



THE AUTHOR IN 1910.

A Cavalier in China

Col. A. W. S. Wingate, C.M.G.

(late Director of Military Intelligence, Simla)

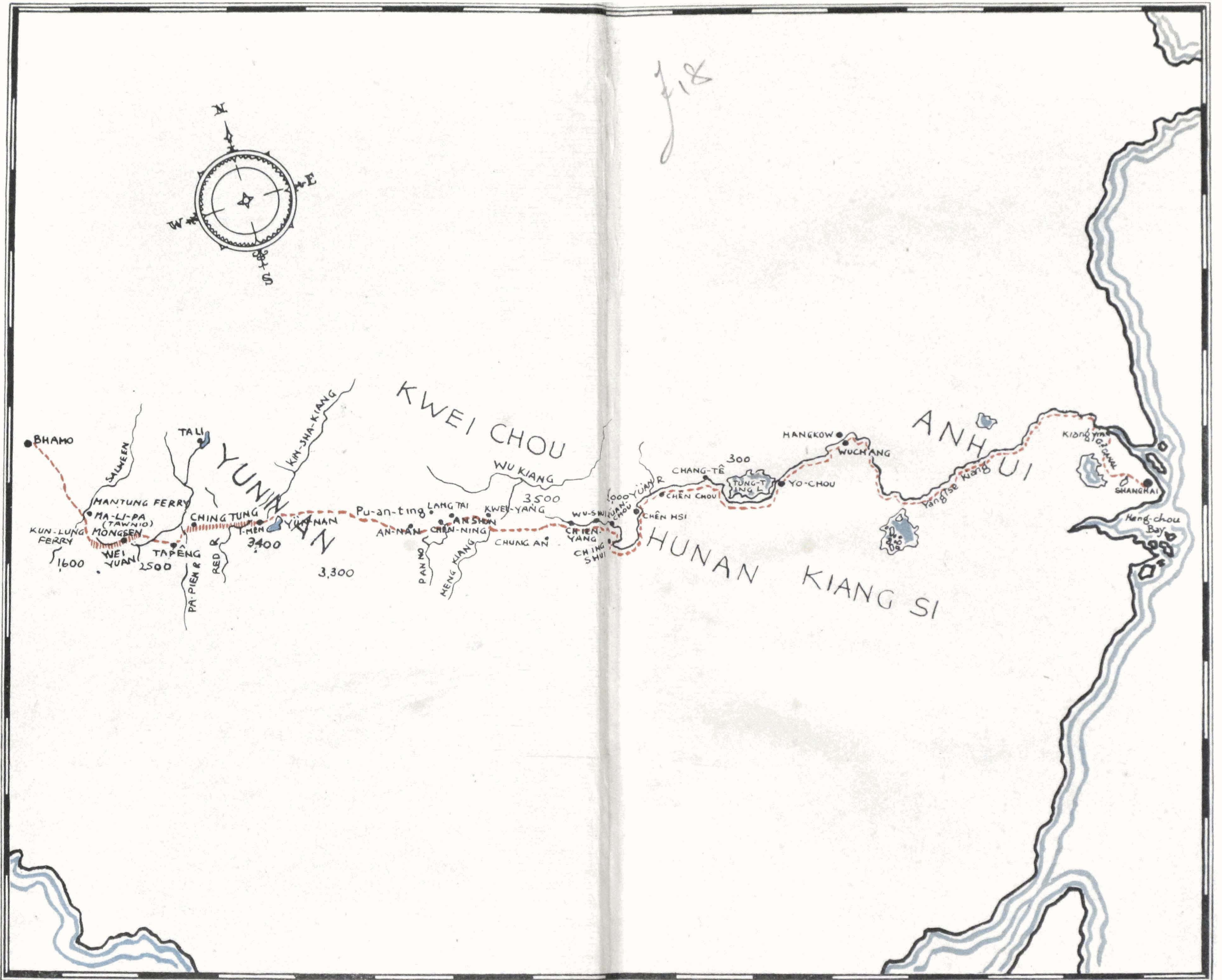
WITH A FOREWORD

BY

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.
(Past President of the Royal Geographical Society)

GRAYSON & GRAYSON, LTD.

19 Garrick Street, London



MAP OF COL. WINGATE'S JOURNEY FROM SHANGHAI TO BHAMO. SECTION MARKED ■■■■■ HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN TRAVERSED BY A EUROPEAN.

First published 1940

*Printed in Great Britain by
The Stanhope Press Ltd.
Rochester : : Ken*

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing page</i>
THE AUTHOR IN 1910	
RUINED SUMMER-HOUSE IN EMPEROR KIANG SI'S PALACE AT WU-TAI SHAN	16
PART OF CHINESE JUNGLE TRAVERSED BY THE AUTHOR	32
ANCIENT TOMBS IN THE MIDDLE OF A PLOUGHED FIELD	48
CH' IEN MEN—OUTER GATEWAY, PEKING	64
TOMB OF EMPEROR SHUN-CHIH (1638-1661)	80
A YANGTSE GORGE	96
LAMA'S GRAVE AT WU-TAI	112
CHOU-CHIA-K'OU, CHIEF PORT OF CENTRAL HUNAN	128
TOMB OF THE MING EMPEROR CHANG, NORTH OF PEKING	144
GLAZED YELLOW TILE MOULDING IN IMPERIAL TEMPLE AT WU-TAI	160
COURTYARD OF A CHINESE INN AT T'AO-HUA-PU, WEST OF PEKING	192
THE AUTHOR WITH HUNAN COOLIES	208
PICTURE OF CONFUCIUS AT WU-TAI } A BELL-TOWER AT WU-TAI }	240
ANCIENT PAGODA AT SU-CHOU CITY	256

These Illustrations are from photographs taken by the author, and are included by kind permission of the Royal Geographical Society.

FOREWORD

by

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.
(Late President of the Royal Geographical Society)

A TRIBUTE to the good qualities of the Chinese people is the prime object with which this book was written. The late Colonel Wingate journeyed across China from Peking to Burma some forty years ago, and the confidential report of his journey earned for him the Macgregor Medal awarded to official travellers in Asia whose reports are not published. But the value of this book now published lies not in the freshness of the information contained in it, but in the point of view from which it was written. Looking back from a distance of so many years, he could see things in their proper perspective, and looking at China and the Chinese from that standpoint, he was impressed by the beauty of the country and fine qualities of the people.

Like all who embark upon a big adventure, he was at the time unduly weighted with many cares. Like all young officers, he had difficulties in getting leave from his regiment and finding the necessary money, and like all travellers, he had his troubles over servants and transport arrangements. At the time such obstacles loom large and obscure the view. Looking back, though, they sink into insignificance.

FOREWORD

nificance. The traveller forgets them, and he can now see the essentials of the position. So it was with Wingate. Forgetting all the initial worries and the petty annoyances of travel, he was able to give us his main impression.

All this is valuable because it so happened that, as a keen young officer from an Indian cavalry regiment, he was in China at a peculiarly interesting time. The old Chinese Empire had not yet broken up. He was able to see it in all its grandeur and magnificence, and with all its splendid ceremonial, as he accompanied the British Minister to deliver an autograph letter from Queen Victoria to the Emperor of China. Again, Wingate paid visits to those great Viceroys Li-Hung-Chang and Chang-Chih-tung, and everywhere he was able to see the wonderful architecture, sculpture and paintings of the art-loving Chinese and to observe how cultured are officials of all grades. It was a grand chance, and it is a good thing to have a record of it.

Of even greater value, perhaps, is it to have Wingate's opinion on just the ordinary Chinese whom he came across in this journey. Being an officer in an Indian regiment, he was accustomed to living with Orientals; he was able therefore to mix understandingly with the Chinese, and being also of a naturally sympathetic nature he could enter into their feelings.

Most revealing is the result. We may assume that he must have had some moments of irritability at never being left at peace, for the Chinese are a

FOREWORD

highly inquisitive race and never leave a foreign traveller a moment's privacy; he is always in the public eye. But those moments were evidently forgotten by the writer as he wrote this book. He may not have had for the Chinese what British officers have for Indians, a deep affection, but he had for them a respect almost amounting to reverence. He constantly speaks of their intelligence, their thrift and their industry, their great love of peace, personal pride, and reverence for ancestors. He repeats what has so often been said before, that the word of a Chinese is as good as his bond. He found himself always able to appeal to their sense of reason and right, and they would readily combine to prevent one of them overstepping the mark. There was a lighter side also which he noted. They were pre-eminent in respect not only of industry, but of cheerfulness. They had a sense of humour and accepted life with real lightness of heart, believing that man is born good.

It is good to know on the authority of one who had seen the Chinese both during the journey and on subsequent service with a Chinese regiment what great qualities the Chinese possess, and the present moment is a most opportune occasion for the publication of this book.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

CONFUCIUS said:

“San jen t'ung hsing,
Pi yu wo shih.”

“If three men are walking together,
One will be my teacher”—that is, one
able to teach me something.

This wise saw is my apology for inflicting on the public yet another general book about China and the Chinese.

It is not, however, intended as guide, encyclopædia, or book of reference—there are already many excellent works of that kind. Nor is it a book for the missionary, the sinologue, the art collector, the scientist, the commercial expert, or the “old China hand.”

Looking at my book-shelves, filled with the productions of such authorities, it occurred to me that there was yet room for a book by one who is not a specialist for the large number of people who do not want to see China and the Chinese through the heavenly-blue spectacles of the missionary, the inquisitive crystals of the sinologue and scientist, or the gold-rimmed pince-nez of the commercial man.

This, then, is the record of the wanderings and reflections of an officer of Indian irregular cavalry, for whom a chance paragraph in a local daily paper cut the red-tape which bound him to regimental and cantonment life and led him forth

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

among an ancient people whose wonderful civilisation brought to him a new and wider view of life.

It is also a message, however inadequately conveyed, to those millions of my countrymen and women who to-day are still ignorant and bigoted, as I was, concerning things Chinese, asking them to disabuse themselves of old ideas about willow-patterns and teapots, pigtailed and pidjin, kowtow and idols, Buddha and Confucius, opium and torture, and to awake—as indeed those Celestials have long since awakened—to the truth.

It is an attempt, however feeble, to express a conviction that this splendid race is destined to play an important rôle in bringing about that universal peace which Western nations so loudly declare to be desirable, but for the attainment of which their methods of procedure are open to Chinese censure.

For long ago the Chinese succeeded in turning into ploughshares the swords, and into pruning hooks the spears, and into ink and paint brushes the bows and arrows of all the invaders who forced them, for a while, into unwilling obedience. It is not for me to assert that a *Pax Internationale*, like the *Pax Sinica*, the *Pax Romanan* and the *Pax Britannica*, may not prove to be but one more of those temporary armistices in the great battle between mind and matter which, eventually, shall procure for human beings the realisation of their highest ideals. But, before we can hope to reach that goal, there are many battles to be fought and many armistices to be arranged, and their

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

number can only be reduced by teaching the children of the world that the ideal for the human being is a sound mind in a sound body: the first with which to reason aright, the second to feed the first and not, as is now being taught, to render it more capable of overcoming its adversaries in mortal combat whenever minds, each perhaps searching for the truth, are unable to agree.

Although falling far short of complete success, I believe the Chinese to have come nearer the goal than any other great empire. It may be that in this opinion I have followed too closely the advice of Carlyle, who said, "For all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad." But my excuse must be that in many other books dealing with the subject this order is exactly reversed.

Therefore I take up the pen, which in the form of a brush was invented by Meng-t'ien, a Chinese general, who lived somewhere about 220 B.C. I am aware of my lack of dexterity in the use of pen or brush. I may easily open my guard to those literary experts who have compared the soldier to the hammer: useful when required to drive a nail, but uninteresting.

And meanwhile, to my friends the Chinese I would say in the words of Colborne Baber:

"If I am joyous, deem me not o'er bold;
If I am grateful, deem me not untrue,
For you have given me beauties to behold,
Delight to win and fancies to pursue,
Fairer than all the jewellery and gold
Of Kublai on his throne in Cambalu."

CHAPTER I

The Pioneer 1897—"The Government of India have accepted the proposal of the Commander-in-Chief that the rules laid down by the Home Department for the examination of officers of the Burma Commission in Chinese (language) should be made generally applicable to military officers."

On such insignificant items of information may hinge the turning-point of a man's career. Or is the item really insignificant and not all-important from the moment when the idea is evolved from some official brain to the moment when the information meets the eyes for which it is intended by Fate? No doubt the official brain does not pause to consider the career that may be made, or marred, when authority is given to the draft of some able clerk. Yet the effect is there as soon as the scheme is made public, and the paragraph in *The Pioneer* stands out, in memory, like a finger-post that marks the parting of the ways, which comes at least once in the lifetime of every man.

A man's life begins to be interesting directly he becomes conscious of the fact that he is alive, and this consciousness may be awakened in him by various causes. To some this awakening comes early in life, to others it is, as in my case, unfortunately delayed. Love, hatred, a physical or mental shock, or even boredom, may bring him to self-realisation and consequent ambition.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

In the Central Provinces of India, at Jubbulpore, as it appeared before the advent of the gun-carriage factory and its present large garrison, on an afternoon of June 1897, a Captain of, what competent foreign critics have described as, the "finest irregular cavalry in the world," was lying on his bed after a long morning, commencing at five a.m. on the rifle range. He wondered, as he tried in vain to sleep and idly turned the pages of *The Pioneer* newspaper in search of some distraction, whether Fate would never have anything better in store for him than the life of a regimental officer.

Up before dawn to sit in a glaring sun and watch brown men aim shot after shot at a round black ball in the expectation of aiming thus some day at a fellow creature. Or out to the parade ground to instruct the same brown men in holding their lances straight, or horizontally, while each one sat his horse stiff and alert and no one must betray a hint of individuality or natural freedom. Or into the office to write his name many times to copies of the same voluminous document, the purport of which could be better and more clearly expressed in half the words and paper used. This was the regimental routine.

Doubtless many a young man in England, bound to the career that starts on an office stool, might envy the cavalry officer his lot, relieved as it was by the tri-weekly station game of polo and occasional opportunities for sport. But this particular young man experienced a discontent out of all proportion to his trouble. The monotony of the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

life was what he resented; that and the heat which at this moment enfolded body and brain, making the sheets of the paper hang limp in his nerveless hand. He felt capable of better things than lying on a bed; capable of endeavour, especially mental endeavour. In a word, he was bored with that particular form of irritable boredom which belongs to the hot weather in India. And thus self-consciousness dawned in him as his eyes fell upon the paragraph quoted at the head of this chapter.

When I look back across the years and see the young man, who was myself, under these conditions, I am so little aware of his identity with mine, I am so much amused, as with the half-cynical amusement of a father for his son, at his subsequent thoughts and actions, that I must plead not guilty of egoism in continuing to describe them. If I should appear to give undue importance to a matter of small interest and one which concerns myself alone, I must remind my reader that had it not concerned myself alone the matter would have had no importance and very little interest and this book would certainly never have been written. Having thus avoided the accusation of egoism by what may be taken as a timely confession, I may continue the story in the first person.

For a while then I lay on my bed and gazed at that paragraph of *The Pioneer* with a beating heart. What possibilities of adventure did it not offer? I had tried most things—racing, card-playing, polo, pig-sticking. I had shot bear and ibex in the Himalayas; bison, tiger and buffalo in the plains.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

And I had now applied for and been granted four months leave on private affairs which, until this moment, it had been my intention to devote to the further pursuit of sport.

But this opportunity was something new; newer even than a year's furlough in England; newer than the newest, or the oldest, book in which I had tried to find an interest; newer, above all, than regimental routine. Why should not I be the first British military officer to learn Chinese? Why not? It was an impossible language, but it was the impossible for which I longed! It would be an experience, but experience was what I desired.

In another moment I had leapt from my bed, had seized a pen and was dashing off a letter to a friend at Simla, asking for further information. The four months leave should be used to go to China and learn the Chinese language. Youth is very sanguine.

I was obsessed by the idea, could not rest, hastened forthwith to the station library, taking no heed of the white heat which radiated from the sun-bleached roads, and there groped among all the unused books for one which would tell me something of China and the Chinese. Where is China, the topsy-turvy country, the country that no one knows anything about? For in those days in India, China was scarcely known to a dozen souls. And so the questions arose. How does one get to China? Where does one start from? What are the manners and customs of the people? Are they really experts in torture? Is it true that all



A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the men wear pigtails and all the women's feet are bound? But answer came there none.

In due time I received the reply from my Simla friend, something of a damper to enthusiasm. Before proceeding to China, officers would have to go to Burma to pass a preliminary examination there, in order to prove their bona fide intention to learn the Chinese language. I wonder what wise-acre thought of that circumlocution!

Burma was not the unknown land, the land of dreams, but it would serve as a convenient take-off for the leap into the unknown. So on July 1st, 1897, good-bye to Murray's Jat Lancers and Jubbulpore and away to Rangoon by way of Calcutta.

The journey from Jubbulpore to Calcutta during the rainy season is not unpleasant, and with an old book on "Sport on the Amoor River" (the only one concerning the Far East at that date in the cantonment library) for companion, the twenty-nine hours quickly passed, and I found myself installed at the Grand Hotel in Chowringhee.

Calcutta and the Bengalee were much changed since I was a subaltern in the second battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment which I joined at Fort William in January 1882. That was the first troop-ing season since Mr. Childers had ruined (as we then thought) the British army by the introduction of short service and a reserve. Certainly, as we watched some two hundred bearded veterans of Warwickshire march from the fort to the railway station en route for England, it seemed to us that the heart was being knocked out of the Saucy 6th,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the Brumagem Bruisers. However, the British army has survived many annihilations and always comes up again smiling and ready for the fray, and, if we are to believe historical records, the Iron Duke did pretty well at Waterloo with newly-enlisted boys, so we need not despair of our twentieth century "Terriers."

But in 1897 the Bengalee still made way on the pavement for his white conqueror to pass. The white man was still a "sahib" and was regarded in the light of a superior though incomprehensible being. What a contrast when next I visited the city of palaces in 1910! No longer did the Bengalee lower his umbrella and stand aside, even for His Majesty's uniform. Indeed, now the white man is fortunate to escape being elbowed into the gutter; resistance would quickly bring him to the Law Courts, where even white judges often take too just a view of the rights of the children of the soil.

In 1897, however, there was little to interest a captain of irregular (we were "irregular" even so late as that) cavalry bent on seeking fresh adventure in, to him, unknown regions, though, if the evidence of eyes and ears was to be believed, bloody war was actually raging then in our very midst. It was the year of the Mahommedan riots, and while the disturbance itself passed me by, I was at the same time uncomfortably impressed by the panic that ensued among a large portion of the white population.

On Monday, July 5th, 1897, the steamer on which I had taken my passage to Rangoon cast

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

loose from the Calcutta wharf and set her course to Burma. Lieut-Colonel Hobday, of the Indian Survey Department, well-known for his beautiful paintings in water-colour and for his clever acting, was on board. Also a young Europeanized Burman, son of the chief Thibaw, who was returning to his home, fully equipped with all the ideas that an English public school provides, to rule over his delightfully inconsequent subjects who, meanwhile, had been cultivating their rice-fields, worshipping their Buddhas and gambling away their easily gotten gains.

Near the mouth of the Hooghly, we passed the wreck of a steamer which had grounded on the "James and Mary" sandbanks, and five minutes were sufficient for Colonel Hobday, with his deft brush and colour, to convey the scene to paper in a masterly little sketch. Then, as we made the open sea, we began to feel the force of the south-west monsoon, which caused most of us to disappear until Thursday morning, when, as we entered the estuary of the Irawaddy, we could once again stand firm on our feet.

Before leaving Jubbulpore I had written to my friend Captain Sillery, who was Commandant of one of the military police battalions in Burma, to tell him of my coming and to ask him to procure for me the services of a teacher who would instruct me in the Chinese language. So, on reaching the landing stage at Rangoon harbour, I was overjoyed to see Sillery, with a Chinese man standing by his side.

By the way, the word "Chinaman," which to

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

my mind is comparable in opprobrium and inanity to the word "Jap," is taboo in this book, for the reason that both insult by their levity people of one of the oldest civilisations in the world, who, as time proceeds, will be taken more and more seriously. In itself the word is actually an anachronism from the not far-distant time when China and the Chinese (and Japan and the Japanese in a lesser degree) were regarded as butts for the wit of the ignorant. The time will soon come—has come already in the case of the Japanese—when we may have to regard the Chinese with the same serious respect that we do our German cousins. A China man is a man made of porcelain, and not a dweller in what is now known as Min Kuo, The Land of the People, that is The Republic.

But to return to the landing stage at Rangoon. When Sillery and I had exchanged the usual greetings, the following conversation took place:

"I say, Wingate, I must be off. I have only a short time to catch my train. I have been transferred to Upper Burma."

"But what about the Chinese man?"

"Oh! that's all right. You pay him fifty rupees a month and he'll teach you."

"But does he speak English or Hindustani?"

"Oh no! neither; but he knows a little Burmese."

"My dear Sillery, I don't know one word of Burmese. What am I to do?"

Whereupon Sillery took out a note-book and pencil, scribbled a few lines, tore out the leaf and handed it to me, saying:

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“Now, look here. Just repeat these two sentences as I say them and all will be well. Good-bye, and good luck to you with the language!”

With that he hurried away, leaving me and the Celestial staring at one another.

The sentences which Sillery had written were these:

“Chê Shih shenmo tunghsi?” (What is this thing?)

“Tsai shuo” (Say it again).

Thus equipped, in company with Mr. Cha Pen-hsing of Yünnan province, I embarked on the study of this impossible language, one of the three most difficult in the world.

Through the kindness of Sillery I was admitted to that excellent and hospitable abode, the Pegu Club, where I passed from six to eight hours a day moving about the rooms and premises, closely followed by my Chinese tutor. As we moved, I pointed to every available object, shouting the while sentence No. 1. No sooner did he make reply, than I transcribed phonetically the sounds he emitted to my note-book and hurled at him sentence No. 2, in order that I might verify what I had written and see if my ear had caught the strange sound aright. By this means and this means alone (poor Mr. Cha Pen-hsing, I have often pitied him since!) I managed, in about three weeks, to accumulate a sufficient store of words and sentences to satisfy the not too exigent examiner, Mr. Wharry, Adviser on Chinese Affairs to the Government of India, so that he was pleased to report to Government that I had duly passed the preliminary test.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“Not such a difficult language, that,” I can hear my readers say, agreeing with my crass ignorance of those days. Indeed, one authority at Simla thought it quite unnecessary to go to China at all in order to learn the language. It was, however, time well spent, in so far as it gave me the right to continue my voyage of discovery to the unknown land; but it was labour lost, in that I found later, at Peking, that I had to unlearn—a more difficult operation—much of what I had acquired, because the vernacular languages of Yün-nan Province and Peking are more dissimilar than are those of Chicago and London.

I had passed my examination on the 29th July, and now, at last, thought I should be able to depart at once on language leave for Peking. But I was reckoning without my host, that bugbear of so many military careers, the great god of Authority, who sits wrapped in red tape and safely enthroned on Elysian heights, aloof and impregnable, and there, wielding the sceptre of the blue pencil, decides the fate of all and sundry.

My “pass” had duly appeared in the Burma Government Gazette and had been communicated to army headquarters at Simla, but the application to proceed met with a negative response. Rules and regulations were still in a chrysalis stage, and though they could not be broken, since they did not exist, such a departure from convention as to encourage the keenness of a young officer in permitting him to benefit thereby was quite impossible.

So my ardour received another little cold douche

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

in the form of a letter, which arrived some days later, informing me that I should now rejoin my regiment and await further instructions on the continuance of my study of the Chinese language, until the clerks had had time to formulate rules for the due protection of the financial status of the Government of India.

The spark of ambition had, however, been fanned into a flame; many clerks with many files as dry as dust could not now extinguish the fire of enthusiasm which burned within me. I was on four months general leave on private affairs under the 1875 Rules of Furlough, which permit you to go anywhere east of the 40th degree of east longitude, and this leave would not expire till October 31st.

If a start was made at once, Peking could be reached in time. Once there, I could meet Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Minister Plenipotentiary, to whose wife I had a letter of introduction, kindly given me, when he heard of my intention, by her brother, Captain Armstrong, of my regiment.

Who could tell what might happen in the interim? Perhaps the clerks would have completed the new rules, but, in any case, to be on the spot is for the military man nine points of the law.

If the worst should happen, I might still get to Peking and back to my regiment before October 31st, and I should at least have had the satisfaction of beholding the city of my dreams.

CHAPTER II

THEREFORE, on a very wet evening of August 12th, I said good-bye to Rangoon, collected my small belongings, confided to the care of a friend my favourite terrier "Demon," together with my Indian servant Iman Khan, and stepped on board the B.I.S.S. *Java* with a light heart.

On board was a Mr. Parratt, of Leamington, who had served in the Warwickshire militia and was now on his way to Zimme, in the far interior of Siam, as an assistant in the Bombay-Burma Trading Company. This company possessed the right to immense forests of that valuable timber teak, of which the finest now comes from Siam, and from which for many hundreds of years the great pillars in the halls of the palaces and tombs of the Chinese emperors were constructed.

Another passenger was Mr. Macdonald, chief of the Burma police, bound for Penang to try and get rid of malarial fever, that scourge of humanity and deadly enemy of agriculture, which yearly takes in India a toll ten times heavier than the more terrifying diseases of cholera and plague.

For two whole days the *Java* rolled and pitched her way along the coast of the Malay Straits and cast anchor off Penang, or Prince Edward's Island, at about noon on the 16th of August. As she would not proceed for some days, I transhipped to the *Secundra*, which would sail the following morning.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Meanwhile I spent the night on land and stayed at Sarkies' Continental Hotel, which shared with Raffles' all the honours in Penang, Singapore and the Straits Settlements.

I had armed myself with that interesting and, at the time, useful book of Major G. J. Younghusband's: "On Six Months Leave To Japan," so, of course, I was forewarned to prevent my rickshaw man from taking me straight to the famous waterfall in the Botanical Gardens instead of to the hotel. Accordingly, on landing, I gave explicit instructions as to my destination, and even asked some one to explain to the man that it was the *hotel* I wanted.

"Or right!" was the reply, and I was bowled along in fine style at a pace which only a Penang or Singapore Chinese man can show.

After about fifteen to twenty minutes drive, I thought I ought to be reaching my destination, so I stopped the rickshaw and once more explained.

"Want to go to hotel—Sarkies' Hotel—Hotel Continental—understand?"

"Or right!" and off we went again, faster than ever.

Very soon I espied the pillars of a large gateway, which I took to be the entrance to the hotel. Through these my human steed dashed on, round a corner, up a path, till suddenly we halted. Down went the shafts, and turning towards me, sweating but triumphant, he pointed with outstretched arm and a beaming smile to—"The Waterfall"!

This was my second experience of the persistent

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

patience of the long-suffering Celestial, a patience and a singleness of purpose which nothing can dismay, the first example having been afforded by my Rangoon teacher.

Penang is a pearl of an island and very prosperous, with nearly 280,000 inhabitants. The story goes—I do not vouch for its accuracy—that it came to us as the dowry of the first British officer who ever went there and took to wife the pretty daughter of a local magnate on the mainland opposite.

Singapore, the Lion City, is the western, as Honolulu is the eastern, gateway to the Flowery Land. Here we enter upon a different life under a different set of conditions, essentially Chinese except, perhaps, where the French colonist has set his mark, although on this threshold of the gateway we still have one foot on Indian soil. The presence of numerous Chinese in Burma, especially in Rangoon, and even in India, makes this transition gradual rather than sudden. They are the carpenters—"the masters of workmen" as Mencius calls them—and the bootmakers of India to-day, but have always been great travellers since the days of those famous explorers Fa Hsien A.D. 399-414 and Hsüan Tsang 629-645, whose writings are to the Asiatic what those of Marco Polo have been to the European, a beacon to point the way, affording imagination a view realistic enough to engender enterprise. The Celestial, being a particularly enterprising creature, is to be found in most of the great cities of the world and may be

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

encountered on the quiet by-ways of the earth as well as on its highways.

At Singapore, then, it came quite as a surprise to find a British colony close to India and a part of the Malay country practically occupied by Chinese. They seemed ubiquitous. They owned and drove the finest equipages and, by their display, quite overshadowed the native of the country and even, in many cases, the British population. The Chinese have, in fact, largely contributed towards the prosperity of Singapore. Not only do they operate almost the whole foreign trade but they own 75 per cent of the mines in Malaya. In short, they form the bulk of the population and the life and soul of our Far Eastern possessions.

The next step towards Peking was accomplished by means of the Messageries Maritimes S.S. *Varra* to Saigon, the capital of Cochin-China, and the chief reason for my travelling by this line was due to economy. The P. & O. agent at Singapore flatly, and not too politely, refused my request for the usual (in those good times) reduction of 25 per cent on the first-class fare to an army officer. So I left his office in disgust, hardly expecting to find better fortune elsewhere, but determined to avoid further dealings with the P. & O. Company. On going next to the Messageries, however, I was courteously received by the agent, who at once, on hearing that I was an army officer, volunteered the concession. "But," I explained, "I am a British army officer." "Nevertheless, monsieur, you will be allowed the usual reduction."

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

And this was in 1897, long before the existence of an Entente Cordiale! But then neither were there any shipping combines.

The *Varra* left Singapore at 5 p.m. on the 24th August, and, after a calm and hot passage, arrived at the picturesque mouth of the Mekong river at 3.15 p.m. on the 26th, to find that there was too little water for her to cross the bar, so that we were obliged to wait till 5.30 next morning before we could proceed up the river and reach the wharf at Saigon.

On a future occasion I took a cargo ship from Calcutta to Hong Kong and had a more eventful passage, which stays in my memory chiefly for the sidelight it threw on Chinese character. This cargo ship was engined to do a maximum of ten knots an hour, and, though such a speed had never been expected by the makers, quite naturally it was extracted whenever possible. After Singapore we encountered the N.E. monsoon, for the month was November. So the captain decided, as the strain on the engines in face of the heavy sea would be too great, that we should take an eastward course. All went well till we again turned northward. There was only one other occidental passenger on board and about a thousand Chinese labourers returning from Singapore. Just before I turned in one night, we were looking at the chart and the captain explained that we were now among a lot of submerged reefs, most of which had only been discovered by subsequent wrecks. But he comforted us by saying, "She's doing nicely now, and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

all will be well as long as nothing goes wrong with the engines." With that we finished our drinks and turned in, I to sleep on deck, just under the bridge.

At 5.45 next morning I was woken by a terrific noise and a feeling of being nearly blown out of bed. Looking round, I saw the middle of the ship obscured by mist, and soon afterwards I discovered that the high pressure cylinder had burst. The chief engineer immediately, at the risk of his life, stopped the engines, and thus prevented the scrapping of the whole machinery. So we soon came to a standstill. Then the bow, caught by the monsoon swell, began to veer round till the ship lay side on in the trough of the waves and rolled with a peculiar jerk that soon loosened everything on board, including the captain's piano, which went through the wall of his cabin.

The job now was to get the ship round, but before this could be done we were slowly but surely drifting towards a well-known and particularly dangerous reef. We got out every stitch of awning, there was only one proper sail, a jib, and during this slow business, though it was quite cold, I sweated profusely when I thought of the reef and remembered the one thousand Chinese labourers below. There were only six small boats on the ship. But I need not have worried. The conduct of the crew was magnificent, but the conduct of those one thousand Chinese was beyond praise. They were huddled between decks and had been dying of beri-beri at the rate of two or three a day.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Yet neither when the cylinder exploded nor when they felt those jerking rolls and knew only that something had gone wrong, was there the slightest sign of panic. The compradors or overseers explained to them what had happened and advised them to keep quiet and play and gamble and eat their rice till they reached Hong Kong—or the next world. And this they were quite ready to do, like reasonable beings. Oriental fatalism? Perhaps. But certainly we should not have reached Hong Kong, as at last we succeeded in doing, had those one thousand men thought of themselves rather than the general good.

To return, however, to my first sight of the French settlement of Saigon. Wherever the French go they carry their ideas and customs with them. Thus Saigon is (or was in 1897) a typical French town with stone-paved, tree-shaded boulevards, broad pavements and cafés, artistic government buildings and a cathedral. There were well-laid out gardens, one of which was devoted to zoology; and gendarmes with swords patrolled the streets, which were deserted from noon till five o'clock, when all the world and his wife appeared to stroll beneath the trees and sit outside the cafés, there to enjoy their "bock," their "aperitif," or their cigarette.

An incident of my visit to Saigon remains fixed in my memory.

Wishing to go to the post office, I was directed to a magnificent building, rather like our Corn Exchange, that stood in the deserted square. As I peeped through the massive swing door of teak-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

wood and glass I was almost afraid to enter the splendid, high-roofed hall, which appeared not unlike the vestibule of His Majesty's Theatre with its box-office for the sale of tickets. There was not a soul to be seen. It occurred to me that my French had been at fault and that I had come to the opera-house by mistake. Eventually, however, I went in and tapped timidly at the closed window of the box office. It was promptly opened and a Frenchman asked me, politely, if I wanted anything. I said humbly that I wanted a penny (10 centimes) stamp. This was handed to me with much ceremony and I took my departure through the deserted vestibule, through the deserted square, whose emptiness was accounted for when a neighbouring clock struck the hour of midday.

By way of contrast, let me anticipate a similar little episode which occurred at Hong Kong. From my hotel there I was directed up the narrow street to a dark and dirty corner house, in a busy thoroughfare, around which there surged and pushed a crowd of Chinese and other nationalities.

"Yes," said my informant, "that is the British post office."

Having played Rugby football in my time, I eventually reached the counter, where a Chinese with the impassive face of a Buddha said amicably: "Round outside to the left for the poste-restante department." There was another scrimmage, and then a long breathing space while piles upon piles of letters were sorted, and at last my little mail was safe in my hands.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

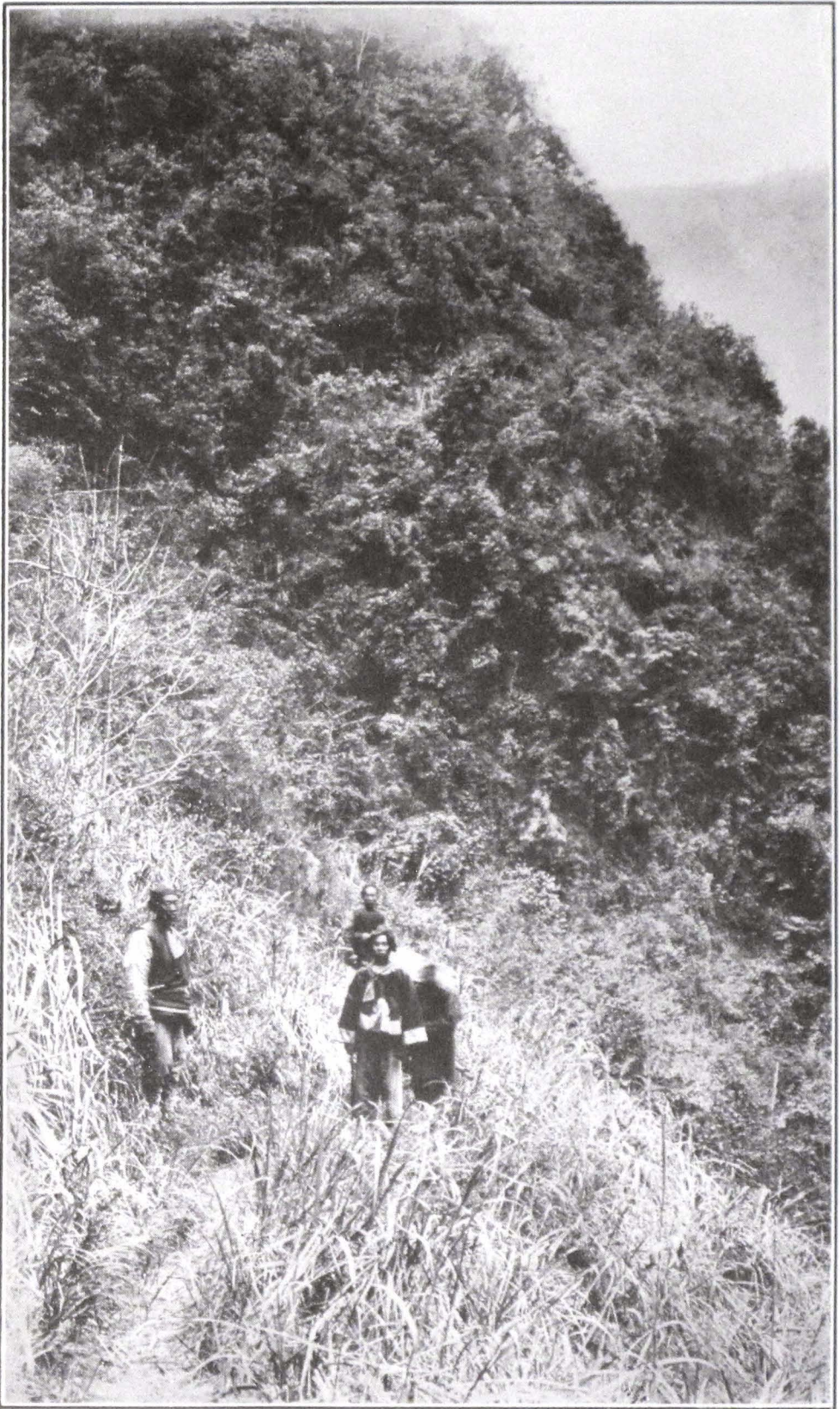
It occurred to me then, with the offended pride of a British subject, that Saigon's postal palace and Hong Kong's shanty should change places. But "autres temps, autres mœurs," and Hong Kong now has a post office worthy of the immense traffic with which it has to deal.

Next day, the 28th August, at noon, the *Varra* started once more, bound for Hong Kong. Haiphong, the port for Hanoi, the capital of Tong-king, could only be reached by a small coasting steamer which would have delayed me too long. The Mekong river from Saigon, till the estuary is reached, is extraordinarily narrow, deep and tortuous, so that, although the *Varra* was a 4000-ton ship, as we rounded the turns we could have thrown a biscuit on to either bank.

It was very calm and hot all the way to Hong Kong, where we cast anchor opposite the town of Victoria, close to the shore, in water "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

Until the ascent of Mount Austin, or the Peak (1825 feet), has been made, Hong Kong does not impress the stranger with the fact that it ranks third among the great ports of the world as regards shipping and gives way only to Rio de Janeiro and Sydney in beauty and extent.

From the Peak on a clear day, after rain and towards sunset, a view may be obtained which lives in the memory for many years. It would require the brush of a Turner, a Wu Tao-tzû, or a Sesshiu to do justice to the "Island of Fragrant Streams," as the Chinese call it, but which for a



PART OF CHINESE JUNGLE TRAVERSED BY THE AUTHOR.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

great part of the year has been more appropriately named by Sir Frederick Treves "The Island of the Mist."

Life in Hong Kong is, however, a precarious existence for the Chinese, who cannot live in big ships or substantial houses, for it is visited at uncertain periods by violent typhoons. Warning of the approach of a typhoon is given from the observatory on the Peak by the sounding of a great gong. But on the 18th September 1906 the man on watch fell asleep, and so no warning was given, with unusually disastrous results, the loss of property being estimated at over one million sterling.

In these periodical typhoons (they are called cyclones or *hsüen-fêng*, whirlwinds, in the north China seas) many thousands of the poverty-stricken, yet hard-working and happy beings afloat—whole families sometimes of three generations—are engulfed by the sea and obliterated in a few hours. "When beggars die there are no comets seen." Their places are quickly filled by new recruits from the teeming millions, undismayed by the possibility, almost the certainty, of one day meeting a similar fate.

Hong Kong, with its beautiful gardens where once was bare rock, its splendid roads and buildings, its magnificent harbour, its great mission centres and its lately completed university, has been fully described many times and needs no words of mine to complete a picture which speaks of efficient colonial government by British officials cut out

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

to excel in that line, ably and adequately assisted by an opulent merchant population. It is interesting to reflect, besides, that one hundred million Chinese republican citizens are waiting to be supplied with articles of foreign manufacture by way of this water-gate, and that a short distance from Hong Kong, up the Pearl River, we may still find the romance and excitement of adventure which our forefathers knew. For hereabouts, in spite of the British Navy, real pirates roam and afford the schoolboys' romancer a field for verifying the accuracy of his descriptions by actual demonstration in a perfect setting.

Hong Kong is not actually China, whereas Canton is. Canton has received its full share of description from various travellers and writers. It is best known to Europe and America as the place where we began that long series of bickerings about opium and trade which have not yet ceased to arouse ill-feeling. Our first war began over the burning of 20,283 chests of opium in 1859, and in spite of seventy-three years of Christian instruction in trade methods the Chinese were still burning chests of Indian opium at Nanking in 1912! So we will only give a passing glance at this metropolis of southern China, with its million inhabitants on land and nearly an equal number on water, this Celestial Venice without her palaces, but with 50 per cent more of her smells.

The Cantonese are reputed to be the direct descendants of the original inhabitants of south China, undisturbed by the influences of Tartar

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

and Manchu which have affected most of the cities north of the Yangtse River. Its narrow paved streets and coolie transport are typical of the towns of central and southern China and in marked contrast to those of the north, laid out upon the model of Peking. Besides its beehive character, its medieval keeps (which are really pawnshops) towering above the monotonous dead level of the houses, its boat population and its narrow streets scored at the corners into deep grooves where the sedan-chair poles have rubbed in turning the sharp right-angles, its endless tide of half-naked, reeking, labouring, yelling, palpitating, nervous (yet without nerves), strenuous and intelligent yellow people, flowing ever on like a river—besides all these, what struck me most in Canton was the degree of efficiency to which the culinary art had attained, by reason of which the inhabitants are, probably, the only civilised people in the world who can feed and thrive at such low cost. To these people of epicurean taste nothing comes amiss, and there is little above and less below the water that cannot be utilised by them for food in one form or another. Geese, ducks and chickens are in such request that incubation (not the elaborate process, with expensive paraphernalia, to which we are accustomed) is conducted everywhere on a scale of simplicity which enables them to be sold in the market for the equivalent of a few pence.

At Canton, too, although we are in China, it appears to be the land of the black rather than of the blue gown. For from our point of view almost

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

everyone is in mourning. The prevailing tone of the people's dress is a polished jet black. All the Cantonese, women included, wear short coats and loose baggy trousers made of shiny coarse black cotton cloth. Here, perhaps, is proof, if proof were needed, of Chinese natural intelligence, or is it the result of millenniums of observation and experience? Canton sweats under a hot sun in a humid atmosphere like Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, Colombo, Singapore and Hong Kong. Therefore in Canton, if anywhere, the Indian officer would expect to find white in general wear. Yet the Cantonese deliberately choose black cloth for their clothes and wear black caps—when they wear any at all—with which to resist the penetrating rays of the semi-tropical sun. So does Nature. Is not the skin of the white ox and horse black? Are not the upper, or sun exposed sides of most animals and fishes the darkest part of their bodies? Have not white Aryans through myriads of years' exposure to the sun become dark brown or black? When once burned almost black like the farmers of southern India, are they not better able to resist the sun's rays, so that they plough and sow all day in the fields with nothing on but a rag round their loins? Why, then, do northern Indians and foreigners whitewash their houses, use white tents, wear white clothes and helmets and have white covers to their umbrellas when the sun is shining hot? Why, indeed, unless they are behind the Cantonese in natural intelligence.

The journey from Hong Kong by mail steamer

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

to Shanghai occupied a little less than three days.

Shanghai was a revelation to the young man who had dreamed of undiscovered tracts inhabited by a cruel and bloodthirsty people, and his consequent disappointment was proportionate. Here were hotels the equal of any in Asia, and a club which afforded every convenience and luxury, though even then it must have fallen short of the ideals of its members, for the old building has since been pulled down and an edifice now stands in its place which would do credit to Pall Mall. There were splendid pair-horse equipages (the motor had not appeared then even in London), a race-course and recreation ground combined, which only Melbourne could have emulated, while the country club, mostly for the fair sex, showed that exile in China did not signify in any way stagnation.

Hardly free, however, at that time from the narrow atmosphere of Indian cantonment life, I was evidently unable to appreciate what is known as the "model settlement," for the only record of that date that I can now find in my notes is this: "Visited museum. Excellent collection of horns; wonderful stag's head with twenty-nine points! Also a bear half yellow and half black and a bison from Beira!"

Obviously my mind still ran on the only respite it had had hitherto from regimental routine—sport.

Early on the 9th September I sailed in the China merchant's S.S. *Anping*, a nice clean boat commanded by Captain Stewart. We reached

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Yen-t'ai, or Chifu, the port of Shantung (the German Ch'ing-tao was then non-existent), on the morning of the 11th and Taku at 8 a.m. on the 14th.

The fishing village of Taku on the muddy banks of a muddy river would never have enjoyed its world-wide celebrity, but that here are situated the forts which guard the water road to Peking and which have caused three wars between China and Europe. Here I entrained for Tientsin, and by 1.30 was enjoying an excellent lunch at the Astor House, then the only first-class hotel, though now there is a choice of three at least and maybe more. Here I first made acquaintance with the flat alluvial plain of Chih-li Province (not unlike the Punjab plains of India in some respects) which gives its name to what used erroneously to be called the Gulf of Pechihli. Pei is Chinese for north: Chih-li are two characters signifying "direct rule," consequently the name of Chih-li for the Gulf leading to it is the correct one, and the latest and best maps so call it. The Pei is superfluous.

I did not stay long in Tientsin, and little did I then dream that I should be located there for several years at no distant date. My short visit was, however, made pleasant by that kind hospitality for which its residents are famous. Notably I have reason to remember Mr. Scott the British Consul, who, with Admiral Sir Richard Tracey, acted as guide philosopher and friend to Li Hung-Chang during his famous visit to England in 1897, and of the brothers Dickenson, the leading merchants.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Tientsin has grown enormously since pre-Boxer days. It is for north China what Hongkong is for the south and Shanghai for central China. It is the door through which one hundred million Chinese obtain their foreign goods. At the time of my visit it had not seen an Indian or a British regiment since 1861. Like Canton, its recollections of the foreigner are not ones of unmixed joy.

The native city was then a walled town of the usual kind in north China and was somewhat exclusive. There were no German, Japanese, Italian or Russian settlements; only the British, and adjoining it the much smaller one of the French. All the buildings were confined within the mud rampart erected in 1860 by the great Mongol general, Seng-ke-lin-ch'in, and the only connection between the settlements on the right bank of the river Pei and the railway on the left bank was by a rather shaky bridge of boats destined to play an important part in the struggles of 1900. The railway as far as Peking had only just been opened to through traffic.

At 8 a.m. on September 16th I took train to complete the last lap of my 6,000 mile journey from Jubbulpore, which I had left on the 1st of July. At 2.15 I alighted at the terminus of Machia-P'u, then a miserable little mud platform and a few inns, about five miles from the Chinese city. This was the nearest point that the exigencies of superstition and conservative feeling would allow the huo-lun ch'ê (fire-wheel carriage or locomotive) to approach. From here I walked to the southern

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

gate of the Chinese city, and along its central, north, and south streets; passing the Temple of Heaven on my right and the Temple of Agriculture on my left. On I went over the triple marble bridge, through the Ch'ien-Men, the massive gateway in the centre of the south wall of the Tartar city (the same through which went Marco Polo, Lord Macartney, and, later, thousands of foreign troops), along old Legation Street, with its Chinese shops and houses on either side, across another marble bridge to the Hotel de Pékin, which I reached at 4.45 o'clock. This walk embraced so many strange sights and sounds that I was too bewildered to form any clear first impressions.

The captain of irregular cavalry had at length reached the 2,000-year-old capital of the land of his midsummer dream in sun-dried India's plains! Yet all the record I can find of this (to me) epoch-making event is:

“Reached Peking railway station 2.15 p.m.
Hotel de Pékin, 4.45. Nice and cool.”

CHAPTER III

THE Hotel de Pékin, which now survives only in name, was situated, in 1897, on the south side of Legation Street, next to the French Legation. Its ground plan was that of an ordinary Chinese inn, i.e. the principal entrance was under an archway through a big double doorway into a courtyard, around which were the bedrooms and at the further end of which was the general dining-room.

M. Chamot, the excellent manager, was a Swiss and the friend of all strangers; Madame, his wife, was a pretty and charming Californian woman, who, like so many of her sex, though domesticated and feminine under ordinary conditions, proved herself a veritable Joan of Arc during the siege of the Legations in 1900, when no building suffered more from shot and shell than this hotel.

After a good night's rest I proceeded early next morning to take a glimpse at the world-renowned city from a point of vantage on the top of the south wall. The gate at the bottom of the ramp leading up to it was closed, but when I had waited a little while, a decrepit old Chinese woman appeared from a house close by, and, on my producing a few cash (of which 32 equalled one penny), she consented to open the gate. When I reached the top I encountered the other sole occupant of this part of the wall, and to my surprise found him a black-bearded Mahomedan from India. So the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

first foreign tongue I had occasion to speak in Peking was the one I thought I had left behind me—Hindustani! This man was attached to the five-yearly mission which came from the Raja of Nepal to pay homage and render tribute to the Emperor of China as a result of the severe defeat inflicted by the Chinese army on the Gurkhas, who invaded Tibet in A.D. 1790.

The view from the wall was striking, but still failed to impress a mind which for so long a time had been swaddled in red tape, and it took several years before my senses became sufficiently attuned by freedom to appreciate the glories which lay within my sight and hearing.

On returning to the wicket-gate I once more found it locked, with the venerable white-haired dame standing on the further side, her face alight with a humorous and cheerful smile. Bargaining to get out proved a much more tedious and expensive business than bargaining to get in. But who could cavil at such artful ingenuity—a tiny straw to show me, right at the beginning, how the Chinese value mind above matter and how mother wit with them is esteemed above brute force or ignorant protestation.

The Chinese are not above acquiring all they can snatch of this world's goods; not for accumulation, but for their indulgence together with their women and children of that "joie de vivre" to which a good dinner, a gamble and a picnic contribute. The poverty and misery which interested persons are fond of exaggerating, but which in

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

reality are hard to discover, have utterly failed to crush their zest in life. To one fresh from India nothing could be more striking—unless it were the complete absence of caste and class prejudice—than this delight in being alive and free which all Chinese exhibit. You are ever greeted with a happy smile which makes you feel that the world is better than you thought it and that the Chinese are a pleasant folk to meet. But you cannot be for long in India without becoming sad and depressed. Seldom are you greeted at all by the natives and never with a smile.

Leaving the south wall, I made my way to the British Legation to pay my respects to Her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Emperor of China. Luckily for me he happened to be in town, for, at this season, all or nearly all, the foreign inhabitants of Peking who could do so migrated to cooler places and found comfortable temporary lodgings in the Buddhist temples, snugly ensconced among the picturesque valleys of the western hills about fifteen miles from the capital.

It was with some trepidation that I approached the now well-known gateway of the British Legation and entered the well-kept grounds with their restful lawns shaded by trees and surrounded by a wall fourteen feet in height. A Chinese t'ing-ch'ai (literally one who listens and is sent—a messenger) in silken robes, with mushroom-shaped, red-tasselled hat of finest white straw, led me through spacious open halls, where beautifully painted

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

dragons in red and blue and green and gold were guarded on either side by magnificently carved marble lions, up a small flight of steps into the main dwelling and reception building at the further end.

As I went, I gazed astounded at this splendour, for I did not then know that the Legation had formerly been the palace of a Manchu prince. The most glorious wainscoting and wood-carving brought a reminder of some old baronial hall in England, while the thick carpets on the floors, the rich silk embroideries over the doorways and the almost oppressive silence gave an idea of oriental mystery.

I was ushered at last into a spacious study where, seated at a large writing-table covered with official documents, sat Major Sir Claude MacDonald. By his genial manner, inviting confidence, he had soon overcome my nervousness and had been made acquainted with the details of my case.

It must not be forgotten that I was the first Indian Army officer to come to Peking to learn Chinese, that I had come on leave absolutely on my own initiative, and that unless I could procure official sanction from the Commander-in-Chief in India to remain, I must forthwith retrace my steps and rejoin my regiment by the 31st October. This was September 17th, and the journey from Peking would occupy thirty-two to thirty-six days at the very quickest; consequently there was no time to be lost. How could sanction be obtained with least circumlocution? The proper channel of application would be through the Adjutant of my regiment,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

who would ask the Commanding Officer to ask the General Officer Commanding the Brigade to apply to the Adjutant-General to obtain the special sanction of the Commander-in-Chief, which would be again conveyed back to me through the same channel. Thus, even if the answer were a favourable one, it would probably not reach me for a month or two.

But a statesman like Lord Salisbury did not pick from among a crowd of other competent men Major Sir Claude MacDonald, then Commissioner of Oil River Protectorates in West Africa, without good reason, for he was a soldier as well as a diplomatist; and when he had listened to my little history it did not take him long to decide what was the only thing to be done. He simply said: "I'll cable to the Viceroy," and there and then drafted the wire and sent it out to the Chancery office for dispatch. Probably no man has ever felt more grateful for any favour received than I did at that moment. The reply to the cable did not reach me until the 2nd October, and I leave the reader to imagine the state of nervous tension to which meanwhile I was reduced. Yet such was my confidence in the reasonableness of my request to remain and study the Chinese language, having passed the preliminary test and come all this way at my own expense, that I felt no Viceroy could refuse Sir Claude's application. Therefore, though at heart perturbed, I went about my business as though the matter was settled, engaged a Chinese teacher and began to disturb the other inmates of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the Hotel de Pékin by my loud neighing of the vocal tones at all hours of the day and night. The vocal tones for the pronunciation of the Chinese language are four in number for each word, and not until these tones are mastered can the difference in the meaning of the words be told. As I practised, my voice mingled with a curious soothing hum of varying notes which I afterwards discovered to be caused by flocks of doves and pigeons flying overhead. The Chinese have a custom of attaching to the tail-feathers of these birds bamboo whistles attuned to different notes, and when the birds fly the whistles produce a particular hum by which an owner can recognise his flock of "mid sky houris."

I was soon engaged in paying calls on all Foreign Legations—the American, the French, the German, the Russian, the Japanese, the Austrian, the Italian, and the Belgian, each of which had its minister, its secretaries, its Chinese secretaries (foreigners skilled in the Chinese language assisted by natives), its students, its interpreters and its military attachés, so that each was a compact little settlement by itself. Taken all together, these formed the Legation quarter proper, though the area was then undefined, undefended, much scattered, dotted with Chinese dwellings and shops with the Mongol market in the middle.

