

"Well, what was it?"

"The cat!"

Captain Tuttle rose slowly. He was about to bow and say good-by, when he altered his mind on seeing a feline object partly open the unlatched door and look inquiringly into the room.

"Scat!" he thundered. The cat obeyed.

TEN years have passed. The old triangular-wall house is dark now. Captain Gideon and

his good wife have kept Hallowe'en together seven times in the old stone house. The apostles have come and gone, and the silver cock has crowed these seven years; but the Albe-marle cup has never been found.

"I did reform, did n't I now?" the old captain used to say on the night of the dead. "You used to say that any one could if he had sufficient reasons. You was Lady Merriweather then. Mrs. Tuttle, you were right."

*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

## IN THE CITY OF CANTON. HOW THE CHINESE WORK AND LIVE.



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

GROUP OF LABORERS AT LUNCH-TIME AROUND A VENDER OF FOOD.

AN ever-moving mass of strange figures, scenes, and colors, a wilderness of untranslatable sights, sounds, and odors; from which nebulae certain coherent or incoherent forms and recollections have taken shape in my mind. From these impressions I shall endeavor to tell, in shadowy outline, of a great living reality.

In the dim gray of the morning the river steamer, a grand floating hotel, approached the city. The river was muddy, and swiftly flowing between low-lying banks of bright-

green, level fields that faded into thin haze. A few Chinese boats lay anchored, or here and there floated with the stream.

A little gaudy-colored toy-junk, decked out with bright paper and tinsel, drifting seaward, passed close to our bows, and disappeared under our great paddle-wheels. It was an offering to joss, an inarticulate prayer for the repose of a dweller in the regions of death.

To the south a tall pagoda rose boldly on the riverside; a graceful column 120 or 130 feet high, built in eight or nine tiers, each

slightly smaller than the one beneath. Birds had carried hither seeds of the banian-tree or thick foliage vines, and from the balconies were festoons of drooping dark-green creepers falling sometimes to the stage below and partly hiding the narrow doors and windows showing in the walls of the tower. Here was another symbol of joss-worship, a sort of constant and automatic prayer for a blessing upon the fields.

As pink and yellow sun's rays were lighting up the sky we drew within sight of a multitude of roofs and buildings. A dull pall of smoke hung over the whole city—smoke risen during the past night and evening from the million fires, the illuminations, and the incense-sticks burning in this huge human ant-hive.

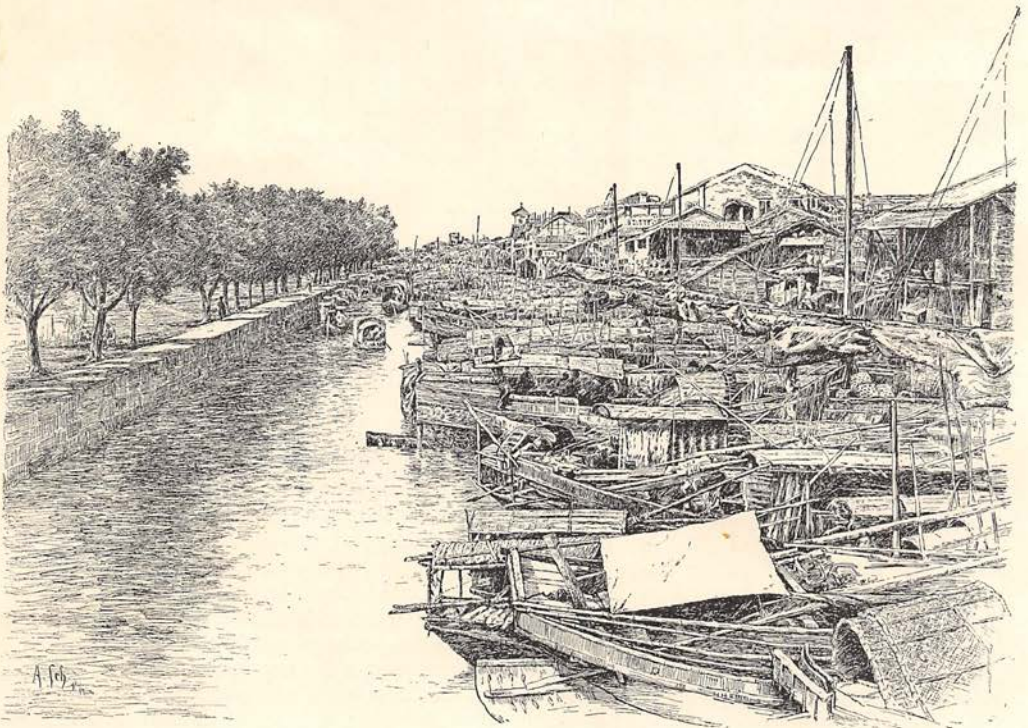
Boat-life soon began to be vigorously animate; hundreds of craft swarmed about us, some plying up-stream, others down-stream. Sometimes, as if his very soul were in jeopardy, a native boatman struggled to cross our bows, and, having succeeded, rested idly, gazing at the ship, and waited until he saw us steam away from him.

Then came to us the clamor of the boat-city. There were apparently millions of people in boats; the water was alive with them. Boat lay against boat—Chinese gunboats, junks, house-boats, sampans, slipper-boats, canoes, all full of busy figures. The great steamer,

overshadowing all in size, threaded her way slowly through this endless maze of flotsam humanity. Closer we drew to the city, and the lighter craft gathered around us, full of yelling, gesticulating men, women, and children, all touting for the custom of the hundreds of their countrymen who were passengers by the river steamer. The wharves were built out into the stream, and in the recesses between them lay the slipper-boats, packed together like drift-wood on a quiet eddy of a flooded river, and so named because they resemble nothing in the world so much as an old slipper with a pointed toe.

A Chinese guide speaking English was of course necessary to an English-speaking foreigner; also two chairs, one for the guide, one for me. These chairs—comfortable, deep-seated trays or boxes of wickerwork fixed on the middle of two springy shafts about sixteen feet long—were provided with a high-backed seat and a thick green awning. Two of the chair-bearers lifted the ends of the shafts to their shoulders; two others stepped underneath and between them, and with a strap from shaft to shaft assisted to carry the weight upon the backs of their necks. And then away they trotted merrily down some exceedingly narrow and crooked lanes thronged with rapidly moving people.

I had expected soon to reach the streets, but



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.

A CREEK, CANTON.

after a while it dawned on me that from the first I had been in the streets, and, what is more, in the principal streets, of the city. Through miles and miles of streets ran the bearers—streets tortuous and winding, which twisted and crossed one another; over rough granite bridges spanning muddy ditches, under granite archways, through walls twenty or thirty feet thick; streets lined on each side with shops, endless shops, interspersed here and there with dwelling-houses or temples; then shops again, and restaurants, and open stalls in wider places, where native artists might be seen plying their trades, and shops where sat more affluent merchants disposing of wares made elsewhere.

Little if any sunlight struck down into these ways. Their narrowness would have prevented the intrusion of any but vertical beams, or those slanting parallel with the street, and, to guard against even these, a shade-loving people had hung matting overhead. This gave the city the aspect of a huge straggling bazaar sheltered beneath a great ragged roof.

The awning over my chair interrupting vision, I had it removed, and when, as sometimes happened, we came into places where the dazzling sunshine was so fierce as to be almost painful, I held up an ordinary umbrella. But often I had to close the umbrella lest it should catch in the walls or door-jambes on each side of the way. Once or twice when a coolie, wearing his large flat head-gear, passed us, he stopped, and tilted his hat upon one side to prevent its being knocked off by the chair. There was not room for the chair and the hat side by side in the same street.

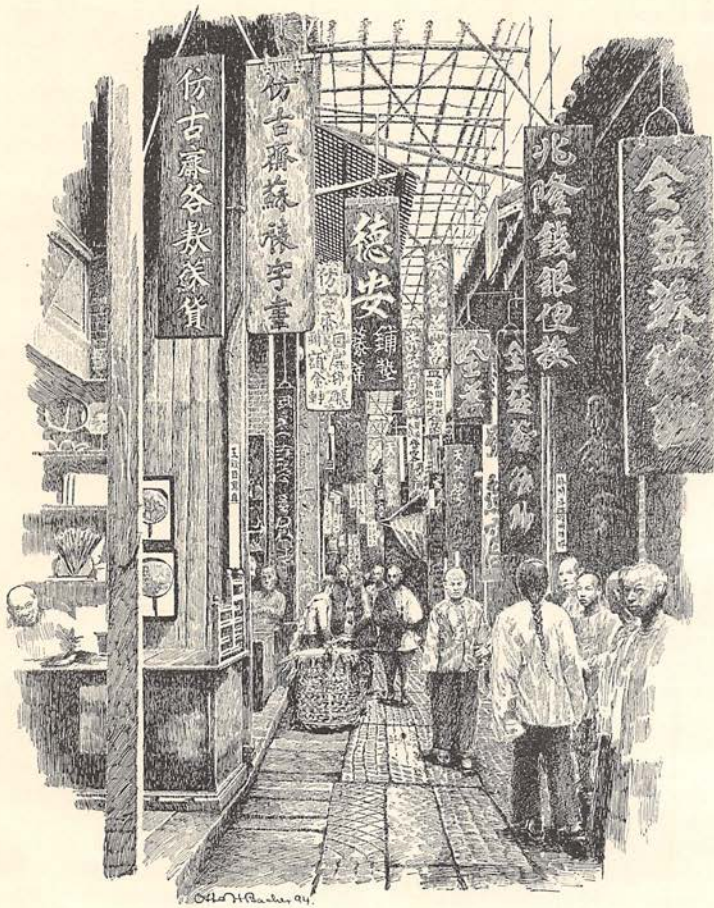
The thoroughfares in the older portions of the city vary from about four to six or seven feet in width. In the newer quarters there are frequently ten and even fifteen feet of space between the houses on each side.

These narrow ways were thronged with tens of thousands of people; looking along them it seemed almost as if one could walk upon men's heads, so close were they. High and low, rich and poor, all rubbed shoulders. Coolies, naked save for loose drawers rolled high up the thighs, carried, on each end of a six-foot stick, water, firewood, and burdens of various sorts; when an exceptionally heavy load was to be carried, some four coolies bore it, slung on the middle of a bamboo, two at each end of the pole. Peddlers carried their wares in baskets slung at each end of a stick, or in flat trays hung like an old-fashioned pair of scales, with the pole or beam on their shoulders. Carriers thus bore creels of fruit, fish, and all sorts of esculents; live rats, cats, and dogs in wicker baskets; fat pigs in wicker cylinders, sometimes with their legs hanging out; and boxes, bales, and trays of toys. Through the throng exalted Chinamen,

fan in hand, in silken gowns, and with queues pendent far down the back, made their slow way in dignity. There were plenty of women and children also in the crowd; some of the women hobbling painfully along on their tortured and distorted feet, which, from the tight binding, were so shrunken and diseased that their shin bones had become fleshless skeleton supports covered with a wrinkled parchment skin, and their legs seemed to be little better than gnarled and knotted stumps. Occasionally an empty chair was seen in this crowd, or a chair in which sat some mandarin, with awning and delicately fashioned lattice-blinds closely drawn, or a man who hawked small wares or sweets for sale, and carried in one hand a little flat metal plate and a string with a small weight tied to one finger. With each twitch of his finger a clear, musical note rang sharply in the air. Ping! ping! ping! sounded his little gong, heralding his approach from a long way off. Who knows? Perhaps from this primitive but artistic appliance has in the course of ages been evolved our muffin-bell—sweet music in the ears of those setting forth in quest of five-o'clock teas. Anon our progress was checked by a funeral procession, which struggled past us amid a blare of discordant trumpets, beating of gongs, and screeching of stringed instruments, the mourners bearing aloft paper and tinsel dolls, bright streamers, or little trays of food and sticks of incense.

The coolies, who had their queues knotted up, wore, for the most part, a hat shaped like a flat lamp-shade about two feet across. A little cup-shaped wicker basket fixed underneath it held this covering over their heads, and it served more as a sun- and rain-shade for the body than an actual head-covering. Clerks, merchants, and well-to-do people carried their queues loose, and were either bareheaded, or covered with a black satin or very fine black wicker skullcap with a coral button on the top.

Every one seemed busy; no one seemed unhappy; each individual was polite, and prepared to make way for another. To keep to the right was the rule of the road, a rule strictly adhered to, without which all progress would have been impossible. As I looked along the crowded way, I could see always two long lines of people in single file, passing one another, and keeping close to their respective right sides. In places the streets so narrowed in that passers-by rubbed shoulders. Every one stood aside for the passage of a funeral or a priestly procession, after which the acknowledged order of precedence was first a chair with a passenger,—though even this moved aside to allow a passage to the lowest-class laborer staggering beneath a heavy load,—then any person carrying a load, and lastly those who were unen-



A CANTON STREET.

cumbered by burdens. A mandarin on foot, or a wealthy merchant with a richly embroidered gown, moved aside to allow the coolie wood-carrier to pass along uninterrupted. There were no policemen at corners to regulate traffic; old-established custom, based on a policy of mutual obligation, took the place of a man in blue.

