THE CHINESE BOXERS

SOME OF THE WONDERS OF CHINESE LIFE.

Hart's Native Humor—Killing Female Babies—France's Ultimatum—Canton, the Reeking—In Old Canton—What Clement Scott Has to Say.

It is said upon what seems good authority that Lady Macdonald, wife of the British Envoy in Pekin, publicly remarked when she left London for her latest trip to the Chinese capital that she always carried poison with her when in China, and that such was

Mandarin's Daughter

the custom among the other women of the legations. She also said that if the worst happened, the men of the legations were to shoot the women and children before they fell into the hands of the Chinese.

Hart's Native Humor.

China has been the making of Sir Robert Hart, who is at the head of the Chinese Customs Department. He was a poor boy from the north of Ireland—Ulster—and was educated in the Northern Queen's College in Belfast. Hart was caught by the glittering prize of a fair salary as a student interpreter, went to China, entered the Chinese service and gradually but not slowly rose to the greatest European position in China—that of head of the customs service. Here this poor young Ulster boy became the master of thousands of Chinese officials and of millions of money. It was the sense that not even all the glittering millions could tempt Hart to one tael of speculation that accounted for the great position he attained in a land where stealing is a great political talent.

Sir Robert occasionally has visited his native land, and he retains even in the days of his greatness some of the rollicking humor of his country. During one of those visits—it was more than a score of years ago—Hart found the constant society of a Chinaman, who had been sent along with him—half companion, half spy—somewhat of a bore. Some friends of Hart, probably on his incitement, cut off the pigtail of the Oriental, and he, thinking that the whole world witnessed and cried shame upon his disgrace, remained at home obstinately and Hart was free for the rest of his visit.

Killing Female Babies.

The plain building which stands a little way outside nearly every large Chinese town is one of the most horrible of the many horrible sights in which that melancholy country abounds. This is the "Baby Tower," where the hapless female children are hurried out of a world which has no place for them. The tower contains one opening only. On the ledge of this aperture the father deposits his new born infant and leaves her. The next comer pushes the child through to make room for his own—by which means each man avoids the actual murder of his offspring.

In many of the seaport towns a great work is, in this connection, being done by the missionaries. A watch is kept on the tower, and the helpless infants are removed from the ledge to the creche, and afterward passed on to the mission schools, where they are of course brought up as Christians.

It is to these rescued waifs that Christendom looks chiefly for the ultimate evangelization of the country. They will be able to carry the Gospel where white men's presence only provokes racial hatred, and it is in this direction of preserving and educating the children that the sphere of mission work in China lies.

France's Ultimatum.

When M. Delcasse, France's Minister of Foreign Affairs, summoned the Chinese Minister in Paris to his study, to instruct him to telegraph to the Viceroy of Yunnan that laconic and expressive telegram that the Chinese Minister would answer with his life for the safety of the French Envoy, there was a great fluttering of dovecotes in the celestial Ambassador's household. What would happen to poor papa in his interview with the foreign devil of the bristling hair? Under like circumstances in China, an explanaton of this kind might easily take a grimly humorous turn. Wherefore His Excellency's children wept, being fully persuaded in their artless Chinese minds that M. Delcasse would offer their father his choice of poison or a sword, as it was rumored Prince Tuan did to their Emperor. There was a dramatic scene, the children clinging desperately to the skirts of their father's robe, to prevent him from leaving the house to go to M. Delcasse's. However, his duty called him, and he went. Then came hours of cruelly anxious waiting. But when papa came back to the Embassy entire and unscathed, all the little pigtails wiggled with convulsive glee, and all their little owners praised Monsieur Delcasse, the humanest and best of barbarians.

Canton, the Reeking.

Clement Scott, in writing of Canton, says that in 1893 there was a cloud in the Chinese sky, "no bigger than a man's hand," that showed clearly enough what John Chinaman thought of the "foreign devil." To-day, in 1900, Li Hung Chang has left Canton, and Shanghai is threatened.

"When we started from Hong Kong for Canton we all were warned to look out for ourselves and buy revolvers. In fact, had I believed all I heard I should not have remained in China for an hour, whereas, as it turned out, I found that Canton, Shanghai and Hong Kong at the time of the New Year were more interesting to me personally than all that I saw of Japan.

"This is what I heard wherever I went. 'Oh! there's nothing to see in China; a nasty, dirty place, reeking with fever and smallpox!' Nothing to see in China! Why, Canton, with its narrow streets, its overwhelming crowds, its treasures of pottery and art, its university in frowsy sheds, its execution ground, or potter's field, its prisons, its cemeteries, with meals spread for the dear dead, its water population and flower boats, is the most interesting city I have seen in the wide world.

