the prospective purchaser waits. Chay tong, or whirl-sugar stalls—where whirligigs are employed, the prizes being candy figures of birds, beasts and fishes—and other mild forms of gambling add zest to the occasion, while among the food stalls are those for the sale of soup, dough twists fried in unsavoury smelling oil, baked tile cakes, rice balls,

sugarcane and other edibles dear to the native palate. No gathering would be complete without a fortune teller, consequently we see one wearing a large pair of spectacles and with a couple of countrymen in consultation with him ; while peepshows and foreign inventions, such as phonographs and stereoscopic views, add to the attractions.

With regard to the dough twists, they are called Yu Sah Kway, and are supposed to have been invented to commemorate the infamous conduct of Chin Kway who, having been bribed by the Tartars, hatched a plot against Yoh Fe, a Chinese hero, by accusing him of treason, the result being that he was put to death. Yu Sah Kway means literally "Kway fried in oil" which is the punishment Chin Kway is supposed to be enduring in the nether world for his detestible conduct.

It may be mentioned that one of the punishments in vogue in China, not so many years ago, was dressing a prisoner in a wire netting jacket and cutting off the flesh which protruded through the meshes and the pieces so cut off were thrown into a cauldron of boiling

oil alongside of him. In one case we have heard of, the wretch was fastened near a bridge, and everybody who passed by was forced to cut off a piece of flesh, but many people preferred to go a long way round so as not to be compelled to assist in carrying out the barbarous punishment.

As the natives are of a money making disposition, they combine business with their devotions and during the days of the fair they visit the temples above referred to, so that the Wu Shun and Zung Ah Zu are well patronised, the worshippers, however, being principally women, while sellers of requisites for such worship are many, and the stalls are close at hand. There are large quantities of scented joss-sticks neatly done up in packets, and a woman who presides at one of the stalls thrusts a packet into our face with a modest request for us to make a purchase, but we decline, and on entering the gateway find enshrined the usual gilt image of Me Do, the fat paunched Laughing Buddha, while in front of him a woman is kneeling with a bundle of joss-sticks in her hands. Behind this Buddha, and facing the



WAY DO, THE PROTECTOR OF BUDDHISM,



other way, is another image ; it is that of Way Do, the Protector of Buddhism, and to judge from his knocked-about condition one might almost think he had had a bad time of it defending his religion. Here, too, women are worshipping, that is bowing to Way Do and burning joss-sticks, the fragrant smell of which is presumed to be pleasing to the gods, but we do not hear them repeat any prayers.

These two images are in what may be called the porch, and between this and the temple proper there is a courtyard which is pretty full of worshippers, sightseers and peddlers, the latter doing a thriving trade in small knick-knacks. We pass through these and come to an urn in which paper sycee or mock money representing shoes of silver, is being burnt for the benefit of the gods. It may be incidentally remarked that the paper sycee which is burnt to the gods is much larger than that consumed for the benefit of the ghosts of departed mortals, the reason of this being that the larger size only passes current among the gods while the smaller kind can only be of use to the ghosts who are

socially on a lower footing than the gods. Sometimes imitation gold ingots, also made of paper, are put into the urns which have raised characters on the outside, these being the names of those people who have presented them to the temples.

Just outside the main building there is a stand covered with yellow paper and with spikes on top. On these spikes vermilion colored candles are lighted and stuck by the votaries who purchase them from the attendants in charge of the temple the profits going towards the up-keep of the temple, but after being allowed to burn for a short time, these candles are removed and become the perquisites of the attendants, so that gods and votaries are alike cheated. Vermilion is the sign of joy and the candles are made of vegetable tallow, for anything made from the fat of animals which have been slain is an abomination to Buddha who taught the people not to take animal life.

And now we are inside the temple which is also thronged with worshippers and the big drum is sounding after having been silent for a year. The women are all neatly dressed in



A GOD OF MOUNT SUMERA.

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flowered silks and watered satins; many of them have gold ornaments in their jet black hair, the hairpins being in the shape of butterflies and flowers and are studded with pearls, and they have expensive rings set with diamonds and precious stones on their fingers, the nails of which are of considerable length and are cased in silver sheaths, while on their wrists they wear massive gold and silver bracelets. Some of the women have the tiniest of feet, not so large as those of a child six or seven years of age, and they hobble along as awkwardly as an old sailor with wooden stumps; we are sure no man could conscientiously pen a sonnet to their ankles.

The votaries are kneeling on hassocks made out of rushes, in front of the idol whose anniversary it is, while on each side are two gigantic images whose names may be translated as Broad Eyes, Empire Protector, Much Knowledge, and Increased Splendour, who are said to be the kings who rule on the slopes, one on each, of Mount Sumera in the centre of the earth. They are ugly enough in all conscience to strike terror into the

hearts of the wicked and so make them repent, but we are afraid the native conscience is rather callous for on one occasion while visiting a Chamber of Horrors which pictures evil-doers undergoing the most diabolical torments in the nether world, a friend had his silver-headed walking stick stolen. Evidently these horrors had no terrors for the thief.

In front of the idol in the main building there is a contribution box, as is the case in all temples, but what is peculiar about this one is that it bears an inscription in English painted on the front of it as follows :—

“ Bubbling Well Temple. Subscriptions are solicited for the purpose of building this temple.”

A word about these contribution boxes. Usually bars are fixed across inside, a few inches below the top and the cash are thrown violently against them so that the god may hear them fall and place the donation to the credit of the giver. Nothing for nothing is the rule in China ; hence when a man gives something he expects something for it.

In the next temple, which though the largest, is not on this occasion the most



1000-HANDED KWAN YIN, "GODDESS OF MERCY."

important, there is an image of Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy who is variously represented in different temples, but in nearly all she appears as a female. We have seen images of her as a male, for according to popular belief she was originally of that sex, and in one instance we saw four of these images in a temple on the top of the Huchew Hill, a few miles from Soochow and each had two hundred and fifty hands. We have made many attempts to photograph Kwan Yin, but the result in most cases has not been an unqualified success, principally because the images have been in dark places, gilt and sometimes in a glass case. One of our pictures shows her in silks and satins and with compressed feet; in others she has the ordinary pair of hands, while some again represent her as having four, eight, sixteen and thirty two, and in the flowery language of the Chinese she is called the Thousand-Handed Goddess. The most hands we have seen is three hundred and we had to take a Buddhist priest's word for it, for we did not count them. One photograph we took was from a picture which a priest obligingly brought out of

his dingy quarters and hung up on a wall for us and it had many hands, the hands denoting her power. Another was seated on a chair, and this, was also taken out in the open for us, for as a rule, Buddhist priests at temples and the owners of Buddha shops—small places where the putting up of an idol is a money making speculation—are very catholic in their ideas on religious subjects, though we have found many Taoists the reverse.



LEGEND OF AN IRRIGATING PUMP.

PRIOR to sowing the ground for their rice crops the Chinese irrigate their fields by means of endless chain pumps which are placed at an angle, one end in the water, and the other on top of the bank of a creek or pond and it is worked by a buffalo, cow or bullock which continually walks round and round, by this means rotating a wheel which is placed horizontally on the ground. This wheel has cogs round it and these catch others fitted to an axle which is attached to the pump, while over the latter passes an endless string of buckets, if such a designation may be applied to the

wooden flanges that fit into the pump box, which is simply a long narrow trough. Some of these pumps are manipulated by men and women instead of by quadrupeds, and in the place of the big wheel a kind of treadmill is used, while a third kind is worked by hand, a couple of cranks being attached to the pump axle.

Most things in China have legends attached to them and the irrigating pump is no exception to the rule. In one of these the scene is laid in Hongkew, a suburb of Shanghai, and concerns the fortunes or rather the good fortune of the Chu family, the head of which, in days gone by, was a farmer who owned a tidy piece of land in the vicinity of Range Road. The time was that for flooding the fields and the circumstances are said to have happened a great many years ago. The following is the legend and it illustrates the trickery of a wandering spirit to obtain a habitation and a home.

One night many years ago, a native farm hand employed by Mr. Chu was sent to work a man-power irrigating pump to raise water on his master's fields to prepare them for rice



BULLOCK PUMPING WATER.

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planting and while so engaged, he become aware that a stranger was looking at him. Presently the new-comer accosted him and they entered into conversation on local topics and then in a sort of off-hand way the stranger remarked that the weather was hot and suggested that the laborer should refresh himself with a bath in the pond. The laborer was quite willing but said it was then 2 o'clock and he had to flood fifteen acres before daylight, so must postpone the pleasure till after the work was finished. If that were so, the stranger, who was of an obliging disposition and apparently solicitous for the welfare of the worker, would lend a hand, or rather foot to work the pump in the meantime.

Naturally the laborer eagerly accepted the offer and the stranger set to work with a will while the farm hand made preparations for his bath, but such was the rapidly with which the fields were covered, that it caused the would-be bather to open his eyes to their fullest extent. We are not quite sure that he did not rub them to make sure he was not asleep and dreaming but, be this as it may, our countryman

was not so green as he looked, and he cudgelled his brains to find out who the stranger was and what his motive, for to a Chinaman everything that is done out of the most ordinary routine of every day life may have a sinister object. A trivial question put by a stranger is frequently misconstrued. For instance, you arrive at a village or other place and you ask for Mr. So-and-So and in nine cases out of ten the native will give you a crooked answer. He will reply that he does not know such a person, although, as a matter of fact, the person enquired for may be his next door neighbor, the reason of the denial being that the enquirer may have evil designs and if the question is answered properly, trouble may arise which may eventually recoil on the answerer. Asked the name of a temple, they will give a wrong one in many cases, as we know from personal experience, for on succeeding visits to a temple, we have found that nobody knows of such a place. In this case, one of the parties must have been of the family of Ananias, but we are not in a position to say which one bore the relationship. A priest thinks that you

will take away the luck of his temple if he gives you its name. In the case under notice, it was a rather unusual circumstance for a perfect stranger to come forward and offer to do a considerable amount of hard work for nothing and this alone was sufficient to set the laborer thinking that the stranger was not doing the work out of sheer goodwill; hence he became cautious. But to the story.

The laborer could not help but wonder; any ordinary mortal would have done the same under similar circumstances, and he came to the conclusion that his visitor belonged to an uncanny tribe. He became guarded in his answers for he rightly guessed that he was in the company of the disembodied spirit of a drowned person who was striving to obtain a habitation at his, the laborer's, expense; so he temporised and said it was always his custom to prepare clean clothing before he took a bath and that he must go home and get a change of clothing, whereas it is more than probable he only had one suit, namely that which he was wearing at the time. He also informed the visitor that the pump had to be taken

home ; would the stranger kindly assist him to carry it ? The stranger was only too willing to render assistance and shouldering the trough on a bamboo between them they trudged away towards the farm, the laborer in front and the stranger behind. In this way they reached the farm gate, whereupon the laborer said he would go in and get his clothes ; would the stranger just keep hold of his end of the bamboo while he, the laborer, rested his end on the wall ? " Yes," said the stranger, and the other, placing his end on the wall, went inside the yard, shut the gate and then coolly went to bed, leaving the other man outside to take care of himself !

Now, the stranger, although he belonged to the uncanny tribe, as the result proved, does not appear to have been imbued with much common sense, for any person with only a small amount of gumption, when he found the laborer did not return, would have dropped his burden ; not so the stranger, he remained like a log patiently supporting his end of the bamboo and when daylight appeared, had turned into a piece of wood ; at least, when



FOOT IRRIGATING PUMP.

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the villagers get up in the morning they found one end of the bamboo resting on the wall and the other supported by a piece of coffin lid! The laborer having told his story, Mr. Chu, his master, came to the conclusion that he was in luck and had obtained a Mascotte that was going to make his fortune for him. He was right; he had a good piece of wood for nothing and he was the possessor of a disembodied spirit embodied in this plank, for he fully believed his servant's story, but in order to retain his luck it was necessary to put the plank in a place where it would soon get covered with filth - not a very difficult thing to accomplish. What better place than the pigsty? And into the sty it went and was soon as dirty as the master could desire.

The result was marvellous, for the young piglings soon grew into fat pigs and were sold at a good profit and this went on for a long time till the master grew very rich, but in an evil hour he engaged a new farm hand who was not in the secret of his employer's luck. New brooms are said to sweep clean, and new servants are sometimes si-

milarly affected and our new servant was one of this kind, for one day while rummaging about in his endeavor to make himself generally useful, he espied a sound but dirty plank lying in all the filth of the pigsty. He thought it a great pity that it should remain there, so concluded to give it a good washing and for this purpose took it down to the pond where the first laborer years before had become acquainted with the stranger who had offered to pump the water up for him. Fatal deed! The plank had no sooner touched the water than a voice startled the man with "Thank you for washing me"—and the speaker was the old spirit in the plank—"if you had not done so" it continued "I should still be a plank." But the mischief was done and the luck departed from the Chu family; they still live in the same old place, but their wealth is not what it used to be and their pigs are now no more prolific than those of their neighbors.

The Chinese character for pig is also called chu; hence probably the origin of the story.



FUNG YE.

FUNG Shien "In honor of virtue"—the virtue in this instance implying the constancy of a widow to her deceased husband—is locally known as Fung Ye, and is near what the natives are pleased to call "the sea." It is closer to Shanghai in a straight line than Cho Lin is, but takes longer to reach, the Sah Kong or Stone Creek, at the head of which it is, being so winding that it would puzzle a Peiho pilot to tell what point of the compass his boat was heading for. Every hundred yards or so, there is a bend and one might conceive the possibility of the water not being able to find its way out to the Whangpoo.

Starting in the *Gem* from the Hospital steps at 9 p.m. we reach Fung Ye next morning at about 11 o'clock, and find that it is some four miles from the so-called sea. We enter the city by the West gate where we notice a number of women unconcernedly nourishing their infants, notwithstanding that lots of people are coming and going. There is a dingy guard house just inside the inner gate, but we do not see any guards; perhaps they are away making salt. The two main streets, that is from West to East and from North to South, are in splendid condition being paved with regularly cut stone slabs; no lumps, no holes, and no smells, which is saying a good deal for a Chinese city, though the shops and houses do not count for much as the place is pretty quiet; even the numerous dogs basking in the sun do not greet us with a growl as we pass them.