A very noticeable feature of the street-life was the absence of all such animals as other nations use for draft and burden. Cats, pigs, and dogs were the only lower animals to be seen, the two former being chiefly in baskets for sale. The Cantonese dog is a most remarkable and picturesque creature of the fox type, and about his size, but shorter in the body. He is a little yellow, prick-eared beast with a bushy tail curled over his back. He lolls about lazily, his open mouth with purple-black lips and tongue giving him the appearance of having just finished a feast of ripe mulberries—and of having eaten too much. The horse, the donkey, the mule, or the ox were nowhere to be seen, save for an occasional sad-looking, ema-

ciated specimen tethered close to the brick-work within the archway of one of the gates of the outer walls, where a countryman had left him while he visited the town.

Several canals, or tidal ditches, intersect the city, yet for its protection are kept isolated from it by brick walls some fifteen or eighteen feet high. These walls are faced with brick inside and out, and between the casing, a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet, is earth filling. The stone bridges, which at intervals span the canals, lead at each end into brick archways with granite copings, built from casing to casing through the earthwork between. The gates shutting off the bridges from the town are curious, clumsy old structures of wood, faced with strips of rusty, worn-out hoop-iron or big-headed iron nails. They reminded me of English defenses of many hundred years ago, such as are to be seen at Carisbrook Castle and many old historic keeps in England.

The buildings on each side of the street rarely exceeded twenty feet in height. They were one-storied structures as a rule. Some-

times there was a distinct upper story, but there the ground floor had but a low headway. Frequently balconies ran round inside the open stalls which served as shops, and a half upper floor or loft stretched behind; in fact, when the shops were open, the whole front of the house was taken away. Generally, from the eaves of the buildings light bamboo structures were carried across the streets, and hung with grass matting. Sometimes, however, they were more elaborately covered with a substitute for glazing.

The street-paving was of loose granite slabs laid crosswise, about nine inches broad and six inches through, and as long as the street was wide. Although presenting a somewhat irregular surface, the face of each slab was generally worn smooth by the treading of unshod feet. A drain ran down the center of each street, under the granite slabs, into which, between the joints, percolated rain-water, fluid refuse, and house slops. These liquids ran out into the main tidal canals which intersected the city, and when they did not run, as was not infrequent, the slabs were raised, and the drains cleaned out.

The foul smells of the streets of Canton are to my mind greatly exaggerated. But it is no doubt a city of many odors, strange and various. The houses being generally open to the streets for almost their whole front, and the greater part of the town being roofed in, vapors from cooking continually fill the covered ways. Strictly speaking, few smells from the process of food-preparation are pleasant, and to European nostrils the odors from Chinese cook-pots are certainly unsavory. Imagine Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Wapping compressed into the narrowest avenues, covered in overhead, with all the houses open at the front, with cookery going on in every house at the same time within a few feet of the pavement where every one walks. Conjure up, as a setting for these culinary vapors, a moist, sweltering heat, an atmosphere heavy with the mingled odors of incense, joss-sticks, opium, sandalwood, Chinese cabbage, strange roots and vegetables, which fill the place of our onions and garlic, wood-smoke and vapors from fried-fish shops, and add to the conglomerate smell thus obtained an occasional reek of a stagnant drain or a public latrine; then possibly it will be understood how in Canton there are strange pervading odors which are perhaps more trying to a foreigner than would be any definite nastiness.

A Chinaman would no doubt find it a difficult task to describe, in a few hundred words, the London shops so that his countrymen who had never seen the like might understand what they really appeared to him to be. But I am

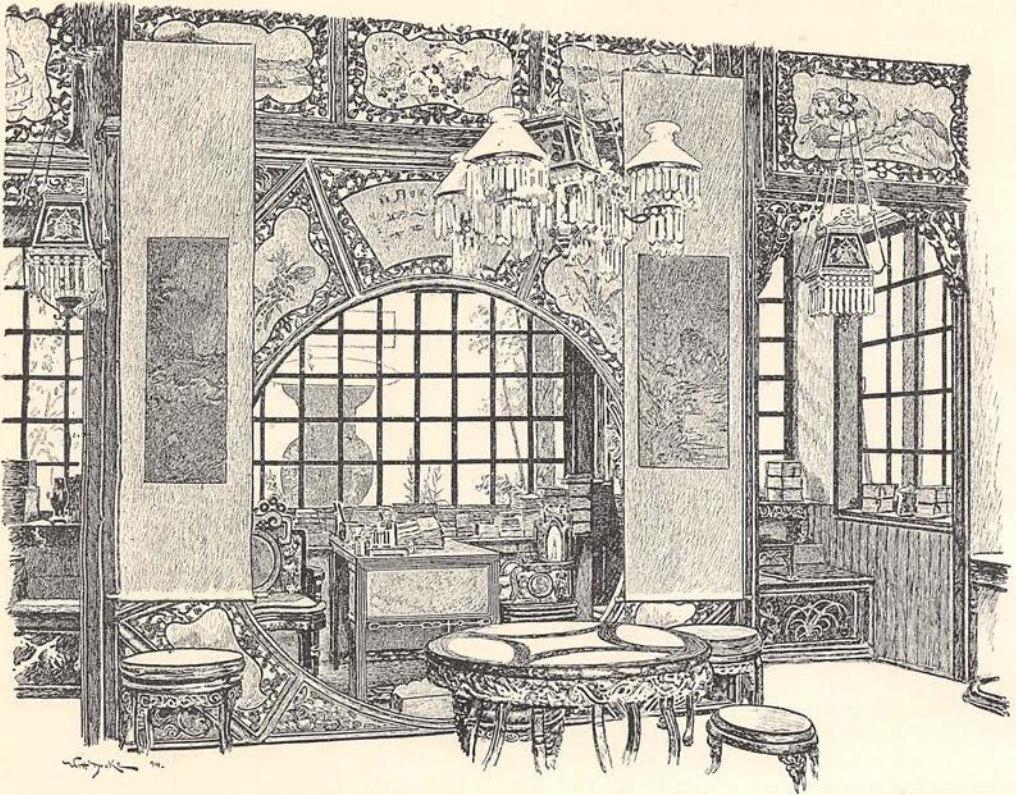
convinced that an even more difficult problem faces the writer for an English-speaking public who seeks to sketch in words the streets of Canton, and the inscrutable race of people some of whose customs may there be seen.

The shops were of all sizes. Some were seven or eight feet square, with the back premises closed from sight; some were twenty or twenty-five feet wide, reaching back thirty or forty feet. Perhaps an average-sized shop, in a fashionable neighborhood, was about fourteen feet wide and twenty-two feet deep. It was open, of course, to the street, with no shop-front, but generally there was a counter along one side, and another at the back. There was almost invariably an oblong opening through the roof, to admit light and air, unclosed to the sky in summer, but with provision for a glazed light in winter. In the poorer class of houses this skylight could be shut by drawing a cover over it.

To a certain extent the wares were displayed, but not as in our windows. Pottery and hardware had a better display than soft goods; food was exhibited in open trays, or was hung up. The goods, as a general rule, were made in the shops where they were sold, and workmen were to be seen fashioning the articles in all the stages of their manufacture. There were some shops where no workmen could be seen, and in their place a staff of clerks sat ready to wait upon customers; these were not numerous, and were as a rule shops relying chiefly upon tourist trade.

The Cantonese shopkeepers struck me as being generally fat, sleek, pot-bellied gentlemen. Commonly the only article of clothing worn either by them or by their assistants was loose Chinese drawers fastened round the hips. In winter they don a soft, warm, padded blouse. Placid, unexcitable-looking folk were they, taking life coolly, sitting thus naked to the waist, ceaselessly waving their fans while they waited for custom, for which, however, they did not appear to tout.

Signs of all colors, sizes, and shapes hung out from the shops; from a board ten or twelve inches wide, and six or seven feet long, hanging vertically, to a little strip of wood or paper of about the same proportions in inches. The lettering of these signs was gorgeous—gold letters on a crimson ground, vermilion on a black ground, blue on white, or some other striking contrast. Bright-colored lanterns hung all across the shop-fronts, and around the walls, or were suspended in the center. They were bamboo constructions covered with tough, oiled paper, and painted with signs and hieroglyphics—quite unlike the flimsy forgeries sold in Europe as Chinese lanterns. At night these were lighted, the Chinese being very fond of illu-



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

SITTING-ROOM AND LIBRARY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS, CANTON.

minations. All sorts of oils were used — fish-oil, tallow, vegetable-oils, kerosene, of which last over one million gallons of the American variety are burned yearly in the city. At the time of my visit the authorities were introducing electric lighting for their streets, and for the better-class shops and houses.

When everything was well alight, the sight was very fine. Even in the daytime the effects of color were novel, pleasing, and warm. Black and brown lacquered-work cabinets, metal-bound; ebony tables inlaid with ivory, marble, and mother-of-pearl; deep blue and maroon colored pots, gray and gold ware, yellow and green; gold dragons embroidered on black satin gowns, blue and silver wraps, and cloaks of vermilion and purple; richly cut carvings in quaint fantastic shapes — a blaze of color that was bewildering, a variety that was endless.

In the less fashionable quarters the trades were generally somewhat centralized: five or six fish-shops stood close together; and so it was with bakers, ironmongers, glass-blowers, silk-weavers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, coffin-builders, blacksmiths, fruit-shops, restaurants. Where one of a trade was located, there was generally found several fellows.

The food purveyors made a most striking display; the fruiterers exposed on flat trays bananas, pineapples, melons, figs, pears (the latter, beautiful to the sight, but hard and tasteless), together with many Chinese fruits whose shapes and tastes were familiar to me, but whose names I knew not. Some of these fruits were most artistically peeled, pineapple peeling being quite an art. A great variety of vegetables was offered for sale. Among them were the white shoots of the bamboo, which seemed to be a favorite article of diet. But to what use, indeed, may not this wonderful grass be put! From it Chinamen make almost everything conceivable: hats, cloaks, sheets, carpets, roofs, buildings, baskets, chairs, carrying-poles, fishing-tools—the list might be prolonged *ad infinitum*. And then they eat it as well.

Preserving ginger in many forms was a noticeable trade. The roots were washed and left in water, as an English cook treats potatoes before boiling them. A number of men and women holding a two-pronged fork in each hand sat around a table with the tubs of peeled ginger beside them: they picked ginger roots out of the water, and, laying them on the table, pierced them all over very rapidly with both forks until quite soft. The pierced roots were

then put into another tub, where they were boiled in syrup. The ginger went through various other minor processes until eventually it was packed in the earthenware jars in which it is sold in European shops. The whole process was certainly a clean one, and the smell of the aromatic root in preparation was both grateful and pleasant.

In the bakers' shops I saw nothing corresponding to our European loaf: solid-looking little yellow patties, slabs of flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; scones, or an equivalent, apparently of fried batter; and great flakes of milk-white, slippery-looking paste not above an eighth of an inch thick — to be rolled up and deftly sliced with a cleaver-shaped tool into long strings like macaroni. These foods were to be seen everywhere in the city, but nothing light and open. To my eyes the breadstuffs seemed sad, solemn, soddened, and bilious.

In Canton the fishmonger's is a most important trade. The Chinaman is a born fisherman; he also has for ages past cultivated a system of artificial breeding and rearing of live fish for the market. In the shops were displayed live and dead fish, fish fresh and salted, smoked and preserved. One variety was like whitebait, in baskets, graded from tiny things not half an inch long to what appeared to be the same fish grown to eight or nine inches in length. These were sold fresh, salted, and smoked. Shark-fins are a delicacy. There were fish mottled and barred, bright and dull, fish of quaint and (to us) unknown shapes; but foremost, above all, and everywhere to be seen, were the artificially grown live fish.