On the other side of the stream or ditch, as a kind of separate town, stood the Imperial Maritime Customs buildings—the stronghold of Sir Robert Hart, the king in residence. Advisedly I say king,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

for no Eastern despot ever had more control over his subjects or serfs than had Hart over the 1,400 foreigners of twenty nationalities and over the 5,000 natives that came beneath his jurisdiction. No ruler ever ruled more wisely, with greater efficiency or, rarest attribute of all, with more popularity on all sides. The Chinese will probably search for many years, and even then in vain, for his prototype, to bring to their present government so sure and certain an income from a ridiculously low customs tariff and so handsome a revenue at small outlay as guarantee for large foreign loans.

All this time dinners, lunches, picnics and soirées were the order of the day and night, so that, by the 2nd of October, when for me Lord Curzon cabled his consent to my remaining in China, I had made a bowing acquaintance with some hundred or more foreigners and had become on intimate terms with a few of them.

Perhaps it is as well to explain that the word "foreigner" connotes all who do not belong to the Chinese Empire.

Peking and its life before 1900 were very different from what they became after that date and are now. There are many able accounts of old Peking, but its amazing and picturesque antiquity were sufficient even to open my eyes. Old Peking was in fact much the same as Marco Polo's Cambaluc (Khan Baligh, the city of the Khan). True, the elephants of medieval times, though not their carriages, had disappeared from the Imperial

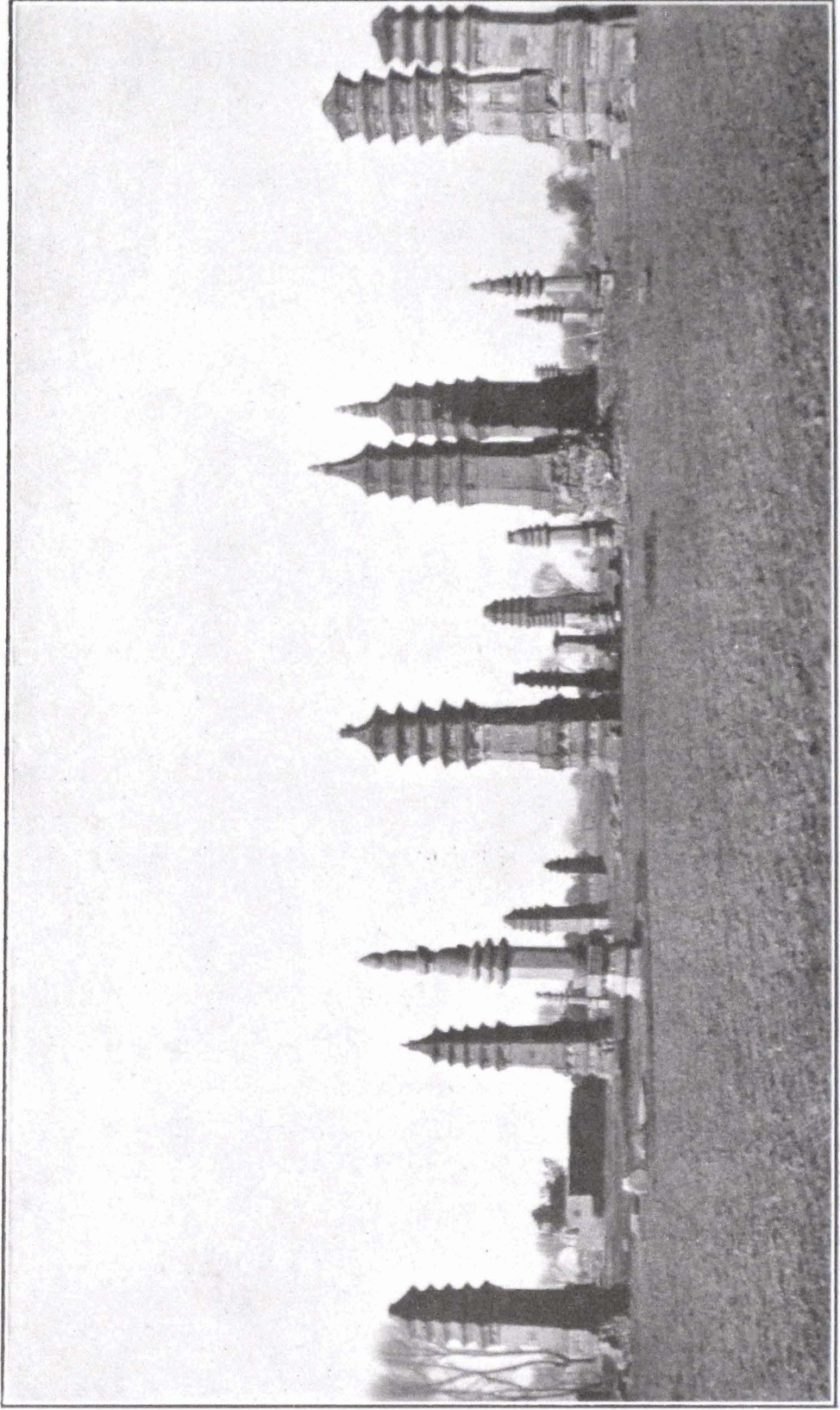
A CAVALIER IN CHINA

processions. But Chinese officials still knocked their heads nine times on the ground in the Emperor's presence, and no one appeared outside their closed doors and windows when the Son of Heaven passed along the road.

The plan of Peking, in common with almost all the cities and towns of north China, is rectangular. It originated from the idea of the military camp, and the spaciousness of Cambaluc was no doubt due to the Mongols, accustomed as they were to the boundless rolling grass plains of their homeland.

Old Peking appeared like some gigantic Pompeii or Herculaneum, laid bare, not deserted or in ruins, but with all its buildings and its culture of a thousand years ago still extant and vital. It was indeed a revelation to destroy the sense of time and to show the permanence of Eastern, as opposed to the mutability of Western, civilisation.

Peking is situated in the centre of a great alluvial plain, dotted with groups of beautiful cypress trees that shade the tombs of celebrated personages. These tombs, which the Russian ambassador Ides took for the country seats of wealthy citizens, are enclosed within stone walls, having only one central gateway, usually at the southern end. The tombs themselves are often only simple mounds of grass, but more often there is a monument of white marble, which stands out against the dark green of the trees and is almost always composed of two porticoes and of a block surmounted by a tortoise, emblem of longevity and strength, on the back of



ANCIENT TOMBS IN THE MIDDLE OF A PLOUGHED FIELD.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

which is set a flat slab bearing the names and titles of the dead. Thus the environs of Peking wear a peaceful smile, but the massive outer walls, with their rectangular bastions and the five storied towers which surmount them with their square windows, closed with wooden shutters on which round black spots have been painted to imitate the mouths of cannon, strike the approaching traveller with a sense of awe.

How profoundly that sense must have struck to the hearts of the bold marauding riders of the Mongolian plateaux as they galloped over the grassy plains, to be stopped short by the Great Wall of China, which is similar to but smaller in section than these great walls of the Tartar city of Peking. Even in 1900 the guns of the Allies could make but the faintest impression on these walls, and Chinese strength was only defeated by Western strategy. The Tartar city walls average fifty feet high, forty feet wide, and are composed of horizontal layers of the hardest concrete, faced with enormous bricks and topped with immense slabs of stone paving.

Standing at the Ch'ien-Men, the frontal gateway beneath the great tower in the exact centre of the southern wall, it was worth while to watch and listen to the continuous stream of traffic that flowed over the side passages of the triple marble bridge and entered through the side entrances of the triple gateway from sunrise to sunset. The centre passage of the triple bridge and the central gateway were reserved for the Emperor whenever he went to and from the Temples of Heaven and Agriculture.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Here were to be seen people of every religion, nationality and class, a colossal medley in which all the races of the world struck their individual note yet in which all were blended to that strange harmony which was Peking itself.

Here were to be seen long strings of Bactrian camels laden with coal from the western hills or with loose and brick tea for Tibet, Mongolia, Turkestan and Russia. Here, riding ponies, mules or donkeys, appeared men who hailed from India, Persia or Arabia, from Siberia, Russia or Kamschatka, and from Korea and Japan. Manchu ladies with painted cheeks and lips, elaborate flower-decked coiffures and gorgeous robes of silk and satin, passed by in carts drawn by splendid fifteen-hand mules. They were followed by the outriders of high officials, Chinese or foreign, seated in green sedan-chairs. Then came some learned literati, contemptuous of expression, dressed in dirty, grease-spotted silk coat, with huge tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles on nose and fan in hand. Next a man-about-town gorgeous in his many-hued soft silk robes, immaculate white socks and coloured open-worked shoes, and after him a monk gowned in yellow silk, with shaven head, and a Chinese lady with tiny feet moving as if on stilts. In and out among them swarmed the half-naked labourers, sweating under their enormous burdens or pushing wheel-barrows—sometimes assisted by a donkey or mule—which none but they could even raise from the ground, far less propel over the stone pavements pitted with holes and ruts.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

And now, having gazed our fill on this motley throng, let us go on to one of the principal streets—the Hata-men. It runs due north and south and is long and straight and 100 feet wide. The roadway itself is 40 to 60 feet broad and two to four feet above the level of the side walks. At various points the street is spanned by wonderfully ornamented p'ai-lous or memorial arches whose fantastic shape and marvellous colouring of yellow, red, green and blue and gold stand out against the sky.

Now it strikes us that this great capital is really but an immense village, in which the houses, beneath their wide roofs, which rest on pillars half-buried in the walls, are built of rough grey bricks. These houses are almost like tents, and by their shape and structure give the whole place the air of an enormous encampment planted with trees. Only the shops, and there are many in the Hata-men, relieve the sombre effect of the street, with their swinging sign-boards painted in various colours. And squalor is forgotten if we investigate these shops.

Here is a furniture maker. He deals in an exquisitely coloured reddish brown wood peculiar to Peking; this he carves with phœnixes and dragons in low relief with the utmost delicacy.

Here is a dealer in jade, the hard precious stone valued above all others by the Chinese. See this pair of earrings which he has cut from the finest emerald green fei-ts'ui (jadeite). The design of vine leaves, behind which there peeps the head of a tiny bat, emblem of luck, has been produced with

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the simplest of instruments, but with infinite labour and care and the most subtle art, while the final polish has been given with a paste mainly composed of ground rubies. The Chinese artist is no false economist in his methods. What if the ignorant Westerner grudges him the price of his labour, still being an artist, he finds joy in the perfection of his work.

Here again is a dealer in high-class porcelain—none but perfect pieces here; for to the Chinese a single mao-ping or flaw scarcely perceptible to Western eyes makes the object worthless to the art collector. Often the true artist having made an imperfect specimen, will rather break it with his own hand than offer it to a connoisseur. At the same time, as long as the Westerner chooses to remain ignorant and to pay for what is valueless, the supply will always meet the demand.

Meanwhile we are still surrounded by the motley crowd which surges around us like the blue sea, with its mixed and pungent odour of vitality and rot, of things that live and breed and things that die and decay, and with its sound pre-eminent as of hundreds of silken garments rustling in the wind.

The dust rises in clouds from the hurrying feet, yet does not choke us; the air itself is too fine for that. We raise our eyes to a sky of translucent blue, against which the dead level of the housetops stands out as though carved in cardboard, and looking up, we thank Heaven for the gift of life which courses as madly through our veins as through the arteries of this great city.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Here perhaps is the explanation of how Peking has retained her vitality through the ages. The atmosphere of Italy has not this electric and inspiring quality, hence Rome died. The air of Greece, though clear and genial, has not this tremendous power, hence Athens crumbled into dust. Only Peking has survived, not only by welcoming to her streets all the peoples of the world, but by preserving her own identity in the crystalline quality of her air.

CHAPTER IV

THROUGH the courtesy of the student interpreters of the British Legation and with the Minister's sanction, I was accorded the privilege of a room in their quarter and the membership of their mess. It was a little strange at first to find myself back at school, though the society of a lot of young men with the spirits of undergraduates was inspiring. Among them Sydney Mayers was my councillor and friend. He showed a remarkable aptitude for the Chinese language, at which we worked together for seven to nine hours a day.

According to the Chinese, writing grew or developed from picture drawing to express and register the thoughts and actions of human beings. It is the power to do this which has contributed most to raise man above the animals. Their own unique writing must indeed have contributed to their artistic taste and their facility with the paint brush.

The first pictograms, limited in number, probably only portrayed objects, but gradually they were evolved to express ideas or spoken words. And when this happened it became possible for tribes separated by different languages to communicate with each other, nevertheless, by a common script in stereotyped form. The original stereotyped form was too clumsy to survive, and Chinese scholars gradually produced smaller pictures and combinations of pictures to save time, space and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

labour. Starting thus from a basis of 500 to 600 pictograms, the 41,000 odd characters in the Emperor Kang Hsi's dictionary were built up, and now this writing has altered so little in the lapse of centuries that anyone able to read and understand a modern Chinese novel could equally understand books of the great T'ang dynasty (A.D. 618-906), a period when literature held a very high position in China.

This language had no alphabet and no grammar and was composed of pictures which represented words instead of syllables. But just as Chaucer's English cannot be compared to the Americanized English of to-day, so antique Chinese characters would be very different from the modern variety and only intelligible to the scholar.

It is interesting to reflect that had our twentieth century Bible been derived from ancient Chinese instead of from comparatively modern classical Greek and Hebrew, these again depending on Phœnician, Hieratic and Hieroglyphic, the original record would in all probability be intact and easy of access in a living language. For in the Confucian temple at Peking are the stone Drums of the Chou dynasty (1122 to 224 B.C.) each inscribed with records in ancient Chinese script, conventionalized and well formed. Had Christ been born in China, our New Testament, instead of dating from more than a century after His death, might have been a contemporary account of His life.

Whereas in India, mispronounced English words have been incorporated with the vernacular in

cases where the object was foreign to the country and of Western origin: e.g. engine, railway, bicycle, etc., the Chinese still prefer to use their own brains in the evolution of new words from existing ideographs. Thus engine becomes huo-lun ch'ê (fire wheel carriage); railway, tieh-lou (iron road) bicycle, tzŭ-hsing ch'e, (oneself-can [propel] cart) and so on. Consequently, in spite of what has been called its "intellectual turbidity," and from our point of view its unwieldiness, it seems to me that the Chinese language has proved itself a serviceable stayer and that any attempt to rearrange it can only confuse the issue.

The Roman alphabet, whether pronounced in the unique and unphonetic English way or in the more reasonable and musical Latin way, is quite inadequate to reproduce Chinese linguistic sounds. It is almost impossible for a foreigner, however great a scholar, to achieve the correct accent, and I believe that none but a Chinese carter can accurately produce the sound he makes when encouraging his team to proceed. It is safe to prophesy that the tongue called English, which is now spoken in America, Australia and in many parts of Asia and Africa, will not be the English of even one thousand years hence.

Where the Chinese score is that, though throughout their vast country they have many different dialects, they have in kuan-hua (official talk) one written and spoken language, introduced many thousands of years ago, and it is still universally understood. As education spreads, dialects will

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

decrease and kuan-hua, that ancient Esperanto, will survive. Confucius did more than anyone to preserve the Chinese language by collecting and editing their ancient books and by deprecating change. And though kuan-hua has varied in the past and will continue to vary slightly in idiom and pronunciation, it was the language taught to foreign students, who found, however, for their salvation that of the 41,000 odd characters in the dictionary, experience proved that a knowledge of 2,000 to 5,000 was sufficient for ordinary purposes.

The way we went to work was to have the first 1,000 characters handwritten or printed on stout slips of paper, in the upper left hand corner of which it appeared again in smaller type with its companion character (or as the Chinese call it—"flower cluster"—i.e. the companion with which it most frequently forms a flower of speech). On the reverse side was its English translation. In this way the student learned first the look and composition of the character, then its meaning, and subsequently he would try to reproduce it from memory. Up to 600 the task was not so difficult. Afterwards the test of memory increased at compound interest, though when some 1,500 words had been acquired, the sound and meaning of others was gained by a process of dissection.

Since I had come to China to learn the language, this inadequate account of a great subject is interpolated to show that I was not idle. But there was still some leisure time in which to enter the swim of Peking society, thanks mainly to my residence at

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the British Legation. Confined as my experience had hitherto been to Indian cantonment life and Indian sport, I now gained a new and exhilarating glimpse into the possibilities of gregarious pleasure.

The MacDonalds remained my first and greatest friends. Besides my fellow students, there were at the British Legation, Mr. Cockburn, the Chinese secretary, a brilliant scholar and good companion, who later became His Majesty's representative in Korea, and his able assistant, Mr. C. W. Campbell, who had charge of the Minister's racing stud. Under Mr. Campbell, Sir Claude's colours were generally to the front, and those were still the days when to be British meant to lead the van in the Far East on land as on the sea, no matter what the occupation might be. But, beyond his knowledge of horses, Campbell's acquaintance with Pekingese vernacular was quite extraordinary, and nothing could have been more illuminating and useful than a visit under his guidance, not only to the race-course, but to the curio shops, the stock exchange and the auction mart, where to speak Pekingese fluently was to gain a treble interest.

Also at the British Legation I have reason to remember Mr. Mortimore (later Consul-General at Ch'eng-tu the capital of Ssü-chuan Province with an area and population exceeding those of the British Isles and distant 1,600 miles from the sea at Shanghai), a great sportsman and shot, whose 45 snipe for 43 cartridges was then the north China record.

Outside our little domain M. Pavloff reigned as

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Minister of the Russian Legation; he afterwards became famous as a disturber of the peace in Korea. His actions both in that country and in Peking, whether with his Government's approval or not, contributed indirectly to foment the Russo-Japanese war.

One of the most charming and hospitable of couples were Baron and Baroness Von Heyking, of the German Legation, well known formerly at Simla and Calcutta, where the Baroness was as popular for her beauty and hospitality and for her prowess in riding as she was in Peking.

Colonel and Mrs. Denby were of the United States Legation. I remember him as a remarkably tall, handsome man, pale, severe and ascetic, of the type we associate with those stern pioneers who landed from the *Mayflower* and were the founders of the American nation. Colonel Denby, indeed, showed his descent not only in his face, but in the fact that he had served with distinction all through the civil war, concerning which he had a fund of interesting stories.

In the Italian Legation I became acquainted with the Marquis and Marquesa de Salvago-Raggi, well known in Cairo, and, like everyone else, I completely lost my heart to the lovely Marquesa.

Other interesting people whom I had the privilege of meeting day by day were Monseigneur Favier; Bishop Scott, of the Church of England Mission; and Dr. W. A. P. Martin, President of the Imperial University of Peking, sinologue and author of "The Lore of Cathay" and other works.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Doctor Martin had a great aptitude as a rhymer in both English and Chinese. One day, as I was proceeding on my Mongol pony along a road deep in such dust as only Peking can show, bound on a visit to one of Mrs. Bishop Scott's popular tea parties, I passed at a canter the learned doctor, who was in his carriage. Shortly after my arrival at the Scotts, Dr. Martin walked in and, recognizing me at once, although he had never seen me before I had passed him on the road, greeted me in Chinese verse, of which the following is a rough translation:

“A stalwart young Lancer went galloping
And kicked up a great deal of dust,
Regardless of whom it might fall upon,
Not heeding Confucius the Just.”

Confucius of course inculcated the utmost respect for elders and superiors, especially literary ones, and my reproof was well deserved. But my *esprit d'escalier* only afterwards suggested a possible rejoinder:

“The stalwart young Lancer is sorry
He covered the Doctor with dust,
But philosophy's better than manners.
Confucius would never have fussed.”

The great events of the spring and autumn in Peking were the races, which took place at these seasons, on the picturesque course surrounded by tall poplars and willows and bounded at one side by a hill, about forty to sixty feet high, which runs the whole length of the straight and serves as a

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

grand stand for the great non-paying Chinese public.

Here the representatives of the various foreign nations entertained royally and, putting political strife aside, vied with each other to carry off "The Champions," a race for the best pony of the year. None but those known as "China" ponies were allowed to compete. These ponies all came from and were bred in Mongolia, and they averaged about 13.1 hands high.

Most valued by the Chinese were piebalds, skewbalds and pure white. Until the débacle of 1900, the Emperors used to maintain enormous herds of these ponies in the parks near Peking, and at Jehol and Dolon Nor, in Inner Mongolia, and several of the herds fell in to the hands of the maurading foreigners in 1900.

The races in north China were all ridden by gentlemen jockeys and the meetings were much like those that took place in northern India prior to 1890; that is to say, they were purely social functions of an amateur nature. Everyone was very keen, and each year Chinese mafus (horse-boys or syces) were sent to Mongolia to try and bring back a string of "good 'uns" among which it was hoped to find a "champion."

Polo was not yet played in Peking, but was to be introduced by that master of the game, Colonel Richardson, in 1900; the ground then chosen being in the Nan Yüen or South Park, about four miles from the southern gate of the Chinese city.

I found no difficulty, however, in inaugurating

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

paperchases, for which a cup was first run in March 1898. This cup was won in fine style by Mr. Gwynne, a wonderful good all-round man, who, after acting as Reuter's correspondent, went to South Africa and later became editor of *The Morning Post*.

During the winter months at Peking the ground, retaining its moisture, becomes frozen and ice-bound, and in the spring the thaw is often sudden and very rapid. It happened that the 26th March 1898, was the first day of spring and also the day of the paperchase cup, and I had laid the paper in the morning before the sun had gained power. The result was unforeseen, but amusing, for I had crossed over a track of marshy ground without recognizing it as such in its early frozen condition. The sun was high in the heavens when the field reached this part of the run and most of them were soon floundering in the bog and were thus thrown out of the race. Needless to say no one would believe that the line was not laid with malice propense.

The Mongol market, next to the British Legation, was a great resort for the students and young bloods of the city. Here were to be seen ponies with long-haired coats like those which their Mongol masters wore, with the fur outside, stalwart, woolly beasts all of them, who might have claimed kinship with the shaggy, solemn, two-humped camels that stood around. Here were to be seen also frozen pheasants, grouse, partridges, hares and venison from Mongolia; also men and women in long boots who, having lived in the saddle since babyhood and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

before they could walk, had acquired a waddling, duck-like gait afoot.

Looking at these people, it was comprehensible that they would find no difficulty in reaching Europe on horseback. But what was hard to realize from their mild and sheeplike mien was that they were less than 700 years removed from their forefathers, who conquered most of Asia and eastern Europe before they were themselves conquered by Buddhism.

One of the most interesting and curious events of the year in old Peking was the annual auction of objects of art, which I do not think has yet been described in any English book.

Early one winter morning, Mr. Campbell and I donned our furs, went through the great Ch'ien-Men into the business quarter of the Chinese city and entered, through a large doorway, the small rectangular courtyard of an inn with doors opening from it on three sides into the rooms beyond. The courtyard was filled to overflowing with a crowd of Chinese of all sorts and conditions, chiefly dealers, curio collectors and their agents. As it was winter, all were clothed in the thick cotton wadded coats of the country (with the exception of a few who wore silk lined with fur) and on their heads were small, black satin, bowl-shaped caps decorated with a knob or button of red silk-twisted cord in the centre.

Each room opening on the yard was hired by the owner who intended to sell, and the entrance to these rooms was boarded up to a height of six

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

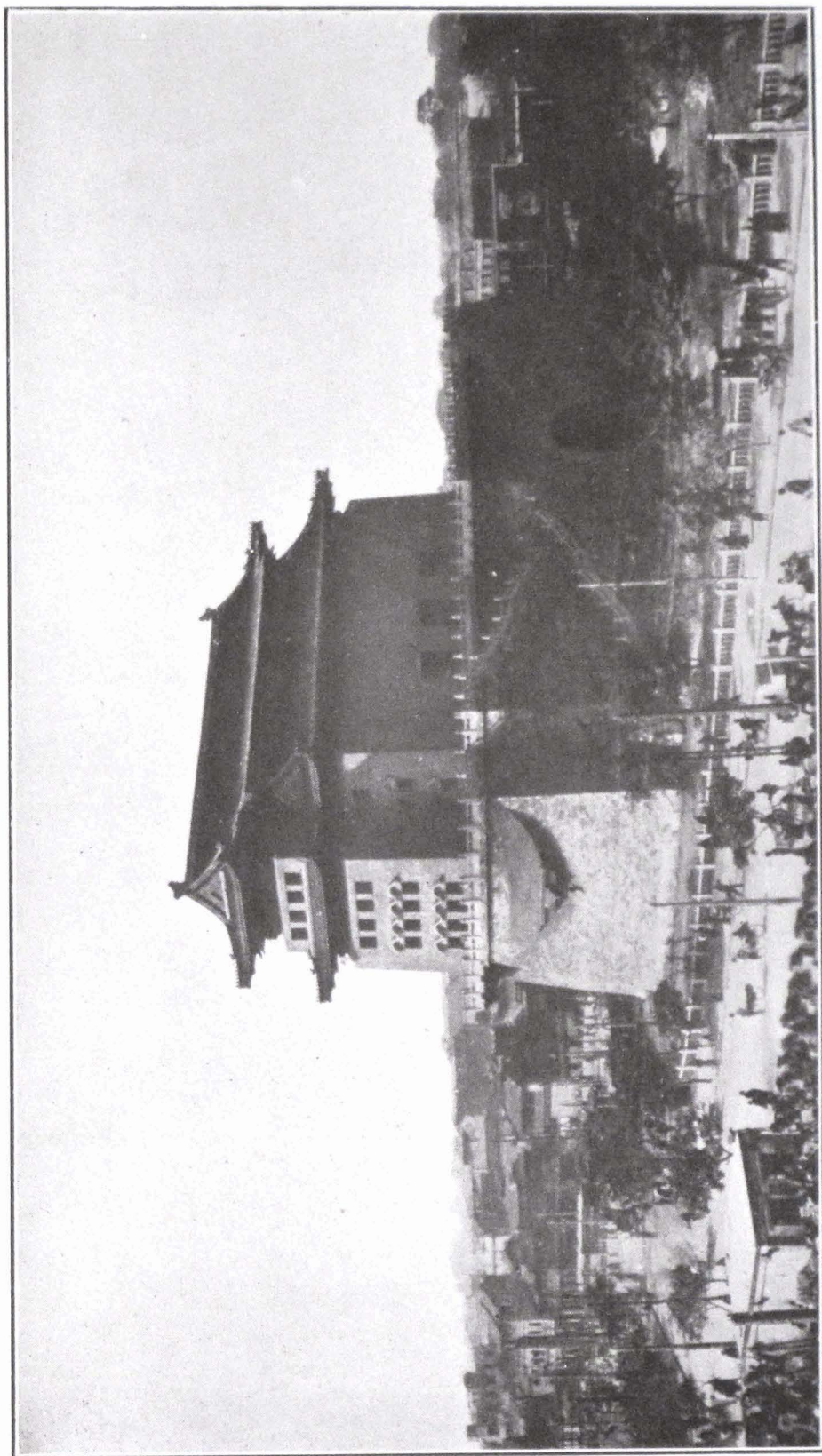
or seven feet in front of the doorway. Behind this hoarding the salesman stood on a board, raised on trestles. He held, by both hands, high above his head a piece of porcelain, often of great value, but nearly always enveloped in paper.

On seeing the object, the crowd began shouting and pushing towards the hoarding with hands upheld. The salesman, watching his opportunity, suddenly lowered the piece into the hands of the longest and nearest pair of arms, which belonged to one of the auctioneer's agents mingling with the crowd. Quick as lightning this man slipped it beneath his arm, while the would-be buyers pressed around with fingers itching to tear off the paper in which the object was wrapped.

All bidding was done in the Eastern fashion, i.e. without words or even nods, but by the clasp of fingers hidden in the long sleeves—the prospective buyer seizing the auctioneer's hand and making his bid, to be thrust aside by someone else and so on. At length, the highest price having been offered, the auctioneer declared in a loud voice Mr. Chang or Liu had bought the object for so many ounces of silver, and the deal was duly recorded in a book by a man sitting in the middle of the yard.

So the game went on amid a babel of noise and an incredible amount of commotion.

Several salesmen at once offered their wares, and directly the objects were handed down by the owners to their agents, each became the centre of a human maelstrom. Not infrequently it happened that in the scrimmage to obtain possession a piece



CH'YEN-MEN OUTER GATEWAY, PEKING.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

of porcelain was dashed to the ground and broken into a hundred fragments, when, I presume, the crowd was free to satisfy its curiosity as to the value of the specimen they might have had! Both owners and prospective purchasers, however, regarded such destruction with Oriental equanimity.

A method where such accidents are possible must strike anyone as barbarous in the extreme, and until I grew to know my Chinese friends better, I was at a loss to reconcile their manner of conducting this annual auction with the usual decorum of their behaviour. The fact is that the Chinese are born gamblers, and, like all such, the fever of gambling may become an obsession, causing them under this stimulus to act and behave in a manner quite foreign to the maxims of Confucius. The auction mart becomes a gambling hall, not merely by the fact that the bidding is secret, known only to the auctioneer, but by the fact that the object itself is half-hidden from the close inspection of the would-be purchaser. Therefore, in bidding he must take the risk in which he delights—a risk which, if brought to a successful issue, will doubly enhance the value of his newly-acquired possession.

No account of social life in old Peking would be complete without some further reference to that remarkable man Sir Robert Hart. Though he accepted few invitations, he was most hospitable and constantly gave dinners and dances at his own house. Also he was “at home” every Wednesday afternoon, when his famous pioneer band of Chinese musicians discoursed sweet music in his Chinese

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

garden. Like all Irishmen, Sir Robert was fond of the fair sex, and his entertainments were distinguished by various little rules and customs inaugurated by himself. At his dinner parties each lady would find some small and charming present on her plate, and at his dances one of his rules was that every man invited *must* dance. On one occasion he discovered me on the veranda during a dance and never invited me again. As a matter of fact, my shoe had burst, but those who have had experience of great men never offer excuses.

Sir Robert was familiarly spoken of as the I.G. (Inspector-General of Maritime Customs), but his autocratic rule, as in the case of all really great men, made many enemies and sometimes brought vituperation from former employees. I remember reading a short romance called "The S.G." (Superintendent-General of Customs), written, I believe, by an American who had been employed and discharged from the Customs Service, the plot of which hinged, so far as I can recollect, on the adventures of the S.G. himself and a beautiful half Russian, half Chinese girl, who was brought up at the Russian Legation in Peking and subsequently sent to St. Petersburg to be educated. Thus, according to the romance, she became possessed of various official secrets which were duly divulged; but as I have never succeeded in finding another copy of the book, it is possible that they were all bought up by the I.G., whom the author undoubtedly meant as his hero.

Probably no government has ever been served

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

so well by a foreigner as the Chinese by Sir Robert Hart, whose salary, however large (and its extent was never publicly known), was fully earned. Almost every nation in the world did him honour in one way or another, and when Queen Victoria conferred on him a baronetcy, the Emperor of China, not to be outdone, conferred the equivalent of a dukedom on his late father, an action peculiarly characteristic of the Chinese, who reason that if a man be wise, great or successful, the credit is due to his forebears rather than to himself.

Sir Robert was the author of only one book, "These From the Land of Sinim," written during or immediately after the siege of the legations and published in 1901, in which, contrary to all that might be expected of one who knew his Chinese so well, he abandoned his usual policy of caution, and prophesied, perhaps truly—time will divulge—the future of this great people. The book, if rightly interpreted, proves that its author understood his subject, but many less able men than Sir Robert became wise after the events of 1900.

Speaking of his policy of caution, several amusing stories are told of his habit of deliberating before he would commit himself to any statement. This habit grew upon him to such an extent that, it is said, a charming lady having on one occasion offered him a buttonhole with the remark "Will you wear this, Sir Robert?" the very fact of being asked a question put him on his guard and he replied gravely, "I should prefer to consider the matter before answering."

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

In these days of easy scepticism it is interesting to know that Sir Robert Hart was a deeply religious man and one of the old school, in that, with a simple and childlike faith, he would seek practical counsel from the pages of the Bible opened at random. When in 1896 the question arose as to whether he should retire from his work in Peking or stay on to face the difficulties that remained, his decision, it is said, was formed by the first verse in the Book of Wisdom which happened to meet his eye—Acts xxvii, 31—"Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers 'Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved'."

His respect for the Christian ideal was, however, subjected to a severe test when, one day on leaving the gates of a mission, a dirty Chinese beggar came up to him and, throwing an arm round his shoulders, said, "We are brothers in Christ, so I will accompany you on your way." And this he did for some distance, while Sir Robert, despite the creed of universal brotherhood, must have felt the first faint stirrings of doubt as to the advisability of mission methods which inculcate the equality of man irrespective of colour, class and cleanliness.

Sir Robert Hart married the sister of Sir Robert Bredon, another Irishman, who later succeeded to the post of Inspector-General during his brother-in-law's absence in England.

Rumour had it that the Empress Dowager Tzū Hsi took exception to the post being filled by so near a relative in a country where nepotism is rife; nevertheless, Sir Robert Bredon proved

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

himself an able administrator, besides being a delightful man full of wit and humour. I have good reason to remember him, as he was kind enough to give me letters of introduction to the Customs officials of central China ports in 1898, when I set forth on my long journey across China to India.

My lucky star must have been in the ascendant at this time, for at a big luncheon party given by Sir Claude MacDonald I had the honour of a seat next that great contemporary of Sir Robert Hart, His Excellency Li Hung-Chang. The occasion was a memorable one for me. My brother-in-law, the late Admiral Sir Richard Tracy, had formerly been to China as an instructor of the Chinese navy and had given me a letter of introduction to Li Hung-Chang, who, while he was a diplomatist of the first order, was not remarkable for courtly manners. Wherever he went he was followed by a boy carrying his long Chinese pipe, and at this luncheon party one of its uses was demonstrated.

The conversation had drifted into some political channel not altogether welcome to Li Hung-Chang, and the interpreter was instructed by a foreign diplomatist to put a leading and important question to the Grand Old Man of China. Instead of answering Li glanced over his shoulder for his pipe, the end of which was promptly thrust into his mouth by his boy attendant, and the flame was then applied to the bowl. Li drew in a long draught of the fragrant weed, turned towards the inter-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

preter and very slowly discharged the smoke, with pursed lips, into his face. Then and not till then, having confused his audience and gained ample time for reflection, he gave his well-considered reply. Nothing, despite the discourtesy of the action, could have been more perfectly done, nothing perhaps could so well have shadowed forth the contempt in which the upstart West was held by the venerable East.

An even better example of Li Hung-Chang's subtlety is afforded in the following story:

One day, at the Chinese foreign office, the British minister, finding that matters were not going as he hoped and expected, became somewhat excited, and hotly urged the interpreter to put the case with greater force before Li Hung-Chang. The interpreter was racking his brains for Chinese words adequate to express the minister's irascibility, when Li, after exchanging glances with his colleague, Prince Ch'ing, turned to the go-between and said, "His Excellency seems a trifle annoyed. I feel sure he is about to say that if we do not give him immediate satisfaction he will order the British fleet to Taku. Therefore let us postpone further discussion to a cooler day." Whereupon he and Prince Ch'ing arose, bowed ceremoniously and withdrew.

This incident was the foundation of a standing joke for some time at the old Peking Club, where men would ask one another "Any news?" and give the reply "Oh, haven't you heard? The British fleet has been ordered to Taku!"

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Li was a man with a presence both physical and spiritual, which inspired all who met him with awe and respect. He was most admired for the manner in which he had fought his country's battles, weathered its storms and "saved its face" for half a century. Nothing then could have been in worse taste than the attitude adopted towards him in 1900 by some of the Western Press, unless it was the treatment of him by the Germans in Peking, who helped considerably towards hastening the sad end of a loyal man who had done his best to stave off what he, in common with the majority of his countrymen (he was pure Chinese from Anhui province), believed, however wrongly, to be their evil day.

As regards the Press, this may have been due to the difficulty—nay almost impossibility—of interviewing Li. He had no objection to seeing the thousands who brought to him letters of introduction nor occasionally to granting a Pressman an interview, but the majority of these favoured ones came away with the unsatisfied feeling of having been well "pumped" and of surrendering their knowledge for scarcely any information in return. But in these fighting times the esteem of Western peoples is only to be gained by an exhibition of superior physical force, though, indeed, Queen Victoria bestowed on Li the G.C.V.O.

There are many other good stories about this remarkable Chinese statesman, but one of the very best is that which was elaborated in the Xmas number of *Truth* in 1896, when Li Hung-Chang was

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

on his visit to England in the course of his travels round the world.

The Grand Old Men of East and West, Li and Gladstone, met at a reception, and the former asked at what hour on the following day it would be convenient for him to call and discuss a little State business.

“Certainly,” replied Gladstone. “Come to tea—four o’clock.”

Accordingly, next day at about half past three in the morning, the policeman on the beat in Downing Street was surprised by a cavalcade and a green sedan chair escorted by Chinese men carrying large circular paper lanterns with the great man’s name and titles inscribed on them, approaching the Prime Minister’s residence. The policeman expostulated, but the Chinese attendants insisted and rang the bell of No. 10. After some time a very sleepy footman opened the door, and, in answer to inquiries for Mr. Gladstone, said he was sorry, but the Premier was asleep, having returned late from a reception and that he dared not disturb him. Li, however, was accustomed to this kind of Chinese bluff, and the interpreter explained that the Premier himself had made the appointment. So the footman was obliged to wake Gladstone while Li remained in his chair in the street. In about half an hour the butler appeared and ushered the Chinese minister up to the Premier’s room. Then it transpired that Mr. Gladstone had meant four o’clock in the afternoon, a revelation to Li, who had seen nothing in the invitation to

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

tea, which is served in China at all times and on all occasions, whereas all important state business in the days of the emperors was invariably conducted between the hours of three and five in the morning. Lord Macartney, in 1793, was received in audience at daybreak.

This custom, though it may have its drawbacks in a country to which it is foreign, is probably the result of thousands of years of experience which has shown its advantages. In the hours preceding daylight animal vitality is at its lowest ebb, but the brain of man is at its clearest, unaffected by the fumes of alcohol or opium. Consequently there is less risk of the pugnacious spirit gaining the upper hand, and the chance of ultimatums and wars is reduced to a minimum.

In old Peking there prevailed a certain freedom of manner and custom in relation to the demands of nature which was even more noticeable than that to be observed in the streets of old Paris or old London, though in this respect, if we are to believe the caricatures of George Cruickshank, the Occidental should have been the last to throw stones. Nevertheless, the following story concerning Li Hung-Chang was current at the time and is repeated here, not so much for its own sake, as to illustrate Chinese astuteness.

When the first foreign lady of the diplomatic body arrived in Peking, somewhere in the seventies, the doyen of the Ministers addressed an official despatch to the Tsung-li Yamen (or Foreign Office), pointing out that the advent of the fair sex of the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

West made it advisable that the Chinese Government should so regulate matters as to put a stop to the objectionable sights and odours which, at any street corner, might offend the female "barbarian eye."

After the proper lapse of time—probably several weeks or months, or even years, for no one was in a hurry in those days—the reply was received, and when duly translated, the President Li was found to have delivered himself thus:

"The Chinese are a very ancient people, whose literature, art and etiquette existed at a time when most of the nations of Europe were either in a state of savagery or, at best, in a semi-civilised condition. In China the customs approved by our great teacher Confucius have become stereotyped. As to the matter in hand, it has long been the custom in good society not to notice anything unsightly or inconvenient. Therefore the Chinese Government can see no reason to alter conditions to which the mass of the people have no objection and can only say that the "educated eye," whether it be that of a lady or a gentleman, is oblivious of all that may offend it."

He was indeed a truly wonderful man, and was Viceroy of Chih-li province (with an area and population equal to Austria-Hungary) for many years, during which period there was no rebellion within his jurisdiction. Had he written an autobiography, or could we discover the diary of Mr. Pethick, an American gentleman who was for a long time his private secretary, we should have a

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

story which for thrilling adventure, daring achievement and romantic interest could hardly be equalled.

Li died in his bed at 10.30 a.m. on the 7th November 1901, while the Court were still at Hsi-an Fu, whither they had fled from Peking. Thus he never again saw the Dowager Empress Tzŭ Hsi, whom he had served so faithfully throughout her life. He was given almost the highest posthumous honours ever accorded to a Chinese official. His last act, and one of which even he could hardly have foreseen the consequences, was to recommend to the throne the appointment of Yüan Shih-k'ai as his successor in the Viceroyalty of Chih-li.

In the autumn of 1897 social life in Peking was disturbed by an event which, viewed in the light of subsequent happenings, assumes a magnitude out of all proportion to its origin.

On November 1st two Roman Catholic German missionaries were killed by Chinese in Shantung province. Many missionaries of various nationalities had been murdered in China since the foreigner first began to meddle in the internal affairs of the country about A.D. 1600. But as far as I am aware, these gentlemen were the first of German nationality to pay the debt of martyrdom for their belief. Hitherto such misfortunes had been condoned by money payments and increased facilities to the foreigner to force his goods and his beliefs on an unwilling people.

Now, for the first time, the Fatherland was

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

involved, and the Chinese must be given to understand that there was, in Europe, a mailed fist which could hit harder when it liked than any other foreign fist. So the little drama enacted in 1848 in the south was again staged exactly half a century later in the north, and with new scenery and new players, was produced before a greatly increased and at heart delighted audience.

This cataclysm set the diplomatic circle of old Peking thinking as they had never thought before. In 1858-60 there were no diplomats in Peking, and the Sino-Japanese war of 1895 was a purely local affair which did not, it was then thought, greatly concern Europe.

Late on the eventful day when the great news reached Peking, I happened to meet Sir Claude MacDonald in Chancery Lane (as the main road in the Legation Compound was curiously called), and he, having no other confidant handy at the time, proceeded to unburden his mind and think aloud for my edification. This was the stupendous problem he propounded: "What advice ought I to give the Chinese, Wingate? Ought we to advise the *fortiter in re* or the *sauwiter in modo*?"

To which I think I replied with the deadly certainty of the young soldier: "Better tell them to do nothing and to withdraw their troops from Kiao-chou double quick."

Whether it was on Sir Claude's advice, or on their own initiative, I cannot say, but on November 14th, when the German fleet anchored off the little fishing village of Ch'ing-tao (Green Island),

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

at the entrance of the great bay of Kiao-chou, the Chinese soldiers walked out of their square mud walled camps as the German sailors and marines walked in and began their arrangements for a prolonged stay.

It is not likely that the Chinese could have done anything else, but it is interesting to reflect on what might have happened had they at once resisted this invasion. The invasion, nevertheless, started the trouble which culminated in the débacle of 1900 and subsequently led to the expulsion of the Imperial Manchus and the establishment of the Republic.

Then in old Peking, while 1897 drew to its close, we all became very busy with colour box and paper, drawing maps of the Chinese Empire, showing "spheres of influence," i.e. tracts of country varying in size from that of England to that of Russia, which each particular Western Power had ear-marked for exploitation, regardless of the Chinese maxim: "Let not unjust wealth be sought with violence."

CHAPTER V

AT this juncture, however, the political situation was for me eclipsed by a greater personal event.

Sir Claude MacDonald had been accorded a special audience of the Emperor Kuang Hsü, for the purpose of delivering an autograph letter from Queen Victoria, and as the Military Attaché, Colonel Browne, was away travelling in Manchuria, in his stead, Sir Claude very kindly permitted me to join his suite.

With the exception of the usual audience to the Diplomatic Corps held at the Chinese New Year on the following 15th February, at which I had also the honour of being present, this was the last audience attended by foreigners that Kuang Hsü was destined to hold alone as Emperor in the style of his forefathers. In May 1898 he received Prince Henry of Prussia standing and returned his visit. On all subsequent occasions he was merely a puppet serving to decorate and add importance to the receptions given by his aunt, the Empress Dowager, that remarkable woman and able ruler, Tz'ü Hsi.

The right of audience is a privilege which has always been jealously guarded by great rulers both lay and ecclesiastical. In Asia, however, it has been an immemorial custom for the subject to claim a hearing of the ruler, and in China, until the decay of the Manchus began, this was pro-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

vided for by the right to petition, which might be handed personally in the street, or might be claimed by the ringing of a gong in the official yamens or offices. But the Manchus, subsequent to the reign of the great Emperor Ch'ien Lung, tended towards seclusion, and were averse to the granting of audience to foreigners at all, and when this was conceded it was only on condition of the performance of the proper ceremonies as laid down for Chinese and Manchus. Consequently the number of foreigners living at the time of my audience who had seen the Emperor was very limited.

As with Lhasa so with the Forbidden City of Peking, mystery and sanctity surrounded the ecclesiastical and imperial palaces until foreign troops rudely tore aside the veil and exposed all that lay behind to the vulgar gaze of the multitude.

In spite of what modern political demagogues declare, distance lends enchantment.

Thus an audience with the Son of Heaven in 1897, though he was but the shadow of his great ancestors, was still something to arouse curiosity and even to inspire awe; my excitement at the prospect was therefore considerable.

But before proceeding to describe the court let me give a brief account of who Kuang Hsü was and how he came to be ruling over 350 millions of Chinese, and let me explain the meaning of the kowtow, the ceremony which, for so long, proved a stumbling-block to foreigners desiring imperial audiences.

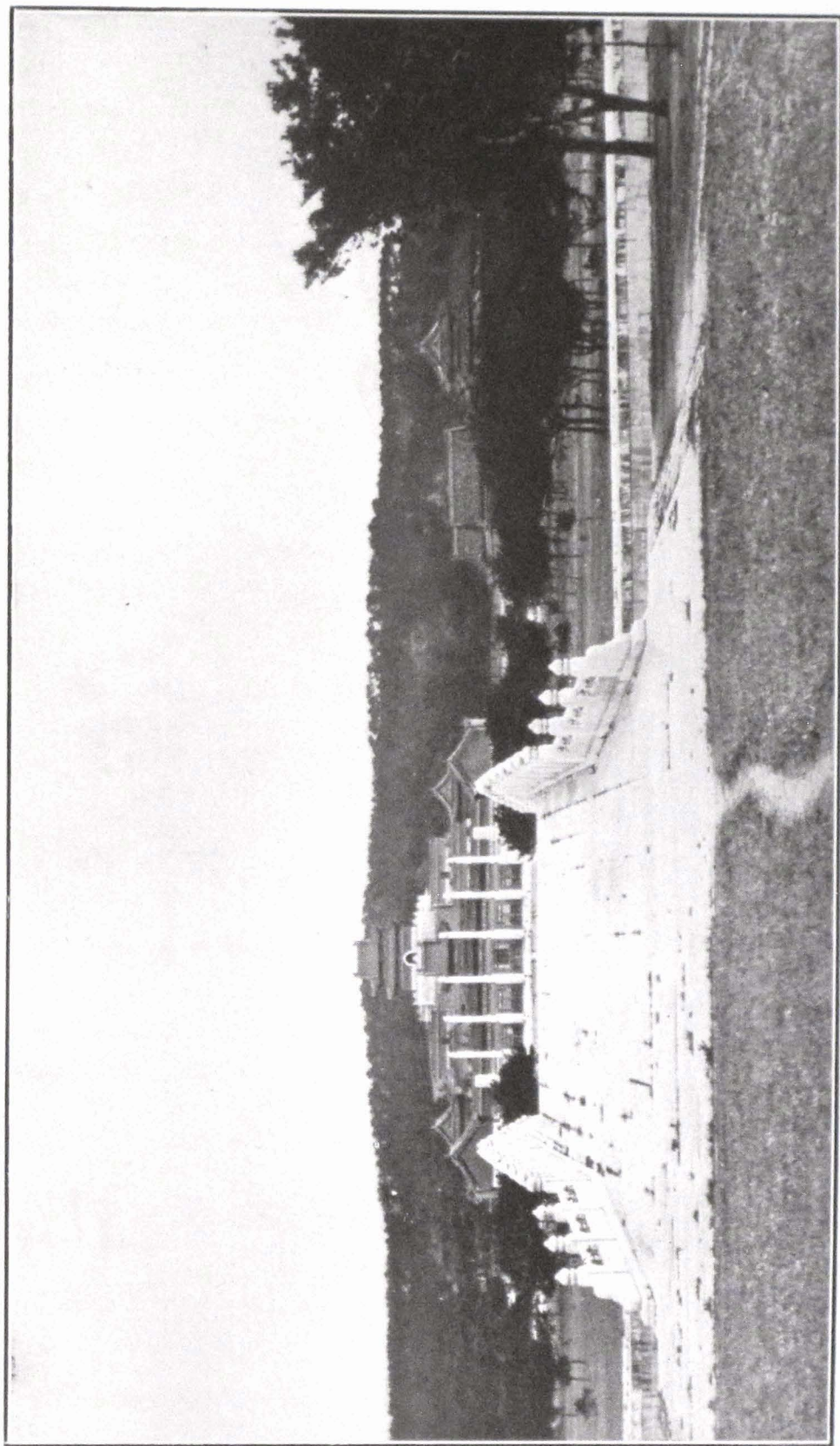
Kuang Hsü (Glorious Succession) was the reign-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

ing title of Tsai T'ien—for no Emperor of China was permitted to reign under his own name, which was considered too sacred to be either spoken or written. His father was Prince of Ch'un (1710-1799), seventh son of the Emperor Tao Kuang of the Ta Ch'ing (Great Pure) or Manchu dynasty, ruler over a much greater empire than his son. Kuang Hsü was the ninth and last but one of his line to reign. The last was a tiny child when forced to abdicate in 1912, and who is now the ruler, under Japanese ægis, of the state of Manchukuo.

The Manchus of 1897 were the effete remains of a nation whose sun had set. But somewhere about the time that Moses was preparing to lead the Israelites forth into the Promised Land, some of the ancestors of the Manchus who, together with Mongols and Turks, had one origin in the neighbourhood of Kara-koram and the headwaters of the Amoor River—left their “horse-back” neighbours to the enjoyment of their wide grass-covered plateaux, where tea and mutton and camel dung are more precious than gold, and migrated south-east into the country, beyond the Great Hsing-an Mountains, subsequently called Manchuria by Western nations.

It was, and still is, a country of snow-capped mountains, dense forests, rolling hills, fertile valleys and patches of prairie spread with carpets of wild flowers, the whole watered by rivers filled with salmon and other fish. Tigers, larger and more handsome than the Indian variety, roamed through



TOMB OF EMPEROR SHUN-CHIH, 1638-1661.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the forests. Pheasants, grouse, partridges, woodcock, snipe and every kind of waterfowl flew above the valleys. In this land of plenty the early settlers gradually took to cultivating the fertile soil and had a feudal system and an advanced civilisation. They made frequent raids on China, and were sometimes assisted by Koreans and Japanese, but were not particularly successful until the twelfth century A.D., when a Manchu ruler established himself in Peking as first emperor of the Ta Chin or Great Golden dynasty. The Golden dynasty was conquered by the Mongols under Genghis Khan in 1215, and the Manchus, driven back to their own north eastern territory, remained there, more or less quiescent, but simmering like a mighty geyser, till at last they shot forth a new hero. The ancestors of this meteoric personage, whose name was Nurhachu, had, like those of many other heroes, an extraordinary origin.

Once upon a time, near a small mountain lake, lived three T'ien-nü—heavenly women, or, as we should call them, angels. In spite of their angelic nature they seem to have worn clothes like human beings and to have left them on the shore while they bathed in the lake. Then, unseen by them, a celestial bird flew down with a luscious red fruit in its beak and deposited the fruit on the dress of the youngest angel. As soon as they had finished bathing they returned to their clothes, and the youngest was astonished to find the red fruit on her dress. However, it looked nice, so she ate it forthwith.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Shortly afterwards her condition began to interest her sister angels, and later she gave birth to a fine boy. Scarcely had he been born when he began to talk and his face shone with intellectual light. As he grew up, his form became beautiful, and he was such a joy to his mother that she told him his father was simply a red fruit, having said which she flew up into the sky and was never seen again.

This young man made a skiff and left his mountain home by the lake, following the course of a small river to the plains below. Here other men met him, to whom he said "I am a heavenly man born of an angel, and I have been sent here to settle the quarrels of all you tribesmen." They, seeing by his face that he was no ordinary being, took him along with them and found for him a beautiful maiden for a wife. This happy semi-celestial couple settled down south of the Ever White Mountain and brought forth and multiplied, ruling the tribes with wisdom and foresight.

From this home one of their descendants, who as a boy had been saved from death by the interposition of a celestial bird—no doubt his ancestor of the lake—together with a few followers went to a distant part of the country, where he established a kingdom of his own. Their capital was somewhere west of the modern Russian-made city of Harbin, right in the heart of Manchuria.

Now, from this ruling tribe descended in the direct male line—Nurhachu (1559-1626)—the Bismarck of the Manchus. He united and organised the various states in one powerful whole, which was

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

to found the Ta Ch'ing—Great Pure dynasty. In the process these Manchus lost, like every other conqueror of China, not only their warlike and sporting instincts, but their remarkable virility, their soft and easy language and almost their very identity.

But Nurhachu saw none of this. He died of grief while the Manchu onslaught on China seemed doomed to failure and never knew, though maybe he dreamed of it, what his masterful genius was to bring about. Like their ancient neighbours and later enemies, the Mongols, the Manchus eventually entered through the gates of Peking at the request of the Chinese General Wu San-kuei, who for long had effectually withstood their repeated attacks. The last of the Chinese Ming Emperors had been defeated by rebels from the south and had committed suicide, leaving the rebel leader to take the vacant throne, which he occupied for only ten days. General Wu's family in Peking had all been murdered by the rebels and he thirsted for revenge, thinking that when the deed was done he would make himself Emperor and send the Manchus home again. So the pendulum ever swings in China, north-south, south-north.

During the last half century it has been the fashion, both within and without the Chinese Empire, to decry the Manchu rulers of China. Nevertheless, at the time when Shun Chih (1638-1661) ninth son of T'ien Ts'ung (1591-1643)—who was fourth son of Nurhachu—came to the throne in 1644, he brought with him a brave, virile, strong,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

active and intelligent race with a written language of their own invention and a civilization of their own making. In a short space of time these conquerors had compelled every male subject in the Empire to adopt their own fashion and t'i-t'ou—shave-head and wear a *queue* unknown before, and soon again to be non-existent. They introduced their own style of dress, especially the famous cuff, shaped like a horse's hoof, and although they failed, through the importunity of Western nations, they did their best to stop the use and the abuse of opium. Such were the Manchus, who ruled in China for over two hundred and sixty years, and their greatest emperor was K'ang Hsi, a contemporary of Louis XIV.

Such were the ancestors of Kuang Hsü, who, though he proved himself a feeble ruler, was still called the Son of Heaven, for he was the representative of divine power and the intercessor between his subjects and the Supreme Being. Consequently all ceremonies performed in his presence were of a religious nature and not merely forms of etiquette.

The Chinese have eight gradations of obeisance, some of which are, in practice, only salutations. These, starting at the lowest are: 1. Kung-shou—(to fold the hands) the joining of the hands, the left fist inside the right, raised before the breast. This is the common form of salutation, and has given rise to the Western idea that a Chinese shakes his own hand on meeting a friend. Distinctions of rank or friendliness are indicated by the height to which the joined fists are raised, and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the most respectful kung-shou is when the hands are brought to the level of the face.

