

Ch 230.7.20

A

Short History of Chinkiang,

BY SAMUEL I. WOODBRIDGE.



*Published by request of the Chinkiang
Literary Association.*

1898

w1-11 91-
846 A

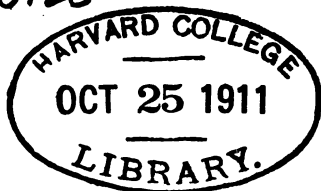
Short History of Chinkiang,

BY SAMUEL I. WOODBIDGE.

Published by request of the Chinkiang
Literary Association.

1 8 9 8

Ch 230.47
3.20



*Gift of
H. J. Coolidge*

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINKIANG.

A KNOWLEDGE of places and things modifies our thoughts, influences our lives, and gives a better direction to our work. True information changes the mental *status* by widening the scope of vision. The scenery at Chinkiang is grand, but its interest and beauty are doubly enhanced by the pictures which imagination has painted on the great river and surrounding hills in consequence of the possession of historical facts. Walking over the hills, one occasionally turns up an English bullet. Instantly the thought reverts to Canton, Commissioner Lin, Captain Elliot and the Opium War; to two great nations mutually ignorant, but equally proud, and to a host of other events and men (dust long ago) which the little pellet of lead has

conjured up. The bullet doubtless had its living billet, for the English aimed at the heart in the Battle of Chinkiang and they were excellent marksmen. During this reverie one quite forgives the urchin who has been calling "foreign devil" on the other side of the valley, for the idea flashes across one's mind that possibly that same urchin is telling the truth if the allusion is made to the man who fired that bullet into the life centre of an immortal being a generation ago.

Yet the proverbial fool would discover nothing extraordinary in this opium pill; neither would he in the field at Waterloo, nor in the Tower of London, because he is ignorant of the history that lies behind such and renders them the objects of such universal interest. To the uneducated the British flag might appear a senseless device, a mere rag with some figures woven in—but, oh! what a story of patriotism, blood, fire, and sword those emblems express!

On my way to China sixteen years ago one of the ship's people asked me why I was going there? He was told. His response was

that he didn't believe "that old Jew book." He had doubts too, he said, that such a man as Luther ever existed and did not quite believe the Reformation, because he had "been over there" himself and had seen nothing of these things !

This gentleman evidently thought he would meet Luther on the street, hear papal bulls bellowing in the fields, or behold shaven-headed monks pasting up theses on the church doors. In the absence of these, he concluded there had probably been no Reformation. Likewise many feather-headed planet-circlers in these days lightly give their valuable testimony against mission work. Expecting to see idol bonfires, moles and bats, temple destruction and myriads of wholly sanctified Chinese, they are staggered at something else—possibly a Scotch and spiritual something sold cheap in Shanghai—and decry missions and especially missionaries.

An acquaintance with reliable, historical knowledge differentiates us from the Chinese and forms an almost impassable barrier betwixt us. At the same time we confess with shame that we know too little of

Chinese history. Chinese chroniclers were so much hampered by the pernicious doctrine of metempsychosis—and what incentive can there be in writing anything for posterity when posterity may be at this moment noisily existent in a goat or a donkey?—that we cannot seriously blame them for their meagre allusions or contemptuous silence in regard to momentous occurrences. There is so much chaff and so little wheat, or as the Americans would say, “too much sugar for a cent,” that a lazy man does doubt the utility of sifting and winnowing and picking the heterogeneous mass.

“Ven you’re a married man, Samivel,” said old Weller, “you’ll understand a good many things as you don’t understand now ; but vether its worth while goin’ through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o’ taste. *I* rayther think it isn’t.”

There is just as much lying in Chinese history as there is in any other. In the former it is more apparent, for there the facts are hopelessly mixed with superstition, and no scourge of destructive criticism has lashed out the anachronisms and inaccuracies.

The events recorded in this Short History may be relied upon as tolerably certain. They are the resultant of the winnowing and picking just referred to—ground and prepared to suit the palate and digestion of the foreigner. The admixture of certain somnoric dates is necessary to render the matter cohesive, so we warn all literary dyspeptics against proceeding farther. Indigestible sweetmeats produce Carlylian atrabilioussness, melancholia, or in Saxon, black bile. The student of Chinese soon finds out that the words 府 *fu* and 縣 *hien*, which we translate respectively *prefect* and *magistrate*, mean also prefecture and magistracy. The former term conveys the idea of a palace. 府上在那裏 “Where is your honourable palace?” or in brusque English, “Where do you live?” is an expression we use every day in addressing the polite Chinese.