A wonderful creature was this, always appearing to suffer from heat, gasping at the surface of the water for breath, and recalling Verdant Green's fish, that were beginning to sweat and complain. They were as tame as domestic animals, seemingly careless of being knocked about, thrown from ponds into boats, from boats into tubs, from tubs into buckets, and then back into tubs again. They were used to being handled and inspected, and, if disapproved, put back into the water; to be sold alive if bought whole, or cut to pieces while living and sold in bleeding chunks. A thick, short fish is this, of the mullet shape, averaging about fifteen inches in length, and weighing about three pounds, but sometimes longer, and running up in weight to as much as four or even five pounds. When cut up they bleed like pigs, and to show how freshly they are killed, the salesman is in the habit of slicing a live one into pieces, and with the blood smearing all the pieces for sale, so that they look reeking and horrible to European eyes. To keep them alive in the shops, they are always placed in a large tub with a smaller

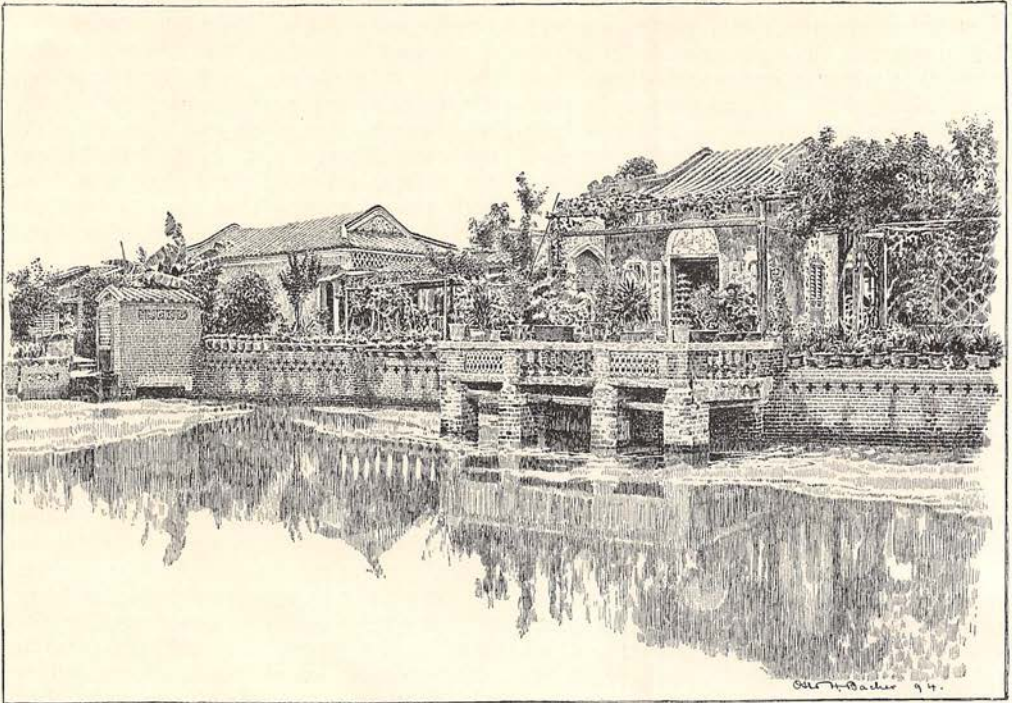
vessel fixed above it. From the bottom of the upper vessel a bamboo, with one or two saw-cuts in it, sticks out, and from these cuts streams of water flow in thin cascades into the tub beneath. Every now and then when the upper vessel becomes empty the fish all rise to the surface, and *glop! glop! glop!* take down both air and water. Then an attendant, attracted by the noise, plunges a bucket down among them, and from the water in which they swim fills the upper vessel full again.

To attempt to do justice to the thousand trades and arts that supply the wants of this wonderful people, and help to satisfy the needs and desires, and soothe the luxurious, artistic tastes, of Western nations, would demand much greater space than could be granted to a descriptive paper.

In a grimy, ill-lighted shop with an earthen floor the most beautiful and delicately colored silks and brocades were being woven. On each side of the workshop an almost naked artisan sat before a creaking, ages-old wooden loom, throwing the shuttles backward and forward from hand to hand. A youth, clad also in scanty raiment, sat aloft in the loom, pulling with his fingers most confidently a mass of seemingly tangled and crossed threads — upon the correct manipulation of which depended the wonderfully accurate and complicated patterns he and his companion were weaving. Between the looms two or three women were moving about, knotting up a thread here and there, replacing empty shuttles with full ones, and performing other tasks that I did not understand. In the background a number of young children sat before spinning-wheels, like those of the fairy-tales shown in our childhood's picture-books, and from wet and dirty-looking little wads of material wound out upon the wheels beautiful gossamer skeins of glistening silk, which they then transferred to the bobbins and shuttles. One family seemingly did all the work at one loom, and two families made a factory.

Farther along the streets were the ivory-carvers, all working in sight of the passers-by. Men shaped from a dingy-coated elephant's tusk objects of living wonder and beauty — sprites and goblins, gods and devils, caricatures of human form, things unlike anything on the earth, or in the waters beneath, or in the heavens above. Animals, birds, and creeping things grew out of this dead ivory to take shape and live in almost noisy gambols around the spiral tusk. Paper-knives, -weights, combs, backs for brushes, ornaments, hair-pins, cunningly carved globes within globes, toys, and many strange things had birth in these quaint and primitive workshops.

Near by were the wood-carvers, sitting on the floor of their booths, and holding with



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

PUBLIC GARDENS AT WHAMPOA, NEAR CANTON.

their feet the timber from which they chopped out, and with chisels graved, dragons, scrolls, flowers, birds, signs for shops, figureheads for boats, chair-backs, marvelously carven cabinets, and curiously fanciful objects. Every workman chipped away as if his life depended upon his industry, and seemingly developed each design as he worked, from the inner consciousness of his weird imagination. I could see no prearranged design for any piece of carving, nor were there any models to be seen in the ivory-shops.

The silver-worker hammered away at his pots, and reptiles and flying things, manikins, elementals, giants, and legendary personages grew out of his labors. He also skilfully wove wires together, which took shape as delicate filigree forms; or he joined tiny leaf-like plates with filigree scrolls, and with the beautiful sheeny feathers from a kingfisher's breast inlaid the plates in brilliant and unfading tints.

The gold-worker displayed cunning workmanship of like nature. The gold-beater in his open shop, two or three feet back from the passing streams of people, hammered away at ingots, bars, and plates until the thin leaf for gilding was obtained. Two workmen had an anvil placed on the ground between them; the sheets of gold were divided by dark-brown tissue, and, with a very wide-faced hammer fixed upon a very thick, straight handle, they beat away blow after blow in turn. Behind

each beater stood a boy with a large feather fan, whose duty it was to fan the laborer while he toiled.

The stone-carvers, like most other craftsmen, sat above their work. Unlike the Westerners, whose hammer-faces are hard and chisel-heads soft, the Chinese stone-cutter uses a soft-iron hammer—a round, mop-like lump of iron with a handle through the center. The chisel is of iron, with steel point and head; the round, hard-steel head wears in a short time a cup-shaped hole or socket in the hammer, and it seems almost a marvel that a true blow can be struck with such a tool. The stone-cutter uses long hand-saws, and sits to his work. With one hand he pushes the saw, with the other he moves in the opposite direction a little water-mop to keep the saw-cut clear.

The blacksmiths, fitters, file-cutters, iron-founders, and iron-workers were all to be seen laboring away in their little shops. File-cutters sat, and, holding with their toes an untempered file-iron in a grooved anvil, notched it, using a little steel cutting-tool and hammer with amazing rapidity.

Chinamen boil their rice in flat vessels shaped like deep saucers. From twenty to thirty inches across and from six to nine inches deep is the usual size of these utensils, which are cast wonderfully thin, the metal rarely exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness. The blast-furnaces are shaped like large, squat lamp-chim-



neys, and fuel and metal are fed through the narrowed opening at the top. The frugal Chinaman while he works also uses his furnace-fire to cook his evening meal. The forge-bellows are like an engine-cylinder; a boy, sitting down, works like a rower, and pulls the piston in and out. Frequently imposing pieces of iron-work are turned out from these primitive shops, and often engines, boilers, shafting, etc., of European manufacture are repaired there, or almost entirely renewed. Charcoal serves mainly for fuel, though in some cases European or Australian coal is used.

Jade is the article most highly prized for jewelry by the Chinese. A jade bangle in Canton would fetch a higher price than one of diamonds and gold. The jade is cut by tools worked with a reciprocating motion driven by a rocking foot-treadle. I saw no rotary lathes in Canton; they may be used, but are certainly uncommon. Some of the small alternating spindle-drills worked by encircling cords are very pretty and most effective, but so far as I could see the Chinaman has not yet reached the stage of rotary tools.

Cloth-weaving, glazing, corn-grinding, rice-husking, as carried on to-day in Canton, must surely bring us face to face with the selfsame methods employed when our civilization was yet undreamed of. Still more primitive than that used in producing silk fabrics is the loom of the cloth-weaver. The dyers had establishments near by, and the most striking feature connected with their work was the manner of glazing cloth after its removal from the dye-tubs. This process was most interesting.

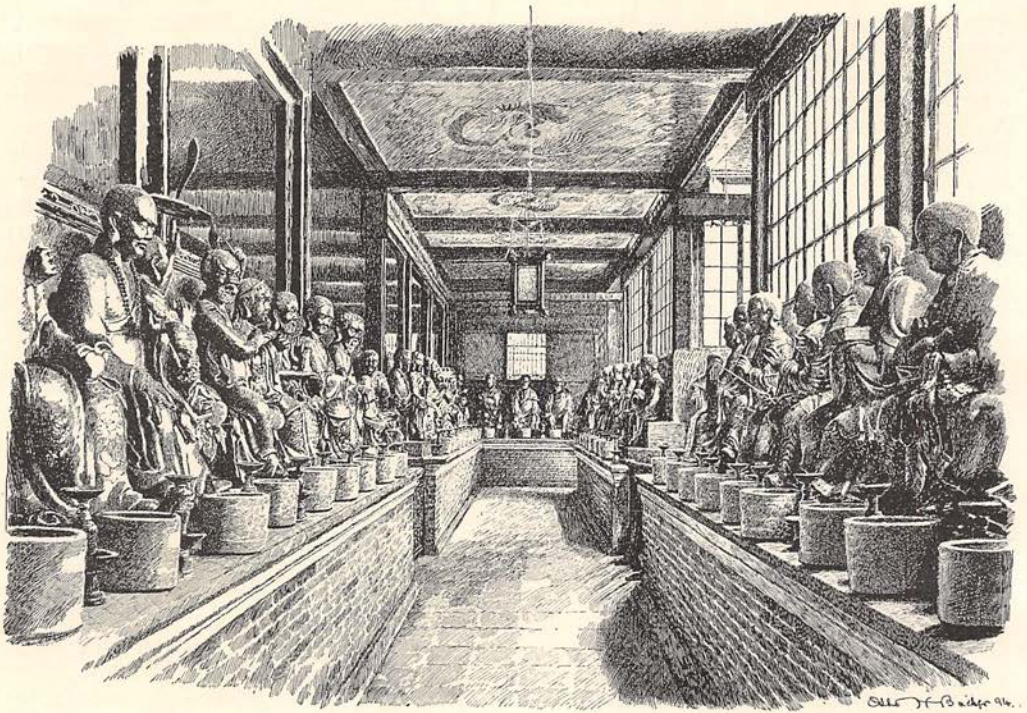
In a half-moon-shaped wooden trough fixed in the ground was laid the cloth, wound upon a hard wooden roller, and a block of granite shaped like a huge boat-cleat was laid upon the roll. Then a boy jumped upon the stone, with one foot on each end, and catching hold of two bamboo handles above him, he began to rock the stone from end to end across the cloth. Presently the momentum became very great, the stone block flew backward and forward up and down the roll and across it; standing straight up and pirouetting upon its extreme end for one instant each time, when from side to side the stroke was changed; while the boy, like a marionette figure, looked all arms and legs hung on a wire. The speed was allowed to die down till boy, stone, and roll of cloth became recognizable once more as separate objects; then it was stopped, the block of stone tilted to one side, and a yard or so of cloth pulled off the roll so that a fresh surface might be exposed, and the performance began anew. In this way, length by length, millions of yards of stuff are glazed every year.

One flour-factory that I visited was a place about fourteen feet wide and one hundred and fifty long. There was the little front shop screened off to a depth of about twelve feet, whence a short narrow passage led to where the mill-stones were worked, and behind this was stabling space where some twenty or thirty oxen were tethered in a long row in front of an open rack filled with sweet-smelling green clover and grasses ready for them to eat. The mill-stones were heavy circular slabs of granite laid one on top of the other, pulled round by little blindfolded oxen, which walked round and round for hours at a time. A boy drove them, and at the sound of his voice they either hurried up or stopped. The wheat was fed by hand through a hole in the upper stone, and as the crushed grains escaped from between the surface of the stones, they were collected and put into a second mill, and thence into a third, and finally carried to a primitive sieving-machine.

