

of a Chinese war. But it is well that the public should bear in mind that the great problem as to the right of a nation to shut itself out from commercial intercourse with the rest of the world remains yet to be solved, not only with regard to Japan, but with China also. Mr. Ward's treaty will probably be found to be not worth the paper it is written on. Our trade with China will continue to be carried on, as heretofore, under cover of British guns, until further lessons initiate the Chinese into our methods of national dealing. We submit that, during this probationary period, decency should dictate moderation in our abuse of our protectors, the English.

OUR TREATY WITH CHINA.

The State Department informs us, through an authorized organ, that the United States treaty with China is all that could be wished, and that the English stories about its imperfections and shortcomings are false. We shall be better able to judge of the truth or falsehood of the assertion when the ratified treaty is before us. In the mean time, the letter from our artist-correspondent, which we lay before our readers in this number, will enable every one to judge of the measure of respect and civility awarded to our representative by the government officials of China. It seems that our countrymen traveled to Peking, if not in a box, in several boxes, at imminent risk to life and limb; that if not prisoners, their outgoing, their incoming, and their resting on the way were regulated by a Chinese official; that, at Peking, they were practically prisoners, denied every means of traveling round the city, and confined to their court-yard and square house; that, finally, Mr. Ward was not permitted to see the Emperor of China, or to approach any nearer toward regular diplomatic intercourse than his predecessors had done before him.

This, it must be admitted, is not very encouraging. If our neutrality is only going to secure us benefits of this kind, it is not worth much. If, when a friendly American wants to visit the court to which he is accredited, he is to be caged in carts without springs, to be hurried in vilely-smelling junks, and over vilely-paved roads, at the will of a mandarin, to the Chinese capital; if there he is to be immured in a sort of a Chinese prison, and hustled out of the city as soon as a pretext for his expulsion can be found, one is curious to know what will be the treatment of the enemies of China!

The simple fact is, the Chinese have no idea whatever of our modes of dealing, and not the faintest notion of fairness in political transactions. Their ignorance is so great that they do not in the least appreciate the value of friendly intercourse with any foreign nation. All foreigners they despise equally; like blind men with colors, they do not care to and can not discriminate between the barbarians who seek them for purposes of trade. They have tolerated the entry of foreign vessels at their ports because experience has taught them that to exclude them would involve wars, which they dread. But foreign ships and foreign men are only just suffered at the Chinese ports because the Chinese conclude that they can not help themselves. As to privileges beyond those which force exacts, China will grant none. Mandarins sign treaties, and, like the British treaty of 1846, do not even take the trouble to send them to Peking; and mandarins escort ambassadors to the capital, but when the latter have got there, they find that, so far as practical results are concerned, they might as well have staid at home. Every kind of subterfuge and trick is freely used to defeat the objects of the Christian nations which seek intercourse with China. Promises, bargains, covenants, and treaties—all are profusely tendered by the Chinese, and all are equally valueless.

We still adhere to the opinion that there exists no substantial cause of war with China. We have no grievances to set forth; nothing has occurred which would justify the United States Executive in incurring the great expense

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Mr. Ward's visiting China

Label & Captioning by Sylvia Xuhua Zhan
&
June Xu



THE AMERICAN MINISTER STARTING FOR PEKIN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PEKIN, July 28, 1859.

A MONTH since, while anchored off the Pei-ho River, in the *Pouchatan*, I sent you an illustrated account of the battle of the Pei-ho. At that time we saw no prospect of either us or the English reaching this city, but fortune favored "the star-spangled banner," and smiles upon us now as we "live and move and have our being" in the great capital of the great empire of the world. We arrived yesterday; and I am now writing this letter from our comfortable quarters in the eastern section of "the old city," knowing that it will be one of the few accounts ever cast upon the sea of Western literature from this secluded and seldom visited centre of Chinese power. It is something unusual to be able to say, "I am writing a letter from Pekin;" and should the reader be disappointed, as the writer has been, he must take this fact into consideration. I am simply anxious to show what we ourselves have seen—to show Pekin as it really is, so far as our limited means for observation enable me to.

Ours is the third party speaking English that has ever visited this place. In 1795 an English embassy, headed by Lord Macartney, the Governor-General of India, was received; and in 1816 a second, in charge of Lord Amherst, followed. Now, in 1859, comes an American embassy, headed by the Hon. John E. Ward, of Georgia.

The morning of the 20th instant saw us land at Pei-tang, where we were received with all honor by our escort, and where we saw thirty covered carts for our individual transportation, and about half the number of wagons for that of our baggage. Though having just breakfasted before leaving the *Toey-wan*,* we were now conducted

* The *Pouchatan*, drawing too much water, had been

into a comfortable and airy room, where refreshments in the shape of tea and cakes were pressed upon us, and where we asked questions relating to our journey while the baggage was being transferred to the wagons. We started finally at 7.20 A.M.; cool weather, overcast sky, and a strong breeze blowing from the southeast. Had it not been for this overcast weather I do not know what we should have done in the strong and well-built, but miserably uncomfortable covered carts, drawn by two mules, and insensibly termed "chariots," through some unnatural distortion of Chinese perception. Before getting into "chariot No. 10," which had been especially designated as the one to do the jolting for my particular self, I stopped to admire (?) it. And I want the reader to do the same thing now. Here it stands, body, wheels, the number on the shaft in both Chinese and English, shafts, mules, and thin celestial driver, *en masse*. Being of such uncomfortably simple construction, the artist has been able to produce a most truthful sketch.

