

A WALK DOWN A CHINESE STREET.

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A CHINESE STREET.



A CONFUCIANIST SCHOLAR.

wondrous spelling and miraculous grammar which grace the streets of the coast ports. Not here, as in Hongkong or Shanghai, will you buy your wares of Cheap Jack & Co., Ship Chandlers, or Happy Tom & Co., Limited, Tailors & Outfitters, nor will you get your bread from Sing Song, European Loafer. It is true that one unhappy wight, aiming at the mysterious reputation attaching to foreign goods, has raised an English signboard even here in Wuchang. Often did it puzzle me as I read—

R I N E S E Y E U G
E S E N I H C
E P E E K E R O T S—

until one day an older resident suggested that I should read it backwards, and then I realised that

COM E with me down the main street of the city in which I live. It is in the heart of China, uncontaminated by the hybrid influences of foreign trade. Not here will you see the many English signboards of

somebody with an unpronounceable name, *Senior, Chinese Storekeeper*, dwelt within. Still this is but the fly in the pot of ointment. Let us be as exclusive as the Chinaman himself, and banish all signs of the "foreign devil," while we see China pure and unalloyed.

Streets from six to twelve feet wide, filled from morning to night with a ceaseless throng. Every man is black-haired, the fore-part of his head is shaven, while behind him hangs the long queue imposed by the Manchu conquerors. Here come the coolies, in blue jackets and blue knickerbockers, bare-footed or straw-sandalled, with a bamboo across the shoulders, carrying heavy weights, and singing, "Eh ho, ah ho, ay ho-li!" like all the brethren of their craft east of the Mediterranean. This man with long flowing robe, wide sleeves, huge horn-rimmed spectacles, slow swaggering gait, languid-fluttering fan, evidently a very important person indeed, is in fact a Confucianist scholar. Here totters along a woman on her tiny three-inch feet, clad in gay embroidered jacket and delicate silk skirt, perhaps a small silver-mounted tobacco-pipe in her hand, her head adorned with strange hirsute structures like a carving-knife, a trencher, a flying swallow, or what not, a touch of rouge to cheeks and lips, while white powder gives mistiness to full-fleshed facial charms. Here a small boy, if it be winter, gaily dressed in brilliant colours, a perfect ball of many wrappings—if it be summer, equally gaily dressed in the not unbecoming garb of his yellow skin alone.

For vehicles look at yon sedan chair, borne by two or three men. In it sits a gentleman, elegantly clad in white or flowered silk or in costly furs, according to the season. If there be four or even eight bearers you will have timely warning, for this is a mandarin; before him runs a motley crowd of retainers beating gongs, carrying tablets inscribed "Be silent," "Make way." Villainous-looking fellows, with steeple-crowned Guy Fawkes' hats, armed with whips, mouthing out uncouth cries, are the lictors of the great man. Others carry the great silk umbrella, the badge of office, meant for the official, should he ever wish to move his heavy well-fed body, with its impassive self-content, from his chair. This is an event which rarely occurs; in fact, it is an awful thought to an Englishman that sitting in a chair and scolding are the most violent forms of exercise in which a mandarin ever indulges. On the breast of his handsome silk robe he bears embroidered some strange bird or beast, which marks his rank; on his hat a button, blue, red, crystal, or gold, according to his dignity, and, if he be distinguished, a one-eyed or even two-eyed peacock's feather. Occasionally some disturber of the peace, spied *flagrante delicto* from the chair, is promptly thrown down in the street, stripped and beaten.

Here comes clattering and jingling along a small pony, which bears a military official; none but one accustomed to the rough life of camps would use so fatiguing a mode of locomotion. This miserable unkempt being, howling a dismal ditty, and rattling together two bamboo slips, is a beggar. It is as well to give him the microscopic dole he claims, for he will stay there, inert but vocal, till he gains his point. Such a one has been known to commit suicide in a determinately parsimonious shop in order to bring its owner into trouble with the authorities.

Avoid this man carrying odorous buckets through the crowd; his burden is liquid manure, which will

shortly fertilise the gardens outside the city; so hold your nose and look at the stalls—for, narrow as are the streets, there are numerous stalls, fixed or moving.