2. Tso-li, to bow low with the hands joined. This is more ceremonious than No. 1.

3. Ta-ch'ien, to slightly bend the right knee, as though about to kneel on it. This is chiefly used by soldiers and domestics.

4. Kuei, to kneel on both knees.

5. K'ê-tou (kowitz) to kneel and strike the forehead on the ground once.

6. San-k'oo, or three knockings, consists of No. 5 repeated three times.

7. Liu-k'oo, or six knockings, consists of No. 6 repeated twice, standing up between the two kneelings.

8. San-kuei-chiu-k'ou, to kneel thrice and to knock the head nine times.

Only Heaven and the Emperor were entitled to the last, as a sign of homage and submission. But foreign ambassadors have long refused to comply with any form more respectful than No. 3, though, indeed, in history there have been many arguments about the k'ê-tou, and it is open to question whether foreign dignity would have lost anything by polite and open-minded consideration for the ceremonial custom of the country.

December 15th 1897, in Peking was a bitterly cold morning on which to don an Indian Lancer uniform, protected from the cutting wind only by a light cavalry cloak. Snow had fallen that year on the 21st November, and for the last ten days there had been skating on the ice-rink enclosed

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

in a mat-shed to protect it from the disintegrating effects of north China dust storms.

When Sir Claude MacDonald appeared in his handsome green sedan-chair, we of his suite entered our more humble blue ones, and, headed by a number of t'ing-ch'ais, mounted on shaggy Mongol ponies, the procession moved off, turned sharp to the north, followed along the wall of the Han-lin-yüan (Forest of Pencils)—the Imperial Academy, towards the Yung Hua Gate on the east side of the Yellow or Imperial City. Inside the walls of the Tartar City are two other walled rectangles enclosing the Yellow City and the palace.

Passing through the massive gateway, over a white marble bridge and along the broad paved roadway between lines of Imperial clansmen armed with bows arrows and swords, we reached a building into which we were ushered to remove our cloaks, partake of tea (without which little or nothing can be accomplished in China), and be introduced to the grand councillors and high dignitaries of the Imperial household. Here it was that I first met those venerable signposts of nineteenth century Manchu diplomacy, Prince Kung and Prince Ch'ing.

The former is reported to have said to Sir Rutherford Alcock, as long ago as 1869, "If you could only relieve us of your opium and your missionaries, there need be no more trouble in China." And possibly he was not so far from the true solution of a vexed problem as the British Minister may have thought. After the lapse of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

nearly half a century the first request looks on a fair way to be granted, though poor Prince K'ung, who died in 1898, saw only the steady growth of the trouble. The consummation of the second must attend the conviction among missionaries themselves that not a few of them have, in the past, through excess of zeal, caused religious strife which led to international bitterness.

Prince Ch'ing was a charming and courtly old gentleman who, to the best of his endeavour but in a feeble, colourless way, supported Tz'ü Hsi and her henchman, Jung Lu, in their not too strenuous endeavours to prevent those foolish, but intensely patriotic Boxers of 1900 from rushing to their doom, though by so doing the Princes unwittingly assisted the cause of democracy rather than that of their own aristocracy.

Leaving the small hall, we passed again along the spacious stone-flagged courts, amid buildings with roofs of golden yellow glazed tiles and rose-coloured walls, against which the exquisitely carved columns and lions of white marble stood out in charming contrast. The procession then filed solemnly in to a splendid hall, with brick walls, and a roof supported on huge pillars of teak. We marched in pairs—led by Sir Claude alone—and, as each pair entered the Presence and approached the Throne, we began the Western compromise for the k'ê-t'ou by making first a low bow, then advancing one step and making another bow, another step forward and a third final bow. After this we took our stand in a semi-circle facing the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Emperor, who was seated on "the spiritual vessel" or throne. At the sides stood hundreds of retainers and officials called the Emperor's "limbs." Yet the immense hall appeared half empty.

The British Minister, standing a little in front of us, then made his speech in English to his interpreter, who spoke it in Chinese to Prince Kung, who, kneeling "under the steps," translated it for the Emperor's benefit into Manchu. Queen Victoria's autograph letter was then conveyed with both hands and much ceremony and placed on the table before the Emperor, who thereupon spoke a few words in Manchu to the prostrate Prince K'ung.

This Minister presently rose and made a speech in Chinese to the interpreter, who duly translated it to Sir Claude. After a little while all the retainers fell suddenly upon their knees and knocked their heads on the ground and we, again forming in pairs, with a crab-like walk, keeping our faces turned towards the Emperor, began to move towards a side door, the great central one, by which we had entered, being now closed. On reaching the correct distance we bowed again three times, taking a step towards the rear after each bow, and finally disappeared through the doorway. The audience was at an end.

Throughout these proceedings the Emperor remained seated and immovable, never changing countenance and appearing more like a wax image of Buddha than a living man. His forehead was broad and high, and prominent dark hazel eyes,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

like those of a startled gazelle, looked out from a gentle, intellectual face, which embodied the Chinese ideal of a peaceful Emperor—one who “attracts the blessings of the bright stars and lucky clouds.”

It had been a wonderful experience, in which simplicity and grandeur, nature and art, barbarism and civilization all seemed blended into one harmonious and majestic scene. Never again will mortal man see its equal. No picture or account could convey the sense of a Presence, a spiritual halo, surrounding the ancient ceremonial born of a perfect idea. The Son of Heaven, the Fountain Head, scarcely man, “whose words are like silk threads,” was the embodiment of one who pleaded to Heaven for the good of his people, their protection and their perpetuation.

The Emperor Kuang Hsü could not fulfil this great ideal and was to be ousted by his aunt, the Empress Dowager, who was, indeed, the better man. Yet that audience—the last but one ever held before the spell was broken—was for me an unforgettable occasion.

CHAPTER VI

IN the winter of 1897 Mr. Bax-Ironside, who, before the Balkan War, held the important post of H.M.'s Minister at Sofia, arrived in Peking as Secretary of the British Legation. In February 1898, by his kind invitation, I shifted my quarters to his house, which, owing to its extreme ugliness (the characteristic of British architecture), was a landmark in the city and an eyesore among its surroundings.

Within, however, Bax's taste and his marvellous collection of Persian rugs (mostly of silk) obtained when he was at the Legation in Teheran, made it a place of beauty; while the cuisine and the ménage might have aroused envy in the manager of the Ritz Hotel. Bax was then a bachelor and a gourmet, and when the male bachelor possesses the art and applies it no feminine housekeeper can compete. Many a good luncheon and dinner, with interesting companions of all nationalities both official and bohemian, did I enjoy during the six months I passed under Bax's hospitable roof. A member of the Portland Club, he was one of the original bridge players in London and brought the game with him to Peking, where we were duly initiated into its mysteries. We were soon playing it every night, to the disgust of all whist conservatives, and especially of Dr. Bushell (the great authority on

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Chinese art), who was a confirmed and expert whist player.

Bax-Ironside added to his other qualities the attraction of being a good cricketer, and he inaugurated the first match between Peking and Tientsin, which was won by our side. Moreover, he was an excellent raconteur and had a stock of good stories which he was ever ready to relate.

Many of these dealt with the period when he was in America at the British Embassy in Washington, and he had an album filled with the quaintest cuttings from Transatlantic newspapers collected during that time. Apparently the American did not fully grasp the British custom of hyphenated names, and the papers were constantly referring to the doings of Mr. Iron-Baxside!

It was about this time that I first made the acquaintance of Dr. George Ernest Morrison, the one-time famous Peking correspondent of *The Times*, and later almost more famous as political adviser to Yüan Shih-k'ai.

At a big dinner party at one of the Legations I suddenly and uncomfortably became aware that only two voices broke the silence which had descended, my own and that of a clean-shaven gentleman sitting nearly opposite to me. While I was seeking to retain the attention of my right hand neighbour, Morrison (for it was he) had embarked on one of his inimitable stories, which held the whole table spellbound. How soon I relieved my partner of my conversation and became as appreciative a listener as any of the company

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

only those who have met the great Dr. Morrison and had experience of his personal magnetism can imagine. His most amusing stories were always told with a perfectly grave face, but with a twinkle in his eye which added to their charm, and, when the point was reached and the company was in fits of laughter, he would look quite astonished, as though he wondered what the joke might be.

This was the man who, at the age of twenty, had walked across Australia from the gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne; who had been wounded by a native spear in New Guinea; had practised medicine in Spain; had worked his passage half round the world before the mast and had travelled from Shanghai, via the Yangtse and Yün-nan, to Bhamo in Burma, dressed as a Chinese, at an expenditure of under twenty pounds, which, nevertheless, he thought extravagant. He had, moreover, written a most entertaining account of the journey in *An Australian in China*, which so impressed the able judgment of Mr. Moberley Bell (late manager of *The Times*), that the latter had picked him out as a man of no ordinary talent.

It was not long before I was on intimate terms with Morrison. I remember him as a well-built figure of strong physique, about five feet ten inches in height, with a large head, clean-shaven face, piercing eyes, thin, rather satirical mouth and a general look of: "Now, I wonder if you are speaking the whole truth, or do you know more?"

In fact, my recollection of him suggests that the present Chinese Government could not have chosen

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

a man whose outward appearance and mental gifts were better fitted for the post. At the time of our first meeting he lived in a small Chinese house not far from the Customs buildings, among very modest surroundings, and had only lately started what developed into one of, if not the, finest collection of books, pamphlets and papers on Eastern Asia ever gathered together by one man.

However, in those light-hearted times, when Captain Aoki (Japanese Military Attaché), Morrison and I used to foregather in his Chinese parlour to discuss the politics of Eastern Asia, I for one never suspected that in a little over two years' time I should be one of a crowd helping to save the lives of my two friends; nor, I fancy, did Morrison himself imagine that he would ever have the curious satisfaction of reading his own obituary notice in *The Times*.

On February 16th I was one of eighty foreigners, mostly of the Diplomatic Corps and Customs Service, who attended the luncheon given by Prince Ch'ing and others (this phrase was later to become historic) at the Tsung-li Yamen, or Foreign Office. This party included, besides the foreigners, many Chinese officials who gained notoriety in 1900. Two and a half years later four of them lost their heads, some for their pro-foreign and others for anti-foreign proclivities; while a fifth committed suicide.

Soon after that luncheon party the Russian fleet seized the important fortress of Port Arthur, which brought the whole of the British fleet of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

twenty-two men-of-war to the Gulf of Chih-li. Admiral Commander-in-Chief Sir Edward Seymour and Captain the Honourable (now Admiral Sir Hedworth) Lambton of H.M.S. *Powerful* and staff came on to Peking to see the British Minister. We all then thought that the fat was in the fire, and we expected to see much spluttering in consequence. In fact, on a particular night, so the story goes, the decks of the British fleet lying in Chifu harbour were cleared for action and every man was ready at his post because some one had said "Russian torpedo boats." In those days the Russian fleet was living on a bubble reputation and was held in some respect, if not fear.

But, much to our dissatisfaction, Lord Salisbury, to allay anxiety, protested on the 22nd March that he could see no objection to the Russian fleet following the German lead at Kiao-chou, so far as an ice-free port was concerned, though he allowed that the occupation of Port Arthur would be a standing menace to Peking and the commencement of the partition of China. Moreover, he declared, with characteristic foresight and with what truth we now know, that this occupation would prove to be the poorest day's diplomacy the Russian Foreign Office had ever done, and a great rift in the defensive armour of the Russian Empire.

Naval officers are not easily upset, so the discussion of eventualities and the near prospect of war did not prevent Sir Edward Seymour and his companions from enjoying their first visit to Peking and of utilizing my services as a guide to show them

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the sights. We rode round the outside of the famous Temple of Heaven (for no foreigner was then allowed inside), and round the city walls and to other places of interest. These expeditions were carried out on the backs of Mongol ponies, some of which are difficult to mount, as the Paymaster, who was thrown violently on to his head, found at the first attempt.

One of the most popular places for strangers to visit which was at the same time unique in the world was the old Peking Theatre. Here, indeed, we could see and listen to something redolent of an ancient civilization. The large and high enclosure, mostly composed of poles and matting, was filled with members of the male sex only, the prevailing colour of whose clothes was Chinese blue.

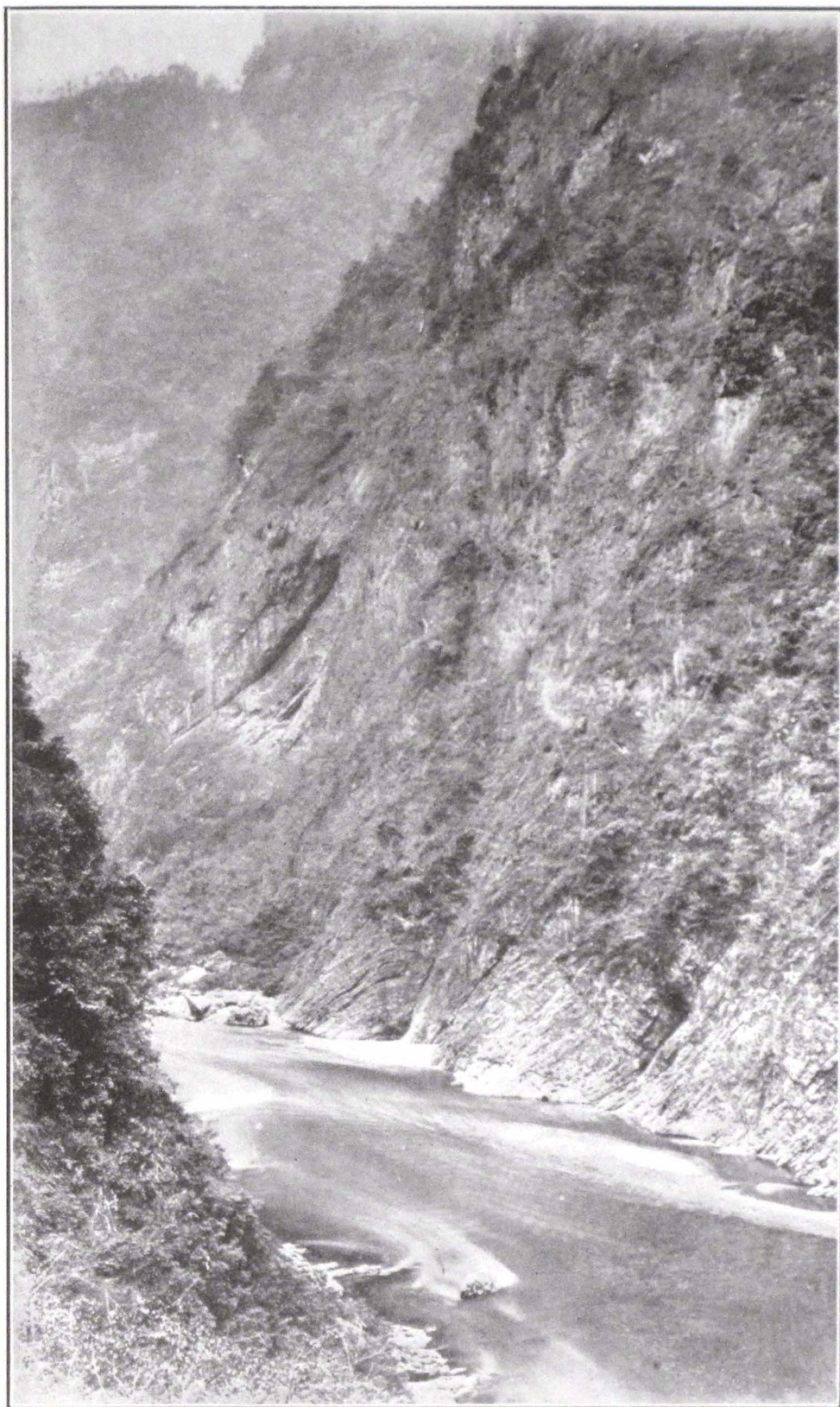
As they sat waving their fans and pulling at their long pipes we noted a curious detail, that the bowls of these pipes were so small that they contained no more than a half thimbleful of tobacco. And here we touch a subject worthy of enquiry. For while searching for information never have I discovered the reason for the remarkable fact that, as we go from East to West, from Peking to Burma, the pipe-bowl gradually increases in size from the half thimble of the Pekingese or Japanese to the half ounce bowl of the Shan and Kochin. Does the size of the pipe bowl afford an indication of the degree of civilization reached?

The actors and actresses of the old Peking Theatre were all male, as in Elizabethan times in England. The plays were either historical dramas

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

or comedies tending to farce. For the former the orchestra of drums, gongs and clappers was so loud as to be almost deafening; but for the latter it was mainly composed of reed instruments, pleasant even to the ear of the foreigner. The musicians sat at the back of the stage and there was practically no scenery; while the stage properties were reduced to absolute necessities. The dresses, however, were realistic and gorgeous, and interest could never have been lacking, as the play continued for practically the whole day. The audience sat at little tables, in the body of the building, where they partook of tea and other refreshments; there were also boxes for the well-to-do. In summer, when the heat is considerable, an attendant with a wooden bowl of scalding water and a coarse cotton cloth could be summoned at any moment. Folding the cloth, he would dip it in the water, wring it nearly dry and hand it to the gentleman to apply to his heated brow (an extensive surface with a Chinese man when he shaved all the front part of his head). Speaking from experience, nothing, except perhaps a Japanese bath, could be more refreshing and invigorating. The same stimulating operation takes place on arrival at a Chinese inn after a hot and dusty journey.

My first visit to the old Peking Theatre was made in company with my Chinese teacher, Mr. Ts'ui; for it was the custom, as in Europe, for students of the language to learn what they could from the drama of the country. The selection of the play was left to the professor. Mr. Ts'ui's



A YANGTSE GORGE.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

choice, possibly because of the more tuneful music, had fallen on a comedy which for realistic love scenes might have given points to the most outré spectacle of the Paris stage and proved an easy winner. The *mise en scène* was as scanty and simple as possible and left much to the imagination. The acting, on the other hand, left nothing; and each phase of the would-be co-respondent's amours was carried through to its logical conclusion with a vivacity and realism worthy of a better cause. Indeed, so clearly and unmistakably was the course of true love shown that the occasional interpretative whispers of Mr. Ts'ui, anxious that I should not miss a single point, were quite unnecessary.

At the Peking Spring Races, which opened on May 14th, 1898, I was presented to H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia (lately arrived in Peking), and through his kindness I was able to enjoy three interesting experiences—namely, to go for a cruise on a German flagship; to be the first British officer to visit Ch'ing-tao since its occupation by Germany; and last, but not least, to inaugurate, with his help and under his patronage, the first German polo club, if not in the world, at any rate in Asia, and to be elected its first foreign member.

At the race meeting I acted as starter, and Mr. Gwynne was fortunate enough to win the handsome cup presented by Prince Henry. On the 17th of May another batch of officers from the British fleet arrived in Peking, and among their company was Captain Custance, then in command of the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

battleship *Barfleur*. He kindly invited me to stay on his ship at Chifu; so it was arranged with Prince Henry that Mr. Gwynne and I should be picked up by the German fleet, either at that port or at Wei-hai-Wei, which had meanwhile fallen to Britain's share in the general scramble for naval ports on the China coast.

This circumstance, so fortunate for Britain, was thus contrived. When Germany, France and Russia drove Japan out of the Liao-tung Peninsula, which she had taken as spoil from the Chinese in 1895, the Chinese were at the same time forced to agree to an indemnity, in compensation, of thirty million taels and, pending payment, Wei-hai-Wei was occupied by the Japanese. Had not the Chinese murdered two German Roman Catholic missionaries in Shantung in 1897, it is highly probable that the Japanese would have remained at Wei-hai-Wei. But when Germany took Ch'ing-tao in compensation for the murders and Russia took the Liao-tung Peninsula because the Germans had taken Ch'ing-tao, the British, not to be outdone, said in effect to the Japanese: "If you will now vacate Wei-hai-Wei, we will lend China the thirty million taels required. You know how badly you want the money and you also know that the Chinese do not value Wei-hai-Wei at that sum."

As the crowning act of this Far Eastern drama, France planted her flag at Kuang-chou Wan in the south. It therefore appeared to me that compensation for missing a N.W. Frontier campaign in India would shortly be forthcoming in the fact

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

that I should be one of only three British officers (the others were Sir Claude MacDonald and Lieut.-Col. Brown, military attaché) on the spot at the outbreak of hostilities which seemed imminent.

But if it is the unexpected that so often happens, it is doubly so in any affair where the Chinese are concerned. Instead of war we had armed neutrality.

On the 19th of May I left Peking in company with Captain Custance, Bax-Ironside and others, for Chifu, where all the British and some ships of the other fleets were assembled. We arrived there at 9.30 p.m. on the 21st, and I well remember my excitement as we entered the spacious roadstead and saw the lights of the British men-of-war and some Russians from Port Arthur.

The one subject of conversation was the potential break up of China, which supplied Lord Charles Beresford, who arrived at Shanghai four months later, with the title of his well-known book.

However, for the moment all was peaceful, and on the 25th May two British battleships and three cruisers started at 6.15 a.m. for Wei-hai-Wei. I was on board H.M.S. *Barfleur*, which stayed outside Wei-hai-Wei harbour for big gun practice (the largest gun being only 9.2" in those days, and at a range of 2,500 yards, going about fifteen knots, we hit the 14ft. target sufficiently often to ensure confidence in the event of actualities, more particularly as Captain Custance was a believer in getting close to the enemy before wasting powder and shot.

Wei-hai-Wei in June 1898 was a depressing

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

sight as far as the works of man were concerned, though nature at that season had on her best summer frock, and a very pretty one it is at this north China sanatorium. Its beauty was, however, marred by the complete bareness of the hills. The Chinese are like locusts, and have for centuries consumed every twig and stalk that grows wild in north China and, where once were dense forests and jungles, scarcely anything now remains but bare earth and rocks. The chief reason for this is that while huge tracts of country practically are made of coal, lack of railway communications and the prevalence of superstitious beliefs against disturbing the soil prevented the coal from being taken into general use as fuel. Consequently the people were dependent on anything and everything that grew for their fires and, though new conditions and the introduction of railways throughout the country will soon make an enormous difference economically and commercially, the sinking of shafts for coal all over the country will hardly assist in beautifying the face of Nature.

During my ten days sojourn on the *Barfleur* with the fleet I received boundless hospitality from everyone and made several interesting acquaintances. At the same time I learned much of naval matters and was able to get an idea of the value of our ships, men and methods in comparison with those of other nations as they appeared on that occasion. Further opportunities for comparison were forthcoming when I was on the German flagship with Prince Henry, and also when, in 1900,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the fleets of France, Germany, Russia, Japan, America and Italy were collected for several months in the Gulf of Chih-li.

No doubt the change from sailing ships to modern men-of-war has somewhat reduced the fighting value of such a nation as the English, whose seafaring population furnished a type of sailor vastly superior to those of continental countries like Russia or Germany. The advent of steam and modern mechanical appliances in almost every part of a ship has enabled nations possessing large industrial populations to furnish an excellent type of man for the navigation and working of the modern battleship. The battleships of the China Fleet of 1898, the *Centurion*, the *Victorious*, the *Barfleur* and *Goliath*, were as steam pinnaces compared to the mammoth super-dreadnoughts of to-day.

Yet these old vessels were to all intents and purposes of the same species as the modern ship, and, consequently, any ideas of comparison which I formed then (speaking only as a landsman and one of the general public) would still be applicable to-day. Of course, comparisons are odious, but they are often interesting, and I make them with no desire to disparage a possible, though, let us hope, unlikely adversary so nearly allied by kinship and so worthy of our metal.

In these big affairs it is the same as with little matters; straws show us how the wind is setting. Two such straws, one British and one German, were wafted before my eyes.

One day the British Commander-in-Chief wanted

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

to proceed to the mainland to inspect the crushed remains of the splendid Chinese forts which had been pulverised as much by their Chinese defenders as by their Japanese attackers.

Therefore, accompanied by Captain Custance and some officers of his staff, we all set off from the ship in the steam pinnace and made towards the shore. The pinnace, with her freight (which was of considerable value at that period, though the men who constituted it could ill have been spared by their country at any time), was commanded by a little midshipman very small for his years. As we neared the shore, it was evident that there was shoal water with numberless sunken rocks on which, during the naval action between Chinese and Japanese, several of their boats had foundered.

However, so far as we passengers were concerned this did not matter. We were in the hands of our commander, the middy, and the Commander-in-Chief and others continued to talk and look about them with the utmost unconcern. Now and again we slowed down and dodged about while the middy gave several short, sharp words of command (all this I noticed as the landsman not quite at home), and eventually we were brought safely to the point at which our little captain had decided we should be landed. This was the British straw which showed the power of British individualism and the encouragement of independence of thought and action from the earliest age.

About a week later I was on board the German flagship *Deutschland*, with Prince Henry as Admiral

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

in command of the fleet en route to Ch'ing-tao, the newly acquired port on the south-east coast of Shantung province. On our way we passed the *Illtis* lighthouse, erected close to the spot where, in July 1896, the German gunboat *Illtis* had gone ashore in one of those fogs for which the whole of the coast of north China and Korea is dreaded by captains of steamers. The brave officers and men of the *Illtis* who lost their lives lie buried in a pretty little graveyard on the high rocky promontory at the foot of the lighthouse. Prince Henry decided that we should land and pay our respects to the memory of the departed.

So the Admiral, the Flag Captain, the Commander and two or three other officers of the staff entered the steam pinnace, which was commanded by a senior officer with another younger officer in the bows. The shore was very rocky and dangerous, and as we approached it a man on the cliff was espied frantically waving his arms. Immediately most of those on board (except the Prince) sprang to their feet, and all began talking at once. It appeared that the man on shore was directing us how to proceed and where to land. After several people had, apparently, given conflicting orders, we went ahead dead slow, and the man in the bows used a boathook for sounding and made frequent references to the officers at the helm. Often the engine stopped and was set going again, and in time we crept to the shore and grounded on a sandy spot all among the rocks.

Of course, the total value in point of position of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the freight of the German pinnacle was much greater than that of the British, but the shores were equally dangerous, and personally I remember being in what I might have described as a blue funk, for I thought that, even if we escaped the rocks, we should certainly upset with so many big men (both figuratively and literally, since German sailors are remarkable in point of large physique), all standing up in the little pinnacle at the same time.

This was the German straw which showed the German dependence on authority.

At the lighthouse was a book for visitors, and I signed my name below that of Prince Henry in a volume which probably does not contain the name of a single other British army officer.

Another straw regarding the German navy is worth noting. I observed that their sailors lacked the free and easy self-reliant style of British seamen. The latter are never at sea, so to speak; the former always are. This is doubtless due to the national militarism of Germany, whose seaboard is, comparatively speaking, small and her seafaring population insignificant. Germans on board a man-of-war, or in a boat, give an impression of guards on the Wilhelmstrasse. There is no elasticity and there is a complete failure on the part of juniors and subordinates to act on emergency without definite order or rule. In a naval war, when things go wrong on a battleship and pressing the button brings about no result, when carefully thought-out rules and data no longer apply, the man who can,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

from long habit, think and act and do the right thing quickly for himself—the “handy man,” in short—must be a more valuable asset than the automaton, even if it be granted (and I do not) that the automaton works better in time of peace.

At 6 a.m. on the 1st of June 1898, the *Deutschland* arrived at Ch'ing-tao, and then began a period of the hardest, jolliest twelve days it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. While avoiding a long personal description, no words could better depict my royal host than his own. One night, after a delightful dinner on the flagship, Prince Henry laid dignity aside for a little and became confidential. I was complimenting him on his excellent English and also on his polo playing, when he suddenly said: “I like sport; I'll tell you what, Wingate; if I had not been born a German Prince I should like to have been an English gentleman.”

Whether he meant it or not is of no consequence; it was a right royal speech to a British officer, and aptly illustrates a man of courtly presence, perfect manners and high and noble aspirations. He was a brave sailor, a first-rate polo player and an all-round sportsman, beloved by everyone who had the good fortune to know him, whether they were his own countrymen or foreigners.

And this was the man whom the Press had christened the “mailed fist”! *A propos* of this, it may be of interest to record that Prince Henry kindly explained to me the real meaning of the speech made by his brother the Kaiser that had given rise to this soubriquet. On the occasion of

the Prince's departure for the Far East, which was the first time he had left Europe, all the Imperial household and certain other relations had gathered together for a farewell dinner, at which Prince Henry's wife was also present. It was not only a sad but, in the eyes of most, an important occasion, and it was believed by the assembled party that no one was present who would dream of communicating anything that might be said to the Press. Speech consequently was quite unguarded. When, therefore, the Kaiser, in his usual impetuous fashion, delivered himself of some of his inmost thoughts, he never supposed that his words would be translated literally; he was merely anxious that his brother should realise his own importance and that of the mission on which he was being sent. Nothing was further from his intention than to convey the belligerent effect which was afterwards given to the garbled account of his speech that mysteriously leaked into the English Press.

The Prince further threw an interesting sidelight on the incident known to history as the Kruger telegram. He said that he was in the Mediterranean when a copy of the famous telegram was shown to him and that for the first moment he could scarcely believe his eyes, but that on reflection the meaning of the Kaiser's action became clearer. His brother, he said, besides being impetuous, was what the English would call "a good sportsman," very keen on fair play, and, like us, generally disposed to side with "the little 'un" in a stand-up fight between two combatants of unequal

size. All his heart and sympathy, therefore, went out to the Boers, standing up against the greatest Empire the world has ever known, and the telegram was meant to express no more than his personal feelings, roused by the plucky endeavours of the Boers to maintain their own independence.

Whether Prince Henry was correct in his estimation of the Kaiser's telegram to Paul Kruger I am unable to say, but he was undoubtedly sincere in his belief that it was rather a grave diplomatic mistake arising from too large a generosity of heart than a studied insult flung in the face of Britain and, speaking as the Kaiser's brother, he was equally sincere in his desire to smooth the ruffled feathers of the British. Of course, this little account of an important historical event is not intended to upset the accepted belief that there was more than met the eye of Paul Kruger in the following words:

“I express to you my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly Powers, you and your people have succeeded in repelling with your forces the armed bands which have broken into your country and in maintaining the independence of your country against foreign aggression.”

When I arrived at Ch'ing-tao it had been in German occupation for only seven months and, naturally, nothing much had been done to the place. It was a small fishing village, with half a dozen square Chinese camps with hut barracks enclosed by a mud rampart with a ditch, each

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

entered by a large double gate set in a brick wall and arch. Bare and rocky hills rose from the level parts, which were sparsely cultivated. The village stands on the mainland, or south side of the promontory, which forms a large land-locked bay with the city of Kiao-chou on its northern shore.

The first three days were spent on riding about the place and playing polo on the old Chinese parade ground, which made an excellent one for polo. The Prince was an enthusiastic player, and soon had all the possibles of the fleet armed with sticks and mounted on any available ponies, which were usually of the Chinese variety, animals belonging to the German cavalry and artillery that had never seen a polo ball. Naval men are proverbially keen riders and some are very good horsemen, but others, chiefly owing to lack of opportunity, feel as strange on a horse (especially a China pony unused to a polo stick) as some land-lubbers do in a small boat on a choppy sea. Consequently, as may be imagined, there were some amusing incidents and not a few falls. Perhaps the most amusing sight of all was to watch the naval men come out at the call of their enthusiastic Prince, trained to obey but hating this new form of military manœuvre.

The very first afternoon we played, to our horror, Prince Henry himself took rather a bad toss and for a few moments I imagined I might spend the rest of my life in a Prussian fortress! But the damage fortunately only amounted to a few bruises. It was deemed advisable, however,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

to hint to correspondents that no information on this subject should be wired to Europe, lest H.I.M. the Kaiser should put his veto on this latest attempt at German colonial enterprise. The same night the Ch'ing-tao Polo Club was inaugurated, of which I was, in due course, elected a member and commissioned to procure, on my return to Peking, some good China ponies for the Prince and others.

I was given quarters in one of the forts with the Marine Battalion commanded by Major von Lössoe. There was a six-gun battery, drawn by Shantung mules, a thoroughly workman-like unit, which reflected the greatest credit on the commander, who had been landed at Ch'ing-tao with men, guns and harness (for big German horses) and, in four or five months, had purchased and trained some sixty or seventy fine 14-hand mules.

The social life, for an Englishman, was a strenuous one. There were frequent dinners and luncheon parties, and every day the amount of eating and drinking to be done was immense. The only available beverage was champagne diluted with Mosel, which is the *vin ordinaire* of Germany and is as unlike the hock or Moselle prepared for English consumption as American whisky is unlike the Scotch or Irish original.

We generally breakfasted and lunched on shore and dined on board the *Deutschland* with Prince Henry, who was sometimes also at lunch. Whenever he was present, each officer in turn would fill to the brim a special wooden goblet with the sparkling wine, rise and, standing exactly opposite

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the Prince, would click his heels, fix his royal master with a stony stare, lift the goblet and drain it to the dregs. The Prince had, of course, to drink a little every time this happened, yet it never seemed to have any ill effects. He certainly had one of the hardest heads in Germany, and that is saying a good deal.

It was warm at that time of year, and so champagne and Mösel were consumed by the gallon.

After lunch we used to practise with Mauser automatic pistols, which had then only lately been introduced.

On the fourth day after my arrival we started on a riding tour round the approximate frontier of the territory which is now German Kiao-chou. The tour lasted six days. We started every morning at six o'clock, climbed mountains, bathed in the sea, camped each night under tents or in Chinese temples (the usual substitute in China for an inn) and generally had a good time in the most glorious summer weather. The Prince was a fine swimmer and seemed to enjoy the general freedom from restraint, which was exemplified by discarding his uniform for a towel round his waist. Wherever we went and at all times of the day we were followed by our faithful mules and donkeys with food and drink—particularly the latter, in its invariable form of champagne and Mösel, from which there was no escape.

At one point in our journey we came on a detachment of German troops, and a concert was given in the evening. In music the Germans are

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

certainly well ahead of us, and they can always be relied upon for a good song.

Prince Henry himself had a private band of mandolines, to which we listened, entranced, almost every evening after dinner on the flagship. Wherever he went this genial royal personage was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and when he rose to propose the health of the Kaiser, the uproar was generally immense, showing without any manner of doubt that German soldiers and sailors are loyal to the backbone, from sentiment as much as from discipline.

The Germans had already inaugurated a company of Chinese infantry who, when I saw them, were doing well, but eventually they were disbanded. When we got back to Ch'ing-tao there was a farewell dinner on the *Deutschland*, a luncheon party at Governor Rosenthal's, a dinner with the Marine Battalion and another lunch in the ward-room of the *Deutschland*.

Then, after a final game of polo, Mr. Gwynne and I reluctantly bid adieu to our royal host and his hospitable officers and, on the morning of the 13th of June, accompanied by Herr von Pritwitz, secretary of the German Legation at Peking, and by the Commandant, Baron Vidal, French Military Attaché in Japan (who had turned up uninvited overland from Wei-hai Wei or Chifu) we boarded the German steamer *Appenarde*, bound for Tientsin.

The impression left on my mind by my first visit to Ch'ing-tao was that the Germans are a

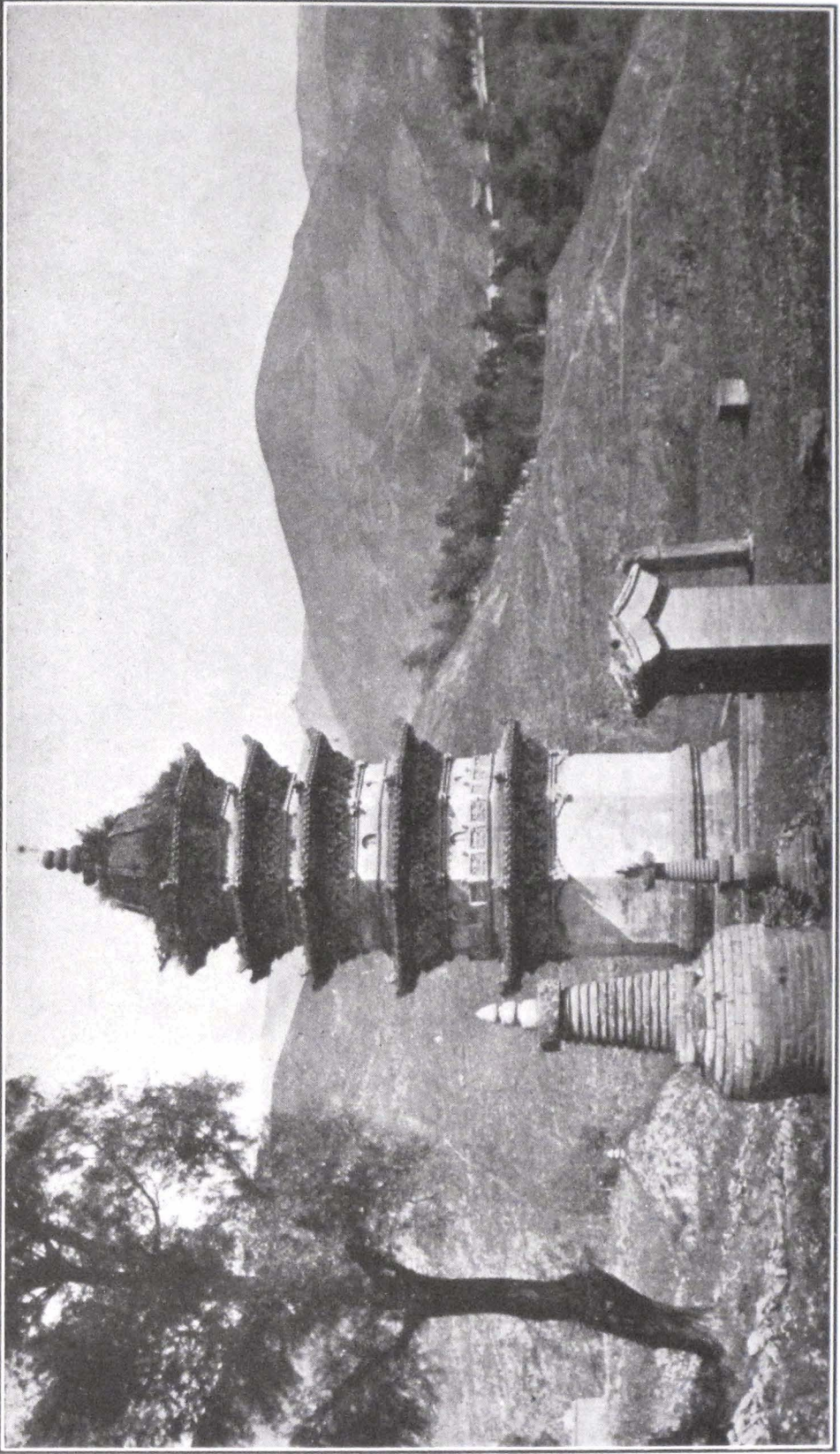
A CAVALIER IN CHINA

thoroughly practical people, who carry their militarism into all their pursuits, even into their clubs and sports. They are strong and hardy, have good rules of life, and where they come they stay. Moreover, they are not too proud to learn, and in China were anxious to note British methods of colonization and management of Asiatics.

A good story went the rounds at the time, and in conclusion is given for what it is worth.

At Hong Kong and at the big treaty ports such as Shanghai and Tientsin, there are large German communities, the members of which, of course, laid themselves out to entertain Prince Henry as befitted the brother of their Emperor. The Prince, however, spent much of his time with the British, playing polo, cricket and tennis, attending the races and generally devoting himself to out-door sports, while his compatriots were mostly engaged during their spare time in drinking at the clubs and in the bowling alleys. At Tientsin the Prince was being thus entertained at the German Club when, in the course of his speech, he remarked: "Why don't you fellows go and play games like the British instead of sitting here all day smoking and drinking beer?" or words to that effect.

The answer of his astonished hosts is not recorded; but undoubtedly they profited by this timely hint.



LAMA'S GRAVE AT WU-TAI

CHAPTER VII

ON my return to Peking the thermometer registered from 75° to 85° in the house, and it was uncomfortably hot and close. Most of the foreigners, therefore, had either gone or were going to the Western Hills, or to the newly-established seaside resort of Pei-ta-ho.

The time was approaching for my examination in the Chinese language, so I was hard at work; but every night there were dinner parties with bridge to follow, which formed a welcome distraction. Meanwhile, foreseeing that unless I could induce the Government of India to give me employment in China I should soon have to start back to India to rejoin my regiment, I applied to the Intelligence Branch at Simla for permission to do some work for that department in north and central China and eventually to return to India overland. Anticipating sanction, though not very sanguine about it, I forthwith set about collecting materials and information.

On July 20th I started for Lung-wang T'ang, a temple in the Western Hills, where I was to be examined by Mr. Cockburn, who was then staying with the MacDonalds. This was my first visit to those famous hills. Their wooded sides sheltered many beautiful temples, especially those of the Eight Great Places, which lie perched one above the other on the rocks on either side of a cool and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

secluded winding gorge. The entrance to this gorge was guarded by a beautiful white pagoda, which the Allied troops endeavoured to destroy in 1900. The temples, which could be hired for the summer months by foreigners and made very comfortable, formed a haven of rest for the diplomatic corps when its members were overtaken by the heat of summer and wearied to irritability by never-ending battles with China's hard-headed statesmen.

Before the advent of Ministers Plenipotentiary in 1861, these lovely temples were frequently visited by the Chinese Emperors, particularly Ch'ien Lung, son of the famous K'ang Hsi. Ch'ien Lung, who was addicted to poetry, left some verses cut in the solid rock descriptive of the scenery and of the splendid view to be obtained of distant Peking and the surrounding plains. On a clear day the city and the spreading country afford a wonderful picture, so that in the translation of Dr. Martin, the Manchu Emperor Ch'ien Lung could truly say:

“Beneath my feet my realm I see
As in a map unrolled.
Above my head a canopy
Bedecked with clouds of gold.”

The beauty of these temples among the green wooded hills, with their trickling streams of clear spring water, cannot be adequately illustrated by any photographs, which convey no idea of the wealth of colour that constitutes the chief attraction of so many Chinese scenes. The temple walls

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

are of white marble, tinged with the varying hues of age, and their roofs are composed of the brightest green and yellow glazed porcelain tiles, which show like jewels amid the surrounding foliage.

Close by, on a neighbouring and outlying spur of the hills, a house was then being built under the direction of Sir Claude MacDonald, as a summer retreat for the members of the British Legation.

The 21st of July brought me the distinction of being the first British military officer to pass the examination in the Chinese language. It was a very different examination from the one I had taken in Burma, and only those who have wrestled for hours and days and months on end to attain a much-desired goal can realize the joy and relief I felt when my success was announced.

After a day's rest I rode back to Peking on my faithful Mongol pony "Lancer." Soon afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kinder, originator and engineer-in-chief of the north China railways, a man of first rate ability and a staunch upholder of British prestige. He was good enough to invite me to go and stay with him at his headquarters at T'ang-shan; this was equivalent to a liberal education on the subject of railways in China and afforded opportunity, at the same time, for much illuminating conversation.

We left Peking on August 3rd, and our journey took us past Lu-t'ai, a large Chinese cantonment containing some thirty camps with perhaps 10,000 men all told, though nominally each camp numbered 500. The noteworthy point here is that these

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

men were under General Nieh, who employed the Russian Colonel of Hussars, Waronoff, and several Russian assistants. These troops formed part of the force which, two years later, opposed the Allies at Peits'ang. Formerly they had been under German tutelage, and it was perhaps fortunate for us that the Chinese had replaced Germans with Russians who, at that time, for obvious reasons, were less energetic in teaching the art of war to the Celestial.

Mrs. Kinder—a charming Japanese lady—had become quite anglicised and had retained nothing of her national characteristics except the pretty ways and mannerisms for which the fair sex of Japan are celebrated.

Mr. Kinder did for Chinese railways what Sir Robert Hart did for the Customs; but since the railways of China were, and perhaps still are, the politics of China, international jealousy in the scramble for concessions and loans prevented Mr. Kinder from expanding his control, as did Sir Robert. The difficulties connected with the superstitious horror of the Chinese against disturbing the soil can only be realized by those who knew China in the eighties and nineties, yet Mr. Kinder met and overcame these difficulties; not, as did the allies, by force in 1900, but alone without a single soldier to help him. Considering what the introduction of railways meant and still means to both Chinese and Western nations, I do not think his services were ever adequately recognised, especially by his own countrymen. We used to call him "The British Flag."

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

T'ang-shan was a busy place, for not only was it the headquarters of the north China railway works, but it was also that of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company which at the time of my visit were turning out 1800 tons of coal a day and by 1911 had reached a daily output of 6,000 tons.

Like the north China railways, the C.E. and M. Co. owed its initiation to the British, being ably managed by Major Nathan, R.E., whose name was a voucher for ability. A lot of British money was invested in both these concerns.

Going over the railway works, I saw the first saloon carriages made for the Emperor and Empress Dowager—magnificent conveyances upholstered in Imperial yellow dragon silk and satin and furnished, in the case of the Emperor, with divans instead of chairs.

My lead in going to Peking to learn the Chinese language was soon followed by other Indian army officers. Among the first to arrive in August '98 were Major Radcliffe, of the 23rd M.I., and Major Ducat, of the 34th Indian Cavalry (Poonah Horse), who afterwards became Military Attaché at Peking.

I had now received definite orders from the Intelligence Branch at Simla to collect information of all kinds and to undertake the journey back to India overland. My only present and pressing difficulty was the usual one among young army officers, finance; for, as the youngest son of an impecunious family, I had had to take what I could get, and had always possessed a good deal less than nothing. I was at this juncture unable to lay hands

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

on more than a moiety of my pay, and at the same time found it practically impossible to economise among a lot of wealthy people, most of whom, being of other nationalities, had to be properly "treated" in return for the hospitality and open-hearted kindness which I received from everyone in Peking. How to raise the necessary funds for my journey was, however, quite another matter.

It was at this crisis that I met a friend in Mr. Hillier, of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, in Peking (brother of Sir Walter Hillier, K.C.M.G.), a man whose name is seldom before the public and of whom few of my readers may have heard. Nevertheless he did more than most men in floating loans for the Chinese Government and in generally oiling the wheels of financial and diplomatic machinery. When I knew Mr. Hillier in 1898 he was nearly blind; but that never impeded the energy he showed in his work. His knowledge of the Chinese and of their language was first rate, and he kindly helped me to communicate with my brother, then in India, who at the eleventh hour generously provided me with the money necessary for the projected journey.

Before I started, however, Sir Claude desired to learn something of the new Chinese army drilled in foreign style by German instructors. Possibly he also thought this a good opportunity for me to gain some knowledge of the Chinese as soldiers, with a view to coming events. And doubtless he wished to have information concerning a man who had not yet made his mark. This was no other than

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Yüan Shih-k'ai, a native of Ho-nan province and first President of the Chinese Republic. From 1884 to 1893 Yüan Shih-k'ai had been Chinese Resident at Seoul, in Korea, where he had shown considerable ability and had been the recipient of some curious official despatches from Li Hung-Chang, showing the Chinese official opinion of the Japanese, whom they regarded as "half-fledged barbarians."

After leaving Korea, Yüan was placed in command of the foreign-drilled troops near Tientsin; thence he was sent to Manchuria in 1894 as Chief of the Military Secretariat, where he remained during the war with Japan. On its conclusion he went into retirement at his home until 1895, when he was appointed Civil Commandant of the Hsiao-chan force, which was then attracting some attention in Peking. There, in the storm that was brewing unsuspected by most of us, but fast coming to a head, Yüan was shortly to play a very important part. Finally, in September of this year (1898), he was appointed vice-president of a board with control of an army corps.

On the 23rd August, therefore, Mr. Campbell and I took the train for Tientsin, and on the following day paid our respects to Yüan Shih-k'ai, who was temporarily in that city. Tientsin had not then the fine broad streets it has since acquired, and we proceeded in the orthodox sedan chairs through narrow crowded lanes. The great man was to entertain us for three quarters of an hour with conversation and champagne; the latter

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

he was careful to avoid for himself, as, doubtless, he knew the particular brand. With Chinese politeness, after glancing at my hair, which had been white from my early youth, he hazarded a guess at my age, which he put at fifty years. In China age commands respect, and during my subsequent wanderings I attribute much of my immunity from serious trouble to the fact that I was generally credited with "having wasted" (the Chinese expression) sixty or more years!

Perhaps, in the light of subsequent events, it will be of interest if I give verbatim the opinion I formed of Yüan Shih-k'ai at a time when he was scarcely known outside Far Eastern limits, an opinion which was communicated in due course to the proper authorities in India and in England as follows:

"Yüan Shih-k'ai styles himself 'Tupan' or Director-General of the 'Hsin Chien lu Chün' or Recently Established Land Army. He is a man of about forty-two years of age, with slightly grey hair and small moustache; of short, stout build and with a Mongol rather than Chinese type of countenance, showing determination behind a face beaming with bonhomie. He lives simply and neither smokes opium nor drinks spirits.

"General Yüan has the reputation of being a strong man, energetic, straightforward, upright and hard working, spending more than he receives in the public service and endeavouring, so far as he is able, to promote the efficiency of his troops and to discourage 'squeezing.'

"Although thoroughly imbued with the idea

of China for the Chinese, he yet has the good sense to see that nothing of any real value can be done without the assistance of foreigners, and he also quite understands that there would be less friction with greater results if only foreigners of the same nationality were employed. He considers the German military system the best, and although anti-German in his feelings, he desires to train the army on the German pattern.

“Yüan is a patriotic man, rather weary of the present order of things and of the constant uphill fight. Like many another true patriot in China, he feels how stupendous and almost hopeless is his task. He is certainly a man of action and with proper backing might attain some good purpose.

“He is assisted, or perhaps it would be more correct to say obstructed, by a Chinese staff of seven or eight literati, whose usefulness from a military point of view is not at all apparent. The General Officer Commanding would doubtless be better served if he could find one right-hand man of the same calibre as himself.”

This then was the man who a few months later was to play a leading part in thwarting the would-be reformers; who, as Governor of Shantung in 1900, kept the peace within his province and steadily did his best while preserving his head on his shoulders (a difficult feat for a high official in China at any time, but particularly so between 1897 and 1901) to maintain the peace. A man with whom the foolish Manchu Regent quarrelled and banished to his home in 1909; a man who, but for this, might have postponed the day of the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Republic for several decades, and who ultimately ruled China, not as the Son of Heaven nor by Divine Right, but by the strength of his character, the power of his brain and the reasonableness of his methods.

We had a busy time at Hsiao-chan—the camp about twenty-four miles south-east of Tientsin—inspecting the troops, barracks, schools, etc. Our conclusion was that, compared to the troops around Peking, Yüan had a useful and efficient force, and this was the more remarkable when it is remembered that he was not a general, nor even a man of military training and experience, nor of literary distinction, so important a qualification for high office in the old days. His control of these troops was purely that of a civil official. Probably no foreigners in China, at that time, fully realized the merits and importance of this remarkable man and the force under his command, though if it had dawned upon anyone, it must have been Sir Claude MacDonald, who assuredly had some idea at the back of his mind when he sent Mr. Campbell and myself to visit Yüan and to inspect his troops.

It is quite certain, however, that in our interview with Yüan we little dreamed we were speaking to the man who was then in the Empress Dowager Tz'ü Hsi's confidence; nor did we suspect that, within three weeks of our visit, a coup d'état was to become an accomplished fact in the following simple manner.

The over impetuous Emperor Kuang Hsü, having allowed himself to become entangled with

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the reformers and certain foreign missionaries, was caught by his haughty aunt, put upon an islet in the lake of the grounds of the Winter Palace, and there left to meditate on the wickedness of this world and the fact that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Although the actual coup was not accomplished until September 21st-23rd, on which dates I was en route for Shanghai (where we first heard of it), to commence my long journey back to India, it may be convenient to give here some details on the subject.

K'ang Yu-Wei, the reformer, like Sun Yat-Sen, hailed from southern China, and with his party, among whom was at least one missionary, was engaged in the attempt to accomplish, by pacific means and while retaining the Manchus on the throne, what Sun Yat-Sen and his followers were to effect later by force and the establishment of a Republic. K'ang did not speak English, and his kuan-hua was not good. He was an intelligent looking man, small in stature, with thick lips, a slight moustache, wrinkled forehead and thin short-cut hair—on the whole not unlike his successor Sun Yat-Sen. K'ang Yu-Wei and his friends obtained an influence over the Emperor and his supporters, with the result that the Reform Edicts and other startling decrees were published in September 1898. Finally, on the 21st September an edict considering the question of a National Parliament, a new form of dress and the cutting of the queue was promulgated.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

For the Conservative Empress Dowager and her Manchu supporters this was the final straw, and it so exasperated her, that, having previously taken the precaution to introduce some of the troops of her trusty friend Jung-lu into the palace, she made her nephew the Emperor Kuang Hsü depose himself in these words:

“I reverently recall that Her Majesty the Empress Dowager has on two occasions since the reign of T’ung Chih (1861) assumed the reins of Government with some success in critical periods. In all she did Her Majesty showed perfection. Therefore I have implored Her Majesty to advise me in the Government and have received her consent.”

Personally I have sometimes wondered whether this was not a master-stroke on the part of the much tried, weak-kneed Emperor, to rid himself once and for all of his uncomfortable friends, the would-be reformers, towards whom, however, he bore no ill-will. At the last moment, when he saw things were becoming critical, he issued a farewell edict ordering K’ang to clear out, telling him to take care of himself and to be cautious as to what he ate and drank!

Yet on the face of it the woman as usual had won in the battle of wits. Her first act was to repeal all her nephew’s reform edicts; quickly followed, on the 28th of September, by the execution of six of the would-be reformers, among whom was the brother of K’ang Yu-Wei. Persecution of reformers throughout China set in.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

At the time of the Coup d'Etat, Jung-lu was Viceroy of Chih-li, with his official residence in Tientsin. Being a Manchu and a friend of the Empress Dowager, he was then to all intents and purposes, though not officially, appointed, till October 11th, Generalissimo of the northern forces, and thus undoubtedly was the most powerful official in the north. The Emperor and his party wanted to get rid of him and decided to use Yüan Shih-k'ai for the purpose. Yüan was accordingly summoned to the palace and was there presented with the arrow which authorizes its holder, by Imperial decree, to remove the head of anyone indicated and compels all loyal subjects who may be present at the time to assist the execution. Thus they dispatched him to Tientsin to do away, as they believed, with their arch enemy Jung-lu.

But they were reckoning without their host.