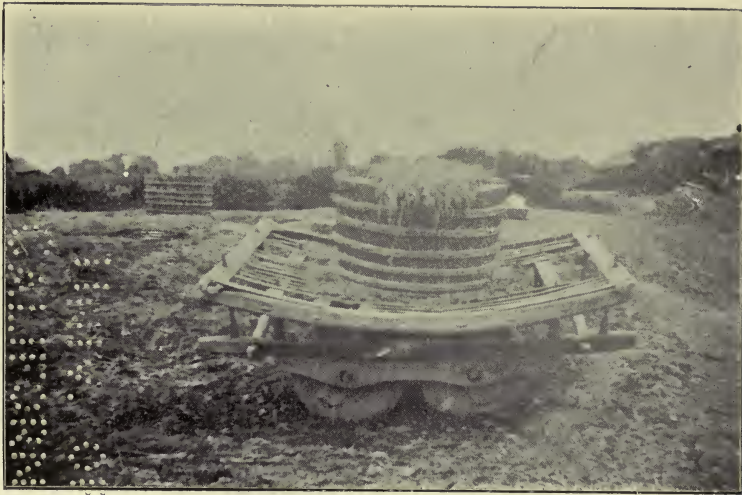
In contrast with this peaceful state of affairs, we have the boys who swarm round us like mosquitoes and are somewhat similarly troublesome. We never care to have Chinese youngsters accompany us, for as a rule they are

mischievous and indulge in horseplay. So long as they leave the foreigner alone, it is all right, but they sometimes extend the horseplay to him and then there is likely to be trouble and in the present case they favor us with their attentions in a slight degree. For instance, while walking on the wall they tie together the tops of the long grass in the hope that the visitor may stumble, but as we notice what they are doing, they are deprived of the pleasure of seeing us fall. As we advance, we have an increased following with corresponding evidence of their playfulness till an older boy rebukes the others when one of them hits us with a piece of mud. Says he "this foreigner is here as a visitor for pleasure, why do you annoy him?" Of course, when we turn round to see who the mud thrower is we are as wise as before, for all the youngsters are just then busily intent looking elsewhere. Our sun glasses seem to be a never failing source of comment; the people cannot understand how they can remain on our nose, the nasal organ of the Chinaman being too flat for glasses to rest on.

While passing a yamen, a man

carrying a young child tells it we are a foreign devil and repeats it in a tone not intended for our ears. We, however, do hear him and turning back say "not a foreign devil; you are a native, we are a foreigner," whereupon he retreats into a shop and is quite taken aback. People say it is the boys who usually call us foreign devils; that may be so, but it is the grown-up people in the first place who teach the boys to use the expression towards us. Sometimes a man has the hardihood to say it loud enough to be heard and if the foreigner replies, the bystanders excuse their countryman and try to mollify the irate Westerner by saying he does not know manners.

Asking the people how far it is to the sea, some reply that it is six le and others that it is twelve, but from our knowledge of the natives, we believe that the longer distance is correct so make up our mind for a good tramp and after walking for over an hour and passing one dyke, we get within two le of the water, but our further progress is barred by a creek. By this time we have outwalked our following, though while we are resting, they come up, but



REED AND BRINE CART.

as they want a rest we start for home and overtaking a four wheeled cart used for carrying brine in a tub and is drawn by a buffalo, obtain a ride back to the city, though, as the cart is springless and the road full of ruts, some of them six inches deep, the journey is anything but pleasant. Do the wheels scream? We should think they do, so much so in fact that when we put a question to the driver, he is obliged to stop to hear us. However, he very considerately greases the axles, that is he makes an attempt at it, but as the axles are of wood and about three inches in diameter, and he just smears them with a piece of oiled cotton, the screaming is about as bad as before. Our buffalo combines business with pleasure and feeds as it goes along, so, what with the bad road and the buffalo feeding, our progress is at the rate of about a mile an hour and we become an object of interest to a lot of women and girls who appear to do most of the work. Each is armed with a scythe, but it is not like the implement we see in the home lands, for in the first place, the handle does not fit into the scythe, but the scythe into the bamboo handle and

the blade is only about a foot long. Most of the women about here have hard features and fine teeth of the genuine ivory color and they are all much amused to see a foreigner riding on the cart and many are the enquiries they make of our driver about us.

We pay a visit to the Confucian temple inside the city. As usual with such places, the principal gates are closed, but there is a side entrance. There are three gates and the wall round the place is painted vermilion while inside there is a lotus pond, also some venerable tablets apparently of slate, each a foot thick, about eight feet high and five broad. Behind these is a wall containing three doors which are reached by a flight of steps and to the right and left there are two buildings containing small wooden tablets on which are inscribed the names of scholars. Then behind, is a quadrangle, flanked on each side by two single-storied buildings also with tablets and names, while at the back of the quadrangle is the main temple to Confucius, and in the rear, some distance away, are two others and this seems to be the arrangement at all Confucian

temples. While leaving, we meet an official in his robes, accompanied by his attendants who are carrying the great man's portmanteau and as this day is the 15th of the moon when Confucius is worshipped, no doubt the mandarin is there for that purpose.

As we leave, we tender a handful of cash to a young man who has shown us round, but he nearly takes away our breath by refusing it. He then invites us to his house next door but under the plea of no leisure, we decline and bow ourselves out.

Well, well! What's this? Here's a female barber shaving a woman with a razor, the usual plan adopted by women for the removal of superfluous hair from their faces being to take a doubled piece of cotton thread, the person operated upon holding one end and the operator the other. The cotton is stretched out and placed close to the cheek, and the barber rapidly twists her end between her palms which causes the thread to catch the hairs and so breaks them off or pulls them out. On the eve of a girl's wedding day, her eyebrows are shaved off, all but a narrow streak, but they are afterwards allowed to grow

again and the reason assigned for the operation is that the Chinese believe the hair in the eyebrows of a girl verging into womanhood grows flat against her face, but that if she is older, it stands erect. The bridegrooms do not meet their wives till they see them for the first time on the wedding day, and to prevent their being disappointed in the event of the ladies proving *passées*, the custom was introduced of shaving their eyebrows so that the husbands would not be able to tell whether the brides were old or young. Such is the story told us by a native who is a married man and our readers can believe it or not just as they like. If a girl wears bangs she has them shaved off the night before marriage in order to give her a deeper forehead, but this does not appear to be a universal custom.

On the way back to the boat we come across an old fellow who is making straw sandals. His outfit is simple, consisting of a bench, a crosshead piece with pegs in it, a piece of lath tied to his waist, and some grass. He is very obliging and allows us to take his photograph, bringing his bench out into the light for that purpose. We do



CHANG SANG JAO, NEAR FUNG YE.



not, however, expect he will emulate Liu Peh who from being a seller of straw shoes eventually became an emperor.

We now make for home and the first place we come to is Kao Jao or Highbridge, and here we see those cholera producers, watermelons, growing right down to the water's edge. Kao Jao has six bridges and five temples, all the latter in good condition having been recently done up; the next place is Wong Te and after passing it we have a hard struggle to get along, for the creek is covered with aquatic vegetation and then we come to Yau Te.

Up to this time the weather has been hot, but now, on three sides of us spring up dark clouds, while in the West the sun is shining and we soon hear thunder in the distance which gradually becomes a continuous roll with heavy detonations at intervals. The temperature falls after the storm but as our thermometer is where the Dutchman left his anchor, we cannot say how much.

Here and there we see people, mostly women, washing rice and vermilion buckets side by side. It may be stated

here that the people are very careful in the use of water for it is a popular belief that in the next world they will have to drink what they waste in this life, consequently at the different festivals, paper images of horses and other animals are made and burnt to help drink up the wasted water. This applies more to women than to men; the latter, being presumably superior creatures, will not waste it; hence the great number who have not received the Order of the Bath. Women are supposed to wash their hair once a year, that is on the 7th day of the 7th moon, but if done at any other time their mothers, whether died or alive, will have to drink the water so used. When a person is about to throw slops into the street, he should say "Shoo" or the Chinese equivalent, in order to warn wandering spirits and save them from a wetting, at the same time preventing the thrower from incurring the enmity of those spirits.

We may mention here that the 7th day of the 7th moon is the date of the annual meeting between Che New, the legendary Celestial Weaving Girl, and Chien New, the Celestial Cowherd.

Both of these were eventually turned in stars, the former becoming Vega—which the Chinese call after the girl—and the Cowherd, Altair, these stars being one on each side of the Heavenly River or Milky Way and in order that the girl may pass over this, magpies form a bridge for her. On this night the Pearly Emperor or Supreme God refrains from taking his daily bath in the River of Heaven.

Tay Sah Jao, meaning Ruined Stone Bridge, is next reached and is noted for a fine grove of tall trees. Next is Lo Kah Way, or Lo Family Seat, a large village with most of the houses along the creek built on piles. The people here receive us civilly and say a foreign boat is good to go pleasuring in, a sentiment we cordially endorse.

At Whah Tu, or Curvebank, there is still more excitement and the old women hobble down to look at us and our boat. Cotton grows luxuriantly along the banks from here. It is now getting towards sundown, and the sky presents a glorious sight, the clouds being of many colors, bright yellow, orange, intense and light blue, sea green, purple, gold and silver. Then

there rises out of the orange a magnificent rainbow which forms nearly half a circle and disappears in the blue.

The last place we reach before it is absolutely dark is Tung Lo Kah Way, or East Lo Kah Way and here we see five hilarious natives coming along the bank, but their gait is unsteady and when abreast of the *Gem* they abuse us to their hearts' content which raises the ire of our boatmen though, as abuse breaks no bones, we pay no attention to them and reach the Whangpoo late at night and anchor. Next morning we proceed and arrive at Shanghai at 7 o'clock.



THE CROW'S REVENGE.

IN days gone by there was a Chinese scholar who, like the grand vizier in another fable, understood the language of birds, but to be accurate we must state it was the crow language that the former was familiar with. When our story commences it was the depth of winter and snow was lying deep on the ground. The scholar was at home studying, but he was called from his theme by a crow which informed him that at a certain spot there was a dead sheep, the animal having died from starvation owing to its not being able to get at the grass under the snow. Said the crow "I'll

tell you where it is, and you must give me the parts you do not want." "Agreed" said the scholar, and away he went to fetch the sheep and sure enough, he found it according to the crow's directions and took it home but, greedy man that he was, he forgot all about the crow and when that bird claimed his share the scholar said he had forgotten all about his promise. The bird said nothing but meditated revenge.

Next season, the crow again called on the scholar with the information that another sheep was dead, so the scholar tramped through the snow and found, not a sheep, but the dead body of a man! He was rather frightened at this and reproached the crow for his duplicity, but the bird said nothing and the scholar went silently home, fearing that he might be blamed for the man's death.

In another part of the district a young man had left his home on business and as he did not return, his parents began to get anxious about him, and by and bye, word was brought them that the body of a young man was lying in the snow some dis-

tance away. This increased their fears and the father hastened to view the body when his worst forebodings were realised for it was none other than that of his son. Nobody knew how he had come to his death, though on examining his wallet only three pieces of silver were found in it, whereas when he left home he had ten. This led to the belief that the young man had been murdered for his money, and as the only other footprints in the snow were those which had been made by the scholar, these were followed with the result that they took the searchers to the scholar's house.

The scholar was arrested and after a time stood his trial but he solemnly denied all complicity in the young man's death and explained how a crow had told him where he would find a dead sheep; instead of which he found human remains. "A very fine story" jeered the magistrate, "so you can understand the language of crows, ah, ah." However, the scholar was sent back to prison and the magistrate, not being willing to punish an innocent man, especially if he were a scholar, decided to find out for himself whether

the prisoner did actually know the crow language. So he secretly ordered two bowls of rice to be prepared, sugar being added to one and salt to the other, and then the bowls were placed out in the field. The prisoner was also brought forth and taken to the field, where in a short time crows gathered round the two bowls and commenced cawing, whereupon the magistrate accosted the student with "You say you know the language of crows, what are they saying now?" "Oh," replied the student, "one of the crows says there is sugar in this bowl and another that there is salt in that." Finding that the scholar had spoken the truth he was acquitted of all blame in the death of the man, and as our lowdah avers "this talkee b'long tluë ; hav got inside book" we suppose it must be.

One moral of this story is that people, including scholars, should keep their promises even to crows.



day. Heavy smoke clouds all round
 into the stars, while in the East, West
 and South, vivid lightning flashes are
 continually met the eye. We are well
 past the Whangpoo, being carried on
 with the strong flood tide, and are
 among the peaks and bays and
 number of fortresses which bear the
 name of which are doing their best to
 make night hideous by beating gongs
 and other noisy instruments in honor
 of the famished spirit of the dead, for
 this is the festival when the natives be-
 lieve they can so alleviate the misery
 of the ghosts of those who have been
 thrown to the water.

KIN SAN.

KIN San is 180 le or some 60 miles
 from Shanghai. It is on the sea
 coast beyond Cho Lin and we
 reached it in twenty five hours having
 had to anchor on the ebb tide which
 was met a few miles above Ming
 Hong.

We leave our usual starting place at
 7 p.m. and it is quite dark by the time
 the Whangpoo is reached. The ther-
 mometer is down to 80°, quite a
 change from the oppressively hot Wes-
 terly wind which had been blowing all

day. Heavy sombre clouds all round hide the stars, while in the East, West and South, vivid lightning flashes momentarily meet the eye. We are soon past the shipping, being carried along with the strong flood tide, and are among the junks, and here are seen a number of brilliantly lighted boats the crews of which are doing their best to make night hideous by beating gongs and other noisy instruments in honor of the homeless spirits of the dead, for this is the festival when the natives do what they can to alleviate the misery of the ghosts of those who have been drowned. On this occasion, paper clothing, money, carriages and ponies and other necessaries and luxuries of life are burnt for the benefit of the ghosts, and the festival is called the Burning Clothes Festival.

After passing Tungkadoo we see the searchlight of a man-of-war which is practising with it some four miles away, but notwithstanding the distance the electric ray lightens up the dark clouds beyond us on the Pootung side. When we are abreast of the Chinese camps in the vicinity of the Arsenal we hear the tattoo beaten, and then soon get

beyond the sound of busy life and quiet reigns which is only broken by a "puffing billy" which is coming down river with a train of boats from Hangchow. Now and again small junks with brown sails pass us, and an occasional flare-up on the water locates the position of a fishing boat, the crew of which are burning torches to attract the fish to their nets.

