

GANGPLANKS TO THE EAST



BERTHA LUM

EANEPLANKS

TO THE

EAST



BERTHA LUM

HENKLE-
YEWORSE

Aspenette from
Aunt Irene Xmas 1937



The Goddess of Fuji-Ama

GANGPLANKS TO THE EAST

By *BERTHA LUM*
Author of Gods, Goblins and Ghosts

With Illustrations by the Author

THE HENKLE-YEWDALÉ HOUSE, Inc.
Publisher *New York*

Copyright, 1936, by
THE HENKLE-YEWDALÉ HOUSE, INC.
All Rights Reserved

Published April, 1936

Manufactured in the United States
by PACIFIC PRINTING CO., INC.

CONTENTS

Introduction	7
PART ONE—JAPAN	
Chapter 1—Tokyo	13
Chapter 2—The " O Bon "	34
Chapter 3—Nikko	54
Chapter 4—Kyoto	66
Chapter 5—The Inland Sea	87
PART TWO—KOREA	
Chapter 1—The Diamond Mountains	103
Chapter 2—Keishu	126
PART THREE—CHINA	
Chapter 1—Peking	143
Chapter 2—Ming Huang	167
Chapter 3—Outside the Walls	190
Chapter 4—The Western Hills	216
Chapter 5—The Sacred Mountain	238
Chapter 6—Hangchow and Soochow	248
Chapter 7—Shanghai	261
Chapter 8—Hongkong and Canton	267
PART FOUR—THE PHILIPPINES	
Chapter 1—Manila	285
Chapter 2—Legends	300
Conclusion	311
Bibliography	315

INTRODUCTION

EVERY COUNTRY HAS NOW a modernized front with which to greet the traveler; papers and magazines are filled with information concerning modern Japan, changing China and recent events in the Philippines. Broad streets, cement buildings and large stores are just beyond every water-front and one needs no guide to find them, indeed it would be more difficult to avoid them.

Undoubtedly the modernization of an ancient people is interesting to watch. But there are those who seek rather the unchanging beauty of old ceremonies, the narrow streets and temple yards where incense is ever rising, the many wonderful pageants and festivals which are now as much a part of the lives of these people as they have been for centuries, having lost none of the symbolism of those years.

Yet one may be only a few blocks from the place where such a festival is being celebrated, and not realize what one is missing. There are several reasons why this is so. The Orientals, especially the Japanese, believe that these pageants, which are so intimate a part of their inner life, cannot possibly be of interest to the passing foreigner. Superimposed upon this is their

INTRODUCTION

national pride, making them wish to be known by those signs which stand for modern civilization. They feel therefore that huge factories, broad streets and rushing trains must be what travelers wish most to see.

On almost every corner stand people with time-tables and long lists of where to go and what to see. But there are others who look for the beauty—old or new—which lies beneath the surface, who can believe in demigods, in spirits that return, animals assuming human shape and a woman who is formed of ice; for these I have tried to put into words the enchantment of that old life which still lingers, throughout the Orient, just beyond the rush of modernism.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Goddess of Fuji-Ama	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
The Fox Woman	21
A River Festival	39
A Street Festival	61
A "No" Dancer	81
Geisha	95
Inner Kongo	117
Sea Kongo	137
The Gate God	145
Pavilions in Summer Palace, Jehol	199
The Kuan Yin	229
Pagoda Near Soochow	253
River Sampans, Canton	275
Santiago Gate	289
Market People	297
Kabunian, The Sun God	307

PART I

JAPAN

CHAPTER I—TOKYO

MISTS CLUNG TO THE CREST of the mountains as we came up the harbor just after sunrise; the ocean was quiet, the sky was very blue with only an occasional cloud, and supreme above all, glowing pink in the early sun, was Fuji-Ama, so perfect that no stretch of imagination would make it seem real.

The Japanese say that if, as you approach Yokohama, Fuji-Ama is there to greet you it means great happiness. The emperors of Japan claim descent from the Sun Goddess and this beautiful mountain is called the "Supreme Altar of the Sun." The silent beauty of its peak dominates the life of the country; sorrow is hushed and peace flows down from the goddess whose shrine is on the summit and who is sometimes seen silhouetted against the mountain. Thousands climb each year to the top and it is said that the sand, carried down by their countless feet during the day, returns each night to its accustomed place, while there is also a legend that the elixir of life is concealed at the peak, though as yet no one has been able to find it.

Yokohama is not a city where one lingers; as at Kobe, you change from ship to car and hurry on to the delightful places that lie beyond. The Hotel New

Grand is very good, however, and quite modern as to rooms and management; there is a delightful roof garden and—being directly on the sea—one can watch not only the ocean liners that are always in the harbor but the sailing junks of fishermen, coming and going in the mists. It is a never-ending pleasure, for they are like graceful birds from unknown lands and, in the evening, lights flame up in their fire-boxes, turning the sails to gold.

There is a strange quality in the air here, even on a clear day. The sun shines, yet there is a mist which hangs low across the water and, whereas in other countries details are sharply defined as far as one can see, here everything is a series of silhouettes, the landscape carrying out the Buddhist belief in the ghostliness of all existence and substance, the teaching that life is only a shadow play. The beauty of Japanese prints startled the world by their elimination of detail and their ability to reproduce a landscape in flat surfaces, gaining rather than losing effectiveness, and although they were unsurpassed painters it was the landscape, as much as the artists, that produced such an effect. Everything seen at a comparatively short distance appears flat, while beyond, the hills lie one against another, darkest at the top with their bases growing lighter, until they are lost in mist. Although the prints of Hiroshigé and Hokusai are now hard to find, except in museums, the beauty of the scenes they painted can never be lost.

The day being early, we decided to motor to Kamakura, arriving at Tokyo in time for dinner. Much of the way is along the sea, while here and there among the trees are temples or wayside shrines so old that their wood has turned to silver and time has brushed away the gold and brilliant lacquer. Undisturbed they sleep among trees which, twisted, moss-covered and old, seem to be not trees but weird deities, guarding the temples. Under a green blanket of moss these shrines are quiet—quiet as only old, old temples in the Far East can be, while the prayers of those who have passed by here during hundreds of years rest in their silence.

Kamakura is one of the lost cities. Long ago it was the capital, with a population of more than a million, and its history has been great—memories still linger of beautiful women, emperors who have reigned in cloth of gold, and wars which have raged. On this shore were beheaded the envoys of the great Kublai Khan, who had been sent from China, at a time when this capital was at the height of its glory, to demand the subjugation of Japan.

Now Kamakura is but a village, sleeping by the sea and at the feet of the most marvelous statue in all Japan—the Daibutsu. I have been many, many times to the temple yard where this Daibutsu sits and every time it seems more extraordinary, not because it is one of the largest of statues but because of the great peace and splendid beauty of the face. It is more—it is the living spirit of that faith which is the foundation of all

creeds, it possesses the great majesty and spiritual calm of Buddhism.

Since 1252 this figure of Amida has represented the peace which comes from perfect knowledge and the subjugation of all desires. Centuries have been as days, temples have been built around this statue, and tidal waves, reaching out with long, hungry fingers, have torn at the shore, yet Amida sits with half-closed eyes, dreaming of the distant lands beyond, which we cannot see. To the people it is their faith made visible, holding a promise of the time when all sorrow will have passed and there will remain only great content.

We crossed over to the island of Enoshima, sacred to Benten, she who is the goddess of happiness and beauty, the only woman among the seven household gods. Long ago, before the island existed, a dragon lived in the caves that are under the sea. Usually he lived on fish and eels but he preferred young children and many, bathing in the water, disappeared, never to be found. The story is that in the sixth century Benton appeared in the clouds above and the island rose out of the water at her feet; the dragon has never been seen since because the goddess, tiring of his wickedness, had turned him to stone and thus formed the foundation of the island. One can imagine the scales of his body in the stones, and his hair, horns and claws in the distorted trees that crown the surface; if the day is calm you can walk around and enter the caves, where a statue to the goddess is enshrined.

We lunched on the veranda of a charming old restaurant, hanging out over the sea and sheltered by twisting pines. Nowhere on earth are lobsters, brought fresh from the ocean, cooked as well as here.

After lingering in the shops we walked back to Kamakura across the sand that now connects this island with the mainland and had tea at the Kaihin-in, a partly European hotel on the shore, where there is good food and a wide sandy beach with bath houses, making it a very comfortable place to stay for a day or an entire summer.

Starting our journey to Tokyo we stopped at Hachiman Temple, the only important shrine left in Kamakura. The approach, with its wide avenue, trees and countless lanterns, tells of the former magnificence of this temple dedicated to the god of war. Long centuries have taken away most of the brilliant color, temples have fallen and been covered by leaves and moss, but the climb up the many steps is still more than worth the time. One gazes over the trees and out to sea, while wind bells at the peaks of the roof murmur an accompaniment to the cooing of hundreds of pigeons, and somewhere, deep in the courtyard, a mellow temple gong is calling the priests to prayer.

One never wearies of motoring through the country at twilight in Japan. From Kamakura the road lies for a time between high hills. On reaching the valleys, the odor of incense and wood-fires rises from the low peasant homes with their brown, thatched roofs, and lights

shining behind the paper *shoji* of these houses cast delightful silhouettes. We passed shops where the paper windows were open, showing glimpses of dolls, porcelains or even strange vegetables, arranged with great charm.

Then came the open country—people moving along the paths, with their lanterns of oiled paper bobbing like yellow moons, streams being used to turn large, wooden water-wheels. On either side were rice fields, divided from each other by raised paths, forming a strange, plaid landscape that was broken here and there by pools of water.

From Yokohama to Tokyo there is a new, paved road, very wide and straight and splendid as a motor road, but the charm of the Tokaido is gone. Only one short stretch remains of the ancient trees of that avenue, though it once ran from Kyoto to Tokyo and on to Nikko. It was a continual road, raised above the rice fields and planted with twisting pine trees on both sides, while at certain intervals there were rest houses.

Once a year a procession of *daimiyos* (nobles) passed over the Tokaido, dressed and equipped with great splendor, to carry tribute to the Emperor at Tokyo from the *shoguns* of Kyoto, and then to proceed to Nikko with offerings for the priests from both Emperor and *shogun*. At that time the power of the Emperors was only nominal, while the heads of the great noble families had virtually usurped the government and ruled the country. By the end of the twelfth century

this had created such a state of feudalism that the most powerful noble, Yoritomo of the Minamoto clan, took the title of "*shogun*" and ruled supreme over the country, although still professing respect for the Emperor and sending him yearly tributes. The last of the great *shoguns* were of the Tokugawa clan and the little princess who has married the second brother of the present Emperor is a descendant of that family.

We reached the Imperial Hotel, the most comfortable in Japan, after dark. One of the nicest things in all the Orient is that you are not expected to dine before eight-thirty—the Far East is no place for those who feel that they must have dinner at six. We were going that night to the Maple Leaf Club, a delightful old house lost in an equally old garden, lying beyond the tall trees that rise back of the temples in Shiba Park, a place which has remained long unchanged, except for the addition of electric light. One can only wonder why these people, who have always kept their lights behind paper, in lanterns and on walls, should now put one large electric globe, with a curling glass shade, in the exact centre of each room.

As you enter the courtyard the *shoji* is pushed noiselessly back and, bowing to the floor, are a number of girls in delightful costumes, with amber pins in their elaborate hair arrangement. Beyond is room after room, polished floors, piles of floor cushions and sliding doors of fragile wood and paper or of lacquer,

beautifully painted, which are very old and worthy of being preserved in a museum.

Removing our shoes, we passed through many halls to a room that was open on three sides to the garden—a garden where ancient stone lanterns stood, twisting pines were etched against the lights and great braziers of charcoal flamed to the sky. We were then seated, each on a pile of old brocade cushions, the table being only a few inches high, while the long and elaborate dinner was served entirely on old lacquer. After the soup had been brought, the girls who were later to dance entered, as well as those who played the musical instruments. Food and whatever entertainment one wishes must be ordered here at least a week ahead.

One might write chapter after chapter on the extraordinary beauty of the costumes of these dancers. In so many countries costumes are only for effect and on close examination are tawdry and cheap. Here the silks and brocades of all the robes are elaborate and lovely beyond description, while some are priceless heirlooms costing thousands of dollars—one reason why it is expensive to see Japanese dancing.

The play told a story of the spider woman and of a prince, who was seen first in conversation with his retainers. The color and posing against the gold screen of the background was a series of beautiful prints, so alive that the explanation, given in high sing-song voices, was unnecessary.