Yüan seems to have possessed that rare and useful accomplishment of being able accurately to gauge coming events by the appearance of their shadows and he had no doubt already decided that H.I.M. Tz'ü Hsi was the better Emperor. So he said nothing in Peking, but duly appeared in Tientsin and was admitted to the presence of Jung-lu who was probably in the secret, some indeed affirming that he was at the bottom of the whole business. His translation to Peking and the succession of Yüan Shih-k'ai as officiating Viceroy gives some credence to this idea. Yüan Shih-k'ai then dramatically, with one of his great laughs, produced the Imperial arrow, and according to

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

all precedent, Jung-lu should have been seized and forthwith decapitated. Instead, however, they had a pipe together over their cups of tea (I can picture their chuckling merriment at the success with which Tz'ü Hsi and they were settling affairs of state) and it was agreed that Yüan should immediately proceed by special train to Peking, present himself to the Empress Dowager and divulge the whole plot—which he did.

A nice little story with the proverbial woman at the bottom of it.

The Coup d'Etat of September 1898 heralded the débacle of 1900, and may be considered as the second of the five great historical happenings which, during the last quarter of a century, brought about the downfall of the Manchu dynasty. These were the Sino-Japanese War 1894-5, the Coup d'Etat 1898, the Boxer Rising 1900, the Russo-Japanese War 1904-5, and the culminating revolution in 1911-12.

If, however, we read aright historical events as they have happened east of Singapore since Tao Kuang came to the throne in 1821, we may say that the beginning of the end for the Manchus began when they first exposed their weakness to the Western World by the cession of Hong Kong to the British. The strong can afford to grant concessions and compromise, but the weak are wiser to refuse. It was not until the Manchus began to concede, and that was long after rot had undermined their system, that the outside world and the inside masses began to clamour for more.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

An interesting and remarkable fact in connection with the events just recorded and one which, viewed by the light of subsequent happenings, cannot be regarded as a mere coincidence was that on September 14th, or exactly one week prior to the Coup d'Etat, Marquis Ito arrived in Peking and, on the same day, Sir Claude MacDonald left for Pei-ta-ho, where Baron von Heyking, the German Minister, and Sir Robert Hart were already staying. Now, it is notorious that the Japanese, since several decades, have plotted in the Celestial capital for what they believe to be their national interests, and common sense dictates the supposition that it was to the Japanese Government's interest to support and if possible maintain the Ch'ing dynasty in power, as from many causes (chief of which was luxurious living and lack of thrift), it had become almost impotent to defend its rights and territories against the onslaught of foreign aggressors.

Is it, then, too much to presume that Marquis Ito (than whom there was no one in the Far East better informed), foreseeing a possible republic through the instrumentality of a pro-British and American reformed Government in process of making, came to Peking in the nick of time and duly communicated the anti-dynastic tendencies of the would-be reformers to the Empress Dowager, advising her to assume the reins of government before it was too late?

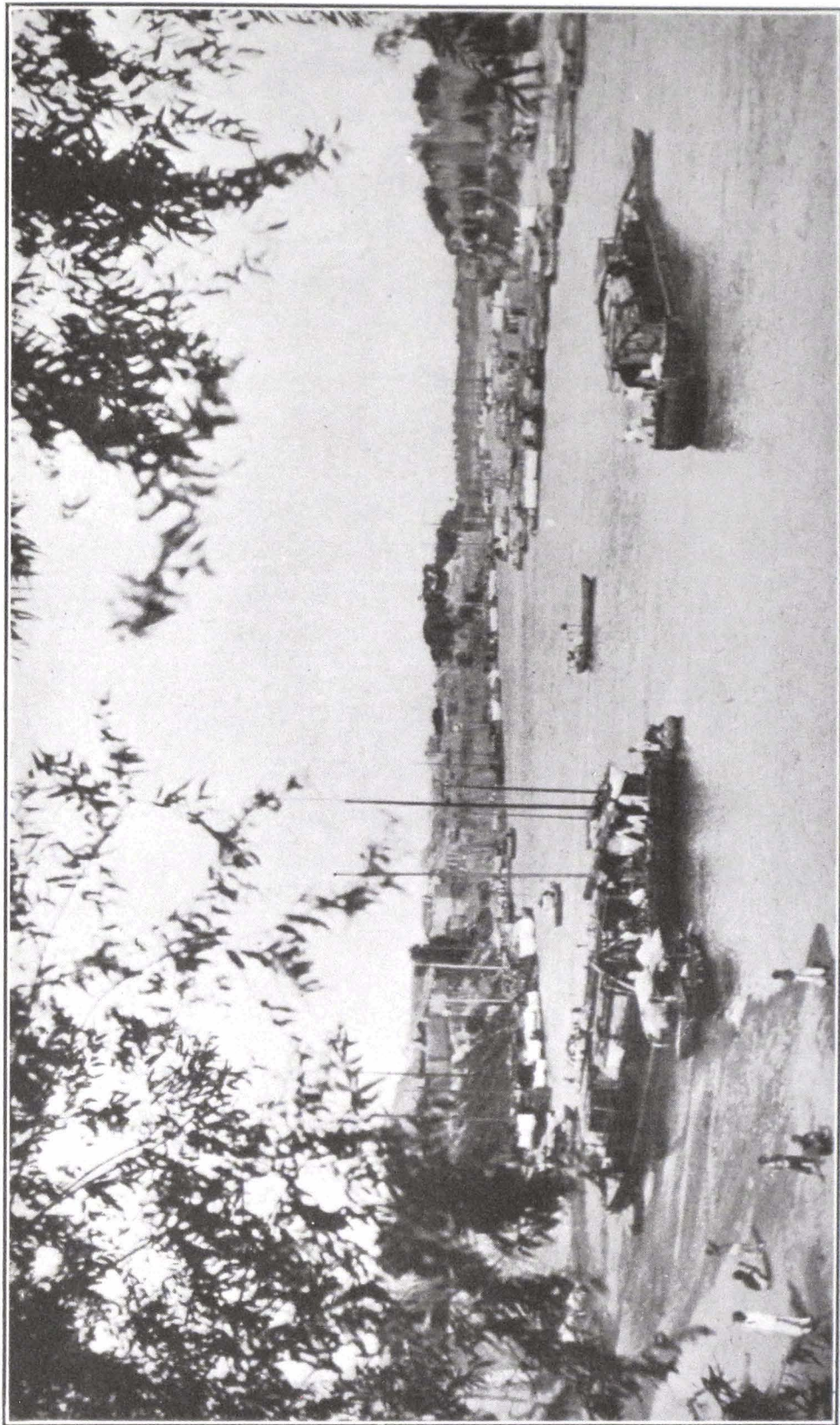
By this action he would ensure to the decadent Manchus another lease of life, thus furthering

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Japanese interests in Korea and Manchuria. The Cantonese, who have always been rabidly anti-Nippon, were practically the sole supporters of the Emperor; not from any particular loyalty or devotion, but because they found in him a weak and easily controlled dummy who, when once they had inserted their end of the wedge, would be unable to prevent the attainment of their goal—parliamentary government leading to a republic.

But when, on the 17th September, after bidding a long farewell to the large number of acquaintances and friends I had made during my year's sojourn in north China, I left Peking with its streets under water from one of its great rain storms and stepped on to the train in company with Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P., and Mr. Hillier, en route for Tientsin and Pei-ta-ho, no information that I had gleaned, though in close touch with the Diplomatic Corps of all nations and in almost daily converse with Dr. Morrison and Mr. Gwynne (not to mention German correspondents, missionaries and Customs officials), nothing that I had heard gave me any idea that a Coup d'Etat was imminent—nor did I imagine that any event might occur which would and did disturb the tranquillity of the interior of China along the route I proposed to take.

Still less did it seem possible that, in under two years' time, some of these my friends would be dead and others wounded, and that I should be fighting my way back into the British Legation I had just left with so much regret.



CHOU-CHIA-K'OU. CHIEF PORT OF CENTRAL HUNAN.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Now perhaps my readers begin to understand why, if it is only fools who prophesy, it is a doubly distilled fool who attempts any forecast in the Far East.

On September 18th I was at Pei-ta-ho, staying with the MacDonalds and saying good-bye to Sir Robert Hart and others.

It was an ideal little sleepy hollow, and the Empress Dowager was to show a certain tactlessness in casting such a bomb as the Coup d'Etat into its midst—causing weary officials, just stretching themselves for their summer rest, to fly back to their Legations and cable for that handy asset in Far Eastern diplomacy the British fleet, which, by the merest accident, happened to be close at hand.

Then I proceeded to T'angku, where I went on board the China merchant S.S. *Hsin-chi*, which weighed anchor at 3.45 p.m. on the 21st September.

The navigation of the Pei-ho River used to be no easy matter, owing to its narrow and tortuous course, and as we went slowly down we saw Mr. de Linde at work on the splendid scheme he was just then commencing and has now completed, by which not only has the navigation been greatly facilitated, but the time taken has been greatly reduced by cutting through several of the bends.

This note occurs in my diary of that date:

“Watched some Chinese workmen pile-driving. They did it well and were very merry and happy over it, singing and laughing all the time. I think the northern Chinese are excellent workers and altogether a much more cheerful race than the Indians.”

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The skipper of the *Hsin-chi* was Captain Patterson, the oldest "hand" in China who remembered the war of 1861. Sinclair, the engineer, had been with the Chinese during their war with Japan. He told me that the Japanese did not realize they had won the naval battle of the Yali until the Chinese ships made off towards Wei-hai-Wei, and he said that though the Chinese troops were armed with Mauser rifles, they did not know how to open the breeches, but were quite interested and willing to learn from him. He added a statement which has not been put to the test since, for the Japanese have never been defeated on land or sea. "Their troops," he said, "look very good, but would probably not stand after being beaten."

On board I made the acquaintance of three very interesting people—Dr. Lin, a Cantonese, Principal of the Medical College at Tientsin and medical attendant of Li Hung-Chang; Mr. Sun, a native of Nanking and a wealthy merchant of Tientsin; and Mr. Ferguson, then the Principal of the new college at Siccawei, five miles from Shanghai, who kindly assisted me to obtain a Chinese gentleman to accompany me on my travels.

Both my new Chinese friends spoke excellent English, and we had some long talks. Mr. Sun was a man of the world, well read and having an extensive acquaintance with the Bible and with missionaries and their work. I quote his opinion, not as my own, but as a good example of what many educated Chinese still think and say, and exactly as I noted it down at the time:

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“Missionaries do much harm. They are too much concerned with their own and Chinese domestic affairs. There would be fewer riots and troubles between Chinese and foreigners were there no missionaries.”

Mr. Sun was very kind in giving me advice as to how to comport myself on my journey in unfrequented parts of the interior, and I entered certain useful phrases in my note-book on his recommendation. He advised me to be polite to the people; to speak kindly and to give sweets and cigarettes, and his counsel often served me in good stead.

Dr. Lin informed me that he had considered it a mistake for Li Hung-Chang to visit Russia; but I doubted whether that visit had made much difference in the end.

Both Mr. Sun and Dr. Lin had a clear idea of China's needs while admitting the almost insuperable difficulties in gratifying them. Even then they were in favour of the cutting of queues and the wearing of European clothes. Though there was a time, not so long ago, when Europeans also dressed their hair in short queues, we can sympathize with the reformers in their desire to be rid of that inconvenient appendage, the more so because it connoted subjugation by alien force. But how my friends arrived at their conclusion in regard to clothes is almost impossible for the foreigner who has once enjoyed the comfort and cleanliness of Chinese apparel to understand. I suspected that, being of the Reform Party, they

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

were at this time putting a convenient distance between Peking and themselves.

With regard to dress, somebody (it ought to have been a conservative Chinese) described occidental garb as "a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicturesque, useless for keeping off rain and sun, stiff but not plain, bare without being simple, not durable, not becoming and not cheap."

Oriental dress is elaborately simple; occidental dress is simply elaborate. These truths are beginning to dawn on Western intelligence. Meanwhile, the East in its haste to become up-to-date, rushed into Western garb and adopted for its men the inartistic and unpractical horrors of trousers and felt hats, and for its women the latest and crudest fashions.

We had an uneventful journey, until in the river Whangpoo, close to Shanghai, we were suddenly surrounded by Chinese boats filled with police and detectives. They swarmed on board amid great excitement, and producing photographs of a Chinese gentleman in foreign dress, put to all and sundry the question: "Have you seen this man?" It was the famous Reformer K'ang Yu-Wei. On enquiry, I learnt for the first time of the Coup d'Etat, and that K'ang Yu-Wei had escaped to T'ang-ku and was supposed to be on board our steamer. As he was worth five thousand pounds, dead or alive, the search was keen and thorough. It was, however, futile, for at that moment K'ang Yu-Wei was on a British steamer, en route for Shanghai.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

On arrival in the river on September 24th, he was picked up by the British gunboat *Esk*, and thence transferred to the P. & O. *Ballarat*, in which he sailed forthwith for Hong Kong, escorted by a British cruiser with Chinese warships hanging, like stormy petrels, in her wake.

No doubt the British officials and others had their own excellent reasons for protecting this political refugee, but they certainly incurred much unnecessary and gratuitous odium in thus mixing themselves unnecessarily with the Coup d'Etat—a purely internal affair. I find the following entry in my diary for September 23rd:

“Report says that the Emperor was poisoned by K'ang Yu-Wei on the 21st inst., and that there is great turmoil in consequence. Everyone here (Shanghai) seems to expect a rising and troubles, but I do not think anything much will happen, and another Emperor will be put on the throne. The people in Shanghai seem keen on a row and on the partition of China.”

At the time the general opinion was that the return of the Empress Dowager to power was for the benefit of all, both Chinese and foreigners, and the idea seemed to be that the Reform Party had gone too quickly to work while little or no attempt had been made to compromise or conciliate their powerful opponents.

According to K'ang Yu-Wei's own account, given in the *Contemporary Review*, the movement which terminated in a Republic in 1911 began about 1889, when he “feared Russia's advance

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

southward," and pointed out the secret intentions of Japan and the latent danger in Korea. "I thought," he continues, "that China had come to such a pass that if she should devote three years to the purpose of speedy reform she might become strong, but if there was delay, nothing could save her."

This statement made by the leading actor in the drama of the autumn of 1898 is of special interest, viewed in the light of the events of 1911-12. All and many more of the reforms which he was instrumental in inducing the Emperor Kuang Hsü to decree were afterwards carried into effect, though in a less whole-hearted manner than the twentieth century reformer, who travels at breakneck pace, would like.

The Coup d'Etat, then, was brought about by the premature energy of the Reform Party led by K'ang Yu-Wei and certain missionaries. Had they gained their object, a limited monarchy would probably have been the result.

As it was, the movement preceded by exactly thirteen years that engineered by Sun Yat-Sen—a contemporary of K'ang's—for which it may be said to have paved the way. The revolution which succeeded was unsupported by foreigners, and the Chinese boast that they would accomplish their ends without the active intervention of any foreign Power came true in the result.

CHAPTER VIII

WITH my arrival in Shanghai on the 23rd September 1898 began a journey that was to end at Simla at 9.30 p.m. on Sunday, May 7th, 1899.

It seemed unfortunate that my departure should synchronise with an upheaval in China, the like of which had not occurred in the recent history of that ancient country. But it speaks well for Chinese civilization and methods of government, even under a decadent dynasty, that it should have been possible at such a time for "a foreign devil" to traverse the most anti-foreign province and to penetrate into some parts of the Empire where a white man's foot had never trod.

Even in the one year that had elapsed since my first visit, the expansion of Shanghai was remarkable, and was best described by a Chinese motto prominently displayed: "Men flock from afar : those who are near rejoice. Business brisk: people prosperous."

And my time was now fully occupied. There was information to be collected about the local defences, both foreign and Chinese; there was much to be learnt about the local corps of volunteers, composed then of one company each of British, American, German, Japanese, Portuguese and Chinese; there were the arsenal and some of the forts at the mouth of the great Yangtse River to be seen. This meant encounters with people of many

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

nationalities, and finally led to my meeting Lord Charles Beresford.

According to one report, Lord Charles had come out to bring another autograph letter from Queen Victoria to the Emperor; according to another he was authorized by Lord Salisbury to offer to re-organize the naval and military defences; according to yet a third his mission was purely commercial, and he, himself, told me that he was quite independent of officialdom in any form whatever.

In my diary of that date I find my own opinion (it must be remembered that I was still only an irresponsible captain of horse!): "I believe Lord Charles has come out here to have a look round on his own account because his political party don't want him at home."

Lord Charles was at this time suffering from gout and looked older than his years. Nevertheless he spent about five months in China, making elaborate and extensive enquiries, and owing to his personality, his charming manner and his position he was able to command all the expert advice in the country. The result of his investigations was given in his book, "The Break-Up of China," but to my mind the title was a mistake.

The native wit of Lord Charles and his knowledge of the Admiralty was, however, responsible for the following story:

The Admiral on the China station one year telegraphed to the authorities in England: "The foreyard of the *Spink* has been carried away. Please send another." Portsmouth wired back: "New

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

balk of timber being dispatched, but the Lords of the Admiralty desire to be informed as to who took away the foreyard and where it now is.”

Shanghai must not be quitted without mention of some of the men there who found time from their business to assist me with information and speed me on my journey.

There was Mr. Alford, head of the old-established house of Jardine Matheson, who, besides introducing me to all the best people and entertaining me in royal style, supplied me with a free passage on their splendid river steamers which ply to all the ports on the Yangtse River.

Mr. Bourne, Assistant Judge of the High Court, a much travelled man in China, leader of the Blackburn Mission and an authority on China, was generous not only in advice, but in the loan of valuable instruments, with which I was enabled to take fairly accurate observations as to heights, temperature, etc.

Mr. Camera, an Italian, lent me a rifle with a hair-trigger which was to assist on several occasions in varying my menu. He also obtained for me the services of one of the best Chinese taxidermists in the person of Wang Tzŭ-heng, a Roman Catholic convert of fifty-five years of age, who had travelled all over China with Père David. Wang was a native of Peking and a teacher of the Chinese language, so not only did I find him an excellent naturalist, but under his guidance I was able to pursue my studies.

Through Dr. John Ferguson I secured besides

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the services of a Chinese gentleman, Mr. Peter L. T'ung, a Protestant convert and a teacher in a school at Su-chou. This young man of twenty-six had the appearance of a delicate stripling with hands and feet that a woman might have envied, but his constitution proved to be of fine steel, tempered in the fire of love. It appeared that a fair maiden residing in Su-chou had won his heart, but that he could not win her hand until he had proved himself worthy of it in a more ambitious field than that of the school. Therefore he entered my service as amanuensis to the would-be explorer, and the course of my narrative will show how well, in my opinion, he deserved to win his lady-love. Not only was I to find his company welcome for its own sake, but he was to render me great help as a surveyor and in oiling the wheels of official obstruction, for his father had been a distinguished official who, having on one occasion proved his mettle and loyalty by not deserting the treasure chest when the Imperial army was retreating after defeat, had had conferred on him a permanent rank of which Mr. T'ung was the lineal heir. This gave my amanuensis an entrée into official circles which was most useful to me, though of course the fact of his conversion to Christianity often raised a barrier between himself and his fellow-countrymen at a time when the religious prejudices that were to boil over in the Boxer rising were simmering.

Mr. Byron Brennan, at that time Consul-General at Shanghai, also gave me most valuable assistance,

and I shall always remember his kindness with gratitude.

In Mr. Cornish, foreign director of the Kiang-nan arsenal, I found a kindred spirit, ready to allay my thirst for information on military matters. He showed me much worth seeing, gave me introductions to people up-country and crowned all by lending me his house-boat in which to travel to Kiang-yin.

Such, indeed, was the attention and kindness I received during my second visit to Shanghai, not only from those I have mentioned, but from many others, that I was in a fair way to considering myself a person of some importance before I had done anything to prove the fact.

And social amenities are not the only pleasant recollections I have of Shanghai. There were Chinese tailors who turned out an excellent travelling suit of Scotch tweed for two guineas, and I bought a new Chinese-made 10" × 12" camera and stand for three pounds, thus proving by my own experience that the Chinese deserve the fame they have earned as tailors and mechanics.

On the 7th October I boarded Mr. Cornish's house-boat, lying in the Su-chou creek, where we became one of the vertebræ of the long tail of some six or eight house-boats and junks attached to the tiny steam launch which was to tow me up to the far-famed Beautiful Soo, the city of Su-chou Fu.

Punctually at five we started on this, the first stage of the 4,000 mile overland journey to Simla,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

and my mind was full of imaginative wonderings as to whether I should ever reach the other end and what would be my adventures till I got to Burma. One last look at receding Shanghai, dark against a glorious sunset sky, and I abandoned myself to the soothing influence of the rippling water against the boat's sides. As I lay in my long chair on deck and watched through half-closed eyes the tail of boats winding silently along the smooth water, leaving all the din and hubbub of commerce farther and farther behind, the sense of relaxation was delicious.

At about eight o'clock next morning we passed into the Grand Canal at the point where it expands into a lake traversed by a bridge of fifty-three arches, whence it takes a perfectly straight course, 150 yards broad, to the S.E. corner of Su-chou city.

The approach to the city was wonderfully picturesque. An ancient, single-arched bridge spanned the canal at this corner, and on the right were still to be seen the old moss-covered walls of the fort occupied by Gordon during the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion. The old city walls, which retained the marks of Gordon's bombardment, formed a splendid background to the stretch of silvery water, and the whole scene was surmounted by one of the oldest and finest pagodas in China.

This pagoda was 220 feet high, of nine stories, with 225 steps. The minor walls were covered with Chinese writing, poetry, prose and classical quotations, illustrated by beautiful brush and ink draw-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

ings. From the summit of the pagoda there was a magnificent view of the city, the waterways and the surrounding country, with hills of 1,500 feet altitude intervening between the middle distance and the great T'ai Hu, a lake of many miles in extent covered with sailing craft. Like Pisa, Su-chou had its leaning tower, another conspicuous pagoda with a list to the S.E., some way from the city. In fact, there were so many pagodas that they were to be seen in every direction.

Outside the walls, which were five miles long by three broad, on the south side of the Grand Canal, lay the foreign settlement, with some fine houses in Western style and the buildings of the silk and cotton spinning factories, whose tall chimneys vied with the ancient pagoda, separated from them by a distance of only some 700 yards. The new and the old faced one another—the one typical of ugliness, utility and the god Mammon, the other of artistic beauty, superstition and the super-man Buddha.

Su-chou was celebrated for its silks, its women, its flower gardens, its waterways and its bridges, and it was the capital of the Wu dynasty in A.D. 473. According to an ancient Chinese saying:

“Shang yu t'ien t'ang
Hsia yu Su Hang.”

“Above there is the Temple of God
Below there are Su-chou and Hang-chou”

But at the time of my visit the inhabitants denied the soft impeachment that Su-chou was the terres-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

trial paradise, saying that it had only been so in a far distant, golden age.

Nevertheless, I find my first impressions of Su-chou thus recorded in my diary:

“We are proceeding up the magnificent waterway of the Grand Canal, in a well-constructed house-boat, equipped with every modern necessity, with a double telegraph line alongside, and every inch of country that can possibly be cultivated covered with waving crops of rice and gardens of vegetables. Su-chou is a fine walled city of 500,000 contented and law-abiding inhabitants. There are fine houses and factories in the new foreign settlement, and foreigners are treated with respect (being called Ta hsien sheng, great teacher, instead of Yang-kuei, foreign devil). It seems impossible not to admit that, either the Chinese govern themselves and have already attained that perfect socialism after which so many Western nations are striving, or else that the Government cannot be so inefficient as we have been led to suppose. Of soldiers and police I have scarcely seen one. I noticed some fine red-humped oxen and English looking cows, and the ducks and the poultry are as large as European ones.”

It would occupy too much space to describe the many ingenious ways by which the inhabitants of Su-chou, like those of Canton, collect everything that lives in or under the water for food, but among many quaint devices for luring the wily fish, crab or lobster to his destruction, surely a method I saw at this time stands first.

In his left hand the fisherman held the long

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

handle of a net, such as we might use for catching shrimps or prawns, while with his right he invited shellfish and others to enter the trap by means of a thin bamboo with a four-pronged fork, to each prong of which was attached a string with a tiny fish at the end of it. This he gently drew through the water, and, when the prey following the bait were well over the edge of his net, he quickly withdrew the prong and netted his catch. To my mind there was a subtlety about this performance which compared favourably with the time-honoured invitation of the spider to the fly.

Another device to be seen near Su-chou was the post-boat of these waterways. It was a long, thin, light, neatly-constructed craft, and it was propelled at a great pace by the postman sitting in the stern, who operated one paddle with one hand, a pipe with the other, and worked another paddle with his feet.

As for the women of Su-chou, here were to be seen the living examples of those slim and elegant ladies who pose so gracefully on world-famous collections of blue and white porcelain. They were known to the first European traders as "Lange Lizjen" (Long Elizas), and except as they were thus portrayed, the aristocratic type that they exemplified was almost unknown to the West. Moreover, except in ancient art, they will remain unknown, because with the introduction of Western civilization their appearance and their manner of living will change.

The ladies of Su-chou were not only beautiful,

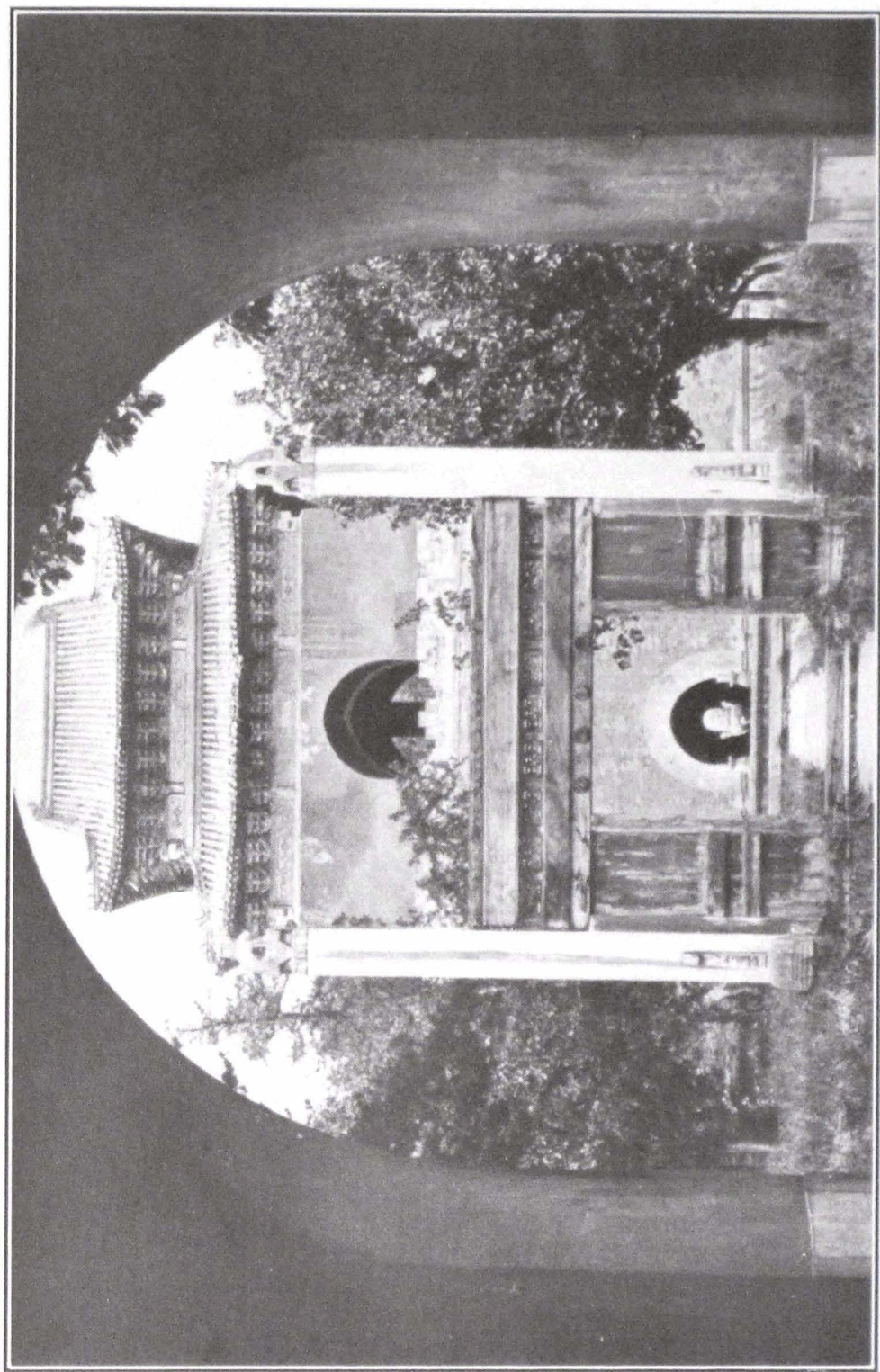
A CAVALIER IN CHINA

charming and accomplished, but they were famous in history at all times for their independence. They were the mothers of many splendid men and the lovers of many poets. But, besides, there were amongst them great patriots, rulers, warriors and philosophers.

When I was at Su-chou, of course, most of the lovely ladies had tiny, deformed feet, the result of binding them from infancy. It seemed a pity, considering that their feet and hands were naturally small and their movements naturally graceful. But strange to say, it was men and not women who had set the artificial fashion. Many a Chinese mother met the remonstrances of the Anti-Foot Binding Society with the retort, "How can I help it? My daughters must find husbands, and the men insist on tiny feet. Go then and convert the men to saner tastes!"

A meeting of the Society to which only women were invited was once held at Su-chou. When the foreign platform speakers had delivered their opinions, discussion was invited. There was dead silence, until a pretty little Chinese woman dressed in pale blue silk, with feet about three inches long, stood up and asked in a timid voice, "If we adopt the suggestions of the Society will our feet become like those of the honourable chairwoman?"

The tiny feet were poetically called "golden lilies," and in their little shoes of silk and fine embroidery it is easy to understand the Chinese idea that "a lady presents her feet as the surest darts with which a lover's heart can be assailed."



TOMB OF THE MING EMPEROR CHANG, NORTH OF PEKING.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Chinese men also have naturally small feet, and later I had occasion to prove the point. When, after three months trudging along rough stone-paved roads, I had worn out three pairs of British boots, on arriving in Yün-nan city in western China, I tried to purchase a pair of ready-made Chinese boots or shoes to fit me. But all were too small. Yet my foot, measuring eleven inches, is not unusually large, while such a city, in an agricultural country, might have been expected to provide boots suited to the largest footed Chinese. I had to fall back on grass sandals.

I was loath to leave Su-chou, but my journey was one of duty combined with as much pleasure as I could extract, and it was necessary to pursue my way.

The next halt was at Kiang-yin, an isolated group of fortified hills, averaging 500 feet in height, on the right bank of the Yangtse, about half-way between Shanghai and Nanking. This spot was justly regarded, by both natives and foreigners, as the key to the entrance to this mighty waterway which, rising in Tibet at an altitude of some 17,000 feet, becomes the Chin-sha Chiang or River of Golden Sand, described in the romantic book of travel of that name by Captain W. Gill.

At P'ing-shan in Ssü-ch'uan province, where the river first becomes navigable, it has already flowed 1,250 miles from its source, and is still distant from the sea 1,860 miles, running for some 200 miles between high mountain ranges, which form the famous Yangtse gorges. The river serves to irri-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

gate thousands of square miles of country, maintains a boating population of millions and constitutes the great highway for central China and for the busy people of Ssŭ-ch'uan, carrying a large part of the commerce of China with foreign countries. Last, but not least, in the opinion of the Chinese, its water is the best that can be obtained for the infusion of tea.

At its entrance into the sea the Yangtse is sixty miles broad, and at Kiang-yin, 110 miles from the sea, it is one and a half miles broad and very deep.

At nine a.m. on October 12th my comfortable houseboat debouched from the canal into this immense waterway and landed me in a little bay at the foot of the hills, which bristled with big guns. I believe I was the first British military officer to stay at the Kiang-yin forts, but the information obtained here was purely military in character, and though useful at the time, would be of little interest to the general reader. My host was a German who had married a Chinese lady—a keen horsewoman—the first and only one of her sex and nationality I have seen in a foreign side-saddle.

On the following afternoon we crossed to the left bank of the Yangtse and, embarking on one of Messrs. Butterfields and Swire's fine boats, reached Chên-kiang (165 miles from Shanghai) in seven hours. I was met by Mr. Allen, the British Consul, and stayed in the consulate building, which was finely situated on the site of the one which had been burnt down by rioters nine years previously.

Unlike most of the other Treaty Ports, Chên-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

kiang was the only one that had a British settlement alone; consequently most of its trade was divided between British and Chinese. Just above the bund, or quay, lies Golden Island. The channel which once divided this tract of land from the high river bank is now completely silted up, level with the surrounding country; yet in 1849, only some forty odd years previous to my visit, the British fleet had sailed up this channel between the island and the mainland.

Looking at the line the ships had taken, now covered with human habitations, I was able to understand something of the character of the Yangtse as one of Nature's brooms, and to sympathize with municipalities, controllers of lightships and navigators in their puny efforts to keep pace with the river's sweeping changes.

On Golden Island there was once a famous porcelain pagoda, which was under process of reconstruction at the time of my visit.

By seven a.m. on October 16th I was at Nanking, or Nan-ching, south capital as it was from A.D. 1368 to 1421 under the Ming dynasty, the tombs of whose first three Emperors are to be seen on the hillsides near the city. It was also the capital from A.D. 220-270 and wanted to be it again in 1911. Nanking is 213 miles from Shanghai. When I was there it had a population of about 400,000, and the city walls (larger than those of Peking) measured twenty-four miles in circumference. Like Peking, it had a Forbidden City with the Imperial palace in the centre. It had suffered

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

terribly during the T'ai-p'ing rebellion; but under the Republic and with the advent of the railway, electric light and waterworks, it will probably recover some of its former glory. Even in 1898 it had a splendid carriage road seven miles long, lined on either side with willow trees. There were, however, large tracts of waste and cultivated land within the city walls where pheasant, geese, ducks and snipe were to be shot. These open spaces are common within the walls of old Chinese cities and, by the facilities they afforded for cultivation and pasturage, were intended to assist the inhabitants in holding out when besieged—a frequent occurrence in ancient times.

The southern Ming tombs were disappointing and not to be compared for beauty and surroundings with those in Chih-li and Manchuria. When I saw them they were in a shocking state of disrepair.

The view of Nanking from the hills (2,000 feet high) was infinitely picturesque and uncommon. Opposite Nanking on the north bank of the Yangtse was P'u-k'ou, then a village, now the southern terminus of 621 miles of railway from Tientsin—opened to through traffic in 1912. As Nanking is connected by railway with Shanghai, you can now travel in comfort, even luxury, from Shanghai to Peking overland, crossing the river at Nanking by steam ferry. The journey occupies thirty hours. In 1898 it took thirty days.

By steamer from Nanking to Wuhu is fifty-two miles up river. Here I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Fraser, the British Consul, a man who knew

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Russian and French languages, and had travelled all over the Far East. Wuhu is low-lying, ugly and hot, but celebrated for its trade and sport. Thus it was an uncongenial place for my learned host.

I went on and reached Kiu-kiang, 458 miles from Shanghai, at 12.30 on the night of 21-22 October, when the maximum temperature was 78 degrees and the minimum 60 degrees.

Kiu-kiang lies on the right bank, as do all the large trade centres of the Yangtse below Hankow, excepting Nanking. It is only twelve miles from the entrance to the great P'o-yang Lake (ninety miles by twenty) which leads to Ching-tê Chên (Mart of Brilliant Virtue) the chief manufacturing centre of Chinese porcelain.

This manufacture at Ching-tê Chên began long before our era. According to the Japanese art-critic, Kakasu Okakura, we may ascribe the origin of the wonderful porcelain glaze of China to the accidental discoveries of the alchemists of the Han dynasty searching for the elixir vitae and the philosopher's stone. Longfellow, inspired by Père D'Entricollis, wrote a vivid description of Ching-tê Chên:

“And bird-like pose on balanced wing
Above the town of Ching-tê Ching—
A burning town, or seeming so,
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly and fill the air
With smoke uprising gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire.”

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Here the god of Porcelain still reigns supreme and we find the disciples of Ting, the potter, who, in despair at the imperfection of the dragon bowls he was making for the Imperial palace, leapt into his own fiery furnace. But when the kilns were opened after the sacrifice, lo! the bowls were perfect! Hence he was canonized.

Until quite recently we British were, as regards the ceramic art, much where the Romans found us; it was not until its money value was discovered that "collections of China" became really popular. Even now scant attention is paid to the thought and intention of the incomparable artists who produced these masterpieces; yet Ting, the potter, was no exception, in spirit at least, and all the love and culture of an ancient civilization find expression in the porcelain of China.

The first of the Ming Emperors, Hung Wu (1369), rebuilt the Imperial factory at Ching-tê Chên, which has continued till the present day to turn out tons upon tons of porcelain, perfect, good, bad and indifferent, until it now requires a life-study to be able to declare, with any degree of certainty, when and where a piece was made. Fortunately for the ordinary mortal endowed with artistic taste, it does not always follow that the most ancient or most genuine specimen is the most decorative and beautiful. When we reflect on the fact of the numerous wars and rebellions that have overrun China for some 2,000 years, it is not surprising to learn that, in all probability, no piece of Ching-tê Chên porcelain older than the Ming

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

dynasty is now in existence, and very few of them.

Those ruthless vandals the T'ai-p'ings (whose name, forsooth, means Great Peace, but who proved themselves worse than the Mongols of old) laid waste whole tracts of country, as large as England, in the name of God and Christianity; incidentally they destroyed the Ching-tê Chên factories. The factories were rebuilt, but much of their former glory has now departed, with only 150 instead of 500 furnaces, employing 160,000 workmen against the million odd of former days. The yearly value of the exports amount to about half a million sterling. The art production of this factory, and, indeed, of others, reached its zenith during the reign of Ch'ien Lung (lasting to 1796), since when there has been a steady decadence, though ordinary collectors would doubtless be glad to possess any of the Imperial ware of subsequent date.

Unfortunately, when I was at Kiu-kiang I was not fired with the spirit of the collector. I knew very little about porcelain, and, as my reader is aware, was in the chronic condition of most young army men—short of cash. Consequently I bought only four pretty little snuff-bottles, for which I paid two shillings! When I mention that for a single specimen of this kind (averaging two inches in height) it is easy to pay ten pounds it will be seen that all is not Kuan-yao (Imperial ware) that comes from Kiu-kiang!

Five hours journey from Kiu-kiang I reached Ku-ling, or Chiu Ling (Nine Ridges), a typical

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

hill-station where, during the hot weather (from 15th April to 15th of October), missionaries and a few other foreigners leave their flocks or their business and take refuge from the heat, dust and malaria of the plains. The atmosphere of Ku-ling, however, unlike that of the hill-stations of India, was redolent of piety, for the place was almost entirely owned and run by a committee mainly composed of missionaries of all denominations. It was only acquired in 1895, while the Chinese Government was occupied in repelling the Japanese invasion; but it has steadily developed.

Sunday, the 23rd October, found me in the metropolis of central China, Hankow. Distant 600 miles from Shanghai, it first became familiar to Western people as the place of origin of the upheaval in 1911, which ended in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of the Republic. It is really three great cities—Han-k'ou, the name meaning mouth of the Han River, which here joins the Yangtse on the left bank; Han-yang, and Wu-ch'ang. The first-named is the Treaty Port with English, Russian, German, French and Japanese settlements. There most of the foreign trade centres. Han-yang is the Chinese industrial centre and has a fine arsenal. Wu-ch'ang is the official centre and here the Viceroy of Hu-kuang resides, ruling over the provinces of Hu-pei and Hu-nan. (Hu means a lake. Pei is north and nan is south. Hence north and south of the lake.)

I climbed a small hill (300 feet above the level of the river) which lies close to the arsenal of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Hankow and was rewarded by a wonderful panorama. At my feet lay three great walled cities, with a fourth composed entirely of boats. The mighty Yangtse, three quarters of a mile broad, was like a winding silver scarf patterned with craft of every description, from warships and ocean-going steamers to tiny bird-like sailing boats with white and brown wings. There were, besides, immense rafts of timber and the ubiquitous bamboo and junks laden with coal and the richest of iron ore, both from mines only a few miles downstream, all belonging to a busy, strenuous population of two million souls.

At present Hankow is connected either directly or indirectly with all the most important waterways of the country, and the forest of masts to be seen in the Han river is more eloquent than any statistics of the significance of this great industrial centre to the Empire. Hankow is in fact to the inland provinces what Shanghai is to the whole of central and northern China—the key of commerce, industry and officialdom.

There were at this time some 2,500 foreign residents, of whom British, Japanese, Russian and American numbered about five hundred each. During 1912, for the first time, two companies of a British regiment were at Hankow to protect the settlement during the rebellion.

The Russians were mainly engaged in the tea trade. Black and green loose tea and black brick tea were among the chief exports.

To trace a brick of tea throughout its existence

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

from its origin on the neat little camelia-like bushes growing on the low red hills of Hu-pei and Hu-nan to the moment of its infusion might often be to hear a tale of bloodshed covering several years. For it is this brick tea which is so indispensable to the Mongolian, the Tibetan, and, indeed, to all people of Mongolian extraction who dwell on the high plateaux of Asia. It is the medium of barter and exchange and often forms the sole money paid for the purchase of a lady's sables and lambskin or the musk so dear to the Indian and Persian. A small piece of it will be carried in the belt or purse until it is worn smooth and bright like a lump of anthracite coal.

Mr. Pelham Warren had kindly invited me to stay at the British Consulate at Hankow, a fine old house standing in spacious grounds with splendid trees. In him I found the equivalent of what Sir Claude MacDonald had been to me in north China, that is to say in his official capacity he did all he could to assist me and as a friend he showed me such hospitality as is not often met with. He was deservedly popular everywhere in China, being known among the foreign community as "The King," and among the Chinese, who feared and respected him, as "The three-eyed devil," from the eyeglass which he always wore. Mr. Warren was one of the old school of British officials; able, independent and willing to take responsibility. In view of "spheres of influence," we were all glad to think that he would probably become Viceroy of the Yangtse Valley, the share that was to fall

to Britain in the partition of China—a nice little slice containing six great cities and about two hundred million people.

British interests in Hankow were, however, only represented at this time by H.M.S. *Esk*, a gunboat with two 64-pounder M.L. guns, two Gardners and two Hotchkiss, none of which could fire more than ten rounds without jamming, and so placed that if the ship were attacked from the stern she could not defend herself. Moreover, the *Esk* was unable to steam against a strong Yangtse current.

During this time I was collecting information for my journey through anti-foreign Hu-nan while awaiting an interview with China's most learned and literary Viceroy, the late Chang Chih-tung.

The air was thick with rumours, and had I believed half of them I should never have gone on.

On October 1st, the British Minister at Peking telegraphed to Lord Salisbury as follows:

“A Chinese mob, at a point between Peking and the railway station, yesterday afternoon violently assaulted several foreigners. There is a decided spirit of disturbance among the Chinese I have requested Admiral Seymour, by telegraph, to despatch a vessel” (not the whole fleet this time) “to Taku, in case a guard should be required for the protection of the Legation.”

Later, in spite of vehement protestations, guards from the foreign fleets were sent to the Legation at Peking, whereupon the Chinese began to bring in soldiers.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The situation grew steadily more serious during October and November; though in December the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were, for the first time, received in audience by the Empress Dowager, who is reported to have greeted them with the remark. "Yi chia ti, yi chia ti"—"All one family, you know; all one family!"

Everybody at Hankow was nervous and averse to my continuing my journey. The Viceroy refused the responsibility of permitting it. But the only thing that did make me hesitate was a letter I received on the 18th October from Dr. Morrison, at Peking, for whose judgment regarding political matters I had the greatest respect.

In reply to my query as to whether he thought I might go on, he said:

"I hardly know how to advise you. The Emperor was alive and received the Cabinet in audience certainly 48 hours ago, if not last night. The story therefore of his assassination is premature, to say the least of it. That he will die is generally regarded here as inevitable—it is a case of

"Should such a man too fond to rule alone
Bear like the Turk no brother near the Throne.

"Either the Emperor or the Empress Dowager must go. The edict dismissing Ch'ên Pao-chên, the Governor of Hu-nan, is unsatisfactory; it can, I am afraid, hardly add to the security of travel in the province. You will, I hope, discuss the matter most carefully with Pelham Warren before undertaking anything. . . . By all means do nothing rash and take no unnecessary risks."

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

I quote this letter, not only to illustrate the condition of the country at that time, but to show that though Dr. Morrison was the paid representative of the best informed and most affluent journal of the day, a journal that did not grudge money for early and accurate information, he knew no more than the rest of the community at Peking.

Hu-nan had the reputation of being a very anti-Christian, as well as anti-foreign province, which, judging by the reports of previous travellers was hardly to be wondered at. A German had been the first foreigner to enter Ch'ang-sha, the capital, in 1897. His servants deserted him, he had to abandon his journey and was recalled by his own Government and ordered to Berlin to explain his actions.

A Mr. Clinton had recently endeavoured to penetrate along the route I proposed to take, but had been obliged to return, since the Chinese, infuriated by the actions and speech of a more or less mad missionary who had preceded him, burned his boat and all his belongings.

As an instance of what opening up a new province to missionary enterprise may mean, a story told me by Mr. Gemmell of the C.I.M., whom I had the good fortune to meet at Hankow, is worth recording. He told me that he had been four and a half years in China and had spent three of them in Hu-nan and that he knew 15,000 Chinese characters and carried the map of Hu-nan in his head.

Pao-ch'ing was reported to be extremely anti-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Christian. I use this term in preference to anti-foreign, as it has been my frequent experience to find that places adversely reported on by missionaries and others interested in the propagation of the Gospel have given me a kind and hospitable reception and are not anti-foreign.

Mr. Gemmell arrived at Pao-ch'ing escorted by eight Chinese soldiers, and went to the Yamen, or magistrate's residence, where he had been invited to partake of a meal. A large crowd assembled outside the building and eventually broke in the doors and invaded the place. The officials were powerless to maintain control, and Mr. Gemmell was forced to beat a hasty and somewhat ignominious retreat by a back door to another Yamen and thence, after dark, to escape to the city wall. From there, with some difficulty, he reached his boat on the river, by which he quickly descended to Hêng Chou and Ch'ang-sha, having lost all his belongings. The Yamen, meanwhile, was burned to the ground. Thanks to his Chinese dress and his familiarity with the local dialect and customs, Mr. Gemmell made good his escape. In due course he received compensation from the considerate Chinese for the loss of a certain amount of his property; but we hear of no compensation for the poor officials.

All this information made me more anxious than ever to see the Viceroy and put myself officially under his protection, for if such could happen to Mr. Gemmell, what might not I expect!

CHAPTER IX

IT is notorious that a Chinese man's word is as good as a foreigner's bond, and if the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung promised to assist me, it was pretty certain I should be comparatively safe. His reluctance to accord the interview was quite natural, and arose from the fact that it was rumoured I was working with Lord Charles Beresford and, further, that he (the Viceroy) had recently sent in a memorial to the Throne advocating Government acceptance of British assistance. His communication, however, unfortunately reached Peking on the day of the Coup d'Etat! There was so much talk on this subject at the time, encouraged, as it had been, by the Emperor's attitude towards Reform, that it was natural to regard the Coup d'Etat as the herald of general retribution to be meted out to all foreigners by the wish of the Empress Dowager.

However, my patience and persistence were at last rewarded. On the 31st October Mr. B. Giles (a worthy son of Professor H. A. Giles, LL.D.), who was to act as interpreter, and I set forth arrayed in full uniform for the Yamen in Wu-ch'ang city. We took with us in the launch our two green sedan chairs, our t'ing-ch'ais and enormous red leather card-cases, measuring twelve inches by six. Half way to the Yamen from the landing stage we were met by a number of the Viceroy's men, and we

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

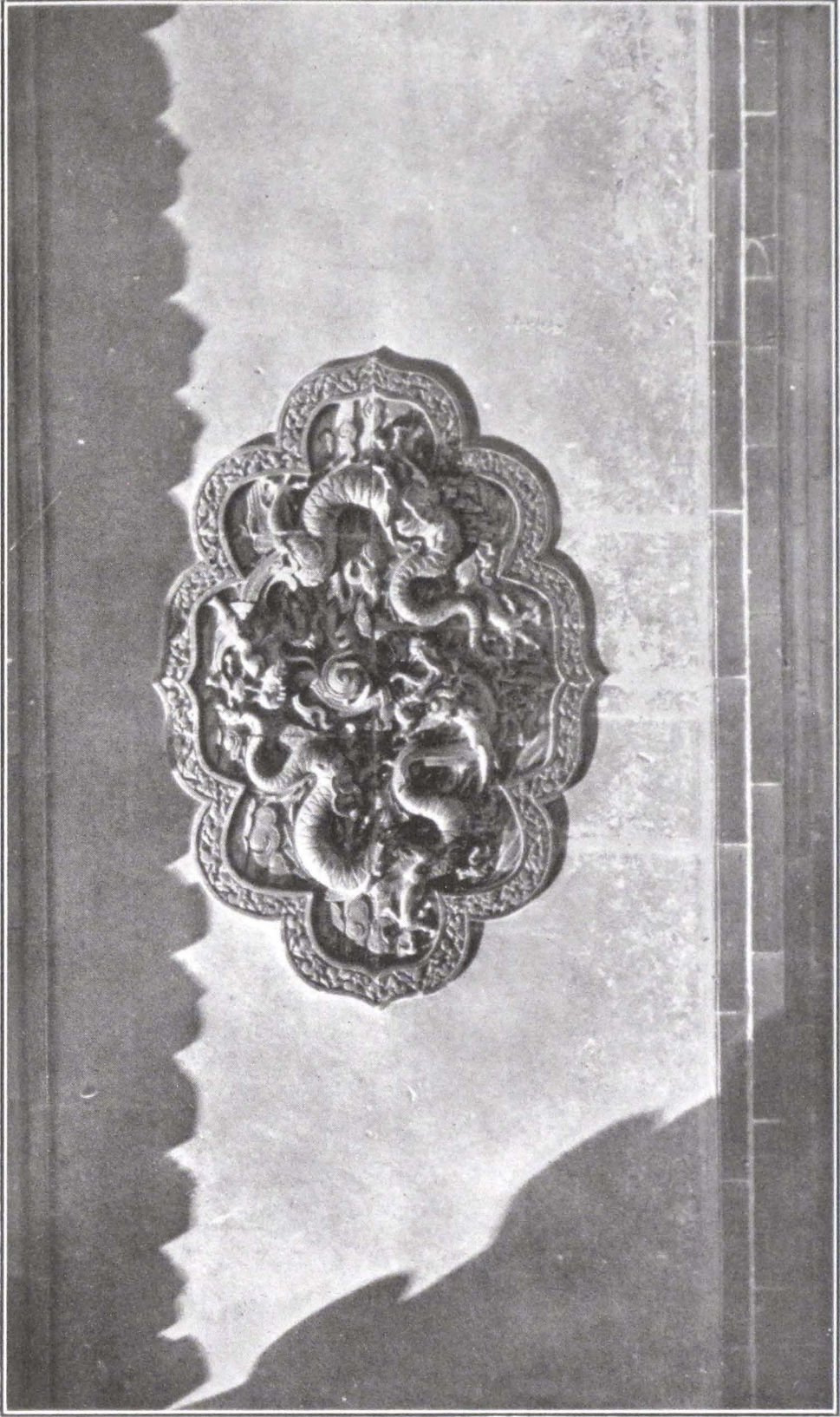
reached the gates of the official residence just five minutes before nine a.m. the appointed hour, so, according to Chinese etiquette, had to wait outside until the clock struck. On the first stroke, however, the big double outer gates were thrown open and we were admitted into the large courtyard.

Just inside the next gates stood Chang Chih-tung himself, who had paid us the great and unexpected honour of coming out to meet us. Owing to the smallness of his stature, compared with Li Hung-Chang, whom I had in my mind's eye, I very nearly missed Chang and passed on!

After the usual salutations in Chinese fashion we sidled our way—His Excellency with Oriental courtesy constantly urging me to precede him and I as frequently standing back to let him go first—to a room furnished with a long table, covered with a white cloth, and six bentwood chairs. His Excellency sat at one end of the table, with his chief interpreter, Mr. Ku Hung Ming, at the other. I sat on the Viceroy's left and Tao-t'ai Yu Chung-ying (a high official) sat on my left, with Mr. Giles opposite; the Viceroy's secretary, Mr. Huang Ting-fên, occupied a seat on Giles' right.

Having apologized for Mr. Warren's unavoidable absence, owing to indisposition (an excuse so common in China that, of course, it was not believed, but was taken as a protest against the presence of Tao-t'ai, as Mr. Warren had asked for a *private* interview), we then discussed my forthcoming journey.

His Excellency promised to do his best to pro-



GLAZED YELLOW TILE MOULDING IN IMPERIAL TEMPLE AT WU-TAI.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

tect me, and volunteered one of his gunboats to tow my houseboat as far as Yo-chou, at the entrance to the Tung-t'ing Lake.

I hinted that in England a foreign traveller was always most carefully protected by the police and that I hoped it would be the same in China.

The Viceroy replied that, grieved as he was to be obliged to say so, much of the unrest and trouble experienced by travellers in the interior of China must be laid at the door of the missionaries, whose actions were often misunderstood by a superstitious people ignorant of Western ways and thus liable to cause disturbance of the peace. Next His Excellency spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Warren. "Why," said he, "are not all your consuls like him?"

Quick came the answer: "Why are not all Viceroy and officials like your Excellency?" and we all laughed heartily. I pointed out that it was not the custom of the British Government to support missionary enterprise by the use of force, and I mentioned the number of British missionaries who had lost their lives in India and China without any territory being seized by way of redress.

His Excellency admitted the truth of my statement and allowed that the British Government was, as a rule, fair and just in its dealings. "But," he enquired, "why does not the Government put some check on missionaries, seeing that they make so much trouble?"

This question I could not answer, but I agreed with him that some control was desirable.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The Viceroy was an excitable little man, and twice during the course of the interview I unconsciously put him on his mettle.

First, I said that it seemed to me, though there were thousands of brave men in China, there was, apparently, not one capable of leading an army to victory. He at once quoted General Ch'eng, of Gordon's time, in the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion, and affirmed that good and capable men of the same type were still to be found.

Next I said that, to my mind, the reason why the Chinese could not procure really competent British, or other military officers, to train their troops was that good men would not submit to subordinate positions, but must have control and be trusted, without which nothing useful could be accomplished.

To this His Excellency dryly replied that he feared the people would not like the arrangement.