"Not see China and miss Canton—a city of the dead, but still alarmingly alive! Canton, with its six-foot wide streets and dazzling succession of colored signboards! Canton, with its temples and wondrous idols! Canton, with its gruesome execution ground, where dozens of prisoners, all in a row, have their heads chopped off like carrots! Canton, with its mortuaries gay with flowers and burial feasts! Canton with its hidden treasures of embroidery in thousands of unexplored shops! Canton, with its streets so full of color and variety and humanity that they make the eyes ache and the head swim as we are borne along for hours in our chairs, closing our ears to prevent being deafened by the noise and holding our noses to avoid being poisoned by the most awful smells on earth, and rank offal, with which all European women are pelted, particularly those with fair hair.

"It is almost as much as the life of a fair-haired woman is worth to be carried through the streets of Canton. At any rate she will arrive at the European settlement spat upon, insulted and filthy beyond description.

"So we were advised to look out for ourselves. I was warned of pirates who would pop out of the hold half way up the river, gag the captain, massacre the crew, loot the passengers and make way with the merchandise. As it happened, we were perfectly safe with Captain Lefevre, who has lived on these river boats for a quarter of a century or more. Some of the worst ruffians were battened down, but the rest, down below, were half drunk with opium fumes, or drowsily listening to the tales of the professional story-tellers, who are ever at hand to while away the time. I got to Canton perfectly safe, without the purchase or use of a revolver, which I never hope to carry.

Old Canton.

"It is as much as his life is worth to be left behind in old Canton when the curfew bell has sounded and the gates are slammed. Then Canton its shops and swarming masses is left to its own devices. The men in the bird cages up aloft look out afar to warn the inhabitants against fire, the Chinese policemen guard each barred section against robbery and murder, but not a single European is found in old Canton after nightfall.

"Indeed, except the tourist and passenger I doubt if the resident of Canton ever puts his foot in the native city from one year to another. In Canton the native and the foreign, divided by an iron gate, are as far apart as if the one was in China and the other in London.

國庇民安享
逐西洋護
義拳威震殺

Chinese Alphabet.

"There are wonderful treasures in Canton that would make the mouth of the curio-collector water, but they remain buried in the cellars in this marvelous city and can be unearthed only by a miracle. To discover them for yourself is impossible.

"There is a morbid desire on the part of some travelers to see an execution in this grim city of torture. Men and women who at home faint at the very idea of blood steel their nerves to witness the torture of the condemned Chinamen. It is torture in the most acute form."

Dowager Empress.

In her youth the Dowager Empress of China, Sy-Tay-Heon, was a beautiful woman. No photographer ever was allowed to reproduce the features of a Chinese lady, but here is the poetical word picture given of her by a learned Mandarin: "Sy-Tay-Heon's body is as supple and lithe as the neck of a swan gliding on pure waters; her face is of a perfect oval shape, and ends by an irresistible chin, capricious and movable, according to the motions of her adorable mouth. Her forehead is high and commanding, her nose straight, with curiously impressionable nostrils. Her eyes are black, but they glitter like diamonds in the night."

NATIONAL CAPITAL

VIEWS AND GOSSIP FROM THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

The Situation in China—The Administration Finding Untrodden Paths—Forwarding Troops—A Full Treasury—The Political Campaign as Viewed Here.

It is not overstating the fact when we say that these are both busy and anxious days for the administration. The condition of the Legationers in Pekin has caused many anxious thoughts. The problem has been to find the true path of duty and then to pursue it with vigor and inflexable determination. If it were a case of this government dealing single handed with the Chinese, the conditions would

Secretary Hay.

then be perplexing indeed, but when it comes to having to wait the slow movements of a half dozen other governments, each of which is jealous of the other, and probably all looking with greedy eyes for a partition of China in which they each hope to get the Lion's share, the situation is complicated in the extreme.

Treading Untrodden Paths.

If in the Philippines we have been treading untrodden paths, then in this Chinese matter we are treading those that are even less unknown. The Chinese are not like any other people on earth. They have a civilization for which they will not exchange the White Men's civilization, and they will do nothing as the White man does it. They read their books and papers straight down the page instead of across it. They do everything differently from what we do, and they believe that their way is the best. Then they are the slaves of superstition such as the White man never dreamed of, and they are controlled by their leaders in the most perfect manner, and lead to any acts of violence, even to death itself, with the greatest of ease.

Differing Opinions.

If the Chinese were like other people, it would be possible to believe that an advance on Pekin would be unnecessary. But since Li Hung Chang, the greatest of Chinese Statesmen put to death the representatives of the rebels whom he induced Gordon to bring into the Camp, no one has any confidence in any thing that may be said or promised by any Chinaman. To get a glymps of the true condition of affairs in that unhappy country, we must first consider that nearly all of the representatives of the Powers are governed by different motives and that the life of the white men in Pekin, important as it may be considered, is of trifling importance in the great game of grabbing the empire, which unquestionably is now on so far as every other Nation but this is concerned. Under these circumstances it is fortunate that the advance on Pekin was not still further delayed.

Humanities Demand.