China was divided into prefectures in the ninth century, when Alfred the Great after subduing the Danes, divided England into counties and founded the University of Oxford. The prefect of Chinkiang is ruler of the four magistracies of Tant'u, Tanyang,

Chint'an, and Liyang. Chinkiang city is located in the first of these, and to this magistracy we shall confine our record. Tant'uhien is bounded on the north by the rolling, treacherous Yangtze. This river carries so much mud in solution and deposits such quantities of it in the Pacific Ocean that it colours that body of brine for fifteen miles out. From time immemorial the Chinese have called that part of the ocean Huanghai, or the Yellow Sea. This district is the most northerly of the Kiangnan river *hiens*. It extends about sixteen miles south to the Tanyang and Chint'an districts, and is bounded on the east by the Ch'angchow prefecture and on the west by Kiangning or Nanking. The name Tant'u was given to the district about 200 B.C. when Ch'in Shih Huang was on the throne. As this Prince is connected with the name, it is relevant to the subject to give some account of him.

From the fact that he subdued all the neighbouring States he has been called the Napoleon of China by modern historians. After becoming ruler of the whole country, he made progresses through his domains, built public edifices, made roads, canals, etc., and sought

in every way to facilitate trade between his 36 provinces. To keep out the Huns, he built the Great Wall, completing it in ten years. But his name is detested by the Chinese for the following reason. When the reins of the empire were firmly in his hand he was told by one of the great scholars that "a state of things not modelled from the lessons of antiquity would not long continue." This remark being laid before the Ministers, one of them arose and denounced the scholar so pungently that the Emperor decreed that these records of antiquity should be destroyed, and "that those who made mention of the past so as to blame the present should be put to death, along with their relatives." So the books were burned and 460 scholars, who had violated the prohibition, were buried alive in pits. One might almost wish that this Emperor had waited about two thousand years to be born, not for purpose of interring alive some of the antiquity-loving neophobists of to-day, but simply to frighten them. Then, too, there is excellent material for bonfires in Chinese libraries. Ch'in would have been just the man to put the Germans out of Shantung, for no sedan-sitting,

opium-smoking, long finger-nailed, obese, inactive progress-barring mandarin was he. However, he was superstitious and constantly on the watch, as all usurpers are, lest some one should dethrone him, A certain hill said to exist just beyond the present East gate of Chinkiang was so pregnant with "Imperial Influence" that whoever had the good fortune to bury a relative in this favourable spot, or to be buried there himself, would have a son occupy the Imperial Throne. Ch'in heard of this and ordered his exiled convicts to destroy its influence by cutting a ditch about it. Because these culprits wore red clothes they were called *Tant'u*, or "Red Exiles," and from these the name of 丹徒縣 is derived.

其地有天子氣始皇使赭衣徒三千人鑿坑敗其勢故更名丹徒

From the Yü, Shang, and Hsia dynasties (2,255 B.C.) the region North and South of the Yangtze was known as Yangchow. The river up to a few centuries ago extended from the hills where foreign vandals have cut roads, clear across to the present city of Yangchow. Inscriptions now extant on Silver Island describe that country as 海, or Sea. The locality of the British Cemetery is to-day

called *P'ai-wan*, or Raft Bend. On the way to Nanking in 1842 the British fleet sailed between Golden Island and the southern shore. One ship struck the little rock, just now high and dry on the north of the Island. Not far from this spot is the celebrated 中冷泉 or "Middle Bubbling Fountain," that history says was 300 feet below the surface of the river. Chinese Emperors have loudly praised the water of this spring, which was drawn up in buckets. Buddhist priests will tell you to-day, that the stagnant stuff in the dirty pool with a "bubble" is excellent for tea. *De gustibus non disputandum est.*

The site of the Foreign Concession a few years ago was called Ts'ing-t'sai-t'ien, or the "Garden of Greens," and the little rocky prominence not far from the Cathedral is Chen-ping-shan, or Screen-Guarded Hill. Its foot was once laved by the rippling tide. At this time Kwachow was an island, and flocks of geese and ducks floated peacefully upon the bosom of the stream, or sailed in clouds with clamant voice above the current of Broad, or Yangtze, River, undisturbed by the bewildering noise of paddle-wheel or the unearthly screech of the syren whistle.

History tells us that before the time of Ch'in Shih Huang, the star Aquila, which the Chinese call The Herdsman, was directly on the zenith. It is not the place here to dispute stellar prerogatives in the Tant'u district. We simply disentangle a fact of history from the web of astrology. The "Wife" of The Herdsman star who is permitted to visit him only once in the year, and who lives just across the river, the Milky Way, is the star Lyra. Western astronomers have calculated that Lyra will become the North Star in 12,000 years from the present time. Vega is some distance from the zenith when it crosses the meridian now, but if it is gradually travelling north and will occupy the place of Polaris in the time stated above, it must have been thousands of years ago when the fact of its being on or near the zenith was noted.