A servant, kneeling, slides back the *shoji*, placing her



The Fox Woman

hand at the very bottom of the door, and a princess in gorgeous robes and a headdress of jewels and lacquer is seen standing in the entrance; as the prince turns, she enters. After much conversation she offers him her love, which he refuses. Without being told in words, you understand her anger by the way she raises her head and stiffens her body. Slowly she raises her hands, throwing them back until they are even with her shoulders and, from the palm of the hands, slowly moves a spider-web, spreading as it approaches the prince. Neither then, as I watched it, nor since have I been able to know how it was done—it was a silver, floating substance that wound itself about the prince, holding his arms to his sides. The art of illusion is back of all these plays and—while I was breathless, trying to find some logical explanation of it—screens were moved quickly in front of the actors and it was finished.

The belief in the spider woman and the fox woman is the foundation of many of these plays, as well as stories and paintings; it is the return of the spirits of these animals, with the power to take human shape, sometimes for good, again for evil—China has the same beliefs. Another form of the legend is the story of Yuki-Anna, the White One, who is the spirit of ice; she leans above her victims and just before dying they see her white face, with hair and robes of green ice.

These dances, which are really not dances but one act plays, are perhaps not of great interest to one who is seeing them for the first time. One should have a

certain knowledge of the beliefs and legends that form the background on which they are woven.

As we left, *geisha* kneeling at the entrance, the night seemed holding its breath and it needed little imagination to believe that the whole evening had been an illusion and that if one looked back it would all vanish.

In the morning we motored around the Imperial Palace, which is surrounded by a moat and adds greatly to the attractiveness of Tokyo. Then on to Ueno Park. Its entrance is spoiled by a very ugly modern gateway but after climbing the steps you find great charm beyond. Avenues of cherry trees bloom here in the spring and there are lotus flowers in August, their pink buds rising high above the leaves. Further on is a small shrine to the fox god; then the path climbs up, under trees of great age, to where a calm Buddha sits; there is also here a little shrine dedicated to the souls of dead dolls, for dolls that are greatly beloved do have souls.

The glory of the old temples in Ueno Park is only a memory but the story of their founding is interesting. When Tokyo became the capital, Ueno was directly north of the palace and therefore it was regarded as the most unlucky of all locations. It was given the name of Kimon, or Demon's Gate, and the *shoguns* decided to erect Buddhist temples there, with the purpose of warding off all evil influences. So in 1625 they were built, eclipsing all others in splendor. A son of the Mikado was always kept in these temples so that if

the Emperor became too strong and threatened the power of the *shoguns* this son could be placed on the throne instead. Wars and earthquakes began the destruction of the buildings and modern civilization has completed the ruin of what was once a place of dream beauty, where temple bells sounded through the quiet.

There is an avenue of stone lanterns, leading to a small temple and an open platform on which are performed, in festival time, the "No" dances, while beyond is a new art gallery and far back—where few go—are the tombs of some of the *shoguns*. I have often gone there. The great gates are closed and dust is piled high across the entrance, but if you follow the wall a priest will open the small door at the side. Only dreams are here—the flowers blossom, fall and become dust, and there is a legend that the spirits of the great lords return and pass above the stones with which the court is paved. On this day, as I walked along, great moths, black and white with wings banded by yellow, rested on the trees or floated in the still air; the belief is that the souls of the dead do return, as moths, to visit again the places they loved so long ago.

We went on to Asakusa, where you must leave your car or rickshaw and walk up the short, paved street, with little shops on either side. It is called the street of the *geisha* and everything they use is for sale here, while there are also dolls, old and new, porcelains, hot beans and nuts, toys, candy and, if you are not in a hurry, delightful native restaurants back of the one-

story shops. They are very old, unchanged since the time when everything—from lanterns to windows—was made for beauty. Sometimes there is a circus here, where good tight-rope walkers and acrobats are seen.

At the end of this street is one of the oldest shrines, built to Kwannon so long ago that no one knows its beginning. Again and again flames have swept to its entrance, but the temple has always been unharmed. Great stone lanterns tower in the courtyard and tables are all about under umbrellas, where every kind of food is for sale; at one side there is a prayer wheel, always being turned by someone who is asking guidance. Endless pigeons walk about, perfectly tame, or fly to rest on the lanterns or return for dishes of grain bought at the stalls and offered to them.

The sun of a cloudless day flooded everything as I stopped to watch some children who were playing at funerals, burying butterflies and cicadæ and repeating Buddhist texts over them. Tomorrow they could not do this, for it would be the first day of the festival of the dead and it is forbidden by law to injure insects during the three days of this festival, especially cicadæ because on their heads is a red character that is said to be the name of someone who is dead.

All children play at death—to them it is only a going away, with the knowledge of a later return—and Orientals approach it from an angle that is different from ours; there is no thought of ceasing to exist since,

being Buddhist, they are taught from earliest childhood the ghostliness of all material things, that they have lived hundreds of times before and that one life to another is but as one day to another—only in a larger way.

In Japan today automobiles are almost always used in place of rickshaws and this change has made a great difference to the traveler. Formerly, the man who drew a rickshaw belonged to an honored class; his occupation, like so many others, was handed down from father to son and those who came in touch with foreigners soon learned enough English to understand not only what was said to them but to explain the stories and legends of the various places visited. They took great pride in telling these legends and, if they saw that you were interested, would take you to see things and places which were off the beaten track. Many of my best remembered experiences were found in this way.

You can still find any number of rickshaw men and sometimes they will take you to unusual places, or tell you the old legends of the temples you visit, but now they feel that it would be "losing face" to lower their very high prices. Therefore—being in a city where "one yen taxis" are thicker than the traffic on Fifth Avenue—you usually pass by the rickshaw men, who sit hoping for a passenger, and wait on the corner where a continual stream of every kind of motor passes, dis-

playing their "for hire" signs. When you see one of a kind you like, you stop it and get in—then your annoyances begin.

The driver is very modern and can drive a car well but he would consider it beneath his dignity to know anything of the history of the city he was born in, even if he knew English enough to explain it to you—which he does not. Sometimes, if one knows a few words of Japanese and can pronounce the names of the places one wishes to go, one may arrive there; usually you find yourself some place you have never heard of and do not wish to see. Then, after losing your temper, there is nothing to do but return to the starting point.

The Japanese examinations for a driving license are the most severe of any country so your chauffeur is almost sure to be an excellent driver but, so far as I have been able to find out, he knows nothing else. The best thing to do, when you start out in the morning, is to tell someone at the desk of your hotel the places you wish to go—write them in English and the clerk will put the Japanese characters underneath and then explain to your driver the best way to go.

This morning we had decided to visit the tombs in Shiba Park and those of the forty-seven *ronins*. The shrines to dead *shoguns* in Shiba Park are beautiful enclosures, sleeping beyond old, grey walls, over which the long fingers of distorted pines sweep down.

It is unfortunate that the main gate has been closed, for the greatest charm in the days that are no more

was when, entering the red lacquer gate, you could look through a courtyard of towering stone lanterns and numerous lesser gates, through courts filled with bronze lanterns and small, brilliant shrines, and on to the main temples. The finish of these temples is as beautiful as any small piece of damascene; cryptomerias tower above them, only allowing the sun to enter in small, slanting beams here and there.

Priests with white robes and shaven heads pass quietly within the temples; incense rises and the prayers of the few who come and go is a continuous low murmur of sound, like the distant noises of the street.

The inside of the temple is shaded by beautiful *shoji*, covered with the finest of hand-made paper, as well as by screens of fine bamboo tied with great red cords. The light comes softly through and on the altar temple lamps are burning dimly. The walls and the door are of gold and black lacquer and at first it seems there is very little color but as you raise your eyes to the ceiling you find the beams and the spaces between them covered with some of the best design and color to be seen anywhere in Japan. Beyond each group of temples is a tomb, the tomb of one of the *shoguns*. For more than a century they have slept here, yet the quiet trees above them were aged when they were young.

A short distance beyond the enclosure of Shiba Park are the tombs of the forty-seven *ronins*—an extraordinary example of an event which is as alive today

as at the time when these men sacrificed themselves for the honor of their prince. The entrance, cold and grey, is between two houses on a main street, where street-cars and motors rush by and market men are selling their wares; the gate, which is always open, is small and unimportant but there is a strange hush just beyond it. The trees are so ancient that they seem to bend over the path with fatigue; in the spring cherry blossoms—the flower of the soldiers—appear among them, and maples flame in the fall, but once, the loveliest time of all, I saw them deep in falling snow—there had been no breeze and the snow was piled high on every smallest branch.

Through a second gate and in a small yard there is an absolutely plain, wooden building. You enter it reverently for here are the clothes, armor, swords—everything which belonged to these forty-seven men.

Passing through another gate, where incense is for sale, you climb up rough, stone steps, worn smooth in the centre; at the top, in the smallest possible space, are the graves, touching one another in a square. On every grave, great bundles of incense always burn and the mists of smoke, rising, rest among the towering trees, while the graves are heaped with the visiting cards of those who have come to pay homage here.

This is the story of the *ronins'* death: *Samurais* were officers under the feudal lords—a very noble class, holding honor above all else, while a ronin was a samurai who had given up everything, even family and

friends, to become a wanderer and fulfill a certain mission. Early in the eighteenth century a feudal lord, Asano Takumi no Kami, was offered so great an insult by Kiro Kotsuke no Suki that—after the death of their leader—the forty-seven retainers of Asano became wanderers in order to avenge his honor. To avert suspicion from their plans they acted in such a manner as to merit contempt not only from their enemies but from their families and friends. Then, at night, they went to the palace of Kiro Kotsuke no Suki and murdered him and his family. Cutting off his head, they carried it to the grave of their lord and, after washing it, laid it on his tomb as an offering. Having done this, the entire forty-seven then committed suicide.

This small enclosure does not give an impression of age or of something from the past, but rather it is a living hour of history that might have happened yesterday. Each year, from April 6th to May 5th, the entire city comes here to pray; in the shops leading up to the entrance posters, novels and cards, giving the story of this event, are for sale, and every soldier, before leaving Tokyo, comes to ask for the guidance of those who sleep here.

Returning, we took the road back of the Shiba shrines instead of the way we had come and crossed a lotus pond to see a small temple dedicated to the fox god. As we came back over the old wooden bridge a Buddhist funeral came from among the tall trees, and all its color and movement, with the grey hills as

a background, was breath-taking. Anywhere else it would have been extraordinary but here, in such a perfect setting, it seemed to be some procession of the gods.

A Shinto funeral or shrine has no color—white lanterns, flowers and banners, with everything else of unpainted wood; seen at a distance, or silhouetted in the mist, it is unreal, ghostly. A Buddhist funeral, on the contrary, is brilliant beyond belief and this one was longer and more remarkable than any I have ever seen. We waited more than an hour on the bridge before it had passed, a pageant of beauty never to be forgotten.

There were more than thirty priests, murmuring prayers for the dead as they passed. Servants, wearing blue costumes with the family crest on them in white, formed a long procession, carrying on their shoulders all the favorite belongings of the dead statesman—lacquer chests, ornamented with his crest and tied with heavy cords of gold, chairs of beautiful lacquer, with cushions of brocade, resting on red stands which were supported by long red poles. Others bore offerings of paper flowers, some of which were lotus of gold and silver, which towered above the men who held them.

Next came cages of woven bamboo, resting on bases and poles of red lacquer and extending as much as twelve or fifteen feet above the shoulders of those who carried them. They were filled with doves whose fluttering and cooing was the only sound, except that of

the passing feet, to break the quiet. Fastened at the top of these cages were long branches of hollyhocks, woven on wires so that they formed a flat, circular crown of many colored flowers. At the cemetery these cages are opened and the birds rise, to be lost in the clouds. In this manner the spirit of the dead is freed and carried on wings into the great peace beyond.

CHAPTER II—THE "O BON"

LATE ONE EVENING WE WERE walking from the hotel to the Ginza, Tokyo's main street. The principal shops were closed but the small ones, selling lacquer, lanterns and many other charming things, remain open late and, even in this city which is rushing to be modern, the wares of countless merchants are spread out along the pavements for blocks, so close together that they touch each other. It is not so many years ago that I bought really good bronze, lacquer, brass or pewter here—now one seldom finds anything of value, but it is amusing. Everything to supply the needs of the surging crowds can be bought, rabbits, chickens, chopsticks, rubber stamps, towels and hot cakes.

We went on beyond the end of the Ginza, to where its pavement stops, and seeing an illuminated street in the distance we knew that it meant some kind of a fair; coming to the lights, we saw that it was the beginning of the "market of the dead" which is held the night before the *O Bon*. Although this *Bon-matsuri*, festival of the dead, is celebrated in the large cities on the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth of July, according to the new calendar, in the villages where the ancient calendar is still used it is a month later. The *Bon Ichi*,

market of the dead, at which everything necessary for the festival is sold, is held on the twelfth.

