

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

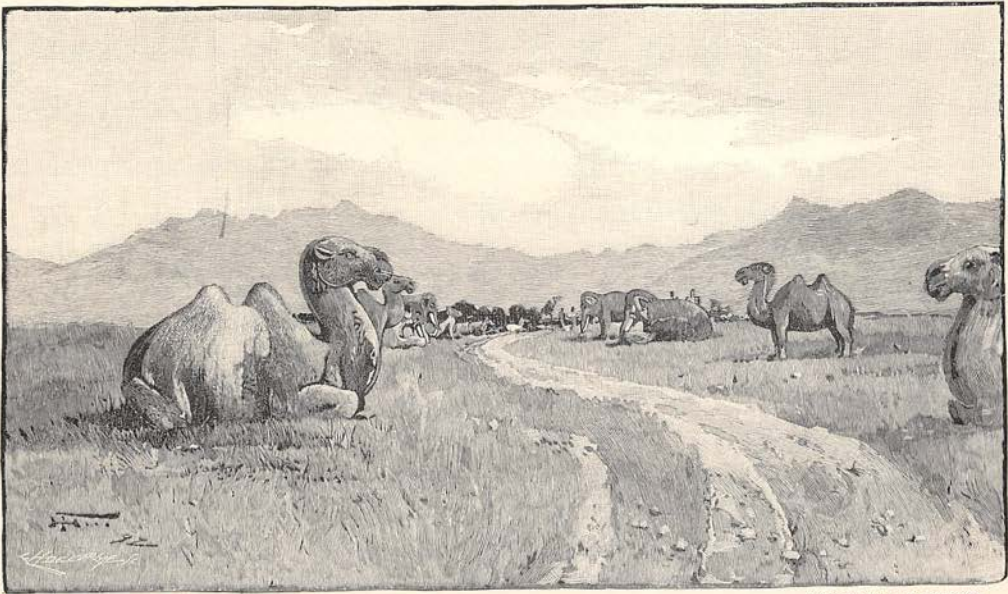


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

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

capital. At two or three inns we were bluntly refused admittance, with the observation that they never harbored "foreign devils"; at others we were told that every room was engaged; so more than an hour was consumed in the search for shelter. At length we found a willing host, and right glad were we to throw ourselves upon the *kang*, or stone bed, which occupied one half of the apartment assigned to us, while preparations were in progress for dinner by our dusty but indefatigable servants. Imagine for the average Chinese inn a courtyard about a hundred feet square, one side or end of which is occupied by horse-stalls, numerous feeding-troughs being scattered over the vacant area, each with its full complement of animals tethered thereto, and with the remaining three sides lined with long barn-like

terminating in a flue of eccentric convolutions. Our first proceeding was to draw the charcoal fuel and order millet-stalks instead—to the unconcealed amusement of our free-and-easy waiters; for we were, of course, half blinded by the dense smoke created. In spite of the discomfort, however, we were too sensible of the necessity for warmth to forsake our den, and contrived to make a substantial meal, smoke notwithstanding; and after a short pipe we went to sleep. Not for long, however. The inn yard, as I have hinted, contained an extensive assortment of beasts, the least objectionable being those of mulish breed. Donkeys of considerable vocal power soon commenced a concert, in which the numerous watch-dog curs to be found at every Chinese inn joined. Presently a yet more agonizing sound increased the din,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

SOME OF THE STONE ANIMALS.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

buildings subdivided into numerous rooms generally connecting in pairs. The rooms are usually some eight feet square, with mud floors (one half of which, as already observed, is filled by the inevitable *kang*), and with windows in which paper does duty for glass, and so constructed as to admit the greatest number of cross-drafts producible in any rectilinear inclosure. A single chair and a small table take brevet rank as furniture in the more pretentious establishments, and clean matting covers the warm but dirty felt overlying the *kang*. This latter institution—for the *kang* is to be found in every Chinese sleeping-room north of the Yang-tze-keang—is a sort of brick dais built into the end and side walls, and generally some six feet in width. Internally it consists of a fireplace

rising, as we afterward found, from a group of camels. Little rousing was necessary, therefore, when the uncertain gleams of early dawn struggled through the paper-lined windows. Breakfast was despatched, and the bill paid—the process involving an animated discussion between our majordomo and the landlord, who charged us only three hundred per cent. additional. Upon learning that we were official travelers, however, he abated his demand, and we settled matters upon a mutually satisfactory basis of only fifty per cent. advance upon current rates.