The City of Chinkiang is known as 潤州 and 京口. The first is because of its low-lying situation, and the second from its being the mouth, or port, of the Capital of Nanking. We first read of Chinkiang-Fu in the Sung dynasty about 1000 A.D. Names, like all other sublunary things, undergo change. In 500 A.D. Yangchow

was called Southern Hsüchou, but afterwards resumed its old *nomen*. The *chou* was divided into *chuin* 郡, earldoms, or principalities. Throughout all this time, with only slight variations, the district has preserved the old name of Tant'u. Kan Lu Sz, or Temple of Sweet Dew, is said to be called after the Emperor of the name, 265 A.D. When the imposing structure was erected on the Pehku Hill half-a-dozen years ago to P'eng Yü Ling, many bricks bearing that Emperor's *Kuohao*, or dynastic name, were dug up and carried away by the Chinese who used them for ink-slabs.

In the Han Dynasty, just before the birth of Christ, there was a city wall made of brick beyond the hills which skirt the eastern approaches to Chinkiang. The 京 門 hill formed the N. W. corner of this wall. When China was conquered by the Tartars in the Yuan Dynasty (1300 A.D.,) the ramparts of all the cities under their sway were thrown down. Those of Chinkiang suffered in the general catastrophe. The wall which now encircles the city was built in the Ming Dynasty about 500 years ago. It measured then about 9 *li* in circumference. In later years it was extended, and

it is now over 12 *li* or 4 English miles around. It has over 1,000 bastions called by the Chinese 女牆, or Woman's Wall. Besides this, there is a new or outer wall thrown up by the rebels forty years ago and, old men say, completed in a single night. It is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and skirts the Canal from the West gate to the river. From thence it runs along the river bank to the hill at Kan Lu Sz and on the hill top abruptly turns and joins the old city wall at the North gate. For several years the voracious Yangtze has been eating away the southern shore between the China Merchants' godowns and Kan Lu Sz. It was painful to witness the inevitable doom that awaited this part of the old structure, and exasperating to see the unconcern of the dilatory officials as to the salvage of the excellent bricks, especially when the hundreds of poor and almost houseless families living on the river side might have made themselves good dwellings from the material. As it is a capital offence to steal a city wall brick, and as the mandarins did not care a rush, or were superstitious about T'ai-p'ing walls, the stream got the most of it; for down it tumbled into the capacious

maw of the great Yellow Stork, the Yangtze, and the softer bricks were ground to original dust by the hard gizzard stones off Silver Island, and swept away to sea by the resistless push of its rapid current.

We would call attention to a couple of beautiful mottoes descriptive of Chinkiang which are written over the gateway of this wall and which are to be seen just after crossing the pontoon bridge across the canal. One reads: 長江鎖鑰 "The Key of the Long River."* The other: 山河襟帶 "Mantled with the hills and girdled by the River."

The student of history must ever be on his guard against reading the past entirely by the present, or the present by the past. Seeing so many Chinese wearing that elegant appendage which foreigners have most inelegantly dubbed the "pigtail," but which is called by the natives *par excellence* the "twist," we are apt to fall into the error of supposing that the Chinese always wore the queue. This is a tremendous mistake. The fact is that the sons of Han

* The name of the Yangtze in this section of its course.

“caught a Tartar” a few centuries ago, who compelled them to adopt his customs, twist and all. We say “sons” of Han advisedly, for the term does not embrace the daughters in this case. These refused point-blank to submit, justly considering it a piece of impertinence on the part of any men, Tartar or what not, to dictate to them in the matter of wearing apparel. And so stout-hearted were they withal, that the conquerors gave in, and the Chinese ladies ever afterwards set their own fashions. The Tartars were wise enough not to disturb the *status quo* of books, burial usages, etc., of the Chinese; no one who has any knowledge whatever of the martial spirit of these people (begging Lord Wolseley’s pardon), is surprised that the Chinese men do not eject the Teutons from Kiaochow.* They are now proud of their *pigtails*, and quote a certain adage which evidences the chicken heart, 生降死不降男降女不降.

“We submit in life but not in death. The men submitted but not the women.”

*When this was written (1898) Germany had just taken possession of a part of Shantung, and Prince Henry of Prussia was visiting China.

A few myriads of determined, natural-footed Chinese women might have dusted the Germans out with their brooms.