On this night the street was so filled with people that it was impossible to have any individual wish; one could only move slowly forward in the general direction that all were going. The narrow street was blazing with light—lanterns, street signs and the moon above, while continuous along both sides were shops and, on the pavement, endless wares were being displayed on strips of matting.

The road turned and twisted up a hill to where a great temple was brilliant with light, for this was the day of *Yakushi-Nyorai*, a festival to the Physician of Souls.

Many were making purchases, others moving slowly towards the temple to offer prayers for the dead. Sometimes there were strange cries but mostly it was a smiling, good-natured crowd, robed in grey and blue, with spotless white *tabi*, young and old balancing on wooden clogs. Above the murmuring voices which, rising and falling, formed an unending accompaniment to the click of the *geta*, the merchants were heard calling their wares.

Every type of lantern was for sale. Round white ones without decoration, the tops and bottoms of unpainted wood—these are for the cemeteries. Small square ones for the spirits to enter. Larger, many-sided ones to hang in the gardens—these painted with lotus flowers, while from the bottoms float long

streamers of paper or tassels that are woven of rice grains. Other lanterns of gauze so thin that I could not believe they were made by man; they seemed rather to be the spirits of the flowers painted on them, taking form for an instant before floating away.

Here fresh white mats woven of rice straw are for sale, to be used on altars and shrines, and many strange shapes, also of straw—small horses for the spirits of the dead to ride and oxen who will draw their burdens, weird frogs which croak when they are squeezed and dogs and cats for the dead children to play with.

A little farther on are all the little dishes of unglazed porcelain or unpainted wood—teapots and serving plates, small as the doll dishes of children, for the ghostly food.

Now, at the turn, were the most lovely shops of all. Here there are wonderful lotus blossoms, gathered from the pools among the rice fields and brought while the early dew is still fresh on their buds and blossoms. They are for offerings at the temple, or to be placed before the household shrine. The lotus, flower of Buddha, represents perfect truth and wisdom; it is believed to carry prayers to the beloved dead and the offerings of food are wrapped in its leaves.

Beyond the street of the market, people, having made their purchases, were moving up the hill; the moon was high above, throwing the roofs of the temple into sharp silhouettes. The air was heavy with incense, the perfume of flowers and the murmur of the crowds,

a quiet sound yet constant as the voice of the ocean on a still night. Some carried round lanterns of plain white gauze, the offerings for those who have died during the last year.

Coming to the temple entrance, I stood watching the people. Priests sat within and the altar, on which many lights were burning, was partly obscured by the clouds of incense. I had the impression that the crowds flowed by like a slow and very still river; silent figures paused for a moment, clasped their hands and bowed in prayer, then turned and were lost in the throng again. It was something continuous which came out of the night, to return into its shadows—not a multitude of separate prayers to Buddha but a whole nation offering homage to their supreme ruler.

Early on the morning of the thirteenth new mats of rice straw are placed in all Buddhist shrines, which are then decorated with the branches and flowers of certain trees. In front is placed a small table of unvarnished wood on which, in tiny dishes, is arranged the food for the dead and chopsticks with which to eat it.

The food is of many kinds—boiled rice, a form of vermicelli, small dumplings, eggplant, sometimes peaches and plums and often cake but never fish or meat; there is fresh, clear water to drink, never wine. Often the food is "*O-sho-jiu-gu*" (honorable uncooked food), at other times "*O-no-gu*" (honorable cooked food); it varies in different places.

Sometime during the day a priest visits each house

and prays, kneeling before the household shrine, for those who have gone far beyond the sea. Incense is kept burning on the altar and every hour fresh tea is offered there.

At sunset on this first day of the *O Bon* lanterns are lit, welcoming fires placed on the seashore and along all the waterways, while on the hills one hundred and eight fires are lit, this number having a Buddhist significance. (At twilight, in the villages and country, blazing torches of pine boughs are still placed before each house to guide the way of those silent guests who come from over the sea.)

In Tokyo, on the first day of this festival, there is the most brilliant ceremony of the year; it is called the "Opening of the River" by Europeans and they say that forty or fifty thousand people gather to watch it, in boats or in the tea houses which line the bank of the Sumida Gawa. You must order your boat or place in a restaurant days ahead and go early.

We had a delightful room, high enough to see in every direction, and from our balcony we could look far up and down the river. The tea house was one of the oldest and most delightful I have seen; fortunately it was too far out of the city to have gone down in the earthquake, as so many beautiful ones did. Thousands of lanterns hung from all the roofs, row above row, and great strings of them ran up the telegraph poles; the bridge, with its myriad lights, was like interwoven fire.



A River Festival

As the red ball of the sun reached the horizon and the sky turned blue, boats came from both up and down the river—they were even gayer than the shore, if that were possible. Every imaginable form of decoration had been used and lanterns of every hue, large and small, were so thick that they formed a tapestry of light as far as one could see.

In the tea house, Japanese food was served on dishes and lacquer as old and beautiful as the place itself. It was scarcely dark when the full moon appeared beyond the lights and then the fireworks began—elaborate figures which one never sees anywhere but in the Orient.

This festival has become only a brilliant spectacle but long ago it was one of the important *O Bon* ceremonies and people went out on the water to offer prayers for those who had been drowned. It is said that—in those days—the boats were gorgeous, formed like dragons and birds, and, with the equally marvelous costumes, made a scene of beauty which cannot even be imagined today.

For years I had spent much time trying to get information concerning this *O Bon*, Festival of the Dead. The Japanese will not tell you anything about their old beliefs, festivals and ceremonies, for they feel that these things are not modern and therefore should be concealed. Yet this festival is observed in some form by everyone, poor or rich.

Quite by chance I happened to meet a student who, although Japanese, had lived so many years among foreigners that he could approach a subject from opposite angles and see both sides clearly. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that in a certain village on the sea, three hours away by train, I could see the spirit lights put on the water in celebration of the *O Bon*. These lighted boats have been forbidden in the large seaports because the Japanese claim that they are dangerous to the shipping—which is quite absurd—and to see them now one must travel far, into the small villages.

Early on the afternoon of the fifteenth, the third day of the *O Bon*, we started for the village where a river ran to the sea and where they were to put the boats on the water. We arrived just before sunset and, walking through the village to the sea, met many people returning and were afraid that we might be too late. However, we found that this was only the end of a day of sports and games and that what we wanted to see would come later.

Reaching the river, we took a flat-bottomed junk and were poled up and down; just before it grew dark many people appeared with lighted lanterns, crossing and recrossing the bridge. (There is a law all through Japan that a crowd can never remain standing on a bridge since at one of these festivals a bridge, on which many people were gathered motionless, collapsed, killing more than two hundred.) This bridge was one of

the very old and beautiful wooden structures, so few of which are left.

Now, as far up the river as I could see and all along the shore, came boats, softly glowing and hung with pale yellow lanterns. Then from each boat came a flood of spirit lights—as fast as several people in every craft could light them, they were put on the water. These spirit lamps vary in shape and kind but here they were made of a square of wood, perhaps eight inches across, with four uprights and covered with pale, yellowish paper; inside is placed a lighted candle. The softly flowing river carried them to the sea, where the moon came to meet this stream of light—called *Hotoke-umi*, the "Buddha Flood"—which carries the souls of the dead far beyond the sea.

In Nagasaki and, I believe, nowhere else unless perhaps far out on the west coast, this old festival has been celebrated without change for hundreds of years. There, as night comes softly over the sea, people come from the hills, to be joined by others at every turn, carrying on their heads beautifully shaped, lighted junks, very small but perfect in every detail. As this procession, quietly and with no word spoken, comes to the sea, each one in turn places his small boat upon the water and in these boats the returned spirits go out beyond the sun and moon to the nether distant land.

Many have told me that the festivals of Japan were a thing of the past and they are, of course, less observed in the large cities but every part of this festival

still takes place. One must know where and when and for what to look, however, or you may miss a beautiful ceremony that is being celebrated only a short distance away, or not recognize the significance of what you do see.

Wishing to see the *O Bon* in the country, I went to Nikko in August. Early on the morning of the thirteenth one of my Japanese friends sent word that if I would come at once he would show me the beginning of the festival; when I arrived at his shop on the main street he asked me to wait but said:

"If you will watch you will see many people going up those steps across the way—they are going to the cemetery which is just beyond."

Many people, mostly women and young girls, came down the street, passed, and mounted the old, old steps, worn deep in the centre from the passing of unnumbered feet. They all carried flowers and a package in which were small dishes, food and the spirit lantern. Soon we too went up the steps; a turn at the top and we were in a cemetery so old that this life seemed but a day—between the rising and setting of the sun—and the teaching of Buddhism appeared true, "that life is but a momentary halt upon an infinite journey, the universe but an illusion and a dream; that all things which exist must perish, even the Sun, Moon and Sakra himself."

It was almost dark under the towering cryptomerias, the sun coming through only in small patches and mak-

ing a half light, strangely weird and full of ghostly shadows. As far as I could see there were tombs; back, back they reached in this grey-green gloom, so many were those who slept here in this silent land.

Some of the tombs were new, others so ancient that—time having wrapped them in a soft blanket of moss—they were slipping back into the earth and soon nothing would be left to mark the passing of those who had lived in the countless years gone by. Among the tombs were long, thin tablets of wood, hundreds and hundreds of them, ten feet high and three inches across—many were new but others grey as the shadows. They are *So-to-ba* and on each side are Chinese inscriptions; one side always reads: "To promote Buddhahood," while on the other is the name and beneath it an inscription. One tablet is placed in the ground at the same time as the monument, then one every seven days for seven times, also one at the end of a hundred days, one in three years and then others at certain intervals for one hundred years.

It being the time of the *O Bon*, the white lanterns of the dead swayed on long, slender bamboo poles. They seemed to float, round white bubbles, taking form for a moment, before they joined the morning mists which still clung to the tree tops. Great bundles of incense smouldered, rising in streams of fragrant smoke, while all about moved shadowy people, silently placing dishes of food and water, arranging flowers or kneeling in prayer and, when all was prepared, light-

ing the small spirit lantern into which the returning soul enters. This lantern is then carried to the household shrine where the light must not be allowed to go out until it is returned on the third day. Silently they came and went, a continual stream, even their wooden clogs noiseless on the damp earth.

Among the tombs were many strange shapes; here and there statues of Jizo, the god of little children's ghosts, to whom all mothers pray, and, guarding all, the lions of Buddha—the male, with yawning jaws, the female, with closed mouth. It was a haunted land, full of shadow shapes.

In all the temples, at sunset on the fifteenth, offerings called *Segaki* are made by the priests to those spirits who have no living friends to care for them. These offerings are very small but unless food and prayer are given the souls must float forever in the mist, be carried by the wind and swirl in the flowing water.

On this night all the shadowy ghosts return across the waters and no one would venture out in a small boat at that time, the ocean being kept clear for the Buddha Flood, the tide of returning ghosts. If you listen on this night you will hear the low voices of the returning spirits whispering together. Should you be out late on the water the dead rise tall about you, reach out long, thin hands and cry "*Togo-o-kumi*" (a bucket honorably give). You must never refuse them but the bottom of the bucket must be taken out or they will fill and sink the boat.

Strange and weird are the beliefs concerning those who are drowned. Some say that they never go to the Meido but are forever in the flowing currents and changing tides, that they swirl in the wake of boats and you can see their long bodies in the hollow of the waves, their white hands beckoning in the swirling foam.

On the last night of the *O Bon*, the *Bon Odori*, the dance of ghosts, is performed all over Japan, sometimes by *geisha*, the most celebrated often taking part, sometimes in temple enclosures, but more often along a country road or in the harvest fields, under the full moon. The meaning is this:

"Dai-Mokenson was a great disciple of Buddha and when he had obtained the Six Supernatural Powers he was able to see the soul of his mother in the Gakido, the place where spirits are doomed to suffer hunger in expiation of faults committed in a former life. When Mokenson saw how much his mother suffered he sent her a bowl of choice food but when she tried to eat it, it turned to fire. Then Mokenson asked how he might bring relief to his mother and was told that if—on the fifteenth day of the seventh moon—he would feed the ghosts of those priests who were in the land of the Gakido, his mother would be relieved. When Mokenson had done so he found that his mother was freed from the state of *gaki* and saw her dancing for joy. This is the origin of the dances, called the

Bon Odori, which are danced all over Japan on the night of the fifteenth of July."

After being repeatedly told that there would not be a performance of this dance, I received at ten-thirty that night a note saying that if I wished I could be taken to where the dancing was to be. It was after eleven as we sped down the old Tokaido road, beneath the interwoven branches of the cryptomerias. Beyond the road a full moon was floating above the rice fields and flinging distorted shadows across our path, while now and then there was a breath of fragrant incense; the pad, pad of the bare feet of our running coolies and the whirl of the rickshaw wheels were all that broke the silence. Suddenly I became conscious of a new sound, far away but coming gradually nearer—a measured beat, yet with a certain rhythm. As we approached I recognized it as a clapping of hands, punctuated by the tapping of a muffled wooden drum.