Despatching our baggage to Nankow, there to await our arrival in the afternoon, we started with Sung Tai for the Ming tombs, or Shih-san-ling, where lie entombed those emperors of the

dynasty who reigned subsequently to the removal of the court to the present capital. The road thither was chiefly remarkable as being more unlike a road than any portion of the neighborhood we had yet traversed. It was wide enough, and obviously was a practicable route, but was of such curious irregularity as to surface that we seriously debated whether we had not better dismount and walk by way of saving time. At length we came to the "tombs," or rather the avenue fronting them. No inclosures mark the limits of this approach, the entrance being through a "memorial arch" standing in solitary ugliness upon the lonely plain. More rough ground and two more arches, similar to the first, are passed at intervals of about an eighth of a mile. Their connection with each other is not very clear to the uninformed stranger until, after clearing the third, he comes to the avenue proper, about two thirds of a mile long, and grotesquely garnished with colossal stone statues on either side, fifty yards distant from one another. The objects these represent are supposed to be as follows: Six men, either kings or priests; two horses, two griffins, two elephants, two camels, and four lions. The elephants and camels were clear enough, though the hind joints of the former were chiseled in a manner which bade defiance to anatomical truth. Our ponies shied at the hideous monsters intended for horses, so that it is possible we mistook the sculptor's intention. It was quite useless to question the janitors of the tombs: they "did n't know" anything, in orthodox Chinese style; so we "guessed" our way along. The tombs proper consist of a series of mounds surmounted by buildings, the finest and most celebrated being that of Tsu-wen or Yen-wang—the prince of Yen. The tablet, or shrine, dedicated to his memory is in the center of an immense hall, one of the finest, if not the most imposing, in China. The greater part of the afternoon was consumed in our ride to Nankow (the city of the Southern Pass), where the luggage and provisions had arrived in safety. The inn chiefly affected by foreigners lies just within the walls, and we found the attendants civil and handy. No attempt was made to suffocate us with charcoal, and the first demand for payment exceeded the proper price by about thirty per cent only.

It was necessary to rise next morning betimes, for the "pass," beginning almost at the inn door, had so evil a repute that, although but 45 *li* (15 miles) in length, the best part of the day, we were assured, would be consumed in overcoming its rugged difficulties. We found that rumor had not exaggerated it. Imagine the whole of Broadway, widened to four times its present width, torn up and the stones scattered

over the uneven surface thus exposed. Next take the unhewn blocks of stone from fifty quarries, and strew them closely over the rough substratum. Upon these pitch a few hundred boulders of various sizes—say from that of a house to that of a hogshead. Sufficient water to show ice in the interstices, and a decent fall of snow to whiten exposed surfaces, will complete a tolerable imitation of the road. But to render the resemblance perfect, suppose this road to be inclosed on either side by precipitous rocks some 600 feet in height, and running up an average grade of 300 feet to the mile—and you have the Nankow Pass before you. In many places, of course, it is both wider and narrower than the measurements given; nor is the grade uniform, being in places painfully steep. No words, however, can do justice to the magnificent scenery amid which the traveler journeys, as he (or rather his pony) painfully picks his way over the rocky debris. Despite all the difficulties to be encountered, wheeled vehicles at times leave Nankow for Chatow, the first town beyond the inner Great Wall; but in such cases the cart is slung between two mules or camels, and its detached wheels are lashed on either side of another.