The population of the Tant'u District during the last nine hundred years is as follows:—

Sung	Dynasty	...	...	1000	A.D.	...	...	10,390
Yuen	,,	...	...	1200	,,	...	...	28,462
Ming	,,	...	...	1400	,,	...	...	42,375
Ts'ing	,,	(Shunchi)	...	1644	,,	...	...	39,811
,,	,,	(Hienfung)	..	1851	,,	...	...	331,624
,,	,,	(Kwangsü)	..	1877	,,	...	...	130,000

The appalling decrease between 1851 and 1877 was due to the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion, and represents a fair proportion for the whole of China overrun by the lawless wretches, called by the natives *ch'ang-mao*, or "long-haired," during this period. The population of this district is now probably as large as it was in 1851. From the *History of Tant'uhien* we cull a few of the customs of Chinkiang.

On the first day of the first month it is quite proper to exchange calls, congratulate friends, and eat round cakes called 圓子, *Yuen-tsz*. The fifth day of the same month is devoted to the worship of

the god of wealth. The seventh is "Man's Day" and the eighth "Grain Day." If the latter is clear and bright the people will have abundant crops and other blessings during the year. From the thirteenth to the eighteenth is the Feast of Lanterns. On the twentieth the people repair to the Temple of the Dog, a few miles to the west of Chinkiang. Here is a wooden animal of the canine species said to be the embodiment of a former dog that was faithful in guarding some money, and is now canonized. A few cash dropped into the mouth of this wooden dog will procure a cake from the priest in charge. These cakes, if fed to children, will render them as exempt from disease and as easy to rear as a pup. Spring commences Feb. 4th. On this day the officials go forth to greet the Spring Ox and the Harvest Deity. If the eyes of the ox happen to be red, there will be numerous fires in the city during the year and great mortality. If white, there will be an abundance of rain. High winds will prevail if the eyes are black. Yellow eyes will bring on a bountiful harvest. Should the deity appear as an old man, by the law of contraries, children will die in large numbers,

but if he is a little child the old men will perish. If he presents a smiling countenance the people will experience sorrow and suffering, and *vice versa*.

March 5th, called "Excited Insects," is the day on which the candle ends left over from New Year may be successfully lighted in the houses to keep away snakes, centipedes and other uncanny beasts.

The second day of the second month is a lucky one for children to begin school and for married daughters to visit their late mammas.

Ts'ing Ming, or "Clear and Bright," happens on April 5th. This is the day to worship at the graves, and occurs so near to our Easter that we may well doubt whether it is fortuitous. At this time men, women and children appear at the mounds, where the coffin ends are often seen protruding, and pour out their woes and complaints to the deceased in the vain hope that justice will be meted out by the dead.*

* Children's graves and children's funerals are very rarely seen in Chinkiang. Children who die are supposed to have been sent as an offset to certain debts that have been contracted by one of the parents in a former life. After remaining a while, and causing distress and expense they leave, and in his way cancel the obligation. If the first child dies before the second is

At the summer solstice if beans are roasted at home the number of fleas, mosquitoes, etc., will be considerably diminished, and if children will sit on the sills of seven doors they will 免病, "Escape sickness."

We append a few proverbs for husbandmen, which are taken from the *History of Tant'uhien* :—

但得立春晴一日
農夫不用力耕田

If *Li-ch'un* be clear the farmer will not have to use strength to plough.

春雪應時雨

Spring snow promises seasonable rains.

打春三日百草排芽

Three days after *Li-ch'un* all kinds of grass will sprout.

born and this in turn is taken away, one malicious spirit called 討債鬼 is believed to have become incarnate in their bodies. Parents often mutilate the corpses of their little ones to prevent the reappearance of this spirit in future children. How different are the feelings of a Christian mother towards her baby dead as she recalls the words of Jesus: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God."

春霜不過三日雨
三日春霜晴到底

In less than three days after one spring frost it will rain; but if there are successive days of frost it will be clear to the end of spring.

驚蟄聞雷米似泥

If you hear thunder in "Excited Insects" (Mar. 5—20) rice will be as abundant as mud.

春無三日晴春無三日陰

If there are no three successive days of clear weather in spring there will be no three successive days of cloud.

尺麥怕寸雨寸麥不怕尺雨

Wheat a foot high will be injured by an inch of water, but wheat an inch high is not hurt by (or afraid of) a foot of water.

清明到穀雨是種都下土

Sow all seeds between April 5th and 20th.

白露身不露

After Sep. 7th the body must not be exposed.*

閏月不種十月麥

Wheat ought not to be sown in the tenth month of an intercalary year.