From what he said, I gathered that he believed that if China were to be saved by any foreign Power it would be by the British, with their two hundred years of experience in Asia and Africa of converting inefficient fighting material into good armies; but Mr. Ku inclined to the opinion that the Chinese could save themselves without depending on the protection of any foreign Power. He and all the foreign-educated Chinese believed that what the Japanese had done the Chinese could do; but this was prior to the Russo-Japanese war.

The Viceroy deplored his empty treasure chests and blamed Peking, but said it was difficult to

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

act without the approval of the central Government.

I suggested sending competent Chinese officials and others to travel in India and report how things are managed there; but though His Excellency approved the idea he repeated that he was powerless to act without sanction from Peking.

Fresh cups of tea were now brought, and Chang Chih-tung raised his to his lips—the signal that the interview, which had lasted just two hours, was at an end. We rose to depart, and the aged Viceroy (he was then only sixty-four years old, though seeming much older) accompanied us to the same door at which he had received us and gave me a final gracious bow.

Chang Chih-tung was born in 1830, in Chih-li province, and had been Viceroy at Hu-kuang since 1889. He died in October 1904, at the age of seventy-four.

He was clear-sighted, upright, straightforward and patriotic, but by no means a bigot. He was, in fact, a liberal conservative. While naturally desirous of preserving China for the Chinese and suspicious, with good reason, of foreign interference, he was yet anxious to utilize Western money and methods for his country's good; but his difficulty (as it has been that of all China's best statesmen, and notably of Yüan Shih-k'ai in 1912) was to accomplish his object while keeping Western Powers at arms length.

Mrs. Archibald Little, in her obituary notice, has exaggerated what she calls "his hatred of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Europeans," and tells a story of how she was prevented from asking him for an interview lest the mere sight of her should increase Viceroy Chang's antipathy for the foreigner! Lord Charles Beresford, however, takes my point of view, saying: "This Viceroy is celebrated for his friendly and courteous bearing to all foreigners. . . ."

He was one of China's greatest scholars, and his influence among the literati was therefore considerable. He was fond of memorializing the Throne, and his famous Anti-Russian Memorial of 1880 helped to preserve Kashgar to the Chinese. In this he was thoroughly loyal to the Emperor and against the Empress Dowager and her henchman, Li Hung Chang, who, it is generally believed, encouraged Russia.

Chang Chih-tung was a man of unimpeachable integrity and spent all he received for his country's welfare, not a common thing among high officials in China. By his countrymen he was classed as "t'an-ming," that is, "seeking the bubble reputation" (though certainly not in the cannon's mouth); while his great rival, Li Hung-Chang, they called "t'an-ts'ai," that is, one "searching after riches." He published a book, the title of which, in English, is "China's Only Hope," and in this he prophesied the collapse of the Manchus unless they reformed themselves. He advocated the abolition of foot-binding and the education of women, while he denounced in no measured terms the vice of opium-smoking. His interpreter, Mr. Ku, who was educated in Scotland, was credited with many of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the theories in this book. He was a very hot patriot, strongly in favour of reform and the introduction of Western methods, but disliking foreigners and a deadly enemy of religious missions.

At length the memorable day dawned when I was to begin my explorations in the comparatively unknown. The date, Tuesday, November 8th, 1898, was marked by the murder of the Australian missionary, Fleming.

The sun rose on my fine houseboat, moored opposite the British Consulate and on the *Ching-ao*, a gunboat lent to me by Viceroy Chang, which in all its glory of white and yellow paint and its yellow flag with the blue Imperial dragon, floated like some pretty bird upon the shining waters of the Yangtse. My staff, crew and kit were all on board and the last breakfast in the company of my own kind of which I was to partake for some time was being discussed at Mr. Warren's hospitable board when the morning papers brought tidings from Peking.

It appeared that, on October 23rd, my friends, Mr. Campbell of the Legation and Messrs. Cox and Norregarde of the north China railways, had been attacked by a Chinese mob near the Lukou Bridge, a few miles south-west of Peking. Mr. Cox had been badly hurt; Mr. Norregarde had been forced to use his revolver and Mr. Campbell had harangued the crowd in his most fluent vernacular.

Pleasant tidings, indeed, for a "foreign devil" and embryo explorer! However, nothing short of physical force could now have deterred me from my

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

enterprise, so I despatched my large red Chinese visiting card to Commander Kuang of the *Ching-ao*, who politely returned his with the information that all was ready for the start. The anchor weighed, Mr. Warren, Mr. Giles and my other friends and acquaintances who had come to bid me God-speed waved their farewells, and at 11.30 a.m. we were off and, passing Wu-ch'ang, had soon left Hankow far behind.

The remainder of the day was spent in getting straight on board, and when at sundown we anchored in a small backwater I felt at peace with all the world. Taking stock of my boat—known as "Pakan" or second-class official boat—I found her most commodious and comfortable, divided off into a saloon and cabins. From bow to stern she was beautifully polished with wood-oil from Hunan, and all the doors were prettily carved. The crew was composed of the lao-pan or captain, an old deaf man of seventy, his grown-up son, wife and little girl, boy and baby, together with four extra hands—eight men, one woman and their children. Then there were Messrs. T'ung and Wang, Fan the cook (a good name for a cook, for the common expression for "to eat" is ch'ih-fan, literally "eat rice"), Li, my "boy," the T'ing-Ch'ai and myself. We hailed from seven provinces, namely—Chih-li, Shantung, Hu-pei, Hu-nan, Chiang-su, Fu-kien, Ssŭ-ch'uan; and Scotland.

The boat's family was a happy though noisy one. The baby screeched with delight over my wristlet watch; while the small boy, to whom I

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

gave an indelible spring pencil, at once began to draw characters—among them my honourable name, which at this time was Wen K'e-tê. This name, in imitation of my own, had been chosen for me at Peking by Mr. Cockburn, and the meaning of the three characters was Wen, literary; K'e, to repress; tê, virtue—not apparently very complimentary, though the significance of the whole was rather “literary virtue repressed.” It was enough for me to repeat my Chinese name to the small boy on the boat for him instantly to try and portray it in the correct form.

Later, in 1903, the second character of my name was changed from K'ê to Kê by Chang Chih-tung, then Viceroy of the Yangtse provinces, under the following circumstances. I had been presented to the Viceroy at a luncheon party, and on his enquiry as to my business, he was told that I belonged to the Intelligence Branch of the British army, and that my job was to find out all about Chinese people, places and things. The Viceroy, who was famed for his knowledge of the classics, pondered for no more than ten seconds and then said to me: “Your name should be ‘Wen kê te’ ” (which means ‘literary,’ ‘to *search out*,’ ‘virtue’—or ‘to be literary is to understand moral excellence’). “And your *hao* (or descriptive name) should be ‘chih wen’ (‘wisdom’). For,” added the Viceroy, “we have a saying most appropriate to your occupation, ‘chih chih tsai kê wu’ ” (the free translation of which is “The perfecting of knowledge depends upon the investigation of things.”)

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The Chinese are very kind to their children and treat and dress them in a most sensible way. For them, children are "something of service to the State," "a pearl in the palm," "inspiring beauty," and so forth. Consequently the children are generally well-developed, free-limbed, fat, joyous and, above all, self-reliant at a very early age. Their absence of nerves is hereditary, and among them it is not considered "good form" to hurry.

The family on my house-boat all lived together; grandfather, father, mother and children sleeping on two wooden-boarded bunks covered with some matting and felt, using their cotton wadded garments for covering.

For the hire of this palatial house-boat to Ch'ang-tê—330 miles by water—I only paid 40,000 cash, equal to about four pounds, for a journey lasting nearly three weeks. A Chinese official, in all probability, would have paid about 10,000 cash less. I say *about* four pounds, because in those days it was difficult for the foreigner in China to know exactly how much he was paying for anything.

The agreement was for 40,000 cash. But in Hankow, at that time, only 98 cash counted as 100. From India I received my money in rupees; these rupees had to be converted into taels (literally ounces) of silver at a rate which fluctuated every day. Taels, in which the bank books were kept, had then to be converted into dollars, generally Mexican, but there were over a dozen different kinds of dollar in circulation, all of varying value in relation to the tael on one side and to cash on the other.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

My monetary affairs were transacted as follows: Having paid to the foreign bank a draft for so many thousand rupees, the bank converted them into taels at the current rate of exchange of the day. Then in Hankow I drew a cheque in dollars, which might be either Mexican, Hong Kong or Hu-pei, the debit being entered against me in the bank's books in taels in current daily rate. These dollars I changed into cash at a varying rate, and with cash I paid my boatman at 98 to 100. But as I proceeded on my journey dollars were of no use, so I had to carry sycee, or small shoe-shaped pieces of silver, each weighing a different number of taels. As money was required, pieces of these "shoes" were chopped off by a blacksmith and exchanged for cash. The buyer and the seller, however, each kept their own scales and seldom agreed, without much argument, as to the actual weight of the silver. When this question had been mutually settled, that of the "touch" or purity of the silver would arise—so that it will be understood that it was no easy matter to keep accurate accounts in China.

In view of the difficulty of transport, when I should quit the river for the road, I had made excellent resolutions to reduce my baggage and stores to a minimum. Consequently I had decided to drink nothing but tea and only to take with me, as medicine, in case of need, a couple of bottles of whisky, one of brandy and half a dozen half-pint bottles of champagne, in case of fever.

Mr. Warren had, good-humouredly, pooh-poohed

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

this idea, saying that with the hard marching and work that lay before me the old Scotch custom of a glass of toddy before turning in had no equal as a preventive, rather than a cure, of all the ills the flesh is heir to. Although I recollected my father (who lived to ninety-three) tendering me the same sound advice when, as a young man, I first left home for India, yet I refused to listen to these words of wisdom and started, filled with a sense of conscious virtue for the modesty of my cellar.

What, then, was my surprise to find, on examining the boxes in the boat, a dozen cases of Scotch whisky, two deck chairs and a large Union Jack!

Warren had proved himself the better man, and I have no doubt now that by his timely gift, forced on my acceptance, he saved my life. Often I was to bless his name as I sipped the warming beverage he had provided, and I drank his health on the first night on board while the bugler of the *Ching-ao* sounded the English last post.

Early next morning I was awakened by the voice of the baby, which seems the inevitable appanage of a Chinese boat. I lay in my long chair in the sunshine, under a clear sky, and watched the changing scene on the banks of the river as the plucky little gunboat towed us quietly along at from seven to eight miles an hour against the strong Yangtse current.

There was plenty of food for thought. Much had been accomplished since the day when I had lain on my bed at Jubbulpore, but now only the strenuous life was to begin. Hitherto all had been

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

easy and plain sailing, with numerous foreign friends to assist me. Now for the first time I was dependent on my own resources, no foreigner would be within call; no ministers or consuls would be near to threaten the British fleet when things went wrong. The prospect was enchanting!

The route I was to take had been carefully chosen by Dr. Morrison and myself in consultation, for the fact that, from what we could gather from available maps and published records, the portion of it which lay through Hu-nan and eastern Kuei-chou (the next province on the west) appeared to be one of the least-known parts of the Chinese Empire, notwithstanding its reputed wealth, its central position and its proximity to the greatest waterway in Asia. This ignorance was mainly due to the successful manner in which the pugnacious and independent people of Hu-nan had, hitherto, kept foreigners outside their front door, and this front door was the city of Yo-chou, towards which I was now proceeding as fast as my gunboat could take me.

Until 1898 Ch'ang-sha, the capital of Hu-nan, shared, with the Forbidden Cities of Peking and Lhasa, the distinction of being one of the few places in the world where the foot of the Western barbarian had scarcely trodden.

My route did not lead me past the capital, but was to be for the first portion identical with that of the late Mr. Margary, of the Consular Service, who was the first British official to enter the province in 1875. He was murdered close to the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Burma frontier, and left an interesting account of his journey. Since that date no British official had crossed the border. I was to be the next and the first naval or military officer to enter it.

Several attempts had been made, but most of them had ended in failure and retreat. If, then, the general unrest occasioned by the Coup d'Etat throughout China be taken into consideration, together with the commonly accepted opinion among all foreigners both lay and clerical that to enter Hu-nan was to be beset by a nest of hornets, it will be admitted that there was sufficient reason for the joy of adventure that filled my heart.

Camp life in India on the march through a sporting and wild tract of country has its attractions; but also its drawbacks in the shape of dust and countless petty annoyances connected with the striking and pitching of tents and the procuring of supplies.

Nothing, however, could be more peaceful and delightful than camp life on the water in China, passing through ever varying scenery, with numberless opportunities for sport and none of the discomforts of a journey by land. Thus the voyage to Yo-chou passed all too quickly. Some of the time was spent in the study of the scant literature that existed concerning the province; more in giving instruction in plane-tabling to Mr. T'ung, who was to be responsible for the water or road traverse as the case might be. He was an apt pupil, and in a few days, with some assistance from me, was recording with fair accuracy our daily track.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The first three days run was not productive of much incident. After dusk, on the 10th November, a steamer passed us and some one hailed me "Captain Wingate!" It was Mr. Newmann, and his was the last European voice I was to hear for two months over a distance of some six hundred miles.

At eight o'clock one morning I awoke to the startling realization that my boat was slowly heeling over to one side, while tables, books and crockery were sent flying and I with difficulty kept my feet. By the time I had struggled on deck, however, the boat had righted herself and I then discovered what had happened. It appeared that the helmsman, feeling hungry, had with delightful inconsequence lashed the tiller and gone to his breakfast in the bows. Then the gunboat had taken one direction and the house-boat another, till, just in the nick of time, the officer on the *Ching-ao* had seen our predicament and had slacked off, thus saving us from an untimely ducking in the turgid waters of the Yangtse, which was running from five to six miles an hour, and the loss of all our kit right at the beginning of our journey.

At 10.45 a.m., on the third day out, we came in sight of the city of Yo-chou, perched on a cliff and overlooking the great Tung-t'ing Lake. The city had not then been opened to trade and consequently foreigners were not welcome. I soon learned, moreover, that the magistrate was away and that, as the examinations were going on, I must be careful, as students will be students all the world over.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Having landed, I boldly entered the sedan chair which I had brought with me on the boat and, though I was not entitled to the distinction of a green chair peculiar to high officials, I had conceived the happy idea of covering mine with green rot-proof canvas, which, as I explained to those concerned, was to keep the rain out, but which duly earned the respectful attention of the less instructed crowd as I was carried into the city. On future occasions my simple device was not always so successful.

When the mob discovered that the wonderful green chair contained only a miserable barbarian and no red-buttoned mandarin, the more enterprising among them would launch a stone or two, just to show they were not being deceived.

At Yo-chou, though there was hardly any stone-throwing and the crowd kept a respectful distance, I had my first taste of a Hunanese welcome in remarking their suspicious glances and the pugnacity of their demeanour. It occurred to me that the green chair alone would not have saved me from a warmer welcome, but that I owed my immunity from attack largely to the Viceroy's gunboat in the offing.

Yo-chou, on the whole, proved an uninteresting place; so, having collected all available information and having received from the G.O.C. the troops a basketful of exquisitely flavoured tangerine (or would they be mandarin?) oranges and four boxes of tea, "the shrub of luck," grown on the historical island of Chün Shan (which we were to see next day), I took my departure.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

This tea is considered some of the finest in China, and most of it was sent to the palace in Peking. It certainly had a delicate and aromatic flavour, more pleasing to the palate, taken Chinese fashion (that is, without milk, sugar or lemon), than any I have tasted—not excepting the best Darjeeling. But, of course, tastes differ, and to the great bulk of British people, who like their tea strong and dark, caring little for the flavour so long as they can taste it and feel its invigorating effect, the best Chinese tea, straw coloured when infused, does not appeal.

From Yo-chou we crossed the Tung-t'ing Lake (which is seventy-five by sixty miles), skirting its southern and western banks, where there is a good channel. During the time of low water in the Yangtse the lake becomes very shallow. In remote times it must have covered most of the low-lying tract between its present site and Hankow, and thus have given rise to the names of these two provinces: Hu-pei, north of the lake, and Hu-nan, south of the lake.

When I crossed it, however, it was a fine sheet of water, covered with fleets of boats and rafts of every size, forming a picture to be seen nowhere in the world but in China, and nowhere, even in China, better than on this highway between the eastern and western provinces.

One day I saw no less than 300 of these birdlike craft sailing, at from five to ten miles an hour, before a stiff breeze. The boats were beautifully built and balanced, and carried an immense

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

spread of canvas for their long, narrow shape and shallow draught, which gave them an eminently graceful appearance. Even my big Pa-Kan house-boat, clumsy in comparison, only drew two feet of water at the time and four when loaded with cargo, and when sailing we made fifty to sixty miles a day. The rafts of light fir poles were enormous. I saw one measuring 120 yards by 30 yards—and they ran to 300 yards long and carried quite a little village on board with smaller rafts to serve as boats. It is impossible to be long in China without feeling that the Chinese have not much to learn about inland navigation without steam, and when that is in operation the railways will undoubtedly be well fed.

The first gunboat to sail on this lake was the French *Lion*, in August 1894; the first British ship was the *Woodlark*, which went up to Ch'ang-sha in July 1899.

The lake was covered with water-fowl, among them thousands of large white and grey gulls and hundreds of egrets, those beautiful birds which surely no fashionable lady could bear to have destroyed for the sake of her own adornment, had she once seen them flitting over the water or resting on the sand banks at sunset.

Quantities of fish were caught in the lake, many of them curious looking creatures, not unlike devil fish, of wonderful shapes and colouring, but all of them, from a Chinese standpoint, valuable as food. One species—the mandarin fish—is certainly delicious eating, and often provided us with a welcome dish.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

After much bargaining, one day we bought from one of the lake fishermen a half-pound fish for one farthing; but on another occasion, when I wanted to buy some nice looking smelt-like fish, we towed the fishing boats for some miles, haggling all the way, and my "boy" eventually decided that these fishermen were too grasping, so no deal was effected. The basket offered to us contained about five pounds of fish, for which the men demanded 53 cash (a penny half-penny), and as they persisted in their refusal to knock off the odd three cash, my Tientsin "boy" would not close.

The foreigner who travels with his eyes open in the interior of China certainly has a fine education in the value of money and commodities. At the same time, among the Chinese all this bargaining is done in the best of humours and in a spirit of the utmost good fellowship. The Chinese seller uses his brain to push his goods and to defeat the Chinese buyer, who, of course, is equally on the alert. Neither is unmindful, at any time, of the value of one thirty-fifth of a penny, yet both are generous and thoroughly human, and the bargain is generally concluded with some joke, a quotation from the classics, or a popular proverb.

The Chinese delight in the piscatorial art, and on the banks of the lake and, later, the rivers I often saw men with rods (generally some kind of bamboo) and silken lines. The hooks were barbed, the reels of wood were very large and the whole contrivance was of homely manufacture; but it was effective. With such appliances they entice the wily li fish

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

(of the same species as the carp or mahseer of India, but better eating) to try their spoon, spinning minnow or live bait with complete success.

The smaller rivers of central China form a fisherman's paradise, with beautiful scenery, broken water and, in the spring and autumn, a perfect climate. The Yüan River, which I was now approaching, is one of the best in this respect. There are several varieties of fish, some running up to sixty pounds in weight; and within the upper reaches and smaller tributaries there is a kind of trout. At the time of my visit no foreigner had visited this beautiful province for sport or natural history, and I doubt if many have gone there since.

Every night we tied up to the bank at some village or town and started again at sunrise. At sundown the crew would beat gongs and fire off crackers to scare away the evil spirits of darkness. I can vouch for it that the noise was enough to dismay a "foreign devil" at all events.

As we proceeded I noticed some beautiful white goats with very long hair on the river banks and also—a not very common thing—several perfectly white and some pink water buffaloes among herds of the ordinary blue species. These buffaloes are, on the whole, larger than the Indian kind, and, unlike their brothers of Hindustan, seem to have no particular aversion to the white man. I attribute this fact to the probability that the smell of the Chinese man and of the European approximate, whereas the meat-eating Anglo-Saxon and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the vegetarian Hindu are totally different to the sensitive nose of the buffalo. The buffalo is not a quick-sighted beast, or colour might also play a part, for the variations are less marked between East and West in the case of the Chinese than in that of Hindustanis.

Piebald animals seemed to be the vogue in Hu-nan, for I saw in one day black or pink and white buffaloes, crows, dogs, ponies and pigs.

There were also herds of very fine red oxen with small humps, deep girths, long straight backs and short horns and necks. They resembled English cattle and came to me, fresh from India as I was, with a surprising reminder of home, which was carried out again in the large size of the pigs, poultry, geese, ducks (a wonderful breed of white ones), pigeons and eggs.

Among the Chinese, although the cow is not held sacred as in India, it is treated in a much more humane way. Oxen are not killed and eaten because, again as in India, they are required for agricultural purposes. Carrying this reason to its logical conclusion, the Chinese are far too sensible and practical to allow their cattle to grow thin and dejected. The poverty of the Indians can hardly be urged as an excuse for the emaciated condition of their cattle, for these people have hundreds of millions sterling of hoarded wealth.

Whenever the wind was against us the boat was towed by the crew, who attached short ropes with a broad breast-band to the tow-rope, which was composed of varying numbers of strands of bamboo

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

or, rather, cane. Our tow-rope had eight strands and was about one inch in diameter; but for boats on the Yangtse Rapids these cane ropes are like two or three-inch hawsers.

At the south-west corner of the lake, on November 16th, we turned into the Yüan River, here about half a mile in breadth. As the sun sank in the west the scene that met the eye was picturesque in the extreme, and full of human interest from the number of sailing boats and huge rafts on every side.

Looking away east and north-east over the lake, it appeared like a calm sea with boats, hull down on the horizon. These boats, with their white, brown and Mahommedan blue sails, glided swan-like over the golden-hued water. Large white cranes soared above them; and on the banks, whose steep edges showed up orange red against the green of the grass and the variegated autumn tints of the trees, stood buffaloes. The cosy red-roofed villages, the boat-loads of blue-clothed, pleasant-faced people, other boats with great cormorants sitting on the gunwales—all under a blue sky and in a genial temperature of 65 degrees Fahrenheit—gave an impression of beauty, peace and prosperity, which, though new and surprising at the time, I found to be common in most parts of central China.

As, in the midst of this delightful scene, I glanced towards the stern of my boat and saw the ten feet of British bunting, which had been Warren's parting present, spreading out behind and showing signs of the breeze, if not of the battle, then rightly

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

or wrongly I felt monarch of all I surveyed. For, to the man who travels alone in distant foreign lands, the Union Jack is a wonderfully comforting companion, and the moral support it gave made me oblivious to the remarks of passengers in other boats, disparaging though they sometimes were.

On the afternoon of the 19th November we sighted a fine nine-story pagoda, prettily perched on a wooded hill about 100 feet high on the right bank, at a sharp bend in the river, and on rounding this bend the city of Ch'ang-tê, about two miles distant on the left bank, came suddenly into view.

This prosperous town extends for over two miles along the bank, to which more than one thousand boats, lying on a fine sheet of water half a mile broad, were moored. As we neared the place we noticed some men busily engaged in stretching thick bamboo hawsers across the river, opposite the Likin or Inland Customs station, and learnt that their object was to prevent boats from slipping by under cover of darkness and thus avoiding the tax collector's unwelcome toll.

It is hard to find a book about China in which the word "likin" does not occur. It is derived from "li" or "cash," one-thousandth part of an ounce of silver or tael, and "chin" or "kin," metal, and is a rare and beautiful example of a self-imposed tax. The people volunteered it to assist the Manchu Government in quelling the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion. It was, therefore, a war tax and, like all such in all countries, instead of ceasing after the war it steadily increased in amount until it became legalized as a

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

source of Inland Revenue levied on all goods passing from province to province and also between districts.

The arrival of a boat flying the Union Jack was so unusual a sight for the inhabitants of Ch'ang-tê, most of whom had never seen the flag, that a crowd quickly collected on every available space along the banks. It was twenty-three years since Margary had passed this way, and the appearance of another British official set the population talking and wondering as only Chinese can.

Ch'ang-tê is a handsome walled city with some beautiful temples. It lies on the great high road from Peking to western China, along which went the envoy from the Great Khan (1282), to bring back the gold of Yün-nan, and the armies of the Ming and Manchu emperors to conquer the aboriginal tribes in Hu-nan, Kuei-chou and Yün-nan.

On this road are many excellent inns and rest houses; consequently it is more frequented by the traveller than is the longer and more tedious water route.

At this time there was no telegraph to Ch'ang-tê, and the post only arrived from Hankow once in five days, taking from seven to twelve days on the road. But there were many shops, and foreign goods were in some request. Living was very cheap and travelling was not expensive. It would have been possible to ride a pony, have two porters for baggage and to find accommodation and meals in any inn for from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a day.

In spite of the rarity of foreigners and the fact

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

that the military examinations were in progress, I was well received and treated both by the officials and the people, thanks in part to the respect in which the Viceroy Chang was held and in part to the intelligence of the Hunanese themselves.

I walked about the streets, took photographs from the city walls and, in fact, did as I pleased without serious molestation; though, of course, I was accompanied everywhere, even to the steps of the landing stage when I re-embarked on my boat, by a crowd of several hundreds, kept in check by a couple of representatives of the law.

From some experience of crowds in London, Paris, India, China and Japan I would put the London crowd first for its good nature and the Japanese crowd first for its cleanliness. Next my choice would fall on the Chinese crowd, which is wholly admirable, if you can speak just enough of their language to keep the people amused. I used to harangue the Hunanese—as recommended by my friend Mr. Sun, already referred to—somewhat in the following strain:

“I am just a traveller on my way to Burma, passing through your honourable country to see the beautiful scenery. You worthy people must not think it strange, and I hope you will not ill-treat me. Although our clothes are different our ideas are very much the same. If, indeed, you kind people will not needlessly excite yourselves we may sit awhile and talk; is not that better than fighting? Therefore, do not be angry or annoyed, and in a little while I shall have moved on!”

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

In short I made use of the appeal to reason and right which the mass of the followers of Confucius seldom fail to grasp and appreciate at its true value. The people may not always be convinced of the truth of your statements, but they like to be admitted to your confidence and to hear your reasons, whatever they may be.

Most crowds are merely out to ch'iao-k'an (look-see) as the Chinese express it, and, left to themselves, do not want a row. I had half expected yelling, screeching, pig-tailed savages, thirsting for my blood. Yet, with occasional exceptions to be related further on, I found an intelligent, hospitable, though desperately inquisitive, lot of people, who were quite ready to be friendly.

Owing to the difficulty of navigation at the numerous rapids between Ch'ang-tê and Chên-yüan, in Kuei-chou province, the head of navigation, it was necessary to transfer to a smaller boat, and so I found myself in possession of a third-class Ma-yang, drawing only eighteen inches of water when loaded. Nevertheless this boat was 78 feet long by $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet beam, as against the 84 feet and 12 feet of my Hankow boat. The accommodation also was much the same, with a captain, wife, family (baby and all) and a crew of nine men. The hire for the 450 miles of difficult river route was only 90,000 cash, or about £9.

CHAPTER X

AT 3.10 p.m. on the 24th November we left Ch'ang-tê amid the roar of guns, crackers, long brass horns, drums and yelling voices, the parting salute of the population.

The Chinese method of firing salutes is ingenious, and, like so many of their requirements, has been reduced to the minimum cost compatible with practical utility. The batteries consisted of four-chambered blocks of iron about eighteen inches long and six inches square, into the butt end of which were stuck stout wooden handles. Each chamber was stuffed half full of black powder and dammed up with mud. The man held the handle in his left hand at arm's length and presented a slow match with his right to each vent in turn, the result being an extraordinarily loud explosion.

We now passed through what appeared like a giant encampment, from the shape of the numberless detached hills that stood like huge bell tents on either side. They were covered with small trees and carpeted with long spear grass. Now and again they were cut in two by the river, which flowed on between their perpendicular cliffs 300 to 400 feet in height, on the summit of which was often perched some lovely temple with snow-white or rose-red walls and glowing roof of green and gold tiles. One such temple had been isolated from the others by a tributary stream, and could only have been reached by an expert rock climber.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

In all countries we find that religious sects have a remarkable faculty for establishing themselves in elevated situations where the scenery is most picturesque and the supply of pure water most accessible. This peculiarity is even discernible among Nonconformist foreign missionaries, whose well-built, spacious and comfortable houses in European style are not infrequently as picturesquely and conspicuously situated as are the Buddhist, Taoist, or Confucian temples.

Another feature of the scene were the toilers, whom we passed almost daily, digging in the red sand of the river bed for gold dust. Their methods were primitive and the reward for a day's labour so trivial to Western eyes as scarcely to be worth while. Certainly, however, gold exists in Hu-nan and in eastern Kuei-chou, and some day modern methods will show its real extent.

One, almost naked, sweating digger had eight or ten tiny grains of gold dust from which he was carefully washing away the mud in the bottom of his large wooden shovel. After watching him for a while, we offered to buy these hard-earned grains as a specimen and asked him to name the price. He thought for some time and then said, "120 cash" (about 3½d.). On principle, we bargained and bought the gold for two-pence halfpenny, but he grumbled at the small size of our cash. When, however, we explained that these were what we had received in exchange for silver in the chief city of his own district he was quite satisfied and resumed his patient digging.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Sometimes quicksilver is also found in the sand, and where living is so cheap a little bulks large and the reward is probably sufficient, if we judge from the continuance of the labour and from the healthy appearance of the workmen, who were mostly muscular and strong. But, indeed, it seemed to me that one might travel from province to province throughout the length and breadth of this great Empire and, except for a few emaciated opium smokers and some old or sick men, find only hale and hearty men, women and children, well covered with flesh and, as a rule when the climate permits, with clothes as well.

Occasionally there were long stretches of clear, green water, through which the sharp-pointed rocks were visible and along which, with a favourable wind, we sailed at three to four miles an hour against the current. But our progress, as a rule, was more like that of a sledge being dragged over a rock and shingle river bed. On a future occasion I was to experience the thrill afforded by the rapids of the Yangtse. Meanwhile these of the Yüan River proved, on first experience, quite exciting enough. Let me, therefore, describe the negotiation of one, typical of many, we passed through.

We were sailing gaily along a deep channel, thirty to fifty yards broad, between rocks of slate and shale, tilted at an angle and so sharp that they would rip a hole in our fragile craft as easily as a knife would go through paper. Not even the water can wear their edges smooth. We were approaching the Ch'ing-lang T'an (Green-blue Waves

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Rapid) and, as it was the season of low water, the rocks showed up ugly, vicious and numerous, stretching towards us their pointed fingers like the water witches of Hans Andersen's fairy-tale. A hundred feet above us a pretty white temple perched on the edge of the overhanging cliff made a goodly income, since its gods had power over the evil spirits which might wreck a valuable cargo.

We halted at the foot of the water-stairs as though to take breath. We were joined by extra trackers. We fired crackers and burned paper money to propitiate the gods of the little white temple. Before us lay a wild sea of rushing, foam-crested waves, and above their roar could be heard the yells and shouts of the crews and trackers of boats ahead. There were boats banging against the vicious rocks, ropes and poles were creaking and breaking, pandemonium reigned; pandemonium enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills, covered with young fir trees, scrub oak, birch, bamboo, grass, ferns and the camelia-like ch'a trees with their beautiful white waxy flowers; dotted with small farmhouses built of age-blackened wood and with tiny shrines half hidden among the trees, the long spear-grass and the rushes.

After careful adjustment of bamboo hawsers, twenty stalwart men laid their weight on the rope, and slowly we began to creep up the surging hill of water. We had only advanced some thirty yards when I was nearly pitched head-first into the river as the stern of our boat was caught in a rush of water propelled from an adjacent sunken rock. We

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

were driven against another rock on the opposite side, and in the twinkling of an eye our rudder had gone! At once the men leapt on to the rock and secured the boat, while the trackers flung themselves flat on their bellies to keep the strain on the line. Gradually we backed a little to a safer spot, where we remained till a carpenter could come from a neighbouring village and a new rudder could be rigged.

On this particular occasion I occupied the interval in taking photographs of the exciting scene afforded by the other more fortunate boats which passed us. Then I got into a tiny craft with nine other men and was pitched and tossed to the opposite bank, whence I obtained a more general view. Looking at the rapid from above, it appeared impossible to my inexperience that a boat as large as ours could live in it. The rocks seemed scattered in indescribable confusion, and over them the water surged like a choppy sea in the channel. For boats coming down-stream the sunken rocks were marked by pieces of matting stuck on poles. These boats had long rudder-sweeps in the bows and eight to ten men, rowing as though their lives depended on it, as indeed they often do, for it is only thus that sunken rocks can be quickly enough avoided. One such boat flashed by us at fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, stacked high with blue and white crockery, and there seemed good reason to wonder whether this would ever reach its destination.

The passage of the rapids down-stream is more dangerous than going up. The men who help the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

crews over the difficult places are fine fellows. Yet for their services over half a mile of roaring water they receive no more than one halfpenny and a little rice. The small shops along the road or bridle path which follows the river contained tapers for burning to the gods, Japanese-made matches with English trade-marks and language, and tins of kerosine oil. But the principal stock-in-trade appeared to be a kind of domino card, with which the boatmen and fishermen indulged the gambling habit which is part of the Chinese people's existence. There were also opium dens with women among the smokers.

These women of Hu-nan were, on the whole, good-looking, with ruddy, full cheeks, tiny feet (on which they managed to get along the roads quite well), and picturesque costumes of long jackets and wide trousers in various colours, mostly light-blue with broad borders of dark-blue intersected with white lines.

About three p.m. our new rudder was shipped (at a cost of 1,250 cash or 2s. 6d.) and once more began our struggle against the elements, a struggle entailing three hours of arduous labour.

Our lives depended on the strength of the two green bamboo hawsers; if one broke the other would go, too, and at any moment our boat might share the fate of others, the débris of which we could see, and be cut to pieces on the sharp edged rocks. Sometimes there are 500 yards of line out, and if it breaks under the tremendous strain we would be hurled back on the rocks and smashed to atoms.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

It speaks well for boat-builders and navigators that there are not more disasters; and better still for the makers of these bamboo ropes, when twenty to thirty men are to be seen lying almost flat on their bellies with others on board in a like position, using long poles to fend off the boat from the rocks, while the boat creeps slowly up, an inch in every three or four minutes.

When a strong breeze blew behind us a sail was harnessed to our assistance.

At last we breasted the hill, and everyone heaved a sigh of relief and turned their attention to food. Never did honest workmen earn their poor fare more worthily. At each meal one man would consume five or six small bowlfuls of boiled rice with chillies, a little white cabbage, fish (skin, bones, heads, tails, fins and all), or water-snails, or for the epicure the inside of a pig—in fact, anything not too expensive. To my enquiries as to the number of bowls which one man would eat in a day, they answered: “Oh! about forty,” and explained apologetically that if a man did not eat plenty he could not do such hard work in cold weather and water. Some of these men smoked opium; but one took small anti-opium pills after each meal to help him cure the habit.

This experience was only one of many, since almost every day one or more rapids had to be negotiated.

During this trip I was accompanied by a river gunboat commanded by Captain Yang, a Hunanese of the best type and a bright energetic fellow, who

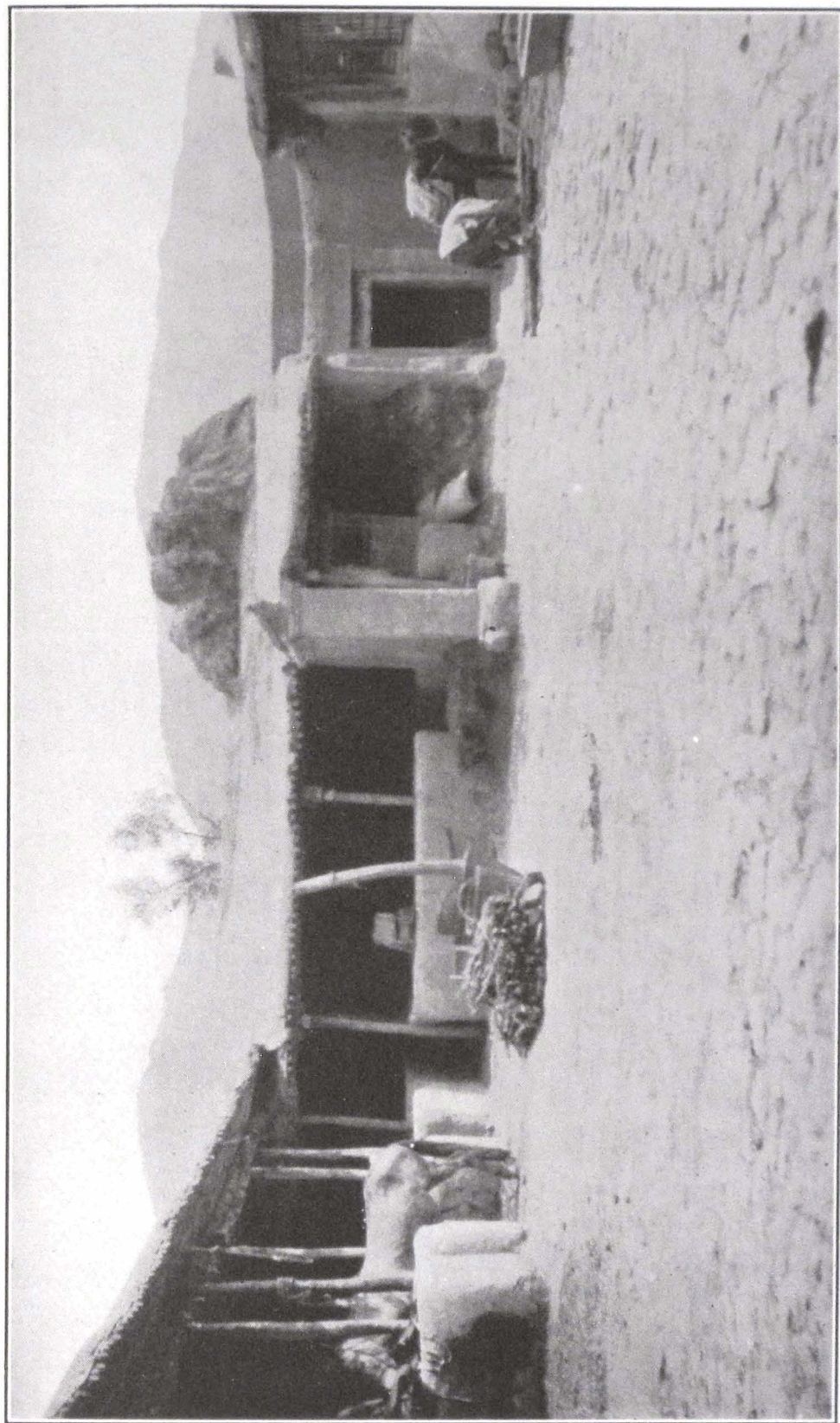
A CAVALIER IN CHINA

had wonderful powers of persuasion. At the end of our journey together he made me a present of what he called his first-lieutenant, a flail of bamboo with which he was wont to enforce his orders and on which was written in Chinese ideographs: "Hu' nan—long time fighting well. Camp—left No. 9, small boat, guarding river. Take care!" Which may be freely rendered as "No. 9 small boat of the left wing of the renowned Hu-nan warders."

Yang and I became great friends, and we used to walk along the banks together, searching for small birds, of which I was anxious to make a collection, in the hope of finding new specimens. He was full of fun and a favourite among the fair sex, whose blushes rose when we passed them. He would frequently call out to me in a loud voice: "Nin ch'iao—hao k'an ma?" "Look, sir, isn't she pretty?"

One day as I was boiling my thermometer in my cabin to ascertain how many feet we were above Hankow, Yang shouted: "Duck!" I seized my gun and running out of the saloon saw what looked like some particularly beautiful mallard sitting on the water out of range. Luckily there was a man near the bank with a tiny boat into which we jumped and gave chase. But in my haste I had seized the nearest cartridges to hand, which proved to be No. 9, and with one of them I barely winged my bird.

When we reached the spot where we had seen him last he had disappeared. Then we thought we saw him close to the bank some way off, so we



COURTYARD OF A CHINESE INN AT T'AO-HUA-PU, WEST OF PEKING.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

landed. But we were again disappointed, for suddenly he appeared in midstream. Again we embarked, only to discover that what we had taken for the duck was a piece of wood. We were just giving up hope when again we saw him a long way down stream, close to the bank. And here I should mention that at the time of starting I had nothing on but my pyjamas, a poshteen (yellow silk embroidered goat-skin) coat and long felt pull-over boots. In this awkward and fantastic garb, therefore, I waded to the shore and ran, as best I could, along the bank.

Another shot with No. 9 sent him back to midstream. I was in despair, but thought I would hide and wait. Soon my patience was rewarded; he approached the bank lower down. Horribly hampered by my clothes, I crawled towards him on my hands and knees and gave him another barrel, which effectually brought him to bag. What was my disgust, on picking him up, to find, not a fine fat duck for breakfast as I had hoped, but a bird with a long pointed beak of a kind which I had never seen before. A beautiful bird, nevertheless, and, since I could not eat him, he should be added to my collection, though it never entered my head that such a large and handsome creature could have escaped previous ornithologists in China. For to find new species of birds, or butterflies, in any country it is the plain and insignificant which must receive our attention; all the conspicuous and beautiful creatures have been already appropriated.

My aquatic friend, however, turned out to be a

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

fine male of a pair (I got the female later) of Merganser *Squamatus*, described by Professor Ogilvie Grant as "hitherto known only from a young male described by Gould in 1864."

Thus began a collection of 184 specimens of birds, 841 shells, including some new species of vivipara and 20 insects, including one new species, besides a collection of fish which, unfortunately, went bad during the long journey and over the loss of which, I was told, Professor Boulanger wept bitter tears.

This collection provided me with an occupation of absorbing interest and afforded no little amusement to my Chinese friends, who unaware of the claims of scientific research, thought that I ate the birds and the fish, used the insects and snakes for medicine, and the shells as charms.

The Chinese love small birds and do not approve of their being shot, a sentiment with which I sympathise. But although they do not shoot or kill them, they are experts at ensnaring them and delight to keep them as pets. They carry them about in cages, and often hold bird shows and gymkhanas, in which the feathered favourites are trained to perform many tricks, to fly high in the air and return to their masters' cages.

My collection, which I presented to the British Museum, comprised several other rare birds and three species hitherto unknown, one of which *Siva Wingatti* perpetuates my name.

My modest contribution to science was acknowledged by Professor E. Ray Lankester in the following complimentary words:

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“The Trustees greatly appreciate the assistance which has been rendered to the Museum through your explorations, and they have directed me to convey to you the expression of their special thanks for these valuable additions to the National Collections, which are of peculiar interest as coming from a little known region.”

As a collector I was poorly equipped. I was ignorant and had no proper gun. This necessitated using my 12-bore with dust shot, supplemented by a small pistol. Armed with these two weapons, Wang, the taxidermist, and I would stalk and dodge the tiny specimens of the feathered tribe round bush and hedgerow, trying to come within range of three feet, the longest distance at which we could use the pistol, for, in most cases, the gun would have blown the delicate little bodies to pieces.

Wang, in his long, pale blue cotton coat with the pistol in both hands, levelled to his eye, moving slowly round the bush in a sitting posture, followed closely by a wild barbarian, bending low with gun in hand like some brigand in a play, must indeed have caused some surprise to the Celestial country people.

It might be imagined that, in a journey by boat averaging only $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles a day, time would hang heavily, even allowing for the novelty of the occasion. But indeed the contrary was the case. What with continuing my study of the language, both literary and colloquial, writing up my diary and letters, checking my instruments and entering up the weather charts, supervising the plane-table traverse of Mr. T'ung, going on shore for long

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

trudges to examine methods of agriculture and manufacture, to enquire as to prices, to see the dwellings of the people and to collect birds, butterflies, insects and shells; what with reading a little, talking a little with my Chinese friends, and eating a little, not only was the day far too short, but when bed-time arrived at about 9.30 or 10 I was so tired that, when I woke in the morning, it seemed also that the night was not sufficiently long.

Occasionally the hours of slumber would be disturbed by some quarrel, either on a neighbouring boat, our own, or on shore. Now, it is proverbial that the Frenchman roused to wrath is voluble and gesticulatory to a surprising degree; but the most loquacious and demonstrative Frenchman is not to be compared with the Chinese for verbosity and pantomime in the conduct of a quarrel.

A curious instance of this was afforded one day on this river journey.

The quarrel had arisen between two men on the river bank, each of whom, standing within a foot of the other, was shouting and gesticulating to such an extent that murder seemed imminent. In a moment, however, apparently from nowhere, as always happens in China, there appeared other men, who proceeded to take sides, not as I imagined with the idea of backing their man, but with the object of putting a stop to the quarrel as quickly as might be with due regard to the outlet of "ch'i," or angry vapour, and the preservation of "face." To "tiu-lien" or lose face, not literally as with pugilists, but metaphorically, is to the Chinese what loss of honour is to an English gentleman.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Now the peacemakers seized each their man and, struggling violently, pulled them apart.

"Stupid meddlers," thought I, when the combatants had been dragged fifteen yards distance from one another, "it is all over."

But not at all. A tremendous shout arose. One infuriated quarreller quickly rushed back towards the other, closely pursued by his anxious friends, his abusive arguments literally bursting from his lips. Just as he was within a few feet of his adversary, who, I decided this time, would be hurled to the ground and annihilated, he was overtaken by his party and once more dragged away. But this onslaught so provoked the other party, whose man was almost foaming at the mouth with "ch'i," that perforce they had to let him go, and off he dashed towards his receding enemy, only to be captured again in the nick of time.

Soon both parties again had their struggling men safe and now some fifty yards apart. Hastily one was thrust into a small boat by the bank and pushed out into the stream, whereupon the other remaining on the bank was allowed to go free.

And now the word battle—the combatants being at a safe distance—gained renewed energy and vilifying expletives spluttered from the mouth of each belligerent, like discharges from Maxim quick-firers. As the man in the boat slowly drifted down the stream, while rowing towards the opposite bank, the quarrel became not so much a dispute as a competition in noise and in the vilification of ancestral tablets, each one degree more

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

remote, until at last the voices were lost in the sound of the running water, and so at last peace reigned.

Here we have an instance of arbitration in its simplest and most democratic form without resort to law. The conduct of their quarrels (of which this was a typical example) brings into prominence four main characteristics of the Chinese—first, their love of peace, which, even in the heat and turmoil of battle, is ever present; second, their personal pride, for peace is only to be enjoyed if it can be obtained without loss of “face”; third, though it may sound paradoxical, their reverence for their ancestors, which, therefore, is the most vulnerable point on which they can be attacked; fourth, their socialism, which, while the unit is the family as opposed to the individual of the Occident, yet shows individuals combining to prevent one of their number from overstepping the mark. A better understanding by the foreigner of the nature and workings of “ch’i” might be used to prevent war.

I have a favourite theory that a people become like their dogs, or perhaps it may be that the dogs take their characteristics from the people. The Chinese national dogs, called by foreigners “wonks,” have much in common with their owners. Both are, as a rule, well made and good to look upon; in both their bark is terrifying, but is seldom followed by a bite. When at some distance from his enemy, the “wonk” assumes a fierce expression, shows his sharp, bright fangs and makes much noise, barking and snarling with hair erect. When

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

threatened, he will retreat a little way, but if his assailant withdraws, he will again make bold advances. Those ignorant of his character stand afar off and tremble. Thus the "wonk" attains his object. That he had no intention to do harm is nothing to the point; his one idea is to intimidate and so gain his point without actual combat. When he meets with a bold man who knows his ways, he will move off with a crab-like gait, barking and snarling the while. Like the Indian pariah, he delights to bark at night at something or nothing, and no one is able to say the reason why. The "wonk" to be seen in the streets and outskirts of cities are often miserable and mangy curs; but in the interior of China the farmsteads are often guarded by splendid, woolly-coated, large dogs of the collie type, sometimes plucky and always very fierce.

Once while passing through the fields of a farm I was so fiercely attacked by such a dog that, to save my calves, I was obliged, much against my will, to give him a charge of small shot from my gun. Although, owing to his thick coat and the smallness of the shot, he was only tickled, the discharge was successful in driving him towards the house, from which, on the report of the gun, several infuriated men armed with various agricultural implements came rushing towards me with much shouting. Fortunately, I could calm them in their own language, and by the help of a dose of that never-failing medicine in China—silver—all was well.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The habits of the "wonk" were amusingly exemplified in human form, on a future occasion, when we were sailing quietly along a particularly beautiful and peaceful reach of the river, shut in on both sides by well-wooded hills and cultivated valleys. Suddenly the welkin rang with a wild, eldritch screeching which seemed to emanate from one of the hill-sides and continued almost without ceasing. It sounded like someone in the throes of death, or subjected to some hideous form of torture, and I appealed to Wang as to whether we should not land and rush to the rescue. Wang was, thereupon, overcome with laughter. As soon as he could speak he said: "Why! dear me, no. It is only a woman reviling the street," an expression used to denote ungovernable rage let loose for some grievance, real or imagined.

Though there was no street and besides ourselves apparently no other soul within earshot, this woman, like the national "wonk," had retired to an open, level spot half way up the mountain side and there, for hours, continued to relieve her wounded feelings!

On this journey I was often to hear the expression "yang-kuei," literally "sea-devil" or "pirate," first applied, no doubt with sufficient justification, to those foreigners from the West who once infested, along with the Chinese pirates, the coast of China. By natural sequence, when other foreigners appeared, more respectable, perhaps, but looking to the untravelled eye of the Celestial not so different from the pirates, this epithet was applied to them

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

also, without malice, though with superstitious fear, by the multitude and with contemptuous hatred by the few who knew better. An unfortunate expression, if you will, to apply to "visitors from afar," forerunners of powerful fleets and armies, but hardly worthy, so it seems to me, of the capital made out of it by foreigners during the last hundred years. Curiously enough, we hear nothing of this opprobrious appellation being applied to Marco Polo, the Jesuits and other early visitors to China.

As a student in Peking, I had learned to be ever on the alert for these ominous words. My fellow students and others long resident in the country duly instructed me that the only way to deal with this insulting nuisance and ensure respect was at once to single out the culprit from the crowd, seize him and hit him hard over the head.

One day as I walked beside this turbulent Yüan River, enjoying the scenery and the bracing air, rounding a sharp corner, I came upon a woman playing with her little girl. Quick as thought, up went the tiny arms with a cry of "Yang-kuei!" and the child in real terror fled to her mother, who covered her head with her skirt that she might not see the devil's blue eyes.

Speaking a friendly word to the woman, I passed on, feeling suddenly enlightened. Was it not possible that we foreigners really appeared as demons to the Chinese? Would not a Chinese traveller wandering in a remote part of the British Isles, dressed in his native costume, carrying a

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Chinese umbrella and fan, perhaps also a halberd or trident in lieu of our gun and revolver—would not such a sight elicit expressions just as ugly as “foreign devil”? What might not have been the treatment of such a Chinese traveller before the advent of the railway and telegraph?

Even as a man suffering from the limitations of an ordinary education, I had disliked the appearance of the Chinese at first sight, so unfamiliar were they. I had hated the immobility of their faces as seen in the street and resented the mystery of their expression.

How much more strange, then, must a foreigner, in his unhygienic and awkward garments and with his haste and lack of manners and ceremony, have appeared to their eyes! So I passed on along the river bank, feeling ridiculous, in that I was a fearful object to the eyes of a little child who, knowing nothing of national resentment or race hatred, spoke from instinct.

CHAPTER XI

ON December 4th we came to some celebrated caves called Ma-tsui-ai. The main entrance was occupied by a poor but numerous family, who, in dread of the spiritual occupants supposed to share their abode, had blocked up all the inner passages with mud and bricks. Having cleared some of this away, and procured lanterns, we proceeded to crawl on hands and knees towards the inner chambers. Years of floods had deposited so much mud that the lofty passages had been converted into mere galleries which necessitated this mode of progression.

These passages ramified in all directions for many hundreds of yards. The largest vaulted chamber I visited was seventy feet high by thirty feet to forty feet broad and beautified by enormous stalactites and stalagmites, forming iridescent crystal columns from floor to roof. The main rock was quartz-like in hardness and grey in colour, intersected with white veins, and in one place a spring of clear, cold water flowed from it for some distance and then disappeared.

Probably the removal of the mud deposit would show the whole cliff honeycombed by these passages and chambers, but at the time of my visit the perpendicular face of rock, rising 150 feet in height, kept its secrets well.

At the mouth of the cave floated a Lung ch'uan or dragon boat over fifty feet, used for racing at the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Dragon Festival held each year, on the fifth of the fifth moon, in memory of a celebrated poet and patriot of the fifth century B.C., who drowned himself in the river Mi-lo because he had become disgusted with the wickedness of the world.

These boats are to be seen about every half mile or so along the banks of the larger rivers in southern China—often in pairs. Nor are the caves and underground rivers uncommon in the western half of the country.

Thus the strenuous tourist and sightseer of the future need never lack fresh fields, while Cook's personally conducted parties will no doubt some day penetrate into these remote corners on the look-out for any evidence of "horrors" which casual study may have led them to expect.

"The Chinese are a cruel people and experts in torture." This was also my belief when I set out on my travels. But subsequent enquiry on the spot proved that the facts had been much exaggerated and the truth distorted.

It was at a picturesquely situated walled town, called Chen-ch'i, which we reached on December 5th, that I had my first view of Chinese official punishment. There I saw a robber, imprisoned in a wooden cage, suspended by his neck, with each big toe resting on half a brick. On the cage was written in Chinese ideographs: "Cage for criminals. The standing cage punishment. (I am the) strong man Chang—the robber!" It was a horrid sight.

He had been in this position for two and a half days and, though his eyes were starting from their sockets, he was still alive. Poor wretch! As a strong

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

man he might thus survive for four days; a weak man would die in a few hours. At any time, of course, death might be hastened by the simple removal of the bricks when the culprit would hang suspended by his chin and the back of his head. But it was worth while to inquire what crime had earned this punishment. It appeared that the man had first killed and robbed a woman on the highway without being brought to account. He had next tried the same tactics on a man, who, however, had escaped to inform the authorities. After some time Chang had been captured, identified by his quondam victim and brought to the magistrate's court at Chên-ch'i for trial. To start with, he had stubbornly denied his guilt, and only laughed when he was subjected to many strokes on the back with the big bamboo. So he was forced to kneel upon chains and, yielding to this torture, he had admitted to the murder of the woman and might have been executed forthwith. Chinese law, however, likes to be sure it has got hold of the right man, so next his legs were placed between two round poles, one above and the other below his ankles and lashed together. Two men then stood upon the upper pole while the prisoner lay on his back on the ground. Under the pain of this persuasion Chang made a clean breast of all his crimes. His confession was thereupon duly recorded and he was caged, with the result that he probably expiated his crimes on the evening of the day we saw him.