The popular idea regarding "the ship of the desert" is completely at fault if applied to the camels of Mongolia and Pechili. Juvenile natural histories talk of the soft padded foot for which this animal is so distinguished, as if a "sandy bottom" were the only surface upon which he could walk with comfort. But the greater part of all mercantile transport in North China is performed by camels, and, except in the immediate neighborhood of Peking, sand is an unknown luxury to this much-enduring beast. How vast is the number of camels thus employed may be guessed from the fact that during our day's journey we passed more than eight hundred wending their dilatory way from the Tatar steppes to the plains of Chi-li. They chiefly carried soda-soap, a kind of animal alkali or lye found on the borders of Mongolia, and cut into blocks each weighing about 260 pounds. At no time is the camel a prepossessing object. But here nature provides him with so shaggy a covering that his ungainly form becomes even more hideous. Camel's wool, by the way, used for padding clothes, is an article of considerable traffic hereabouts, and, when spring zephyrs take the place of winter blasts, the herdsmen of the plateau shear their camels by a process which preserves the merit of extreme simplicity, pulling out by hand whatever has not been shed naturally. Many animals are kept for the sole purpose of yielding wool, but the amount obtainable from each is singularly disproportioned to the huge bulk of its producer. A heavy

fleece taken from a full-grown camel will seldom average over 7 pounds, while eight dollars is a high price for the picul of 133 pounds.

As we completed the first five miles the road narrowed a little, and we caught sight of a wall—not a very high wall, but evidently of no recent build—that is called the inner Great Wall. The native name, now applied indiscriminately to both walls, is Wan-li-chang-chêng, *i. e.*, ten-thousand-li-long wall, which, if literally correct, would, at three *li* to the mile, make it over three thousand miles in length. As *wan* is, however, frequently applied in the sense of our word myriad,—an indefinitely large number,—it is probably thus intended here. The average height of this inner wall is about 32 feet, decreasing in places, such as when fronting a steep precipice, to 10 feet or less. Its width is about 15 feet. The portions running up the steeper ascents of the hills are not, as in other places, crenelated, but are built in steps. Up almost perpendicular precipices on our left it wound its sinuous way, descending on our right hand into the pass, and anon climbing the opposite hills with a rugged scorn of the ordinary necessities of foundation and grade which betrayed the iron despotism that gave it birth. The material used varies according to the prevailing geological foundation, limestone alternating with granite. The parapet is of brick throughout.

A gateway, from which the gates disappeared a few centuries ago, allowed us to pass this once formidable obstruction to the cavalry of the Tartar steppes, and a slightly better piece of paved road relieved us of that painful attention to our ponies' paces which had become unpleasantly necessary. As we rode through, the Prussian called our attention to a Chinese inscription on the side walls, and looking attentively we saw that others in different characters were also visible. We had less difficulty in recognizing the famous legends of the Kin-yung-kuan Pass, containing, among other things, the only known specimen of a long-lost language and writing in existence, and one of the most remarkable inscriptions in the world, scarcely yielding in philological interest to the celebrated stone writings discovered near Mount Sinai.

As we again emerged upon a rough portion of the pass, the wind, from which we had hitherto been protected, met us in icy gusts which chilled the very marrow in our bones. And yet we were well wrapped up. Profiting by the experience of others, we had purchased rabbit-skin boots to draw over our riding-boots, and Mongolian head-coverings in which our heads were completely enveloped, giving us no small resemblance to old women in mob caps with fur linings. Gauze spectacles protected our eyes against the snow-glare, and

the thickest of greatcoats, supplemented by serviceable blankets, seemed to promise protection against all the winds that could blow. But we shivered and shook in the face of this chilling blast till the very ponies seemed to share our misery. Yet the Mongolians whom we met upon the road seemed to suffer no inconvenience from the cold. Perhaps their never-washed skins were impervious to temperature, as their sheepskin garments, warm as they undoubtedly were, seemed even less efficient as protectors than our own foreign-made clothes.