In the War of the Three Kingdoms, 220 A.D., this city, called "Eastern Wu," was the capital. The historical novel called the *History of the Three States* records several stirring events of that thrilling period in connection with Chinkiang. It was a time when there were no queues and no bound feet, and Sun Ch'uen, King of Wu, was living in Tung-wu. He had lent the city of Chin-chow in the west to Liu Pei, King of Shuh, and when the time to restore it had come, that monarch had refused to deliver it up on the ground that it rightfully belonged to himself. King Sun sent an officer with further demands. When he arrived at Shuh he found Liu Pei lamenting his wife who had just died. Being a very crafty

* Chinese farmers in the summer time exist *in puris naturalibus* from the waist up.

man, the officer contrived a plan to get Liu into the hands of his sovereign who, he knew, would soon find means to compel the restoration of Chin-chow. It was this: he would make overtures to the King of Shuh to marry the sister of Sun. This young lady was a very wise woman, fond of war and a good horsewoman. He wrote a letter stating his plan to King Sun, and it was heartily approved by him. He, however, concealed it from the party most interested and her mother. When it was broached to Liu Pei it pleased him mightily, for the praises of the damsel had already reached his ear and an alliance with Wu would doubtless be an immense advantage. Both sides concurring, preparations were made for the marriage, and Liu started on his way to Chinkiang for his bride accompanied by five hundred soldiers. Before starting on his journey, a wise counsellor named K'ung Ming had given him three sealed letters to be opened at critical times. He was urged to make friends with the people of Chinkiang by telling them he had come on the peaceful errand of matrimony, and to call first at the residence of Sun's father-in-law. Upon arriving Liu Pei faithfully carried out these

instructions. His soldiers were ordered to make purchases on the street and to take care to inform the people of their Chief's intention. Armed with numerous presents, he appeared at the door of Chao Kuo, the father-in-law. Now Chao was ignorant of the artful dodge, and when Liu arrived he was utterly surprised but pleased withal, that a person of such high rank as the King of Shuh, *dona ferens*, should visit him before the sovereign. When Liu announced the fact that he had come for his bride, Chao was dumb-founded, and leaving his guest went post haste to the girl's mother and apprised her of the scheme: the King of Shuh had come to Chinkiang for the express purpose of marrying her daughter, by contract of her son, the King of Wu! The Queen-mother burst into tears and called for Sun.

"Why have you given away your sister to the King of Shuh without my knowledge?" demanded she.

"I haven't."

"But you have," said Chao, stepping forward, "I have known it for a long time, and it is now the talk of the whole town."

"Be still," said the unabashed Sun, "it is only a plot to destroy Liu Pei for withholding Chin-chow. I promised him my sister, but it was only to fool him, and get him down here where I can lay hold of him."

"Is that the way I brought you up?" returned the mother, "that you should thus play false to the King of Shuh, and involve your sister's name in such a nefarious business? In all your domain is there no method of getting back your city without resorting to such treachery?"

"But I did it that good might come."

"And what good *can* come of such iniquity? I shall use my influence to have this contract fulfilled," said she.

"And I shall do my best to preserve our good name," chimed in Chao.

Now the History states that the King was a filial son, and assented to his mother's proposal. An ample feast was prepared in the Hall of the Great Buddha on Kan Lu Sz, and when Liu Pei appeared the Queen-mother was completely captivated with his

manly beauty and courage. Nothing is said of the girl being fascinated, for in trifling matters of this kind the girl never has been, and perhaps never will be, consulted. But her mother was, and there was an end of it. She accepted him as her son-in-law, and the feast went merrily on. Sun, however, had not changed his mind about killing Liu, and secreted several hundred braves in the adjoining rooms armed to the teeth with knives. A faithful retainer communicated this fact to Liu Pei, who immediately and dutifully fell on his knees before his new mother-in-law to be, and besought her to kill him then and there, openly and above-board, and not murder him by treachery. The Queen-mother was indignant beyond measure and ordered her son to disperse the would-be murderers. The name of this room where the feast was held is still preserved—the 大佛殿—and there is a place designated thus in Kan Lu Sz.

Liu Pei afterwards became attached to Chinkiang. He and King Sun soon grew friendly. One day they were walking on the top of Peh-ku-shan; the scenery appeared so grand that Liu ex-

claimed: "This is the finest landscape under the Heavens." As one ascends the hill near the top at Kan-Lu-Sz, six large characters cut in stone meet the eye: 天下第一江山, which is the remark of the King of Shuh quoted from *The History of the Three Kingdoms*.

Another day as they were gazing upon the river dotted everywhere with sails, Liu Pei said: "In the Kingdom of Wu the people are expert at managing boats. In my country we are skilful in riding horses." Not to be outdone, Sun Ch'uen called loudly for his horse and leaping upon him, rode recklessly down the gorge and up the hill again in a trice. Liu Pei ordered another and dashed down the precipitous hill, turned and flew back not far behind. The two then stood on the crest of the hill waving their whips in excitement after the mad race. Liu Ma-kien, 溜馬澗, or "Flying Horse Gorge," still exists near the Peh-ku-shan.