The forward movement is at last now made at the demand of humanity. No government which will sit idly by and see its representatives at foreign courts in peril, is fit to be called a government. If a state of war exists in China there is abundant reason for it, and the civilized world will justify the white men for the movement on Pekin. The consequences may be considered and debated by the Statesmen. The present duty is for the Soldier.

Forwarding Troops.

Conditions here at the Capital are not unlike those that prevailed during the Cuban war. The War Department is busy forwarding troops from the Philippines to China, and from Cuba and the United States to both China and to take the place of those who go from the Philippines to China. All these movements involve an enormous expenditure of money, and the commissary departments are about as active as they were in 1898.

A Full Treasury.

When Monarchs of old went to war, their chief concern was the exchequer. Fortunately for this administration and for the people, there is no concern on this score here. The treasury is full to the point of bursting, and the supply of gold, which is the all important matter in international disturbances was never so great, exceeding at the present time more than 400 millions of dollars. Whatever else the administration has to worry over it need loose no sleep over the finances.

The Alaskan Boundary.

The modification of the Alaskan boundry is attracting no little attention, and has called forth severe criticism of Secretary Hay, by Senator Mason; and by some of the most influential papers of the same party. Senator Mason has been to Alaska to study the subject more closely, and his conclusion is that the Secretary has been too easy with our British cousins. But there are two sides to this, as to other subjects, and the friends of the Secretary insist that he is the one who got the best of the bargain.

The Political Campaign.

The political campaign is growing in interest every day, and if any thought we were to have a dull one, they are doomed to disappointment. While Washington is deeply interested there is not that deep personal interest manifested that there was fifteen or twenty years ago when a change in the administration was understood to mean the decapitation officially of a great body of public servants. The election of Presidents in recent years has not been followed by very radical changes in the minor positions, and for this reason most of the employees feel reasonably secure. But the campaign is not without interest even for these. The situation in New York state is especially attracting attention, because it is believed that if Bryan could secure these 72 votes, he would be very close to an election. The gubernatorial nomination in the state is the center of interest for both parties. The impression here is that Mr. Odell means what he has said about not being a candidate, and that another man will be nominated by the Republicans. Who the man will be, none of the politicians have the slightest idea. And yet the convention is just at hand. The return of Mr. White, Embassador to Russia, has impressed many with the idea that he may be the choice but there is a stronger impression that Lieut-Governor Woodruff is the lucky individual.

The Democratic Situation.

Tammany Hall undoubtedly controlls the situation so far as the Democratic nomination is concerned, but whether having a giant's strength, Mr. Crocker will use it or not, remain to be seen. The great Democratic newspapers of the Metropolis are bluntly opposed to the seection of a distinctively Tammany candidate, but they do not always, or often control nominations. From this view-point, Comptroller Coler is regarded as the strongest man that could be named, and there are many hopes expressed that Senator Hill will make a vigorous canvass in his behalf.

Looking to Gorman.

There is great hope being built upon the efforts that have been made to induce Former Senator Gorman to take charge of the Democratic campaign in the East. By many it is believed that his acceptance of this responsibility would make Democratic success well nigh assured. He is more experienced in the methods which are used in a political campaign than is the chairman of the National committee, and he

Ex-Senator Gorman.

has had the confidence of the large business interests to such an extent, that these would look with more favor upon the party if he were known to be in a measure responsible for its future policies. It is regarded as very doubtful if the ex-Senator can be induced to accept the responsibility, but if he does, there will be one of the most vigorous campaigns waged that we have ever witnessed, and the money which makes the machine go will not all be on one side.

One Name for This Country.

"America and Americans are terms of national limitation in the use of our neighbors already," writes Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, in the Saturday Evening Post. "The Canadian may call himself a North American, but never an American. He keeps that name for his neighbors to the South. A Mexican has but one sense for the word Americano, by which he designates the man from across the Rio Grande. So, throughout the whole continent we are the Americans and our country is America in the usage of every people of the Western world. Only among ourselves, and as an inheritance from our period of colonial politics, is there any hesitation in the matter. And as we have far more than the population of all the rest of the continent, to say nothing of wealth and power and other elements of weight, the name is not unfit.

"The Father of his Country may fairly claim the same right as other fathers in naming the child. In his Farewell Address he seems to have anticipated some such confusion, and he lays stress on the national name as a bond of union. 'The name American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the pride of patriotism,' he says, 'more than any appellation derived from local distinctions.' What was definite enough for him should do for us."

The Church in the West.

The story of the struggle of the Church in the West, is, it may be very truly said, the story of a great tragedy on the part of clergy and people, but it is through successive tragedies that men do arrive and attain, after all. The hem of the garment of Progress is dabbled with the blood of men who have made way for her by the giving up of the treasure of their hearts in order that they could facilitate her advance. In that deluge of men which has rolled ever Westward over the prairies, crept up the long slopes of the Rocky Mountains, finally beating over them in mighty waves to fall in thunderous surges of inundation on the other side, those who have led the way on the crest of the waves have been beaten into human spray, and, having so smoothed the path, are cast aside.—Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in Ladies' Home Journal.