This was a cupboard in which hung a tray with a sieve bottom; the tray was connected by an elbow-and-arm attachment to a rocking foot-board worked by a boy who stood upon it, who, by throwing his weight from side to side, communicated an astonishingly rapid shaking motion to the tray. The prepared flour fell through the sieve, and was taken as required from the bottom of the cupboard. Besides that manufactured at home, much imported flour is consumed in Canton, California alone contributing over 6000 tons yearly.

Rice-husking was another marvel of patient labor and absence of inventiveness. In front of a long beam, level with the ground surface, there was a series of pots or holes filled with unhusked rice, and into each of these worked a hammer of rough granite fixed on a curved handle about six feet long. About four and a half feet back from the head the handle was pivoted to the long beam in front of the rice-pots, leaving a little over a foot of its length sticking out. A man or well-grown boy attended to each hammer-handle, and jumped on and off the short end. When he was on it, the hammer rose, when he was off, it fell. All the day long they jumped up and down upon these beaters, the prepared rice being continually removed, and the pots replenished with unhusked grains.

I next paid a visit to some printing-works, where I watched the striking-off of some Government proclamations. The process was as primitive as it was tedious. The face of both sides of a wooden block about three quarters of an inch thick was all cut away with the exception of the letters, and these stood up about three sixteenths of an inch. The printer laid



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

WOODEN IMAGES IN THE TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS, WEST SUBURBS OF CANTON.

this block before him on a table, and rubbed it over with an inked brush of cocoanut fiber. Then he laid a sheet of paper face downward upon it, and rubbed the back of the paper several times across with a dry pad of fiber. How the work was carried out in book and newspaper productions I had not time to investigate.

In Canton, by the way, is produced the only independent Chinese newspaper printed in the empire. Others printed in Hong Kong, which is out of the jurisdiction of the emperor, sometimes criticize his majesty's government most severely, and use terms which, if employed within his dominion, would probably result in the proprietors, the editor, the staff, the compositors, together with their families, being put to death, with various approved, though inelegant, gradations of Tatar barbarity. I had a long interview with Mr. Kwong Ki Chiu, the proprietor and editor of the "Kwong-Pao" (News of Canton), who initiated me into many of the details of Chinese newspaper publications. This paper has a daily circulation of over 3000, and is posted to Chinamen in all parts of the world for a subscription of \$8 yearly.

I found native book-stalls in the wider parts of some of the streets. On the ground lay the books in rows, small red-and-yellow paper-covered volumes. They appeared to be slim pamphlets rather than books, and were very poor productions. A number of natives are

always squatting round these stalls, enjoying a cheap read.

It may be noticed that I have said nothing as yet about beggars. This is for the reason that I saw none, or next to none; there were a few about the temple—chiefly children. In Canton there is not the faintest approach to the scenes daily enacted in the cities of Spain, Italy, Egypt, India, or Ceylon. I have seen more beggars or beggars in thinly veiled disguise in London, or even in Sydney or Melbourne, in one day, than I saw in Canton. Returned from sight-seeing, I was commenting upon their noticeable absence to a friend,—resident in the city for many years,—who told me that my experience was not invariable. When a party of globe-trotters or Cook's tourists swept through the city, scattering brass "cash" with lavish, indiscriminating hands, beggars appeared in swarms. They seemed almost to spring from the stones underfoot, from the walls, even from every gutter. Word was passed round the Cantonese Alsatia, and the beggars came forth from their hiding-place, and lay in wait for their prey. But apparently begging from their own countrymen does not pay, and it is from people, self-supporting at other times, that a following is improvised for these occasions, as a necessary attendant upon the progress of our civilization.

The Cantonese virtually live and work in

the open air. All their industrial and domestic arrangements are as open to the world as are their drains. But as they do not suffer from the mephitic influences around them, it may be assumed that this mode of life makes them better able than we are to dispense with the blessings and other adjuncts of what is called sanitary science, the absence of which in China is so loudly deplored by Europeans.

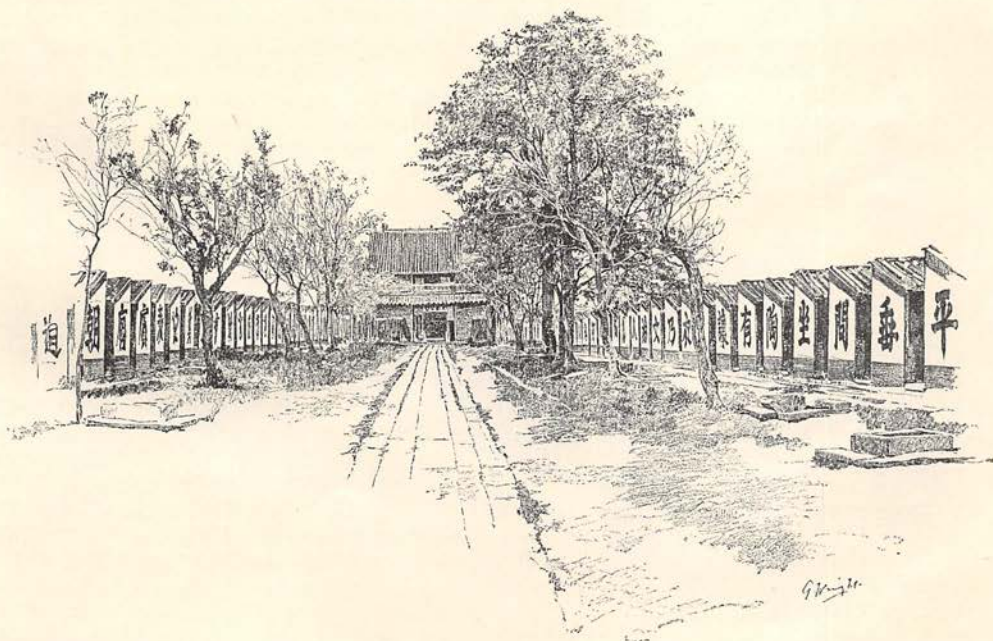
The water-supply of the city is entirely drawn from wells. So far as I could see there was one to each house. These wells were merely round holes about fifteen inches in diameter cut in a granite slab flush with the floor, and provided with a small bucket fastened to a bamboo for drawing the water, which appeared to be never more than from four to six feet below the well-stone. I imagine that the absence of continual diphtheria and typhoid fever, which such a water-supply naturally suggests, may be accounted for by the fact that fecal matter is not permitted to accumulate in the city, and that little, if any, water is drunk which has not been previously boiled. Then the fact of the houses being always open must of course insure their thorough ventilation.

The Chinese manner of living is well adapted to their climate. Their scanty furniture is plain and unpadded, and they use comparatively few hangings and curtains. In the sweltering heat, a Chinaman comfortably stretched upon a flat wooden couch, with a wood or wickerwork pillow under his head, obtains a much more

refreshing sleep than that vainly sought by a European upon a soft bed with a still softer pillow. Yet Europeans in the East almost invariably cling to their Western views as to bed and bedding, with the effect of insuring a state of continual sweat throughout the hours of repose. Yet in a hot climate it requires but little time to become reconciled to a hard couch. The Chinese dress, too, is to be highly commended: all their garments are soft and loose.

The houses of Canton are built of wood, earth, and brick, those of the latter class being chiefly noticeable. An eleven-inch brick about two inches deep is used; some of the work is very perfect; in face work their joints become simply thin straight lines; the joints in some of the granite work are also beautifully executed. The Chinaman does not appear to understand the need of a system of constant repairs. Houses, temples, palaces, and pagodas, built up gorgeously and at a great cost, are allowed gradually to tumble down for lack of attention; then they are built up again.

The manner of window-glazing generally used is remarkable. From the street it is very like the old-fashioned diamond-pane windows still to be seen in many parts of England; but instead of diamonds pointing up and down, the panes are cut square, and instead of glass, the shell of some bivalve of the oyster family is used. This shell, which is dressed quite flat to about the thickness of an ordinary playing-card, presents a pearly opalescent appearance, and,



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

THE EXAMINATION-HALL AT CANTON, WHICH CONTAINS 7500 CELLS.

though not transparent, is yet not sufficiently opaque to interfere noticeably with the passage of light.

Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the general one-storied or low constructions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground, and no outside projections by which thieves might climb up. These establishments are called pawnshops, but they appeared to me more to resemble our banks, where we place deeds and other valuables for safety. I understand it is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there during summer their winter clothing, and loans may be obtained against the goods stored. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.

In another tower, reached by a flight of rickety stairs, is the water-clock that has measured time for the Cantonese for nearly six hundred years. Four copper pots, crusted and dingy with age, stand raised on steps, each one above and slightly behind the other. In the base of the three upper pots are lips over which from a pinhole outlet the water filling the top vessel trickles drop by drop, and passing through each of the first three drips finally into the fourth, or lowest. Through a slit in the cover of this vessel is seen a graduated brass scale attached to a float below, which rises with the

increasing volume of water. Every twenty-fourth hour the water accumulating in the lowest pot is transferred to the uppermost, and the scale sinks down with the float, only to rise again with the hours as the vessel slowly fills up.

Every third year Canton sees many strange visitors from remote quarters of the empire, when the students flock there by thousands to endeavor to compete successfully in the public state-examinations. During the time of the examination between eleven and twelve thousand of them are lodged in the examination-hall or -court, each in a little cell. The cells measure five feet six inches deep by three feet nine inches wide, and are about six feet six inches high; they are open to the front, and ranged in long rows. In one of these each student has to remain during his stay, to write essays upon chosen subjects, such as classical poems, historical or philosophical treatises, while all the time the strictest watch is kept to prevent either intercommunication between students or reference to books or memoranda.

It is said that the works of the chief Chinese classical masters are printed in books minutely small, and these are frequently secreted by students in their hair and in all manners of ways about their persons, so as to crib assistance for their tasks. If discovered, however, in such practice, expulsion follows, which is considered a very severe punishment.

The reward for success in these examinations is very great, being, I am told, for the first examination an appointment to civil offices, and



DRAWN BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

A PART OF THE WALL OF CANTON, INSIDE THE BATTLEMENTS.

if success continues through the second and third examinations (held in Peking), high official position and mandarin rank. It is open to the sons of the most humble persons to compete for these degrees.

These cells are unused except during examination-time, when two rows of movable boards are put into them, which serve for table, chair, and sleeping-floor for the occupants. Within the hall are also offices for servants, officials, examiners, a governor, and other functionaries. The size of the examination-court is said to be 1380 feet long by 650 feet wide.

I wished to be above the houses so that I might look down upon them. Along the outer wall, said the guide, we could get such a view. This was the old wall, and the great wall of the city. It was some thirty or forty feet thick, constructed by facing an embankment with brick, and its perpendicular face to the outside rose thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty feet above the surrounding country. On the top was a covering of deep grass, and all the brickwork had fallen into ill-repair, and specially on the inside was much broken down. Here and there, sheltered behind a thin parapet, sometimes under cover, were guns, frowning through embrasures. Such wonderful guns — such old-fashioned frowns! Many of English and French casting bore dates of the last century; many, still older and more wonderful, were undated and unmarked. They looked like the pictures of the ordnance in use during the wars of the Black Prince. All the cannon, whether old or new, were out of repair; many were dismantled, and not one of them was of value for defensive purposes.

Toward the north, as we walked along the wall, higher and higher rose the ground, while the great city gradually unfolded itself like a map beneath us. At last we reached the five-storied pagoda. The fifth floor, fully sixty feet above the top of the wall upon which the build-



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

FIVE-STORIED PAGODA ON THE NORTH OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

ing stands, is the highest point in the immediate vicinity of Canton.

After climbing to this height, I sat resting, sheltered from the blazing sun, enjoying the soft breeze. Afar off, to the north, lay the White Cloud Mountains. On the plains below, radiant, emerald-green fields of "paddy" stretched away into the distance, while the river on its way to the sea twined in and out amid the fields like a broad streak of sheeny silver. Here and there on the hills or riversides slender pagodas, festooned with trailing vines, looked like feathery spires. Closer still on the hillsides were the stone horseshoe hollows that the Chinese make for their graves, and, studing the graveyards, roughly carven images of Buddha. To the south, inside the walls, rested the great city, wonderful, almost mysterious. But strangest of all was the absolute stillness. No dull, ceaseless roar uprose from the streets, as from a city of the Western world. No sign of life was visible; all was as quiet as death. Yet there must be with the beholder an ever-present consciousness of a teeming, shoeless throng; hurrying, laboring, sweating, joyously or sorrowfully treading those narrow ways beneath, unseen and unheard.



