

Passengers on the railroad know them well, and they always have a chance to see her face. When she passes her old plantation *la grande demoiselle* always lifts her veil for one instant—the inevitable green barege veil. What a face! Thin, long, sallow, petrified! And the neck! If she would only tie something around the

neck! And her plain, coarse cottonade gown! The negro women about her were better dressed than she.

Poor old Champignon! It was not an act of charity to himself, no doubt cross and disagreeable, besides being ugly. And as for love, gratitude!

*Grace King.*

## THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE GREAT WALL.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

**F**EW relics remain in the great empire of China in evidence of an antiquity of race or culture of six thousand years. Tradition fixes the date of its foundation in the year B. C. 3322.

We know that many centuries are required for the development of a language, and the ancient literature of China is alone evidence of a long period of culture preceding it. But

<sup>1</sup> The pictures of this article and the following were drawn from photographs made by Romyne Hitchcock.

there are no great monuments in existence, no treasures of archæology buried and preserved in the rich alluvium of the plains, or on the line of earliest migration in the loess of Shensi and Mongolia, which antedate the written literature. Time and floods, changing seasons, fire and devastating war, have done their work well in the empire.

An ancient feudalism has left its vestiges in the walls and ramparts of ruined cities scattered over the land. These are found far north of the Chinese boundary. I have seen them

even in the interior of Eastern Siberia, where the original wall thrown up by the Chinese serves as the rampart of a Russian military town. In early times, no doubt, such walls were built by feudal chieftains or princes; but later, and at the present day, they are for the defense of cities under government control. The great cities Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Nanking, Canton, and a host of others familiar to our ears, are thus protected.

The examination and identification of such ruins will reveal many interesting facts concerning the march of conquest and civilization in eastern Asia. Already they have yielded some facts to the historian. One of the latest discoveries in this connection is the site of the famed city of Karakorum, south of Urga, which was the capital of the great Genghis Khan when the Mongol power was at its zenith, having under its rule the largest empire the world has ever known.

than any of these, the very existence of which, however, has recently been denied. It is strange that the only work of man of sufficient magnitude to arrest attention in a hasty survey of the earth's surface should be represented as a creation of fancy.

The Great Wall dates from the reign of Chi Hwangti, the first emperor of the Tsin family. It was begun B. C. 214, and finished in ten years, under the first Han emperor. Some portions, built by the northern feudal chieftains, already existed, and the idea of connecting them occurred to the emperor, who, during his brief occupancy of the throne, made himself odious to the scholars by burning the books and records, in order that the written history of China might begin with his ambitious reign.

The Great Wall is approximately 1500 miles in length. Its dimensions vary in different parts, but at the part usually visited it is from 15 to 30 feet in height, 25 feet wide at the base, and 15



MALCOLM FRASER

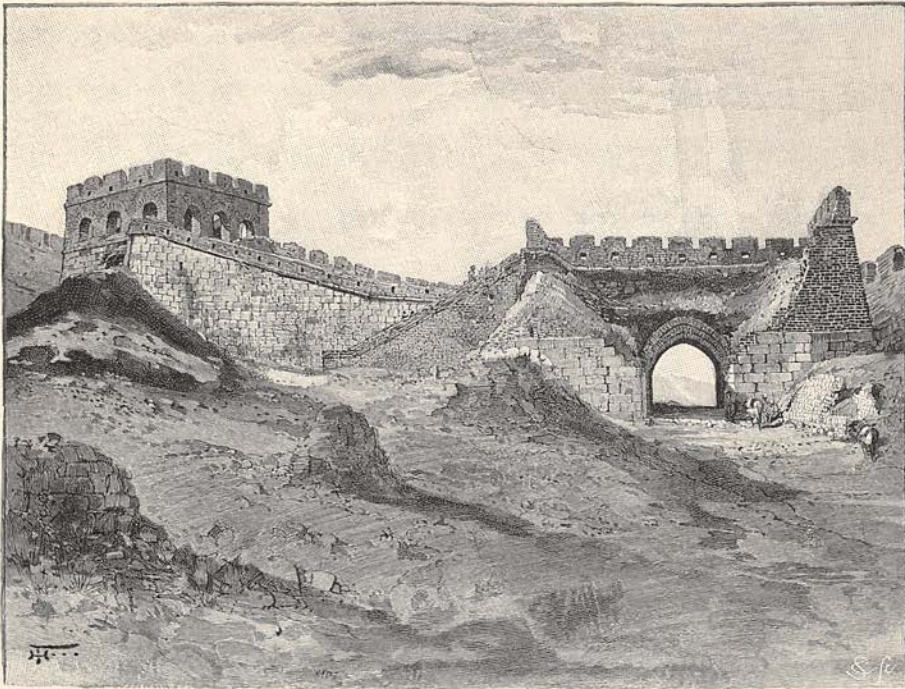
A CARAVAN OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PEKING.