Sah Kong, sixteen miles from Shanghai, is passed at 11.30 p.m. and Ming Hong, five miles further on, at 1 a.m. and here we are challenged by the lekin or native Customs station, but our lowdah replies that the boat is a foreign one, so we are allowed to proceed without examination.

We awake at 5 o'clock and find the boat at anchor a few miles above Ming Hong with the crew resting till the tide turns and on looking at our storm glass it indicates a change in the weather and at 6 o'clock rain comes down, but as the barometer is steady we know the change will only be of short duration. Broad beamed, two eyed boats, laden with firewood and charcoal, and several steam launches and their trains pass down while we are at anchor.

Proceeding on our way at 8.30, Tung Le village is reached at 0.45. This place is situated on the right bank of the river and is popularly known as Teng Lay Miao or Floating Come Temple and the reason for this peculiar designation arose from the following circumstance.

Before the Taiping rebels visited Shanghai there was a wooden idol in the Zing A Zu or Silent Peace Temple, opposite the well on the Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai. This, among others, was cast to the winds or rather the waters by the rebels who destroyed all the idols they came across, and all trace of it was lost. Some time afterwards a countryman at what is now the Tung Le village saw something floating in the river, and went out in a boat to get it. The object proved to be a wooden idol, so he took it on shore to his house where he daily burnt joss-sticks and mock sycee before it, promising the idol that if it brought him luck, he would build a temple for its habitation. Success having attended the countryman he fulfilled his promise and the idol is now in the Tung Le Miao which is situated on the right

bank of Chang E creek, opposite Tung Le village. Tung Le rapidly rose in importance and is now a flourishing place while the lekin station which was formerly in another locality was transferred here.

However, we found that none of the inhabitants knew anything about the legend. We visited the temple which was said to contain the idol and accosted an old man who was some seventy years of age and was the custodian of the temple. To him we addressed ourselves and asked him to show us the idol, but though he had been there all his life, he said he had never heard of such an idol. Hence, one must go away some distance to know what is going on at home.

Popular superstition is responsible for other stories of idols being water borne to different localities and here is one. Down towards Woosung, near the Chay Song creek, there are a family residence and a grave, in front of the latter being the characters for tong tsong, teeh Veh, sah Medu; meaning brass bell, iron Self-Coming Buddha and stone Amitahba Buddha. The residence and grave constituted the first

and last abodes of a native who when the story commences was a poor man. One day he found a brass bell floating in the creek; this naturally surprised him, but he nevertheless hauled it ashore. Then an iron idol also floated ashore as did a stone one; so being thankful for what the gods had sent him, he took his finds to his house where he continually worshipped the idols and promised them a temple if they would bring him luck. In course of time he became the owner of four large junks and built the temple and before his death he ordered the characters above referred to to be put in front of his grave and his son did as requested but soon became a poor man as he gradually parted with his inheritance in order to obtain funds for a life of extravagance.

We enter the Chang E Creek, and at 1.55 p.m. pass Sung Yuen which is a long village, with a bridge at one end of it, and its runs at right angles to the creek. Next, we pass Chang E village at 5.10 p.m. and find it a flourishing place with hundreds of boats, several wooden bridges, a tea shop with glass windows, large

bamboo and pole yards and the people occupied in many trades. Later on, another village is passed but it is a poor place.

At 7 o'clock it is dark and lights are in the cabin and another in the bow, but all at once we receive a thundering blow, having been struck bow on by another boat. Our men enquire of the occupants of the other craft why they cannot see where they are going and receive answer from the old fellow in the stern "I thought it was a house" —to our mind a very peculiar reason for striking us, but he was apparently not used to seeing bright lights in a boat.

We anchor late at night below Kin San or Golden Hill, but there is no hill within miles of the place and no gold. It is like Pao San (Precious Hill) and Kah Jao (Highbridge) which have given rise to the expression "Precious Hill, no hill; Highbridge, no bridge." Next morning we proceed and find a ubiquitous Japanese on the scene buying cotton and we stop outside the South Gate of the city which is quadrangular if we except the four gateways. We find the utilitarian instincts

of the people as strong here as elsewhere, for they have used some of the city gates to make a bridge with. Inside the city there are desolation and few inhabitants though the main streets are in splendid condition, but the three or four temples are in ruins, two being under repair. Over the main entrance to the city temple is a black board on which is inscribed in letters of gold the character for heart three times repeated and an obliging native explains this for us by stating that the character is repeated by way of emphasis, and means examine your heart or conscience before you enter the temple.

All the people in Kin San are most obliging and polite and some of them voluntarily conduct us to the different temples, open doors and windows and make themselves agreeable. Some of them lament the meanness of their city but we say it is a good place as it is near the sea, while Shanghai is not. The Wen Wu (Literary—or Civil—and Military) temple is visited but the gates are locked, and we notice a drawer in the wall which is for the purpose of receiving infants whom their parents are too poor to support, and the

children so received are sent to Soong-kong to charitable institutions to be cared for. While we are waiting for the custodian whom the Old Granny of the locality has sent for, we become the centre of attraction of a bevy of women, young and old, whose hearts we take by storm, the little dears; they are not in the least shy but, led by the old lady, enter into conversation with us, the old lady being most voluble. She enquires what our honorable name is and is informed it is "Excellent" that being the meaning of the character which stands for the sound of the first syllable of our name, as near as the natives can get it. Having got inside the temple we see images of Kwan Te and four attendants whom we take the liberty of photographing, and this done, the old lady introduces her daughter, a grown-up young woman with an abundance of silver jewellery on her person, and asks us if we can give her some medicine as she is suffering from swellings on each side of her neck. We reply most emphatically that the healing art is not among our accomplishments, but will see what can be done for her. We feel her neck

and find the muscles are rigid, so say we will make up something if the old lady will come with us to our boat. Then there is a regular chorus all round "What is the medicine?" "Is she to drink it?" "How is she to use it?"

We explain that it is for external use only, so the old lady follows us to the boat and on the way is plied with questions as to where she is going, to which she replies "This gentleman is a doctor and is going to give (mentioning the girl's name) some medicine for her swollen neck," the result being that we are applied to by lots of people for remedies to cure all kinds of things. One man has had fever for ten years, so he says; we advise him to go to Shanghai for hospital treatment; and a woman brings a child with its head covered with sores. "Can we cure that?" We admit we cannot, but tell the woman to wash the child's head with warm water and keep it clean, a piece of advice she seems satisfied with. We make a liniment with spirits of hartshorn and Chinese tea oil and give it to Granny for her daughter and something else for an old man whose knees are stiff, explaining at the same

time that these are for external use only, and the people go away expressing their thanks, to which we reply "It's of no importance" according to etiquette.

We ramble away to the sea which is less than a mile distant and find the beach covered with shells, but the tide is out and on our way back visit a nest of temples one of them being dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, the goddess of sailors, and here too, the attendants are very obliging. On reaching the boat we find our fame has gone forth and we are again asked to supply medicines, but do not feel competent to undertake the duty, so reply that our medicine chest is small and contains no remedies for internal use except for fever.



THE PO SHU TAH.

THE Po Shu Tah is a pagoda outside the city of Hangchow on the range of hills which skirt the Se Hu or Western Lake and was erected, so the legend states, according to the Buddhist abbot at a temple near Kah Shing, to the memory of a shu shu or sister-in-law. It appears that there were two brothers, the elder being married. During an epidemic the brothers fell ill and the sister-in-law became a foster mother to the younger, while she only give her husband ordinary food and attention, the result being that the elder died and the younger got well. In course of time,

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the surviving brother entered the mandarine and was transferred to another place where he eventually rose to a high position and was sent to Hangchow, and the first thing he did was to enquire for his sister-in-law but was grieved to learn that she had been dead some time, her death being voluntary for she had committed suicide by drowning herself. He naturally enquired why she had done this and was informed that certain busybodies had taunted her with having been a foster mother to her younger brother, while she allowed her husband to die, whereas if she had acted in the same way to him he might have lived, insinuating that she had cared more for the younger than for the elder brother and this had so preyed on her mind that she drowned herself. The surviving brother was highly incensed at this and sought out her calumniators and having found them, put them to death and built the pagoda to her memory, calling it the Po Shu Tah, the middle name being part of the Chinese word for sister-in-law. So runs the story, but as a matter of fact, the pagoda was named after Po Shu, who lived some

thirteen hundred years ago and was a Minister of State. It may be mentioned that this pagoda which foreigners call the Needle Pagoda, from its shape, is now owned by the Church Missionary Society, and is fenced in, the fence enclosing adjuncts and buildings connected with the Hangchow Hospital inside the city.



CHAPOO.

CHAPOO is occasionally visited by foreigners in summer time for sea bathing, there being at least two good sandy stretches suitable for this purpose.

The first place we notice on arriving at our destination is a camp, the walls of which are made of rough stones cemented together with mud and from the centre of this camp flies a flag containing the Eight Diagrams, and in front of it is the usual shadow-wall with a deer, among other things, painted on it. We are refused admission to the camp and revenge ourselves by telling the man who bars the way,

it is such a miserable place that he is ashamed people should see the inside. However, he cannot prevent our taking a photograph of the outside.

The first hill we ascend is the Tung San or Eastern Hill, 200 feet high, and it has on its summit a temple while at its foot on the sea side we find there is a temple called the Chun Ching Koong or True Prince's Palace, built by Foo-chow people, and it is kept scrupulously clean, which is not the case with ordinary temples. The floors are paved with square tiles, while many colored paints and tints are employed to brighten up the place.

On the top of the Tung Kwong San, or Lighthouse Hill which is 300 feet high, there is a lighthouse maintained by a family living inside the native city, the lower room containing an image of the God of Literature standing on one foot on a fish's head and holding a pencil in his right hand and a shoe of silver in the other. There is a small temple in the same enclosure and visitors from Shanghai can rent rooms in it and it goes without saying that a splendid view can be obtained from this spot.



A CREEK SCENE AT CHAPOO.

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On the sea side of this hill there is a monument to the memory of somebody who was noted for his peaceful tendencies; he settled a feud between two powerful guilds, the managers of which to show their appreciation of his character, built a fort just above the monument! They apparently accepted the dictum that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. Below this fort there is another, mounted with obsolete guns while at the end of the causeway at the foot of the Tung San there is a third fort with some tidy sized guns in it, but there are no soldiers, at least we do not see any, and the guns are locked up.

The foreshore of Chapoo runs out a long way and at low water junks are high and dry for a considerable distance from high water mark, but the natives are trying to remedy this state of affairs and have driven numerous poles into the uncovered ground, the result being that in course of years the silt will have raised the bottom and a large piece of reclaimed land will be the result.

At the Chung Pootoo Shah Yuen or Central Pootoo Lower Temple, there is

a deaf old lady and when we visit the place she is sitting with her eyes closed, making a net. She does not know we are looking at her plying the cord used in making the net, but when we leave she opens her eyes and sees us and informs us that her temple, also the Tah Too and the one on Siao Pootoo, are all in charge of one priest. She offers us a seat and gives us tea, as they do at most temples, and is very pleasant. The temple is situated in the pass between two hills of which there are nine at Chapoo, the largest being about 500 feet high and at the foot of one of them, the sixth or seventh from the town, there is a small temple in a quiet nook and it is called the Tah Too Ling San. It is not a very inviting place, but among the proverbial and moral sentences and quotations from the classics, which are to be found in every temple, is one in rhyme over the money offering box. Translated, it reads as follows:—

Offerings given for temple repair
 Extend true charity everywhere,
 But when personal pleasure alone is
 sought
 Of deeds meritorious there will be
 naught.

The principal personage at this place is a woman who apparently controls the priest who is in what we should take to be a deep decline, while a servant attached to the temple has a good deal to say, so we come to the conclusion that the temple is run on co-operative lines.

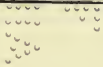
Leaving the shelter of this temple we proceed over a stretch of sandy beach till we reach another temple on the side of a hill. This is called the Siao Pootoo San or Small Pootoo Hill and is a good sized place in prosperous circumstances. We do not stay long but make our way towards Siao Pootoo, a small island off the mainland which is very pretty and contains a temple and has a fine sandy beach though we are unable to get to the island because there is only one ferry boat and this is hauled up on the shore. Our boatman bawls himself hoarse trying to make the local Charon hear, but without avail for a long time though finally he appears and says that as the tide is out he cannot come across to us, so we have to be content at this and wend our way back homewards.

After a long tramp we arrive at a fort which was built in 1895 to frighten away the Japanese. We learn that the drill here is very strict, and one of the soldiers tells us that most of the men come from Honan and Hunan. On our way down the hill from this fort, we meet a native of Hangchow who is a banner-bearer and addressing one of our party, he says "I should like to eat foreign rice; it tastes nicer than Chinese rice," an intimation that he wants to get into foreign employ. After some conversation with a missionary in our party, the banner-bearer asks him how much he will give him if he becomes a Christian. "How much," says the missionary "do the Buddhist and Taoist priests give people to become their co-religionists?" "Oh, I see," said the native "you do not buy converts."

The soldiers at Chapoo who are natives of the place are a well behaved set, but according to the priest at the Divine Hill of Instruction the other soldiers from Hunan, Honan and An-whay are thieves, for according to his story they stole his clothes and otherwise rendered themselves objection-



CREEK SCENE, NEAR SOONGKONG.



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able. This priest is very obliging. In his temple there is a thousand handed (actually sixteen handed) goddess and we wish to photograph it, but as it is in a darkish place, he kindly, at our request, brings it out into the open air for us; so we make him a small present on leaving. In all our travels we have found the Buddhist priests most willing to assist us in our attempts to photograph the idols; not so the country people, some of whom are afraid of the camera. While at Chapoo, after wading through the mud to get up to some rice planters, they incontinently took to their heels, although we had given one of them a cigar, for they were afraid that we would control their spirits if we photographed them. At another place we were once getting our machine in position to take a procession and below was a man in a boat, but he annoyed us by calling out and making remarks; he knew all about cameras, so he thought. We stood it for some time and then stretching out our hand towards him—he was some twenty feet off—suddenly closed it and opened it on the camera. The man's countenance fell immediately, amid the laugh-

ter of the crowd, so thinking he had been punished enough we again placed our closed hand on the camera and opened it towards him, much to his relief, for he thought we had in the first instance caught his spirit and put it into the machine, our second operation releasing it. In many cases it is necessary to scheme in order to get a picture; for example, we point the camera towards the person or group to be taken and look in the opposite direction. Of course, the people want to know what we are looking at, and so while they are gazing at nothing in particular they are snapped off and are none the wiser.