## SCENES IN CANTON.<sup>1</sup>

### THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS, AND THE RIVER POPULATION.

**T**HE population of the city of Canton, including the multitude living on the river, has been variously estimated at from one to three millions. European residents, from knowledge gained by trading, and from the familiarity they have acquired with the Chinese methods of living, assume that the city population numbers about one million, and the river population an additional half-million. The estimate is possibly as nearly correct as any that can be made: I could form no manner of conjecture concerning it. The anxiety to know such a detail is one of the peculiarities of Europeans which the Chinese cannot understand, as statistics of population appear to their minds entirely unimportant knowledge.

For the maintenance of order among this great mass of people, an application may be seen of the peculiar custom in vogue in China of passing responsibility from one body to another. It narrows down until the dwellers in each quarter are held responsible for riot, outrage, or robbery taking place there. The quarters are further subdivided into sections. Here and there across the streets may be noticed a series of square holes cut in the granite slab underfoot. Corresponding with them are round holes in a transverse beam overhead, and standing in a recess of the wall hard by are eight or ten stout saplings, like capstan-bars in a rack. In some streets at six, in others at seven, eight, and nine p. m., these bars are put up. In other streets there are actual gates, closed like a door; but they are rarer than the bars. If visitors dawdle too long in the shops, and happen to be shut into one of these sections, it is a difficult and tedious matter to rouse and move the head-man so as to be passed along; and the same difficulty occurs at every barrier.

There are, however, police patrols. I saw but few of them during the daytime, but the

manner in which these functionaries got themselves up for night duty was very remarkable. They had some native weapons slung around them, and attached to the back of each man was a large, gaudy-colored Chinese lantern, which transformed him into a species of gorgeous glow-worm. Whether these lanterns were always carried in this manner I cannot say, but I doubt if they could serve any other purpose than that of enabling the thief to see the patrol. They had not even the advantage possessed by our policeman's boots, which, though they may warn the burglar of his approach, yet may serve, if the latter have not time to get away, as terrible weapons of offense and defense. There is a staging upon the housetops along which the Cantonese patrol walks. I am told that during the winter there are throughout the city bamboo structures, built up to a height of fifty feet, where watchmen sit aloft to look for fires, and there are also fire-brigades equipped with hand-pumps. In these organizations the men display much energy and *esprit de corps*, and perform police and sentry duty temporarily for the protection of property which has been attacked by fire.

Notwithstanding the system of subdivided authority and the responsibility of citizenship, it may readily be imagined that so large a population contains its share of law-breakers and criminals. For the edification of any of the inhabitants with criminal tendencies, and indeed for the salutary education of the people as a whole, the paternal government has fitted up one of the temples of the city with a place like a waxwork exhibition, only the models are of wood. Hundreds of idlers were congregated there; the show was free.

On each side of the approach to the temple, within bars, are shown methods of punishment — strangling a criminal; cutting in strips while alive; flogging; tying up by thumbs and toes; grinding in a mill; sawing asunder while held in position by boards; the sleep of death on a bed composed of large sharp spikes; and other

<sup>1</sup> A continuation of the article "In the City of Canton," page 59 of the November CENTURY.—EDITOR.

equally revolting methods of doing people to death.

Peddlers were selling their wares here, and quacks their nostrums, while fortune-tellers were doing a thriving business. A few old women and children begged for alms. Among the groups many persons walked about who appeared to be solely occupied in looking at the others. Truly it seemed a pleasant place of resort.

Leaving this museum, I next visited one of the police or correctional courts, and waited for the magistrate to open the proceedings. The day was hot, and he was apparently in no hurry; the courts appear to sit at any time that suits the convenience of the magistrates. One of the prisons being close by, I went through it while waiting. In these prisons are incarcerated not only the Cantonese malefactors, but also those brought from large districts outside the city.

Since visiting this prison, I have never ceased wondering at two things whenever I have thought of the subject: first, why the prisoners stay there at all; second, if determined to remain in prison when captured, how any one can dare to be a criminal in China.

The buildings were none of them above twelve or thirteen feet high at the loftiest part of the roofs, and many were much lower. The outer door, unguarded, stood open, leading to some narrow passages with rectangular turns. Seated drowsily in the shade were two or three men in ordinary Chinese outdoor dress. Some children were playing about the alley, while a woman or two looked on. There was nowhere to be seen an official uniform indicating the presence of a soldier or a warder.

Half-way down an alley was a gate; it was open. Even when shut it consisted only of a few wooden bars stuck in a rack, and one blow with a sharp tomahawk would cut the stoutest of them in half, while with an ordinary pen-knife any of the bars could have been whittled through in less than half an hour. Here a mild-looking Chinaman sat in a shallow niche in the wall, and some children ran in and out at will.

Inside were fifteen or twenty ferocious-looking creatures. They were human beings and tame, but they looked wild; the little clothing they wore was in rags and tatters. A chain about a foot long fastened the legs of each together, pieces of iron being bent round the ankles and looped into each end of the links. They were apparently half starved; their eyes were like those of wild beasts; their heads and faces were unshaven, and showed some inches of black growth standing straight on end. Though their queues were plaited, the hair was so ruffled as to make the plaiting almost indistinguishable.

The place was a small courtyard about twenty or twenty-five feet square. One great stall, like a cow-shed, ran round it, barred up in front with

the usual flimsy round saplings, except here and there where an opening was left for convenience of passing in and out.

I did not feel particularly anxious to go in among the occupants, but as they all walked out to have a look at me, leaving the place empty, I entered. They then came back again, and stared at me. Possibly I was as strange a sight to them as they were to me.

The heat was intense, and beat fiercely upon the granite paving-stones; the heat in the stall was still greater. Nothing that in the remotest degree resembled a bed was anywhere to be seen; not a bit of straw or even any rags. There were only dirty granite slabs to lie upon. The place smelt ill, and was very dirty; so indeed were the prisoners.

The guide said they were all sentenced to be beheaded, and that at any time the mandate might arrive fixing an immediate date for their execution. But nobody seemed to trouble himself in the least about the matter.

I gave the convicts some small coins, and left the place. They followed me into the alley, still looking at me in a wondering way. The man at the door took no notice of them, and the children were still playing and running in and out unconcernedly as I turned the corner.

I was then taken through more alleys into the women's prison. It probably abutted in some way upon the other, and was within the same inclosing alleys and walls. As in the former case, men, women, and children were seated in the approaches, and, the door also being open, children ran in and out.

This courtyard presented much the same appearance as the other, save that its tenants were women — mostly wretched-looking old hags. I went inside the stalls or sheds, and saw there some low wooden tables for the prisoners to sleep upon, and a few screens of matting hanging about. The inmates were not chained, save one, a well-dressed and rather distinguished-looking woman.

"What has that woman done?" I asked the guide.

"She is sentenced to the 'ling-chee' for poisoning her husband," was his reply.

A very comely girl was in the prison. "What crime has she committed?" said I.

"She is not a prisoner," said the guide; "she is the jailer's daughter, and is only gossiping with the prisoners."

The alleged murderess was impassive; unlike any of the others, she evinced no desire for the money I offered her, and during the time I was there her face changed in expression no more than if it had been that of a statue.

I was taken from the alleys into the street immediately outside. The guide pointed to a narrow doorway; I went in, and he followed.

The place was stiflingly hot, and so dark that some seconds elapsed before my eyes could distinguish anything in the gloom. A man, the usual ununiformed jailer, was sitting inside. I heard something moving, and dimly saw, through the ordinary grating of wooden bars, an inner room in which were three prisoners, each wearing "the wooden collar." This was a contrivance about three feet square, made of planking one and a half inches thick. There was a hole in the center just large enough to encircle a man's neck, and the whole apparatus had the appearance of being built on to the prisoner.

With this collar on, no man could lie down. I was told they could not even brush the flies and mosquitos from their faces, nor yet indulge in their favorite head-scratching performance. Even without a collar, life in this inner prison must be supported with difficulty.

I now returned to the court, only to find the magistrate had not arrived. After some time I proposed to go, but the guide suggested waiting for another ten minutes, saying that five or six prisoners had been sent for.

I momentarily expected them to file in under the charge of an armed guard. Just as I was about to give up all hope of seeing the court sit, I heard the clank of chains. Here were the prisoners at last.

A Chinaman, unattended by any guard, came in, and sat on a long, low bench in one corner of the court. He wore hobble-chains of the usual pattern. Presently another walked in, apparently of his own volition, for no one was guarding or directing him. He also sat down. I noticed that the hobble-irons had made sores on his ankles, and he had tied a string round the calves of his legs which held the pieces of bent iron midway between his ankles and his calves. Then another prisoner, also unattended, clanked in, wearing one of the square wooden collars. He sat down, twisted the collar diamond-fashion, and supported its weight by holding its lower apex between his knees.

"He is a pirate," said the guide.

The information was hardly necessary; he looked more like what my imagination had figured a pirate to be than ever any picture had shown me.

All that could be seen, when he sat down, was a large diamond-shaped piece of wood, with a terrible head glaring in its center, bare knees and legs with ankles chained together, and fingers clasping the lower side of the diamond, where they helped to support it.

Those hands were like birds' claws, with long, dirty, curved talons on them; his queue was large and fuzzy like the tail of a maddened cat; the front half of his head, once shaven,

wore a growth of black fiber standing straight on end, about two inches long—a sort of halo one might imagine a devil would wear. His chin and upper lip were covered with black hair standing straight out stiffly, like the bristles of a clothes-brush—perhaps the growth of two months. His black eyes, never resting for a moment, glittered like beads in the sunshine, and, with his strong white teeth, made strange contrast to their background of dirty, yellow, soaked-parchment-like skin. He was a typical pirate.

Perhaps it was not to be wondered at. Two months passed in such conditions as had environed this man would probably transform the most pious-looking church deacon into a pirate of the wildest and most bloodthirsty type, who as a model would make the fortune of a realistic painter.

I had hardly finished my investigation of this weird and morbidly fascinating picture when I heard a tremendous clanking of chains over the stone paving. Three men were coming along, and another walked about twenty yards behind. All wore hobble-chains, and, in addition, each carried a large block of granite in his hands that must have weighed at least fifty pounds.

As they drew closer, I saw that these stone blocks had holes in the center, and that through them ran long chains. Each chain was rove through another fastened around the man's waist, and, running free, was carried up and welded around his neck. The four men had hardly sat down when another, similarly fettered, appeared, coming down the long courtyard. He joined them, and they sat in a row.

I had not seen these fellows when walking through the prison. They presented the usual semi-ragged, unshaven, unwashed, hungry, and wholly rapacious appearance. Some looked defiant, others broken-spirited; one looked a coward and a sneak, and I said in my own mind that he was the worst scoundrel of all.

Still no magistrate appeared, and I had leisure to examine the surroundings. The materials for a turbulent scene were present: first, the prisoners; and, second, certain instruments of a coercive nature.

There were four or five wooden collars stacked like slates against a wall. A narrow ring at the edge of the neck-hole was worn bright and shiny. It ended abruptly in a ridge of black dirt, which edged off outwardly, and faded into the dull, dusty roughness of the main surface. A few knotted scourges hung from a nail close by, and also a piece of heavy leather like a boot-sole.

The guide told me that this was for beating the prisoners across the mouth when they cried out too much during examination.



Several heavy, springy bamboo slats about six feet long rested against the wall with others about two feet shorter. These things, with a coil of cords, had a wicked look.

Many people were about—boys, old men, middle-aged men, children, some carrying babies; all crowded round the "foreign devil." They gathered close, and quietly stared at me as I sat outside. The place was very hot, and the crowd made it hotter. I took off my hat to wipe the perspiration from my face; the crowd laughed. An old gentleman courteously handed me his fan, and when I began to use it the crowd laughed again. I motioned some of them away so as to get more air. This was another occasion for hilarity, but they politely drew back; then I laughed, and we all laughed together.

The old gentleman knew a few words of "pidgin-English," of which accomplishment he seemed very proud. He asked me my age, and then told it to the crowd; my nationality, and told that also. He said he was seventy-five, though he did not look more than fifty.

We were getting on very pleasantly, and I don't know how many interesting particulars we might not have gleaned of each other, when suddenly there was a buzz; the crowd melted, and I stood up and walked into the court. Several inoffensive-looking bystanders—including my old friend—transformed themselves into officials by putting on small, round, flattish hats shaped like a limpet-shell, with a ruddy-brown tassel hanging from the point of the cone.

In a minute or two several persons, dressed in white or light-colored garments of better material than those of the onlookers, came in, and arranged some papers. Then a benevolent-looking old gentleman with a kindly smile and a fussy manner followed, and seated himself at the table, a little back from the middle of the court.

The five men in chains drew forward: they knelt or sat on their feet, all made deep obeisance, touched the earth floor with their foreheads, and remained kneeling. A lot of papers were arranged; each man seemed to have a record, kept there to confront him with. At first they seemed to be dealt with separately.