The walled cities in China close their gates at evening now as they have for centuries. Nothing changes in China save through neglect and decay. So, at Peking, every evening from half-past five until six o'clock, there is an endless stream of carts and mules and donkeys pouring through the principal gates to get within or without the gates before they close.

It is not of the city walls that I am now to write; for, although they are high and strong and massive, there is a far greater structure

feet at the top, exclusive of the square-towered bastions, which project on the Mongolian side. It is much inferior in size to the wall of Peking.

In some remote parts the wall is a mere earth or stone embankment, but elsewhere it is faced on both sides with solid stone and brick masonry, the middle filled in with earth and stone, on top of which a pavement of large square bricks is laid. Wherever the wall makes steep ascents these bricks are laid in steps. The lower part is built of huge granite blocks well



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE PATALING GATE.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

fitted together with mortar, the parapet of large burnt bricks of a grayish-blue color, about fifteen inches in length by eight in width and four in thickness. No structure of brick and mortar could endure the severe frosts and changing seasons of that region for two thousand years. The ancient wall is in ruins. The parts that are well preserved are not more than four or five hundred years old. These have been twice rebuilt. In the seventh century 1,800,000 men were ordered to rebuild the portion extending from the Nankow Pass, northwest of Peking, to Tatung-foo in Shansi. About the same time 200,000 men renewed another portion between Yülin and Shan Hai Kuan. That portion most frequently visited by travelers, which crosses the Nankow Pass, is an offshoot from the old wall, known as the inner wall, and was first built about twelve hundred years ago; but the wall now existing there dates from the time of the Mings, hence it is only four hundred years old.

This is the wall represented in the illustrations, which are from photographs taken at the Pataling or Chatow gate. This important gate is two thousand feet above the sea-level, at the head of the Nankow Pass, forty miles from Peking. The line of demarcation between the granite masonry and the brick is clearly shown in the view of the outer gateway.

Access to the top of the wall is by means of broad, inclined planes running up from the ground on the Chinese side; also by wide

stairways within the wall itself leading up from openings in the side. In the view of the gate one of these inclined planes is shown, and in the general view of the wall the opening to one of the stairways is to be seen just beyond the second tower. Through the arch of the gate we have the first glimpse of the barren wastes of Mongolia. The gate dates from the fifteenth century.

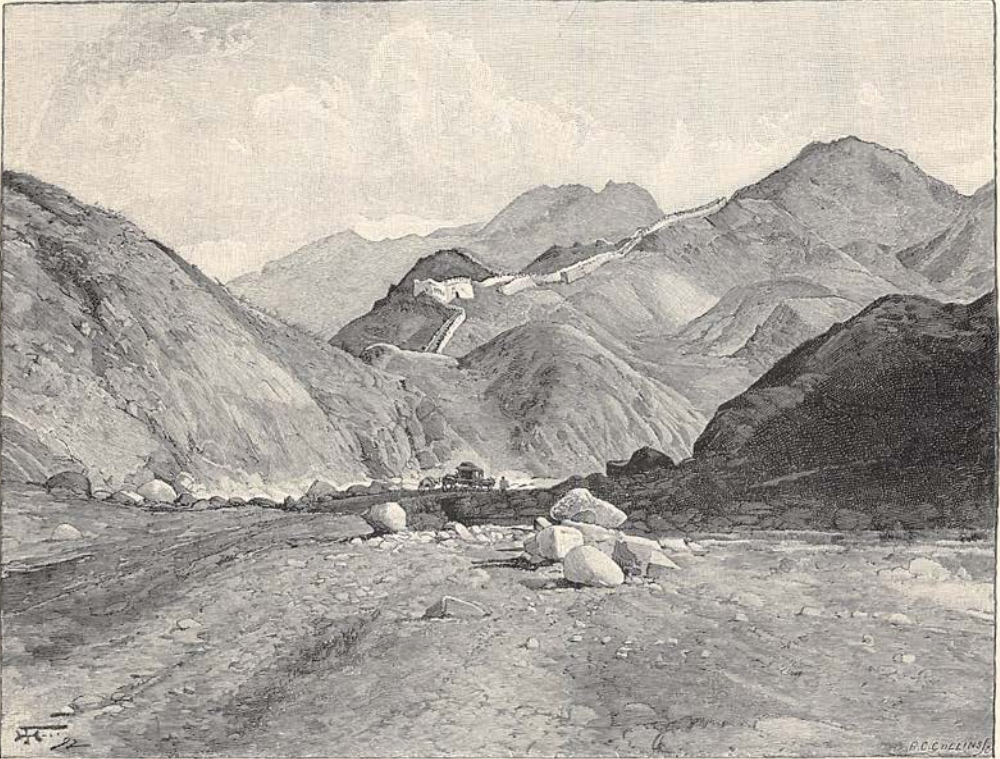
Formerly the Nankow Pass was the great commercial highway to and from Mongolia. It was then an excellent stone road, laid with great blocks of granite, or cut into the rocky hills, over which carts could travel. It is now a rough and almost dangerous path, where carts do not attempt to pass; the merchandise is still transported on pack-animals,—ponies, mules, donkeys, and camels,—and of these there is an endless succession of caravans from dawn till sunset. The hardy Mongols, men and women, with darkened and weather-wrinkled visage, sway easily to the long strides of their camels, and look upon foreigners with not unfriendly curiosity. They bring furs, and camel's hair, and wool, and droves of ponies, sheep, and mules. At Peking they go to the Mongol camp near the British Legation, where they dispose of their goods, carrying home in return, besides other products, fine silks, rich in color and gorgeous gold or silver brocades, such as are specially made in China for this northern trade. Through this gate