The sound was stronger now and suddenly we were in an open space, among the trees and at the edge of the dancers. In the centre sat a girl, tapping a huge drum—one, two; one, two, three—and circling in a slow, measured glide, were perhaps a hundred figures, dancing the *Bon Odori*. In absolute rhythm, they moved as one person. Two glides forward without lifting the feet, both hands to the right, a slow obeisance to the left, three short steps backward with hands to the left, a slow, very slow, inclination of the head to the right; now one step forward, a quick up-

ward lifting of the arms to the right, then a slow downward movement to the left, making a strange motion of the sleeves, suggesting the downward sweep of birds. There was no sound but the tap of the drum and a weird chanting in a low monotone. The bending, swaying figures, hands raised to the moon and then turned to the earth, were gliding in a never-ending circle.

At first I was conscious of the beat of the drum, the clapping of hands and the low chanting, each as a separate and unrelated sensation, then little by little the sounds and sensations merged into one rhythm with a strange fascination; the supple bodies, floating sleeves and slender hands were one and were weaving a spell of enchantment. Time had ceased to exist and I was drawn back to a long-forgotten past, back so far that this uncanny sensation must have come from the very beginning of life, the primitive time when homage was paid to the gods of the sun, the moon and stars, with a simplicity that was one with nature. It was a rhythm of motion, so haunting that one feels but cannot understand. I seemed to become a part of these shadowy people—surely the dancers were not of today but were made visible for that one night. My only desire was to be one with this intangible sensation and remain long enough to have some understanding of its significance.

For hours the dance of souls continued; new dancers arrived, while others slipped into the shadows for

rest, but there was never a break in the flowing circle. The moon mounted high and the land was wrapped in a silver glory, with very black shadows. Surely these grey floating shapes were really the spirits of those who had lived and loved and danced before they had passed beyond the curtain of stars, to return again and again—as they shall return for untold generations.

As the sun was beginning to lighten the night we returned to Nikko, leaving the ghost music still beating below the shadowed trees; the smoke from morning fires was already rising. I realized that it was only the surface of Japan which was changing.

Stone buildings, factories, trains and steamships had been built at its entrance to deceive the world but underneath old Japan was still the same, treasured in the hearts and homes of the people, and would continue to endure.

In Osaka, on a day during the last week of August, occurs one of the most interesting and unusual festivals of the dead, which in its mystic symbolism revives the beauty of long past centuries. It is to commemorate that exiled Prince Nichizane, whose story is retold as it has been preserved for a thousand years—scenes of his life are enacted in an open air theatre by those devoted to his memory, who each year perform religious services for the repose of his soul.

Broad stone steps lead from the water's edge under a huge *torii* and continue up to a temple on the hill,

where since early morning busy workers have been hanging lanterns—hundreds of them, in curious shapes and sizes—in circles and curves. They swing in sweeping lines up to the peaks of the temple roofs; they appear among the trees, high above the paths.

As the day turns to twilight, these curious shapes of light glow like hundreds of moons, and down the steps, from out the temple and from all the little side streets come the people. Down through the great *torii* they pass to the water's edge, at the place on the Dojima-Gawa where Nichizane sorrowfully left the shore, banished by his emperor. Now boats of all sizes approach—large flat barges, small boats—every kind of craft but all brilliant in color and covered with lanterns; they stretch as far up the river as one can see, spreading fan-shape and reaching to the other shore and down to the mouth of the harbor, a gorgeous tapestry of color. The wind sways the lanterns, as the boats move slowly in and out, while light and shade are magically intermingled on the slowly moving river. Now streams of people in every type of costume, strange and fantastic, with extraordinary head-dresses, enter the boats.

From the temple is brought the *mikoshi*, the spirit palanquin, carried on the shoulders of many priests in yellow, and, as it appears and is held high at the temple entrance, a fantastic figure in brilliant robes advances on horseback, wearing the mask of a *tengu*—that devil whose face is red and who has a long

nose—and comes down the steps to the edge of the river, where he announces that all is well. This messenger is assisted into a waiting boat, symbolizing the warding off of all evil, and as he steps from the shore the yellow and black lanterns on his boat burst into light; then those of red and white, which cover the roof and are held up by countless bamboo branches, are illuminated and glow among the feathery leaves.

Following the *tengu* are many *geisha* in their elaborate robes and gorgeous hair arrangements—survivals of long ago. They are the messengers of the gods and are followed by lantern bearers, hundreds of them, carrying yellow lanterns swaying on very long bamboo poles. As they enter boats, the drummers approach, wearing—above their extraordinary costumes—strange, high red hats, made in such a way that the material floats out at the back. They form two rows, while in the centre is carried a huge drum; one row of the beaters throw their heads forward, striking the drum in unison, while at the same time those on the other side throw their heads back and this movement—repeated at regular intervals—gives a strange weaving rhythm to their bodies and headdresses, accentuating the beats of the drum.

Then come many standard bearers and others carrying offerings; reaching the water they all enter boats and are poled quickly away. Now the spirit palanquin, which has been waiting, is brought slowly down. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, the top a gold

phoenix with spreading, jeweled wings and tail glistening in the lantern light, and as it is carried through the waiting masses of people on the shore it glows and changes color in the light of the flaring torches held by the attendants. A low chant is intoned by those bearing the shrine, as it is carried among the crowd, accompanied by myriad hands clapping in unison, and when it is placed on the boat waiting to receive this sacred object a great shout goes up from the multitude. As it moves out from the steps all the other boats surround it and together they move across the harbor, leaving only long streams of light—piercing deep into the water—from the countless lanterns, while above a full moon is painting the world with silver.

Not until the long, grey fingers of dawn are pulling out the stars, do the returning boats come from the mist which hangs low over the water. As they reach the landing, the first to mount the steps are white-robed Shinto priests, playing on reed pipes; then the spirit shrine is carried up and, as it enters the temple, the carriage of Nichizane is brought from one of the boats, followed by a black ox. All about a weird religious chant comes from temple instruments. As the last of the procession enters the temple gate the waiting people turn away and are soon lost in the dust of everyday existence, of smoke, factories and all the work of a rushing, modern city.

CHAPTER III—NIKKO

LEAVING TOKYO FOR NIKKO, you follow the boulevard that passes the Imperial Hotel and runs almost direct to the station at Ueno Park. Very broad, it sweeps between the Imperial Theatre, on the right, and the entrance to the Imperial Palaces, surrounded by the old moat, walls and pines, on the left. Then, widening, it passes the government buildings, banks and business offices. This avenue is as beautiful as any in Europe or America and yet only a block away in any direction is the old Japan—houses, shops, streets, all unchanged. You can find anything you wish in this city, old or new, ugly or charming.

Unless it is to save time, or for some other imperative reason, it is more comfortable, as well as more interesting, to travel through Japan by day, rather than by night. This short trip to Nikko is delightful, through villages with houses roofed in thatch, past streams tumbling down to turn water-wheels and dashing on under old bridges or spreading laughingly among the rice fields which cover all the flat country of Japan or in some places climb the hills. Lotus were in bloom and the landscape was the most peculiar I have ever

seen, a tapestry of color reaching from hill to hill into the distance. The rice fields, with their surrounding raised paths, are of all shapes and sizes fitted together, bordered on the edges by the flame-colored lilies of death, which no Japanese will ever pick. Here and there were great ponds of the lotus, their leaves higher than the raised paths, and their pink flowers, swaying on long stems, the highest of all. Beyond were the blue hills, wrapped in mist.

The workers in the fields are only moving shadows, unchanged since the beginning of time; they are weavers of the tapestry of life, as were all those who have gone before. They have tilled their fields, grown old and returned into the earth, to be followed by their sons and the sons of their sons, for only the force beyond the shadows is real. Phantom follows phantom, unchanging, yet out of their faith and love is born that which does endure; death conquers the shadow workers yet always they return—a symbol of which they know not the meaning, carrying on a faith which in the end brings them to Nirvana.

A short distance before reaching Nikko the train passes along five miles of the Tokaido, all that remains of that old road. It is full of ruts, and carts with wooden wheels of an ancient pattern bump over it, while the straw hats and blue clothes of the men and women who come and go along it, always changing yet always the same, might have stepped from one of the prints of a long vanished age. For a moment one can

reconstruct the time—deep in the past, when this was a great avenue, spreading far over the country.

The town of Nikko is only a gateway to the temples but its history is interesting. In early times it was avoided because malignant spirits, living in caverns beneath the mountains, sent down fierce storms, whipping the river into huge walls of water which swept over the valleys, leaving only destruction behind. A Buddhist priest, Shodo-Shonin, dreamed of the mountain Nantai-zan and, while on a pilgrimage in search of it, came to the river which now divides Nikko and was unable to cross. He could talk to the birds and animals and presently there came to him a dragon, asking why he wished to cross the river. After he had explained the dragon entered a very small shrine (which still stands there) and presently the god of that shrine appeared, holding a dragon in each of his hands, one red and one blue. Placing them on the bank, he told them to form a bridge over the river; they stretched themselves across, about two feet apart, and the space between them was immediately filled with soft green grass, on which the saint crossed to the opposite shore—then god and dragons disappeared. Shodo-Shonin continued his journey into the mountains, returning later to build a temple, dedicated to the four dragons that rule over these mountains. Since that time there have been no more of the fierce, destructive storms which formerly swept down from the hills. The red

lacquer bridge that now crosses the river was built on the same spot years later.

Architecturally, the temples of Tennoji and Horyouji, at Osaka and Nara, are said to be the most perfect. Perhaps, but I agree with the Japanese that the temples of Nikko, sheltered by towering cryptomerias, are the most beautiful and that "If you miss everything else, these you must see." Their carving and over-ornamentation is so great that the final effect is simple—they are dreams formed of color and gold. Long ago they may have been too bright but the fingers of time, brushing here and there, have made this now a place of quiet beauty.

The temples stand below giant trees, so tall that the sun comes through only at noon and then in narrow, golden shafts of light—arrows shooting down to touch bits of carving here and there into more brilliant color. The sun had gone down and twilight had deepened the shadows when I crossed the river to the temples. The moon was rising and the night mingled silver stars with the blueness of early evening. As I mounted the old path, leading up under the towering *torii*, countless fireflies darted past, crossing the darkness under the trees with threads of fire, while strange shapes of flowers were dimly seen, looking like festoons of white stars.

Above the temples the great, overhanging eaves loom ghostly, sending down very black shadows with sharp edges, out of which glare the eyes and horns of

golden dragons. The long, silver fingers of the moon weave elfin shapes among the carvings, hanging lace-work in the trees and across the pavements; priests glide through the incense-laden air. It is a haunted land of shadows.

The great bells that speak in the day are silent but there are little bells with tongues under the roofs and as the wind blows softly they sway to and fro and the air is filled with music, faint and sweet. Far away is the murmur of the river, like the sound of summer seas, rising and falling.

The gold roof of the pagoda rises above the trees, catching the light of the full moon. The walls of today fall back and the night is aflame with marvels; in the moon magic, dead centuries live. Surely in the quiet I hear the tramp of ghostly, sandaled feet, the rhythmical tread of their approach, the swish of brocaded robes and the chant of priests intoning a ritual—a murmur out of the past. Again the gorgeous processions of *shoguns* and *daimyos*, mail clad *samurai* and nobles carried in palanquins of gold, are winding up under these trees, climbing the terraces and offering gifts of great splendor to the temple.

Early in the morning I went to Chuzenji, which is about eight miles from Nikko. The road crosses the river, circles the hills and rises gradually, passing, almost all of the way, through trees. Waterfalls rush down and one of them, Dragon Head, is very beautiful.

At the end of the road there is a lake with a hotel, a good place to spend a summer. Many cottages are scattered here and there and, across the water, towers the mountain, Nantai-zan.

During the night thousands of pilgrims will climb to the summit of Nantai-zan; all day they have been coming, singly or in groups, a continual procession—all dressed alike, with white clothes and leggings, wide hats and sandals of straw, each carrying a bundle wrapped in white and a staff of unpainted wood. When the sun has passed below the topmost peak these quietly moving, white pilgrims will emerge from all the paths, from the woods and the hills. The effect is extraordinary. Had they worn colored clothes it could not have been the same; twilight comes quickly here in the valley and the white-robed people are like moving ghosts coming from the shadows—they seem the spirits of the trees and the earth passing silently through the night to offer prayers.