The magistrate spoke with many inflections and with much emphasis and gesticulation. The prisoners understood him no more than I did. An interpreter stepped forward and, with each hand pointing from the magistrate to the prisoners and from the prisoners to the magistrate, gesticulated wildly, and took up the conversation. Then all—magistrate, prisoners, and interpreter—spoke together; but the magistrate prevailed, and secured a lengthy solo, whereupon a second interpreter came forward,

pushed the first back, and took up the strain. Then followed another concerted movement of some duration.

There was a pause while a man pushed his way through the crowd, and made obeisance to the court. He was a malignant-looking ruffian, and I looked for his chains; there were none.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The jailer," said the guide.

The jailer at once began to talk, and the magistrate, quickly joining, made a duet. The two interpreters chimed in, and then all the prisoners. A third interpreter now darted forward, and all gave way to him, and he spoke for a while alone.

My chief scoundrel looked more hangdog than ever, and very uneasy; he had become a still sicklier lemon-color than before.

Suddenly there was a hush, and all eyes turned down the long, paved courtyard. Two coolies, carrying something between them upon a bamboo, trotted up. The prisoners divided somewhat, and, with the jailer, knelt three on each side. The coolies quickly dumped their load between the prisoners. It was a man—or what remained of him—in a wicker basket; he was alive.

The magistrate made another long oration, an interpreter followed, then the jailer, and then all together. The records were consulted, and the magistrate continued. Then the wounded man broke in with startling volubility. At last my head scoundrel tremblingly produced a bag, and spilled its contents on the ground. They were pieces of metal, buttons, bits of wood, brass "cash," and bits of string. Prisoners, jailer, magistrate, witnesses, and interpreters all started to talk together; and the magistrate, lasting best, went on alone for a time, and then was followed by the three interpreters in turn, each with an energetic solo. The prisoners now looked uneasy, and well they might.

The policemen and officials, hitherto impassive spectators of the scene, began to move about the court, and three or four of them made selections from among the bamboo laths. They weighed them, felt their balance, and sprung them against the ground.

The hangdog scoundrel moved to the center of the cleared space, and tremblingly unfastened his loose, baggy breeches.

Then two policemen seized him: one wound some string around his legs, and sat upon them; another knelt on his shoulders. His chest was flat on the ground, but his hips were turned sidewise, with the right thigh uppermost. A policeman squatted on his haunches behind the prisoner and facing the magistrate, and began his work.

The bamboo whistled through the air, and

at the same moment began the most prolonged howl I ever heard in my life. There seemed no stoppage for breath: the bamboo and howl continued in unison.

Whack! whack! whack! About eighty strokes to the minute. All the blows were delivered high up on the right thigh, on a space which could be covered by an ordinary saucer. The first blow left a deep, red mark, and soon blood and skin together were flipped away at every blow. I counted the strokes. At the end of every fifty the wielder of the bamboo was relieved by another man. Four men took their turn at this fellow, making in the aggregate two hundred strokes. When the blows ceased, so did the howl.

Three other prisoners were each in turn treated to one hundred strokes; they howled also.

When the fifth man was stripped and knelt upon, he made no sound. Hitherto I had borne the punishment with extreme fortitude, but during this last correction something seemed to have gone wrong with me. To prevent any extreme disturbance I left the court hurriedly, not waiting to see how the pirate and the others were treated.

The guide told me I would probably lose the best part of the show, but I said it did not matter; I had had enough punishment for one day. He remonstrated. "The pirate," he said, "would probably have his arms drawn back at right angles to his body, and be suspended with cords by his thumbs, part of the weight being borne by his knees, just touching the stones, and the remainder by his great toes, which would be drawn up tight behind him and triced to a post by thin, strong cord. If, while in that position, he cried out, his mouth would be beaten with the boot-sole leather I had seen. It was the method employed in the court for eliciting information which the prisoner might otherwise be disposed to keep to himself." But even this promised treat did not alter my resolution. I was firm.

If I refused to go back to the court, the guide argued, I must at least visit the execution-ground. I asked if any execution was to take place that day. He replied sadly, "No." Upon these terms I consented, and as we walked toward the place I questioned him about the scene lately witnessed. He explained: "All those men, including the fellow in the basket, will be beheaded shortly. They are under sentence as pirates and murderers, but they have been gambling, and the wounded man having won everything, they nearly beat him to death, and took his winnings away from him. You saw what they were playing for."

"Were they punished for beating him?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it was for gambling. The magistrate was very angry, and said he would have no gambling in prison. He even threatened the jailer with a flogging for having joined in the game."

We arrived at a place where a lot of rough, unbaked pipkins covered the ground. It was a narrow strip of land twenty or twenty-five feet wide and seventy or eighty long, the only patch of ground not built upon in the neighborhood.

"This is the place," said the guide; "it is one of the sights."

It was not much of a sight, I thought, after a hurried glance, and I did not feel inclined for deeper investigation. Hitherto it had seemed as if nothing could upset me, but that afternoon I was doubtful. Near the middle, where the pipkins were not so close together, the ground was discolored. "What is that?" said I. "Some men were beheaded there a day or two ago," he answered. "Would you like to see their heads? They are in those large jars standing near the wall." But I declined.

Some half-dozen T-shaped crosses were stacked against the wall. I inquired the uses of these harmless-looking instruments. "They are for tying people to, to keep them in position for the ling-chee," was the reply. I had heard this word before, so I asked about it.

"Oh," said the guide, as if imparting the most ordinary information, "the ling-chee is cutting into pieces while alive." "Is this form of execution often carried out?" I asked. "Yes," he replied; "frequently." I turned to flee. The guide called out, wishing me to see the executioner's sword; but I escaped, and he followed, evidently with great contempt for my capacity as a sight-seer.

THE aquatic life of Canton is a thing almost entirely apart from that of the city. The inhabitants, dwellers in the majority of those ever-shifting homes which go to make a huge city on the water, are a people ruled by different instincts and customs from their fellows on land. Some of them live in constructions like house-boats, which are practically a fixture at one anchorage in the river; but the greater number of the boats know no continued abiding-place.

The commonest type of boat is that locally known as a "sampan"; in reality, I believe this is the native word for boat. In this craft there was usually in the center a sort of well, with seats round it, all else being decked over. Above the well was a semicircular frame of bamboo covered with ratan matting. The boats varied greatly in size and accommodation: about twenty feet long, with a beam of about four feet, was perhaps an average size.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE EXECUTION-GROUND AT CANTON.

Probably more executions have taken place here than on any other spot on the earth.

Whole families live entirely upon one of these boats. They are born, grow up, live oft-times to old age, and die there. In such cases the crews are of all sizes and both sexes, even children two years old lending a hand in managing the boats; but frequently all the working crew are women.

Occasionally I noticed on the boats small male children with blocks of wood tied to them. I asked an old resident of the city what this meant, and he told me it was in order that if the boys fell into the water they might be kept from drowning until they were fished out. Girls were not cared for with this consideration; for if they fell in and were drowned, it was not considered a family calamity. He said that among the Chinese female children were not counted in the number of the family. If a Chinese friend was asked how many children he had, and the answer was two, three, or four, my friend would say, "But I thought I saw quite a number of children playing about your house." "Ah, yes," the Chinaman would reply; "but the others are only girls."

Boat families, I noticed, stowed themselves away in the most marvelous manner; planks

were pulled out from recesses and a flush deck made, and covers were shut back or stretched out. Sometimes on a boat apparently carrying a man and a woman, and seemingly large enough to accommodate only two persons, a whole family of children, from those well grown to little babies, emerged out of impossible corners and holes. The clothing worn by these people was always scanty. In wet weather they generally wore the ordinary large flat hat of the pattern shown in the pictures of Chinamen on tea-boxes; and, as an additional protection against rain, a cloak made of bamboo-leaves was usually thrown over their shoulders, and fluttered in the breeze like a mass of delicate yellow-silk ribbons.

The method adopted for the propulsion of boats varied according to the class. Generally at the bows of the sampans a man sat cross-legged, pulling on one side an oar with a T-shaped handle fastened loosely with cane bands to a wooden pin in the gunwale, while at the stern a stooping woman sculled with a ponderously long oar that rocked upon a short stub of iron fixed on the stern-post. The oars were made in two pieces, and from the broad-

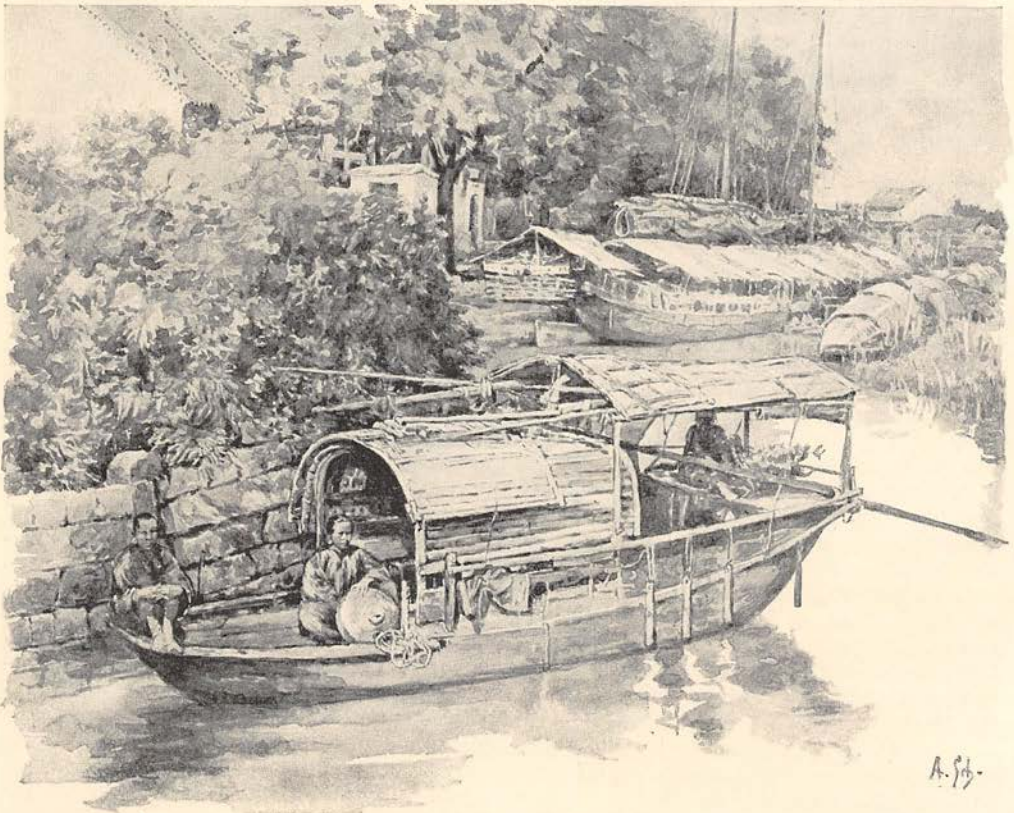
est part of the blade at their extreme end narrowed by imperceptible degrees to the haft, or handle, end; the splices in the center were made by cane wrappings.

In the "slipper boats," which are the swiftest travelers on the Canton River, and ply chiefly for hire, like our cabs, the oarsmen and women stood up at the stern, and pushed, instead of pulled, long oars. The oar on the right side crossed that on the left, the right-side men pushed the left oar, and the left-side men the right oar. Up in the toe, shaded by an overall cover just like the leather of a slipper, sat the passengers.