pass also most of the leaf and brick teas which are sent overland from Tientsin, via Kiachta, to Siberia and Russia. The total of this trade amounts to about 50,000,000 pounds a year.

One may see these great tea-caravans at Peking in the early morning passing through the gates, or just without the city walls, where the patient and wise-looking camels love to rest in the soft, impalpable dust which rises in a cloud with every footfall and with every gust.

the foot-hills of the Nan Shan range. However we may regard it, whether as a grand conception for the defense of an empire, as an engineering feat, or merely as a result of the persistent application of human labor, it is a stupendous work. No achievement of the present time compares with it in magnitude.

But it has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

IN THE NANKOW PASS.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

The scenery from the Great Wall is very fine. The wall is here a dividing line between the high, rugged hills of China, which tower above us on the one hand, and the great sandy plains of Mongolia on the other, with dim mountain-summits beyond in the far distance. Over these barren, rocky spurs and acclivities, ascending to their very summits, winding about in irregular curves and zigzags, its serried battlements clear-cut against the sky on the topmost ridges, descending into dark gullies to appear again rising on the other side, the endless line of massive stone and brick runs on and on until lost to sight behind the farthest range. And so it goes for miles and miles, eastward to the Pechili Gulf, and westward, mostly in two great, rambling lines, along the border of the Gobi Desert and Kansu, until it ends among

more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black Sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions, and records, and ruins of a brilliant past. The wall stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued, and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phoenix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.

The Chinese to-day are under an alien dynasty, which is no longer powerful, and not more loved by the people than when it first usurped the Dragon Throne. The Manchus may yet be driven back to their former home beyond the wall, to make way for a ruler of Chinese birth. Such is the dream of the Chinese people, and it may yet be realized.

The gate at Shan Hai Kuan, the eastern terminus of the Great Wall, has been an important point in Chinese history. Well defended, it is almost impregnable. In the time of the Mings, only strategy, or the unfaithfulness of its defenders, could give admittance to the invading hordes from the north. The brightness of the Mings rapidly declined, and the dynasty came to a bitter end under the irresolute and weak Tienchi, who, while nominally emperor at Peking, allowed the actual au-

of all, and the heart of the Central Palace was sad and consumed with jealousy. So she caused a search to be made for the most beautiful young woman in the land, and brought her into the palace where the fickle emperor might see her, thinking thus to distract his thoughts from the Western Palace and the more favored rival there. Yuenyuen was the name of this beautiful girl, who was destined to become the Helen of China. But when the emperor saw her he spoke not a word, being engrossed in the more serious affairs of empire, and the nicely laid plan failed. Yuenyuen was therefore sold to a count, who prized her for her beauty. About this time a young and brave general named Sangwei was about to proceed to Shan Hai Kuan to take command of the forces there and repel the Manchu invasion. Sangwei was then in the highest favor. Seeing



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

CHINESE INN NEAR PEKING.

thority to fall into the hands of the eunuchs, led by the unscrupulous Wei. The Manchus were growing in power and boldness. Crossing the Liao from the eastward, they attacked and captured all the Chinese fortified cities between Kwangning and Ningyuen, driving the Chinese army and a million fugitives within the wall at Shan Hai Kuan. Within that barrier they were safe. This was early in the seventeenth century. But a little later even this great stronghold was given up, and the Manchu dynasty was established in China, because a great warrior loved a beautiful woman.