Other incidents of a semi-historical kind might be mentioned in connection with Chinkiang and the heroes of this interesting period, but we think one more will suffice here. Near the South

gate there is a large stone polished and smooth on one side. My children used to amuse themselves by climbing to the top and then sliding down on the side that had been polished, little thinking that nearly seventeen hundred years ago the warlike men of Wu whetted their knives sharp on this very stone, so that they might the more readily kill their enemies. Judging from the rubbed area (about 60 square feet), many thousands of knives must have been sharpened and doubtless many human lives sacrificed in consequence.

The characters 鎮江 mean "The Guard of the River" from the fact, perhaps, that a force was sent to this point to protect the country against the sea-robbers who infested the waterways of China. The Japanese (called 寇倭) made several incursions. In the reign of Hung Wu, the first of the Ming Emperors (1368), they came in considerable force, but were defeated and driven back by the Chinese General Mao. Let us now turn our attention to post-barbarian times. Perhaps the first English diplomat that ever visited Chinkiang was Lord Macartney. The embassy of which he was the head was treated with great consideration at the court of

Peking. After spending about a million taels in entertaining the ambassador and his large suite and feeling, no doubt, that the presents of King George were the most splendid testimonials of respect that a tributary nation had ever paid, the Emperor of China sent the party from Peking to Canton *via* the Grand Canal and Chinkiang. We quote from his Lordship's diary of November 6th, 1793: "At daybreak we fell into the Yangtze river, commonly called *Kiang-ho*, which was about a mile and a-half wide at the place where we crossed it. On the southern shore stands the town of *Tchin-chien* (Chinkiang), which is large, well situated, well built, and well inhabited, but the walls seem to be much out of repair and going fast to decay. A garrison of at least two thousand men all turned out to show themselves, with colours and music, and appointed as if going to be reviewed The uniforms, which are very showy and of different colours—red, white, blue, buff and yellow—must be very expensive; but after all, these troops have a slovenly, unmilitary air, and their quilted boots and long petticoats make them look heavy, inactive, and effeminate. . . .

"About half-a-mile from the town and nearly in the middle of the river, is an insulated, conical rock, usually called by the people Golden Mountain, of considerable height and extent, built from the water's edge to the top with temples, turrets, and belvederes on regular terraces, or stories, one above the other, intermixed with evergreen trees of various volumes and shades of verdure, contrasted in so happy a taste, and distributed in such a manner as to give to the whole the air of a fairy edifice suddenly raised upon the river by the magic of an enchanter. It has a very striking effect, and almost realises the extravagant paintings of China fans and screens, which, I am now inclined to think have been drawn from actual views, and not from the fancy of the artist."

A beautiful description, indeed, explaining and embodying similar ideas relative to this lovely spot; for the ancient name of the Golden Isle is 浮玉, *Floating Jade*. But Macartney's embassy failed of its main object; so did that of Lord Amherst. The Chinese Emperors refused to be instructed by barbarians and cared naught, they said, for such trifling things as commerce. But the

nation of shopkeepers did. The commercial privileges of the East India Company ceased in 1834 and the Rt. Hon. Lord Napier was appointed Chief Superintendent of British Trade. This was a new thing to the Chinese, and when his Lordship arrived in Canton the tidewaiters officially announced that a "foreign devil" had arrived. They refused to receive the "barbarian eye," as Napier was contemptuously called. They would not even receive his letter. Governor Lu, writing to the hong merchants, said: "The great Ministers of the Celestial Empire are not permitted to have intercourse by letters with outside barbarians. If the said barbarian eye throws in private letters, I, the Governor, will not at all receive or look at them." And the Chinese literally worried the unfortunate Napier to death. Commissioner Lin, of opium-destroying fame, afterwards exhorted the foreigners living in Canton in these words: "Lord Napier bolted through the Bocca Tigris, but being overwhelmed with grief and fear, died." Nevertheless, the "outside barbarians" persisted, with the inevitable result. With such preposterous notions of supremacy as the Chinese had, and with

such a man as Lord Palmerston (who seemed to believe that opening fire on this "down-at-the-heel nation" was the best policy), war followed. Fifty years after George Macartney, peacefully sitting in his Chinese "yacht" and composing his optimistic Diary as he swept rapidly past this historic town (his Lordship was not permitted to land), and about twenty after the death of Lord Napier, a fleet of seventy-two ships of war, arranged in five divisions, each division having a frigate, or seventy-four, at its head, ascended the Yangtze to settle terms with the Emperor Tao Kuang, who for twenty years had been making it hot and disagreeable for the English in Canton. The expedition was under the joint command of Admiral Parker and Sir Hugh Gough. "The world has seldom seen," says Williams, "a more conspicuous instance of the superiority of a small body possessing science, skill, and discipline over immense multitudes of undisciplined, ignorant, and distrustful soldiers than was exhibited in this bold manœuvre." A few thousand British troops sent into the heart of a country of 300,000,000 people to compel a reluctant peace !