The stern-wheeled paddle-boats puzzled me greatly. I could see no funnel, no smoke, nor any of the usual accessories of a steamer, yet the wheels revolved as in a steamer. When one of them came close to me, however, the mystery was made clear. Under the deck of the boat — indeed, there were usually two or three decks, and a vast number of passengers — near the stern were three or four wooden drums running the whole width of the boat. The drums had cams, or steps, attached to them, and a row of men at each drum, holding on to a handle

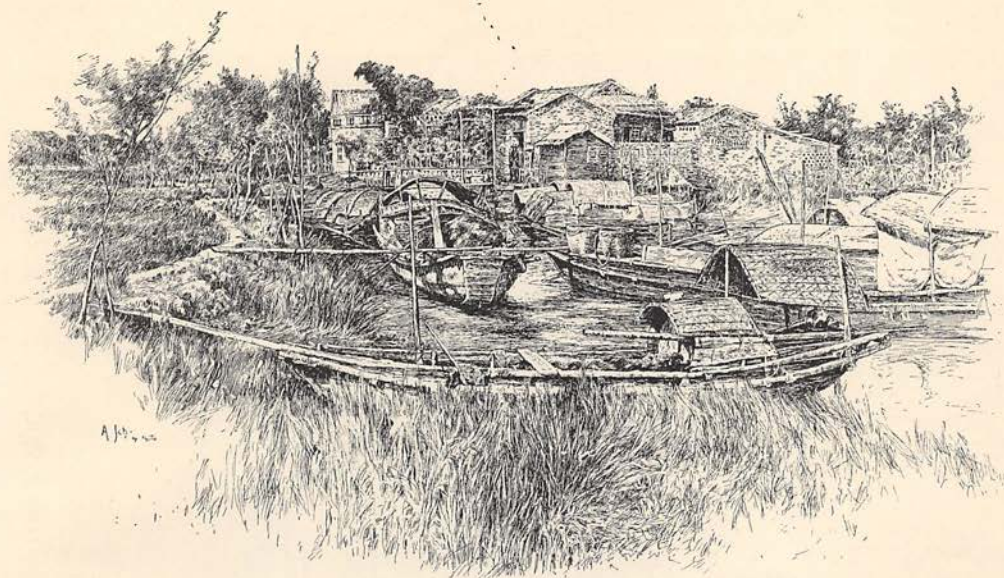
above, stepped from cam to cam as their weight brought them round, just as if they were working a treadmill; the faster they stepped, the faster the ship went. The gearing from the drums to the paddle-wheel was of the most primitive description. Occasionally, when the wind was fair, large sails were hoisted and sideboards to prevent leeway were put down; but even then the men on the treadmill did not cease working.

Then there were those extraordinary institutions called "duck-boats," in which a family lived just as in a sampan, only the number in the establishment was increased by the addition of from one to three thousand ducks. On each side of the boats, and for the greater part of their length, broad platforms were built out with wickerwork walls about eighteen inches high, and the whole covered over or roofed flat with matting. The width and length of these outriggered duck-houses varied of course with the size of the boat. Those I saw appeared to be as nearly as wide over all as the boats were long; some of them were certainly twenty-five or thirty feet across. Most extraordinary-looking craft they were, propelled and directed from the stern by a long sculling-oar, with the



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.

A SAMPAN.



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.

CARGO-BOATS USED AS DWELLINGS.

addition of the one-sided bow-oar already described.

I was told of duck-boats, but did not see any, where the birds were kept in a large wicker construction extending over the roofed part of a sampan, while the family lived underneath. A ladder, it was said, was provided for the ducks to get up and down, and when the birds were called in at night they hustled one another vigorously in endeavoring to get up quickly, because the last duck up the ladder always got a beating. I don't vouch for the story, but give it as it was told to me.

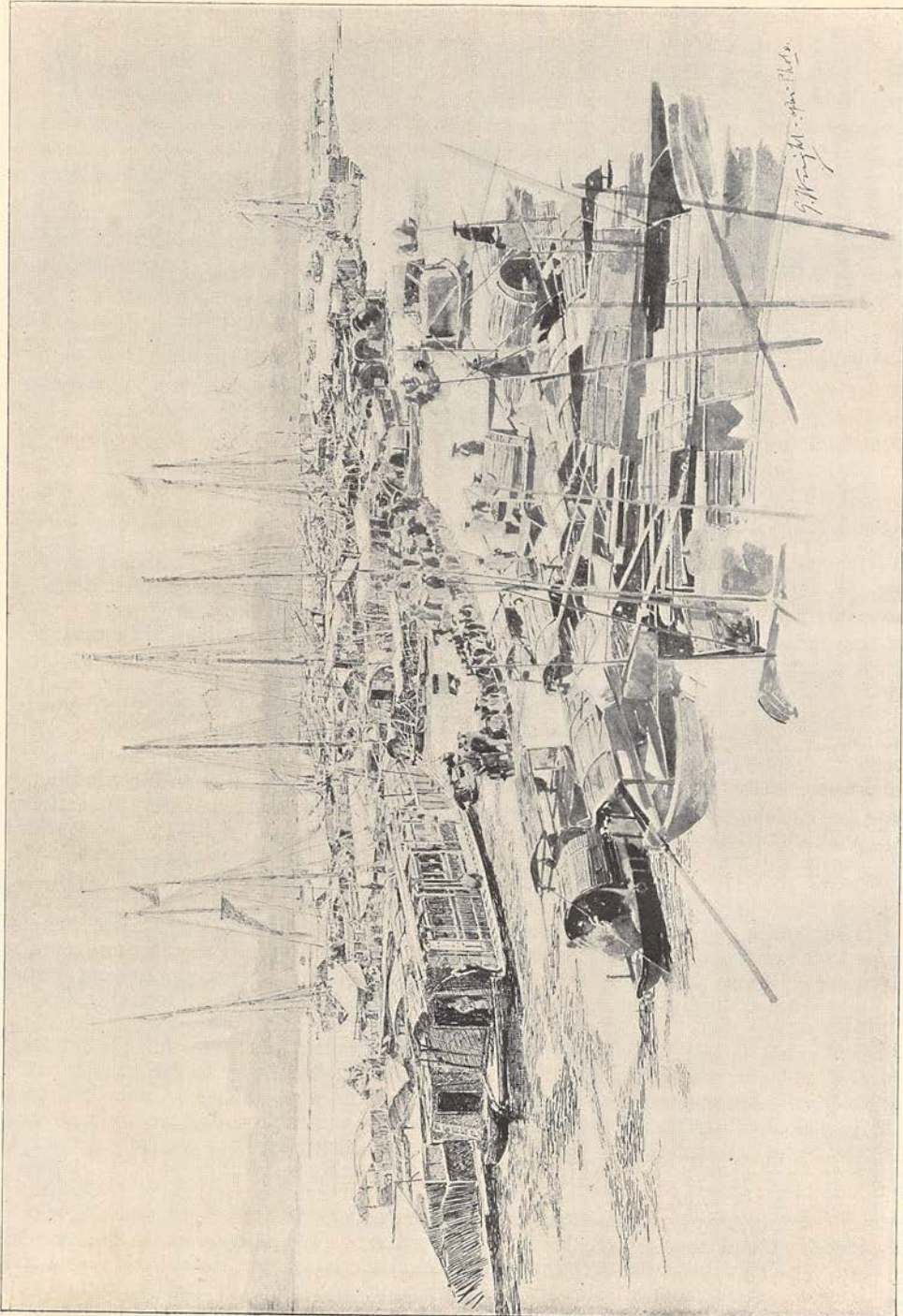
The boats I saw were moved about the river to suitable feeding-grounds. A little before sunrise ladders were lowered from the platforms to the water, and the ducks went out to feed all day, during which time they were herded by the small boys or girls of the family. When the number of ducks was great, they were divided into flocks, and each flock was placed in charge of a boy or girl.

For a long time I watched with interest a boy tending a flock of about two thousand birds. They came at his call, and always kept fairly close to him. Scantily clad, under his big flat hat, holding in his hand a piece of split bamboo about five feet long, he sat upon the artificially raised embankment which lined the river-bank. This was about two feet wide on top, and inside, about a foot or so above the level of the river, were the paddy-fields where the young rice was showing green above the slushy mud in which it grew. The river itself was very muddy and shallow near the shore, and the current there was not running strongly.

The boy's work was to keep the ducks upon this feeding-ground, and to prevent their climbing over the bank to eat the young rice.

If asked to tell of the happiest creatures I ever saw in my life, I should attempt to describe those ducks. The light breeze, and the sun shining from a clear sky, made the day very hot. How they splashed, quacked, guzzled and swam, stood on their heads in the water, fell over, chased one another, and preened themselves! How they seemed to glory in the river, and to brim over with fun! To look at them was to borrow some of their joyousness. Time after time they spread out in long strings, swung round, and massed themselves together, and then, hundreds in a body, making a triangle upon the water, started away at a furious rate toward one point, lifting themselves out of the water and beating it into foam with their feet and wings. Suddenly, with one accord, they stopped flapping, and then, with the impetus gained in the previous rush, slid far along the surface of the water.

The boys at dreamily by all the while. Sometimes when the string drew out long or divided itself, a number of birds would climb up the bank to get into the paddy-field. While I was watching, I saw them attempt this three or four times, but as soon as the leaders got well on the top of the bank, back they were driven quickly. The boy lazily stretched out his arm, and plunged the end of his bamboo stick into the mud of the paddy, and, turning it round as though it were a butter-scoop, drew out upon the end of the stick a thick roll of soft mud. He then swung the stick with both



G. Wright - 1894 - Photo.

DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

FESTIVAL OF THE DRAGON-BOATS ON THE CANTON RIVER.

hands over his head, and away through the air flew the roll of mud, and splashed right over the leaders as they scaled the embankment. Every time this was done they scurried back into the water, washed quickly, and began to feed away again with great vigor, as if really nothing at all had happened.

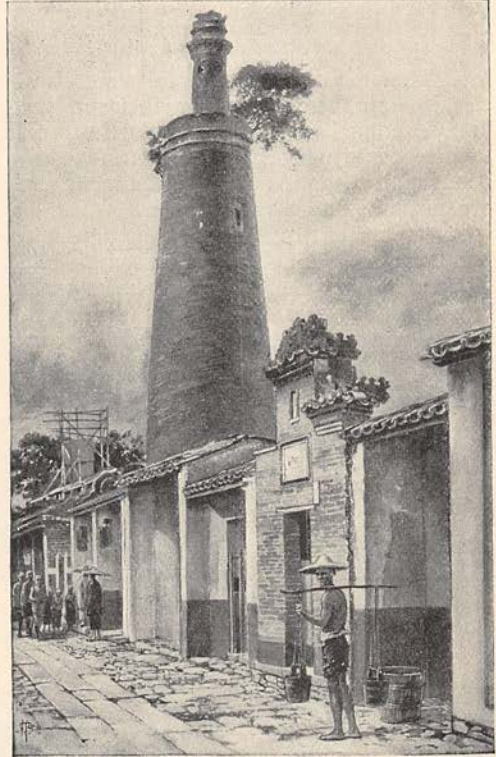
They were most discriminating ducks. Field coolies or laborers passed along the embankment near them, and absolutely no notice was taken of the intrusion; but when I walked by the whole flock hurried away with such desperate haste and so far that when I had passed the boy had to call them back.

I don't remember having seen half a dozen chickens anywhere in and around Canton, but I suppose I must have seen a million ducks, alive and dead. Large buildings are erected entirely for their incubation. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that not one out of every ten thousand Cantonese ducks ever saw its mother, or knew any other preceptor of its duckling web-steps than the duck-boy.

The incubating buildings were heated by wood fires, and divided into rooms where the eggs were differently arranged. Formerly the temperature was judged by those in charge, but of late years this method has been abandoned, and in the houses that I saw thermometers were hanging in every room. In some rooms the eggs were placed in flat padded baskets, in others in deep barrels padded and lined, or again, in other rooms, they were covered with matting upon enormous shelves with a high beading running all round. This was when the time approached for the young ducks to break the shell and to come out. When fairly out, they were kept for some little time upon these shelves and fed upon soft rice, but rarely more than a few days elapsed before a duck-boat came along and bought up a whole houseful of them. If by any chance the young birds were not sold, boys attached to the establishment took charge of them, and herded them out.

While being pulled about the river in my friend's boat—which was a magnificent affair manned by Chinamen in white native costumes edged with deep blue, as neat and as trim as a British man-o'-war's boat crew—I was surprised to see what appeared like large islands floating with the stream. When we drew near I found them to be thick masses of small bamboos piled together. They often made a mass over one hundred yards long, fifty wide, and eight or ten feet deep. They were canes for the thousand and one industries of Canton, where the bamboo is worked up for every conceivable use into countless shapes and designs. These floating masses often had masts somehow stuck in them, and were sailed, being guided by the boats tied alongside.

A book might be written about the Chinese fishermen and their customs. The fishing-boats are of every size and shape, from little canoes, holding one man, to large sea-going boats well equipped for deep-sea fishing. Upon the river near Canton the most fascinating fishing to look at was the operation of casting what I have described to myself as the "spider's-web" fishing-net. These nets were woven in square or



DRAWN BY V. PERARD, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROMYN HITCHCOCK.

MOHAMMEDAN TOWER IN CANTON, BUILT BY ARABS, AND KNOWN AS "THE ROUND TOWER."

octagonal forms increasing in size from the center. From that point long, stout strings radiated to the outside just like the main cords of a spider's web. The nets were made to a size of about twenty or twenty-five feet across, and the edges were weighted at the ends of the framework strings.

I have seen a Chinese boy stand in the stern of a boat, and after whirling a mass of netting around his head, let it go, and there would fly out horizontally a most graceful-looking web, which would settle down upon the water, all its edges touching at the same time. Then it would sink to the bottom of the river. The net was subsequently pulled up by a rope attached to the central point from which all the main cords radiated.