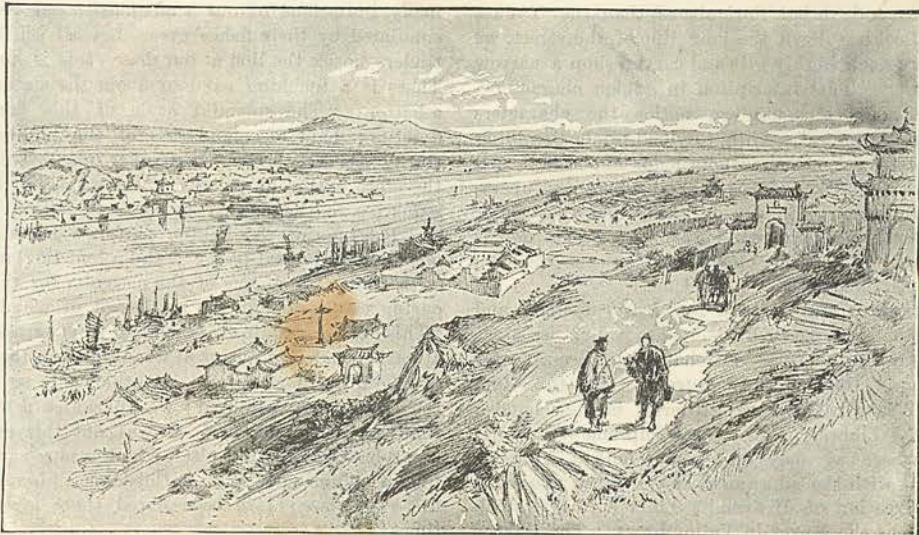
Here is the barber, the best patronised of all the tradesmen of China. There are the little portable hot-water stands, and other implements of his trade, and at every street corner he may be seen shaving the head, combing the tresses, plaiting the queue, and shampooing the back of his clients.

Here is the stall of the quack doctor, who sells phials full of abomination to the unsuspecting crowd. His surgical operations are calmly carried on amidst the bustle of the street. Now he grubs about in some poor patient's inflamed eye, and pretends to extract maggots; now he digs needles an inch or two into all parts of an afflicted frame, with the inquiry, "Now you feel better, don't you?" or again, he prescribes pills to be taken eighty a day until relief ensues.

Here is a dentist with a large tray of ancient extracted molars and incisors, "*pour encourager les autres*;" he, too, professes to cure toothache by extracting grubs from the teeth.

The travelling tinker with his portable forge makes day hideous with his metallic advertisement, and will mend your kettle or solder your broken spectacles on the spot. The peripatetic cobbler sits down at the street corner and mends the well-worn shoes entrusted him by the housewife yonder. Here is the vendor of false hair for pigtails, here the seller of false tresses for women, each with his own peculiar cry.

Yonder stall with its small oven is for confectionery; and rice-cakes, pork-balls greasy with oil, and joyously spiced with garlic, together with sweetmeats of various hue and taste, are always sure of customers. Near by is the large tea-house, where harmless willow-leaves and water, under the generic name of tea, afford pleasing distraction and gossip to leisurely



WUCHANG AND THE YANG-TZE-KIANG.

groups of loiterers, or the contents of bowls of impossible-looking messes are disappearing rapidly, with the help of chop-sticks, down eager throats.

Yonder hurries along with shouts and mirth a long double line of boys clad in soiled scarlet, with bedraggled feathers erect upon their heads, bearing tablets, and of men bearing tinsel sceptres, paper pagodas, fans, umbrellas, and all manner of gifts. This is the wedding procession escorting a bride in the closed chair, all gorgeous in crimson and gold, while a body of long-robed low-bowing gentlemen bring up the rear. That shrill mournful music of fifes and drums marks a funeral. Many are the tatterdemalions hired for a few cash to carry tablets bearing inscriptions complimentary to the deceased; many the priests burning crackers and scattering paper money to appease the spirits; soon comes a cock bound and borne aloft to delude any wandering goblin of malevolent intent into the belief that all the fuss is about the bird and not about the corpse. Then follow chairs draped in white, containing the women of the household, whose well-trained moaning can be heard through the muffled windows; the chief mourner, draped in sackcloth, walks before the coffin, and is supported in the supposed agony of his grief by assistant mourners on right and left. Then, borne by two-and-thirty men, comes the huge dragon-shaped bier on which rests the coffin on its way to sepulture outside the city gates.