Chapoo can be reached in from twenty four to forty eight hours, for we have made the trip in these times, by sail and yuloh. Of course, if one joins the Hangchow boat train and drops off at Tung Le Miao, the trip can be made in less than twenty hours. The distance from Shanghai to Chapoo is about 80 miles or 234 le, Minghong being about 64 le, Tuksing 88, Soongkong 112, Tung Le Miao 124, and Bing O 194. It only takes three hours from Bing O to Chapoo.



MEMORIAL ARCH, BING O.

We leave Chapoo in the morning and pass Wong Nee E, a small village, beyond which is a high tope or monument containing the bones of a priest, and while on the way to Bing O pass the ruins of a building which during the Taiping Rebellion was converted into a fort.

At Bing O there is a leaning five storied pagoda and connected with it a large monastery. When we visited this place some years ago a priest was storing up merit and doing his monastery a service at the same time for he was supposed to be imprisoned in a room the door of which was fastened with many locks, but as the back door was fastened by himself inside, and he presented a clean appearance and was freshly shaved, it goes without saying that the imprisonment was more imaginary than real. Devout people, to release him and store up merit for themselves, bought these locks and took them away, so that in course of time, the priest was released, and he was afterwards high in office in the monastery. There are some very artistic memorial arches on the opposite side of the creek and a very pretty pavilion on an island.

A LESSON FOR SOCIALISTS.

IN times gone by there was a well-to-do native who lived a good life and when he died became an associate of the gods one of his friends being the God of Wealth and the pair used to roam the country together, invisibly, of course. One day they came upon two countrymen hoeing in the fields, and the friend of the god said to him "How is it that some people have wealth and others nothing? Look at these two poor laborers toiling in the sun, while others are enjoying themselves at home." The god replied "All men are not capable of handling riches; if these men were rich they would not

know what to do with their money and would soon be dead." The friend did not believe this, so, to convince him, the god took a shoe of sycee out of his pocket and put it just under the soil in front of one of the laborers, and another shoe similarly in front of the second man. Then they went away. The toilers, of course, not knowing what the god had done, kept at their work till one of them, whom we will call Ling, struck something hard with his hoe and thinking it was a stone, he tried to move it, when he saw it glisten and then found it was a shoe of sycee. Just at the same time a similar thing happened to the other laborer, whom we will call Long, and both simultaneously ejaculated "I've found a lump of silver," and each was overjoyed at his luck. This feeling, however, did not last for they began to consider that the silver each had was not a large sum; "what a pity" each thought to himself "that I did not find the two pieces," and each commenced to scheme how he might obtain both shoes.

It was the usual custom for one of the men to go home and prepare the midday meal while the other kept

on working. On this occasion Ling said he would go, and as Long had already decided how he was going to obtain Ling's piece of silver he did not object to stay in the field. Ling on his way home proceeded to a medicine shop where he purchased some poison which he afterwards put in the food he had prepared for Long, and then returning to the field sat down complacently to eat his own dinner. This was Long's opportunity, and going behind Ling he killed him with a blow of his hoe. He then sat down to eat his own food but soon expired from the effects of the poison Ling had put in it.

Next day the god and his friend passed by and found two dead men. "There," said the god "didn't I tell you so? These two men did not know how to enjoy their money; each became avaricious and then plotted the other's death and they have succeeded only too well."



THE SE TAH HU.

THE Tah Hu or Great Lake is situated to the West of Soochow, while the Se Tah Hu is on the East of that important city, and consequently to the East of the Tah Hu. Under such circumstances, one would naturally think that the lake under notice would be called the Tung or Eastern Tah Hu ; not so the Chinese, for they have named it the Se or Western Tah Hu, a puzzle which is left to the reader to unravel as best he can.

We leave the Garden bridge steps, having arranged to be towed by a Hangchow train launch as far as Tung Le Miao, it being understood that we

pay four dollars for this service and that there will be only three other boats in the same tow ; further, that we start at half past four o'clock. But man proposes and the Chinaman steps in and spoils has luck, and only a portion of the contract is strictly carried out, that is, our portion, for instead of the launch leaving at the time specified, we do not get away till nearly two hours afterwards, and there is a string of seven, making with our two, nine boats in all. Since then, the launches have only been allowed to tow six boats.

There is not much difficulty in getting the boats in line for they all hitch on at the mouth of the Soochow Creek, and we are off at half past 6 o'clock, with the tide against us, but so slowly do we go that we are only abreast of the Custom House, not a quarter of a mile from the starting place, at 7 o'clock. Here the launch stops, as it appears a passenger belonging to one of the boats is having a late afternoon tea or something of that sort and has not embarked yet, so that nine boats and some fifty to sixty people are compelled to wait for the late comer. As he does not put in an ap-



SCENE ON BANK OF SE TAH HU.

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pearance after waiting for a quarter of an hour, the launch proceeds slowly as far as Kinleyuen, and then, finding the absentee is still not forthcoming, the jingle is rung full speed ahead, which in this instance is anything but a break-neck pace; in fact in a race with a Shanghai broker's trap the latter would win hands down. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that with the strong ebb against us and the heavy tow, it is not till five o'clock next morning that we reach Tung Le Miao, whereas we should have been there four hours earlier. At the former hour, our lowdah awakes with a start, and awakens us too, for he finds we have been towed beyond our taking-off point and his yells to the other boat's crew to cast off can be heard for a long distance in the still morning air. Having given the look-out man a piece of his mind for allowing us to be towed past our taking-off place, our lowdah gives the order right about turn and then our crews have to yuloh against the now strong flood tide till they get into a creek off the river which leads to the Se Tah Hu. Of course, there is no more sleep for us;

so we amuse ourselves looking out of the cabin windows. We carry the flood till 10 o'clock, some of our party having previously landed to shoot the festive snipe but did not meet with much success. In half an hour later the tide turns and is soon running ebb compelling us to anchor till the afternoon.

In the afternoon we proceed and land on an island which divides the creek. There is a fine square pagoda on it called the Mow tah and it is very clean as are the temple and attached buildings. On one side of the enclosure there is a pretty little inlet used by boats, and a willow pattern rustic bridge close by. Gaining admission to the pagoda, we ascend to the top after having been asked for cash by the attendant who apparently believes is payment first and services afterwards, in which we disagree with him in toto. We think the staircases are not intended for persons inclined to corpulency, nor the stairs for those who are short-winded, because they are almost perpendicular. However, on getting to the top we are rewarded with a lovely view all round



MOW TAH, NEAR SE HU.

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and in the distance see Sungkoong and pagodas, the Fung Whong hills, Quinsan, the Tah Hu hills and the Se Tah Hu. Evidently foreigners with an eye to the picturesque have been here before, for when we are arranging our camera, the priest of the temple points out a good place to put it, though it does not suit our lens.

We reach the South East entrance to the Se Tah Hu after dark, and anchor for the night and next morning survey our surroundings, finding at the entrance to the lake a temple dedicated to Kwan Te, the God of War, the priest in charge of which is provided with a bag at the end of a bamboo in which he receives the donations of the crews of the boats who desire the protection of the god during their passage though the lake which is some twelve to fifteen feet deep and the water so clear that the bottom and the aquatic vegetation growing on it can be seen, also the shrimp traps belonging to a boat which has some hundreds of them tied on a rope about a quarter of a mile long.

We go nearly round the lake visiting the picturesque places and taking photographs of some of them. At one

place, after a picture is developed, the natives want to see it and are highly amused when it is shown them; of course, they want the plate. Others ask for a cigar and we oblige an old man who walks with a stick, but draw the line at a young nipper of some eight summers and tell him smoking will make his head spin, so he does not press his request. We let the people look into the finder of the camera, but "I cannot see anything" says an old dame. "I can" calls out a youth "and there's So-and-so and So-and-so." Then the old dame takes another squint; she succeeds better this time and is loud in her praise and an old man tries his luck, but after repeated failures gives it up as a bad job. "My eyes are dim" he says apologetically, but the great difficulty is to get the crowd to stand away from the front of the camera; they will persist in looking through the finder lens, and no amount of persuasion will deter them, so we close the entertainment and retire to the boat, leaving the natives of all the surrounding hamlets to talk of the visit of the foreigner and his wonderful mirror, as some of them call it, while those



INSIDE R.C. CATHEDRAL ON ZO SAN, THE HILLS.

who cannot get to us are perched on trees and other coigns of vantage. Our trip round the lake takes twenty four hours including our anchoring at night, and next day at noon we get out of the Se Tah Hu.

The quickest way to get back to Shanghai is to leave the Se Tah Hu on the East by a creek which goes past Te San, which is a Taoist monastery on a hillock on the right; the busy town of Tsu Kah Ko, or Tsu Family Horn; past the San Kway Jao or Three Arched Bridge and on to Chingpu; then turn to the right just below the city and into the Sah Whay Kong or Arsenal Creek as foreigners know it. If the voyager keeps on after passing Chingpu, instead of turning off to the right, he will eventually come out at the Four Waters on the Soochow Creek, and on the way he will see on his left a massive stone tablet set in a brick border. On this stone it is stated "The Imperial clemency beautifies the Sacred Tenets" and this is recorded in four large characters perpendicularly arranged down the middle of the tablet. On the right side are the characters meaning "Spring term, 44th year,

Kang She [A. D. 1706]. During His Imperial Majesty's tour of inspection, he passed through Chingpu hsien and tarried at the residence of the Koong family." On the left are characters meaning "A special gift of the Imperial autograph in token of His Majesty's appreciation of the Sacred Books." Then follows the name of the person who erected the tablet, while at the bottom under the four large characters is written "The Hall of the Sacred Sage." Some distance behind this monument is a temple, and in the principal apartment is an image of Koong Fu tsz, or Confucius, with nine strings of imitation pearls suspended from his mortar-board cap, while in the wings are four other images with similar headdresses.

We leave the lake by one of the Northern outlets and soon afterwards come to what would be an island in the middle of the creek were it not that it is joined to the bank by a causeway. On this isolated spot there is a temple to the Loong Wong or Dragon king, snugly ensconced among trees but sadly in need of repairs. The solitary occupant is a fisherman who is



ERH DING, NEAR FOUR WATERS, SOOCHOW CREEK.

complacently smoking his pipe and patiently waiting for some of the finny tribe to bait themselves on his hooks three of which are suspended from a triangle.

Visiting the temple we find a number of pairs of shoes which have been presented to the Goddess of Mercy, and want to buy a pair, so after some bargaining we get them for twenty cents whereas on a previous visit three dollars were demanded for a similar pair.

Another building, a temple shrine, is passed on the right and then comes Haw Kah Jao village. All the surrounding country is covered with growing crops, but the recent heavy rains have laid some of it low, while in other places the villagers have cut the grain and spread it out on the roofs of their houses, temples, bridges and other elevated positions, grave mounds excepted, to dry. Myriads of locusts are among the crops so that we cannot put our feet down without treading on some of them. The women do most of the reaping in some parts round the lake while the lords of creation spend their time in the teashops. The North-

ern end of Haw Kah Jao village presents a pretty picture.

Next comes Ung Kah Jao or Ung Family Bridge village, with a high bridge at the Northern end and abundance of trees out of which peep the regulation one-arched bridge and thatched cottages with blue and other colored walls. At this village we make an extended stay and the people come down to the bank to look at us. As usual, they pass all kinds of remarks about ourselves and are greatly interested in our taking photographs of the place, though they do not know what we are doing. Some hazard the remark that our camera is a che le ching, "thousand le looking glass" or telescope, and we do not undeceive them. They are very quiet, speaking almost in whispers. The *Gem* comes in for a share of their attention and they peer through the windows and look into the cabin and while taking our tiffin, the interest in us deepens and it is almost as good to them as seeing the animals fed in a menagerie at home. "What's he eating?" says one. "Green vegetables" replies another. "No; potatoes" opines a sharp youth, while an-

other says "radishes," and one man is so carried away by his interest in us that he unceremoniously steps on board and looks in at the cabin door, but we send him away as quickly as he came, for we know from experience that if one person is allowed on board, the deck will soon be crowded with others. He takes his ejection in good part and when we are drinking our tea hazards the remark that it is soup. The composition of our clothing is a matter of debate; some affirming that our coat is made of leather, and others that it is something else, but as we make no sign of enlightening them on the subject, they are undecided.

Our crew having rested we make for home and reach Che Tun or Thousand Mounds. There is a square pagoda to the left, in ruins like many others are, and it is the home of an innumerable number of pigeons. Che Tun is a picturesque place with its creek, quaint houses, bridges, boats, trees, rafts and pagoda, and is apparently named from the number of grave mounds in the vicinity. There are, however, too many foreign devils in the air as we pass through, and this

makes us feel like spanking some of the youngsters. A foreigner at Canton once said that the expression was a term of endearment ; he ought to have known better ; nobody with any common sense would believe such nonsense. It is probable the children do not know any other name for us, but it is evident they must have been taught by their elders to so designate us. The grown-up people know better, for if taken to task for using the expression they immediately call us "foreign teacher" that is gentleman.

Most of the villages being on the borders of the lake or on the banks of creeks, it naturally follows that the people use a large number of boats. These vary in shape according to the locality, though in this part of the Kiangsu province the majority are of one shape, namely square-bowed, or "square-toed" as they are called by foreigners, and with few exceptions all are propelled by the *yu-loh* or scull. The natives are very careful of their own property and their boats come in for a good share of this care, consequently in many places along the banks are boathouses built



SCENE ON SOOCHOW CREEK.



Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher but appears to be organized into several lines.

of bamboo and thatched and as other boats are being continually tracked along the banks, the towing lines would destroy the roofs. This, however, is avoided by long bamboos being placed in a leaning direction against the inner side of the boathouses, so that when a line comes in contact with the pliant bamboos the latter bend and the line is carried clear of the roof.