Now the reader will observe that this "chariot," though unquestionably classical in this respect, is entirely innocent of springs. He will farther observe that the iron perimeters of the wheels are roughed with the heads of iron spikes, and that altogether it has a look suggestive of violent jolts, exclamations of pain, and unavailing efforts to protect one's bones by "holding on." Especially is this the case when one finds himself in company with such a vehicle at the wrong end of a very rough road, forty-five miles long, about as many broad, and from one to two feet deep. In short, when he sees an indefinite plain of mud extending out before him, over which he is to drive in search of the smoothest and most solid footing. I looked at this vehicle, reader, as you are now looking at it,

left at anchor, ten or twelve miles away, the day before, and we had come in in this chartered steamer.

and, in the words of the modern novelist, "looking I shuddered." I "shuddered" at its polished frame of hard and unyielding oak, at its cushionless and seatless bottom, at the right-angles and sharp corners of the interior, and at its generally solid and unspringy *tout ensemble*. Satisfied upon all of these points, I stopped "shuddering," and rubbed my own angles and corners, and wondered how black and blue they would all be the next morning. I don't know how long I might have looked at it in this way had I not been elbowed by my friend the Captain of Marines, with the accompanying exclamation:

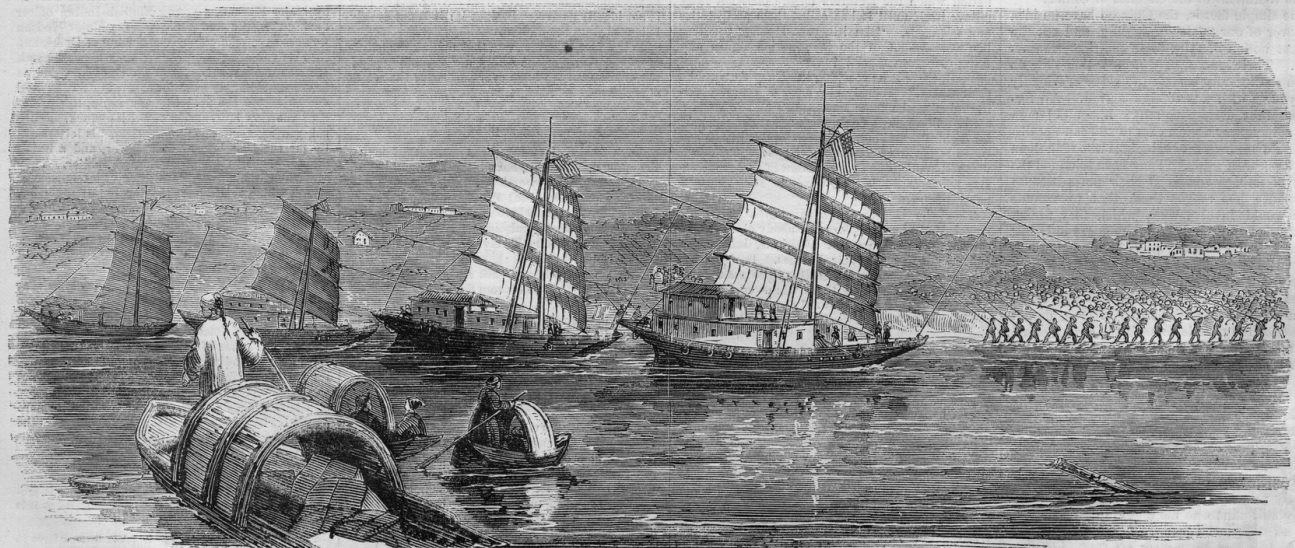
"Come, No. 10, tumble in, and let No. 11 drive up!"

So I "tumbled in," and No. 11 drove up and received my suggestive friend, who did not seem more ready to "tumble in" than I had been. He was assisted in turn, however, by No. 12, who was subsequently indebted to No. 13 for a similar service; and so on down the entire line. The reader will observe that, like a certain class of society who are indebted to governments for shelter, food, raiment, and employment, we were dropping our names, and becoming known by our numbers. And indeed, from present appearances, we are being treated much more like favored prisoners than honored guests, as it is now nearly forty-eight hours since we have been confined to our walled residence. But to return to my narrative.

Fortunately some of us had ridden in these "chariots" before, and though taking it for granted that they would be well cushioned for so long a journey, we had nevertheless provided ourselves with pillows, blankets, etc., lest said cushions should prove thin. And now, as I look back to that ride, I feel confident that those articles stood between me and a violent death by jolting, and I shall always hereafter entertain a profound respect for blankets, pillows, and pea-jackets.

As the reader can see no door to this vehicle, he

may perhaps be curious as to the mode of entering it. This was accomplished by an exercise of agility, which seated one upon the shaft, just over the number, with his legs hanging down, and with his back toward that of the chariot. Then said legs had to be lifted up until parallel with the shafts, thus producing a right-angle triangle with our bodies. Then using the point thus created as a pivot, we had to twist, and squirm, and lift ourselves from the floor by both hands, and strike our heads against the low roof, and resort to a great many other contortions of the body, while navigating backward to the friendly pillows. Of course most of these feats had to be gone over again when we got out; and this fact tended, in a great measure, to induce us to remain inside. After we had thus backed into our holes, our respective charioteers became agile in turn, ensconced themselves upon two-thirds of the front, and thus most effectually kept out all pure air, as well as two-thirds of the view. The Chinese, as a nation, are not remarkable for cleanliness of either person or habits, and experience has lately shown us that Chinese charioteers are not superior to the mass of their countrymen in this respect. The particular gentleman who had "No. 10" marked upon his vehicle was any thing but a pleasant neighbor. That delicate vegetable known to the Romans under the family name of "allium," and to market-women of the present day as "garlic," evidently entered largely into the composition of his food, and, indeed, constituted his entire diet, could one judge from the nature of the atmosphere which constantly surrounded him. The bowl of a very ancient pipe, projecting from the waist of his discolored trowsers, added variety to the prevailing scent, and, with said trowsers, constituted his attire. As regarded cold water in connection with his appearance, perhaps possibly he might have been kicked from his seat into a mud-puddle many years back, when first learning to drive, but he



THE VOYAGE ON THE RIVER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



SPECIMEN OF CHINESE COUNTRY CARTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

had certainly since that period conceived an insurmountable repugnance to every thing resembling that fluid. I think if I now had it in my power to repay him for all the unnecessary jolting to which he subjected me—through a chronic habit of falling asleep—I should put him daily under a shower of the most pure Croton. As it is, I am a Mexican dollar and a vast amount of pantomimic conversation out of pocket—money and gesticulation vainly expended in the hope of creating a feeling of gratitude which should keep him awake and steer “the chariot” over the smoothest roads.