We rode into Chatow as tired, cold, and hungry a party as had ever visited that exceedingly primitive-looking city. Most of the inns thereabouts are kept by Mohammedans, whose sole distinguishing mark is a peculiar cap which the sect affects. We found them extremely courteous. They claimed a mutual interest in the worship of Allah: chiefly, as it appeared, because we denied any belief in the Chinese pantheon. If a man was neither Buddhist, Taoist, nor Confucianist, he must, argued they, be Mohammedan. We were too cold and too hungry, to say nothing of too hurried, to undeceive them. A singular custom, by the way, exists of making one's self known as a Mohammedan in this region. The forefinger of the right hand is held out, the thumb and remaining fingers being closed on the palm. We could not ascertain the reason of this custom, which does not, so far as I am aware, exist out of China.

Twenty-five *li*, or a trifle more than eight miles, more brought us to Yülin. Our indefatigable majordomo, Ah Tien, having ridden on ahead to secure quarters, we were exempt from the nuisance of seeking a resting-place. The landlord's face positively glowed with pleasure as we entered the gate of his "insignificant hovel," for so "the pride that apes humility" requires a well-bred Chinaman to designate his house, however grand its appearance. He was delighted at the advent of "our excellencies"; what might be our "honorable nations"? etc. Each fresh burst of civility of course meant an additional roll of *cash* for our lodging-money. Secure, however, in the experience of the veteran Ah Tien, who never cheated us of more than twenty-five per cent. himself, and would argue for an entire day sooner than allow any one else to cheat us of a *cash* upon which he did not receive his due proportion of "squeeze," we took it all very calmly. From snatches of the conversation which reached us as we breakfasted next morning, we were made fully aware that a change had come o'er the spirit of the landlord's dream. "Excellencies" had become transformed into "foreign devils" in his vocabulary, and numerous other epithets of a similarly derogatory nature abounded in



A PEKING CART.

his speech. But the discussion ended at last as it had always done before, and we got off with the usual fifty per cent. extra — twenty-five to the host, and twenty-five to the ingenuous Ah Tien. It is scarcely necessary to add that the former wished “our excellencies” every blessing in the most punctilious manner as we rode out of the inn yard.

Our first stage that day was to Huei-lai-hsien, a distance of eight miles. Resting for a short period, we pushed on five miles further to Lang-shan, the road throughout being very good. While we were lunching upon the contents of a sardine-tin, a Mongolian mandarin put his head in at the door. As he seemed disposed to be rude, we simply looked at him. In no way discomposed, he gravely stalked in, and seated himself on the *kang* beside us.

“Where are you going?”

This, though a common greeting in Mongolian, was scarcely polite in Chinese. So we replied by asking him in a formal manner “his honorable name.” He took the hint, and replied in the customary form:

“My insignificant name is Noor-pu.”

A very pleasant chat in Chinese ensued. “What were you drinking when I entered?” he said at length, when our countries, ages, conditions, and intentions had been fully discussed.

“That was brandy.”

“Po-lan-ti. What’s that? May I taste it?”

A very small modicum remained, but we yielded it up to the man who had never seen brandy. He swallowed it composedly, and kept possession of the bottle. Presently he held it up. “Do you want this — very much?”

“No; you can have it. What do you want it for?”

“Oh, I’ll offer it to Fo [Buddha] on our oboe [cross-road altar].”

“But what will Fo want with that?”

“It’s something new, and better than anything I can spare.” Noor-pu next asked for a cigar, and, by way of recompensing our generosity, produced from the depths of a greasy wallet sundry pieces of what he called camel’s-milk cheese, but which the most artful examination failed to convince us was anything else than moldy limestone. However, we accepted it with all due gravity, and a very strong conviction that he had the best of the “swap.” We parted with amiable expressions on both sides, and he gave us a pressing invitation to meet him at his home if we happened to pass that way — which, considering he lived five hundred miles off toward the North Pole, was not a very likely event.