Leaving Che Tun in the afternoon at 4 o'clock, at dusk we reach the Soochow Creek between San Kong Kow or Three Rivers' Mouth, and Lo Kah Pan, about a hundred and thirty le from Shanghai, and having a head wind with the tide against us, we are compelled to track, but our boat being lighter we see nothing of the other boat on getting up next morning, though an hour later, having caught a breeze, her sail is seen over the land and she passes us, but as the wind again dies away the two boats are again in company till arrival home. When approaching Sinza or the New Lock drawbridge, since replaced by a fixed one, our men call out to those in charge to raise it and while we are waiting, a native boat shoots by us and

passes through without paying. We have to give two hundred cash, but in the case of a foreigner versus native, the countrymen of the latter think we are the most entitled to pay and so let the native boat off scot free. Coming down the Creek, nearer the Settlements are lots of steam launches, some of them with very ambitious names, one of them being called the Yuen Ngao or Roc, the names of others meaning Soaring Luck, Great Eastern, Flying Cloud, Mounting Ship, Mustard Seed and Flying Ship. These launches tow passenger boats to Soochow and Hangchow and since those ports have been opened to foreign trade they carry a flag in the bow and a foreign or Chinese ensign at the stern and originally did a good business, but there are so many of them now that the supply exceeds the demand, though the traffic may improve in time.



ABOUT FISHING.

AS is only natural, many of the people living on the banks of the Se Tah Hu and other lakes are expert fishermen and utilise the water for obtaining food, for it is well known that the Chinese are adepts at snaring the finny tribe, the means employed being both numerous and ingenious. One plan requires the co-operation of as many as ten or a dozen boats, and in this case, one boat is provided with a net many yards long but only a few feet deep. It is weighted at the bottom, while the top has floats not buoyant enough to keep the top of the net on the surface, but sufficient to

maintain it perpendicularly in the water, the lower part touching the bottom. One end of the net is left on the bank and the rest is run out into deep water and while this is being done, a great noise is made in the boat by the crew knocking split bamboos on which are pieces of iron tied loosely to them while at the same time the other boats thrash the water with bamboos. As soon as the net is in position, a signal is given and those boats which have been waiting a little distance off, now commence to move nearer, making a noise similar to that in the first boat, and still beating the water. Gradually they close in on each other till their sides touch and then each boat lets down over the bows a gripnet which is attached to a couple of bamboos tied together near one end and working like a pair of pincers. As these are opened and closed the net is opened and closed too, like the mouth of a travelling bag and a few fish are caught each time, but the grand effort is not made till later on when the boats have reached within a few feet of the bank where the shore end of the net is. Then frequent

plunges are made into the water with the gripnets and very few fish escape, for those that do not get into the gripnets are caught in the long net. We have seen fish several pounds in weight taken in this way.

Another mode of fishing is by the aid of lime which the fishermen throw into the water, having first enclosed a certain space with cone shaped baskets into which the fish rush not being able to live in the lime-impregnated water, and so are easily caught. A third plan is a circular net which hangs from a big bamboo ring like a fringe and is lowered perpendicularly into the water from the bow of a boat. The bottom of this fringe is turned up all round forming a bag into which the fish get.

We see a number of nets stretched across a creek and when they are hauled up, we notice that they are weighted with unburnt bricks which are strung together in a very ingenious manner, but there are many other ways of snaring the denizens of the water and it has been our good fortune to witness some of the different methods in operation. On the lake, men go out at night in narrow boats which are

about twelve feet long and about two feet wide. At one side of the boat is attached a net fixed upright to the gunwale, and about two feet high, while on the other side, through its whole length is a board painted white, about three feet broad and resting on the gunwale with the outer edge slightly under the water. The man sits aft, and his paddle, also painted white, makes a noise in the water and frightens the fish, which being attracted by the white board, dart at it as a means of safety, only to find themselves flop into the bottom of the boat, the net on the opposite side preventing their going over into the water again. The darker the night, the better the fisherman's luck and sometimes the fisherman anchors his boat and then goes to sleep, the fish jumping on board just the same.

In fishing for prawns and shrimps, baskets are used, but though these vary in shape in different places, they are all constructed on the same principle. The traps are single baskets, cylindrical in shape, about a foot long and three inches in diameter, with a lid or cap, though some

consist of two baskets fastened at right angles, but with only one lid, and both the lid and the opposite end of the basket are shaped like the bottom of an ordinary bottle with a hole in it and the baskets are baited with a piece of flour paste stuck on a spike inside of the lid. The prawns, smelling this out, crawl into the basket, but owing to the shape of the ends, cannot get out again and as many as five hundred double baskets are sometimes attached to a single line, and sunk in the water. As they are hauled up by a man in the bow of the boat, another examines them, takes out the prawns, re-baits the baskets and then piles them up behind him ready for the next throw.

“Field chickens” or frogs of the edible kind, are fished for at night, the locality being ground that had been previously flooded for planting rice, but on watching a number of men at work, we come to the conclusion that frog fishing is not a very profitable business. Each man is accompanied by a boy who carries a lighted torch made of dried reeds, while the fisher himself is provided with two baskets, one without either top or bottom, to surround the

frog with, and the other to keep it safe when captured. In some parts, frogs are caught, according to Dr. Williams, with a hook and line with a young frog for a bait, but we have never seen this kind of fishing.

Another mode of fishing is by means of "water crows" or cormorants. These birds are trained to dive for fish and are taken out in boats and perched on rails at each side. The boatman propels the craft and attends to the cormorants, and he has a long light flexible bamboo, with a hook at the thin end, with which he lifts the birds off their perches and throws them into the water. To make them dive, he shakes the bamboo over them, or if this is insufficient, he lightly taps the lazy birds on the back. The birds, thereupon, dive and if they are successful, on rising to the surface, they swim towards the extended bamboo and are taken on board, the hook catching the string that is tied to their feet.

It is comical to witness these birds bobbing up and down; they nearly all disappear together and are so domesticated, that although two or three lots from different boats may be all out



CORMORANTS.

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diving together, still each bird eventually returns to its proper owner. We count as many as twenty two birds in one boat, each costing from one thousand to six thousand cash and some of them live upwards of ten years. They are fed on beancurd and when the feeding hour comes, they get into a high state of excitement, rushing at the boat and trying to get on board. They are fed one at a time; each is pulled out of the water by its neck, its mouth opened and a ball of beancurd thrown down its throat. "As greedy as a cormorant" is about as expressive a saying as could well be coined to illustrate a ravenous and voracious disposition and if these birds were taken to Cologne they would add one more to the "two and seventy stenchs, all well defined, and several stinks" of that ill-favored town. To prevent the cormorants swallowing their catches, rings are put round their necks.

Fish are also caught in large nets which are used in canals, creeks or rivers. One of those that we see is one hundred and ten feet long and sixty feet wide. It is not made all in one

piece, but is composed of a number of pieces sewn together, and a net, we are told, will last seven or eight months, but we take that statement for what it is worth, for a native has very little idea of time. In addition to the net, there are two windlasses requiring several people to work them, and some stout bamboo poles. At one side of the creek on the bank, a substantial bamboo is erected, and kept in position by stays. To this is attached a long rope, one end of which is fastened at the top of the bamboo and the other to one corner of the net. On the same side of the creek, though in the water, is another long bamboo which is attached to another corner of the net. This bamboo has only one stay to it, so that, as the net sinks into the water, the head of the bamboo sinks too. On the opposite side of the creek are the two windlasses, on which are wound ropes fastened to the remaining corners of the net, and it is by working on these windlasses that the net is raised out of the water.

Another kind of net is worked from the banks of rivers and creeks. It is spread out square, being stretched out

by means of arched bamboos. It falls flat in the water and is raised by an ingenious contrivance consisting of two pairs of moveable sheerlegs, one behind the other, connected at the top by a rope and working on a common base but set at an obtuse angle to each other. The arched bamboos are fastened to the apex of the outer pair of sheerlegs, while the leverage is supplied by the inner pair at the apex of which there is a heavy counterbalancing weight—usually a worn-out grindstone—and a rope upon which the fisherman pulls to lift his net out of the water.

There is another kind of fishing, namely by the aid of a string, bamboo and a bag or stocking, and is indulged in by priests, their object being to raise money either to repair the temple close by or the bridge from which the priest angles. These gentry take up a position on the bridges, and as boats pass under, they lower the apparatus over the parapet to catch a few cash from the occupants and this kind of angling appears to be a profitable business.

Any one who has noticed the fishing boats will have observed that there are always numbers of children in

them, and the Chinese have a reason, other than the right one, for this. According to popular belief, in olden times, there was an old couple who earned their living by fishing and it had been a profitable occupation for them, so much so that they had managed to save a nice little sum of money. They were, however, childless, and concluded to spend all their earnings in scented wood to burn to the head joss. The smoke ascended to heaven, so, having sniffed it, he enquired what it was and where it came from, and was informed that a fisherman and his wife, who were childless, had spent all their money in the purchase of scented wood to burn in his honor. The joss was so pleased with their conduct that he decreed fishermen in future should always have plenty of children!

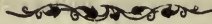
Besides fish, the natives obtain other food from the water which they utilise for the production of aquatic nuts that grow in sheltered places. One kind is the water chestnut and another the water caltrop, or ling ko, that is "horns" which is known to foreigners as "buffalo horns," as they have somewhat the shape of the head and horns of this

animal, though in miniature. Mud turtles are also obtained from the water. We bought one of these creatures and found that its mouth had been sewn up with blue thread to prevent it biting. Truly the tender mercies of the Chinese are cruel. Mud turtles have long snakelike necks. If you purchase one of these mud turtles, you must not cook it at once, for may-be it is turtle; may-be it is snake, so you must hang it up for three nights; if it does not come down of its own accord, it's turtle; if it does, it's snake! It is well to know these things. On the Poyang Lake there is a temple where the turtle is worshipped by boatmen, for according to their idea this creature is capable of raising a storm when it gets "its back up" and instances are recorded and firmly believed, in which many boats have been upset and the occupants drowned, owing to the latter having been guilty of levity in respect to their ideas of the power and temper of the turtle. The world is supposed to rest on the back of a turtle, and when the creature moves there are earthquakes.

Among those who earn their living on the Se Tah Hu are fisherfolk who

use nets made from silk. The ordinary people stand in awe of these fishers because it is believed they practise incantations and are able to bring down vengeance upon those who incur their displeasure. Many of the fishermen and their families in this part of the province are Roman Catholics and on Sundays, morning and evening, may be heard chaunting the prayers of that church.

The weeds and grasses which grow in the lakes are used in fertilising the ground, and various methods are employed in their collection, one being with a long five-pronged rake, while the mud at the bottom is dredged up with baskets shaped and working like the bi-valves of a clam.



A CHINESE SOLOMON.

THERE lived at Kah Ding early in the last century an official named Lo Chah who had the interests of his people at heart and there were few thieves in his town because he put them in the way of earning an honest livelihood, supplying them with money and clothing to make a start with. Lo followed the example of Haroun-al-Raschid and roamed about in disguise, finding out all about his subjects, and was the means thereby of rectifying many abuses.

Among the inhabitants of Kah Ding was a man who did not bear the best of characters, for although he was a cake-seller by day, he was a gambler

by night and the delectables he sold were yu sah kway, a cake made of flour fried in oil and done up in the form of a twist. He used to sit outside a much-frequented resort the people of which were his principal customers, and one day he left his home with two hundred twists on his tray and made his way to his usual pitch. Here he sold a hundred and ninety cakes and while waiting for more customers, fell asleep, for having been up all the previous night gambling he was tired out. The proceeds of his sales were on strings in his oily tray and while he dozed a man came along. This individual was a thief and seeing that the owner of the money was asleep, he stole it, put it into his pocket and quietly moved away. Later on, the cake-seller awoke and after a preliminary yawn, looked into his tray and was horrified to find his money gone there being nothing left for him to gamble with at night; so he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears and while so doing, a laborer appeared on the scene and enquired what was the matter.

The cake-seller said he had placed his money in his tray on a stone close



INSIDE KAH DING.



by and having fallen asleep, somebody had taken the coins away. "In that case," said the laborer, "the stone must be the thief" and he told the cake-seller that the man he was speaking to was Lo Chah. He then ordered two men to carry the stone, slung between them from a pole, to the four gates of the city and inform the people that the stone had stolen the cake-seller's money. The men did as requested and then he told them to take it to his yamun where he would administer a flogging to it. This too, was done and a tub of water placed beside it.

Of course, the people flocked to the yamun to witness the unusual sight of an inanimate stone being flogged for a theft, and among those who went was the actual thief, for he had nothing to fear under the circumstances. When they all got inside, the official said that he was going to close the gates, and when this had been done he told the people that he must charge each person present three cash, and this being such a small amount, all willingly paid it. The official, however, would not handle the coins, but told the people to deposit them in the tub of water. A

lot of people having done this, the thief fumbled among his clothes till he got the requisite number off the cake-seller's oily strings of cash.

Up to this time the water had remained clean, but directly the thief dropped his cash into it, the surface showed traces of oil. Said the official to the man "Have you any more cash?" "No" he replied. "Then search him" said the official, and the searchers found a lot of greasy cash corresponding with the number—less three put into the tub—that the cakeseller had lost. Hence the thief was detected. If the man had taken the precaution to wash the coins after he had stolen them, he would not have been found out.

Lo Chah once had a difficult case to decide. A row had occurred between two women, one a wife and the other her husband's mother. The husband having to go away on business for some months, returned home one day to find that his mother's conduct was the talk of the place, a shaven-headed priest belonging to a neighboring temple being the other party. The mother hearing her son's voice, let the priest

out by the back door, and although her son did not find anybody in the house but his wife and mother, he upbraided the latter for her conduct. She, putting on an air of injured innocence, tried to fix the blame on her daughter-in-law who becoming wrath at the base insinuation, caused an uproar, and the watch coming along took them to the magistrate. He, good man, was non-plussed for a time, for each woman strenuously denied her guilt and equally decidedly tried to fix the blame on the other.

At this stage a man in court guffawed, whereupon the magistrate asked him who he was. He replied that he was a pipestem seller, a bundle of which he had with him. Said the magistrate "Give me two of the strongest," and handing them to the women, he ordered them to beat the priest who had also been arrested. The young woman took the magistrate at his word, and administered such lusty thwacks with her stick on the sleek body of the priest that he was fain to call out for mercy, while the mother-in-law's blows were hardly sufficient to kill flies. From this the

reader will be able to form his own opinion as to who the culprit was and the magistrate came to a similar conclusion.