And thus we started. Thirty or forty chariots

in a string, dozens of mandarins capering up and down the line upon their ungroomed horses, baggage wagons bringing up the rear, and every other “leader” kicking up and facing in the opposite direction instead of going ahead. Charioteers using their long whips freely, victims being thrown up, down, backward, forward, to the right, and to the left; mud and muddy water flying, and the wind blowing half a gale. “Go it while you are young!” Were we not coming to Pekin?

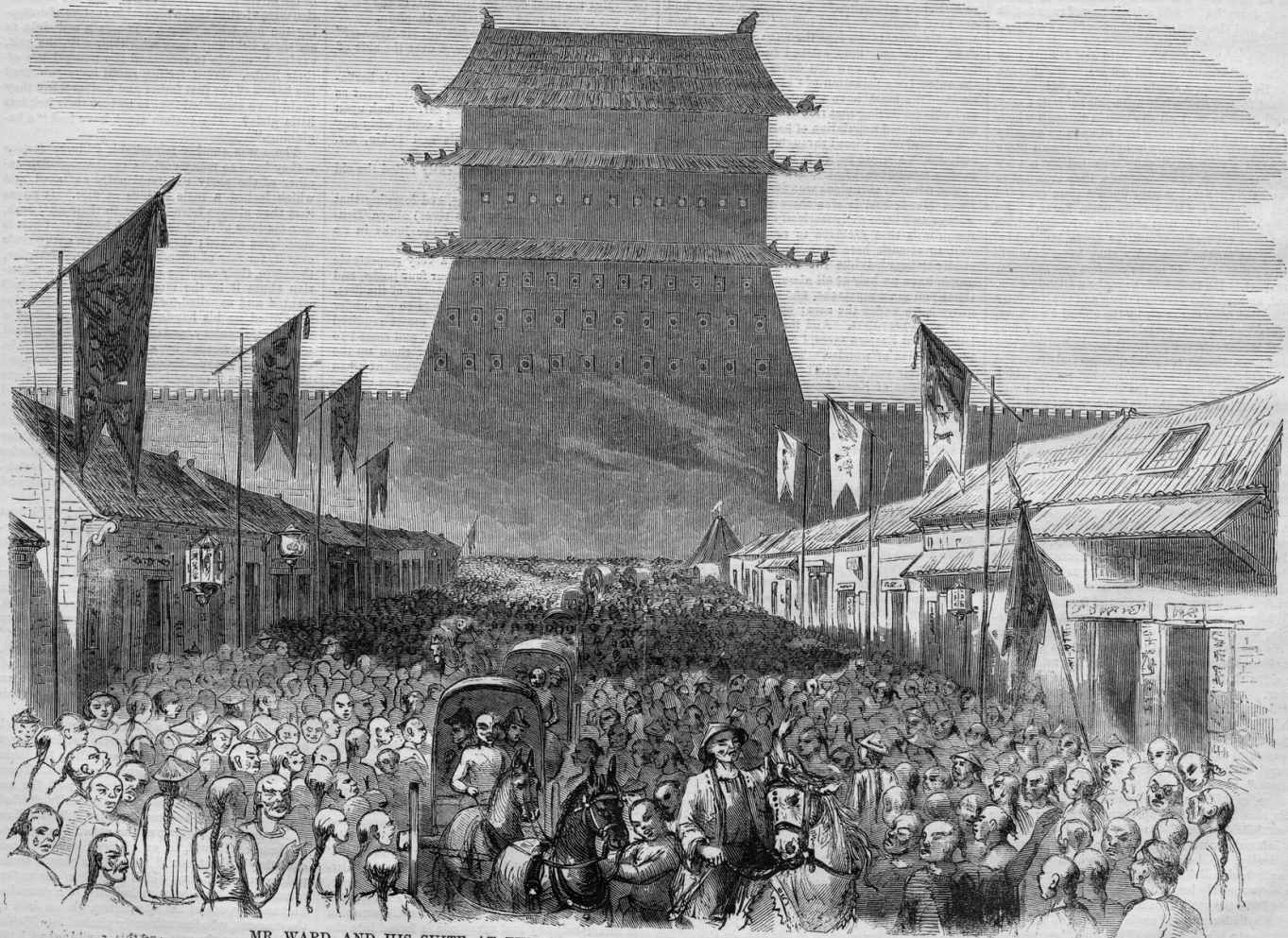
As we were thus jolted out of Pei-tang we looked ahead as far as the eye could reach in a north-westerly direction, and saw nothing but one ex-

tended plain of mud, profusely sprinkled with pools of rain-water and conical piles of whitened mud. There was not even a blade of grass springing from this extensive and level surface of blue mud, nor could the strongest eye reach a tree or house between us and the distant horizon. It was all mud, nothing but blue mud, excepting in the case of “the whitened piles,” which had themselves originally been blue, but which were then bleached by the wind and sun.

Four hours passed heavily enough, and brought us in sight of the village of Keun-Leang, where we were to dine and remain overnight to await the

arrival of the more heavily ladened baggage wagons.

Arrived within hail of the stone entrance to the outer court of one of the houses of the village, where the chief mandarins of our escort were awaiting to chin-chin us at the moment of our arrival, we floundered through a heavy slough that covered the hubs, and ended the journey by pulling up with a jerk upon the first dry piece of ground that we had passed for some time. It seemed that “our escort” had taken care to retain for themselves the fastest teams, and thus was one or more of them always enabled to be in advance and pre-



MR. WARD AND HIS SUITE AT THE GATE OF PEKIN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

sent us familiar faces upon our arrival at the different stopping-places. In other words, some of them always acted the part of the "avant-courier"—clearing the track, and seeing that things generally were properly cared for.

With pain of limb, but pleasure of mind, we exerted ourselves and stood upon the dry ground. Of course the next thing to be done was to "shake ourselves," after which we returned the chin-chinning of our escort, and passed through a long-flagged passage-way, leading to a roomy one-story house that had been prepared for us. This passage-way carried us through a door of solid masonry opening into a square court-yard, around which the house was built in the shape of a quadrangle, and over which, several feet above the surrounding roofs, was tented a mat awning which kept out the sun perfectly without in the least interfering with the ventilation. Under the cool shade of this elevated awning we found several tables covered with iced water-melons, and surrounded by arm-chairs; rather stiff-backed arm-chairs, it is true, but nicely made, and highly polished, and softly cushioned, and looking as if they might last a hundred years. Opening into this court were several doors leading into cleanly-swept rooms, about the halves of which were occupied by raised platforms upon which were spread passably clean-looking mats. We first spread our bedding upon these, and then, against the advice of the surgeon, but following the lead of his assistant, marched gallantly to the attack of the iced melons.