Some years later I saw another highway robber

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

undergoing the cage punishment in the city of Wan Hsien on the left bank of the Yangtse River in Ssü-chu'an province. His prison was ten feet high by two and a half feet square, and instead of a half brick there was beneath his feet a board which he could just reach with his toes. The cage was on a platform in front of the magistrate's court in the main thoroughfare, and around it a large crowd had gathered. I passed on. An hour later my travelling companion returned to take a photograph of the dreadful spectacle. He found that the board had been removed and the man seemed, he thought, almost dead. Half an hour later, however, my Chinese servant was passing the spot and found the board had been replaced and the man was alive and spoke to him. Next morning, when we passed, the cage was mercifully empty and beside it, on the ground, was a thin deal coffin with a heavy stone on the top.

This man had belonged to a gang of eight, who had all been convicted of robbery with violence in having broken into a house and murdered three people. As robbery and murder had been rife in the district lately, the Viceroy had ordered these men to be thus publicly hanged or strangled at intervals of some weeks, in order that the people should be duly impressed and overawed. The man we saw was the third of the gang to undergo this cage punishment.

According to Chinese criminal procedure, the head should be severed from the body after death and exposed in the city gateway. But in some cases

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

this mutilation (which is feared more than torture by the Chinese, who only desire to join their ancestors in a complete state of body) may be avoided by rich relatives who will pay an adequate sum to the court lictors.

I do not wish to extenuate Chinese criminal procedure, but the charge of cruelty, which is so often applied to the people, does not differentiate between on one side the generally law-abiding and reasonable mass, and on the other side government methods that actually bear comparison with our own up to a century ago, as well as the atrocities perpetrated by brigands or inflamed mobs.

As Professor Parker truly remarked in 1909:

“It must not be forgotten, when we criticize Chinese severity, that until ninety years ago, Englishmen guilty of treason were cut down from the gallows whilst still alive and their entrails taken out and burned before their eyes. Women were burned alive for treason” (and witchcraft) “until 1790, and even now our floggings, though rare, are as brutal and torture-causing as any flogging the Chinese ever administered.”

With regard to the excesses committed by individuals or angry crowds, the West to-day cannot claim superiority to China, more especially as there has never been any need for a Chinese Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in regard to torture.

Other Eastern countries, and notably Afghanistan, whose men love fighting on the smallest or no provocation and whose hatred finds vent in appalling savagery, have not been so generally

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

accused of cruelty as the pacific Chinese. But there have been few missionaries in Afghanistan, because the Amir permits no interference in the internal affairs of his State and would make short work of any religious propaganda not Mahomedan.

The early missionaries to China were honoured by various emperors and respected by the Chinese people. Under the Mongol dynasty, Christianity flourished, particularly in the Nestorian sect, which had churches in many Chinese towns. Later the Jesuits had great influence. It was not until China was flooded with modern missionaries, backed by foreign warships, that the people (some of whom became not unjustly enraged by the Western attitude) were accused of barbarity.

They were also said to worship their ancestors and to be sunk in gross superstition. The charge of superstition in regard to Taoism and Buddhism, both of which inculcate, among the uneducated, a belief in fairies, spirits and demons, may be as true as it is among many other people professing different creeds. But the veneration, based on the family ideal, that the Chinese accord to their ancestors, was never idolatry, and they were apt to resent the implication. Confucius taught respect for the best traditions and the utmost consideration for others, which was surely not unlike the true Christian ideal, though wonderfully unlike some of its exemplifiers.

The ancient and nameless Chinese religion had as the object of its worship Heaven, or the Supreme Being, and was not trammelled by any priesthood.



THE AUTHOR WITH HUNAN COOLIES

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The Emperor alone, when worthy, was the intermediary between Heaven and the people. When he was not worthy, the people had the right to rebel against his authority. For, according to a later teacher than Confucius, who further expounded the primeval cult (Chao-yung 1011-1087),

“Heaven has never spoken—
It does not reside in the blue,
It is not high, it is not far—
Man can imagine it in his heart.”

In fact, the Chinese believe that man is born good, rather than in the doctrine of original sin. And though their governments may change, this belief is likely to continue.

It is a belief that has enabled them to absorb their conquerors and to accomplish a still more surprising thing, one which no other nation has succeeded in doing.

The Jews first came to China in A.D. 34. Marco Polo speaks of them in 1286 as then having considerable political power. Yet at the present time there remain only a few poor Israelites without a single synagogue. They were never persecuted, but Chinese intelligence proved superior.

As for Mahommedans, there were in 1898 anything from ten to twenty-five millions of the followers of Islam throughout the Chinese Empire, and Chinese civilization had so tamed this number to reason and peace that they could hardly be reckoned as followers of the fighting Prophet. How little Mahommedan and how much Chinese they were may be judged by the fact that they took no

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

advantage of the unique opportunity afforded by the rebellion of 1911-12 to strike out for themselves. Had they been of the same kidney as the Pathans of Afghanistan, they might have conquered China and established, for the first time in history, a Mahomedan dynasty in the Far East.

As all the world must now be aware, the Chinese are a nation of agriculturists, and as such have carried market gardening to a pitch far beyond that of any other people under like condition and equipped with similar primitive implements. China proper contains no large tracts of uncultivated land, except in the mountainous provinces bordering on Burma and Tibet and certain waste tracts covered with scrub and coarse grass, where famine or rebellion have killed off or driven out the inhabitants. There are none of the vast forests and dense jungles of India or Siam.

Foreign naturalists, indeed, complain of the difficulty of finding suitable hunting grounds in China. True, there are a few wild districts where a leopard may be sometimes brought to bag, where a small type of tiger is almost preserved, and where among inaccessible hills and swamps the wild boar roams.

But these animals are tame compared to their Indian or Manchurian prototypes, as though they had become inoculated with some of the pacific instinct of the people.

China, then, is not naturally a country for belligerents, however they may seize opportunity by the forelock. It is a country for the true sportsman,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

who loves to use a gun to bring down edible birds, such as the pheasant of many kinds, snipe, geese, ducks of many species, plover, quail and partridge, all of which abound in a wild state.

However, unless some law is soon enforced to limit the number of wild fowl shot and trapped, extinction may result. The slaughter of pheasant for the market in the lower Yangtse has already cleared whole tracts of this bird, while the annual destruction of egrets and other birds of fine plumage is appalling.

As a workman, the Chinese is nearer to the efficiency of the British than any other Asiatic, keener on his job, more thorough and more independent. But it is as an agriculturist that he excels. There is terraced cultivation in the Himalayan tracts of India and in Japan under miniature conditions. Yet these districts hardly compare with the mountain-side rice and opium fields of Ssü-chuan, Hu-nan and the south-western provinces of China.

Moreover, hills unsuitable for rice and poppy are utilized in Hu-nan for the ch'a and t'ung oil trees. The produce of the first is the chief lubricant for culinary purposes and the second, mixed with other ingredients, gives the varnish which makes Chinese boats both beautiful to look at and impervious to water. T'ung oil is also used for waterproofs, umbrellas, paper lanterns and a host of other things.

The terraced fields of China are like mighty fortifications, walls fifty feet high built, it may be,

over 500 years ago and kept steadily in repair. When the poppy is in bloom—for, unlike in India, where the white blossom greatly preponderates, the Chinese grow all the colours—the sight is one to make the heart sing with gladness for such beauty, until brought to earth again in reflection of what will happen when the flowers fade.

Everywhere there are plantations of small fir trees giving the straight pole like those used in our scaffolding, which the Chinese require for the building of their houses and boats; while, of course, the bamboo—the “gentleman” the Chinese call it—of every kind is made to serve a thousand uses. Besides beautifying the countryside and the interior of the houses we see the utility of this wonderful cane to best advantage in west and south-west China. There a house is built, furnished with chairs, tables, beds, carpets and screens and equipped with the utensils required for kitchen and household use, except, of course, the cooking pots, all from the bamboo. There are bamboo pipes, cradles, ropes, fans, chop-sticks, bows, arrows, spears, penholders, baskets, screens, paper and preserves. In short, there is scarcely an article in use which is not wholly or partly made of bamboo.

The same spirit of thrift and industry causes the Chinese to become very ingenious irrigators, harnessing to their use every drop and trickle of water by methods, primitive no doubt, but which are probably the origin of many a modern machine. Along the Yüan River I saw spider-like wheels of bamboo from fifteen to fifty feet in diameter and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

in batches of two to five raising water by the simple force of the current. This current, passing underneath the wheel and striking the wooden paddles, forced the wheels round and at the same time filled the bamboo receptacles attached to each spoke.

The same sense of thrift, in ages long ago, taught the Chinese to utilize to the best advantage without danger to health, human ordure. This was important in a country where other kinds of fertilizers were scarce and where difficulty of transport was great. Although not a pleasant subject, it is one which cannot be truthfully avoided; for, as every traveller in the Far East must have experienced, it forces itself on your notice. Just as the taste of different nations and individuals varies, so does their sense of smell. That this is so must account for the fact that to the Hindu the smell of the Occidental is abhorrent; while both the Japanese and Chinese so dislike the smell of cheese that it affects them as a rough Channel crossing does an indifferent sailor.

It is in great part due to this national use of ordure that the offended olfactory nerve of the foreign traveller has forced on him the conclusion that the Chinese are, to use an expressive term, such "dirty swine." But the Japanese practise the same method of agriculture in an even more objectionable way, from our point of view, than the Chinese. Why, then, have they been called the cleanest people on the earth? Perhaps it is because the Chinese and their ways are less familiar to us than are the Japanese. The Chinese, of

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

course, have their drawbacks, and yet I am quite ready to believe that they, at least, are born good. For, apart from all their other virtues, they have the saving grace of a sense of humour. It is impossible to know them well without sharing their faculty of accepting life with lightness of heart.

By the wayside, also, in southern China moral precepts are written over the double entrances of wooden sheds, to catch the eyes of travellers in either direction. Thus, the individual farmer takes upon himself the duty of the municipality and local self-government is in evidence.

But above all, thrift is the ruling principle. Beyond their methods of agriculture it is shown in their manner of herding geese and ducks, of which immense numbers are to be seen waddling over the reaped rice fields, picking up the grains fallen in the mud and controlled by a man or boy with a long wand or whip. At his bidding they go and come and the laggards are whipped up exactly like recalcitrant hounds in a pack. On they are driven into the pond or river, the herdsman embarking in a tiny wooden tub and continuing thus to direct their operations.

Fawn and white are the favourite colours, but all kinds are to be seen in China. The domesticated birds are large and fat and supply fine big eggs as large as our English ones; so that, unlike the apologetic things which pass as hens' eggs in India and are lost in the bottom of the too large cups of European design and manufacture, the Celestial egg is a handsome affair, filling its holder as well as its eater.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

From poor and too sandy soil the Chinese reap a plentiful harvest of ground or, as we generally call them, "monkey" nuts. These, being full of valuable oil, are most nourishing, whether eaten raw, cooked, or ground into flour for cakes. The Chinese are experts at roasting them, and as these nuts are on sale everywhere by the roadside, they form a useful, wholesome and cheap food for the traveller and porter who, for a penny, can fill their pockets and continue their journey without anxiety as to when they may get their next meal.

It would be easy to pile example upon example and to illustrate from my own personal experience in the country this remarkable habit of utilising, so far as their knowledge extends, everything upon this earth. But I must refer my reader to other more elaborate works for further information. My object is merely to try and bring home to the reader my own belief that the Chinese nation is pre-eminent in respect of industry and cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XII

ON the 20th December we passed from populous, civilized Hu-nan into comparatively wild Kuei-chou—precious or noble region—so called by the Ming Emperors to emphasize the considerable mineral wealth and grand scenery for which it is famed. The population was barely seven millions (only a third of the Hunanese), and the country was poorly cultivated, largely jungle and much occupied by aboriginal tribes.

In some respects it was comparable to Scotland in the eighteenth century and earlier. The inhabitants of Kuei-chou differed from the Hunanese as do Highlanders from the men of Kent.

On the Yüan River route the boundary between those two provinces is crossed at Ta Yü T'an, Great Fish Rapid. Here we left behind us so-called "anti-foreign" Hu-nan, through the heart of which we had come unharmed. Indeed, looking back at those days, I don't think I ever passed a more enjoyable time than during those six weeks we were climbing the Yüan River and its innumerable rapids. How much our freedom from trouble and molestation may have been due to Viceroy Chang and Mr. Pelham Warren and how much to the Union Jack on our boat, will probably remain unknown. But of the flag it may be safely asserted that not one in a thousand knew what it was and not one in ten thousand what it stood for.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

All authorities agree in speaking of the Hunanese as manly, brave, intelligent, straightforward, obliging, temperate, hospitable folk—in short, good Confucianists. They were better dressed than the average of the Chinese people; true patriots, though anti-Manchu, and above all religious. It was those very qualities which made them hold the fort to the last against the repeated onslaughts of foreign peaceful (?) penetration; prevented them from joining in the troubles of 1900, yet led them to take a leading part in the revolution of 1911-12, and our admiration for them should not be less on that account. “A powerful enemy makes a good friend.” Should Christianity, in its original form, ever be embraced by a majority of the Chinese people, it is among the Hunanese that we may look to find the most zealous and enthusiastic in the newly-adopted faith. Once they begin to assimilate Western methods of industrial enterprise and to employ freely their own and foreign capital, an opportunity will be afforded to those twenty million industrious people to develop for themselves their unquestionably richly endowed province. We may fitly take leave of the Hunanese by quoting verbatim a note made on the day we crossed into Kuei-chou. “You can generally reckon on receiving a maximum of politeness from a native of Hu-nan.”

Christmas day 1898 was spent in the neighbourhood of Ch'ing-hsi, the chief town of a district of that name. It was a city of the dead, remarkable for its walls of grey stone, instead of the usual

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

rose-red brick, sloping away up the southern face of a conical hill. Within these walls little remained except a Confucian temple, an official residence, some mud hovels and a mass of ruined houses and temples. This was my first sight of the handiwork of the Miao tribes of Kuei-chou.

The beautiful memorial arches, however, even they had spared. One, of artistic design, recorded its erection in honour of "a son who obeyed his parents," below which was added

"The seasons come and go
But his likeness endureth for ever."

On another very fine and graceful arch of white marble, encrusted with the moss of ages, was cut on the front slab a long story, telling of how a beautiful and accomplished widow had repeatedly refused the offers of many suitors out of love for her deceased husband, and by so doing had stored up eternal merit besides gaining admiration both local and world-wide, for did not her record meet a barbarian eye 180 years after her demise?

Judge, then, of my surprise to find in this deserted corner of the earth on the opposite bank of the river to this ghost of a town, amid wild and scrub-covered hills, Western industrialism in all its ugliness. For no matter how much we desire to elevate modern mechanics to the pedestal of art, it is stretching our imagination to breaking point to pretend that European factories can give grace to an Eastern scene.

Yet here, in 1898, right in the middle of China, 500 miles from the sea and 15,000 from London,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

with only fifty odd miles of railway in the whole Empire, and with a waterway, which I have attempted to picture, as the only line of communication with the outer world, some sanguine English and French concessionnaires had started a company and planted machinery to exploit the quicksilver, iron and coal which, undoubtedly, exist in the neighbourhood, of good quality and in large quantities.

The story of this venture, as I heard it from the local people at the time, is as follows: In 1892, one Mr. P'ang, acting under orders from the governor of the province, who also contributed funds to the extent of two millions taels of silver (£280,000), erected the works. After a year's operation there was a deficit of a million taels, so orders came to close down. Meanwhile P'ang, being heavily involved financially, took laudanum and his life.

He was succeeded by Mr. Ts'en, who restarted the works and, at the end of another year, the deficit was 70,000 taels. In 1895 work ceased altogether and had not been restarted.

What happened between then and 1901, when a full report of a meeting held in London of "The Anglo-French Quicksilver and Mining Concession (Kuei-chou Province) of China" was published in the *Financial Times* of February 1st of that year, I am unable to say. The chairman's speech on that occasion, whether intentionally or not, was full of humour, and to anyone acquainted with Ch'ing-hsi district and the conditions there it reads like a romance.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

After the works had been in existence nine years the chairman found himself obliged to tell the anxious shareholders: "Of course, we cannot give you a dividend, for we have never produced anything out of which to get one, and we are working a very long way from London, but there has been no time lost. . . . Nor do we intend to lose any time in developing, not only these quicksilver mines, but all the mines in the province of Kuei-chou" (a country 10,000 square miles larger than England and Wales!) Continuing, this optimistic chairman said: "I am reminded by our solicitor that we have made a claim against the Government for the expenditure that has been forced upon us . . . ," and so on and so forth. In fact he might have added: "We have determined to do further evil in the hope that some good may come of it."

Eleven years later the *China Year Book* (1912), in mentioning this company, says: "Owing to difficulties with the Chinese authorities (Republican this time, be it noted), little progress has been made with the development of the properties."

When I gazed with open-eyed wonder at all that expensive machinery from distant England lying there rusting in the half-ruined, though substantial, buildings of foreign design; when I reflected on who had provided the capital and of how, probably, it had been obtained, my heart went out, not to the company, but to the poor, misguided, though civilized and hospitable people of Kuei-chou.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Imagine the reverse of the medallion. Chinese adventurers of the eighteenth century arriving in Scotland (supposing it to be the central province of Europe), local officials welcoming them, providing funds squeezed from the needy Highlanders to help build factories. What would have happened? Why, in less than no time the adventurers would have been lynched and the Highlanders would have been drinking whisky and dancing a reel on the ruins of those factory buildings. And if the Chinese Government of the time had called upon the British for an indemnity would they have got it? Not likely!

Yet because in China the local people were merely passively obstructive to this senseless waste of their money—for, of course, the undertaking, like many others of the kind, was premature—the directors, seated comfortably in their chairs in England, urged the British Government to bring pressure to bear on the Manchu Government of China in order to wring from these poor, harmless people yet further money to compensate the company for loss in an enterprise which it had neither reason nor right to enter upon.

Why dilate at length concerning this insignificant business? Because it began in 1890 and, though little known and unimportant, it is typical of other and greater schemes. Because from what I was able to gather from the people of China in out-of-the-way corners, I have been forced to the conclusion that such methods of conducting international business contribute largely towards dis-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

trust and hatred of foreigners in general and of the British in particular, causing them to be regarded as wolves in lambs' clothing—a feeling which culminated in the débacle of 1900. Because it is wrong, in principle, at any rate, for any government to wring money from the people for what they do not desire. Finally, because it enables me to express the opinion that governments in Europe should be responsible, not for assisting bubble companies to exploit distant foreign lands to the detriment of the local inhabitants and at the expense of ignorant shareholders at home, but for preventing situations such as this one from arising by nipping them in the bud.

At first the people believed that all blame could be laid at the door of the foreigners, who, again, had been taught by early writers and travellers to regard what they dubbed "the heathen Chinese" as a huge joke to be cracked as often as desired. But 1900 cleared the air. Then began in earnest the crusade by Chinese reformers. They showed clearly that it was not because they were heathen or inefficient that the foreigner could exploit them so easily, but because they were being oppressed and misgoverned by an obsolete, weak and corrupt set of officials under an alien Manchu rule. The soil was, after long years of ploughing and harrowing, ready for the seed. It germinated, took root and sprouted in an incredibly short time, so that in 1911-12 the old 1900 cry of "Sha yang shang ch'ing," "Destroy the foreigners, exalt the Manchus," was supplanted by "Sha ch'ing shang yang,"

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“Destroy the Manchus, exalt the foreigners!”—with potent and far-reaching results. The plant is still small and delicate and will require careful nursing and watering, but that its future is bright with the promise of achievement no one who reads its history aright can doubt.

The scene on that Christmas night in the heart of China remains impressed on my memory. There was a crystal clear sky and the rippling stream shimmered in the full moonlight. On the north bank stood the ancient ruined city, full of ghost-like monuments of the departed, the dark grey walls making a triangle of which the north gate stood at the apex, on the hill-top, kept always closed to exclude the wicked demons, its battlements clear cut against the moonlit sky. On the south side, the tall chimneys and familiar outlines of a modern English factory showed silhouetted against the brown grass-covered hills dotted with fir trees.

On these hills grows a bush having a red berry, locally called *chiu-ming-liang*, *save-life-eating*, because when a man has eaten his last crust he can fall back on these berries. They are plentiful and look good to eat, but have no taste and little juice.

Two days later we passed through a gorge where the river, deep and tranquil, flows through precipitous cliffs 400 to 500 feet high, full of holes and caves, from one of which spouted a considerable stream called *Yu* after a prince of the Chou dynasty. This gorge runs east and west, and as we

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

neared the upper end of it the sun was setting while the moon rose full behind us. In front, closing the western end, where the river makes a turn, the rocks towered above an artistically designed stone bridge, in the centre of which was a pretty pagoda. Away up against the skyline was a ting-tzu, or column, designed to bring good luck to the city of Chên-yüan, which lay a few hundred yards above the bridge.

There, on the following morning, the 28th December, our long boat journey came to an end amid the firing of salutes and the hum of many hundreds of people who had lined the banks and foreshore to see the wai-kuo-jen (outside-country man) and his curious flag.

On the previous evening I had been reading Margary's account of his reception at this head of inland navigation, and was now not a little nervous as to how, after a lapse of twenty-two years, we were to be treated.

On the whole, and making allowance for the peculiarly rowdy temper enjoyed by boating populations everywhere in Asia, I was fortunate in only being laughed at, jeered at, called a few names and—when in the chair pushing through the streets of the town going to and returning from visits to the officials—being jostled and rather alarmed by some stone-throwing. No damage, however, was done, except to one of the glass windows of my chair.

We were delayed in Chên-yüan several days, owing to a heavy fall of snow, which rendered the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

roads temporarily impassable. The time was occupied in collecting ten baggage ponies, three t'iao-fu (men with shoulder poles) and three very miserable riding ponies with Chinese saddles for myself and my following. Considerable amusement was afforded to the crowds, especially when I was taking photographs with a full-plate stand camera, the like of which had never been seen before at this place.

The last day of 1898 broke cold and white and uninviting. It was snowing hard; not a day one would select for the first march along a slippery, paved bridle road covered with snow and slush. But it seemed better to end an old year by making a fresh start, since there would be 365 opportunities for beginning the New Year well!

So at 9.45 in the morning we crept out of our nice warm boats and, forming a procession led by our two soldier escorts, we slowly moved off to complete the twenty-one miles to Shih-ping, our first stage on the 140 miles to Kuei-yang city, the capital of the province.

It was not a pleasant experience. At about ten o'clock it stopped snowing; the temperature rose and a slight thaw set in, turning the road into a mass of mud. Then, as the sun went down, it froze again, with the result that the paving stones became as slippery as ice and the baggage animals and chair-bearers were sprawling all over the place. We all had to walk and had many falls. Three hours short of our destination, darkness overtook us, and it was a sorry, mud-covered procession that

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

stumbled through the gate of Shih-ping an hour before the year closed.

New Year's day 1899 was typical of the season, and but for having to trudge another twenty miles through snow and slush, all would have been well in this, one of the many beautiful parts of China.

We were now well into the region where the races of mankind have become inextricably mixed during thousands of years of wars and immigration. The early history of south-western China is still shrouded in mystery and uncertainty; possibly we shall never now be able to unravel the chaotic jumble of tribes and dialects which are to be found in these parts of the Empire. Until some two centuries before our era, the provinces south of the Yellow River were inhabited by pre-Chinese races in various stages of civilization, who were constantly at war with the aboriginal inhabitants, of whom examples may be found to-day on the frontiers of China, Burma, Assam and Tibet.

The Chinese, as we know them to-day, are mostly descended from the Hundred Families who were then in occupation of the fertile loëss soil in the Yellow River basin. Their position in China was comparable to that of the first Aryan invaders in the Punjab. As in India, so in China, each subsequent invasion from the north carried waves of conquest to the remoter regions. Each new dynasty which established itself in Delhi, or Peking, or other northern capitals, waged incessant war against all and sundry in the south.

What the Mongol Emperors did in Hindustan

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the Manchu Emperors did in China. The battle of the tribes still continues in both countries, and to-day in India and China we meet with semi-civilized and almost savage people dwelling in the very midst of highly cultured conquerors.

So here in Hu-nan, Kuei-chou and Yün-nan provinces we found the remnants of the original Sprouts of the Soil (Miao-tzŭ) as their Chinese conquerors designated them. They are now mostly dwellers in the hills and have some remote affinity to the Celt or Gaelic. The thrifty, pushing, Chinese invader has occupied all the cities and towns and good arable land in the valley bottoms.

These Miao-tzŭ are a short, stoutly built, light-complexioned, simple folk, with smiling faces, not unlike the better-looking Gurkhas, but altogether lacking the latter's fighting qualities, which were derived from a large admixture of the blood of the finest Rajput warriors.

As with so many highland races, it is the women who mainly conserve the national costume and customs. Many of these are good looking, with faces like peasant girls in Germany and Austria. The men are often hardly to be distinguished from their Celestial betters. They have the love of bright colours with the kilt, the sporran, the home-brewed spirit and the pipes—not the bag, but rather what might be described as a development of Pan's pipes and possibly the original of the organ. To the weird but not unpleasant accompaniment of this instrument they love to fling up their heels, to reel and to whirl. If these Miao were ever savage it

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

must have been many thousands of years ago, for to-day they are just as civilized in their own way as are some of our hill-dwellers in the north of Britain.

The different tribes are known by the prevailing colour of their dress. The chief are Hei (black), Pai (white), Hua (flowery). The first of these are undoubtedly the finest race, and we were now in their country. Several groups were met with and showed great fear of the Chinese soldiers. Small wonder, when we consider the sanguinary conflicts between them and their conquerors. The last two wars had occurred as late as 1832 and 1887, and raids and counter raids were still happening. Only a few weeks previous to our arrival in the neighbourhood there had been a raid, and we found the heads of the rebels hanging on posts by the roadside. We were constantly coming across towns and temples partly demolished. In fact, this part of China was full of the ruins of war.

The women of the Black Miao wear many-plaited kilted skirts of dark blue, almost black, home woven cotton cloth, with beautifully embroidered hems. Their feet are not bound like the Chinese; they are neat and small, and on them they wear pretty embroidered shoes similar to Western women, but without the distorting high heel. The hair, which is abundant and not black like that of the Chinese, but of a brownish colour, is kept in position by large silver pins. A heavy silver oval necklet, silver bracelets and finger rings complete what is a most becoming costume.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The Flowery Miao, as their name implies, dress in coats of many colours, all home-made and exquisitely wrought.

For some reason, the domestic cock is regarded as a sacred bird among these tribes. Another of their curious customs, not unknown also in some parts of Europe, is the practice of the *Couvade*, where, when a child is born, the father takes to his bed, fasts and looks after the baby, while the mother returns to her domestic and agricultural work as though nothing had happened. The idea behind the *Couvade* seems to be that the father by lying in transmits his spiritual strength to the child, who merely draws physical strength from the mother. When the children are slightly older, they are carried about on their mothers' backs.

On January 3rd the weather changed, though the country was still shrouded as in a tattered white garment of snow.

It was there, standing in wild Kuei-chou, that I first realized the fidelity to nature of those wonderful paintings on silk and rice paper produced by the old Chinese artists and now universally admired. Hitherto those works of the highest genius had seemed to me, with their difference from Western perspective, rather strange, even grotesque. But now, spread out before my eyes, suspended as it were by the Almighty against his own background of Chinese blue sky, was a gigantic Chinese picture of their best period. True, I supplied it with my own idea of perspective, but the Great Artist had surely inspired the first of the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Six Canons of Chinese Pictorial Art which ordains: "The life movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things."

According to a Japanese authority, "Art is here the great mood of the universe, moving hither and thither amid those harmonic laws of matter which are rhythm." That, indeed, was what I saw as I gazed on the fantastically shaped, square-topped mountains and yawning chasms, on the angular pine trees and curved bamboos, on the rolling clouds and enshrouding mists, on the rushing cascades and on the fairy-like temples perched on craggy heights. It was impossible not to behold in this landscape, with its harmonious quality, the life movement of an immortal spirit.

CHAPTER XIII

ON the bank of a clear water stream at the point where the bridle-path wound up the ravine to the dizzy height of the temple perched on the top, I found the grave of the Australian missionary Fleming, done to death two months before. It would be difficult to find a grander or more picturesque burial ground.

The news of Fleming's murder had taken twelve days to reach a British consul, and this delay had caused anxiety as to the fate of myself and of my party. The consul, Mr. Litton, was at Ch'ung-k'ing—the nearest town to the scene of the murder—and I heard afterwards that he had just written Lord Charles Beresford, who at that time was in Hankow: "Where is Wingate? He was to pass that way and I am very anxious about him. It would have been much safer for him to have come this way, up the Yangtse River to Ch'ung-k'ing."

The dear fellow! I am sorry to think I caused him any anxiety, but, of course, the safer way would not have been so interesting.

On the highway we were following we frequently met men leading, on strings, nice-looking, fat, well-cared for dogs. In baskets slung on bamboo shoulder-poles were numbers of puppy dogs. The Chinese custom of eating dogs (it is mostly confined to south of the Yangtse River) has been a favourite jibe of the West. Why people should not eat dogs

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

if they are bred and fed like pigs or pheasants I cannot understand. Is it any greater crime than breeding and shooting, by the thousand a day, tame pheasants or pigeons or ducks, just for the fun of the thing?

Our midday meal was generally by the wayside, *al fresco*, sometimes at an inn or temple, and occasionally we accepted the invitation of some farmer to his house. On one such occasion our host was a man of about sixty years old with five children, three of them grown-up sons. He was quite a small-holding man, and he and his sons looked poor but honest; nevertheless, they all had charming manners. He made us sit at his table while we ate our lunch, washed down with his home-brewed liquor, tea and water, and afterwards we smoked his home-grown tobacco. He and his sons sat around greatly interested; more particularly in our use of knives and forks. They all smoked—the women as well; and consumed some two and a half ounces of home-made tobacco per diem. This tobacco, ready cut, sold for the equivalent of twopence halfpenny a four-ounce packet.

When the father entered the room the three sons at once jumped up and remained standing until he was seated. This family were preparing for the new-year Chinese festivities, making paper money to burn and sweetmeats to place before the ancestral tablet at the family burial place in the neighbourhood. For the Chinese believe without a shadow of doubt that their ancestors survive in another sphere, and that thus surviving they still take a

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

kindly interest in the affairs of this world and deserve in return due consideration.

Along this part of our journey towards Kuei-yang we walked for days on coal. Both bituminous and anthracite were mined locally in the most primitive way; compared to ours the Chinese methods were like the burrowings of rabbits. Coal was sold locally and in the capital for three shillings a ton!

The city of Kuei-yang lay in a hollow, among hills, with a treble-forked stream winding through and around it. The view from the eastern plateau above was a welcome and beautiful sight as it met the eye of the newly-arrived barbarian traveller, weary with his long tramp. To reach it I took the winding road and passed beneath twenty-eight or more memorial arches, records of local heroes and heroines—for you are never allowed to forget the women in China—to the south gate. A short distance back, just before catching sight of the city, we passed two soldiers escorting a wooden cage about two feet square, which two bearers were carrying like a sedan chair. The party had halted at a wayside inn, where the prisoner in the cage was enjoying a drink of tea and a pipe after a hearty meal of rice and pork.

I was informed that this was the actual murderer of Fleming, and that he was being taken to Kuei-yang to be tried and beheaded. I asked him whether it was he who had done the deed. He answered, with a pleasant smile and modest pride, "Yes, it was I who did it."

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The Chinese seldom use handcuffs, preferring this time-honoured method of the cage. A prisoner in a cage can be easily guarded by one weakling policeman. Not that Chinese prisoners are given to escaping, for the system of parental control and local responsibility of elders soon brings the lost one back to the fold.

Of all the Asiatics I have come across I prefer the Chinese as a travelling companion. It was, nevertheless, a joy and a surprise to find in Kueiyang, after two months without meeting an Occidental, the consul, Litton. He had come from Ch'ung-k'ing, three hundred miles up hill and down dale in ten and a half days—a fine performance—to enquire into the circumstances of Fleming's murder and to exact justice, and he was equally surprised to meet me.

My arrival was, however, useful to him, for I was locally credited with having been specially deputed from Peking to assist in the enquiry. In order to maintain the fiction I accompanied Litton in full Lancer uniform and sword to the governor's residence. The article, however, which most interested the Chinese was not my uniform, but my white kid gloves.

When I look through the notes made after our enquiry at Governor Wang's, it is illuminating to reflect on the power of "prestige" in the East. Who could have supposed that an alien Government which was represented in distant provinces of the Empire by such men as Wang could have remained in power for over another decade?

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The inquiry lasted from two to six in the afternoon. As the room grew dark it was illuminated by locally-made tallow candles, assisted by one of foreign manufacture inserted in an old-fashioned brass candlestick, also of foreign make. By this faint light the prefect read the documents, holding them up in front of the candle flame, which, shining through the thin paper, made the characters stand out clear. These documents he extracted as required from his large riding boots—a very ancient custom. Here is what I recorded after the meeting:

“He (Governor Wang) is a useless old bundle of furs. His fur-covered hat was stuck on top of three wadded cotton hoods. The underneath one was of green cloth, the next of blue and the topmost of red. He said little. No wonder, for how could he talk when all the time he was munching sweetmeats made of brown sugar, cracking melon seeds and sipping tea. There he sat, coughing, spluttering like some huge brown seal in a puppet show. Three times the attendants behind his chair replaced the hat which constantly was slipping from its lofty perch on top of the hoods. Each time he gave a nervous jump, upsetting the tea in his lap. He is extremely anti-foreign and altogether looks a besotted, pale-faced reprobate. He is quite incompetent and should be sent home to his wife to take care of him, instead of pretending to rule a province as large as this.”

The Chinese saying—much more ancient than Dean Swift’s—is no doubt applicable to all States, but in China, under the later Manchu rule, it probably attained a greater degree of truth than

anywhere else during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries:

“The large fish eat the small fish;
The small fish eat the water insects;
The water insects eat waterplants and mud.”

We found some forty odd missionaries, Roman Catholic and Protestant, in this remote but pleasant and healthful city. The Protestants lived simply but comfortably in solid Chinese houses in the city and kept a good plain table.

The natural productions of the province, cheap labour and difficulty of communications with the outer world, reduced the cost of living to a very low standard. Beef and mutton sold at a penny farthing a pound, pork at a farthing; eggs at a penny a dozen; and potatoes at a halfpenny a pound. This, too, was a town of 50,000 inhabitants.

The Catholic Missions Étrangères have been established in Kuei-yang since the days of the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion, on the site of a residence of a former Manchu general. This site was obtained in compensation for the murder of a holy father, whose portrait adorned a wall of the cathedral.

The kind father invited Litton and me to “déjeuner.” About eleven o'clock in the morning we presented ourselves before the great double doorway, on which we were somewhat staggered to see life-size paintings in brilliant colouring of a French cuirassier on one side and a Chinese dragon on the other—a reminder of the Church militant.

The dining hall was a spacious, oblong room, the walls decorated with life-size frescoes. There

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

was a Chinese sportsman aiming a modern rifle at a most ferocious-looking tiger which was itself busily occupied in stalking a deer.

We sat down at a long, bare, but cleanly polished table laid with knives, forks, spoons, plates and glasses. As we surveyed the sumptuous array of good things our mouths watered at the prospect of such a feast. There were good red wine and cider; bread and honey; venison, mutton and pork; pheasant, capon, soup and salad; oranges, grapes, pomegranates and pears. When we had eaten our fill of these we had coffee, cognac and tobacco. All these articles were the produce of the locality. Sitting there, surrounded by red-cheeked, jovial, good-natured priests, whose round bellies "with good capon lined" shook with laughter, it was hard to believe we were over 500 miles from the nearest Western civilization at Hong Kong; that we were not really enjoying the proverbial hospitality of the monks of Chartreuse, or some equally celebrated hostelry in France.

While in Kuei-yang I was fortunate in unearthing two ancient war drums of cast bronze, of which genuine specimens are now difficult to obtain. Mine cost me fifty shillings each, and experts declare them genuine. They date from the commencement of our era, and were used by the armies of those days as drums when on the war path and as cauldrons during halts. Dr. Bushel says that such drums were a "characteristic production of the Shan tribes," who once formed the ruling power in the country bordering Siam and Burma.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The modern kettledrum is probably developed from these veritable drums and kettles combined.

A great authority, Wells Williams, has declared that "the insects of China are almost unknown to the (foreign) naturalist."

Notwithstanding, many foreign travellers and some Chinese have complained bitterly concerning two species, the one active and the other sluggish, which are supposed to frequent Chinese inns and more particularly those of western China. Personally I enjoyed almost complete immunity from attack, due to following Chinese advice and invariably carrying with me three large sheets of Chinese oilcloth. One of these I spread on the ground beneath the camp bed or on the k'ang (the Chinese equivalent for a divan plus the central heat), the other underneath the bedding and the third one on top. No vermin will tread that oilcloth, and with such simple precautions a peaceful sleep may be enjoyed.

I introduce this subject here because it was in Kuei-yang that I first saw a curious and most ingenious method of destroying fleas—one which, owing to its low cost, would prevent Keating's powder making much headway among the Chinese. We have rat, mouse and man traps; but to me the trap for the active flea was a novelty. It was simply a small box of bamboo with holes in it. Inside was a smaller box without holes. This inner box was smeared over with a kind of sticky substance, such as we see on fly papers. The inquisitive and hungry flea, seeing the strange box, bounds through the hole and lands in his grave, stuck fast.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

In Ssü-ch'uan province the making and repair of these traps afforded employment to a special class of men, who went round of an evening from house to house cleaning and resmearing the traps in payment of a sum considerably less than one farthing.

It was on a wet and misty morning, characteristic of the climate of the Kuei-chou plateau, that I left the capital to continue my march towards Burma. Litton was to accompany me for two or three days, as he wanted to do a little pheasant shooting on the moors. In spite of the weather we enjoyed some good sport and bagged several brace of really wild pheasant.

There are over twenty kinds of this grand bird in the Chinese Empire. Besides the commoner birds, I got both reeves and silver pheasant close by the wayside. The tail of the reeves is of great length and much prized by Chinese actors on the stage as a head decoration.

While engaged in this exhilarating exercise on moors that reminded me of Scotland, we became aware of a green official sedan chair approaching from the west. I was close to the road at the time it reached me, and I was astonished to see the bearers suddenly halt and put down the chair, from which descended a Chinese official in all the glory of silk brocades and satins. He knelt down before me in the mud and slush and knocked his head on the ground for all he was worth. Then he rose and grasped my left hand, for my right was holding the gun over my shoulder. Without pre-

liminary explanation he hastened to assure me that he was a great friend of the missionaries and had left Chên-yüan *before* Fleming's murder. Of course, he explained, he was not less blameworthy on that account, since it had occurred within his jurisdiction, and certainly he should have prevented its happening. I must surely realize that he, of all men, would never have abetted or encouraged such a horrible crime.

When I could get in a word I inquired to whom I had the honour of listening. He seemed surprised, and said: "Surely you know me, Ch'uan, the Commissioner of Chên-yüan at the time of Mr. Fleming's murder." And he went on to say that he was then hastening to Kuei-yang to render an account of himself before Mr. Litton, the British Consul, who he had been told was now waiting in the city ready to hold the inquiry. Would I kindly tell him where the consul was staying?

Litton was at that moment close to my elbow, and grinning, but he moved away to avoid possible complications.

Mr. Ch'uan took no notice of him, but continued to protest to me his innocence, and when he appeared to have talked himself out I remarked: "But what has all this to do with me? It is not my affair."

Ch'uan was taken aback. "Surely you, too, have come about this murder?"

"Not at all. It is no concern of mine. I am only an Indian army officer returning to Burma by this direct route."



PICTURE OF CONFUCIUS AT WU-TAI



A BELL TOWER AT WU-TAI.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Suddenly he realized how he had wasted his time and energy and dirtied his shoes and clothes all to no purpose. He looked foolish, and no doubt felt it, for he hastily murmured: "Lao chia, lao chia" (Excuse me; excuse me!), popped into his chair and was gone.

Little did I dream that this very man (so I was informed later) was the private secretary of the chief civil official concerned in the murder of Margary in 1875.

Next day Litton returned to Kuei-yang, and I never met him again. After several years of useful and arduous work as consul in Yün-nan province, and with the Commission to delimitate the Burmese-China frontier, when he was badly wounded in a brush with the Wild Was, he died in harness in Yün-nan of fever contracted during his many wanderings.

Like his forerunner in this region, Colborne Baber, he was a brilliant example of that much-abused but splendid corps, the British Consular Service in China. Those who derive their wealth and comfort from our trade with Asia are too apt to forget what they owe to government officials, exiles from their native land, often alone and unsupported, men who by their foresight, pluck and strenuous endeavour have made the British name a byword for straightforward dealing, prompt action and justice.

The interior of China was until a couple of decades ago almost unknown to the British public. Consequently little has been heard of the journey-

ings, discoveries and adventures of our consular officers. Of military men, concessionnaires, missionaries and their doings we have been kept fully informed; but the conscientious, patient and unostentatious consuls have remained, with few exceptions, in obscurity. Those who know of and can appreciate what they have accomplished during the last half century in the Far East are surprised at the inadequacy of the honours and rewards grudgingly bestowed upon them. Small wonder that some of the most capable quit the service early in their careers for more profitable occupation.

Litton, unappreciated, almost unheard of, was of the type of those who come to the front in the hour of need. Where his country's interests were concerned he never spared himself. As I watched him stride away eastward on that drizzly Sunday morning, his curly brown hair all damp with the rain and his tall wiry frame alert with energy, I felt that the interests of our country were safe in his keeping.

On west we went, across the plateau for seven days, through the important town of An-shun, where, on market days, you may see ten thousand curious and interesting people—a *conversazione* of the Miao tribes.

At Pai-shui Ch'iao, White-water Bridge, the road crossed a sheet of dancing, laughing water, full a hundred yards broad, flowing over ruddy-brown limestone and precipitating itself between frowning cliffs into a rocky abyss 150 feet below. The Chinese have a poetic instinct in the names

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

they give to places many of which when translated show a pretty wit.

Down we went to the little stream at the valley bottom, preceded by a stout official in his furs and wraps, comfortably smoking and dozing in a heavy sedan chair borne by four lusty men. Well might they rest and heave a sigh as they beheld the road zigzagging up the opposite mountain. Two thousand five hundred and seventy-four were the number of steps I counted to the top. Yet slowly but steadily up came the chair, and never a step did its owner walk.

We were following the original old highway, which had been abandoned for some years in favour of a more northern and less difficult one. Our survey of the road was the first ever made. A wild country it was, too. A country of genii and fairies! At one place, called Huang-kuo Shu (Yellow-fruit Tree), the earth seemed spread with a cloth of gold, so numerous and heavily laden were the orange trees. Here, in the orange valley, right in the middle of a field, was a moss-covered, picturesque stone bridge, with not a sign of a water channel anywhere to be seen. Such sights are common throughout the Chinese Empire and are the "footprints on the sands of time." Our oranges, like our white pigs and fowls, our pheasants, our tea and silk all came originally from China. The mandarin and the tangerine were growing here in profusion; also another larger kind. Those who have not plucked a ripe orange from the tree and eaten it scarcely would believe the difference in

flavour from those sold in London, most of which are picked green.

On the 21st of January we descended 3,000 feet to the P'an-chiang, a considerable river crossed by a fine iron chain suspension bridge. Close to its western end we found a fourteenth-century image of Buddha in carved stone about twelve feet high. A tablet inside the shed which was built over it gave the names of those who in A.D. 1695 erected this protection from the elements.

The suspension bridge, built three hundred odd years ago, had been repaired three times. The first time it was worn out through use, the second time it was destroyed by the Miao tribes, and the third time it was carried away by abnormal floods. At the western end was another colossal Buddha cut in the solid rock, dating only from the eighteenth century.

All travellers love to follow untrodden paths. As I stood on this old bridge I wondered if, perhaps, I might not be the first of my race to do so. Margary came not this way, and of missionaries there were then not any along this southern line. So it pleased me that I should be gazed at by a crowd of many hundreds, only a few of whom might have seen foreigners from the West. They watched me with interest in my strange clothes, eating my frugal meal off a white tablecloth, using knives, forks, spoons and glass. They took special interest in the tin of condensed milk. The Chinese as a race do not use animal milk in any form. This is a remarkable fact, because the staple foods of the Mongols are milk (in various forms) and mutton.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

I had become accustomed to Chinese crowds; indeed, I welcomed them, for I was certain to leave them a wiser and not a sadder man. Childe Harold, had he made his pilgrimage in China, would have exclaimed with even greater truth:

“In solitude, where we are least alone.” In the whole course of my journeyings in the Celestial Empire, when removed from Western influences, I only once succeeded in escaping observation for more than a few minutes. This was when I ascended to the summit of a high mountain. On commencing that ascent from a road by the town there was a large crowd of interested followers. Gradually, as the path became steeper, they dropped away by twos and threes, until, when the path ceased and the ascent became a climb, there remained only two faithful ones. At length one of these stopped, and finally, on my making a final appeal, announcing my determination to reach the highest point, the remaining one sat still and watched me until I had disappeared from view.

Those who have wandered in the interior of China—of course, missionaries are exempted, since it is their business to collect and harangue crowds—must sympathise with this parody of Alexander Selkirk’s famous islander:

“O solitude! rare are thy charms
And not to be found in this place,
Where I roam very far from alarms,
Amid the Celestial race.
These folks, whom I seem to amuse,
Track my footsteps o’er mountain and plain,
And to leave me they stoutly refuse,
Though I ask them again and again.”

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The fact that it is difficult to be alone in China may sometimes be tiresome. But, on the other hand, hospitality and friendliness outweigh curiosity.

At one town, after a hard march through snows and sleet, over steep bridle-paths often obliterated in ploughed fields, we were met by an official heading a procession of men and boys who carried flags and tridents and made a great din with gongs and drums. There was an umbrella of honour for me, and the official greeted me with deference and invited me to stay at his residence. Here I passed twenty-four pleasant hours in medieval style. He presented me with half a sheep, two fowls, two ducks and three Yün-nan-made felt rugs.

In return I gave him a pair of folding scissors, a pair of coloured spectacles complete with case, a bottle of Burroughs and Wellcome's quinine tabloids, an ounce of sulphate of quinine, four tins of American condensed milk, one tin of French coffee and two boxes of Bryant and May's matches.

It is through such little amenities that intercourse is encouraged and trade expanded.

CHAPTER XIV

THE pleasure of recalling those happy days in remote China prior to 1900 is to me so intense that it is easy to forget that travellers' tales may become wearisome. I will therefore hasten towards the end of this journey.

At the small frontier town of Sheng-ching Kuan we passed beneath an archway on which was engraved in Chinese characters the legend "Welcome to the Land of Promise, South of the Clouds," that is Yün-nan.

The Chinese have a proverb: "Take care of yourself in the heat of Ssü-ch'uan, the rain and mist of Kuei-chou and the winds of Yün-nan," and, like so many Chinese sayings, it exactly describes, in the fewest words possible, the main climatic features of these three provinces.

In the town were four stone lions, two facing east and two west; the former had scales and the latter had dust on the scales in addition, a Chinese method of illustrating the climatic conditions in the respective provinces.

On February 1st we arrived at the four-hundred-year-old city of Ch'u-ching Fu, 6,450 feet above sea level. It is situated near the southern end of a delightful green valley forty-five miles long and five broad, enclosed with low pine-clad hills and watered by one of the sources of the pirate-infested Pearl River of Canton. Here it is a clean water

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

stream sixty yards broad, and its pretty name is not belied as it is further south. It also affords excellent sport to the fisherman.

In this valley I enjoyed good shooting among all kinds of wild fowl, woodcock, snipe and pheasant. There were also small deer; roebuck, I think, but I did not see them, though I ate some excellent venison.

No foreigner need fear being sent to live at Ch'ü-ching. There are beef and mutton and vegetables, all good. There are fish, hams, bacon, pork, geese, duck, teal, snipe, woodcock, pheasant, oatmeal and honey. Three kinds of oranges are to be found—the mandarin, the thin skinned and the bitter, which make good marmalade. There are two kinds of apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums and mulberries all growing locally. There is fine air and a bracing climate. Coal is plentiful and cheap, also coke. One little urchin, carrying a basketful weighing over fifty pounds, offered me the contents for six cash, less than one farthing. There is also plenty of fine timber which could easily be improved and increased. A cartload of firewood costs sixpence. Salt, however, is dear. It has to be brought in lumps, carried on wooden cradles on men's backs over high passes, each load weighing about one hundred pounds. It cost about a penny-farthing a pound.

There is one drawback to this ideal place. Plague sometimes visits the district and creates havoc. At Ch'ü-ching I met an Australian gentleman with his wife and family belonging to the China

Inland Mission, living in a nice house within the city walls. They seemed as happy as grigs, well-treated by the Chinese and treating well the Chinese and themselves. The lady one day wore a beautifully embroidered Chinese silk dress which, she told me, cost her only fifteen shillings and sixpence. I purchased for a small sum a quantity of locally worked embroidery—coarse, country, cotton cloth, worked in a charming design with dark-blue and pale-blue silk.

Yet in this old Roman-like city my feelings received a shock, for the province was obviously capable of accommodating at least five times its existing population.

Strolling one afternoon on the top of the moss-grown, loop-holed and castellated walls, enjoying the crisp air, the sunshine and the pretty scenery, at peace with all the world in this comparatively quiet corner, so different from the hustling, bustling towns of Hu-nan and Hu-pei, I approached a bastion which I found to be hollow, a round hole about ten feet diameter occupying the centre. It was half filled with what at first sight I took to be stones and rubbish. Peering more intently into its depths, I was horrified to discover numerous skulls and several bodies of infants, two or three still with the flesh on them, only partially concealed by mat coverings.

At once I realized that before me was one of China's excess female-infant receptacles. It was the first and, I am happy to say, the last I have actually seen during thousands of miles of travel

in China. Of course, I was horrified. Yet when I considered the matter I could still find some excuse for the Chinese. They never practised birth-control, and the practice of female infanticide was confined to certain areas among the poorer classes. Among these people it was more necessary to have sons than daughters, because sons would contribute to the support of their parents, while daughters, however beloved, could only be an encumbrance unless they married.

The result was no surplus of women in China as in Western countries, and nevertheless a steadily increasing population. Knowing how well the Chinese care for their children, girls as well as boys, I believe, despite this one dreadful sight, that the practice of female infanticide was not common and was greatly exaggerated by missionaries. When babies were first found exposed at the doorways of poor dwellings they were hastily picked up by compassionate and interested missionaries and adopted to become converts.

Here to the intelligent Chinese was an excellent opportunity. The children that they loved need not die from exposure, but would inevitably be saved at foreign expense. The supply of little converts almost met the demand, and the missions, not altogether gladly coping with the expense, ascribed it to Chinese cruelty.

By way of contrast to the charnel hole in this same town, I happened on the poetic ceremony of "going out to meet the spring," which could be witnessed any February in almost every town in

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

China. The district magistrate, attended by all his satellites, with music and banners and a concourse of people and hundreds of children, passed in procession through the streets to a spot selected outside the walls, and there offered incense to the model of a buffalo or an ox.

The ceremony was, of course, connected with agriculture, like the spring ploughing which the Emperor himself used to perform at the Temple of Agriculture in Peking, and it is also semi-religious.

In Eastern Yün-nan I found people more independent and less inclined to wonder at and be deferential to foreigners, even though they were "travellers from afar." This may have been due to the proximity of the French in Tonking at a time when the Chinese firmly believed the fate of Africa was to become theirs. In order, therefore, to obtain what I required I had to resort to methods which, regarded from this distance of time, make me blush.

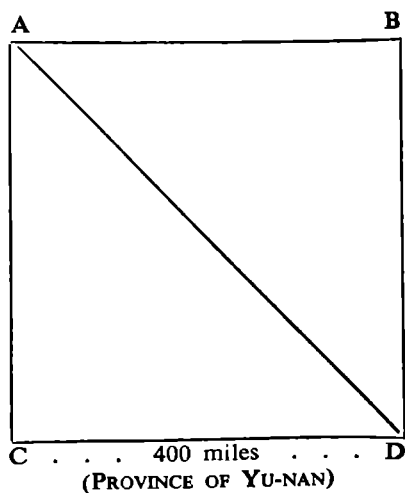
At a certain town the official in charge—his position was that of a mayor, magistrate or revenue officer and half a dozen other officials combined in England—would render me no assistance whatever; he would not even provide me with the usual two policemen as escort. So I was obliged to remonstrate in person. I told him that I had been twice received in audience by his Emperor, was acquainted with many of the highest officials in China; that I had a special passport from the Peking Foreign Office, ordering all and sundry to protect, assist and speed me on my way and,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

finally, that if he did not immediately comply with my request I should, on reaching Yün-nan city, telegraph my complaints to Peking. When I opened fire he was standing at ease. As I mentioned the words for Emperor he came smartly to attention, and as I discharged my final salvo he turned and was off like a monoplane.

In less than ten minutes I was starting on my journey completely satisfied. The old Peking Government, under an effete but empirical regime, had a long arm as dwellers in Kashgar and Lhasa and the remotest corners of the Empire have frequently learned to their cost. We may doubt whether a democracy acting through a House of Commons will be equally successful. As for my little ruse, it is sometimes useful to attack an adversary with his own weapons, and the best of these is bluff.

The province of Yün-nan, whose capital city was now near, has been not inaptly compared to Switzerland. It forms a rough rectangle with a side of four hundred miles. It is about ten times as large as the Swiss Republic, and in China proper is second only to Ssü-ch'uan in area. It is one of the four most thinly-populated provinces, yet it has as many people as New Zealand, which it equals in area. If we draw a diagonal line from the N.W. to the S.E. corner of our square



A CAVALIER IN CHINA

and call it the Red River, which flows through French Tong-king, we may say roughly that the N.E. triangle A B D is a plateau 6,000 feet or more above sea level and is as much a white man's country as parts of Africa or South America. It is this triangle which the French have long since ear-marked for exploitation. The triangle A C D is the exact opposite.

High mountain ranges run north and south, separated from each other by great rivers, such as the Mekong and the Salween, flowing deep down in narrow gorges and confined valleys. The little level land grows rice and sugar-cane, and here it is hot and malarious. This area is unfortunately the part of Yün-nan in which British Burma is largely interested. The population is less dense and less energetic than that of the N.E. triangle. Moreover, there is very little, if any, workable coal, and not so much mineral wealth of other kinds. It was this S.W. triangle which formed a part of the Shan Empire which ruled over all these territories for over five hundred years prior to the advent of the Mongol armies in the eleventh century.