At midnight the entrance at the foot of the mountain is opened and the ascent takes about five hours. The pilgrims pass through the village and then turn upwards, each carrying a lantern. It takes no imagination to see this rising stream of white and gold, weaving in and out through the blackness and flowing ever up, as a fairy procession or as a dragon of fire returning to his haunts. Or you may believe as Buddhists do that it is an endless procession of souls passing to the Meido, over the river of Sansu and

across the Mountains of Shade where all must go for judgment.

Those who have arrived at the summit wait expectantly for the first rays of the sun to light the mountain tops, while the plains are still lost in the blue shadows that stretch away as far as Tokyo. Temple roofs glisten, their upturned peaks catching the early light, and beyond rises the white, snowy cone of sacred Fuji-Ama. Strange, demon clouds float across the mountain, their shadows casting uncanny shapes, and the sun rises higher, to light the most marvelous panorama in *all this land of beauty*.

Such a height of exaltation is reached by the pilgrims that many throw themselves into the depths, with a prayer that their spirits may mingle in the glory of the rising sun; others cast themselves into the Kegonno-taki waterfall, to be dashed with the spray hundreds of feet below.

Walking down to Nikko in the morning I took many well-remembered short cuts, passing through damp places filled with ferns and strange flowers which grow only in the shade, belonging to the green people who haunt these quiet woods. I stopped to see the row of old stone statues of Amida that, for unknown years, have stood here, looking across the river to the hills.

Entering the village, I saw lanterns on high poles, each with its own small roof, being put along both sides of the street, as is always done at the time of a festival.



A Street Festival

Each street or section has lanterns exactly alike but a few blocks away another street may be lined with an entirely different shape and kind of lantern. Under the lanterns were clusters of bamboo from which floated narrow strips of colored paper in several different shades; this, I remembered, was the seventh day of the seventh moon and the festival was that of Tanabata, the spinning goddess.

Tanabata, under various names, is worshipped all over Japan, Korea and China. She was the daughter of the Supreme Ruler of Heaven and all weaving was under her direction. She met and loved the herdsman, lord of all the flocks of heaven, but after they were married, in their love for each other they neglected their duties; time and time again they were reprimanded but the lovers remained idle, the looms were silent and the herds wandered unattended. At last, in his anger, her father separated them by the River of Heaven—which is the Milky Way—and only on one day each year, the seventh day of the seventh moon, were they allowed to meet. On that day, if it were fair, the birds of heaven made a bridge of their wings, over which Tanabata crossed to meet her lover; if it stormed, she must wait for another year.

In Peking, where usually there are hundreds of magpies in the trees, those who have kept watch for many years say that a magpie has never been seen on that day—for magpies are the birds of heaven. Tanabata is the star Vega, and the herdsman, her lover, is Altair.

On the day of this festival people meet in the gardens of Japan, write poems to the goddess and hang them on the trees; in Nikko and other places which are on the sea or rivers, when the festivals are finished the bamboo branches, with their streaming colored papers, are thrown on the water to carry their wishes to the goddess.

Almost facing the famous temples of Nikko is a group of buildings, known as Rinno-ji, in which is the Abbot's Garden—the heart of this land of yesterday. Here are lovely dwarf trees, strange bridges and rest pavilions from which you can see, landscaped in miniature, the eight famous views of Lake Biwa. In every season one can see the beauty of flowers, from plum and cherry to azaleas, iris and maples. In one place there is a view of the celebrated Nantai-zan. The central pavilion is a perfect specimen of Buddhist art and contains marvelous treasures, paintings, lacquer, and screens of great age and beauty.

This is not for the hurrying traveler, having neither the time nor the eyes for it. There is so much to see here. In one of the rooms are some old screens, painted with the figures of those who dance in the sacred festival which takes place twice every century in Nikko. Fourteen abbots, of royal blood, have lived here and their mortuary tablets of black and gold are on the high altar. There are also wooden figures of Fudo and of his thirty-six followers and a priceless

Chinese bowl of Seigi—a farewell gift from that ill-fated prince, Kitashirakawa, when he left for Formosa.

The garden is a memory of those who have vanished into the night of forgotten things but whose spirits still dwell here. There is a charm in old Japanese gardens that cannot be put into words. You never feel alone, though no one is visible. Wind spirits whisper as they carry huge moths, dipping and floating among the flowers, and quiet peace rests in the shadows; beyond is the boom of the temple gong—incense is floating out from the shrine—and I remember the saying of Buddha:

“Verily—even plants, trees, rocks and stones, all have souls and shall enter into Nirvana.”

CHAPTER IV—KYOTO

RETURNING TO TOKYO FROM NIKKO, I left almost at once for Kyoto. On the way between Tokyo and Yokohama is Omori. The temples there are worth seeing at any time but if you pass through on the twelfth or thirteenth of October you should be sure to stop and remain during the late afternoon and early evening, for on those days the great festival of Nichiren is held in the temples of Ikegami, which were built to his memory, on the hill beyond Omori.

The name of Nichiren signifies "The Lotus of the Law," adapted from a dream his mother had before his birth of the sun on a lotus flower. He was born in 1222 and admitted to the priesthood when only fifteen, having acquired his knowledge of the holy law by a miracle.

Every year on the twelfth of October, and lasting through the thirteenth, thousands climb the steps to pay homage to this beloved saint. Leading to the temple is a long, narrow street which, as you approach the shrine, is brilliant with lights that shine down on the unending stalls of persimmons. Banners in gay colors hang above and beneath are the bright clothes of children, while the strange click of wooden shoes

rises persistently above the constant murmur of voices, punctuated with shouts, laughter and the shrill cries of merchants calling their wares.

The many lanterns form two converging streams of smouldering fire, run the entire length of the street, climb the many steps to spread in a sheet of gold over the hilltop, where the numerous temples are brilliant with light, and are caught at last and held as a tongue of flame on the twisted peak of the red and gold pagoda. Everywhere are long, narrow banners bordered with red, on which are Nichiren's motto—" *Namu Myoto Renge Kyo*," " O the Scripture of the Lotus of the Wonderful Law," the invocation that is intoned at the shrines.

As we neared the end of the street the booths changed and their wares were no longer persimmons but sweetmeats and flowers, in amazing variety—each different and more elaborate and beautiful—and candy in the shapes of fishes, birds or vegetables.

We mounted with the throng to the temples clustering on the hill. High above the busy street they were silhouetted against the sky, a strangely brilliant fantasy blazing with the hundreds of red lanterns hung from their sweeping roofs. Each temple was open on three sides, lighted with the soft glow of many candles and gaily decorated with paper flowers circling each pillar—sprays of the winter cherry in memory of Nichiren's death, he having died leaning against a winter cherry tree.

Candles sputtered and shone on the heads of kneeling crowds, while priests moved softly about answering questions or giving counsel, and always through the temple yard surged the tide of ever-shifting people in a brilliant stream, while the sound of voices and the clatter of wooden sandals rose in a never-ceasing hum.

In the centre of the space, silent and unlighted amidst the laughter, stood the great pagoda, the heart of the encircling temples, holding the prayers of thousands who have passed this way, sweet with the perfume of never-ending incense that is always rising above the soft tinkle of the wind bells. The strange, tapering roofs rise, tier on tier; the light reflected on the red underside sweeping up at the corners is lost in the grey space above, only to be caught by the next red roof, again lost and so on until the gold spiral at the top catches and holds the light.

The Hommouji is the largest of the four temples, all of which were open to the night. In the soft glow of the lights on the altar priests in white were kneeling, repeating prayers while great bundles of flaming incense carried their message to the gods. For, though the surface of these festivals may seem but a joyous holiday, those who look deeper find that beyond the laughter is a religious ceremony to a beloved teacher and also, as is true of most festivals held in the early fall, a time of thanksgiving for a good harvest.

Beyond Yokohama, one may leave the train at Oda-

wara and go by motor or rickshaw to Miyanoshita, or it is possible to motor the entire distance from Tokyo or Yokohama; the road is good and intensely interesting as you climb into the hills. Miyanoshita is a wonderful place to rest, with a good hotel and hot spring baths, but there is little to see except a few very good curio shops and a charming village.

At Hakone there is a celebrated view of Fuji-Ama, while on the way, protected by a very primitive shed, is one of the most famous statues of Jizo, cut in the rock and believed to have been carved by Koto Daishi in a single night. Along the shore of the lake runs an avenue of splendid cryptomerias, one of the few such roads remaining, which in ancient times led to a barrier gate where travelers were stopped and their passports examined; a little museum, near the Hakone Hotel, contains numerous relics associated with the history of this barrier.

There are interesting walks and climbs all through the hills near Miyanoshita and Hakone, celebrated views of Fuji-Ama to be glimpsed from many heights, and waterfalls whose names are perhaps the best description of their beauty—*Chisuji-no-taki*, "The fall of a thousand threads" and *Tamadare-no-taki*, "The crystal screen."

Continuing on the train to Kyoto, one may stop at Nagoya to see the feudal castle there—renowned for the two golden dolphins on its roof ridges—though to do so you must obtain a permit to enter from your

embassy before leaving Tokyo. If it is summer and a night without rain or moon, stay over a day at Nagoya and go up to Gifu to watch the cormorant fishing, which takes place only on clear, dark nights.

At Uji, near Kyoto and the centre of the tea growing industry, on June tenth, is a river festival—Hotaru Kassen, the Battle of the Fireflies. Every year thousands gather along the shore, up over the hills, or on the river between Uji and Fushimi to see this spectacle—an extraordinary thing, which has never been explained and is one of the strangest sights to be found anywhere.

Above the river high banks rise and, as the sun goes down, innumerable millions of fireflies gather on both sides. Moving with a slow rhythm they weave a curtain of silver flame along the shores of the river, while beneath festival boats, brilliantly lighted, turn the water to gold, interwoven with splendid color. In many of these are *geisha*, in striking robes and complicated hair arrangement, while others carry people in holiday attire.

As the sky turns dark blue and the first star comes faintly out, the fireflies on either side form into great masses and, at the same moment, all dart to the centre. There they meet and mingle in battle and then, by hundreds and thousands, they fall and are carried towards the sea along the stream—called at this time the River of Heaven, which is the Milky Way, because of the bril-

liance of those thousands of fireflies being swept away on its surface. There are two distinct species of the fireflies, those on one bank being an entirely different type from those on the other.

The people believe that the souls of the dead return, carried by moths and fireflies and—since here was fought one of the greatest battles of history, between the Minamoto and Taira clans in the twelfth century—it is said that these are the spirits of the warriors of those two clans who fought and were slain in that conflict. So, once each year, on the date of that great struggle, their souls return and again enact that event.

Kyoto is a beautifully planned city. As you come out from the station the great open space, dividing beyond into many streets, is a symbol of what Kyoto really is—the most fascinating city in Japan. Although Tokyo is now the capital all the associations of the early Imperial history are here. First built in the seventh century, it is supposed to have been copied from the plan of Sian-fu in China.

Here for centuries the Emperors ruled amid countless palaces and temples; here was the centre of culture, where the greatest artists and builders came, not only of Japan but of China and Korea—and here the Emperor still comes to be crowned and the most beautiful things are yet made. Lacquer, damascene, cloisonné and brocades that challenge any in the world are done

in small houses in the midst of lovely gardens, while pottery of unbelievable beauty is fashioned by men seated on mats and swirling their wheels with one hand, forming the shapes with the other. The best cloisonné is shown you in a tiny room, but its *shoji* are open on all sides to a garden, where trees older than the house have been trained by loving hands, and the edge of the balcony is above a pond in which red carp rise for the small biscuits you throw to them.

In the smallest of rooms, on a hand loom, I watched the weaving of lengths of brocade so heavy and elaborate that I have never seen their equal; these never find their way out of Japan—they are made for the use of the people themselves, their price being prohibitive for exportation, but what I have never been able to see is why the same beautiful designs and combinations of color cannot be reproduced in less expensive material, for as a rule anything made to be exported is ugly, there is no design and the beauty of the color is missing.

There is one large porcelain shop in which, as you enter, there are the ugliest, most over-decorated specimens of pottery on earth—"for export," they tell you. But if you know, or they see your lack of interest in these wares, they will take you through a door and there are very beautiful things—"for Japan." It gives one much to think about—beauty is not dead, only sleeping. And it is not only in elaborate things of value that the Japanese excel; there is of course

"modern stuff," which is as bad there as anywhere in the world, but walk up one of the "streets of the *geisha*," stop at the small shops, and unbelievably lovely things are everywhere—flowers for the hair and all the charming ornaments of the dancing girls, ties for their obis, bits of coral and other stones carved and polished, toys and dolls—some made only of paper, a match and paint—peculiar animals, carts, horses and chickens, costing but a few coppers.