"What have you all rigged your beds for?" queried a voice. "We can't be going to stay here all night! It's not noon yet!"

"Of course we are!" replied a bruised one; "do you suppose we have not had jolting enough for one day?"

And so we remained at Keun-Leang-Ching until the next sunrise.

Keun-Leang-Ching, when translated into a decent language, reads, "The depot where provisions are stored for the Army," but I could not learn that there were any then on hand, or indeed that there were any storehouses in which to store them when there were. Its dwellings were built of a mixture of mud and straw, some of them boasting stone or brick foundations, and all looking quite cool and excessively filthy. A vermin-covered population—usual in this country—of perhaps two thousand manages to witness the decay of a half-ruined temple to Buddha.

Between the iced melons and dinner several of us took a walk through some of the more pretending streets, and saw many of the "two thousand" in the shape of half-clothed men, nude boys, and, in the distance, horrible-looking objects that were said to be women. What a splendid sight is a well-formed, graceful, and well-dressed woman! What a beautiful sight is "the aged grandmother," with her white cap, outspread Bible, and gold spectacles moistened by the Christian's tear! But how revolting is woman when she comes before us clothed in both moral and physical deformity; a life-long stranger to cold water, and a piece of property that must be carefully watched by its owner to guard against deception. Add a large bag of rags to this picture, and the woman of China—of the masses of China—stands before us.

Having spoken of what we did see, I must now tell the reader what we did not see. We did not see at Keun-Leang a single scowling or, indeed, unpleasant face. And while upon this subject, I may as well observe that all the people through whom we have since passed have looked upon us exactly as I once saw the country people of my own State look upon a very small pony mounted by a very large monkey, or, in other words, they crowded to see us as New Yorkers once upon a time crowded to see Barnum's "Rocky Mountain horse." No feeling exhibited but that of intense curiosity, which might have covered good-will, or, again, innate hostility. As for the mandarins, they have exhausted every means to add to our comfort and to render us respect. Do they wish to make a friend of Mr. Ward, and get him between them and the English?

Recalled from our walk by the signal for dinner, we returned to find ourselves confronted by four square tables covered by small bowls, saucers, and plates, upon which were piled candied and preserved fruits of seventeen different kinds, but among which was to be seen nothing in the shape of meat or vegetables. This was rather chilling to the appetites of men who had lunched several hours back upon iced melons; but our alarm was soon dissipated by the arrival of at least seventeen other bowls, saucers, and plates of "the substantial." Every delicacy known to the Chinese gourmand, each in its own separate vessel, steamed before us, and "chopsticks" were placed by the two-pronged Chinese forks to tempt us to feats of daring. I wish it understood that it is not every one who can, even after long practice, handle those instruments without endangering the purity of white trousers, and this I advance as an excuse for my having assisted the slim fork with my left thumb and forefinger.

While we were thus amusing ourselves, a mandarin, wearing an opaque white ball upon the top of his conical straw-hat, approached us with the usual "chin-chin," and gave us to understand by signs that it would please him to see us eating faster.

"John," I replied, "we are doing our best, old brick. You must know that there is a limit to the capacity of the Anglo-Saxon stomach. We can not conceal more than a gallon each, and there are several more gallons here than there are consumers."

Now, as this was all spoken in English, it is possible that he did not comprehend perfectly; but he nevertheless replied. And he replied by striking his left palm with his right fist and ejaculating emphatically, "Kil-ah-kow!" after which he pointed to a particular dish and said, "How! how!" which we subsequently learned was expressive of "Good! good!" in the mandarin dialect.

"Why, it is beef!" he exclaimed, after tasting it.

"Who would have recognized it?"

"Eh! eh! Kil-ah-kow!" assented our friend, making a second dive into the left palm and then chin-chinning violently. He had, evidently, discovered that its nature was known, and we in turn comprehended the meaning of the exclamation, "Kil-ah-kow!" They had killed a cow for our express benefit, and that was the nearest he could approach the pronunciation.

"Suppose we dub him 'Kill-a-cow!'" suggested the explorer into the unknown dish. And Kill-a-cow is now his name. Even his brother officials have learned the joke, appreciate it, and speak of him as "Kil-ah-kow." And I will add here that Kill-a-cow is a very pleasant fellow. Previous to making our acquaintance he was known to his friends as "Tung," or, Spring of the year—a name quite in keeping with his vivacity of disposition. He made himself quite agreeable during the journey, but has not since shown himself, and indeed we have not seen a single member of our escort since our arrival. He used to amuse himself by getting off the familiar expression at irregular intervals, and striking his left palm with a force which might readily have killed a calf, after which he would point to some object and exclaim, "Name?" and in this way he picked up a good many words. Kill-a-cow also gave many evidences of being a wag—a Chinese wag. He was to be known by the twinkle of his fat-closed eyes, by his jovial and swaggering air, by the manner in which he created fun at the expense of his brother mandarins, and by the matter-of-course air with which this fun was received by his superiors in authority.

That night we slept very well at Keun-Leang, but got up at daylight with very sore bones. We had accomplished only fifteen miles the day before, and were now met by a light breakfast and the information that we had thirty miles (or ninety li) before us for the second day's work. Even our tough old chaplain, who weighs perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, and who had been partially protected by his natural pillows from the jolting of the first fifteen miles, now looked grave and rubbed his "natural pillows" with an inquiring hand. "Do you think you can see me safely through the night?" he seemed to be asking them. My envious eyes looked upon him with malignant gaze, and, for the first time in my life, I experienced a desire to weigh several pounds more than one hundred and thirty-eight. Breakfast over, we again started.