The battle took place at Chinkiang. The ships anchored off the N. W. of the city (one or two of them struck the rock on the south of Silver Island and the Buddhist priests assisted them in getting clear, by offering prayers to the Goddess of Mercy !) and a force was landed, and divided into three brigades. One was to attack the Imperialist camp outside the East gate ; the second, to escalate the North walls, and the third to blow in the West gate. Poor Chinese ! They fought as well as their superstitious notions would allow them, but Idolatry had killed out patriotism even then. The Captain of the right brigade relates that his party passed through a small village on the hills, "the village had not been deserted : some of the houses were closed, while the inhabitants of others were standing in the streets staring at us in stupid wonder : and although they were viewing a contest between foreigners and their fellow-countrymen, and in danger themselves of being shot, were coolly eating their meals."

We need not here relate fully what happened. Although it was a hot day in July and the enemy was strongly entrenched,

British pluck won. The Tartars at the East gate were driven in, the northern walls scaled and their defenders bayoneted or thrown down, and the western gate blown in. The Manchus driven into their houses by the rain of English bullets, cut the throats of their women, threw their children into the wells, and then killed themselves. One man was shot while sawing his wife's throat as he held her over a well into which he had already thrown his children. The drowning babes were rescued and the woman's wound sewed up. The grey-haired English commander marched with two regiments to the south end of Chinkiang, and writes in his official dispatch: "Finding dead bodies of Tartars in every house we entered, principally women and children thrown into wells or otherwise murdered by their own people, I was glad to withdraw the troops from this frightful scene of destruction and place them in the northern quarter." Out of a Manchu population of four thousand not more than five hundred survived. Most of the dead had committed suicide. The British lost thirty-seven men. Over one hundred were wounded.

A touching incident is related in the *Narrative of Events in China* by Captain G. G. Loch :—

“ After we had forced our way over piles of furniture placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewn with rich stuffs and covered with clotted blood ; and upon the steps leading to the hall of ancestors there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, who seemed to be brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen from loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies we entered the hall, and met face to face three women seated, a mother and two daughters, and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over and endeavouring to conceal a living soldier. In the heat of action, when the blood is up and the struggle is for life between man and man, the anguish of the wounded and the sight of misery and pain is unheeded ; humanity is partially obscured by danger ; but when excitement subsides with

victory, a heart would be hardly human that could feel unaffected by the retrospection. And the hardest heart of the oldest man who ever lived a life of rapine and slaughter could not have gazed on this scene of woe unmoved. I stopped, horror-stricken at what I saw. The expression of cold, unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterward in floods of tears, which apparently, if anything could, relieved her. She came close to me and seized me by the arm, and with clenched teeth and deadly frown pointed to the bodies, to her daughters, to her yet splendid house, and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and with firmly closed hands and a husky voice, I could see by her gestures, spoke of her misery, her hate, and, I doubt not, her revenge. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be in her unprotected state a hundred-fold increased, that if she would place herself under my guidance I would pass her through the city gates in safety into

the open country ; but the poor woman would not listen to me, and the whole family was by this time in loud lamentation. All that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayonetting the man, who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape."

The Chinese account of this invasion in the 丹徒縣志 is fairly correct. The English are called "murderers," but elsewhere there is no venom in the brief record. The Tartar General Hai Ling seeing that all was lost, set fire to his *yamên* and perished in the flames. The prefect hanged himself, but was cut down before life was extinct, and the magistrate escaped through the East gate.

In company with Sir Henry Pottinger, Harry Parkes, then a youth of fourteen, watched this fight from the top of a hill* which overlooked the city about two miles away. Six days after when the din of battle had ceased, young Harry went with Mr. Gutzlaff through the city. "We had rather a hot walk, and the streets were

* Probably 霧山 to the E. of the city.

beastly dirty," he writes, "and there was a dead man lying in almost every other house, which together with broken jars of oil and *samshu* made the stench almost unbearable." Having smelt the blood of the Chinese at this early age we need not be astonished that afterwards as Consul he adopted the "gunboat policy," nor wonder when he became British Minister to the Court of Peking, that the high Chinese officials feared *Pa Hai Li*, Sir Harry Parkes, the representative of the Queen.