The river by night was a study I undertook

with the assistance of a native crew and a guide. Punctually at the appointed hour, waiting for me at one of the many stone steps along the river-front of the Shamien,—a Thames embankment in miniature,—was a sampan, a very elaborate affair with cushioned seats under the covered part, and hung with bright cloths and one or two colored lanterns.

On this particular night the temperature was close and muggy, the muddy river flowed swiftly, and we shot downward with the stream. Our destination was the "flower-boats."

Of the life on these boats there is much to say. They constitute a city and almost a society apart in themselves and in their surroundings. Among those who do not take the trouble to investigate personally there is much misconception as to what they are, their uses, their organization, and their character.

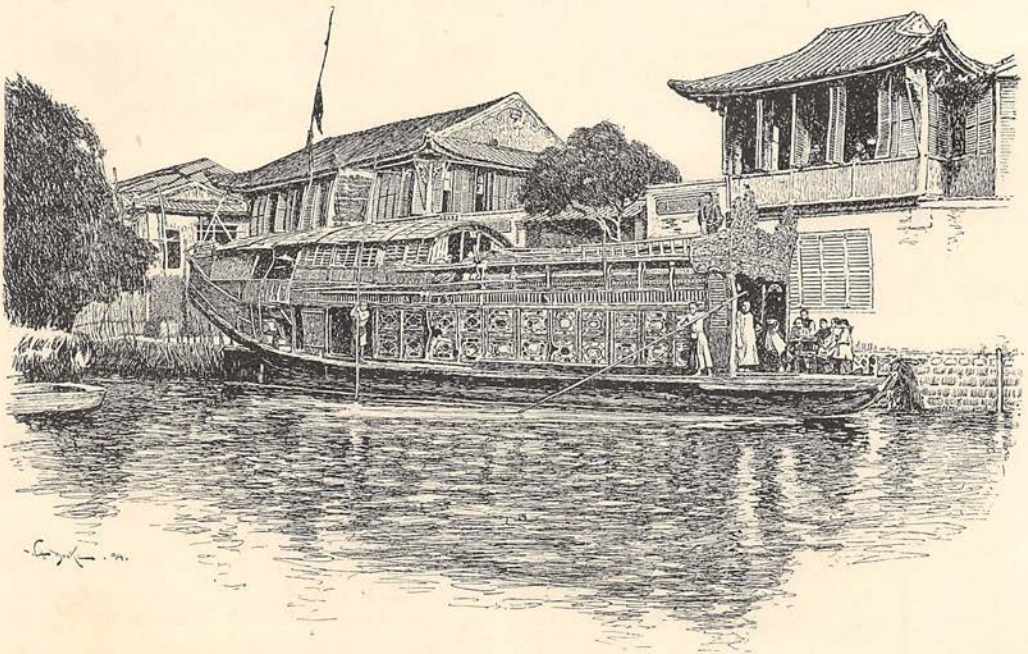
As we neared our destination, thousands, hundreds of thousands, of lights sparkled and glimmered over the water. Junks at anchor loomed darkly as we shot past, smaller craft crossed and recrossed as we threaded our way through this anchored and moving boat-life. A ceaseless babble of voices and cries of passing boatmen sounded on all sides. Then lights shone close and thick, and stretched away in an unbroken line far down the river; my sampan was slued around, headed up-stream, bumped softly against a large flat craft, and was moored there.

I stepped aboard a house-boat, and was then

on the confines of another city. Many a city has fewer people dwelling within its boundaries. House-boats were moored in rows; their fore-and-aft decks formed streets and lanes; there were broad ways and narrow passages down which one might walk, gaily lighted thoroughfares, and dark, crooked byways. So much song, music, revelry, and brightness there was, that I was lost in amazement at the variety of sound and color on all sides—lost to all sense that I was afloat, and could hardly believe that I had not imperceptibly gone from the boats to land.

But no; every now and then a turn revealed the turbulent yellow river bearing us so steadily. Sometimes, crossing a few planks to make a short cut, a look at the eddying waters made me almost shudder. How easily could one forever be lost!—a slip, a splash, and then to drift beneath acres and acres of boats, never to rise again till past all human aid. The lights, the life, the feasting and noise, made the river to me ever so mysterious: it was covered so completely, unheard save at a crossing, unseen save when sought for, and, when found, so swift, deep-looking, hopeless, unheeding,—a pitiless river toward a human soul that fell therein,—ever flowing onward, in dark contrast to the revelry above.

Perhaps no city in the world has the counterpart of these flower-boats; for this Chinese city of amusement lacks in the main the element that pervades European haunts of revelry.







DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

CANTON COOLIES OF THE TYPES SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

It was a vast place of restaurants and hotels where the rich and poor men of Canton repaired to enjoy themselves. I have been given to understand that no Chinaman entertains in his own house, nor do his women folk join him in his feasts or revels. Hence, there is a class of girls, the very large majority of whom are strictly virtuous, whose business it is to be pretty according to Chinese fashion, brisk, conversational, musical; in a word, to understand the art of entertaining.

When, for instance, a Chinese gentleman intends giving a dinner to three friends, he will arrange for it to be provided on a flower-boat at a certain hour, and also for the company of eight dining-out girls—two for each gentleman. I call them dining-out girls, as it best describes to me their calling. They will come prettily dressed, their hair done up in most wonderful shapes, and brushed over with a sort of varnish which makes it appear like a fantastic head-dress carved in ebony. They will ornament this structure with bright flowers, though the wreaths will be as stiff as their hair; or they may sometimes add jade, gold, or feather-inlaid ornaments. Their faces will be painted in white and pink—very artistically painted, smooth, and soft-looking; delicately traced, sharp, black crescents will mark their eyebrows. Dainty, demure dolls they will appear, and pretty to look upon; but seemingly one touch would destroy their artistic effects, as a rough hand the radiance of a butterfly's wing.

Two of these young ladies will attend to each gentleman, sitting slightly back from the table at each side of the entertained. They will fill his liquor-cups, sip from them, and pass them on; pick out dainty pieces of "chow" (food) with chop-sticks, and hand them to him; crack jokes, fill and light his pipe, and all the while chat gaily, and eat dried watermelon seeds. That is all I ever saw them eat. Behind each group of three a solemn-looking coolie, or waiter, will stand to fan them all the while. Other waiters bring in food, wine, and tea, change the dishes, and attend to their wants. The meal will last for a long time. Eventually all will rise, and retire to an outer room furnished with broad couches covered with matting. Opium-pipes will be there for those who care for them, and tobacco and cigars in plenty. The girls will sit on the couches, laugh, fill the pipes, and still eat watermelon seeds, while the gentlemen will recline at their ease, enjoying their society.

Walking along the thoroughfares of this boat city, one could look through the widely opened doors, and see, sitting in inner rooms far back in the boats, these parties of feasters; and by walking slowly through, without rudely prying, it was possible to observe nearly everything that went on.

The women were, excepting for slight individual detail, to all appearance cast from one mold; but the men (the diners) were variously outlined. Old and young, fat and lean,

long and short, solemn-looking and mirthful, I noticed that most of them wore large, round horn-rimmed or tortoise-shell spectacles. They looked as solemn as owls, and preternaturally wise. Though in the city in daytime these spectacles were commonly to be seen, at night on the boats they were everywhere. How sternly the spectacles seemed to quell any suggestion that the wearers were there for any purpose but that of a formal, grave, and stately social gathering. It was perhaps for this reason that they were worn — a sort of cloak to hide the twinkle of a merry eye. If so, it is the only cloak in which they are attired; for, in accordance with the custom of the country, the men, in the hot weather, sat unclothed from the waist upward.

Late in the evening most of the diners had either moved into outer rooms close to the thoroughfares, or had crossed the pathways to small, half-circular places sometimes railed off in front of each house-boat. There the gentlemen and ladies sat on benches in the open air, round little tables, sipping liquors and smoking. Sometimes girls were singing, or, in addition, four or five men musicians were hired to — well, the music was for the Chinese, not for me, and they appeared to enjoy it.

When not occupied in observing the revelers I saw many other strange sights on these house-boats. For instance, at ceremonials for the dead a woman, the chief mourner, dressed in light blue bound with a narrow darker edging, would be seated higher than the companions similarly attired who sat close to her. Men were moving about the place. The room was hung with bright lanterns, a table was loaded with sweets and delicacies, and profusely decorated with paper ornaments, flowers, tinsel, and bright

things of all sorts. The walls were hung with paper clothing, fans, boots, hats, and other articles, all of paper. Stuck flat against the wall over the outer door were great saucer-shaped disks, the hollow parts and edges of which were profusely decorated with gold and silver tinsel, paper ribbons and streamers, and curious ornaments, making a blaze of color five or six feet across. I was given to understand that all these hangings and ornaments were afterward burned. It seemed to me that most of the passers-by were free to go in and partake of the delicacies provided. Frequently I saw men enter, move through the crowd in the room and around the table, and go out again directly, without touching anything.

In other places I saw very gay-looking gatherings inside brightly lighted rooms, and the sounds of music and singing filled the air. Those whom we always have with us were there. They crowded around the doors and windows, held their faces against the small wooden bars slid across to keep them back, and seemed to feast their eyes on the glories within, and to look half with awe and wholly with wonder upon, to them, the dreamland scene; just as our own poor gather hour after hour before a stately mansion, listening to the faint strains of music reaching them through the closed windows, or suddenly with a blaze of light bursting toward them for a moment through an opened door.

I saw nothing on these flower-boats which would justify the suggestions I had heard in Hong Kong, or the frequently expressed opinion of many Europeans, that they are of ill repute. I inquired of some Chinese gentlemen and European residents of Canton, who scouted the idea, but said that such is the conclusion



DRAWN BY V. PERARD.

THE WEST GATE, CANTON.

generally jumped at by foreign visitors. One Chinaman, who had lived long in Europe and spoke English fluently, said it would be about as unjust and nearly as untrue were Orientals to speak in the same way of our theaters. This manner of training girls to assist in entertaining guests is the outcome of the Chinaman's custom of keeping his wife and concubines secluded from even his intimate friends.

My experience of a Chinese feast already referred to came about in this way. One night, walking down one of the larger thoroughfares of the boat city, no doubt looking like a thorough stranger to the place, a slight gathering of people (like a block in a street of London) caused me to stand for a minute or two before one of the open house-boats.

My guide said, "You are invited to enter."

I had not noticed anything, but, on looking, saw a young Chinaman standing up and holding out his hand toward me. He and three of his friends with their lady entertainers were at dinner; the boat was well appointed, everything looked inviting, and I entered. I doffed my cap; the gentlemen stood up, let down their queues, which were wound around their heads, and gravely we shook hands all round.

One of them could speak a little English. A place was made for me; two dainty little girls, richly dressed and prettily painted, speedily appeared and seated themselves one on each side of me; a solemn man-servant took up his

place behind us, and diligently swayed a large feather fan. I then deeply regretted my inability to speak their language. My guide was called in; he too stood behind me, and interpreted for us.

Liquor-cups like large thimbles of porcelain were filled. We stood up, clinked cups all round, and, after drinking, sat down again. Then my ladies and new-found hosts busied themselves to find dainty morsels of food. In those days I could make no progress with chopsticks, so, seeing my helplessness, something was said, and after a little trouble in the finding, a two-pronged ivory fork was produced and given to me.

I ate all sorts of strange things—in fact whatever was given to me. Sweets, meats, and fish were handed round indiscriminately. My ladies gave me candies, preserves, and dainties, or lighted a pipe filled with Chinese tobacco (about six whiffs in the bowl), and handed it to me with a graceful smile and bow.

At length we all rose, and adjourned to an outer room where there were more liquors, nuts, melon-seeds (for the ladies—no one else ate them), cigars, and Chinese tobacco-pipes or opium-pipes. Before leaving I had invitations for other evenings, which unfortunately I could not accept, and, as if to make the inducement stronger, European "chow" was promised; but, as I had to leave Canton next day, time would not admit of my acceptance of this hospitality.

*Florence O'Driscoll.*



## THE VOICE OF STREAMS.

EACH mountain hath its choir of foamy rills,  
 That to the stars all night sweet music make;  
 The brook, that hastens downward to the lake,  
 With pleasant sound the forest mazes fills;  
 The river murmurs when it leaves the hills;  
 With mighty roar the glacier's torrents wake,  
 When snows are melting; under grass and brake,  
 In mountain meadows, clear the ice-spring trills.  
 Streams lulled Mæcenas, and the voice of streams,  
 At Abbotsford, to Scott's fast-deafening ears  
 Brought back the sleep of childhood and its dreams.  
 What needeth He our songs and hymnals weak,  
 Who ocean's stormy diapason hears,  
 Who hears the brooks that flow from every peak?

*William Prescott Foster.*