Our road now took us over a country the face of which began to be suddenly and profusely sprinkled with towns, villages, trees, fields, and gardens. No fences or hedges of any description were, however, to be seen, each farmer's lot seeming to be separated from those surrounding it by a simple ridge of raised earth—in no case more than a foot in height. Cattle were also seen browsing upon the native cane-like grass of the uncultivated tracts, and we wondered that they did not cross the low ridges and attack the corn and millet instead. Certainly the fact of their fore and hind legs, on one side, being hobbled together could not have prevented them. Perhaps they had "received their education." The day before we had not even seen an isolated house; but now, at one time, we counted no less than ten settlements in sight. The salt land seemed to have ended at Keun-Leang, and now the dense population and the extensive cultivation of China began to unfold itself. We must have sighted a hundred towns and villages during that ride of thirty miles, boasting a computed population of half a million.

Our road often passed through these settlements, and at 9.20 A.M. we halted in one of the larger ones for our second breakfast.

The name of this place was Si-Ti-To or Western Bank Head; and it was there that we first saw women and little girls fearlessly sprinkled among the crowds that gathered to see us. It may be well to remark here that we "Pekinities" were mostly "bearded like the Par," whereas these people have no hair at all about the face. Sometimes you see a mustache, and again, a few straggling hairs under the ears; but the Chinese as a nation are beardless. And the same is characteristic of most Eastern races, I believe—hence one of their sources of wonder. Though we saw many of "the fair sex" at Si-Ti-To, they resembled so closely those of Keun-Leang that I shall say nothing about them. To us they were interesting as the first females who had approached us within reach of a ten-foot pole, but we took very good care to keep them at that distance. Between us and them distance was necessary to lend enchantment to the view.

Having devoted an hour to breakfast, we re-entered our chariots and continued the journey. At times we passed through living avenues of people, and at "cross-roads" they collected in dense masses of thousands to wonder at us in silent curiosity. Villages gave forth their entire population, and husbandmen deserted their hoes and farm-carts to get a closer view of "The Barbarians who were going to see the Emperor." Mothers held young ones aloft to let them see over the heads of those in front, and fathers led little daughters by either hand to guard them in case of sudden pressure.

Among other things which I saw to admire, during the second day's drive, was a farmer's cart, upon which was being piled some very fair-looking hay. Look at the sketch on the preceding page, and observe how very simple is its construction—particularly that of the wheels.

Any injury to such a vehicle might be repaired

* Most of their dishes were in the shape of stews, indeed, almost as thin as soups, and many were made up of a dozen different things. It was often quite impossible to say what they were, so undetermined was their general appearance. In consequence of this, several of our party confined themselves to candied fruits, some of which were superior to any thing of the kind that we can boast. Others, again, found "the substantial" quite inviting. I don't think I ever relished any thing more than

by the farmer himself with rough tools and without application to a wheel-wright. The wagons in which, or rather on which, our baggage was transported were not unlike these—"oil-paper" being at hand to protect their loads in case of a shower.

At 1 P.M. we had accomplished three-fourths of our journey, and arrived within five miles of the three towns of Ma-chi-tsang, Pei-tsang, and Si-tsang, situated upon the banks of the Pei-ho River, twelve miles above Tsin-tsing, and terminating our chariot martyrdom. Before reaching them, however, we were destined to a parting benefit of jolting, at the conclusion of which the surgeon remarked, seriously, that a man not only ran the risk of breaking an arm, but also of having his spine injured. This was pleasant, seeing that the worst part of the road was yet to come—that between the end of our river navigation and Peking. As already observed, we could see Ma-chi-tsang ahead, and even the masts of the junks which were to carry us one hundred and thirty miles up the river; but we could also see miles of axle-deep mud, spotted here and there with pools of water; and painful experience had told us how uneven was "the bottom" under such a surface. We were therefore prepared to smile, and to be surprised at nothing over which we might stumble. We traced ourselves against the sides, entered the bog with a crack of the whip and a "Ta! ha! ha!" at the leader, plowed through a few yards of it, and—stuck.

Reader, were you ever stuck in a bog—in a Chinese bog? If you have never been, I would not advise you to come this far to see "how it feels"—or rather how it smells. I took advantage of the momentary quiet to light a cigar and make the following note:

"Time, 1 P.M. Fast in a slough—extent undetermined. Other chariots equally stuck. Towns in the distance. Various 'leaders' heading in the wrong direction. Odors unpleasant, and prospects generally dismal. Retire behind a cigar."

"Come, John! This will not do, my unwashed friend! Give the leader another touch."

Now I do not suppose that "John" comprehended me exactly, but he nevertheless opened a communication with the after-extremity of the animal indicated, causing him to kick very high several times, and finally to face entirely around. Being there encountered, however, by the whip of chariotier No. 11, he turned again with a bound that made every thing snap, and jerked the cart bodily over some object which was perhaps smaller than a flour barrel. The result of this was three-fold. In the first place, my mouth and eyes were peppered with mud, and my cigar extinguished by the kicking up. In the second place, my head and left arm were nearly broken by the bound of the chariot. And lastly, we were splashed without limit during the several minutes required to settle us into a walk, and pounded into something very like a jelly. I came out of that slough with an ambition that aspired to even greater things than "a comfortable hack"—I intend to own a private vehicle profusely cushioned with air-bags, should it ever be my fortune to escape safely out of China. But the most enraged individual of the party was our usually mild and amiable chaplain.

"What do you think of the jolting, Mr. W.—?" asked the Minister, as he loomed over the side of the junk.

"Sir, I do not know how to reply! It is barbarous to subject poor mortals to such treatment as this. Engh! I am exhausted, Sir. I look upon it as an ample cause for war. I could whip any twelve Chinamen between this and Peking, Sir. Engh! Oh my!"

"Nature's pillows" had evidently failed the old gentleman in his hour of need.

Upon reaching Ma-chi-tsang, and learning that we were twelve miles (by the river) above Tientsin, we repaired on board of the junks in no pleasant humor.