Pending further operations at Nanking, the fleet remained about two weeks at Chinkiang, and this boy tells some very interesting history in his journal. Writing of an Imperial library at Golden Island which he and Morrison visited, he says: "Although the house was falling down, so that we durst hardly go upstairs, yet the books were in a beautiful state, all packed and enclosed in camphor-wood cases, and having a quantity of camphor sprinkled amongst them. There were many thousand volumes on all kinds of subjects. The priests had already taken a great quantity of the books away, but those proceedings were now

stopped by a sentry being placed over them." It would probably have been well for the British to have moved this valuable library at this time, for it was afterwards burned by the wretched, illiterate T'ai P'ings. In consequence of the successful issue of this campaign Sir Hugh was created a Baronet, and afterwards elevated to the peerage with the title of Lord Gough, Baron of Chinkiang Fu.

In 1861, after the Treaty of Tientsin, when the Yang-tze was open to trade, and the T'ai P'ing rebellion was on its last legs, Parkes was sent up the river to locate the foreign concessions at the Ports opened to the world. Of Chinkiang he says: "It was at one time a noble city—as Chinese cities go—being at the entrance to the Grand Canal and a sort of half-way house between the southern and northern Provinces—but during the time the rebels held it—from 1853 to the end of 1857—they reduced it to a heap of ruins, and indeed devastated it only because it had ceased to be of use to them. It was not an easy matter to find shelter . . . and we had to get some 'braves' to turn out of a

temple * used as a military station, on the top of a hill, which was almost the only roofed tenement left near the water side. We would not have used such a place for a stable in England—as a cowhouse it might have been utilised, but for no other purpose in our land of comfort and peaceful hearths. Men were set to scrub and clean, and carpenters to knock up a few planks and provide windows—a flagstaff was put up and a Jack hoisted under a salute (22nd February). Other accommodation was then hunted for and with a view to more permanent arrangements I selected a site suitable for locating the foreign community and a Consulate, and large enough to provide a dozen good building lots, and secured this to the Queen under a lease, and she can sublet it to her loyal subjects when they want it. . . . Nothing can be more sad than the appearance of Chinkiang. Its population when I saw it last in 1848 must

* *Kan-Lu-Sz* probably. It is a coincidence that the Kiangning Treaty was signed on board the *Cornwallis* and that the British flag was first hoisted on the concession of Chinkiang on 22nd February. Lord Cornwallis is better known to the Americans than to the English, and the twenty-second day of the second month, *dies felix*, is the birthday of Gen. George Washington, First President of the United States!

at least have been 500,000 ; now probably it does not contain more than 5,000 or 10,000, independent of the troops, who number about 15,000 more. The troops or 'braves' are the lowest class of ruffians, and the people little else but followers to the troops, or idlers and beggars, so that the demoralised state in which the place is cannot well be worse."

But Chinkiang has thriven considerably since the last war with England. Parkes' choice of the Concession plot proved to be advantageous to commerce. "Greens Garden" has become a well regulated English Settlement. Trade along the riverside is brisk. The old intra-mural city is a sucked orange, the type, alas! of what the whole of China will be unless the people obtain a practical divorce from antiquity. Handsome dwellings adorn this little *imperium in imperio* of Queen Victoria which was "leased" by Harry Parkes, with the condescending permission of the Emperor of China at the mouth of British cannon. Notwithstanding several backsets, such as the riot of 1889 and the uprisings of 1891, which are fresh in the memory and have not yet had time to crystallise

and harden into solid History, our city, so far as business is concerned, has progressed wonderfully.

But the true philanthropist looks for something more abiding than all these. What has the Church done for Chinkiang?

The China Inland Mission began work in the city in 1868. They were followed by the Methodist Episcopal Mission later on. The Southern Baptist Mission and the Southern Presbyterian Mission established stations in 1883. The Bible Societies have also made Chinkiang a central point of their activity. These Missions are now pushing the work vigorously in the chapels, schools, and hospitals, and in the city and country. Anyone who reads this History may perceive at once what an impervious armour of prejudice, suspicion, distrust, and hatred has been forged from the leaden rain and iron hail of foreign muskets and cannon. The heart of the Chinese can easily be reached by a Minié ball, but the finest calibre gun cast to-day in our Western Arsenals cannot drive a shaft of love into the Godless Christless soul of this poor people. Heretofore the missionaries of the place have been identified

with war, opium, and rebellion. Now, thank God, the Chinese are finding out the truth, and are looking upon them as their friends.* The ministers of the Gospel are laying out a Concession grander and far more beautiful for situation than the one planned by Harry Parkes in 1861. It is more abiding, too, for it is spiritual, even the Church of God, regulated by the laws of the Bible. And the Banner over it is Love.

* In the triennial examinations for 舉人 at Nanking in 1897 in which only 140 out of 24,000 succeeded in getting the Degree, one of the students of a Chinkiang missionary was among the successful candidates. When his Essay was issued the name of his foreign instructor also appeared in the publication.