Our afternoon ride led us through the valley of the Hun-ho, or river Hun — an alluvial plain bounded by lofty hills. We stiffened into the saddles so completely that it was impossible to dismount without assistance at Hsin-pao-an, so that several laughable scenes occurred. An-

other day in the saddle carried us to Hsuan-hua-fu, the road lying for some distance along the Yang River, a good-sized stream debouching into the Gulf of Pechili, and at this point rolling along in considerable volume, only a few feet from the bank being frozen. The carboniferous nature of the neighborhood was evidenced by the numerous outcrops of coal, in some cases mined, but more frequently left untouched. The mineral wealth of Chili yet awaits the magic touch of Western civilization.

After passing Hsiang-shui-pu, our midday resting-place, we came to a pass of which report spoke badly, and with perfect reason. Right glad were we to reach a short stretch of good road which led us up to the gates of Hsuan-hua-fu. Learning that the Roman propaganda had a mission-station here, we determined to pay a visit to the priest in charge next day. The good man was delighted to see us, as well he might be, not having, as he informed us, seen a foreign face for more than six months. It is impossible to conceive a more literal banishment than that voluntarily undergone by these zealous emissaries of the Roman Church in China.

The outer wall crosses the pass of Changchia-kow, and the city of that name, known as Kalgan by the Russian traders on the frontier, was our destination, which we reached about 5 P. M. on the day following. The "Inn of the Four Seas" was well furnished, and the host, a Christian convert, did all he could to make us comfortable.

Our first thoughts, as we rose next morning, were of the Great Wall. The inn people told us that ten minutes would take us to its summit, so with a half-witted Chinese boy as guide we turned out of the gate. Leading us down a narrow lane, thence across some open ground, and finally up the steep face of a bluff about a hundred yards, and pointing before him, he said: "There's the wall." It would be affectation to deny that our first sight of the renowned structure we had come so far to see was disappointing. At about a quarter of a mile's distance what appeared like a not very high stone or earthen fence terminated our view, winding from the level upon which we stood to the adjoining heights on the one side, and on the other descending to the valley below, where lay the town. Meantime we approached the object of our curiosity, and candor compels an acknowledgment that our first impressions of its insignificance were exaggerated. The fact was that we expected to see a crenelated and bastioned wall, such as pictures and published ac-

counts had depicted and described. Moreover, we possessed photographs taken by an artist of known ability, which indubitably represented a very fine "wall" of considerable height and breadth. How it happened that both the photographs and the scene before us equally represented portions of the wall will presently appear. As we reached the brow of the hill the mystery was solved. Looking down into the pass and across to the opposite heights, we saw the veritable wall of our youthful geographies and recently purchased photographs. But, as we climbed the steep height at our feet, it dwindled from the massive proportions these presented to a sort of stone mound of triangular section, about fifteen feet wide at the base, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height, and terminating at its apex in a single layer of stones not more than eight inches in width! The material—quartz porphyry—was, however, cemented together with chunam in a manner sufficiently durable; for, though here and there parts had given way, it had defied the winds and weather of more than two thousand years. Although by no means coming up to our expectations,—and we learned that for the greater part of its enormous length of fifteen hundred miles the structure was, except in those portions crossing valleys, much the same as that I am describing,—it was amply sufficient to answer the purpose for which it was designed, that of preventing the incursions of the Tartar cavalry.

It was tolerably easy to climb to the top of the wall, the plaster with which the stones had once been covered having in many places fallen off, thus giving convenient footholds. Seated upon our venerable elevation, we could mark the locations of the watch-towers, of which about six once existed to every mile of wall. Constructed, however, of earth, in place of brick or stone, they had mostly crumbled to decay, leaving but a shapeless mound to mark where they formerly stood.

After a few days' stay we returned as we came, and, on reaching the Kin-yung-kuan archway, sought to carry out our intention of getting a "rubbing" of its interesting inscriptions. But the fates were adverse. The inscriptions were high enough to reach, but the wind was higher, as it rushed down the valley with a force that blew paper and blackball out of our hands, and whistled through the archway like the scream of an angry locomotive. So our much-hoped-for investigation of the Nen-chih alphabet came to nothing, greatly to the disappointment of our learned friend in Peking.

N. B. Dennys.