The following night we did a very respectable amount of sleeping on board of our four junks, and at daylight were aroused by the gongs of the fleet. It was the signal calling all hands to get under way. Altogether, our party and escort required twenty-six junks and smaller boats, and some two hundred trackers and sailors to get them up the river. The noise and confusion attendant upon the moving of so large a Chinese party can scarcely be imagined. The reader may have been alarmed by the gongs of our hotels at home; but those are playthings in comparison with these—twenty-six saucer-like sheets of brass, some three feet in diameter, belabored by twenty-six arms long used to extracting the greatest possible amount of noise; and when to this was added the shouts (Chinese shouts) of two hundred men, the falling of poles, and the barking of every other dog of the three towns, it amounted to distraction. We have since learned that much of the gong belaboring was owing to our being such grand people, and I would therefore advise any other "grand people" contemplating a visit to Peking to travel *inco*.

There is no tide as high up as Ma-chi-tsang, the current always running toward the sea, with a mean velocity of two miles the hour; it was consequently all up-hill work for the trackers, though we were at times favored by fair winds, to which the boatman always spread our single sails. These "trackers" are a singular class, and follow a life which must be a terrible tax upon the constitution. I have seen them wading through waist-deep mud and water for hours at a time, and then sitting down in their wet clothes (when they boasted any) to eat their simple meal of boiled millet and salt fish, after which they would again hook on to the tracking line and plunge through more mud and water. We could not but pity them, and took care that they had a dollar each at the end of the trip, in addition to their "thirty cents per day and food" which they received from the Government. Owning, possibly, to the life being such a trying one, the demand for their services often exceeds the

was our fortune to witness more than one of these scenes of impressment. We had lost sixteen of them during the previous night by desertion, and as the river was growing more rapid as we ascended it, it became necessary not only to fill their places, but to add still farther to the number. When we were about to start again after their dinner, therefore, several disguised policemen mixed among the curious crowd who had, as usual, assembled on the bank, and at a preconcerted signal pounced down upon them like so many hawks. You never saw such a sudden and general display of tall walking as then ensued—not even at the turning-point of a battle. We who were standing upon the upper decks of the junks, looking about for excitement and notes, could not imagine why the entire crowd took so suddenly to their heels, running toward their villages as if for dear life; but we were soon enlightened by seeing a dozen or more powerfully-built countrymen led passively up to the line and "hooked on."

* If the reader will examine the construction of these junks he will readily see how comfortable our quarters might be: and indeed we had nothing to complain of. We had both bedrooms and a saloon, our own bed and table furniture, and our own cooks and boys. Then one of the lower mandarins, whose sole business it was to furnish the expedition with provisions, supplied us bountifully with every delicacy along the route—clear ice and tender spring chickens not excepted—and the same attentions are being kept up to the present time. For all these supplies they *refuse payment*; but we are keeping an account, and shall insist upon paying at the end of the trip, or as soon as the treaties are exchanged.

Traveling only by daylight, we occupied five days in accomplishing the one hundred and thirty miles between Ma-chi-tsang and Tsong-chang; but the quiet of that five days was a glorious contrast with our "chariot" sufferings. We literally turned our backs upon every thing like exertion. We found the river very winding, often tracking for several hours only to find ourselves separated by a narrow neck of land from our starting-point—perhaps a mile gained after hours of labor.

I suppose we must have passed at least a hundred towns and villages between Ma-chi-tsang and Tsong-chang, most of the inhabitants of which, of course, lined the banks to admire (?) us as we passed. Upon these occasions we noticed that all of the lower orders were dressed in white trousers and blue sack-jackets, while merchants and others were rigged in long robes of white grass-cloth reaching nearly to the ankle. The dress of the mandarins was generally of silk or brown grass-cloth, and that of children a very enduring garment provided by nature. Many of the women had their heads fancifully—but most unattractively, I thought—decorated with flowers, and some of the young girls and children were dressed in flowing trousers of pink cotton and white jackets—loose jackets resembling a morning wrapper cut off below the hips. This costume, which was generally clean, contrasted pleasantly with the everlasting blue and white, evidently much soiled, of the masses. Nine out of ten of the females that came under our observation were victims to the miserable custom of cramping the feet while young. It was a sad sight to see them hobbling along with their stilt-like gait, evidently unable to command the natural use of their limbs. What feeling could have possessed the hearts of the first father and mother when they could have consented thus to torture their helpless little girls? The custom must have had "a beginning."

There was another remarkable Chinese custom—they have so many curious customs—which another of the party unintentionally outraged, and which looked a little serious at first. It seems that they always burn incense to their god, Josh, over the bows of their boats, and hence that part is considered sacred; they will not even expectorate over it, for fear of offending the deity. Imagine, therefore, their surprise and horror to see a barbarian abuse it in the most (to the Chinese mind) wanton and uncalled-for manner. The aged captain lifted up his hands, rolled his eyes, raised a most fearful outcry, and danced about the profaned spot as if possessed by a thousand devils. The crew looked grave—almost alarmed—and stopped their work, as if expecting sudden retribution from their insulted god. Our offending friend gazed in ignorant wonder at the apparently groundless storm, saw that some act of his must have raised it, and wondered harder than ever. The Minister and interpreters, startled by the captain's outcries and by the confused sound of many voices, hastened to the spot, fearful of some untoward event, and hurriedly inquired as to the cause.

"He has profaned the abode of Josh! The boat will never be fortunate more. We shall all perish!" exclaimed the old man, during a pause in his dance.

With happy judgment and tact an interpreter saw through the difficulty, and sympathized with the horrified worshiper of Josh. "Here!" he said, in conclusion, "here! take four dollars, and buy tons of paper and incense and purify the spot!" The dance at once ceased, the old captain smiled, the boatmen laughed, and an unlimited amount of paper was immediately consumed. Josh was then pronounced appeased, and things resumed their usual course.

We had an adventure with the populace which partook of the ridiculous. We were passing a large town, and, as usual, the banks as well as the junks between us and them were densely crowded. There were several opera-glasses on board, with the use of which one of our boatmen—poetically dubbed "Cockeye"—had become familiar. This fellow seeing one of us looking at the crowd through one of them, exclaimed, in an alarmed voice, "Look out! they'll shoot you!" At which a general stampede came off, during which more than one unfortunate must have been assimilated to a pancake.

excessive merriment of a small son of the captain, notified them of "the sell" to which they had been subjected. Whereupon they laughed, pancakes and all, and again crowded toward us.