The two stores that I return to again and again are—first a small, perfect shop where only the costumes, headdresses, fans and all that is used for the sacred dance, the "*No*," are sold. The headdresses are of lacquer and of leather, gilded and carved with dragons that are high above the head and, again, those of silver gilt which fall in pendants of flowers from the outspread wings of a phoenix. Here are all the books of the "*No*" dramas, only a few of which, unfortunately, have been translated. One day I was lingering here and they asked me into an inner room and there, when the *shoji* were closed and a pine tree in the garden was tracing a lovelier silhouette than was ever drawn on paper, I saw three people seated on cushions on the floor, working on white silk *futons* (padded quilts) made of the softest, heaviest silk, and they said "These are for our Emperor."

The other shop I like best is a paper store. Besides every grade of hand-made paper, there are portfolios of every size and color, books that are splendid for

photographs, covered with lovely brocade and fastened with an ivory button, fans of all sizes, plain or decorated, brushes, book-marks and many things that one never before imagined could be made of paper.

There are lacquer stores, not for the decorated pieces that are exported but for the plain ones they use themselves, of such lovely texture that it is a joy even to hold them.

The places to go and things to see in Kyoto might fill several volumes, for here still linger unchanged the old customs and the traditions of centuries ago. If you wish palaces, the ancient ones of the Imperial family, surrounded by a park which covers hundreds of acres, are unoccupied and may be seen; also the Nijo detached Palace, home of the Tokugawa *Shoguns*, and the two Summer Palaces, Katsura and Shugakuin.

If one is more interested in temples, there is the Honwanji temple, the Kiyomizu-dera, the Sanjusangendo and countless others, each with its special interest.

A bored traveler said once that all temples look alike and in a sense many of them do have the same characteristics, but there are some so distinctively different that they should not be missed. One is Kiyomizu-dera. Perched on the tip on a hill, it is always beautiful—from the time of cherry blossoms in spring to the brilliance of the maples in the fall, when snow covers it with veils or when the city lies at its feet in the light and shadow of sunshine.

As you climb the narrow, twisting street to this

temple, linger by the shops—small ones, close together, that climb the hill to the entrance with you. Here are baskets for sale, woven fine and tied with bright silk cords, here are dolls and the amusing cats, sitting with one paw raised and beckoning, here are plates, large and small, teapots and cups, bits of carving and strange animals. Waiting at the turn is an old pagoda—some day it may fall, for the tarnished gold and lacquer tells proudly of its great age.

The main court of the temple is filled with sunshine and children playing, while priests in grey robes and enormous hats are drinking from the fountain, which is a bronze dragon—a marvelous piece of casting. The entrance is guarded by two Korean lions and, beneath the gate, are two enormous guardian *Niō*. Pavilions are at different heights on the hill and in the main temple is a strange assortment of gods, presided over by those of the four directions, who are guardians of the central figure—that of the eleven-faced, thousand-armed Kwannon, which is shown only every thirty-three years. This is a place where countless people come every day; the gay costumes of children are always seen and their laughter is heard through the courtyards and beneath the trees, where there are many booths, selling tea, cake and candy.

Across the city is a small temple, also dedicated to the Kwannon but as different as though someone had planned them both, saying—"They must in no sense resemble each other, save in the one way that they are

both to the same goddess." Sanjusangen-do is not a place to linger—only to see and to wonder why anything so extraordinary as this temple of the thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three Buddhas could have been built. All of these figures are in a long, straight shed, tier above tier and all facing the entrance. If they are not all alike, they at least are the same size and resemble each other greatly; the money given to this temple is used to restore the arms, fingers, legs and feet which constantly fall and must be replaced.

The legend told of the building of this structure is a story of the Emperor Go-Shirakawa. This ruler was troubled by constant headaches so severe that he was always in pain and tried every remedy suggested by the most famous physicians of the land but never with any success until at last the gods appeared to him in a dream and told him that he should go to an Indian priest and sage staying in a temple not far from there. Finding this man, the Emperor implored him to discover some cure for his malady. After he had prayed and meditated for many days, the sage was able to tell the Emperor that—in a former life—he had been a priest, known as Rengo-bu, who had been so virtuous that he had been reincarnated in this life as the Mikado. The reason of his headaches was that the skull of Rengo-bu lay on a river bank, against a willow tree, and each time the wind blew the tree swayed and rocked the skull, thus causing great pain to the Emperor. Go-

Shirakawa then sent men in search of this skull and as soon as it was found the headaches ceased—never to return. So great was the Emperor's gratitude that he built this temple and the skull was placed in the head of the central Kuan Yin.

In Kyoto there are *matsuris* (festivals) almost every day in the year and their pride in their history is such that, in every detail, they follow closely the ancient traditions; the old carts are preserved and the costumes used are mostly of museum quality. A memory which returns often is of standing above the end of a lovely old bridge and seeing a great procession come across it and disappear into the distance, absorbed in the shadows under the great pines; it was the magnificent *Daimiyo* Procession of October; sixty-five different parts of the city are represented in it, each competing with the others to make their part more beautiful.

Hundreds of people, wearing costumes that dated back several centuries, walked in the procession; there were bullocks in brilliant trappings, warriors, court officials and archers, men on horseback wearing gorgeous robes and unusual headdresses, while to the accompaniment of the marching feet, the jingle of armor and the trappings of the animals, was heard the weird, uncanny sound of mediæval musical instruments.

Though many of the old festivals are lost, never to return, those of Kyoto are the greatest pride of the country and each year they are preserved and performed and all enter into their spirit with the greatest

enthusiasm and work months in advance to prepare them.

The Festival of the Dead, *O Bon*, is here very different from that given in other places. The *Bon Odori*, the dance of ghosts, is performed by the most celebrated *geisha*, while at the time of the festival many climb to the hills, where sacred fires are built, in which are burned the names of those who are ill and—as the smoke rises—it carries with it their illness. This ceremony was first ordered by Kōbō Daishi, when a thousand fires were lighted to appease the god of disease who, in anger, had swept the land with an epidemic.

The most celebrated dancers are in Kyoto, their costumes quite different from elsewhere, and it is interesting to go to the school, Nyokoba, where they are trained. The elaborate tea ceremony may be given for you there. In April the beautiful cherry blossom dance, called the *Miyako Odori*, is given by the pupils of this school at the Hanami-koji every day for twenty days and again for a few days in November, while in May is the *Kamogawa Odori*.

Nowhere are the robes and dancing so beautiful as here. Anyone who has studied the subject could select the costumes used in different cities by seeing only a small piece of their material, for they are traditional in each school and are woven year after year for every city. The plays and dances also vary, though each is an individual arrangement developed from the same

theme, which probably had its beginning hundreds of years ago.

The small dancing girls appear to be only dolls, yet perfect and beautiful in the smallest detail. Perhaps it is best to carry away the remembrance of an hour of unusual beauty and not stop to think and study the lives of these pretty playthings, but if one does inquire into them, one finds that it is not so often happiness as sadness and often tragedy that runs through their days.

First, a *geisha* is always a slave—if she has beauty she is sold when very small by parents too poor to keep her and, almost before she can walk, she is taught to exist only for the pleasure of others. She gives her body, soul and every thought to those owning her, for which she is clothed, fed and trained; she never leaves the street of the *geisha* and all she may see of the world is a peep through the crack of a *shoji*. She may hear the shouts and laughing joy of children but may never join them, for every waking moment she must work to learn not only the art of dancing but of conversation, to stand, to sit and walk with the most perfect grace, to play several musical instruments and to sing. She is robed in wonderful brocades, her hair brushed, perfumed and piled high, held by beautiful hairpins ornamented with flowers and combs almost too heavy for the slender neck to support. She must smile and entertain for long hours those who have the money to pay for her time; she has only one desire and that is that someone will care enough to buy her freedom and

take her away. She is a helpless victim, made what she is to meet the demands of those who have the price to pay for the illusion of love, of youth and beauty, with no regrets or responsibilities beyond the passing hours.

There are many kinds of dancing in Japan, not dancing in our understanding of the word but rather posturing. The most interesting are those which enact certain beliefs, superstitions written and presented in a short play, and these are the ones usually seen, given as an accompaniment to a dinner or as an evening performance. They are entirely different from the "No," or ghost drama, which was the first dramatic form to appear in Japan and probably the world's most ancient expression of the dance.

The word "No" was at first used as a verb and the meaning it expressed was that of "being capable of" but it evolved gradually until it was used in speaking of the performances given by the actors who took part in these plays, coming at last to mean that which was enacted, the drama itself. The form of the play might be called a lyric drama, yet even that is not a satisfactory description, as the lyric quality of the plays is not musical but poetic and they are a symbolic, posturing dance rather than a drama.

There is no chance for originality in the presentation of these plays, since not only the setting and the costumes but every smallest movement of the actors is traditional and has varied but little since this art reached its most complete and perfect state during the four-



A "No" Dancer

teenth and fifteenth centuries. The setting of the stage is simple and invariably the same. Both the platform and the approach leading to it are in the main hall of the theatre, surrounded by the boxes of the audience on three sides. The way leading to the stage itself is known as the "Flower Path" and on it, symbolizing Heaven, earth and humanity, are placed three pine trees, while another very large one is painted at the back of the stage as a symbol of faithful endurance.

The costumes used in these dramas have usually been copied, though with a few variations, from the court robes of long ago; they are of great splendor, striking color combinations having been woven in the heaviest of brocades, while the rank and character of the actors are shown by their robes, fans, shoes and especially by their masks and headdresses. A warrior is recognized by a straight band of material wound about his head, while one of the "*Shojo*," they who live beneath the waves of the sea and who possess the elixir of eternal youth, is always known by the red wig he wears. Masks are worn by almost all the characters, varying from the smooth, colorless ones of young girls to the fantastically ferocious ones used to represent demons and *tengu*.

The plays themselves always tell of ghosts returning from that world of spirits which lies beyond the western ocean, of those whose lives on earth were unfulfilled and who return again and again, between the time when night darkens the world and the rising of the

first flame of dawn, seeking that which they were denied in life. They are religious dances, woven with the faith of Buddhism and colored by the belief of the people in a world beyond and in the power of unsatisfied spirits to revisit the earth.

Like Kamakura, Nara was once the capital and one must step back many centuries to find the beginning of its beauty, which now sleeps lonely under the stars. Here history and art had their first great development and here Korean artists came, leaving more beauty than elsewhere in Japan. It is a bit out of the past, unchanged for more years than anyone can remember.

Temples are all about under the ancient trees and, historically, the Horyu-ji temples are the greatest in Japan. Built thirteen hundred years ago, they are the oldest existing Buddhist buildings in the country and some of the pavilions are the most ancient wooden structures in the world. Unlike the Nikko group, they have no color outside and very little on the interior. They were built by Korean architects about the same time as those at Osaka and, though not of great interest to the casual traveler, yet they are of unusual beauty, for the centuries have mellowed the wood and there is an extraordinary peace and calmness in the marvelous proportions of the courtyards and galleries and the placing of the buildings. The wall paintings inside are gradually being absorbed into the plaster but what remains is so absolutely satisfying that you wish

the ghost of the artist who painted them might return to again bring their loveliness to the surface.

In Nara is the most beautiful statue in all the land. Occasionally it is in this temple and occasionally in the museum, but one should insist on finding it. It is called the Korean statue and was either brought from that country or carved by an artist who came from there.

Nara is a place of rest; the great park under its enormous trees is always cool and one may wander for hours there, while the deer walk with one and eat from one's hands. The famous shrine, *Kasuga-no-Miya*—one of the most ancient and venerated sanctuaries in Japan—towers high under the old trees, its red roofs hung with wisteria in the spring and wrapped with brilliant maples in the fall. It is rather an unusual shape and its inner courts are hung with hundreds of bronze lanterns. Here are given the *Kasuga* dances, by young priestesses in stiff robes of white above bright red underskirts; these dances are as ancient as the temple and are performed "to give god pleasure." At certain times there are more elaborate ones in which the priests take part.

What one should not miss is having all of the thousand old stone lanterns, which line the paths throughout the park, lighted. It is uncanny beyond belief for new lanterns, no matter how lovely, could never have the same effect. These paths, where the stones have been worn by the passing of feet for hundreds of years,

and these lanterns which were offerings to the dead, moss-grown and sinking into the soil, yet carrying the prayers of forgotten generations, are always surrounded by spirits who stay among the shadows, for here, even at noon, the sun never comes. At night, when these lights are lit, they pass in gladness—I am always sure they would answer, could I but know their language.

CHAPTER V—THE INLAND SEA

GUARDING THE ENTRANCE to the Inland Sea, probably the most lovely part of all Japan, is the city of Kobe—interesting only as a place to shop. Every boat that sails to the Orient comes to this port, the haughty liners pausing on their way around the world no less than the scarred freighters, often greatly in need of a coat of paint, returning from strange islands of the south seas. In the harbor of Kobe, more than at Yokohama or any other port of Japan, the ships of every country, coming from the furthest corners of the earth, meet and anchor for a day.