Lo Chah did some other clever things and as he had been a good, honest official while alive, the Emperor concluded to promote him among the gods when he died.

The story of Lo Chah reminds us of what happened at our Mixed Court some years ago; a thief had been arrested for stealing a small table. He denied the offence stating that he was too ill to carry the table. Said the magistrate "Poor fellow, give him twenty thousand cash." When the accused received the money he shouldered it and marched out of the Court, easily carrying the heavy load, showing that he was not so weak as he professed to be, the result being that he was brought back, convicted of the theft, received a bambooning and lost his cash into the bargain.



WONG DO.

OUR readers may have heard of Wong Do. This place is situated on the Soochow Creek, seventy two le or twenty six miles from Shanghai; that is the distance nominally; it is actually some few miles less. We start as usual from the Hospital steps at 7 p.m. and proceed up the Soochow Creek, but have not gone far before we experience a Nor' West gale, so the lowdah, always anxious for our comfort, and possibly his own, suggests that we take a small creek on our starboard side, some twelve le from Shanghai, and so escape the strong head wind. Now, when we start out on our travels we

rarely decide beforehand where we are going to; that is a subject which circumstances settle, so in the present instance, we allow the lowdah to have his own way, the more so as we have never been where he wants us to go, but we are no sooner in the mouth of this creek which is called the Dah Ts than our further progress is barred by a bridge necessitating our anchoring till the tide falls sufficiently for us to pass under it.

We are up early and away, but it is very cold outside the warm cabin which is heated by a "Florence" oil stove and there is ice on the banks, the first we have seen this season. The villagers are early risers here and trudge along the banks of the Dah Ts either on their way to or from market, their baskets usually holding small pieces of pork or fish tied up with string, white beancurd, a bottle containing cooking oil, and perhaps a pair of dirty shoes in contact with the eatables, and some joss paper. Occasionally there is a pewter jug with a spout to it, being evidence that the owner is not a teetotaler. We pass the time of day with some of the pedestrians and are cour-



ME DO, THE "LAUGHING BUDDHA,"

teously replied to, but when landing to take photographs, become the centre of attraction, one native in a dogskin cap wanting to know what we are carrying and what it costs.

The creek is as sinuous as most Chinese creeks are, reminding one of the roundabout way the natives have in answering questions. And now we come to a good sized village which is called Chung Sz and is celebrated as the home of an image of Me Do or Amitahba Buddha. There are many images in China of this Buddha who is always represented as shaking his fat sides and paunch with laughter and he is supposed to do this when he sees the efforts of mortals in whatever direction employed, knowing as he does that, as Solomon says, everything is vanity, and that they will all eventually return to earth notwithstanding their strivings, plans and schemes. The Me Do in the Chung Sz has a record. It is made of bronze and sits like all the others do at the entrance of the temple, but it has been mutilated, one of the fingers of the right hand being missing. This, the natives aver, was the work of the Taiping Rebels who, as is well

known, were iconoclasts, and they attempted to destroy it, but the Buddha was too strong for them for they only succeeded in breaking off one of the fingers.

The only objection one may have to travelling on some of the creeks is that there are so many low bridges. The *Gem* can negotiate most of them, but it is touch and go sometimes and we experience this in the Dah Ts, for after passing the Chung Sz, the *Gem* collides with a stone bridge and comes to grief, the roof over the coolies who are sculling, being knocked down with a crash. The damage, however, is repaired in half an hour, and we proceed, to find that by going to the right we get into the Hongkew Creek which debouches into the Whangpoo alongside the China Merchants' Central Wharf and that we can also branch off the Hongkew Creek and go to Kongwan and on to the Woosung Creek. As we are not homeward bound we turn to the left through some pretty scenery, pass the inevitable lekin station and finally come out again into the Soochow Creek, between Jessfield and Tsu Tah Yah Miao village having done

twenty le since entering the Dah Ts. Soon after this we come to the Yah Che Tun or Pheasant's Mound and later reach Wong Do barracks which we pass and then anchor for the night in Wong Do Creek.

At Wong Do the Soochow Creek is spanned by a fine stone three arched bridge called the Bridge of a Thousand Autumns and it is alongside this that the barracks are—the home of quite a number of soldiers who are armed with the old-fashioned smoothbore muskets. They adopt the old style in loading, that is they break off one end of the cartridge and drop the powder down the muzzle, and next the cartridge paper. Tapping the heel of the gun on the ground settles the powder, and then the round bullet or slug is dropped in and lightly rammed home without any wadding, so that the soldiers have to point their guns upwards to prevent the ball rolling out of the barrel. Percussion caps are used and now the warrior is ready to receive the foe. We watch these men at target practice. They come up in squads in front of an officer who sits at a table with pen-brush, paper and ink. Then the

soldiers' names are called and they answer in English "Here" or as near as they can twist their tongues to evolve that word.

The target is about a hundred yards off and the men having all made a bow to the recording officer, commence firing. No. 1 assumes a theatrical attitude, extends the left leg with the knee bent and the right leg well behind. Next he raises his gun at right angles to his body, brings it into his shoulder, places his left hand more or less in the orthodox position on the barrel, runs his eye along it and then fires. Bang! Thud! The shot has struck the mound. He retires, and No. 2 takes his place. Bang! Ping! Brang! Brang! Brang! He has made a bull, the fact being recorded by the marker by three strokes on the gong. No. 2 faces about and salutes his officer and retires to the right, the other having gone to the left. No. 3 moves up and fires. Snap! The cap has missed fire, so he retires, but neither he nor No. 1 salutes the officer. As soon as one squad finishes, the men march off the field and are succeeded by others who go through a similar performance with





variations but it must be mentioned here that a rut extends from the target to the firing point and the soldiers stand at one end of it and some of the squads do very well, nearly every man hitting the target. From their speech we find that the men do not all belong to the same province, a wise precaution, we imagine.

Later in the day, we see the concluding part of their drill, and they are going through the manual exercise. The duration of each movement is determined by beat of drum and lasts some seconds so that while the drum is being sounded the soldiers have to remain motionless in whatever position they may be in, a tiring operation for their muscles, we should think. But the men all go through these exercises very well, though we fail to see the utility of them in these days of Lee-Metford rifles and other advanced weapons of war. The exercises are held twice a day.

From the outside, the barracks had a neat appearance years ago, but they are now looking very much the reverse. The walls are of mud, some twelve or more feet high, and the soldiers are

quite polite, if inquisitive, and are highly delighted when we show them a negative taken of some of them while at target practice in the morning. One of them detects what he thinks is a defect in the picture. "Where are the eyebrows?" he asks. We reply that they are there though he cannot see them. Another wants to know whether he can recognise So-and-so, while a third says "It's just exact," and we take them all by storm when we allow them to look into the finder on the camera, one individual asking us to let him have the picture he has just seen in it; an impossibility, of course; he might just as well ask for a shadow and expect to be gratified with it. But it is comical to notice them close one eye and try to see the object on the finder. Frequently they say "I cannot see it," but when they do they do not forget to tell everybody.

It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun. To a certain extent we can believe this, but we are not prepared to see at Wong Do, a metal sign plate of a celebrated English newspaper, for staring us in the face as we leave the place is a native boat with

such a sign doing duty for one of the planks in the boat. It is painted blue and on it in large bold letters appears the legend "*Daily Telegraph*". Largest circulation in the world," the address of this great London daily being also given. True, the plate is upside down, but that is a detail which did not enter into the calculations of the boat owner when his utilitarian instincts prompted him to use it to stop a gap in the side of his boat. If the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* sees these lines we trust he will be both surprised and gratified to find that even in China his paper is advertised miles away from where Western civilisation obtains.

Wong Do proper is close to the first one. It is up a good sized creek, and is like the rest of the villages or small towns in China. There are a market street, where food, clothing and furniture may be had for money ; a samshu or Chinese wine distillery with the evil smelling must in earthenware jars exposed to the weather ; a dye yard, a bath house, a few temples, shops which supply the simple wants of the people, from beancurd to coffins, an oil mill, etc., etc. Of course, the

inevitable spinning wheel, ginning machine and hand, or rather foot, loom find manipulators among the feminine portion of the inhabitants, while gypsy hucksters, cobblers, peddlers, umbrella menders, tinkers and other itinerant handicraftsmen earn their living and reside in boats on the creek.

We see a native having his breakfast. He is walking about with a bowl of rice up to his chin and a pair of chopsticks in his hand, and the way he is shovelling the food into his mouth is enough to make a dyspeptic turn green with envy. We also see some nuns similarly occupied, but they are so very bashful that they will not allow us to take their photographs ; not so the man, he obligingly strikes an attitude for our benefit. Further on, we come across some men weighing cotton. The Chinese scale is on the principle of our steelyard, but is much larger and is made of wood, the weight being a good sized stone. Then there is the village carpenter and his shop, the latter not a very extensive affair, but containing a fair number of tools which hang on the walls, while the master and his assistants are pretty busy.

It may be mentioned here that the teeth of Chinese saws are not set like those in use in the West, for whereas the teeth in the latter are set right and left alternately, Chinese saws have theirs all in line. Out in the open, we see women winnowing grain of some kind and the process is easy enough, for they simply raise the grain in baskets above their heads, and tilting them allow the contents to drop into a tray on the ground so that the wind blows away the dust. In cleaning rice, a heavy stone hammer is used on the grain which is placed in a stone mortar and the hammer is fastened at one end underneath a beam which rests on a pivot with a man at the other end. He treads on the beam which causes the opposite end to rise, and then removing his foot, the hammer falls with considerable weight on the grain, the process in time polishing it. We also notice a man who is intent examining his clothing, going over the inside of it with his finger and thumb and in this instance, mirabile dictu! it is literally a case of "You bite me and I'll bite you," a disgusting practice, common enough, however, a-

mong the lower classes of the Chinese.
As we leave, we notice in the water
some large globular baskets that are
suspended from frames and contain
fish which are thus kept alive till re-
quired for use or for sale.



THE GHOST'S SOOT RING.

THE most important utensil to be found in a native kitchen is a rice boiler. This is a circular iron pan shaped like half a hollow globe and there is a superstition connected with it, which, were it true, would go a long way towards accounting for the intolerable headaches with which poor mortals are occasionally afflicted. Being in such constant use, the bottom of the rice boiler soon gets covered with soot and the careful cook has to turn the utensil upside down and with a stiff broom remove the accumulation which falls to the ground all round the pan and forms a circle or ring. This ring is the subject of our story.

Among the numerous wandering, homeless ghosts that walk the earth was one which was always in good circumstances, and lived on the fat of the land, for people were continually offering him substantial food and incense. Consequently he was as sleek and fat-sided as a ghost could possibly be.

There was another ghost who also roamed the earth, but he was blind, thin and miserable and frequently had nothing to eat, for nobody ever thought of making offerings of any kind to him; not even the fragrance of a stick of lighted incense tickled his nostrils. He was puzzled to account for this state of affairs, so different to that of his neighbor, the sleek ghost, and one day he made up his mind to ask his friend how this could be. "Nothing easier," said the sleek ghost, "all you have to do is to place the soot ring from a rice boiler on somebody's head and you will then have all the food and good things that you desire." "A soot ring," said the blind ghost, "I never saw one." "Well," said the other, "there is nothing strange about that, for as you are blind, it is only natural that you cannot see a soot ring or anything

else." "Whoever heard of a ring of soot that could be picked up?" enquired ghost Number Two; "You surprise me." The other said "I know how to do it, and frequently use it when I am hungry. I clap it on a man's head, when he immediately has a tremendous headache, and as he cannot get rid of it without my aid he offers me food and incense to remove it, and so I am well provided for." "Oh," replied the blind ghost, "can you lend me your ring, for I am famished?" "Yes," said the other, "but you must take great care of it, for if it gets broken, I shall be as badly off as you are at the present moment." "I'll take great care of it," and having received the ring, the blind ghost set out to try his luck with it. Of course, as he could not see people, he had to trust to his hearing and on somebody speaking close to him, he put the ring on that person's head, the result being that the wearer immediately had a splitting headache. The ghost thought he was in luck at so soon finding an opportunity of testing the value of the soot ring, and food and incense flashed before his mental eye, and he gleefully

rubbed his ghostly hands together at the prospect, but he was doomed to disappointment.

Arrived at his house closely followed by the ghost the person with the sudden attack of headache cried out "Father, father, I've got a splitting headache, Oh, my! Oh, my!" Just then, the boy's father—for the speaker was a young lad—was very busy and petulantly replied "I'll split your head for you if you do not stop making that noise." The ghost heard this and fearing for the safety of the soot ring, hastily removed it from the boy's head and made his way back to the owner and told him of his failure. "You silly fellow," said the sleek ghost, "it's no use putting the ring on boys' heads; they have no means of offering you food and incense; you must put it on grown-up people's heads, people who can afford to spend money," and being afraid some mishap might happen to the ring, he told the blind ghost to return it to him.

It may perhaps be worth knowing that to prevent ghosts making use of rings to annoy people with, all the cook has to do when he has scraped

the bottom of his rice boiler is to rub his foot over the fallen soot, breaking the ring; then all the ghosts in the world will be powerless to re-make it.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD



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Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

A CHINESE NEW YEAR TRIP.

SOME of the places mentioned in this trip have been referred to in previous chapters, but other items are now added so we need not recapitulate the details here, though the following skeleton diary may be of use to intending holiday trippers:—The *Gem* left the Shanghai Garden bridge on 26th January at 5.40 p.m. in tow of a steam launch; passed Kah Shing on the 27th at 6 a.m., and arrived at Hangchow settlement at 3.40 p.m. on the same day, after a run of 22 hours. Reached the Su Mao Chiang at Hangchow at 7 p.m., and anchored. Left at 7.40 a.m. under yuloh, on the 29th and

passed Kah Shing at 10.30 a.m. on the 31st. Anchored at the Pow Tai Jao or Precious Girdle Bridge at 4 p.m. on 1st February. Proceeded at 10 a.m. on the 2nd through the Tan Teh Hu or Tranquil Terrace Lake to the Shang Fong San, arriving there at 2 p.m. Proceeded at 4 p.m. and reached the She Tz San or Lion Hill at 8 p.m., and anchored. Proceeded next morning, the 3rd, and reached the Soochow settlement at 2 p.m. and Soochow at 5 p.m. Left at 5 p.m. on the 4th and reached Quinsan at 7 a.m. on the 5th, and Che Tun at 2 p.m. Entered the Se Tah Hu at 4 p.m., arriving at the opposite side at 7 p.m. same day. Anchored for the night and proceeded at 8 a.m. on the 6th. Arrived at Fung Wong San or Phoenix Hills at 7.30 p.m. and left at 11 a.m. next day, reaching Shanghai at 3 a.m. on the 8th, having travelled some four hundred miles on the round trip.