Here the eye is caught by a blank wall-front surmounted by two great masts with square cross-trees high aloft. This is the official residence of a magistrate or other mandarin, and is known for good or evil fame as a *Yamen*. Here justice is administered in fashion more or less paternal with a view to the support of sundry legal retainers. That litigation is not without its expenses may well be believed. "The entrance of the yamen is very wide" says the Chinese proverb, "the exit very narrow."

It takes but a short time to convince the stranger that the Chinese East is even more prodigal of honorifics and verbal floriculture than the Yankee West. Looking down the long line of the street, we see before each highly gilt and carved shop a narrow signboard with its inscription in golden characters.

As we pass a house we notice the characters "Eternal Harmony"—while the loud-pitched scolding of a woman's voice from without lends emphasis. "All Pevasive Honesty" adorns a shop where a vituperative countryman is loudly declaring that the vendor is a cheat. Over the windows of an opium den is inscribed "Inhale the clouds, and breathe the joy; this dynasty's special good fortune."

Yonder is a stall with a few fruits upon it, and the motto "One word all"—its meaning is made more clear by the perpetual chaffering necessary for a purchase. Here is the "Retreat of the three-fold Senior Wrangler," where groceries change hands; here the "Library of the three Supreme Constellations," where we may buy buns; here a store resplendent with the adornment of yesterday "Founded at the Creation of Heaven;" while we have, thick scattered as the leaves in Vallombrosa, "The Galaxy of Virtue," "Superlative Happiness," "Magnificent

Universal Peace," "Ten-thousandfold Beauty" "Assembled Gems." A bank is adorned "Abundance through Circulation;" and indeed, considering that the only coin in use is of value so small that three hundred of them strung together would amount to one shilling; and that should you wish to pay a bill of a couple of pounds you have a full load for a coolie, we may well understand that there is at any rate "abundance in circulation."

Yon dingy place filled with monstrous forms of tigers' teeth, crocodiles, malefactors' gall-bladders, newts' and dragons' scales, is a medicine shop, and reposes in dignity under the device, "The Hall of Benevolence and Longevity." Enter its doors and you will be informed, "The elixir confers long life on the world, the herb of good omen confers immortality;" or again "This shop collects medicine from every province and place, and inherits ancient methods of preparing drugs. Though none may be here to see our compounding, yet with a stout heart we can say that 'Heaven knows.'" This undertaker's workshop has its ready-made coffins piled up, a suitable present for the season, all marked euphemistically enough, "Long life." No more delicate attention can be shown than to present an elderly friend with his coffin.

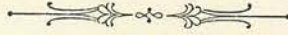
Here is the advertisement of a comb-seller: "This establishment manufactures on the premises beautiful combs for the dragon and the phoenix, some made of boxwood, others marked like the knots of a bamboo; pairs fitting like the hawk and his mate; ten sorts fit for the use of the palace. Combs of strange forms and wondrous workmanship. All kept in stock. No customers will be neglected."

The sellers of scents and rouges must drive a profitable trade, for there is a great family resemblance between the advertisements of our home papers and the following: "We have penetrated throughout the Empire to obtain all manner of famous perfumes; we have spared no labour or expense to produce faces fair as a jewel statue, and perfumes fit for the palace. Our fame has spread far and wide. Now, there are many imitations of our trade-mark; our pearls are simulated, by their fishes' eyes. Let all scholars and traders notice the lion at our door—this is our mark." There is a touching candour about the statement of a hatter: "The splendid style of this flourishing dynasty; hats of mandarins of the highest rank. Our goods are better than other men's, we cannot therefore lower our prices." And what can be more seductive to the martyr to corns than this: "Boots and leggings of the Peking pattern; boots of good omen and universal peace." India and England share with China the shame of the necessity for the opium curing establishment, the signboard of which states, "This hall has obtained its method from across the sea. It has a wonderful means of weaning from the foreign drug, quite different from all others; in seven days the craving can be cured; we guarantee a cure, and that you will thank us." It was not this establishment, but a foreign hospital, which was recommended for an opium cure by an enthusiastic Chinaman—"A first-rate place; I've been cured there myself four times!"