It was Marco's friend Kublai, "the great Khan", who thoroughly subdued Yün-nan province about A.D. 1280, though it was not finally incorporated as part of China proper until the seventeenth century. What attracted the Mongols, the Mings and the Manchus to this distant and mountainous corner of Asia was the lodestar that attracted the British to Australia, South Africa and elsewhere, in a word—gold, which, in Kublai's

time, was the standard metal and was so plentiful as to be worth only five times its weight in silver.

Yün-nan, like Hsin-chiang, is a stronghold of Chinese Mahommedans, who, in both these regions in 1856 and 1861, rebelled against the Manchu rule for seventeen and sixteen years respectively, and got such a hammering that neither they nor the country in which they live have yet wholly recovered. Approaching the capital, I met a column of four hundred ponies loaded with salt and opium. The former was bound for Kuang-tung, the latter for Hankow by the route we had come. I have seldom seen a better lot of baggage ponies (average height 12.2). Each carried two hundred pounds, and had come by noon that day twelve miles and would do another fifteen before sundown. They were nearly all in good condition. The originality of the Chinese is here illustrated by the pattern of their pack saddle, which is, I believe, unique in the world for efficiency, combined with cheapness and lightness. This method of transport, like almost everything else in the interior of China, has been in operation for centuries, and in reckoning China's future such details are not to be forgotten.

We were now on a fine, broad, paved road, such as are common in north China and are comparable to those of the Roman Empire, this similarity being enhanced by ruins of temples and houses on either side, the result of the Moham-medan rebellion. Down the centre of this road was a smooth line of large flag-stones, two and a half

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

feet long by one foot broad. Although within five miles of the capital, one last height remained, hiding Yün-nan city from our view. As we breasted this a wonderful sight met our eyes. There before us lay a fertile valley, thirty-five miles long by seven or eight broad, the greater part occupied by the K'un-ming Lake, twenty-five miles by six, dotted with white sails and flanked on its western side by hills 2,000 feet above the plain and running down in precipitous cliffs to the water's edge.

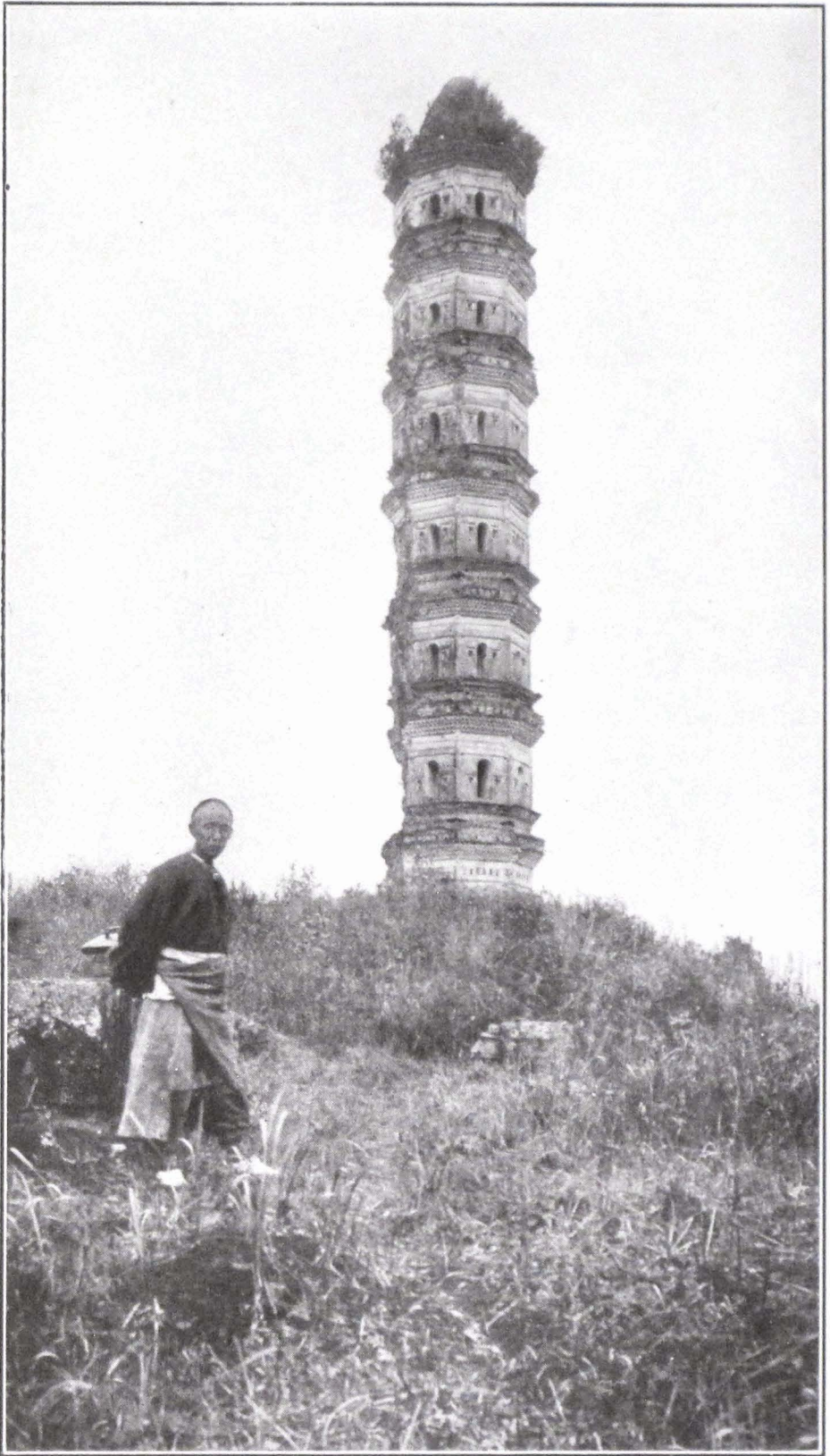
A little distance from the northern edge of the lake lay the metropolis of S.W. China, its bright-coloured temple roofs and fine white square-shaped pagoda shining through the haze in the bright morning sun. We were fortunate in our day, which was almost the first perfectly fine one we had enjoyed during three months of cloud, rain, sleet and snow. Ten miles S.E. of this plain is another large lake with two or three smaller ones extending southwards.

I never rode in my sedan chair except to enter a city or town, for I could not endure the enforced rest nor the sight of those fine pole-bearers struggling up the 2,000 or 3,000 feet of slippery pathway, sometimes without actual steps. But, though many distinguished foreign travellers had been before me, I believe I was the first British army officer to enter the city. Consequently I donned my long brown Newmarket coat and leather gloves and entered my chair. I had procured another chair for Mr. T'ung and a pony for my "boy," so that the prestige of TA YING KUO—Great English country—

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

might be properly maintained. All these precautions were, of course, not really necessary, and are less so now than ever. Yet just as a Chinese gentleman travelling in Europe would be more respected, have a pleasanter time and the better serve the interests of his Empire by riding a horse, or driving in a carriage, or motor car, suitably dressed, so it is with foreigners in China. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the contemptuous disregard for all local customs and conventions which the Western barbarian has adopted in the belief that he was thereby enhancing his dignity has tended to lessen it and has indirectly helped to make things harder for those who followed in his footsteps. No doubt my thick grey hair, which could not be cut, gained for me unmerited respect; my long coat covered many defects and my chair helped towards peaceful and reasonable understanding to a considerable degree.

So as our little procession advanced along that historical paved road my thoughts were filled with the names of others who had come this way. Marco Polo had come in 1283, possibly over the same flag-stones, the first European and the last, until the advent, over six hundred years later, of Captain Gree of the French navy, who arrived there in 1867 and was quickly followed by other Frenchmen. Next came the ill-fated Margary, in 1875; then, two years later, brilliant Colborne Baber, followed by many other consuls and civilians of all nationalities. All except the British from India. Until I arrived, in February 1899, and



ANCIENT PAGODA AT SU-CHOU CITY.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Captain Davies and others six weeks later, no British military officer or Anglo-Indian had got so far.

Yün-nan city, as I saw it in 1899, was little changed from the Yachi of Marco Polo, who had visited it 616 years previously. It has always been a great centre for trade and a meeting-place for people of many nationalities. I was, however, astonished not to see a single native of Hindustan, though there were two or three Burmese among the large crowds assembled for the Chinese new year. The local women are good looking and dress picturesquely in divided skirts of a wonderful-hued red (vegetable dye, of course) and pink coats to the knees, with large straw hats, not unlike those of Leghorn. They have, however, paid no attention to that "excellent thing in woman," a voice "soft, gentle and low," for nothing could be more unmusical than the high-pitched local dialect.

Within the city at the N.E. corner is the Wên-hua Shan, a rocky hill about eighty to one hundred feet high, from which, as from the coal-hill in Peking, a splendid view is obtained of the city, the valley and the lake, extending away south as far as the eye can reach. This city is one of the few in China where milk and a kind of cream cheese, made of goats' milk, can be bought. It is a stronghold of missionaries, especially of Roman Catholics.

In 1899 the journey to the nearest seaport at Haiphong (French Tonking), distant 481 miles, occupied about twenty days. Now a well-worked and splendidly engineered railway conveys you

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

in about the same number of hours through beautiful scenery. It is an easy journey and one well worth making as a side trip for the many globe-trotters who follow the beaten track from Singapore to Hong Kong. Of the total distance 280 miles lie in Yün-nan province.

You will, however, no longer find the Yachi of Marco Polo or even the city I saw. It has now many fine buildings in Western style, broad macadamized roads, electric light, motor buses, and no doubt many other abominations peculiar to the West. Thus, by the energy and enterprise for which the French have been ever famous, modern Yachi is brought comparatively close to the sea. If, however, you would follow the main roads to railhead in Burma, bound for the British port of Rangoon, the journey will occupy exactly the same time (about twenty-five to thirty days) as was required in 1899! So much for British-Indian enterprise.

The French port of Haiphong is, therefore, the main outlet—in spite of a somewhat foolish twenty per cent embargo on all goods passing through it—for the produce of the N.E. triangle as well as for the import of foreign goods. Should, however, as seems likely, the Chinese build a railway to Canton via the west river route, either the French will have to make Haiphong a free port or else lose almost all the China trade and passenger traffic to Yün-nan, and their wild schemes of tapping Ssü-ch'uan will fall to the ground like a pack of cards. This notwithstanding that the distance of Yün-nan city to Haiphong is just half that to Hong Kong by the west river route.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“Yachi,” says Ser Marco, “is a very great and noble city in which are numerous merchants and craftsmen. The people are of sundry kinds, for there are not only Saracens and Idolaters, but also a few Nestorian Christians. They have wheat and rice in plenty . . . and make of it sundry messes, besides a kind of drink which is very clear and good and makes a man drunk just as wine does.” Is not this a charming touch of nature? He continues: “Their money is such as I will tell you. They use for the purpose certain white porcelain shells that are found in the sea, such as are sometimes put on dog’s collars.” These are the cowries or pig shells still in use in south India and Assam; and to give some idea of the difference between ourselves and the Chinese, who think in from one-fortieth to one-thirtieth of a penny, and the users of cowries, who think in one-hundred-and-fiftieth to one-hundred-and-sixtieth of a penny, it is worth noting that as late as 1801 the yearly revenue of Silhet (Assam), amounting to £25,000, was paid in cowries at the rate of 2,560 to the shilling !

Yün-nan city is a tiny Peking, the circumference of its walls being only equal to one side of the wall of Cambaluc. They were, however, in excellent condition and thirty feet high, forty feet broad at the base and twenty-six at the top. They enclosed a population of 60,000 (in 1899) with another 20,000 in the suburbs. The crowds in the streets were so great that our little procession was being constantly arrested.

Unlike our experience of other places, we caused

little disturbance and attracted little attention. This was due to the cosmopolitan character of the city. We had to jostle our way through carts, ponies, mules, donkeys, shoulder-pole men and people of all kinds. There were men from Tong-king—easily distinguished by their curious straw hat with a miniature pagoda on top—and aboriginal tribes all arrayed in dresses of many gorgeous colours.

The majority of the women had small but natural feet. They had rosy cheeks and nice, smiling faces, and nearly all had small children and babies. There were many kinds of toys and sweetmeats, especially balls of rice ranging from the size of an orange to that of a football, with pictures of dragons and flowers on them. Also I noticed quantities of beautiful, pink rhododendrons and white jasmine. Everyone was in gala attire and spirits, out for Christmas holidays to buy gifts and puddings. The town was so full that we could get no lodging without assistance from the local magistrate.

It would take far too long to describe all the interesting people I met and the things I saw in this busy place. For me the principal event was my interview with the Manchu Viceroy Sung (I had previously only met Li Hung-Chang, Chang Chih-tung and Yüan Shih-K'ai, all Chinese). The Viceroy rules over Yun-Kuei—that is both Yün-nan and Kuei-chou provinces; with the latter's inefficient governor you have already made acquaintance.

I also met Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, of the Imperial

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Chinese Telegraph Service, who were as kind and hospitable to me as they seem to have been to all other travellers. They took me from the inn, where I left all my kit and followers, and made me their guest for the twelve days I remained in the city. By so doing I was able to get much valuable information, to meet important Chinese people, and to learn a great deal of what I should never otherwise have heard. The Jensens were very popular with the Chinese; he was a Dutchman and has since died.

After the correct amount of difficulty and delay, the Viceroy appointed Wednesday, the 15th February, for my interview at the Arsenal. I was fortunate in borrowing from a local and extremely generous Chinese official named Li Pi-chang his fine green chair, and having donned my full uniform and accompanied by Mr. T'ung in my own chair and my "boy" arrayed in an Imperial yellow jacket (to which he had no right) mounted on a pony, and escorted by six unarmed soldiers sent by the magistrate, we proceeded to the Arsenal at the appointed hour, one o'clock. We were received in the correct style, and the Viceroy conducted me to the seat of honour on his left on a raised dais at the end of the reception hall. There were also present the Provincial Judge, the Financial Commissioner, the Director of Telegraphs and the Superintendent of the Arsenal. These all sat at table in front and below us. Behind the Viceroy's chair stood the magistrate and a number of smaller officials.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

After the usual polite salutations and inquiries as to health, comfort, journey, the Great English country and Yin-tu (India), he apologized for not receiving me in his yamen, or official residence, saying that the French minister, M. Doumer, had been received in the Arsenal, and he thought it proper to treat British officials in a similar distinguished manner.

I said that I had no official business to transact, was only a junior military officer returning to India, and that I was travelling on leave at my own expense, all of which was, according to Chinese etiquette, regarded as polite nonsense. I further explained that I had asked for an interview because now that the British-Indian and Chinese frontiers were contiguous and our relations so cordial, it seemed desirable to encourage, by every means in our power, the interchange of ideas, and that the more Chinese and British-Indian officials could meet on friendly terms the better for the mutual advantage of themselves and their countries. The Viceroy concurred.

We next talked about the French railway, and the general opinion seemed to be that it was desirable and that it would be constructed within six or seven years. (It was completed and opened to traffic on 1st April, 1910.) I then mentioned railway connection with Burma. The Viceroy said that he would be very glad to see a railway from Yün-nan city to Ta-li and thence to Burma, to connect up the Chinese and British-Indian systems, and he hoped that at no distant date I should be

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

able to come and see the city again by rail all the way from Rangoon.

I said I hoped so too. I was very ignorant, and found no difficulty in believing, not only in the possibility of such an event, but in its absolute certainty within a decade. That was fifteen years ago, and not a single mile of such a line has been laid by either Chinese or British.

Although Sung was a Manchu Viceroy, he was imbued with the idea that China ought to reform herself and that the Chinese could quite well do it after the manner of the Japanese. He said: "We must not be in too much of a hurry, though. We must, of course, employ foreigners to instruct us and foreign capital to develop the enormous potential resources of our Empire, and we must buy steel and machinery and arms and ammunition until such time—I hope it will not be very long—as we can make things for ourselves. We must also learn to build our own ships."

Our next subject was the position of the soldier under British and Manchu rule. He asked me many questions about our army and its methods. I explained that our army officers, unlike the majority of those in China, were not only *wu* (warriors) but were also *wen* (literary).

The soldiers in China, he admitted, had fallen into a very low position in the public estimation. It was much lower, in fact, than was ours in the Victorian age. The soldier was an objectionable and negligible quantity, only of use as food for powder and shot. For such a purpose anything

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

was good enough, and it would be folly to spend money on him.

I said that, even with us, although we had done much to improve matters during the last quarter of a century, the position of the soldier and the army was far from what it should be; but I explained that in spite of some bad treatment and occasional abuse, the British army officers were a class by themselves, loyal and patriotic, and that it was in great part due to them, their efforts and their money, that the nation held the position it did. No other nation had any equivalent, unless it were the Japanese.

He perfectly understood and deplored the evil days that had come upon the Manchus. "For," said the Viceroy, "though you may not be able to believe it, there was a time under our great Emperors K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung when our Manchu armies and our officers were efficient and possessed of a fine fighting spirit. It was in those good days a noble thing to be a Manchu army officer. But we have fallen upon evil times and have become impregnated with too much Chinese salt."

And it was easy to believe. For Viceroy Sung was a fine-looking man, tall and strong, with a pleasant expression, affable and polite; in fact, a gentleman of the best type.

During the durbar, the Provincial Judge—a clever Cantonese rather inclined to show his wit by rudeness—asked several questions, and then said to me: "And are you, then, a Yin-tu jen (an

Indian)?” This remark, had I not had the benefit of a year in diplomatic circles at Peking, would have made me angry, which was his intention. As it was, I waited a moment and bethought me that his two immediate seniors, the Viceroy and the Financial Commissioner, were Manchus. Then I smilingly addressed myself to the Judge from Canton as follows: “No, I am not an Indian. It’s like this. Soon after the Manchus came from the north and conquered, so easily, you Chinese, the British came from England by sea and conquered India from the south. We had, however, a much harder task than the Manchus, because the inhabitants of northern India are fighters of a very high order. However, we overcame their resistance at last, and now we rule over them just as do these Manchus over you. I am, then, one of the British Indian Government’s feet and am British; while you, though one of the Manchu Government’s feet are only a pen-ti jen (a native).”

The Manchus smiled and the man of Canton asked no more questions.

At this time the whole of official China firmly believed that the foreign Powers meant to take charge of China and divide the Empire among them. The British they feared most, because of their reputation as conquerors, because they waged war with China on and off for over fifty years, and because of their position in India and Burma.

Of course, I was at some pains to explain our altruistic motives; how wars were forced upon us unwillingly and how our main idea, almost our

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

only desire, was to trade fairly, to raise down-trodden humanity to our high level and to let the millions of Asia share with us, equally, the glories of Christianity, the benefits and delights of Western civilization and culture and the privileges of British citizenship.

They all smiled pleasantly and said "K'ê pu shih," "To be sure. Of course, that must be so."

The Viceroy was anxious that I should express an opinion as to which I thought the most desirable provinces of China. I waved my hand towards the assembled officials, hailing from more than half a dozen different provinces, and said "Your Excellency, I do not dare express an opinion before so mixed a company."

Seeing my difficulty, he, with but a moment's hesitation and like the gentleman he was, remarked: "Now, to me Shan-hsi and Ssŭ-ch'uan are the two most desirable provinces."

On the conclusion of my interview with the Manchu Viceroy I went straight to Mr. Jensen's house and noted the details of this interview in my diary.

I passed twelve very busy days in Yün-nan city, and would have got off a week sooner had it not been the Chinese new year, when all business is suspended and the shops closed as with us, only for a longer time and more thoroughly.

One day I sent for the local celebrity, the giant, whose height was seven feet six inches. He was one of the Viceroy's bodyguard, and, of course, descended from the invading armies of the north.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Dressed as he was, in the voluminous uniform of a Manchu soldier, he appeared half as big again as he really was. He brought with him his nine-year-old son, who showed no signs of reaching abnormal height.

The giant had a sallow complexion, and though well covered with flesh seemed not very robust in health. He drew rations for three ordinary soldiers. He was about fifty-five years of age, and, I believe, died a few years after my visit. Although there are many big men in the north, especially in Shantung, Chih-li and Manchuria, this is the only giant I have met.

CHAPTER XV

At the time of my visit to the capital of Yün-nan, the burning question was railway construction from Tong-king and Burma. The two main highways to these two countries being already well known, I decided to proceed through the very heart of the province, about 6,000 square miles of which was at the time and in part still remains, unknown. Besides appealing to the explorer's desire to be the first to traverse new ground, it was the continuance of the bee-line to Mandalay from Hankow along which I had come, and it passed through K'un-lung Ferry, the point to which the Burma railway, then constructing from Mandalay, was making, and by which I hoped to get quickly over the last one hundred miles of my journey. It was to prove of use chiefly in showing one direction where no railway or cart-road will be made during the next one hundred years at least, if ever.

When the decision of my further progress—for there was no road—was announced, I encountered opposition from the officials and the mule drivers went on strike. This caused delay, but when it was seen that British obstinacy was not to be so easily overcome I had my way, though it became necessary to increase the rate of hire for the mules.

Preparations being at length completed, our little column started afresh on Monday the 20th of February with Ching-tung T'ing as our objec-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

tive; but with very little idea of how we were to get there. Our first stage, An-ning Hsien, was easy, for it was on the high road to Ta-li and distant only fifteen miles. From this point we struck south to I-men, a district town distant another forty miles.

This part of the route, too, had already been traversed by several French explorers. It passed through a fertile valley, shut in by hills radiant with wild flowers, rhododendrons, the white blossomed camelia-like ch'a trees, peach trees, a mass of bloom, and crops of a sweet scented yellow flower. The hills were interspersed with clear water streams and small lakes and marshes, on which were innumerable wild fowl and tall graceful cranes. Among the pine trees also were plenty of pheasants.

I did not then realize that this was the last I was to see of the N.E. triangle, with its cool climate and general air of prosperity.

About one and a half days' journey from An-ning we ascended the hills enclosing the southern end of this charming little valley and obtained our first view of the country through which we were to find our way. Almost at our feet, apparently only about a mile away, though in reality five or six miles by the path, lay the walled town of I-men, 2,000 feet below us. Beyond rose range upon range of red and yellow coloured mountains, extending in a confused mass W. and S.W. into the grey blue haze of distance and generally at right angles to our bee-line to Mandalay.

Then it was I understood the mule-drivers'

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

reluctance to proceed and the high charges demanded, and my heart jumped for joy at the prospect of being the first Occidental to traverse this wild unknown region. And note this wonderful fact, that, with the exception of some forty to fifty miles in the neighbourhood of Ch'ü-ching Fu, the whole of our route to this point had been within the basin of the mighty Yangtse River! The K'un-ming Lake and the little valley through which we had just passed drain into the Yangtse; so when we stood on this pass we were on the extreme south-western rim of the immense Yangtse basin, at that time euphemistically called the British Sphere of Influence!

From this point we entered a fever-stricken series of narrow river valleys, drained by the Red and Black Rivers, the Mekong and the Salween.

I have mentioned that I failed to find any Chinese boots or shoes large enough for me in Yün-nan city, so from I-men I had to fall back on grass sandals, which also had to be made for me. Since Chên-yüan, 600 miles back, where we left our boat, I had worn through one pair of heavy English shooting boots, one pair of stout English walking boots and one pair of Indian factory army boots. Nothing could better illustrate the effect of the paved roads of southern China on the footwear.

With this dive into the I-men valley we left China proper; for it seems to me that when you quit the north-east plateau triangle of Yün-nan and enter the south-west semi-tropical triangle, you leave

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the real China behind you, political boundaries notwithstanding. The aspect of the country is different, the methods of transport are different, the houses are different, and so are the people and many of their customs. It is a country politically under Chinese rule, but the inhabitants have never completely embraced Chinese civilization.

Having quitted the main highway, official rest-houses and inns practically ceased, and we were obliged to fall back on temples, which on this frontier and in Burma are the hotels of travellers, whether native or foreign. Occasionally, however, we continued, as hitherto, to find shelter in a private house. Personally I prefer temples to inns, as not only had they the advantage of much larger air space, but I enjoyed the immediate protection of the gods. On the other hand, my Chinese followers were more comfortable at inns, because the gods do not help to get hot water, tea and food.

I was fortunate in the fidelity of my servants, but it is a notorious though regrettable fact that many of the natives who choose to serve Western masters, whether in India, Japan or China, are known as "K.D.s"—"Known Depredators," i.e. persons entered in the police books kept for the registration of those who have already offended against the law.

For instance, one day on this journey I found a false queue belonging to some Chinese man lying on my trunk. I called the "boy," who appeared, smiling as usual. "Oh, yes," said he, "that is my queue," and picking it up he left the room.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

I knew at once from his admission and from the shortness of his real hair that he had not long since seen the inside of a Chinese prison. But he exhibited no discomfiture whatever.

To share my knowledge it should be understood that when the Manchus established their rule in Peking, the Emperor issued an edict ordering all good subjects to adopt forthwith the Manchu tonsure and queue. When, after the lapse of several years, it was brought to his notice that there were still millions of Chinese who had not yet complied with his mandate, a new edict was promulgated, to the effect that all criminals were to have their hair cut off short and were not to be allowed to wear a queue. Instantaneous obedience on the part of the remaining millions who still had not shaven heads and long queues! Thus my "boy" was a K.D. to the police, but a most astute and valuable servant to the newly-arrived and, as he supposed, uninstructed barbarian. He served me well as long as he thought it profitable and *until his own hair had grown long again!*

I was talking on this world-wide and important subject of servants to a Chinese gentleman while a guest in his house. I enquired of him: "How is it that you have such excellent servants and that we foreigners—no matter how much we pay, and, of course, we pay more than you do—get such comparatively indifferent ones?" He smiled at my simple ignorance, made a few polite excuses and finally added: "I ask you what self-respecting Chinese man or woman would serve a foreigner?"

And that remark is also applicable to India. Globe trotters and those on short visits get, of course, the cream of the K.D.s. Yet, on their experience of these is generally based the opinions that they hastily publish with regard to the mass of the people.

At I-men we put up for the first time on this journey at a two-storied inn, which had the advantage of raising the traveller above the somewhat unsavoury surroundings of the ground floor.

In this secluded valley we also saw a new way of carrying babies, which were placed on the backs of the women in cone-shaped receptacles of stiff material, the outside of which was prettily embroidered with flowers worked in red and blue silk. The ways of carrying babies are infinite, and it would be an interesting book that should picture to us the various methods all over the world.

When we left the small valley in which I-men lies, we entered the wilds, and our route became simply a compass direction S.W. by W., using pathways of varying quality and size from hamlet to hamlet, although a fairly good bridle-path led to the copper mines close to San-chia Ch'ang, twenty-five miles distant. Immediately after leaving I-men we ascended by a nice smooth path a gently sloping valley through which a stream meandered beneath tall handsome trees which formed a long avenue. After going about three quarters of a mile up this stream it was seen to emerge from a cave in the rock-cliffs at the foot of the mountains.

The spot is called Lung-ch'uan Kuan (Dragon

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Boat Pass), and is celebrated. The mountain is honey-combed with caves, and being one of Nature's beauty spots, of course it has been, for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, the abode of priests, who have erected a temple, cut steps in the rocks, made arbours and a waterfall and have thus prepared for the coming of Cook's tourists when they choose to penetrate so far afield. The tablets around the temple date from the Ming Emperors (1368-1644), who paid a good deal of attention to S.W. China and Tong-king. The tablets recorded their erection and the repair of the temple, which had been there already for many centuries.

I have seldom come across a more beautiful place for a picnic. Wild flowers grew in profusion, notably white hawthorn, yellow campanulas, red and pink rhododendrons, camelias, white and red, and many others. This little paradise is nearly two miles long, and when it is left behind the traveller enters upon a country which by contrast can only be described as hellish.

We had breakfast in a farm-house whose owner, the head of the family, an old man over seventy, had never been to Yün-nan city, though only three or four days' journey away. The women were smoking while sewing shoes and socks. The son sang and played on a three-stringed guitar. One of the daughters kindly repaired my haversack, which had got torn. How charming are the sons and daughters of the soil the world over when uncontaminated by the baneful influence of the industrial pusher and the searcher after gold!

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Having come up 2,500 feet from paradise we had to descend again 3,000 feet in one and a half miles to purgatory at San-chia Ch'ang. There we found men toiling in the bowels of the earth for copper and gold. Here is one good reason for French penetration into S.E. Yün-nan and for Chinese official reluctance to let me or any other foreigners pass this way. There can be no doubt that, in spite of the centuries these mines have been exploited, there is much more gold, copper, silver, tin, iron and lead awaiting exploitation by up-to-date methods. What is difficult for us to understand is why the Government of China does not start right in and mine for the precious metals in earnest; not only here, but in many other spots in the Chinese Empire, where they exist in quantities well worth working. Judging by the amount of gold in possession of the Lamas in western China and Tibet and by the gold washing in progress in nearly all the rivers, there must be very large stocks of gold-bearing quartz awaiting the diamond drill. How much better this would be than borrowing from Western Powers hundreds of millions at a high rate of interest and receiving in cash many millions less than the nominal loan!

Nature has greatly assisted the winning of precious metals in these parts by causing the rivers to dig between the mountains to a depth of 3,000 to 4,000 feet below the general level. Thus we were at the bottom of a kind of canyon, where the sun shone for only three or four hours daily. From this ravine, tiny ponies, donkeys and mules carried

loads of 100 to 120 pounds of copper and other ore up the precipitous path by which we had just descended. They told me that the Government purchased the ore for £1 10s. for 133 pounds, and that one-tenth of pure copper was extracted. One man digs about fifty pounds of ore a day.

There are many gold mines in Yün-nan, notably at T'a-lang, Tung-ch'uan, Huo-ch'ing, Wei-hsi and Kuang-nan. I was the first British traveller and the third Occidental to visit this spot, the two previous being M. E. Rocher, about 1871, and another Frenchman, M. Belard, in 1897. Rocher was the first of all, and no doubt duly informed his countrymen in France and Saigon of the El Dorado close at hand. M. Belard followed, and the neighbourhood is now well known.

The climb up again out of purgatory was even more fatiguing than the descent, and took us in a few miles from the valley bottom at 4,500 feet above sea level to over 8,000 feet, when we proceeded along the mountain sides at about that level until the next river had to be crossed.

These valley bottoms are unhealthy and hot, and we all began to get fever and diarrhoea. The people were unhealthy looking, suffering much from goitre, affections of the throat and lungs and sore eyes. Their requests for medicines were hard to refuse, but my small extra stock of drugs soon became exhausted.

While in the "gold" country we passed a temple with a notice posted, warning the local authorities and the priests against permitting the local people

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

to visit the gold and copper mines at Lao-ch'ang, lest, through knowledge of their value, they should give trouble and rebel and take possession of the mines. Within this temple enclosure was a big cave, which I penetrated a short distance, but it seemed to continue on into the bowels of the mountain, and may quite possibly have been the entrance to a gold mine itself.

Our further route lay through the centre of a large area of inaccessible mountainous country, then, and still from a Western standpoint, practically unknown, unsurveyed and unexplored. My route-traverse was the first ever made across it by an Occidental, and the area is still shown in the latest Western maps as "unsurveyed."

South of the line we followed is a tract of country forty miles from N. to S. by 100 from E. to W., which may, for all foreigners know to the contrary, contain much mineral wealth. Along our route we found gold, copper, silver, lead, iron and coal in existence. The gold mines at T'a-lang, on the southern border of this area, are well known and have yielded a good supply of the precious metal for centuries. In 1902 an Anglo-French company, called the Syndicate de Yün-nan, obtained a concession over an area of roughly 40,000 square miles—nearly as large as England—in S.E. Yün-nan to exploit copper, gold, silver, platinum, nickel, tin, petroleum, cinnabar and precious stones. A large order that! And what has the company actually accomplished? Nothing. It is one of the same type as our friend in Kuei-chou. Thus,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

although the Chinese are well aware that "the life-blood of the hills and streams comes to man in things most precious" and that "much money will even move the gods," yet neither do they forget that "striving for gain causes the devil to laugh." This is their way of expressing the folly of trying to become rich easily.

We found Imperial edicts—some of them twenty years old, it is true, and the latest dated two years before our arrival—warning the people not to be afraid of robbers, to pay their taxes regularly and to be good. And they obeyed, though far removed from any show of force. Some of the edicts contained instructions as to the best manner of growing certain trees or cultivating a particular crop. The Chinese Government, whether alien or native, has always tried to act up to its title of *Fu Mu Kuan*, official father and mother, to its peace-loving, industrious, well-meaning, though often wayward children.

On we wandered, down thousands of feet into deep, rocky and barren valleys, with clear water streams flowing in sandy bottoms. Up again to near the pine-covered mountain tops between 7,000 and 9,000 feet, where were small green downs and where were red rhododendrons, apricots and peaches, and a wealth of wild flowers and luxuriant grass. The highest point reached on this route was just under 9,000 feet above sea-level.

Now and again I shot at a woodcock, snipe, or Amhurst pheasant as we flushed them by chance near the pathway, whenever it passed across an

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

elevated and wooded valley where some crystal stream was born. But game was scarce.

We left I-men on the morning of the 24th of February and arrived at Ching-tung T'ing at sundown on the 5th of March; that is, we took ten days to cover the interval in the most direct line between those two places which on the latest and most authentic maps are placed eighty miles apart. The actual distance we paced, as shown by the route-traverse, was 200 miles. We made no halt. We marched never less than eight hours, and twice starting at sunrise did not get in till after dark. These hours allowed for a half to one and a half hours for lunch. On three occasions we descended and went up again 4,000 feet the same day, the distance as the crow flies between the morning start and the evening halt being only ten miles!

All travelling within the triangle A C D resembles this sort of thing. These figures show how little meaning an ordinary map conveys of the natural features of such a country. Travelling in this fashion also assists in understanding the reasonableness of the Chinese wayfarer, of whom you inquire the distance to the river below and receive for answer ten li (three miles). But if you meet the same man at the riverside and ask him how far it is to the top, he will tell you maybe thirty to forty li. By ten li is really meant one hour's walking. A better guide it would not be easy to invent; for it applies all over the Empire, whether the li are true or false, under or over the average. Travellers from the West have been known to set upon and

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

beat a country yokel who had the audacity to follow the wisdom of three thousand years and say that 2,112 paces is not always one mile to the weary walker up hill longing to reach the journey's end.

Thus, when, on the 5th of March, we topped the range which confines the long, narrow Ching-tung valley, and saw it spread out before us like a bright green carpet crossed by a silver streak and dotted with white houses among the darker trees—a welcome sight after our fourteen days of toiling—and were told that it was only thirty li to the town (three hours walk down-hill at first and then on the level), although measured in paces along the road it was about fifty, we understood.

Ching-tung T'ing is an unimportant trading town situated at the northern end of a fertile valley and on the eastern slopes of high mountains. This valley, along which follows the main trade route between Ta-li in the north and Ssü-mao, Siam and western Tong-king in the south, is watered by the Black River, which later joins the Red River. We had crossed it a few days previously. Both united flow past French Haiphong into the southern sea. The names of these rivers are those used by foreigners from the West, and are possibly derived from the prevailing colour of the soil.

We had now entered a semi-tropical country more allied to Siam and Burma than to China and forming part of the old Shan kingdom.

In this valley we first met those large herds of pack bullocks that carry goods from the south, notably the bitter, though stimulating, tea of the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Pu-êrh hills, so popular with Tibetans, and take back salt, iron, and large dishes for boiling rice. These bullocks travel in long columns with one man to every ten. Each man carries in his hand a small gong, and there may be as many as five hundred bullocks in a column. As they march each man is constantly striking his gong to tell the animals to keep moving and to warn his comrades that all is well. The note of each gong is different; so that should one gong in the column cease to sound, the other men know that something is wrong and that they must halt, which the bullocks do of themselves. Some such arrangement is very necessary on narrow winding paths among the hills, where robbers, tigers, and leopards often lie in wait to attack.

These gongs are frequently heirlooms and very old. My attempts to purchase them proved abortive. Their tones are extremely mellow and true and their sound is very sweet and musical. It is one of the saddest concomitants of Western industrial civilisation that we cannot reproduce some of the most desirable and beautiful things which the Asiatic people have invented. To hear the gongs and bells of Western manufacture after those of the bullock drivers and those in the Lama and Buddhist temples of China, Tibet and Japan is quite painful. In time, no doubt, the secrets of manufacture—the experience of thousands of years of trial—will become lost, and then no more shall we hear the Nature note. Whether this sound is in the musical scale I know not; but when you hear

it on the mountain side, or within the precincts of the temple, you feel that it is the very essence of rhythm, a soul-note, no matter what your creed or taste in music may be. It is the same with the bells. The tones of Western bells, compared to the mellow sound emitted by those of Eastern Asia, are as the striking of pots and pans; they lack the depth of feeling which the Eastern artists have thrown into their handicraft.

The bullocks, like the mules and ponies, were gaily decorated with bright red tassels and strings, with cockades between their horns, composed of the long tail feathers of the silver pheasant. They were shapely animals, mostly reddish-brown in colour. The men went armed with two-handed swords and daggers, the handles often worked in silver, and with old-fashioned firearms. Most travellers in these parts were armed with some sort of weapon. I came across one with an old musket stamped with a crown and "Potsdam 1834." But they knew not TA TÊ-KUO (Germany). It was of TA FA-KUO (Great French country) that they spoke.

Another peculiarity of the Ching-tung Valley was the number of green-grey parrots with red bills and long forked tails. Before ever they came into view they could be heard, like geese or sand-grouse, screeching in the distance. The sky overhead was at times almost black with them. There must have been at one time not fewer than 10,000 birds. And here was I, having bought one of these parrots in Yün-nan city, carrying it with much

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

care and trouble like coals to Newcastle. This taught me not to buy, as travellers are apt to do, the first new thing that meets the eye on arrival in a strange country. I thought the green parrot I bought was a rare bird, as indeed it is north of the Yangtse, and here they were much more numerous than crows, sparrows, or even mosquitoes!

At Ching-tung I was fated to see for the last time—because in 1900 came the *déba*cle—the examination of the élite youth of the district for military honours; the examination, in fact, that entitled them to become officers in the regular army or militia. Here were nice young men, with good figures and pleasant faces, mounted on small, but sturdy ponies, galloping at full speed down a “run” 200 to 300 yards long and discharging arrows at a target with a one foot bull’s-eye placed some fifty yards to the left-hand side. Here was I, a British army officer, in 1899, watching civilized, more or less educated men, performing, seriously and energetically and with some success, a practice which won for the Romans and the Mongols their ancient Empires.

They were proud of their performance, too. Therefore, like all young warriors, inclined to be cheeky and to laugh at the poorly dressed, benighted barbarian who stood watching them with a critical eye.

I stopped one fine fellow who was just arriving from the distant village escorted by his retinue. I stood in his path and politely requested him to

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

permit me to photograph him. Not understanding, he hesitated. I thought he would consent, so explained further. No sooner had he grasped my meaning than he jammed spurs to his pony and almost galloped over me. I was delighted at his proud refusal as he raced away to join the others at the examination, no doubt saying to himself: "Who is this ill-bred savage thus daring to bar my path and what foolish talk is he saying?" Only fifteen years ago!

Thus passed two happy days of well-earned rest for all our party, the mules and the shoulder-pole men most of all. We had only intended a one-day halt, but our mule-drivers again went on strike when it was announced—as it had to be here—that we should not proceed by the easy high road through Shun-ning Fu and down the Nan-ting valley to K'un-lung. They had had enough of cross-country by-paths since I-men, and absolutely refused to bear our bundles into any more unknown wilds. And their decision turned out, as usual, to be quite reasonable, for the projected route was certainly wilder than anything we had so far encountered and, occasionally, as when we crossed the Mekong, more strenuous going.

CHAPTER XVI

WE had decided to follow south along the Black River valley to En-lo and thence strike west and south-west through Chên-yüan to Wei-yüan,* on across the Mekong at Ta-peng Ferry, and through the country of the wild Was to railhead in the neighbourhood of Lashio, the territory of my old friend Thibaw, whom I had met en route to Rangoon eighteen months ago. But, as so often happens in exploration work, though our intention was good in our desire to traverse, as much as possible, new ground, we were prevented by obstructions both civilized and savage.

After the usual amount, or a little more, of talk and argument had been indulged in by Mr. T'ung and the local officials on one side and the mule-drivers on the other, a compromise—the Chinese goal in all matters—was reached by our increasing the rate of hire and promising return hire in addition to rewards.

To be reasonable and fair it should not be forgotten that those Chinese who dwell within the temperate N.E. triangle strongly object to travel in the S.W. area, chiefly because of the hot climate and the much-dreaded chang-ch'i. This is nothing more or less than a particularly violent form of malarial fever. I had already had fever for some days, and now the others began to get it, so that the evil reputation of the river valleys running

* Now called Ching-Ku.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

north and south in western Yün-nan was justified. Like the Hindustanis, the local inhabitants regarded opium as the most efficient medicine. They knew not quinine.

Three things struck me as peculiar in the Ching-tung valley: the fertility of the soil; the number and variety of the birds; the innumerable graves, ruined villages and temples. The last was, no doubt, attributable to the Mahommedan Rebellion.

One day I shot a red-legged partridge and missed a cock pheasant, the ordinary ring-necked kind. Another day I saw an eagle owl, the second since Hankow, and missed a rabbit-catching helyer with black head and white body. There were large grey duck-pintails, and hundreds of Brahminy ducks. Also a few large black and white cranes with red legs and bills; also the round-tailed kite, the hoopoe, the red and blue jay, small owls, magpies, crows and a few minas. Moreover, I had some long and exciting chases after very large and beautiful butterflies. There were the big blue Paris ones; an enormous orange-coloured one; a deeper shade of orange and an orange and white. Seen flying at a little distance, they seemed quite as large as some of the little birds we had collected, so that I was nearly taking my gun instead of a net.

That valley must be uncomfortably hot and unhealthy during the summer and early autumn months. But in winter and early spring it was delightful, with its beautiful trees and bamboos; the pine-covered hills dotted with white houses and temples; the bright green rice-crops; the gor-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

geous opium poppies; the yellow sugar-cane and the silver stream meandering between long, reed-covered banks. The proportion of crops appeared to be about one-eighth opium, one half rice and the remainder sugar-cane.

But for the fever, which I had for eight days on end, during which it was difficult even to stay in a saddle, I should have been quite happy. We passed a nine-story pagoda, the only one seen since Yün-nan city. It was remarkable for having a phœnix carved in stone larger than life-size at each corner of the square roof. In the lapse of years, bushes and grass had grown around each phœnix, so that at a little distance, coming along the road, we thought they must be living birds. The ground hid everything else except the roof, which stood out against the sky-line.

The temple to which the pagoda belonged had been gutted by fire, and only its gods of stone and clay remained in position. It was strange to see these gods with stupid, startled eyes and outstretched arms, gazing in bewilderment at the charred and blackened débris around.

The local women were nice looking, of substantial build, with round, pleasant faces. They wore short dresses of dark or light blue, with darker borders on the sleeves, round the neck and hem, large dark blue cloth aprons with broad strings hanging down in front and large straw hats tied jauntily under the chin with black ribbons, which crossed over the crown outside. They also wore numbers of silver rings, pendant earrings and big hollow silver bracelets.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

These women seemed to do everything. In fact, they not only produced the men, but kept them alive and well. Apparently it was not that a decent living could not be got out of the soil, but that the men were so lazy by nature and so ruined spiritually and pampered by the women that when they were assured of sufficient to fill their bellies and of enough wine and opium and tobacco they were content. Frequently men were to be seen going along empty-handed except for the inevitable pipe, while the women trotted alongside or behind, staggering beneath heavy loads.

I saw one girl of about twelve years carrying two large wooden pails of water. Another man was riding along, followed by women with large baskets on their backs supported solely with a broad band across the forehead, after the manner of the semi-savage Nagas of Assam. Here, in this Ching-tung valley, society seemed to have surpassed that perfection for which our women-folk at home are crying—the right to work equally with men.

We came upon an encampment of what in Europe we would call gipsies, yet they were not quite the same. There were half a dozen families—sixty or seventy people, including the babies, with numerous ponies and mules, their loads and their baggage, all living in temporary grass huts by the wayside. They had left T'eug-yüeh or Momein, 180 miles N.W., *six years ago*, and had got thus far on their way to Ssü-mao, 150 miles further south. So it would take another five years to reach their destination! They traded all the time in a small

way, searching out medicinal roots in the forest and bringing others with them from the north. Like the gipsies of the West, they had special knowledge in drugs and the ways of gods and fairies. They also had a number of pigs and dogs. These gipsies were very friendly and invited me to sit down in their circle and talk and smoke.

The people along this valley were most friendly and seemed to understand the foreigner from the West and his curious ways better than in the less frequented parts of central China. They also appreciated to the full the efficacy of his medicines, especially quinine and narcotics. Here I heard for the first time outside Yün-nan city a great deal about TA FA-KUO (Great French country).

On enquiring of a soldier if he knew Burma and the British Consul at Ssŭ-mao, he replied at once: "Oh, yes, I know them. He lives away south there, and has a large number of Annamite soldiers and his Government rules over Annam and Tong-king." Yet we British pride ourselves that the sun never sets on our Empire; and the French came to Tong-king long after we arrived in Burma.

Silent mosquitoes became common. In consequence, the sick list, which up to Yün-nan had been almost blank, now increased, and one or other of us was constantly on it.

Chang-ch'i fever took the usual malarial form, with pains in the back and legs, headache and a temperature, accompanied by a horrible feeling of lassitude.

On Sunday, 12th March 1899, I noted in my diary:

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“Felt better this morning after a heavy sweat all night. Dosed everybody all round with fifteen grains of quinine. We are all in the most abominable tempers. Nothing like hot and trying marches on short commons with poor quarters at night and the demon chang ch’i for companion to discover what a man’s made of when the town veneer has rubbed off.”

During the journey we found many curious forms of accommodation. After leaving Chên-yüan, where we found quarters in the residence of some officials who had deserted the place on account of chang-ch’i, we occupied one night a temple stacked with coffins. Two of the handsomest, with ends painted red and white, formed my bedstead.

On another occasion, when lunching at a small farm-house, I noticed that the double bed used by the landlord and his good wife was made up of two coffins, with a straw mattress, a triangular pine-wood block for pillow, and a counterpane of coconut fibre. It is one of the first duties of a son in China to present his father with a coffin, and the heavier and finer the wood and the larger the coffin the greater the filial piety displayed.

On the 14th March, between Chên-yüan and Wei-yüan, we came across the first signs of the Shans, whose religion is a Burmese and Siamese form of Buddhism. The Shans are as different from the Chinese as they are from the quite extraordinary *melée* of savage, semi-savage and semi-civilized tribes who inhabit the hills, mountains and valleys of the extreme south-west of the Chinese

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Empire, extending here and there into the British-Indian Empire. The Shans are—like the remains of the Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Mongol, Mo(n)ghul and Manchu Empires—but shadows of their former greatness. That they were once a highly-developed people with a literature of their own is shown by what remains to-day. Before the thirteenth century they extended over much of Assam, Burma and Siam, with whose people they are now inextricably mixed. Some say the Siamese and the Shans or Tai and even the Cantonese are all the same people. It would take many ethnologists and philologists many decades of careful study on the spot to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions as to the origins of these people. At the present time there is probably no part of the world where, in such a small area, so many varieties of language, dialect, dress, customs and physiognomy can be found.

The Chinese call the Shans White Barbarians, says Baber, and, though some scoff at the rendering, it seems to fit the case, because, when they were a great people in a part of Asia where there were many dark-skinned savage peoples, and when Europeans were unknown, the Shans were the only whitish barbarians of whom the Chinese knew anything. The women's bodies, and those of the men in a less degree, where not exposed to the rays of a hot sun, are so white as easily to be mistaken for Western people from southern Europe.

It was a great delight to come upon these charm-

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

ing people amid all the horrors of humanity represented by the other tribes on this China-Burma frontier. One day we entered a fertile valley with a clear water stream winding along its centre, on the bank of which we witnessed a pretty sight. Two Shan ladies with three bonny little children arrived at the ford close to which we were seated resting while awaiting the arrival of the mules. Our few Yün-nan soldiers were bathing; they stripped handsome, shapely men. The ladies pulled up their outer skirts—they have another short white one underneath to just above the knee—and one taking the smallest kiddie on her shoulder, both began to wade across the river. The two tiny boys stripped, put their clothes on their heads and, to my dismay, rushed boldly into the stream, laughing and playing with the water, which was up to their necks. While watching this pretty picture, for the women were young and good-looking, we had not noticed a number of Shan maidens and youths assembling nearly opposite us on the other bank. When, however, we perceived them, they scattered amid much laughter; the young men going a few yards up-stream, where they stripped naked and commenced bathing. The girls and younger women quickly and deftly removed their clothes, except a single cloth round the loins, which they retained in position until fairly in the water. They had beautiful figures and skins almost white, and seemed proud of being so comely. They were full of fun and laughter, cracking numerous jokes—which, unhappily, we could not understand—with

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

the young men a little way off, no doubt at the barbarian eye's expense.

When one woman appeared more bashful than the others, they all joined in uproarious laughter and in making fun of what to them was stupid and unnatural modesty. How different are the manners and customs of God's creatures! A Chinese lady would rather have died than thus have exposed her person, even supposing her men would have let her bathe. Hindu women, though equally, perhaps many of them more beautiful than the Shan ladies, also bathe in the river or at the well in public, but seldom appear joyful over it. They always seem to be performing a kind of penance or religious duty. Shan women, like those of Burma and Japan, love to wear a natural flower in their hair.

Chinese customs in regard to women have more in common with ours than with those of the Shans, Burmese or Japanese, and infinitely more than with those of Hindus or Mahommedans. Speaking of customs among the non-Chinese people in south-west China, Marco Polo says: "A wife is nothing worth unless she has been used to consort with men." Of the Japanese and Burmese it can be said that at least the chance of a future husband is in no way diminished by maidenly indiscretions.

At Wei-yüan, which we reached on the 16th of March, our mule men went again on strike; this time because, as we progressed towards the Mekong, the stories of troubles ahead grew hot and furious and we had already suffered considerably from

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

chang-ch'i, myself in particular. To this day I have not got rid of it, the bacilli taking any favourable opportunity to remind me of those wanderings in south-west Yün-nan.

We were informed that not only were there no roads and an impassable country, but that we were running straight on to the arrows of the Yeh jen, wild men who would kill us all and use our bodies to promote the growth of their spring crops. As usual, we appealed to the local officials. But for their help in this case I think that T'ung and I would have had to abandon all and push through alone, for, of course, we could not be kept from attaining our goal by a lot of cock and bull stories of "wild men." As to Wang, I feel sure that nothing—not even a gold mine or a hundred new species of birds—would have induced him to risk his neck. Do what we would, our followers would not be persuaded, though we used all the old time-worn arguments and offered splendid rewards. They just kept on repeating "Tsou pu liao; hui ch'ü pa."—"We will not go; we shall go back." I really felt like killing somebody, to be thus balked near the end of my journey.

At this juncture a messenger arrived with a letter from the military official, a dear old Chinese army colonel in command of the district. He was one of the old school, and his heart was in the right place. The letter was an invitation to lunch that afternoon. I accepted, more to get away from the mulemen and relieve my feelings than with any idea of enjoyment or help.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

The old gentleman greeted me on the steps with the usual salute of three bombs and a little music, and soon had me telling him all about my travels, my ambitions, hopes and fears and, finally, of the complete collapse of our expedition due to the refusal of the men to proceed into what everyone told them was the jaws of death. He listened attentively, sympathized, was silent for a little while, and then remarked: "Wo chih tao—I know Pu yao chin—Never mind. All will be well; they'll go. When you get back to your inn send the two head-men to me and I'll say a few words to them."

I could have hugged the dear old fellow. We enjoyed a hearty meal, exchanged many jokes at the expense of our respective superiors, compared notes about Peking and Burma, and finally drank the healths of our respective monarchs, Queen Victoria and Emperor Kuang Hsü.

Then I returned to the inn. I ordered the two head-men to go at once to the colonel's house. They flatly refused. Then I sent my card with a message to the colonel to say they would not obey my orders. Presently two lictors arrived. A few minutes later I saw the latter returning to the colonel's house, each with a head-man by the wrist. What happened after that I cannot tell. I only know that late that night I was informed that I could start all right in the morning, as the mulemen and followers were all ready to continue the journey. I gave a sigh of relief and had the best sleep for many a night—fever notwithstanding.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Yet I don't believe that military official could have raised fifty soldiers in all his command. My friend the colonel was evidently expecting trouble on his own account, as he requested me to purchase for him in Rangoon ten revolvers, and, what is more, gave me the silver ingots for the purpose.

On the 21st March we stood almost over the mighty Mekong, some 4,000 feet above the rapids, which are a short distance below the Ta-pêng Ferry. The noise was so great we could hear it far above the river, which at this point is 2,800 feet above sea-level. At the ferry it is 100 to 120 yards across, but very deep. The water was a muddy yellow-green colour with a current of about three miles an hour. There were no signs of either fish or shells, and the local people declare there are neither. Steep sloping hills covered with brushwood, flowering shrubs and trees, rose on each side. The ferry was let out to contract by the Provincial Government for two hundred pounds a year. Each passenger paid a penny, and for a mule or pony about twopence. The contractor told me that about 10,200 baggage animals cross and recross in the year and about 3,000 shoulder-pole men and passengers, of whom 1,400 are pilgrims to the sacred mountain, close to Pu-êrh. There are several other ferries across the Mekong in Yün-nan, but this is the most important south of the main road from Yün-nan city to Bhamo. From this point we toiled up a zigzag for three and a half hours, ascending 3,200 feet in a distance of five miles.

On the whole I was disappointed with the

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Mekong, which, as it rises in far Tibet, I expected to find a much greater volume of water. Were it in central China, it would most certainly be navigated by the Chinese; but the people of southern Yün-nan are not ambitious, and for the most part are content merely to exist.

And now we went merrily on through varying scenery and tribes of all kinds, speaking different dialects and wearing different costumes, until we reached the front door of the country of the Wild Was, who, owing to a recent quarrel with the troops of the Chinese force sent against them, had barred further progress by cutting deep ditches across the only approaches to their mountain fastnesses. They gave out in the most public manner that, owing to a series of bad years with their crops, they were wanting human heads as manure, especially those of barbarians such as Chinese. As to foreigners, they had never yet been fortunate enough to get an Occidental head, so, of course, mine would have been welcomed as equal to several Chinese, always supposing they could have told the difference between it and the head of Wang or T'ung.

To fully describe these "wild men" and all their curious neighbours would take too many chapters. I must refer you to the *Gazetteer* of Upper Burma. These Was, or Kê-los, as the Chinese call them, or whatever name the ethnologists prefer to give them, are divided into two main branches—the tame and the wild. Both are much the same, except that tame Was no longer take human heads.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

We were now well into the tame Was' country, and halted on the very threshold of the "wild men," whose villages we could see and two or three of whom we had met. The territory of the Was has been gradually reduced by expeditions and by what is called, on the N.W. frontier of India, "peaceful penetration" by the Chinese on one side and the British on the other, until the Wild Was are hemmed in on all sides, occupying a mountainous area of not more than 100 miles long by forty broad. Their chief interest lies in their being one of the only three tribes left in Asia who find they cannot exist without obtaining a number of human heads each year. The other tribes are Nagas in Assam and Sheng-fan in Formosa.