On this trip we are fortunate in obtaining a powerful steam launch with only two boats to tow. There is no delay beyond the temporary one at the Customs South Barrier, and we are soon off again, but another launch

which leaves Shanghai with us has a tow of five boats and consequently does not make as good time as we do. We reach Kah Shing at 6 o'clock next morning, just twelve hours from Shanghai, and here we meet three launches with their trains going to Shanghai. It is a very close shave and for a moment it looks as if one of the passing boats will give us a shaking up but fortunately the crews are on the alert, and the vigorous use of their poling bamboos parts us, though with only a few inches to spare. We breathe again and are soon in a broader part of the creek and then into the Grand Canal which takes us to Hangchow. On the right bank is a small dummy pagoda. This structure is one of four, the other three being nearer to Kah Shing, and was dropped by the fairies while conveying it with the others to a bend in the Grand Canal. The three together are in good condition but this one has been neglected and was gradually falling to pieces; and liable to topple over, as the brickwork at the base was more than half gone, but somebody has since repaired it. Very few pagodas are kept in



LEW LE SHING, EN ROUTE KAH SHING.



TO WHOM
IT MAY COME

order in China and nobody seems to care what becomes of them.

Before reaching Hangchow we pass the Japanese and the foreign settlement in the order named. A broad road has been made the whole length of the two settlements with a frontage similar to the Shanghai Bund. The lots behind are considerably lower than the road, so the purchasers have to raise them to the road level, and each lot is for sale at \$250 but the filling in will cost \$300 more. The Chinese have taken time by the forelock and have put up filatures, one of these being an imposing structure, though they are not on the settlements, but the new Custom House is. There is an organised police force under foreign superintendence and the policemen look smart in their blue uniforms, but in order that they shall not make use of these uniforms while off duty they have to leave them in the office.

Leaving the settlements we proceed in our boat to the Su Mao Chiang, a landing place within about a mile of the Se Hu, or Western Lake on which the city of Hangchow borders; and pay a visit to the remarkable caves at

Lin Yin in a hill to the West of the Se Hu but experience considerable difficulty in finding them, for, owing to the usual diffidence of the natives in imparting information, we are compelled to make numerous enquiries on the way. Nearly every Chinaman we ask says he has never heard of the caves nor of the name of the hill in which they are situated. A woman, however, in one case overhears our question, and says they are further on. So on and on we go, and the nearer we get to our destination the more dense the natives become. "What cave?" they ask, "What images? There are none hereabouts." We enter a temple and see some gigantic idols of the four brothers who are supposed to rule at Mount Sumeru, the centre of the earth. Can these be what we are looking for? We ask a priest, and he replies that these are the only images he knows of, but we are not satisfied, and on flinging down a handful of cash in disgust, because we know the man is an Ananias in disguise, it suddenly dawns on his mind that there are caves and images about a quarter of a mile further on.

We proceed through a lovely glade with an almost dry rivulet beside the roadway, and then get into a farmstead the occupants of which readily conduct us to the caves but their aid is almost unnecessary for the caves are before us. They are in the solid rock at the base of the hill, the roofs being about eight feet high and unsupported for some fifty feet inwards and there are several passages through them, while the walls are covered with hundreds of images in bas relief, many being those of Indian gods. Outside the caves on the sides of the hill there are many more, some in niches about thirty feet from the base, but nobody seems to know when they were carved, and all are more or less knocked about, heads, arms noses and other parts having apparently been chipped off by memento hunters.

Attached to the Lin Yin Sz, a Buddhist monastery close by, is a building in which are the images of five hundred Buddhist Lohans, or saints, all bald headed and gilt, and arranged round the walls on each side of narrow rooms, but a few are on pedestals in the centre of these rooms. Among

them, we have been told is the image of the celebrated Venetian traveller Marco Polo, and we try to find out which represents him, but do not succeed. Say we "Where is Marco?" Nobody knows. We change the question to "Where is Polo?" Similar result; not to be beaten in our search after knowledge we ask "Where is the image of the Italian foreigner?" The reply is "They are all foreign, some from India, some from Ceylon." So we have to give it up.

There are a number of pretty spots in the vicinity of the Se Hu, and one could spend days exploring them. The most prominent object on the banks of the Se Hu is the Lay Foong Tah, or Lightning Peak Pagoda, near which is a vast monastery called the E Moh Ching Sz; then there are Yoh Fe's Grave, the causeway through and the island in the lake, the Imperial Library, the three Tientso temples and the Po Suh Pagoda. Some of the temples are very fine, while the Yueh Yang Seh Ngoh Dong, a cave on a hill side and containing a number of idols cut in the rock, is well worth a visit, but people with cameras should take some flash-



FRONTAGE, LIN YIN SZ.



light powder with them as part of the interior is not light enough for taking photographs without it.

On our way to Lin Yin Sz we take a photograph of the imprint of Buddha's feet in the side of the Po Suh Tah hill, said footprints having been made by Buddha when he split the hill asunder and pushed the smaller portion away with his feet. These understandings are rather large, but the individual who performed the feat must necessarily have been of gigantic proportions. There are quite a number of carved images in the vicinity.

Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather on this trip, we only stay a day at Hangchow, but start homewards via Soochow early next morning. At night the lowdah neglects to put a man on the lookout, the result being that we are rudely awakened about midnight, the boat having come in contact with an overhanging tree, and we find the dark room where we develop our photographs a wreck, the whole of the fore part having been smashed to splinters, but we console ourselves by telling the lowdah he will have to pay for the repairs and then

fall asleep again. On the morning of the third day we reach Kah Shing having anchored on the two previous nights, and at half past ten o'clock pass the Customs Station.

In response to our enquiry we are told it is a hundred and something odd miles to Soochow, but find it only a third of that distance, and while proceeding along the Canal come across three circular structures on the bank. They are all built of stone, some six feet high with a parapet round them and a hole a foot square in front and a peep through these holes shows a number of skulls and bones, the buildings being charnel houses for the reception of the remains of human beings. The three structures are for different kinds of people, the most elaborate for priests, the next for men and the third for women, the natives carrying out the etiquette observed among the living also in the case of the dead, but we do not believe the ordinary Chinaman is able to distinguish between the bones of men and women, so that it is probable the remains get all mixed up.

This reminds us of a story we were

once told at Hangchow. In this city there was a mound on which people used to get a little fresh air, but on one occasion a part of it collapsed and some individuals were very badly hurt. The authorities consulted a fortune-teller who said the bones of some human beings were in the mound and that the owners of them were insulted and in revenge had caused the accident, so to prevent a similar catastrophe the authorities ordered all the bones to be collected and buried elsewhere, among the osseous remains being those of lower animals, a fact which did not deter the officials from having the whole lot decently interred.

We reach the fifty three arched bridge called the Pow Tai Jao or Precious Girdle Bridge and still find that Ven Shing or Literary Star, the old priest whom we first met here some years ago, is alive and well ; on our last visit he was ill in bed. He is just as affable and voluble as ever and calls our attention to a lot of iron stanchions and railings which are to be put up on the bridge, the money having been supplied by a native gentleman who had noticed the unprotected condition

it was in. We stay over night and next morning go through the lake which the bridge adjoins and reach the Shang Fong Shan. Here we visit a monastery on the side of the hill, but are not much impressed with the interior, the building being dismal, and the idols dirty so we soon proceed on our way and after a ramble to the pagoda, return to our boat and depart for the Lion Hill. Here we stop all night. Next morning while in the vicinity of the New Wong Miao or Cattle King's Temple, nearer Soochow, we see a crowd of Chinese on the bank of the creek evidently intent watching something and there are cushions and other things belonging to a foreign houseboat. So we go over to offer assistance and find a large boat sunk with the crew trying to haul her up and on enquiring of her lowdah learn the craft had come to grief the night before while under tow, having collided with a bridge and was so badly damaged that she rapidly filled. On board the boat at the time of the accident were eight foreigners, men, women and children, who must have had a bad time of it, for on the night of the

accident the thermometer was some degrees below freezing point. The shipwrecked people made their way to a cotton mill a couple of miles off eventually returning to Shanghai by steam launch.

A visit is made to the magnificent summer residence of H.E. Sheng. This place in a short distance from Soochow and contains a labyrinth of rooms and yards in the latter of which there is a good deal of artificial rockwork. The place is well worth a visit, a small fee of ten cents being charged and having paid that, the visitor can wander through the place and admire its curiosities. Among these latter we have been told there is a table which, no matter how it is tilted, always resumes its original position. There is also a tall stone which is said to have come from nobody knows where. When we saw it it was wrapped up in straw.

We reach the settlement outside Soochow in the afternoon and notice the filatures and factories and that the new foreign settlement extends from the South gate on the opposite side of the Canal. Here too, we see foreign drilled policemen, while carriages and

a good number of jinricshas are all in full swing along the one road of the settlement. The Imperial Chinese Customs has a station here.

Next day we go through the city, and on paying a visit to the Poh Sz Tah or North Monastery pagoda on the north side, find the doors officially sealed up, the reason of this being that somebody had fired rockets from the upper storey thus creating a danger from fire to the surrounding houses. The big temple, called the Yuen Miao, is also visited and we find the courtyard occupied by numerous stalls and hundreds of people. There is a strange building inside the city and it is called the Wu Leang Ting or Beamless Pavilion, the beams of the sun not penetrating it, which is a fiction, for it is well lighted. If all houses could be constructed like it, house owners would save considerable sums in insurance, for it is made entirely of stone, bricks and mortar, the only woodwork about it being the handrail to the staircase. It is two stories high, the walls are of considerable thickness and it is the home of a number of idols and beggars, but



POH SZ TAH OR NORTH MONASTERY PAGODA, SOOCHOW.



we experience considerable difficulty in getting inside for it is only after removing some stones and crawling through a hole that we succeed. We have been told there is a similar building at Nanking. After doing the Examination Hall with its accommodation for 1,260 students, the Twin Pagodas and the Ink Slab Pagoda, we leave Soochow the same day and pass Quinsan and Chingpu next morning and find some adventurous spirit has succeeded in planting a flag on the top of the square pagoda outside the latter city, notwithstanding that all the staircases are gone.

At a wayside temple and cottage combined we find that the presiding deity is the Goddess of Mercy. She is only a little lady, about the size of a four year old child, but is dressed in grand clothing and has small feet. Seeing that we cannot properly photograph her in her dingy seat of honor we ask the ancient guardian to put her out in the sun. This he does willingly and after unhinging a door and removing some bars, her ladyship is safely deposited in the open, but before, however, we can photograph her we have

to remove the dust of ages from her clothing; she never had such a dusting before. Then, when we have done with her, the old man calls an onlooker to help him carry her in a rickety old chair, her throne, back to her quarters. We give the guardian some cash and have a photograph of the small-footed goddess, so both sides are satisfied. Our travelling companions are very much surprised at the readiness with which the attendant agrees to give the goddess a momentary airing, but we are not, for we know from experience that such things can be done, even without a little palm oil promised beforehand. The priests we have come across have usually been most catholic in their ideas; they even allow missionaries to preach in their temple courtyards, and will open doors and windows for camera fiends and make themselves generally useful.



THE TUNG YOH MIAO.

AMONG other places which may be visited by holiday seekers who have not much leisure at their disposal is the Tung Yoh Miao on the Tso Dong Kong, a cut-off creek leading from the Soochow Creek to Quinsan which is twelve miles further on. Starting from the Hospital steps, at noon, as we do, this Tung Yoh Miao is reached early next morning, though with the tide and a good breeze, the distance can be accomplished in about ten hours, as it is only some forty five miles from Shanghai. The Tso Dong Kong is on the right hand side of the Soochow Creek, beyond Loh Kah Pan,

and can be distinguished by a pi-low, or memorial arch, on its left, a few yards up. Arrived at his destination the visitor will find only a few cottages, the temple, and a building in front of it where theatrical performances are occasionally given in honor of His Infernal Majesty Tung Yoh, the King of the Eastern Hades, or Pluto, as we would designate him. It is to this temple that we wish to introduce our readers for it contains a representation of Tartarus. It is not a very grand affair, but people with a little holiday time can include a visit to it in their outing. Twice a year the Tung Yoh Miao presents quite an animated appearance for fairs are held here during the 4th and 10th moons.

We have questioned many Chinese as to whether their Tartarus was evolved by the Buddhists or by the Taoists, but the answers have been unsatisfactory, some maintaining that the former are responsible and others that the Taoists were the originators. It is seen in Buddhist sz (monasteries) and Taoist miao (temples) while a Taoist work gives a minute description of the torments and the reasons for



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their infliction. On the other hand, pictures of the torments are to be seen in Burma, though Taoism is unknown there. Whatever the origin, the hamlet under notice is not alone in possessing a representation of the punishments that the wicked will have to suffer after death for their sins in this world. These punishments correspond, though in a more materialistic degree with the widespread ideas of Christians as to what Hell is like, though in the case of the Chinese they, in contradistinction to most Christians, believe that the torments are not eternal. These punishments are depicted by means of images representing the most blood-curdling and diabolical tortures and torments that human ingenuity can imagine, and are made all the more horrible in order that people seeing them may be induced to lead good lives and thus escape some, at least, of them. There are ten courts in the Chinese Hades and each court contains sixteen wards where the various torments are endured by the culprits. This purely imaginative purgatory has been called by foreigners "The Chamber of Horrors" and it well deserves the name.

The images are painted in gaudy colors, but owing to the ravages of time, they usually appear covered with dust and cobwebs, and many of them get broken, it apparently being nobody's business to repair and repaint them. In Burma, the torments are represented by paintings on walls and when we were in Rangoon, over thirty five years ago, we saw some vividly painted pictures of them on the cross beams of the covered way leading up to the big pagoda.