Speaking of Master Cockey reminds me that he was a very useful and good-natured fellow, notwithstanding his practical jokes, his natural deformity, his consequent ugliness, and his incessant clamor. Upon being questioned as to the nature of his particular duties, he replied that he was paid twelve dollars a month to stand upon the bows of his boat with a long pole in his hands, to keep her in deep water, to cry out to the trackers when they were near enough to hear his voice, "to beat the gong when they were too far, to lead the song when the boatmen were poling, and to exercise a general supervision over the forward part of the junk; and it must be confessed that, though a Pagan, he did his duty with diligence. It was his distorted eye which had first discovered the great insult offered to Mr. Josh, and it was his screeching voice which had raised the alarm. When he was not riding grossly (2), after the manner of leaning over a balcony, only "a little more so," upon the end of his twenty-foot pole, to breast the junk away from shoal water, he was attacking the gong or screaming at the top of his voice, "Lo-la-a-a! lo-la-a-a!" (Pull away! pull away!) And this cry resembled so strongly that got off by a nervous man at the moment of parting company with a favorite tooth, that we were constantly imagining something of that sort happening to him.

Much has been written by travelers regarding the great number and destitution of the leaguers in China. During our passage to this place we have seen but four such, three of whom were old women, and the fourth a boy. I think that, "as a whole," they formed the most revolting spectacle that my eye ever rested upon. I was eating a peach at the time, and threw it away; and yet I am not weaker than others in this respect; I am never sea-sick, and have relished Chinese cooking more than once. The impression is still so fresh upon my mind that I could give you, reader, a very vivid view of the gross and disgusting nature of their appearance, and of the manner of their suffering with their appetite. With our pity raised to the highest pitch, we collected several hundred "ca-h," and threw them on shore. The scene that followed was pitiful in the extreme; it made me feel ashamed of having paid "twelve dollars the thousand" for the Manila cheroot which I had lit after throwing away the peach. They ran painfully, tumbled over each other, and cried. A policeman finally picked up the money and divided it among them. Perhaps I was mistaken, but it seemed as if the crowd generally looked upon the outlay as a very unnecessary expenditure of funds.

We were received at Toong-chan by a grand illumination, the reflection of which lit our entire escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival. After the usual exchange of compliments, Master Tsung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that if it should please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chariots* would be in waiting.

"*Chariots?*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the seeds of more than one nightmare. Still taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of chariot evils, we reluctantly consented to "only four hours more," but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight; that it is twelve miles from Toong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a stone road eighteen feet wide; that said road is several hundred years old; that it has never been repaired; and that our chariots were even more poorly cushioned than the others. I really think that it is the worst road for a vehicle in the world. Old Time, the weather, and consecutive generations of chariot wheels have eaten deep holes and rats where the heavy slabs come together, and in some places entire stones have disappeared. Being really in fear of having a limb fractured we very soon got out and walked, seeing which some of the inferior mandarins were ordered to dismount and assign their horses to the Minister and others. Many of us subsequently picked up donkeys here and there, but there were some unfortunate ones who footed it up to within a mile of the very walls of the city, at which point etiquette forced us all to re-enter the carts. I don't think I ever saw a greater variety of ludicrous sights than presented themselves during the latter part of this "donkey ride." The animals themselves were so small that it amounted to a positive imposition, especially in the case of the captain of marines encased in his "three league boots." The heavy old chaplain was so fortunate as to capture a mule of mammoth proportions, over whom he spread a large umbrella in evident triumph.

After re-entering the carts we were jolted down a very wide street through the suburbs of Peking, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, when we rounded a corner and came suddenly in view of the east gate of Peking.

That is a section of the celebrated outer wall of Peking. It is perhaps sixty feet high, and the bastion towers over it at least one hundred more. We passed around it to the right, drove through an archway sixty feet wide, and entered a quadrangular inclosure of an acre or more. One side of this court was formed by the wall and bastion,

* The dexterity with which they manage their tracking lines approaches almost to sleight-of-hand. Sometimes these lines are the eighth of a mile long, and again not more than fifty yards. They throw them over the masts of other junks in the most surprising manner, thus avoiding the necessity of halting. When they wish to do this, or when the river is very wide and the channel on the opposite shore, they slack out any length of line, hauling it in again when the necessity ceases to exist. The line is about as large as one's little finger, is stronger than any rope that we make, and is secured to the mast-head and "mangled down" by a runner to the bow as per sketch.

† Peking is about eighty miles in a direct line from the sea.

the others by offshoots of the wall. We could now see nothing but the bastion and four sides, and the overcast sky overhead—a terrible place in which to entrap an enemy and close the gates upon him, far more secure than that which served Mohammed Ali so faithfully when he slaughtered the Mamelukes. We were detained here several minutes from some cause or other, and found ample time to examine both walls and bastion. The latter seemed admirably adapted for sheltering small arms men, and the former to be in a perfect state of repair. Every thing was built of blue bricks evenly put together; and altogether it imparted a grand idea of the defenses of the capital. Under way again, we passed through a second archway, much longer than the first, and entered upon a long, straight street, sixty or seventy feet wide, very muddy and dirty, and lined by fancifully-decorated one-story dwellings and stores. Between our long line of carts and these houses the people were packed as I have seldom seen people packed before. It would be absurd to hazard an estimate of the numbers who thus blocked our road—perhaps several hundred thousand would be a safe guess. We should not have been able to proceed at all had not dozens of our escort upon horseback rushed up and down the line keeping the road open. Our friends, Kill-a-cow and Skillagalee, were particularly active in this respect, evidently to the distress of the former's foaming charger.

After proceeding a mile up this street we turned to the right into another equally wide and crowded, followed it an equal distance, turned again to the right up a very narrow one, where we saw *no one*, and finally pulled up in succession at a small door-way opening into a court ten feet square. Having passed over this court and through a second door, we entered a larger one, upon the off-side of which was a one-story brick house surrounded by verandas. Back and upon the sides of this house were other courts and one-story houses, the whole covering an area two hundred and fifteen feet square. All these courts were paved with baked earthen flags, and sheltered from sun and rain by matting tensed over a roofing of bamboo. Trees sprinkled here and there, a pleasant breeze blowing through their branches, iced melons in the brick houses, and altogether a most agreeable residence for the Legation during its stay in Peking. Our escort tell us that it was formerly the private residence of a high Mandarin who lost his head, and that it then reverted to the Emperor—certainly a most effective method of vindicating the law, adding to the State coffers, and right up to want the unoffending offspring of the guilty (?) official.