No maiden of these tribes will look at a young warrior until he has completed the proper tally of human skulls. No crops will grow properly until some human heads have been ploughed into the soil. Was do not put their dead in coffins. Shans use coffins, but erect no monument, so that after a lapse of time all trace of the burial place is lost. Was are armed with very powerful cross-bows and carry three sets of arrows in bamboo cases on their left side. One kind are plain wooden, not pointed; a second sort are similar, but have barbed wooden points; the third are metal-pointed, barbed and ready poisoned. They also use bows and spears and the "piao," an instrument like a large hollow spear-head, into which the hand is thrust. The arrows have no feathers, but a broad reed is used. All use cowries for decoration and wear very long

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

necklaces. They have brightly-coloured, striped, home-made, coarse, cotton cloths and plaited bamboo gaiters and garters.

It was just fifteen years since I had been in the Naga Hills on the then frontier of Assam, and among these Was it seemed to me I was back again with the Nagas, so similar were they in appearance, dress, arms, houses, methods of war and in wanting human heads. Their villages are on spurs, 6,000 or more feet above sea-level, are surrounded by powerful bamboo fences and have covered ways of approach so arranged that stones can be rolled on to the heads of their enemies.

Thus, on arrival at Mêng-ku we found that, as usual, Chinese remonstrances were based on reason. No one would face the Wild Was, and either I must go alone or turn north, abandon my bee-line to railhead, and go round by Ma-li-pa, where, I now heard for the first time, was a British-Chinese Boundary Commission in session. It was a crushing blow to any explorer, but for an Indian army officer to be held up by a few miserable head-takers was nothing short of humiliating in view of French and Chinese local prestige. Such was, however, the unwholesome fear established by these handful of "wild" men that T'ung would hardly listen and poor old Wang turned deadly white when I tried to insist on our proceeding as originally intended. As to the mule men, they planted themselves firmly.

I, therefore, had no alternative but to enter the jaws of death alone or capitulate. I chose the latter for, thought I, "I am not in command of an

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

expeditionary force, and since these people have already quite recently defeated and cut up a small body of Chinese troops, they would make mince-meat manure of me in five minutes.”

Though my followers were delighted, it was with a heavy and resentful heart that I turned away from the still unknown.

For, had it been possible to go on, I felt, from what I had already seen, that even these Wild Was might be interesting, especially if they could be tamed. Human skulls were not much in evidence, because no doubt they had been used for the crops. On the other hand, the Was seemed to like domestic animals, particularly cats and dogs.

One day we saw four or five very fine hairy black dogs chasing a deer and giving tongue with noses to the ground, in the manner of foxhounds. But curiously enough, in their houses, rather than stags' heads or antlers, they hung up the bodies of dogs, which they venerate.

Wild birds were plentiful, but were not beloved as they are by the Chinese. A Wild Was would probably prefer to carry about an Occidental skull as a peculiar trophy rather than a bird in a cage.

CHAPTER XVII

AT last, on the 3rd April, we found ourselves at Ma-li-pa, or Tawnio, and it was pleasant to see the stalwart frames of Sikhs and Pathans forming the escort to the Boundary Commission assembled near by, at Ta-shui T'ang, under Mr. Scott and General Lin. By way of contrast to the soldierly looking men of northern India we noticed two or three very thin and scoundrelly-looking creatures, who, on inquiry, said they were Sahib's servants. With the exception of the soldiers of the military police, who are mostly recruited in northern India, the Indians in Burma are the scum of Hindustan; highly paid, thoroughly pampered and spoilt.

We took up our quarters in the Chinese temple. I paid up and dismissed my mulemen—now sorry for their obstinacy—and my escort from Yün-nan city, consisting of ten men under a sergeant. This escort had carried out their duty, which was to see me safely through the territory governed by the Viceroy Sung, and I noted accordingly:

“My ten soldiers are not bad fellows. Anyway, the longer the march, the rougher the road, the darker the night and the poorer the fare, the louder do they sing their songs. *What* soldiers they would make under British officers and British control! I would back a Chinese army led by British officers and given equal terms and chance to knock sparks out of our

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Indian army. I say this *without prejudice*, for I love my Indian Jats, and, as things are at present, the result would be just the other way.”

The Indians clustered round us and wanted to know all about China and the Chinese. It was with some trouble that I tried to disabuse them of the idea that the country they were in and which bordered on Burma was not China, and that its inhabitants afforded scarcely any idea of what the real 300 millions Chinese were like. I told them that, in spite of their martial qualities and their healthy conceit in themselves, they (the Indians) had been beaten and ruled by Mo(n)ghuls and that the Chinese looked down on Yin-tu (Indian) men with pity and contempt. It seemed to me that, though only a part of the truth, it would do them no harm; for Sikhs, and Pathans in a less degree, are very well satisfied with themselves.

As I sat that afternoon at the table in the temple suddenly a shadow fell across the doorway. Looking up, I saw a British officer in uniform, looking so smart and clean and active that it seemed quite strange, for I had almost forgotten there were such people. I was so surprised that I forgot proper forms of etiquette and hospitality, and jumping up exclaimed, Chinese-like: “Ah! you have come; please take a seat.”

It was Captain Walker, head of the Burma Intelligence Department, whose timely assistance and kind hospitality I shall always remember with gratitude. What he did not know about all the Burma-China frontier at that time was hardly

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

worth knowing, and when I told him of my great disappointment in not being able to fill in one of the chief blanks on his map—the country of the Was—he remarked: “It is just as well; you would probably have had your head taken off.” That helped to lessen the disappointment under which I had been labouring ever since Meng-kǒ.

As it was five months since I had seen anyone British, other than missionaries, and six weeks since I had seen any white man at all, we had a good deal to say and there was much news to gather. The members of the Boundary Commission formed a merry crowd, to which, unkempt and footsore as I was, I was made welcome. One gave me socks, another boots, another a bed, and so on. All these good fellows under the leadership of Mr. Scott were busily engaged in mapping the country and defining a frontier between two great Empires. But that there was still some confusion in the minds of the people had been proved to me a few days previously by a little incident that had occurred within forty miles of the Burma frontier and within fifty miles of Ma-li-pa, with its British officials and British Indian troops.

On April 1st I had found in a village an old man who could talk Chinese. So I asked him: “Have you seen any foreigners pass this way before we came?”

He replied: “I don’t understand what you mean.”

“Well,” I said, “you are a Shan man, and this man here (Wang) is a Chinese man. So what countryman do you think I am?”

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

“Why, you are a Was man, of course,” said he promptly.

Now, though it did happen to be April Fools Day, I still believe that old man was in earnest and knew nothing of the British.

Before reluctantly bidding farewell to the hospitable members of the Boundary Commission, I was lucky enough to have an interview with the Chinese official General Lin. I found him and his following in hastily erected, somewhat leaky grass sheds, and he proved to be a charming, jovial old gentleman of sixty. Naturally I was prepared to hear he was a native of Hu-nan province, and this proved to be the case. He had seen much service on the Tong-king frontier, directing the operations of the celebrated Black Flags against the French, who remember those brave fighters with good reason.

General Lin told me of a sharpshooter he had who used to go out in front of the line and pick off French company officers. No sooner did the French leaders fall than the Annamite soldiers would turn tail and run away. For each Annamite company defeated in this simple manner the sharpshooter was rewarded with a thousand ounces of silver (say £150). The General said that although this man was a very fine fellow he never could promote him because he spent all the money thus earned in drink.

We left Ta-shui T'ang on the 9th April, bound for Bhamo. We selected this place in preference to railhead, our original goal, because we here discovered that instead of the railway being near

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

Lashio, as we had expected, it had only got a little way north-east of Mandalay! Thus there was nothing to be gained by a hot and uninteresting journey across the plains, when the much cooler, more interesting and little-frequented route over the hills was only a few miles longer.

We had now got Indian Government transport mules, with Panthay drivers, in place of our Chinese ones. The Government mules were fine animals, sleek and round, with appointments which would not have disgraced the Royal Horse Artillery and with well-clothed attendants. But although on emergency in war time this transport is hard to equal, for the ordinary traveller it is far less useful and practical than the Chinese. It is too luxurious, too pampered, too fond of spit and polish, seizing the shadow for the substance. These Government mule drivers required many luxuries, refused to carry the loads my Chinese mules had been accustomed to, and grumbled at marching more than ten miles a day. The Chinese mules, though much smaller, with a less ration, carried heavier loads, and our daily average had been over twenty-one miles!

We crossed the Salween in a dugout at the Mantung Ferry, the mules swimming. I found the river and scenery very like the Mekong, and nothing worth recording happened in this part of our journey. We had the same up and down steep hills and across hot valleys amid tribes of different kinds, mainly the very ugly Kachins, some of whom are enlisted as military police. The most noticeable things were dogs and babies. Many dogs around

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

villages in Asia is said to be a sign of defective morality and police arrangements. But they are not always a protection, since the thief is frequently of and belonging to the robbed village.

On the 17th April we sighted the important market town of Nam-kham, which lies in the fertile and beautiful valley of the Shewli. It is situated at the south-west end, on slightly rising ground, just where the river disappears into the hills amid groves of bamboos, graceful trees and large plantations of pineapples, which are sold for one penny each.

I had a curious experience at Nam-kham. It was on British soil and from one of my own cloth and nationality that I was for the first time in a journey of six months duration in a foreign land to meet with incivility. A lieutenant commanded the military police in the fort. He took no notice whatever of my arrival, nor did he render me assistance of any kind. On my sending in my card a very dirty, unshaven-looking individual appeared, not in the least like a British officer. When he perceived I had no place to stop in, he reluctantly offered me shelter in his house. But I preferred the shed where, thanks to his inhospitality, we were forced to retire. He made no attempt to assist us in any way. Reluctantly I have to record that I was worse received and treated in the first British outpost in Burma by a brother officer than in some of the most outlandish places in China by people who had some reason to regard me, if not as a spy, at any rate as a slightly mad barbarian.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

But for the kindness of the conductor in charge of the transport and Mr. Pereira of the Telegraph Department I should have fared badly, as, of course, my Chinese passport and assistants were no longer of any use. Both those two gentlemen did all they could to help us.

My object in mentioning this incident is to show that we have yet something to learn from the Chinese in the matter of the truest form of hospitality, that which looks for no return.

From Nam-kham to Bhamo is four days' march along a comparatively good road. On the way I had another curious experience of the difference between the manners of the East and the West. At Nam-khai we saw a tent with an Englishman standing in front of it. I advanced to meet him and raised my hat. He stood quite still with his hands in his pockets and allowed me to approach close to him without taking any notice at all. He was a fine fellow, nevertheless, and an important person in those parts, being the political officer of the Kachin Hill Tracts.

When Mr. T'ung heard who he was he inquired whether all our diplomatic officers on our frontiers had these peculiar manners. I said: "Oh, that's all right; they really mean to be quite friendly and nice; it's just the blunt honesty of the British character. We are different to you Asiatics. We think rudeness and bluntness must go hand and glove with honesty. Bowing and scraping we call humbug."

Mr. T'ung said he quite understood and that he

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

hoped before many decades the three hundred and fifty million of his countrymen would have learned from Western people how to be rude and blunt as well as honest.

We arrived at Manksi on the 19th April, a place only thirteen miles from our goal, Bhamo. Here we found a nice bungalow belonging to the Public Works Department. All over the Indian Empire there are excellent bungalows belonging to the Public Works, Irrigation and Civil Departments of the Government, but no one seems to have thought of or cared for ordinary travellers or the army. Anything with a roof over it is good enough for them.

I have a vivid recollection of a hot bath in a fine large tub, the first bath I had had since Yün-nan city, though, of course, there had been cat licks. After the bath there was a long chair, a cigar and a whisky and soda in a big tumbler. I felt that I did not mind the temperature being ninety-two degrees in the house, though we had not had anything so hot for months. You must get tired and hot and go for days without them before you can fully appreciate the simple luxuries of life.

Next day—April 20th—T'ung, the "boy," and I mounted Burmese police ponies, Wang sticking to his government mule, and made good time to Bhamo, which we reached at 10.30 a.m. We passed through a forest of magnificent teak trees, all alive with insects and birds of many kinds. Skirting this forest south-west towards Katha are jungles which shelter tigers, elephants and bisons; they form,

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

in fact, quite a zoological garden. There is no doubt that Burma and Assam and south-west Yün-nan still afford one of the best fields for the sportsman, the naturalist and the ethnologist to be found anywhere in Asia.

Our first sight of Indian civilization was a ticca-gharry, the Indian cab, with four fat natives inside, another on the box, and yet another standing up behind, the whole drawn at a good eight miles an hour by a pony so diminutive that he was almost lost to view. Soon we sighted the red-tiled roofs of the barracks within the fort, and next I was being greeted by a strongly-built, pleasant-looking man in a Burmese pongee.* He was Captain Bernard, commandant of the Kachin police battalion, who very soon placed me at my ease and put his house and belongings at our disposal. I have the liveliest recollection of his unbounded hospitality and his splendid sporting trophies, for he was a great Nimrod and full of entertaining stories.

At Bhamo came numerous telegrams of congratulations on my safe arrival from Sir Claude MacDonald, Bax-Ironside and Morrison in Peking, Jardine Mathesons' in Shanghai, my cousin in the Soudan, my brother in England, and others. All of which made me feel very happy.

On Saturday, 22nd April, we embarked on the good ship *Sladen*, of the Indian Marine—the last remaining of King Thibaw's fleet—under Commander Bowden, and made a pleasant and unevent-

* A kind of apron skirt made of silk.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

ful passage down the Irrawaddy to Mandalay. Compared to the Yangtse, the Irrawaddy seemed a mere trickle; the scenery pretty, but tame. Moreover, I missed the life, bustle and push of the Chinese on the banks of China's great waterway.

I am not going to describe Burma. Beautiful and interesting as it is, the climate is too hot and steaming and I thought Bhamo a miserable hole. However, tastes differ.

Aboard the *Sladen* was an army doctor going to Katha, a more deadly hole still, and he thought Bhamo a nice healthy place and Burma an excellent country.

I granted him that Burmese women are like the French, splendid. But Burmese men, unlike the French, are no use for anything except smoking, gambling, playing and nursing babies. Burma wants more Chinese men.

Just before reaching Mandalay we passed Mingun pagoda, the largest mass of ruined brickwork in the world, and close by it we saw the second biggest hung bell in the world. The biggest is at Moscow. The legends concerning the Burmese bell are numerous. Innumerable gold trinkets were cast into the melting pot and, it is said, even women themselves!

There is another famous bell at Rangoon, which, after the war of 1840, the British tried to carry off, but dropped it into the river. Whereupon the conquered Burmese asked whether, if they got it up again, they might keep it. The British had

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

already given up trying to raise it. The Burmese, however, were successful; using thousands of hollow vessels attached to ropes, and with the help of the river tide they got it ashore. It is now in the Shway-Da-Gon temple. It is said to be the third largest in the world. The bell cannot be rung because, owing to the instability of the supports, it has to be propped up from below.

At Mandalay I enjoyed the hospitality of Colonel and Mrs. Creagh. She was a charming and beautiful woman, and she told me a story of how she had met Lord Curzon on his way home after his visit to Persia. She mistook him for a missionary with the toothache, and, consequently, was very gentle and kind to him by way of helping him along!

From Mandalay by rail to Rangoon occupied us from 1.30 p.m. to 7.30 a.m. the following day—the 26th April.

At Rangoon the chief staff officer to whom I reported myself was Colonel Aylmer, V.C. He was very interested in my journey and was most kind and obliging, even to lending me a suit of dress clothes and pumps in which to dine with the General Officer Commanding in Burma, General Protheroe, a fine old soldier who had lost two fingers of his left hand in action.

The following evening a telegram came from the Quartermaster-General at Simla, ordering me to proceed there as soon as possible. So we all at once embarked on board the *Ethiopia*.

I must now pause to draw a retrospect of this journey from the start. Looking through my notes

made at the conclusion of eighteen months traveling by sea and land east of Hindustan, I see that during this time I had visited places in eight of the eighteen provinces of China proper, besides Malaya, Hong Kong and Burma; had travelled 700 miles up the Yangtse, visiting all its fortified places, and had come 2,360 miles from Hankow to Bhamo. Of this distance 880 miles had been by water, and the balance, 1,480 miles, by land, almost all on foot, with an occasional lift on a pony or mule when tired out by chang-ch'i. In spite of the numberless rapids on the Yüan River we had made an average of thirteen and a half miles a day against a strong current. By road, including halts, we had averaged eighteen and a quarter miles a day, and had actually marched for 130 days. The route from Yo-chou, at the entrance to the Tung-t'ing Lake, where we began the route-traverse to Ma-li-pa, where we ceased surveying, had been very tortuous, though we had essayed to keep to the bee-line as much as was possible. After a few days' instruction Mr. T'ung had carried on this traverse by himself under my supervision. At that time no sketch had ever been made or levels taken of the part between Yo-chou and Kuei-yang. The 130 miles by the old road from Chên-ning to P'u-an was maiden ground; so was the 200 miles from I-men to Ching-tung; also several other portions of the route, including the plans of the larger cities and towns.

In a book which is intended as a tribute to the good qualities of the Chinese people, so far as they have come under my observation, it will not be out

of place to speak a further word in praise of my helpers on this journey. In reckoning their performances, the circumstances as I have tried to depict them and the period must be pictured. It must not be forgotten that T'ung was a Protestant Christian and Wang a Roman Catholic; while the "boy" was—well! what was he? I never asked and I never discovered. Whoever his God, He helped him to help me; and right well he did it.

Wang and I between us, besides the 184 birds, collected eighty-four land and freshwater shells, including one new species of vivipara, and twenty insects, including one new species; we also gathered much useful information about trade, geography, etc.

T'ung was splendid. When I first engaged this delicate-looking Chinese gentleman he seemed such a stripling that I feared he could not possibly stand the strain. Then, although he had learned the use of instruments and surveying, he had not had practical experience of plane-tabling. But when I demurred, he said: "You teach me; I will learn"; and learn he did in an incredibly short space of time. At Yo-chou he began his plane-table traverse of the route on a scale of two miles to one inch, and, although I fear I may not be believed, that fragile youth stuck to his task—for task it surely was—through sunshine and cloud, rain and snow, cold and heat, down thousands of feet and up again in a few miles, through difficult country, often unhealthy and feverish, never omitting a village or a hill he could see nor a stream which he crossed, nor laid aside his plane-table but for one single day, when

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

it snowed so hard he could scarcely see to walk. This he did for days on end for 2,000 miles!

And as that young man never ceased his work neither did he omit each night, no matter how late the hour, how hungry and tired, to read his Bible and say his prayers. Just as, gazing up at those wild scenes in Kuei-chou the answer to the question: "What is Chinese art?" first dawned upon me, so it was the experience of T'ung which opened my eyes to the reality of the Chinese as a magnificent race of humans. Here was a man, son of a distinguished Chinese General, known to many of the officials whom we met, working all he knew how to for a barbarian eye in the heart of his own country. A traitor, you say. Not he. He was a clever and enlightened man, who saw that this was an opportunity for utilizing the present to further his country's interests in the near future.

Now there is an idea abroad that T'ung was T'ung because he was a Protestant Christian. But there was never a greater delusion. Many Chinese Christians, like Christian Indians or Christian Occidentals, are no more use than a dead rat. T'ung was a worthy son of a worthier father, who knew not Christ. So that it has come to me to believe that there are thousands of non-Christian and hundreds of Christian T'ungs in China. Whether it be under an Emperor or under a Republic, these men are working all the time for the good of their people and their country. And they will raise it to a yet higher level sooner than many think and in spite of foreign Powers.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

We reached Calcutta on the 1st May, and thence I shipped Wang back to his home in Shanghai, and my collections to the British Museum. T'ung and the "boy" agreed to accompany me to Simla, where I had been ordered to give an account of my travels. With us also went the green parrot which I had brought with such care all the way from Yün-nan city, and which I now presented to the wife of the Quartermaster-General. But, alas, the parrot could not stand the racket of Simla society and only survived a short time.

By May 8th I was in that most comfortable hostelry, the Simla Club, while Wang and T'ung found quarters in a good hotel. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of Simla society to me, and the invitations I received to teas and picnics generally had a postscript as follows:

"By the way, dear Captain Wingate, please bring your Chinese companions with you."

As I have explained, China before 1900 was not well known in India, and Mr. T'ung as a real Chinese gentleman, quietly dressed in the most lovely shades of the finest silk, with a large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles on his youthful nose, was at the time a unique sight in Simla. My "boy" also made a great splash in a long coat of dark blue silk brocade and sleeveless overjacket of Imperial yellow brocade, with dragons on it. His bronzed, good-humoured face, surmounted with the correct mushroom-shape Peking summer hat of white straw with red silk tassel, and his big Manchu boots were much admired.

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

While at Simla, busily occupied with social functions and in recording for the benefit of the pigeon-holes the information I had gathered in China, I found time to prepare and deliver before the United Service Institution of India a lecture entitled "Things Chinese." It was very crude, and, of course, I could not say what I really thought.

Yet the soul of the Captain of Irregular Cavalry had now germinated and his thoughts were something as follows:

"It is twenty-two and a half months since I left Jubbulpore Cantonment. I am certainly a wiser man; that it was easy to be. But I am not a sadder man, which, if all I have read about the Chinese were even half true, I ought to be. On the contrary, I have learned that the Asiatic world is full of kind people; that help and kindness are forthcoming when and where least expected, and often when there is least reason to hope for it. I find that people who live in cities and towns are further from Christ than those who dwell in the country. That the brain rules the former and the heart the latter. I have discovered that the Government of China is simple; that it is more hospitable, more benevolent, and more democratic than the Government of India, and that the Chinese do some things as well as they are done in England and better than in India. It has been made clear to me how dynastic rule may live for long after it is moribund on its former great reputation. How rulers, even though they are fully aware that things are not what they represent or desire, will yet persevere to their own

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

destruction, like moths in the candle, because of the personal inconvenience and material loss which any other course would bring upon them. I see many faults in our methods of rule in India, but I feel I could not do much to remedy them. I am overlaid with the knowledge that man is the outcome of his environment; that in Asia, whether you travel in a Peking cart or a Pullman car; whether you ride a Mongol pony or an English hunter; whether you eat rice and shrimps with chopsticks or stuffed quail and peas with knives and forks; whether you wear a long coat of silk or a short one of tweed; whether you wear a turban, a Chinese hat, a bowler, or no hat at all; whether you cut your hair short, part it in the middle, or grow it long in a queue, or shave it off like the Hindu; whether you worship the God of Manu, of Buddha and of Confucius, or the God of Christ and Mahomet; whether you pray in a comfortable, cushioned seat in a church, carefully guarded from draught, or kneel at the first streak of dawn on the hard stone with your face to the China-blue sky; whether your standard of purchase be less than a penny, or one shilling; whether you reckon time by the clock, or by the crops and the rising and setting of the sun; no matter how you do any or all of these things, the great truths of life for the Asiatic and the European human remain constant. Those truths are the same for the inhabitant of vast Hindustan and China as for the dweller in little England. You cannot get away from them nor escape them. Without love and without labour there cannot

A CAVALIER IN CHINA

be any fruit. There can be no folding of the hands.

But there is this great difference. If you are the fortunate dweller in the temperate zone your labour is not incessant. You may rest for a moment, your elbow upon the spade handle, and take a glance around; you may stop for a while from building the river bank; you may sow your seed to-morrow instead of to-day. Not so in the land of extremes, where, when the sun shines he burns and when he does not shine the land is flooded; where, if the field is left fallow for long, tigers roam over it; where, if you cease for an hour to puddle the bund, your village is wiped from off the face of the land; where, if you do not at once mend the crack in your house wall, a tree will grow and knock it down as sure as any crowbar.

As I look back across the 3,000 miles of China's mountains, valleys and plains which we crossed so often, yet never, but once, for a single hour were we beyond the sight of fellow humans, I see clearly what I never even dreamed before, that although we are all one family, alike in all the things that really count in the lives of humans, the Occidental cannot inhabit Asia for long and not become Oriental; that the habitat of the temperate zone must always, in the long run, overcome the dweller in the land of extremes; that there is only the One True God and that the *manner* in which we serve Him is of very little consequence, provided we do so faithfully and honestly."

THE END

INDEX

A

Afghanistan, 207, 208, 210
Alcock (Sir Rutherford), 86
Alford (Mr., Manager of Jardine Mathieson, Ltd.), 137.
Allen (Mr.), 146
Amir of Afghanistan, 208
Amoor (river), 17, 80
Anglo-French Quicksilver and Mining Concession (Kwei-chou Province), account of the venture, 218; chairman's report of, 219; conclusions regarding, 221 *et seq.*
An-hui (province), 71
Annam, 289
Annamite soldiers: Chinese opinion of, 304
Anning-Hsien 269
"An-ping" (S.S.), 37
An-shun, 242
Anti-foot Binding Society, 144
Ao Ki (Captain), 93
"Appenarde" (S.S.), 111
Armstrong (Captain), of Murray's Jat Lancers, 23
Assam, 226, 259, 288, 291, 298, 299, 309
Astor House Hotel (Tientsin), 38
Athens, 53
Aylmer (Colonel, V.C.), Chief Staff Officer, Rangoon, 311

B

Baber (Colborne), noted consular official, 11, 241, 256, 291
"Ballarat" (S.S.), 133
"Barfleur" (battleship), 98, 99, 100, 101.
Bax-Ironside (Mr.), Legation Secretary, 90, 91, 99, 309
Beira, 37
Belard (Monsieur), 276
Bengalee, 17, 18
Beresford (Lord Charles), 99, 136, 159, 164, 231
Beri-beri, 29

Berlin, 157
Bernard (Captain), Commander Kachin Police, 309
Bhamo, 92, 296, 304, 307, 308, 309, 310, 312
Blackburn (Mission), 137
Black River, 270, 280, 285
Boers, 107
Bombay, 36
Boulanger (Professor), 194
Bourne (Mr.), 137
Bowden (Commander), 309
Boxers, 87, 126, 138
Bredon (Sir Robert), 68
Brennan (Mr. Byron), 138
British Museum, (Natural History), 194, 315
Browne (Colonel), Military Attaché, 78, 99
"Brumagem Bruisers" (Warwickshire Regt., nickname of), 18
Buddha, 10, 244, 317
Buddhism, 63, 208, 290
Buddhist, 10, 19, 31, 88, 141, 186, 281
Burma, 5, 13, 17, 19, 20, 26, 92, 95, 115, 140, 172, 183, 210, 226, 237, 239, 240, 253, 258, 262, 265, 268, 271, 280, 289, 291, 293, 296, 301, 302, 306, 309, 310, 311, 312; Bombay-Burma Trading Co., 24; Burma-China-Burma upper, frontier of, 292, 302, 303, 297
Burmese, 257, 290, 293,
Bushell (Dr.), authority on Chinese Art, 90, 237
Butterfield & Swire (Messrs.), 146

C

Cairo, 59
Calcutta, 17, 19, 28, 36, 59, 315
Cambalu (c), 11 (see Peking)
Camera (Mr.), 137
Campbell (Mr. C. W.), assistant to Chinese Secretary at British Legation, 58, 63, 119, 122, 165
Canton, 34, 35, 36, 39, 142, 247, 258, 265

INDEX

- Cantonese, 34, 36, 128, 130, 264, 291
 Carlyle (Thomas), 11
 Carpentaria (Gulf of), 92
 "Centurion" (battleship), 101
 Ch'a (trees), 188, 211, 269
 Chamot (Monsieur), 41
 Chancery Lane, 76
 Chang-Chih-Tung, Viceroy of Hunan Province: interview with, 160; character of, 163 *et seq.*
 Chang (the robber), 204, 205
 Chang-ch'i (fever), 285, 289, 290, 294, 312
 Ch'ang-tê, 168, 181, 182, 184, 185
 Chao-yung, 209
 Cha Pen-hsing (Mr.), 21
 Chartreuse, 237
 Ch'ang-sha, 158, 171
 Chaucer, 55
 Ch'eng (General), 162
 Chen-ch'i, 204, 205
 Ch'eng-ning, 312
 Chên Pao-chên, 156
 Chên-yüan, 184, 224, 240, 270, 285, 290
 Ch'eng-tu, 58
 Chiang-su, 166
 Chicago, 22
 Ch'ien Lung (Emperor), 79, 114, 151, 264
 Ch'ien Men, 40, 49, 63
 Chifu, 38, 94, 98, 99, 111
 Chih-li (Province), 38, 74, 75, 125, 148, 163, 166, 267; Gulf of, 94, 101
 Childers (H. C. E.), Secretary of State for War, 17
 Chinese (language), decides to learn, 16; early steps in acquiring vocal sounds, 21; passes (elementary) examination in, 22; method of perfecting vocal tones, 46; account of Chinese language, 54 *et seq.*; dialects of, 56; learning written characters of, 57; passes final examination in, 115; author's name in Chinese, 167
 Chinese (people) as travellers and settlers, 26, 27; as sea-goers, 29; unusual attire, 36; zest of life, 42; as tailors, 139; native opinion on foot-binding, 144; kindness to children, 168; as fishermen, 177; taxes, 181; mobs, 184; method of negotiating rapids, 187 *et seq.*; workers' meals, 191; love of birds, 194; quarrels, 196; main characteristics of, 198; instinctive hatred of foreigners exemplified, 201; torture of criminals, 204; no priesthood, 208; superiority in agriculture, 210; uses of bamboo cane, 212; origin of modern Chinese, 226; native hospitality, 232; female infanticide, 250; peasants, 274; archery practice for military examinations, 283; use of opium as antidote to malaria, 286; opinion of the Shans, 291; good qualities of, 312; converts, 314; government, author's conclusions of, 316
 "Ching-ao" (gunboat), 165, 166, 173
 Ch'ing-Hsi, 217, 219
 Ch'ing (dynasty, see Ta Chin), 127
 Ch'ing (Prince), 70, 86, 87, 93
 Ch'ing-lang T'an, 187
 Ch'ing-tao, 38, 76, 97, 98, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111
 Ching-tê Chên, 149, 150, 151
 Ching-tung Ting, 268, 279, 280, 283
 Ching-tung (valley), 280, 282, 286, 288
 Chin-kiang, 146, 147
 Chin-sha Chiang (River of Golden Sand), 145
 Chiu Ling, 151
 Chou (dynasty), 55, 223
 Chowringhee, 17
 Ch'uan (Commissioner), 240
 Ch'u-ching Fu, 247, 248, 270
 Ch'un (Prince of), 80
 Ch'ung-K'ing, 231, 234
 Chun Shan (island), 174
 Clinton (Mr.), 157
 Cochin-China, 27
 Cockburn (Mr.), Chinese Secretary at British Legation, 58, 113, 167
 Colombo, 36
 Comprador, 30
 Confucian Temple, 55, 186, 218
 Confucius: precept of, 9; his care of Chinese language, 57; respect for elders, 60; customs derived from, 74; moral maxims of, 208
 Cornish (Mr.), Director Kiangnan Arsenal, 139
 Coup d'Etat, 126, 127, 129, 132, 133, 134, 159, 172

INDEX

Couvade, 229
Cox (Mr.), 165
Creagh (Colonel and Mrs.), 311
Cruickshank (George), 73
Curzon (Lord), 47, 311
Custance (Captain), Attaché at
Peking, 99, 102

D

Darjeeling, 175
David (Père), missionary, 137
Davies (Captain), 257
Delhi, 226
Denby (Colonel), United States
Minister to Peking, 59
D'Entricollis (Père), 149
"Deutschland" (German flagship),
102, 105, 109, 111
Dickenson, Messrs., 38
Dogs (Chinese), 198, 199, 200
Dolon Nor, 61
Doumer (Monsieur), 262
Downing Street, 72
Dragon Boat Pass (see Lung ch'uan
Kuan), 273
Dragon Festival, 204
Ducat (Major), 117

E

Eight Great Places, 113
Empress Dowager Tzù Hsi: reported
exception to Sir Robert Bredon,
68; awards highest honour to
Li Hung-Chang, 75; subservience
of the Emperor to, 78; thwarts
ideals of the Emperor, 89; royal
train, 117; confidence in Yuan-
Shih-K'ai, 122; forces Emperor's
abdication, 124; coup d'état,
126 *et seq*
En-lo, 285
Entente Cordiale, 28
"Esk" (gunboat), 133, 155
"Ethiopia" (S.S.), p. 311
Ever-white Mountain, 82

F

Fa-Hsien, 26
Fan (the cook), 166
Favier (Monseigneur), 59

Ferguson (Dr. John), Principal of
Siccawei College, 130, 137
Fleming (Australian missionary
murdered), 165, 231, 233, 234,
240
Flowery Land, 26
Forbidden City, 79, 147, 171
"Foreign devil," 135, 165, 178, 202
Forest of Pencils (see Han-lin), 86
Formosa, 298
Fort William, 17
Fraser (Mr.), 148
Fu-Kien, 166
Fu Mu-Kuan, 278

G

Gemmell (Mr., China Inland Mis-
sion), 157, 158
Genghis Khan, 81
Germany: missionaries murdered in
Shantung, 75; seizure of Kiao-
chu, 76; fleet at, 102 *et seq*;
occupation of Ch'ing Tao, 105
Giles (Mr. B.), Consul at Wu-chang,
159, 160, 166
Giles (Professor H. A.), 159
Gill (Captain W.), 145
Gladstone (W. E.), 72
Golden dynasty (see Ta Chin), 81
Golden Island, 147
"Golden lilies," 144
"Goliath" (battleship), 101
Gordon (General), 140, 162
Gould (Mr.), ornithologist, 194
Grand Canal, 140, 141, 142
Grant (Professor Ogilvie), 194
Great Fish Rapid (see Ja Yu J'an),
216
Great Pure dynasty, 83
Great Wall (of China), 49
Gree (Captain), 256
Green-blue Waves Rapid (see Ch'ing-
lang Tan), 187
Green Island (see Ch'ing Tao), 76
Gurkhas, invasion of Tibet, 1790, 42,
227
Gwynne (H. A.), late Editor *The
Morning Post*, Reuter's corres-
pondent, 62, 97, 98, 111, 128

INDEX

H

Haiphong, 32, 257, 258, 280
 Han (dynasty), 149
 Han (river), 152, 153
 Hang-chou, 141
 Hang-yang, 152
 Hankow, 149, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156,
 157, 166, 168, 169, 175, 182, 184,
 192, 254, 268, 312
 Han-lin, 86
 Hanoi, 32
 Hans Andersen, 188
 Harbin, 82
 Hart, Sir Robert, Bart., Inspector-
 General Maritime Customs:
 administrative office, 46; popu-
 larity with Chinese, 47; his
 hospitality, 66; romantic novel
 of, 66; religious beliefs and
 extreme caution in discussion, 67
 Hata-men, 51
 Hêng Chou, 158
 Heyking (Baron von), German Am-
 bassador in Peking, 59, 127
 Hillier (Mr.), 118, 128
 Hillier (Sir Walter), 118
 Himalayas, 15 (Himalayan), 211
 Hindus, 293; Chinese opinion of, 302
 Hingan Mountains, 80
 Hobday (Lt.-Colonel), Indian Survey
 Dept., 19
 Honan (province), 119
 Hong Kong, 28, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36,
 39, 112, 126, 133, 169, 237, 258,
 312
 Honolulu, 26
 Hooghly (river), 19
 Hotel de Pékin, 40, 41, 46
 Hsi-an Fu, 75
 Hsiao-chan, 119, 122
 "Hsin-chi" (S.S.), 129, 130
 Hsin-chiang, 254
 Huang-Kuo Shu, 243
 Hu-Kuang, 152, 163
 Hsuan Tsang, 26
 Hu-nanese, 174, 183, 191, 216, 217
 Hu-nan (province), 152, 154, 155,
 156, 157, 166, 171, 172, 175, 179,
 182, 186, 190, 192, 211, 216, 217,
 227, 249, 304
 Hundred Families, 226
 Hung Wu (Ming Emperor), 150
 Hu-pei (province), 152, 154, 166, 169,
 175, 249

I

Ides (Russian Ambassador), 48
 Iltis (lighthouse), 103
 "Iman Khan" (German gunboat), 24
 I-men, 269, 270, 273, 279, 284, 312
 Imperial Academy (see Han-lin), 86
 Imperial Maritime Customs, 46
 Iron Duke, 18
 Irrawaddy (river), 19, 310
 Islam, 209
 Israelites, 80, 209
 Ito (Marquis), 127

J

Japan: intrigues at Peking, 127
 Jardine Matheson & Co., 137, 309
 Jats (see Murray's Jat Lancers)
 "Java" (S.S.), 24
 Jehol, 61
 Jensen (Mr. and Mrs.), 260, 261, 266
 Jesuits, 201, 208
 Jews, 209
 Joan of Arc, 41
 Jubbulpore, 14, 17, 19, 39, 170, 316
 Jung Lu, 87, 124, 125, 126

K

Kachin Hill Tracts, 307
 Kachins, 305, 309
 Kaiser, 105, 106, 107, 109, 111
 Kakasu Okakura, 149
 Kamschatka, 50
 K'ang, 238
 Kang Hsi (Emperor), 55, 84, 114,
 264
 K'ang Yu-wei, 123, 124, 132, 133, 134
 Kara-Koram, 80
 Kashgar, 164, 252
 Katha, 308, 310
 Khan Baligh, 47
 Kiangnan (arsenal), 139
 Kiang-yin, 139, 145, 146
 Kiao-chou, 76, 77, 94, 108, 110
 Kinder (Mr. and Mrs.), 115, 116
 Kiu-Kiang, 149, 151
 Kochin, 95
 Korea, 50, 58, 59, 103, 119, 128, 134
 Koreans, 81
 Kow-tow (K'e-tou), 79, 85, 87
 Kruger (telegram), 106
 Kruger (Paul), 107
 Kuang (Commander), 166
 Kuang Hsü (Emperor), 78, 79, 80, 84,
 89, 122, 124, 134, 295

INDEX

Kuang-chou Wan, 98
 Kuang-nan, 276
 Kuang-tung, 254
 Kuan-hua (official talk), 56, 57, 123
 Kuan-yao, 151
 Kublai Khan, 11, 253
 Kuei, 85
 Kuei-chou (province), 171, 182, 184,
 186, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 227,
 229, 233, 239, 247, 260, 277, 314
 Kuei-yang, 225, 233, 234, 236, 237,
 238, 240, 241, 312
 K'u-ling (see Chiu-ling), 151, 152
 Ku Li-ch'eng (Mr.), 160, 162, 164
 K'ung (Prince), 86, 87, 88
 Kung-shou, 84
 K'un-lung (ferry), 268
 K'un-lung, 284
 K'un-ming Lake, 255, 270

L

Lambton (Admiral Sir Hedworth), 94
 Lankester (Professor E. Ray), 194
 Lao-ch'ang, 277
 Lashio, 285, 305
 Lhasa, 79, 171, 252
 Li (fish), 177
 Li Hung-Chang, Imperial Viceroy:
 visit to England, 38; his subtlety,
 70; attitude of Germany and
 Western Press to, 71; his inter-
 view with Gladstone, 72; curious
 anecdote of, 74; his death and
 character, 75; nominates Yüan
 Shih-k'ai as his successor, 75;
 his opinion of Japanese, 119
 Liao-tung Peninsula, 98
 Likin, 181
 Lin (Dr.), 130, 131
 Lin (General), 301, 304
 Linde (Mr. de), 129
 "Lion" (gunboat), 176
 Little (Mrs. Archibald), 163
 Litton (Mr.), Consul, 231, 234, 236,
 239, 240, 241, 242
 Liu-Kou, 85; Bridge, 165
 London, 22, 37, 73, 90, 183, 218, 219,
 220, 244
 Longfellow, 149
 Lössoe (Major von), 109
 Louis XIV, 84
Love of Cathay, by W. A. P. Martin;
 quoted, 59

Lung-ch'uan Kuan (Dragon Boat
 Pass), 273
 Lung-wang T'ang, 113
 Lu-t'ai, 115

M

Macartney (Lord), 40, 73
 Macdonald (Chief of Burma Police),
 24
 Macdonald (Sir Claude), British
 Ambassador at Peking, 23, 44,
 45, 58, 69, 76, 78, 86, 87, 88,
 99, 115, 118, 122, 127, 154, 309;
 the Macdonalds, 58, 113, 129
 Macgregor Medal, 5
 Ma-chia Pu, 39
 Mafus (house boys), 61
 Mahomet, 317
 Mahommedan, 18, 41, 180, 208,
 (s, 209), 209, 210, 254, 286
 Malay Straits, 24
 Malaya, 27, 312
 Ma-li-pa, 299, 301, 303, 312
 Manchukuo, 80
 Manchuria, 80, 82, 119, 128, 148,
 267; Manchurian, 210
 Manchus, dynasty of: aversion to
 foreigners, 79; origins of, 80
et seq.; introduce shaven head
 and queue, 84; court ceremonial,
 84 *et seq.*; decadence of, 126;
 overthrow of, 152
 Mandalay, 268, 269, 305, 310, 311
 Manksi, 308
 Man-tung (ferry), 305
 Manu, 317
 Marco Polo, 26, 40, 47, 201, 209,
 253, 256, 257, 258, 259, 293
 Margary (Mr.), British consular
 official, murdered 1876, 171,
 182, 224, 241, 244, 256
 Martin (Dr. W. A. P.), Chinese
 scholar, President Imperial Uni-
 versity, Peking, 59, 60, 114
 Ma-tsui-ai, 203
 Mayers (Sydney), 54
 Mediterranean, 106
 Mekong (river), 28, 32, 253, 270, 284,
 285, 293, 296, 297, 305
 Melbourne, 37, 92
 Mencius, 26
 Meng-Ko, 299, 303
 Meng-tien, 11
 Merganser Squamatus, 194

INDEX

Messageries Maritimes, 27
 Miao (tribes), 218, 227 (black, 228, 242; flowery, 229), 244
 Miao-tzu, 227
 Mi-lo (river), 00
 Min Kuo, 20
 Ming (dynasty), 147, 150; tombs, 148; emperors, 83, 150, 182, 216, 253, 274
 Mingun (pagoda), 310
 Missionaries: native opinion of, 131; interest in Chinese politics, 134; official opinion of, 161; source of accusations of Chinese barbarity, 208
 Missions Etrangères, 236
 Moberley-Bell, 92
 Momein, 288
 Mo(n)ghul, 291, 302
 Mongolia, 50, 61, 62
 Mongolian, 154
 Mongols, 48, 62, 80, 81, 83, 86, 95, 115, 120, 151, 244, 253, 283; dynasty, 208, 226; empire, 291; market, 46, 62
 Morgan (Mr. Pritchard), 128
 Morrison (Dr. G. E.), 91, 92, 93, 128, 156, 157, 171, 309
 Mortimore (Consul-General in Ssu-chuan Province), 58
 Moscow, 310
 Moses, 80
 Mount Austin, 32
 Murray's Jat Lancers, 17, 302

N

Nagas, 288, 298, 299; Hills, 299
 Nam-Khan, 306, 307
 Nam-ting, 284
 Nanking (Nan-ching), 34, 130, 149
 Nan Yuen, 61
 Nathan (Major), 117
 Nepal (Rajah of), 42
 Nestorian, 208, 259
 New Guinea, 92
 Newmann (Mr.), 173
 Nieh (General), 116
 Nippon (anti), 128
 Norregarde (Mr.), 165
 Nurhachu, 81, 82, 83

O

Oil River Protectorate, 45

P

Pai-shui Ch'iao (White Water Bridge), 242
 Pall Mall, 37
 P'an-chiang (river), 244
 P'ang (Mr.), 219
 Panthay, 305
 Pao-ch'ing, 157, 158
 Paris, 73, 183
 Parker (Professor), 207
 Parratt, Mr., 24
 Pathans, 210, 301, 302
 Patterson (Captain), 130
 Pavloff, M., (Russian Minister in Peking), 58
 Peak (Mount Austin), 32, 33
 Pearl River, 34, 247
 Pechili (Gulf of), 38
 Pegu (club), 21
 Pei-ho (river), 129
 Pei (river), 39
 Pei-ta-ho, 113, 127, 128, 129
 Peit'sang, 116
 Peking: arrival at, 40; Legation Street, 41; description of British Legation, 43; social amenities of capital, 47; description of, 48; city walls, 49; everyday life in, 50; craft workers of, 51 *et seq.*; pony races, polo, etc., 61; account of an auction sale, 63; attends audience of Emperor Kuang Hsü, 78; description of ceremonial, 86 *et seq.*; theatrical representation at Old Peking Theatre, 95 *et seq.*
 Penang, 24, 25, 26
 Pereira (Mr.), 307
 Pethick (Mr.), Private Secretary to Li Hung-Chang, 74
 Pioneer (India), extract from, 13
 P'ing-shan, 145
 P. & O. Co., 27, 133
 Pongee, 309
 Porcelain (Chinese), origin of, 149; description of factories at Ching-tê Chên, 151
 Port Arthur, 93, 94, 99
 Portland (club), 90
 Poshteen (coat), 193
 "Powerful" (H.M.S.), 94
 P'o-yang (lake), 149

INDEX

Prince Edward's Island, 24
 Prince Henry of Prussia, 78, 97, 98,
 100, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106,
 107, 108, 109, 111, 112
 Pritwitz (Herr von), 111
 Promised Land, 80
 Protheroe (General), 311
 Pu-an, 312
 Pu-erh (hills), 281, 296
 P'u-K'ou, 148
 Punjab, 38

R

Radcliffe (Major), 117
 Raffles (hotel), 25
 Rajput, 227
 Rangoon, 17, 18, 19, 20, 24, 26, 36,
 258, 263, 285, 296, 310, 311
 Red River, 253, 270, 280
 Reform (edicts), 123, 124
 Republic (Chinese), 77, 119, 123,
 133, 148, 152, 314
 Richardson (Colonel), 61
 Rio de Janeiro, 32
 Rocher (Monsieur E.), 276
 Rome, 53
 Rosenthal (Governor), 111
 Russia: seizure of Port Arthur, 93
 Russo-Japanese War, 59

S

Saigon, 27, 30, 32, 276
 Salisbury (Lord), 45, 94, 136, 155
 Salvago-Raggi (Marquis de), Italian
 Minister at Peking, 59
 Salween (river), 253, 270, 305
 San-Koo, 85
 San-Kuei, 85
 Sarkies (hotel), 25
 "Saucy Sixth" (Warwickshire Regt.,
 nickname of), 17
 Scott (Mr.), British Consul at Tient-
 sin, 301, 303
 Scott (Bishop), Head of the Church
 of England Mission in China,
 59, 60
 "Secundra" (S.S.), 24
 Selkirk (Alexander), 245
 Sen-ke-lin-c'hin (Mongol General), 39
 Seoul, 119
 Sesshiu, 32
 Seymour (Admiral Sir Edward), 94,
 155
 Shan (tribes), 237 (empire, 253), 280,
 290

Shanghai: impressions of, 37, 39,
 58, 92, 99, 112, 123, 130, 132,
 133, 135, 137, 138, 139, 140,
 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 152,
 153, 309, 315
 Shan-hsi, 266
 Shans, 291, 292, 293, 298, 303
 Shan-tung, 38, 75, 98, 103, 109, 121,
 166, 267
 Shen-ching Kuan, 247
 Sheng-fan, 298
 Shewli (valley), 306
 Shih-ping, 225, 226
 Shun Chih (emperor), 83
 Shun-ning Fu, 284
 Shway-Da-Gon (temple), 311
 Siam, 24, 210, 237, 280, 291
 Siamese, 290, 291
 Siccawei, 130
 Sikhs, 301, 302
 Silket, 259
 Sillery (Captain), 19, 20, 21
 Simla, 16, 17, 22, 59, 113, 117, 135,
 139, 315, 316; -club, 315
 Singapore, 25, 26, 27, 28, 36, 126, 258
 Siva Wingatü, 194
 "Sladen" (S.S.), 309, 310
 Sofia, 90
 Son of Heaven (Imperial title), 79,
 84, 89
 Soudan, 309
 "Spink" (H.M.S.), 136
Sport on the Amoor River; quoted, 17
 "Sprouts of the Soil" (see Miao-tzu),
 227
 Ssü-chuan (province), 58, 145, 146,
 166, 206, 211, 239, 247, 252,
 258, 266
 Ssu-mao, 280, 288, 289
 St. Petersburg, 66
 Straits Settlements, 25
 Su-chou, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142,
 143, 144, 145
 Sun (Mr.), 130, 131, 183
 Sun Yat-sen, 123, 134
 Sun-chia T'ang, 273, 275
 Sung, Viceroy of Yün-kuei Pro-
 vinces: interview with, 261;
 discussion of projected railway
 from Yunnan City to Burma, 262;
 comparison of British and
 Chinese soldiers, 264
 Swift (Dean), 235
 Sydney, 132

INDEX

T

Ta-chien, 85
 Ta Chin (dynasty), 81, 83
 Ta Ch'ing, 80
 Ta Fa Kuo (France), 282, 289
 Tai (see Shans), 291
 T'ai Hu (lake), 141
 Tai-ping (rebellion), 140, 148, 151,
 162, 181, 236
 Taku, 38, 70, 155
 Ta-lang, 276, 277
 Ta-li, 262, 269, 280
 T'ang (dynasty), 55
 Taoism, 208
 Taoist, 186
 Tao Kuang, 80, 126
 Tao-tai Yu Chung-ying, 160
 Ta-peng Ferry, 285, 296
 Tartar, 34; city, 40, 49, 86, 147
 Ta shui T'ang, 301, 304
 Tate Kuo (Germany), 282
 Tawnio, 301
 Ta Ying Kuo (Great English Country),
 255
 Ta Yü T'an (Great Fish Rapid), 216
 Tea: green, 153; brick, 154; China,
 175; bitter, 280
 Teheran, 90
 T'eng-yueh (Momein), 288
 "Terriers," 18
These from the Land of Sinim, by Sir
 Robert Hart; quoted, 67
The Times, 91, 92
 Thibaw, 19, 285, 309
 T'iao-fu, 225
 Tibet, 42, 50, 145, 210, 226, 275, 281,
 297
 Tibetan, 154, 281
 Ticca-gharry (cab), 309
 T'ien-nu, 81
 Tientsin: account of, 38, 39, 91, 111,
 112, 119, 122, 125, 128, 130, 148,
 177
 T'ien Ysung, 83
 Ting chai, 43, 86, 159, 166
 T'ing (the potter), 150
 Ti-tou, 84
 Tong-Ku, 129, 132
 Tong-shan, 115
 Tonking, 32, 251, 253, 257, 260, 268,
 274, 289, 304; western, 280
 Tracey (Admiral Sir Richard), 38, 69
 Treaty Ports, 146, 152
 Treves (Sir Frederick), 33

T'sai Tien (see Emperor Kuang Hsu),
 80
 Ts'en (Mr.), 219
 Tso-li, 85
 Ts'ui (Mr.), 96, 97
 Tsung-li Yamen, 73, 93
 T'ung (Mr. Peter L.), 138, 166, 172,
 195, 255, 261, 285, 294, 297, 299,
 307, 308, 312, 313, 314, 315
 Tung (oil tree), 211
 Tung Chih (Emperor), 124
 Tung-ch'uan, 276
 Tung-t'ing (lake), 161, 173, 175, 312
 Turkestan, 50
 Turks, 80
 Tzü Hsi (see Empress Dowager)

V

"Värä" (S.S.), 27, 28, 32
 Victoria (Queen), 6, 67, 71, 78, 88,
 136, 295
 Victoria (town), 32
 "Victorious" (battleship), 101
 Vidal (Baron), 111
 Vivipara, 194, 313

W

Walker (Captain), 302
 Wang: enquiry into death of Fleming,
 231; Governor of Kuei-Yang,
 234; character of, 235
 Wang Tzu-heng, 137, 166, 195, 200,
 294, 297, 299, 303, 308, 313, 315
 Wan Haien, 206
 Wan-hua Shan, 257
 Wa-hu, 148, 149
 Waronoff (Colonel), 116
 Warren (Mr. Pelham), 154, 156, 160,
 161, 165, 166, 169, 170, 180, 216
 Warwickshire (county), 17
 Warwickshire regiment, 17; Militia,
 24
 Washington, 91
 Waterloo, 18
 Wei-hai-Wei, 98, 99, 111, 130
 Wei-hsi, 276
 Wei-yuan, 285, 290, 293
 Wells Williams, 238
 Wen K'e-tê, 167
 Western Hills, 113
 Wharry, 21
 Whang-poo, 132

INDEX

- White Water Bridge, 242
 Wild Was, 241, 285, 297 (Tame, 297, 298), 298, 299, 300, 303, 304
 Wilhelmstrasse, 104
 "Wonk" (see dogs), 199
 "Woodlark" (H.M.S.), 176
 Wo'ting, 276
 Wu (dynasty), 141
 Wu-ch'ang, 152, 159, 166
 Wu San-Kuei (General), 83
 Wu Tao-tzu, 32
- Y
- Yachi (see Yunnan, city of) 257, 258, 259
 Yali (battle of), 130
 Yang (Captain) 191, 192
 "Yang Kuei" (foreign devil), 142, 200, 201
 Yangtse Kiang (river), 35, 92, 135, 137, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 152, 153, 165, 170, 173, 175, 206, 211, 231, 270, 283, 310, 312; gorges, 145; provinces 167; rapids, 180, 187; valleys, 154, 155
 "Yarra" (S.S.), Messageries Maritimes, 27
 Yeh-jen (wild men), 294
- Yellow (Imperial) City, 86
 Yellow River, 226
 Yen-tai, 38
 Yin-tu (India), 262, 302
 Yo-chou, 161, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 312, 313
 Younghusband (Major G. T.), *On Six Months' Leave to Japan*, quoted 25
 Yu (Prince), 223
 Yüan River, 178, 180, 187, 201, 212, 216, 312
 Yüan Shi-k'ai, First President Chinese Republic: Resident General in Korea, 119; interview with, 119 et seq.; Viceroy of Chih-li, 125; exposes plot to Empress Tzü-Hsi, 106
 Yung-hua Gate, 86
 Yün-Kuei, 260
 Yün-nan (province), 21, 22, 92, 182, 227, 241, 246, 247, 251, 252, 253, 254, 258, 260, 268, 270, 275, 276, 277, 286, 289, 292, 294, 296, 297, 309; city, 145, 252, 254, 257, 258, 259, 262, 266, 270, 282, 289, 301, 308, 315
- Z
- Zimme, 24