Some of us who watch the development and hope

for the welfare of the Chinese national character sometimes reflect rather sadly as to the effect of centuries of all this abuse of words, which have thus lost all the heart of their meaning, and fear that we detect a corresponding loss of heart in the morality of the people, notwithstanding many a lofty moral maxim, hoary with age, dignifying the pages of Confucian sages. And yet there is a contentment and good humour very attractive, a cheeriness and

industry very hopeful in this folk; and although in moments of passion and mob-rule they sometimes rise and burn our houses, and though in their ordinary horse-play they indicate plainly our infernal origin and emphasise the belief with gibes and stones, yet we who know them find much to love and esteem; and, now that China is awaking from the sleep of ages, we anticipate with intense interest the mighty part she is to play in the world's arena in the centuries to come.



A NEW YORK PHILANTHROPIST.



UMANITY" is literally written above the doorway of the fine and commodious building situated at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second Street, New York, which is the home of the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-

mals." And the figure of the horse pawing the air above the portico, together with the big stuffed Newfoundland dog on guard within, are significant of the application here given to the august mottoes of Justice and Mercy sculptured on the exterior. The work that finds its centre in these offices, and which has been for long a salutary and an acknowledged power, not only in the Empire City, but far and wide through the United States, was commenced in 1865 by the noble and self-denying man whom we have selected as the subject of this paper.

At the age of sixty-five Henry Bergh has recently passed away, and America has lost one of her best and bravest sons, a friend of the friendless, a protector of the dumb and the despised, an unshrinking foe to every species of oppression and cruelty, and an advocate who never tired in pleading the cause of the weak, whether animals or children. Every breathing thing was dear to Henry Bergh's heart, and his career was informed by the spirit of the often quoted, but never too hackneyed couplet of Coleridge:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast."

The stories of such lives are not only full of interest, but are weighty with instruction, and possessed of an influence which is sure to beget in other cases a similar devotion to high and worthy objects. However succinctly told, there is refreshing stimulus in the narrative of a gallant crusade against callous wrong.

While proving in his own person the might of individual conviction and individual effort to force a path through the dismal resistance of apathy and indifference, and ultimately to stamp the desired impress on the rubber-like surface of popular opinion, it was also Henry Bergh's avowed belief that he was an instance of providential adaptation of means to ends. The task was waiting and the man was provided.

When the hour struck for the inauguration of the reform, he, the instrument, was equipped with adequate means—employing this last word in its widest sense. He had money at his command. Robust health, great bodily strength, and an imposing presence were his. Extensive travel had given him the alert, cosmopolitan mind; and mixing with all sorts and conditions of men had trained him in dialectical skill, and provided him with the self-confidence—at the antipodes of conceit—which alone could carry him unwavering to his goal.

The New York Berghs were (as the name might suggest) of German extraction. But the migration took place at a date anterior even to the era of Washington. Henry Bergh's father began at the bottom of the ladder, and ended in a good old age in great repute as the chief ship-builder of his time in the Republic. Christian Bergh had amassed a considerable fortune, and of this a third share came to his son Henry. The young man held with Goethe that it is to give room for wandering that the world was made so wide, and though he had entered Columbia College, he left it, as his friends probably thought, prematurely, and sailed for that warm-coloured Europe which continually fires the imagination of Young America.

For upwards of a decade he was a veritable bird of passage, journeying from country to country, or paying flying visits to his native land as the caprice seized him.

One momentous step he took which might never be recalled: he married a lady of his own city. At this time his leanings were apparently less towards philanthropy than towards literature and the drama. He wrote various plays—for the most part unacted—and poems, which duly appeared in the glory of type, but achieved no special success.

All this in later years he came to consider as so much "drill." And certainly there can be no better discipline for possessing the soul in patience under the difficulties and delays of a stiff up-hill struggle than a protracted waiting on the word of publisher and theatre manager.

The family had deserved well of the State, and Henry Bergh was not now wanting in personal qualifications for serving his country in an important post. He was sent to St. Petersburg in 1862 as Secretary to