The city runs far back from the sea, spreading over the hills beyond and seeming to look down on the world, proud of her position and of the harbor which has made her appear first in the world of Japanese shipping.

Yet, strangely enough, she is not first. Only a short distance from Kobe is Osaka, the largest city in Japan and undoubtedly the commercial and financial centre of the country. It is from Osaka, rather than the port of Kobe, that the great Japanese steamship lines, whose ships lie in every harbor of the world, are controlled.

Although it is more than twenty-five centuries old

and therefore one of the most ancient cities of all Japan, Osaka is now so modern that—outwardly at least—it is not particularly attractive to the traveler. Yet it possesses some things which are found nowhere else in the world and these alone are more than worth the short journey, for by train, or the electric tram, Osaka is only a two hours' trip from either Nara or Kobe and it is quite easy to spend part of a day there.

The river Yodogawa runs through the city, branching out in many directions, and this has given Osaka its name, a contraction of *Oye no Saka*, "High Land of the Great River." The canals, running to the sea, are used to transport most of the great quantity of freight which is always being loaded on waiting ships in the harbor and the river life along these canals is an amazing scene to watch, suggesting that it is a world of its own, with a life quite indifferent to what passes by on the shore.

The streams and canals are crossed and recrossed by a great number of bridges, many of them stone, others of wood or steel, and some are very charming. Indeed the bridges are so numerous that a street or house is more often designated by its distance from the nearest bridge than by any address or name.

Undoubtedly the most famous of the temples of Osaka are the Tennoji and, lying rather far out on the edge of the city, they are away from much of the noise and the feeling of haste which must be a part of any great business centre. Within their gates even the air

is different from that of the city streets, heavy with incense and prayer; the dust of a thousand years swirls through their courtyards and spirits of the past kneel always at their shrines.

The Tennoji is the temple of the Four Deva Kings, they who defend the corners of the earth. Built in the sixth century, at a time when Buddhism was just becoming known in Japan and was scarcely more than tolerated, it was the first great monument erected to this religion and still contains the first Buddhist image ever brought into the country. It is said that once a powerful noble rebelled against the Emperor, protesting against his toleration of Buddhism, and, gathering a great force, marched upon the Imperial army, burning temples as he advanced and forcing the priests to flee. The Imperial forces were led by the son of the Emperor, a young prince of only sixteen years, and in the midst of a fierce struggle he called upon the Deva Kings of the Buddhist religion to aid him, vowing that, if he were victorious, he would build a temple in their honor, a temple that should be unequaled throughout the whole of Japan.

Almost at once he realized that an enormous figure was fighting at his side. It was Bishamon, one of the four Kings, and, when the rebels saw that their opponents were led by a god, they drew back in terror and confusion, allowing themselves to be easily conquered. Immediately after this victory the promised temple was erected and all the wealth captured from

the rebel armies was used to make this monument more splendid than any other.

Reaching the outskirts, you cross a small bridge to a large, paved courtyard, lined on both sides with the small booths which are so much a part of the entrances to almost all Japanese temples.

At this particular temple, unlike any other, there are many shops selling coins, of every country and every age, and often it is possible to pick up rare and interesting ones. There are endless varieties of *cash*, old and new, (a *cash* being a very small amount of money, probably about a twentieth of a cent) to be found and many types of old Chinese money, as well as some quite large coins with a design showing the twelve animals which represent the signs of the Zodiac. There are pieces which appear to be coins, with an oblong hole in the centre, but there were really used as sword guards. Also one may often find here some of the old Chinese knife-shaped coins, probably one of the most unusual of all types of money in appearance.

Passing between the long line of booths you reach a very large and impressive gate, on either side of which, and sheltered by the same slanting roof, stand two figures about three times life size; these are the guardians of the temple. Beyond this entrance are several main buildings and many smaller ones, all with a distinct charm of their own and separated from each other by gates, courtyards and winding paths.

They are all quite simple in design but, from an architectural point of view, are said to represent the highest peak of Japanese art in building. The most unusual is a pagoda, unlike any other in the country. The eaves of its five stories are supported by extraordinary carved elephant heads, instead of the beams which are usually found in all pagodas. The elephant heads, however, are characteristically Korean and it has long been believed that these temples, as well as the Horyu-ji temples of Nara, were designed by a Korean architect.

Climbing to the top of this same pagoda, the whole city lies beneath you since—unlike Kobe—it spreads out over a very flat part of the country and, at this height, resembles an enormous map that has unexpectedly come to life.

In one of the most charming courtyards, to the left of the pagoda and crossed by two small bridges, lies a large pool which is the home of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of turtles. Great numbers of them are always to be seen, swimming lazily around or lying even more lazily in the sun.

Still more unusual is another pond into which the water flows from the mouth of a great stone tortoise, worn and battered during the centuries that he has watched faithfully over this pool. Here an old priest sits and to him come friends and relatives of those who are dead; all day he is busy writing the names of the departed on countless slips of paper. Then these slips

are held, at the end of a bamboo pole, under the stream of water flowing ceaselessly into the pond until they are washed away, while at the same time a Buddhist invocation is repeated. The water is believed to carry both the names of the dead and the prayers that the living offer for them to Shotoku Taishi, the young prince who founded this temple, and he—touched by their pleading—will intercede with Amida, Lord of the Western Paradise, for the souls of the dead, that they may be admitted to his kingdom, which is the land of eternal peace.

In a distant courtyard stands a bell-tower, grey with age, where the mothers who have lost their children come to pray. Its walls and ceiling are scarcely visible, so thickly are they hung with the tiny kimonos of the dead, and the bell rope, several inches in diameter, is entirely woven of babies' bibs, some faded and torn, others brightly new. Every corner is piled high with toys—dolls covered with the fine dust of years and animals that still watch wistfully for the children who left them behind. Perhaps sometimes, when the sound of the bell echoes in the far-away land of spirits, these children return to look once more on their beloved playthings. Here the mothers pray to Jizo, for Jizo is the god of little children's ghosts and it is he who gathers up their souls in his great cloak and carries them safely over the dreaded river of tears.

Far across the city stands another building, in the form of an old temple. The breath of age and the

peace of centuries seem to rest within its walls and the wind that sways through its trees is warm with forgotten memories of the past. In one of its courtyards is a theatre, a theatre of marionettes, many hundreds of years old and unlike any other in the world. Although part of it was burned down it has been rebuilt exactly as before and, among the modern buildings and commercial life of Osaka, it represents the still unchanged traditions of an ancient people.

Even the street of the *geisha*, leading to the theatre, has remained untouched. Small shops are along both sides and, in the warm weather, awnings of woven bamboo are stretched over them, shading the whole narrow street and throwing delightfully fantastic patterns of light and shadow across the pavement.

In the shops everything used by *geisha* is for sale; in one are found the elaborate *obis* and the several ties necessary to hold them in place, some of lovely brocade and fastened by a clasp of gold or perhaps coral or jade—in another the lacquered *geta* for their feet. There are shops where wigs are sold and others, perhaps the most interesting of all, sell the hair ornaments—the amber pins, combs, flowers and the five beads of jade or coral—that are usually worn in elaborate hair arrangements. There are beautifully carved decorations, also to be worn in the hair, of birds and flowers and phoenix, which are usually of silver but are made in amber when they are to be used for a wedding ceremony.

Along this street also there are toy shops where amazing animals smile at you from the shelf and little wooden dolls are for sale, representing ancient legends and copied exactly from very old figures, yet carved with flat surfaces—much like what is known as modern art; they are usually left in the natural color of the wood, except for the pattern of their costumes, which is painted in gold and brilliant colors.

There is a turn at the end of the street, which brings you into the temple courtyard, and at the left is the marionette theatre. Entering, you find that the audience is seated on floor cushions, as in most Japanese theatres, but the scene before them is unique, both in character and setting.

The background of the stage is entirely gold; the platform, on which the dolls perform, is divided lengthwise into three sections and between these are what might be described as canals, about two feet deep, in which walk the actors who are moving the marionettes. The orchestra consists of four musicians who are seated, two at each side, on what appear to be semicircular shelves on either side of the stage and raised about six feet above it. These musicians are replaced after every act by others but, instead of their rising and walking out, the entire shelf is swung around out of sight and—as it does so—an exact duplicate, on which are seated the other musicians, appears from the back. They wear brilliant costumes, dictated, like every other detail of the performance, by old traditions.



Geisha

Each doll is managed by several actors, often as many as five, who move about in the canals dividing the stage. They are clothed in long, pointed black capes, which not only cover the face and head completely but also the hands and form an amazing background of ever-shifting shadows for the dolls.

The marionettes themselves are about three-fourths life size, with faces of enamel, surprisingly lifelike and carefully worked out in every detail to express the personality of the characters they represent. Added to the amazingly clever way in which they are manipulated and the voices, actually seeming to come from the dolls, the scene becomes so completely real that it is difficult to think of them as puppets.

The costumes are as magnificent as any worn by the *geisha* and always correct to the period of the drama. The brocades and designs of that period, as they have been preserved in the museums, are studied so that the same materials and colors can be woven for these robes.

The result of the arrangement of the stage is extremely striking. The dolls, with their vivid costumes and head ornaments, show clearly against the black figures of the actors, with their pointed hoods, and the entire scene is silhouetted on the wall at the back. As the characters move, their shadows trace weird, sometimes grotesque but always fascinating, patterns across the gold of this background and it is as though a second drama were being enacted by these ghostly figures.

It is not only in the theatre of dolls, however, that a

drama of shadows takes place beside the actual scenes. Through all Japan, and nowhere more evidently than in the apparently modern city of Osaka, there are shadows. Moving always beyond the dramas of commerce and industry, which have made it so great a city, is the drama of the past, of misty legends and traditions of long ago. Yet these traditions, these shadows of ancient times, are no cold phantoms of old glories and faded dreams. Their influence and their intangible loveliness remain today, as they have through the long centuries, a living thing.

The Inland Sea is a hushed place of dreams—Kobe at one end and Shimonoseki, miles away, at the other. All day, hour after hour, you pass through this realm of beauty. Very still and quiet it seems, disturbed only by the swish and swirl of the water against the ship.

Small islands and larger ones, hills folded within hills until they are lost in mists where the horizon sleeps, white sandy beaches, pines beneath which nestle brown thatched cottages. Green paddy fields sweep up the nearest slopes and last year's rice straw is stacked at their corners, looking like grotesque gnomes that twist and crouch along the edges. Here and there huge rocks rise, while great stones cross the sand, drawing near the water like great animals crouching to drink.

Surely it is the veil of the gods which hangs over the Inland Sea, for nowhere on earth is there such beauty

—a splendid dream you feel you must hold; neither yesterday nor tomorrow is of importance there, but only the one perfect, breath-taking day. Through the mists which cover everything—now thinning and parting, now again concealing—are great fleets of white-sailed junks, while beyond, where the day creeps forward to greet the night, only their sails rise above the low lying haze along the sea. From out these sampans stream long ribbons of flame from their charcoal boxes. From the edge of the sea comes the moon, trailing a streamer of honey-colored gauze across to us.

It is not surprising that the Japanese should place the beginning of their history among these islands. The Awaji Islands—though to the traveler they seem no different from the others—are historically of great importance, as being the first land created by the divine ancestors, Izanag and Izanami, in the beginning of things.

Then there is the Naruto Whirlpool, where the angry sea boils and, with a great noise, rushes violently to the sea. But the most beautiful spot is the sacred island of Miyajima, where the two main shrines are dedicated to the daughter of Susano-o, the divine ancestor. On this island dogs are not allowed, nor may anyone be born or die there.

It takes only a few minutes to cross from the mainland and you come into a land of quiet beauty, of yellow sand and one-storied houses under great pines. Rocks tower from the sea, streams dash down from

the shady green glens above, to turn water-wheels before they go laughing on to the sea, and tame deer are all about, willing to approach for food.

On a nearby hill is the Sen-jō-jiki—or hall of a thousand mats—supposed to have been built by Hideyoshi in 1582. In 1890 the soldiers going to China were quartered here and carved their names on their rice paddles, with a prayer for victory. It became a custom and now there are hundreds, covering the walls.

Itsukushima, the main Shinto temple, is built on piles, part of it extending far out over the water, and when the tide is in it seems to float. The narrow corridors, which entirely surround the temple, are hung with hundreds of bronze lanterns close together and at night they are sometimes lighted. Reflected in the dark water beneath, it seems a great festival ship floating on the sea. Watching from across the bay, or poling out into the water so that the temple is mirrored beyond the great red *torii* which stands in the sea, it is a scene from some far-away land—of a barge coming from beyond the sun and stars, bringing the divine ancestors to visit the lands they created so many centuries past. Silver-winged birds rise, to be lost in the mists; reflections ripple across the water, which is so quiet you can hear the breathing of the dragon king who sleeps beneath, while clouds drift across the moon.