As a true Chinese love-story, the tale is worth telling. The emperor at Peking had three empresses, dwelling in three distinct palaces. The principal empress lived in the Central Palace, the second in the Eastern, and the third in the Western Palace. The third was the most favored

Yuenyuen at a feast given by the count, he fell in love with her instantly, and desired to make her his wife. But the count refused to part with her, and Sangwei left in sadness. Afterward the count, regarding the high and influential position of Sangwei, thought better of his decision, and sent the girl to the house of Sangwei's father. Sangwei had already left the capital, but on hearing of this he sent the count a thousand dollars as an expression of his gratitude.

While he was defending the border in the East, a famous robber chief named Li Dsuchung, at the head of a large army, laid siege to Peking and finally captured the city. Sangwei's father was made prisoner, and was commanded to write a letter to his son, ordering him to submit to the robber chief to save his father's life. This, in accordance with Chinese teaching, as a dutiful son Sangwei was bound to

do; but just at the critical moment he learned that a robber had taken Yuenyuen. He was so enraged at this, that he renounced his father, resented the advances of the self-styled emperor, and wrote a most remarkable letter to the Manchus, inviting them to join with him in rescuing the Chinese throne from the bold usurper. It was an alliance with the enemies of his people; but he knew that he could not alone defeat Dsuchung and also keep the Manchus out of the country. It was virtually a surrender of the Dragon Throne by the only Chinese general who was powerful enough to protect it. Dsuchung, knowing nothing of the alliance, marched against Sangwei, and a battle was fought at Shan Hai Kuan. The sudden and unexpected accession of the fresh Manchu army at a critical moment in the battle resulted in a complete victory for the allies. Dsuchung was panic-stricken, and fled with his entire robber army to Peking. There they gathered all

the valuables they could hastily lay hands upon, placed them in carts, and continued their flight, closely pursued by Sangwei. Dsuchung beheaded Sangwei's father and all his family, but when he was about to kill Yuenyuen to complete his revenge, she said: "You had better not. If you kill me, he will pursue you with still greater fury." She was spared; and one day the lovers met on the river-bank near Kiang-chow, where they were married, and the robbers had a few days' respite from pursuit.

Thus the Manchus were enabled to pass the Great Wall at the eastern end, where Sangwei could have guarded the pass indefinitely; and perhaps, had it not been for the alliance proposed by him, the Manchus would never have conquered China. The battle of Shan Hai Kuan gave the Chinese general a bride and the Manchus a dynasty which they have held for two centuries. Upon such slender threads do the destinies of nations hang

*Romyn Hitchcock.*

## A WINTER RIDE TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.



INTER had fairly set in before we were able to set out on our long-projected trip to the Great Wall, and our friends predicted an unpleasant journey. Down in the plains the winds blew with sufficient keenness to freeze the very marrow in one's bones, and we were bound for the plateau of 4000 feet altitude which stretches from the Mongolian frontier to the confines of Siberia.

"We" were an American scientist, a Prussian, the nephew of a famous statesman, and an Englishman who may be identified as the writer. Ah Tien was the name of the particular

pagan selected as our traveling majordomo, and he brought with him as lieutenant and groom one Sung Tai, who also professed to be cunning in cookery. Two carts (engaged only so far as the entrance to the Nankow Pass) of the approved springless pattern, each driven by carters whose outward appearance was a preternatural combination of thick wadding and rags, brought up the rear of our procession as, mounted on hardy Tartar ponies, we defiled through one of the northern gates of Peking.

Thanks to the loitering proclivities of our carters, it was quite dark as we ambled up the principal street of Chang-ping-chow, a walled city, distant 70 *li*, or nearly 24 miles, from the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

AVENUE OF STONE FIGURES, SHIH-SAN-LING.—APPROACH TO THE TOMBS OF THE MING EMPERORS.