More than forty-eight hours have now passed since our escort housed us here and made their farewell bow, and yet we have heard nothing from the Government. Perhaps they are giving us a quiet day to rub our joints and to reflect upon "our chariot experience."

August 10. Just two weeks since we entered this one-story brick house, and to-morrow, at daylight, we leave for the ship. The fact of our having been confined to said one-story brick house during these entire two weeks enables me to be pleasantly brief in my description of Peking. I can only hope that you will not be as much disappointed as we have been, reader, but that, at the same time, you will be sufficiently so to cause you to participate in our "very natural indignation at this chicken-coop-like confinement."

Our correspondent here describes the negotiations which were related in our last, and adds the Chinese were profuse in expressions of good-will. Mr. Ward had only to fix the day for his return, and every thing should be in readiness, etc., etc. They, however, kept us confined to our acre of ground; or rather, they refused us horses and guides to see the city. They would not commit themselves by saying honestly that we should not pass through the guard at the gate; but they refused our Chinese boys permission to do so, and in regard to ourselves left it with the Minister to grant us permission or not, as he should see fit. At the same time, however, they requested us to remain inside until all "the great business" should be over, when they would so gladly furnish horses, and show us "every thing." "The great business" is now very effectually "over," it seems, for to-morrow at sunrise we are to retrace our steps. Is it necessary to observe that they have not "brought horses," and shows us "every thing?" Altogether it has been the greatest piece of deception ever practiced upon wide-awake Brother Jonathan. They have not only cooped us up like so many "chickens likely to stray," but they have thrown every obstacle in the way of our purchasing certain things to carry away with us. Traders are not allowed to enter themselves, but must intrust their goods to a Government "Comprador," who demands prices (of course he must have his *commission*) that are really absurd. In one case three hundred dollars were asked for a martin robe which afterward sold for one hundred. Some articles which we have asked for have been stopped at the gate (a regular guarded custom-house) as improper; and, in short, we have been any thing but free agents—always excepting in our negotiations, where Mr. Ward has kept them closely to the mark. One of the articles stopped at the gate as "improper" was a simple paper fan, and it was refused us because a plan of the city was stamped upon one side, and a plan of the empire upon the other—and such plans as they were! They feared we would learn all about the defenses of both city and empire from those slim little fans, and impart our fatal knowledge to their enemies, the English.

Confined thus within our four walls we have not been able to collect many "notes of Peking" that contain matter of interest; but here is one which may, I think, be expanded into something rare, if not amusing: "Domestic pigeons, having singular whistles secured upon their backs, just above the root of the tail, constantly circling over our quarters, and making very pleasant music."

It was some time before we could imagine what it was that sounded so much like an Æolian harp.

We looked around, in every direction—along the house-tops, among the branches of the trees, and, finally, up into the sky. There we saw the mystery explained! There we saw a flock of pigeons circling about—first nearing us, and then bearing away, until almost lost to sight. We noticed that the music changed its direction and strength with the change of the direction and distance of the birds, and curiously waited until they should come sufficiently near to afford us a good view. After a few moments we were gratified; they circled around in grand style, having a "lead pigeon" in front, upon whose back we plainly saw secured an object as large as an egg, and from which the Æolian music evidently proceeded. As he turned to his right, in his rapid flight, we heard one note; to the left, another; soaring upward, a third; swooping downward, a fourth; progressing in a right line, a uniform sound resembling the distant scream of a locomotive's whistle. This musician always keeps the lead, the other pigeons seeming to follow him as sheep do the bell. Subsequent inquiry informed us that the egg-like object was an extremely frail and light bamboo whistle, which, secured to the back, was made to produce the different notes by the changing flight of the bird. At first it was both singular and pleasant, but now it has got to be annoying.

While engaged writing the foregoing, five minutes since, I heard a great laughter in the main court, and upon asking the cause in a loud voice, learned that Mr. Ward had just informed them that the Commissioners had even gone so far as to fit up a temple in which he was to be taught how to perform the Ko-tow; and that they had also selected the teacher, whose duty it was to have been to have initiated him into its deepest mysteries, had he only consented. "They told me they hoped I should learn enough to fit me for the Imperial presence in the course of three or four days' drilling," continued the Minister. "It was as much as I could do to avoid laughing outright."

UNITED STATES STEAMER "POWHEATON," SHANGHAI, August 23.

We left Peking, as anticipated, on the 11th, and arrived here yesterday. Our journey back to Pei-tang was an exact duplicate of that to Peking, if we take away the mud, which troubled us at first, and substitute a fine and penetrating dust in its place.

Arrived at Pei-tang we found the Governor-General and Treasurer of the province awaiting us, and as every thing was in readiness, the treaties were at once exchanged. But here, at the very last moment, a piece of carelessness upon the part of our State Department at Washington had nearly overthrown every thing. It seems that in sealing up the treaty in its tin box in Washington, the persons having charge of it had neglected to put in the Chinese translation, and so when it was opened in the presence of the Governor-General and the English part handed to him, it was like so much Greek. It might be the treaty or it might not, so far as he knew to the contrary. Fortunately a duplicate of the original Chinese version was among the papers of the Legation, and that was substituted for it. Then arose another question: Was this duplicate honored with the President's seal? No! Another: Was the Chinese version received from the Emperor honored with the Imperial seal? No! "Ah, then we can exchange; for had both of our versions been sealed by the Emperor, both of yours would have had to have been sealed by the President," said the Gov.-General, drawing a long breath.

As was remarked by an officer after hearing of this oversight, "Providence certainly has three things under its especial care: little children, drunken sailors, and the United States of America!" So ends the visit of the American Minister to Peking. In a few days we sail for Yedo, the capital of the other great nation of the East. Will Yedo prove as great a humbug as Peking?