In addition to those seen in all the cities, there are Chambers of Horrors in some of the villages, and even in lonely places where there is only a small temple, but wherever they are, the visitor has an opportunity of seeing what the Chinese believe a mortal is condemned to for his evil deeds when he passes over to the great majority.

The Chambers of Horrors are usually situated just inside the front part of the temple where there is plenty of light, and there are five courts on each side of the doorway, each being presided over by a judge who has the most fearful looking demons as his runners and assistants; these are armed with

all kinds of implements of torture and are enough in themselves to make the poor sinner tremble at the sight of them. We do not intend to record all the tortures set forth in a Taoist work called the Yu Le, but will mention a few of the most materialistic.

We see before us a man kneeling in front of a mirror which shows him all his past misdeeds, thereby causing intense anguish to his soul ; another is being boiled in a cauldron and the fire is kept up by a demon who is fanning the flames ; one man is hanging by a hook passing through his back and is being weighed by a demon to see how his good and bad deeds counterbalance ; another is being stretched on a rack and the next is heavily weighted with a wooden cangue or collar ; demons are piercing a man's ribs and another scraping a sinner's face with a knife ; the finger and toe nails of some are being pulled out ; one is being disembowelled ; a yamun runner is having his feet cut off, while others are being bitten by dogs and pigs ; some are kneeling on chains and split bamboos ; others are impaled on a mountain of spikes ; one is roasting in a furnace ;

a demon blowing on the flames to increase their heat; others are attacked by snakes and some changed into animals; a man, head downwards, is being sawn in two perpendicularly and another horizontally; two are bound to a red hot cylinder; a priest is having his tongue pulled out and a woman cast into a pool of blood, while some are crossing a bridge and are driven by demons into the depths below where snakes bite them. As each sinner is finished with in one court at the end of so many days, his body is made whole again and he is passed on to the next so that it is a hundred days altogether from the time he is first tried till the time of his release, but people who refrain from eating meat and perform meritorious deeds can escape some or all of these tortures. Hence, women join the Pool of Blood Society the members of which vow not to eat animal food; consequently they abstain from fish, flesh and fowl.

The chief judge of Tartarus keeps a record in which are inscribed the names of all mortals and the dates on which they have to appear before him. In one case it happened that a certain



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man's wives, one after the other, appeared before this judge, but the husband was still alive. One of the defunct wives could not keep the matter to herself, but must needs mention it to the judge. He opened his book and there was the man's name ticked off as having been "called," some six hundred years previously, though he had not appeared; so an investigation followed, but nothing further was elucidated as to the reason of his not having obeyed the summons. Nothing could be done under the circumstances as there was no precedent for a man being "called" twice, and he might have lived on till the present day had not his death warrant been discovered by accident, for the judge in an idle moment unrolled the twisted piece of paper—for Chinese paper is soft and strong and is sometimes made into string—with which his register was tied up, and then he found it was the missing document! It appears that whenever the judge ticks off a name on the register, he makes out the warrant for the man who is wanted and hands it to a runner to execute. In the case referred to, the judge made out the war-

rant as usual and in a moment of abstractedness, twisted it up into string and when the attendants went to put the book away, they tied it up with the twisted warrant, mistaking it for the ordinary piece of string which had done duty so often. The discovery having been made, the man who had enjoyed such a long span of life was sent for and appeared in the presence of the judge to be tried like so many others had been before him.

One part of this Tartarus represents a city wall and gate and on the parapet are three people looking wistfully earthwards. They have arrived at Fung To, the City of the Dead, situated under the province of Szechuan, and have been informed that they are now in the land of ghosts, or in other words are dead, their decease having taken place a few days previously. Miss Mung gives them some broth, after drinking which they become oblivious to all earthly things. In the gateway is a woman dressed in red, her hair hanging down loose, with her wrists in wooden handcuffs, while outside is Mo Le, a Buddhist priest, holding a staff in his hand, and he has



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come for his mother, the woman inside. The following is the story connected with the pair.

In times gone by the woman was married and both she and her husband had led a wicked life. She delighted in cruelty; for instance, she used to take turtles and put them alive into a saucepan of cold water which she then placed over a fire. She left a hole in the lid and as the water commenced to get hot the turtles put their heads out and gasped, whereupon she dropped salt and sauce into their mouths to season them and kept on doing this till the unfortunate creatures died. She skinned and baked fowls alive, and while roasting a sheep before it had been killed she placed within its reach a bowl of sauce which the poor animal drank to slake its thirst, till the heat overcame it. She did not care a straw for the gods or the priests, and her husband was as bad as she was in this respect. They had three sons whose careers were cut short while they were still young men for they were robbers and thieves, and the gods destroyed them.

One day a venerable priest called

on this wicked pair and admonished them to quit their evil life, threatening them with the torments of Tartarus if they did not obey his command. The man was amenable to reason and immediately turned over a new leaf; not so his wife, for termagant that she was, she soundly berated the priest, called him a humbug, and the gods, too, and refused his advice. It was after this that their three sons died, whereupon the woman said it was all because her husband had listened to the priest. The priest called occasionally and informed the husband that he would have another son who would eventually associate with the gods, but the woman pooh-poohed this.

In course of time another son was added to the family and when three years later the old priest again called he asked the father to give the child to him, and thus remove it from his mother's evil influence, whereupon the father complied and his wife then drove him from the house. The boy was called Mo Le and when he was twelve years of age the priest told him about his mother and said she must certainly go to the nether regions. The youth

having filial instincts for his mother whom he did not remember, interceded for her, though for a long time the priest was obdurate; nevertheless the constant importunity of Mo Le eventually induced the priest to listen, but he said she only had one more chance and that depended entirely upon herself. Said the priest to the acolyte "Take this image and go to your mother's house and while she is absent put it in the rice boiler, and when she sees it, if she calls it a god, she is safe; if she abuses it there is no hope for her. Go."

Mo Le having done as directed, moved away and waited, and when his mother returned, she lifted the lid off the boiler, and seeing the image, shrieked out "You rice stealing thief" which so shocked her son, and being impressed with what the priest had said, that he seized her for the purpose of saving her and carried her through the air. When she had recovered from her surprise she felt thirsty and asked her son to get her some water, so seeing a pool on a mountain side they stopped and the woman drank the water. She remarked to her son that it tasted very nice, and wanted to know what it was. Said

he "This is the dragon's bathing pool." "Well," she replied, "if the water is so nice what must his flesh be?"—a fatal utterance, for when they continued their journey the son found he could not support his mother's weight and they gradually drifted down towards the earth. Presently the smell of cooked food reached them, when his mother enquired where it came from and on being told, said "I wish I had some," but the words were no sooner out of her mouth than she fell from her son's grasp and was precipitated into Tartarus.

Mo Le hastened back to the priest with the story of the disaster and asked him to help him get his mother out. The priest said that was impossible for at least eighteen years, but as the boy continually asked him, he finally consented to liberate her at the end of ten years and provided him with a staff to open the gates of Fung To. Mo Le set off on his journey and got his mother out, but while the gate was open eight hundred thousand ghosts escaped and afterwards roamed the country among them being a priest with the cognomen of Yang, the gatekeeper who, fearing the consequences, went

and hid himself. This gatekeeper had one side of his body white and the other black so that he could be either mortal or ghost and he is so depicted in the Chambers of Horrors. Eventually a general was ordered to kill all the escaped ghosts who by this time had become men. He had a big sword and slew from thirty to forty at a time and banished the others to beyond Shan Hi Kwan, where they remained till after years when they made an incursion into China as Tartars and were slain by Yoh Fe, the hero of China, whose grave can be seen at the present day at Hangchow.

The parti-colored gatekeeper was also ordered to be killed, but he was a friend of the general who advised him to go home and remain quiet, and the general said he would devise some plan of saving his life. Yang, however, was afraid and, unknown to the general, entered a hollow tree called a Yang, the name being the same as his own cognomen. "Now," thought the general, "if I fell this tree, I can report that I have killed Yang," so he cut it down but at the same time unwittingly beheaded Yang.

RELENTLESS VENGEANCE OF THE GODS.

WE referred in the last chapter to the Chambers of Horrors, and to the punishments inflicted on sinners, but according to the Yu Le, a mortal may escape all punishments after his first death, only to incur the vengeance of the gods in his next earthly existence. The following story is an illustration.

There was once an old man who earned his living as a hawker of chay pah dong which, for want of a better designation, we will call toffy, the supply of which he obtained daily from a sweetmeat shop. By this means he eked out a precarious livelihood



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and was much disappointed with his lot, but one day his luck turned and he was happy. During his usual rounds he came across two boys who were always playing with shoes of sycee or silver as if they were of no value and on one occasion he accosted them. Now these youths were gods in disguise, though the hawker did not know it and he asked them if they would not take compassion on him. Said he "Seeing that you think so lightly of silver, you might give me a piece." They replied "Well, if you want some you can have it," and tossed him a fifty ounce shoe of sycee. The hawker was delighted, thanked the boys, put the money in his basket and departed.

He had not gone far before he began to be afraid he would lose his money, so he placed it in his wallet and went to the sweetmeat shop and asked the master if he would take charge of the bag which, he said, contained two hundred cash. Now two hundred cash and a fifty ounce shoe of sycee are very different in weight and the shopkeeper immediately detected this, but said nothing, and the hawker went on his way thinking he had dis-

armed the shopkeeper's cupidity, if he had any, by making a false declaration as to the contents of the bag. If he had spoken the truth it is possible the circumstances recorded below would never have happened and the reader would have been deprived of the following story, for directly the hawker was out of sight, the shopkeeper opened the wallet and found—not two hundred dirty cash but—a shining piece of silver. This was too good an opportunity to be lost, so hastily removing the silver, he placed two strings of one hundred cash each in the bag and put it away.

The hawker was ill at ease about his money and returned to the shop and in his excitement, forgetting what he had said when he handed over the bag to the shopkeeper, asked for his silver. "Your silver," said the shopman, "what silver? You never gave me any. Everybody here heard you say the bag contained two hundred cash, and you will find it as you left it." This was too much for the hawker and he stormed at the shopkeeper, called him a swindler and a thief and threatened him with all kinds of dire

calamities, till the shopkeeper, getting angry, said he would flog the hawker within an inch of his life, and as the onlookers sided with the threatener, the hawker thought it advisable to retire. So he went to the boys who had originally given him the money and told his story. "Well," they replied, "you are two hundred cash to the good ; you got it for nothing ; what are you complaining about?" Then he went home and died.

Now when the shopkeeper stole the silver, two of his servants were witnesses of the act. They said nothing at the time but considered the money would be as acceptable to them as it was to him and made up their minds to possess it, so that very night they murdered the thief while he was asleep and stole the money. As there was only one shoe of sycee, they could not well divide it. Each thought "If I have half only, and buy a wife, I shall have nothing left to purchase a house ; if I purchase a house, there will be nothing left to buy a wife with." So each schemed to get possession of the whole, the result being that one poisoned the other's food, and was himself

killed by the other with a chopper and buried before the poison had taken effect. Thus far, three men had come to a violent death, and one had died naturally, for the hawker was an old man and his demise came in the usual order of events. These deaths were necessary to enable the relentless vengeance of the gods to fall on the culprits.

In course of time, the shopkeeper was born again into the world and became a rich man, and the hawker as a girl. The latter grew up, married and had two children—girls—who were the two servants who had murdered their master.

The shopkeeper wanted a wife and married one of the two girls, but having no children at the end of ten years to keep his memory green, he talked matters over with his wife, and according to custom, she advised him to take a second wife. For a long time he refused, but finally agreed to the proposal, and his wife said she had a younger sister who would suit him. This having been arranged, the husband set out on a journey while his wife travelled to her mother's house to escort her sister to her new home.

This did not take long and the two sisters were soon under the husband's roof. The younger sister, being of a lively disposition, said she would act the husband and put on male attire, and at night retired to bed with her sister, in her borrowed plumage.

The real husband was unsuccessful in his journey and returned home at midnight of the second day and on arriving at his house, found the doors closed and the place in darkness. He knew that there was a window in the back of the premises, so he went round and climbed through it. Then he groped his way upstairs to the bedroom and striking his flint and steel stood aghast as he saw a man and woman in his bed. Firmly clenching his teeth, he silently stole downstairs and found a chopper and then went up again and decapitated his sleeping wife and her companion. He next rushed out of the house and reported to the magistrate what he had done and finally proceeded to his mother-in-law's house telling her under what circumstances he had killed her daughter. "Which one?" said the mother. "Which one?" replied the man, "why I only have one

wife, your elder daughter." "Yes," said the mother "that was two days ago; now my second daughter is your second wife and she is now at your house." The man rushed home, and on a closer examination found that he had in his rage killed two women, one of them his first wife and the other her sister who had masqueraded in male attire. Thus he became the executioner of those who had murdered himself in a former existence, while his own sorrow was sufficient punishment for having stolen the shoe of sycee from the hawker while also in a previous life.

According to Chinese law, a husband, finding himself dishonored, can kill his wife and the partner of her guilt. He must, however, be punished; he receives a number blows with a bamboo for taking life, but in consideration of his having done a meritorious act in killing the guilty couple—he must, however, kill both—and having suffered blows for it, he is presented with a sum of money, we believe an ounce of silver, for each stroke of the bamboo.



ERRATA.

Page	22; line	4	for "follow" read "fellow."
"	60; "	13	" "no" read "so."
"	63; "	6	" "Zung" read "Zing."
"	63; "	8	" "4th" and "8th" read "8th" and "4th."
"	81; "	3	" "window" read "widow."
"	82; "	15	" "is" read "in."
"	93; "	5	delete last "l" in "languagel."
"	112; "	22	for "God" read "Star."
"	124; "	6	" "has" read "his."
"	125; "	9	" "Uuder" read "Under."
"	127; "	1	" "Sungkong" read "Soongkong."
"	165; "	13	" "cleaning" read "polishing."
"	179; "	19	" "Lightning" read "Thunder."

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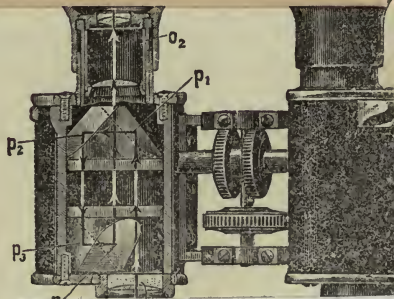
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