PART II
KOREA

CHAPTER I—THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS

THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS TO ME, as to most of those who have not been to Korea, meant an almost legendary place somewhere just beyond the edge of things, which, like the Mountains of the Moon, one reached only with caravans, pack donkeys and weeks of traveling. The words "Diamond Mountains" and a few pictures I had seen of their peaks suggested polished points which reflected the sun and moon and in whose shadows danced gnomes and spirits—or at least one imagined that they did.

It was one day in September that I bought a ticket for Seoul, Korea, and on into the Inner Kongo, which is the centre of these mountains. I was quite sure that the American Express had made a mistake in thinking one could go there by train but when the friend I was traveling with reported that she had bought the same ticket from Cook's I was willing to try it and see.

Korea can be reached from Japan by rail, except for one night's crossing by boat from Shimonoseki to Fusan, or one can go from Kobe to Dairen—which gives you the beauty of the Inland Sea—and then continue by rail.

I went to Korea from Peking. The two days' train

trip is perfectly comfortable and I have never traveled over that route without enough amusing incidents to keep me laughing most of the way. From Peking to Mukden one travels over the Chinese railroad and, although the train is not a first-class one, it is fairly comfortable. At Mukden, you change to a train of the Japanese Government Railways, one of the best in the Orient, and at Antung you cross into Japanese territory.

When you cross the border, at a little after five o'clock in the morning, the train boy wakens you with the information that you must get up and dress, for the customs officials come on at six and he wishes to make up your berth. Having had this experience before, I said:

"I will see customs but then I will sleep the rest of the morning."

"Very sorry; it is the regulations to get up."

"Regulations are all right but I shall sleep."

"It is the regulations—it has never been done—you cannot break regulations. You will kindly get up."

It being impossible for the boy to remove the bed on which I was sitting I received the customs and—when they had opened my bags and passed on them—closed the curtains and finished my morning nap. I thought that it had been only a few minutes when I heard a voice outside, which I supposed was the same train boy.

"Madame: you will kindly get up. It is twelve

o'clock and you have broken all the train regulations; it has never been done and it cannot be allowed."

I opened the curtains to behold a most marvelous person in uniform; not even at an Imperial garden party have I seen so much gold lace. A solid row of medals stretched across his chest, while his hands, in immaculate white kid gloves (not cotton—anyone familiar with Japan realizes the significance of that difference,) rested on the hilt of a sword which—so far as I could see—was all gold.

Being sleepy and stunned, my first idea was that something supernatural had been invoked but then I realized that we were standing at a station. The answer was that the train officials, being unable to get me up, had telegraphed ahead and some high dignitary, in all his glory, had come to explain to me that regulations could not be overlooked.

In Seoul I was entertained by the head officials of the railroad and, having a delightful sense of humor, they laughed with me when the incident was repeated and I was informed that I had the distinction of being the only person who had ever slept after five o'clock on that train. I asked if that was not a rather absurd hour to get up and, with great surprise, they answered:

"Why, perhaps it is—funny we had never thought about it."

One hears a great deal about what Japan has done to Korea; absorbed and ill-treated them. There is so much to be said on both sides that only an expert,

conversant with both points of view, should attempt the subject. It is a question whether Korea, unaided, could have kept up with modern methods. The mistake that Japan first made was to destroy everything Korean, instead of trying to preserve them. A large source of income to the entire Orient is from travelers and, when Korea is entirely Japanese, why should anyone make a trip there to see a duplicate of what they have already found in Japan? On this last trip, however, I noticed that they are now trying to preserve the few Korean things which still remain; the present Governor General and his wife are greatly beloved of the Korean people and he is undoing many of the unfortunate mistakes of the past.

I spent two days in Seoul, motoring in all directions, and the change in the five years since I had been there was astonishing. Most amazing is the Shinto temple which now crowns the highest hill, built at a cost of several million *yen* as a memorial to the late Emperor.

To me the first overwhelming thought was that, no matter what anyone said, no matter how many ugly buildings had been erected, the beauty which made Japanese life what it has been is being treasured by them, as a thing too precious to be destroyed. The ideals that made its past will find their way into the present and out of this will come an architecture and a spirit of existence that will bring these people back to—or forward into—their own.

You motor up from the centre of the town, around

the unsurpassed Korean gate. The road is new and winds about as it ascends but it has been well arranged and planted. It turns to give delightful glimpses of mountains and city, broken here and there by twisting pines.

After leaving the motor, you climb up many steps and past two enormous *torii*, each made from three blocks of absolutely plain white marble. Then there are more steps to reach this perfect Shinto temple, alone above the tallest trees, silent except for a distant murmur, as of a low, chanted mass, rising from the city below. Here the only sound is a low intoning of the *Sutras* by an unseen priest. For some time I stood watching. No matter what your belief or creed, God was above, listening. As I waited there came a continual procession of people, moving quietly and with no word spoken. Each joined his hands, bowed his head in prayer and returned down the steps. Two or three Europeans were among those who came and I wondered if they had the same feeling as I, that here God was near enough to listen to the prayers, while down below perhaps He could not hear.

As we came down there were many unusual things. Off in one direction was the old Korean village with brown thatched roofs, so close together that they seemed to flow like a great river between the hills. Another turn and there was the modern city of ugly buildings, factories, partly covered with black smoke; then, as if in memory of the past and in promise to

the future, the perfect form of a Korean gate, one which had been taken down piece by piece to make room for modern buildings but, instead of being destroyed, was rebuilt just as before in another part of the city. Beyond this the blue hills, piled one behind the other in sun and shadow, which are the gateway to that land of romance—the Diamond Mountains.

When I told the hotel clerk that I was leaving the next day for the mountains he did not answer, as I had expected, "How many people, donkeys, food and how long are you staying?" He said only:

"Your train leaves at seven and you will change at nine. You will be met at the end of the line by motor and arrive at the Inner Kongo in time for tea."

Still I was sure there had been some mistake. Yet at seven we were sitting in an absolutely perfect Pullman. (Why can Japan never learn that there are ways of sweeping and polishing floors without turning the hose on them? It was not so bad when everyone wore wooden shoes but the Japanese man or woman of today who travels in Pullmans almost always wears European shoes.)

The name "Diamond Mountains" does not refer to their shape, as it well might in many places, but to the "Diamond Sutra." These mountains having been the retreat of Buddhism for two thousand years, temples are perched on inaccessible crags, hidden in crevices or rested on narrow ledges. The way of approach is known only to the priests and some temples

are reached from below by chains. The priest is pulled up and the chain can be withdrawn if necessary. The entire region is called the Inner and the Outer Kongo—"and all the other Kongos are buried in the sea."

From Seoul to the end of the train line the landscape is in no way unusual yet it is interesting because much of the way is through Korean villages which have been unchanged for hundreds of years. The rise at first is so gradual that it is scarcely noticeable; rice fields sweep out to meet the hills as they begin to lift their rounded tiers higher and higher only to be lost in the clouds. From the end of the line, where we were met by a motor from the Choanji Hotel, we started to climb rapidly and were soon lost in the dense pines through which the road had been cut. The Japanese Government Railways are spending millions on roads, paths and other ways of making this region accessible and the best thing is that, whenever a tree is cut, another is planted—in some cases three; also the school children plant them and I saw acres of young trees being cultivated in nurseries, which are to be replanted over the mountains.

The village, Choanji, is delightful. Only a few Japanese houses and shops border its one street and the pines meet overhead, while a stream dashes by over huge rocks and sings a tune of the high mountains. At the end of the street is an inn where we were very comfortable, with good food, hot baths, guides to be

had if desired and everything from post-cards to pine-nuts for sale.

The next morning, while the mists were still hanging in the trees, we started out on a broad road, following the stream as it rushed down between rocks so huge that angry gods must have cast them down, helter-skelter.

Crossing the stream, we came to a temple enclosure so extraordinary that I had no desire to go further but wanted to remain there for the rest of this life. Japanese temples—except those at Nikko—have almost no color, being usually of silvered wood, but the Korean ones are gorgeous, the roof beams bewildering in carving and design as well as color, while the doors are brilliant green, combined with an equally striking blue. The end beams, which in China or Japan are plain, here are carved with elaborate dragons or elephants, phœnix and amazing, unknown animals and birds. Outside, at the ends of the temple, the panels are painted with scenes of the gods, Bodhisatvas on elephants and all the supernatural beings. Inside the smaller temples, contrasting with all this carving and color, is quiet peace; priests are kneeling and beyond, on the altar, candle-light is falling on brass and incense is rising, carrying prayers to the gods that are pictured on the walls.

And the floors—until you have met a Korean floor you do not know what one should be. Heavy squares of thick, oiled paper, overlapping each other by two

inches, form a floor of gold squares, polished to the brilliancy of lacquer and on which of course no shoes ever walk. In China or Japan, on the first cool day you are just a little colder than is necessary, because a penetrating cold comes up from the floors, and in winter you either sit on your feet or they are frozen, but in Korea—in even the poorest homes—the floors are heated from underneath and instead of beginning to shiver you have a most delightful sensation of growing warm from the feet up and you know how a cat feels when it begins to purr.

The main temple is the most extraordinary I have seen in any part of the Orient. Inside, as you raise your eyes, it is absolutely impossible to imagine that any mind could have conceived the amount of carving and color and, even after having designed it, could ever have put it in place.

The collection of temples in the Choanji (in Korean, Changansa) Monastery is the largest and most important in the Inner Kongo. It was founded in the fifth century and during the time that it enjoyed court favor comprised a hundred and twenty buildings; now there are only sixteen but the Japanese are restoring them and you are thankful that this much beauty is being preserved. The old bridge went down in a recent storm and one can only hope that, when restored, it will be Korean.

I returned, crossing the main road and following a path beside the stream, climbing up and then slipping

back, sometimes clinging to trees to help me over and around the obstructing stones, and then came suddenly to Meikyodai (in Korean, Myongkongtai), the Mirror Rock—a thing which is absolutely unbelievable. It seems impossible to explain apart from the story which is told of it, so why should one not accept the legend as it is?

Emma O, the king of hell, has a mirror in which he can watch everything that happens under the earth and, wishing to see what happened on the surface as well, he caused a duplicate to be put at the entrance to these mountains. This mirror rock is placed so that Emma O, from his throne, can see either on the earth or beneath it and watch whatever happens. Beyond, in the far mountains, is Nirvana; all souls must pass this way after death and their entire life is reflected in the pool at the mirror's base—they whose life has been without sin may pass on into eternal peace but they whose life has not been pure are summoned beneath the earth by Emma O. The reason that this is known to be true is because two thousand and ten years ago a priest died and was sent to the court of hell; the judge, looking in the mirror, discovered that the wrong man had been summoned and that the priest's life on earth was unfinished so he was sent back. When he had told his experiences he said that he would go into the mountains and find the mirror; accompanied by two priests, he set out and when they came to this rock he said:

"This is the place."

Since then the Koreans have always believed it to be so. At the back of the rock are two holes so deep that no one has ever seen their bottom; one is called Kokuja-kutsu (Black Snake Hole) and in it dwells a criminal, in the form of a huge black snake, who has been sentenced to three thousand years of imprisonment, while the other, Kojakutsu (Yellow Snake Hole), is for one who has been sentenced to five thousand years. These stories are also true because often the black snake and the yellow snake are seen.

I crossed the green pool, which cannot be explained any more than the mirror rock itself, for the piled up rocks are a light biscuit color, the hills at this time brown and orange, the trees being all maples, and were not reflected, while the sky was very blue, without a cloud, yet this water—so clear that one could easily see the sand at the bottom—was a brilliant jade green.

The path led around the rock and pool, climbing up through the pines to the Reigen-an (Lyongnoman) Monastery. As a temple, this has nothing to make it worth the climb; it is a retreat for monks who wish to do penance or to retire from the world. In the courtyard about a dozen coolies were beating the nuts out of pine-cones. These are made into cakes, candy, oil, and they form a large part of the food of the monks and peasants.

The view was extraordinary: jagged peaks in a series

of silhouettes, one against another as far away as you could see, the near ones covered with pines, while down their sides and in the valleys were maples, different from any I had seen. With us maples turn all shades, from yellow to orange and brown, but here each tree is absolutely one color.

The story of this monastery is of a youth who, in his religious enthusiasm, climbed to the peak and lived there alone for seven years. Not having arrived at a knowledge of the secrets of existence, he decided to give up his studies and return. As he reached the mirror pool he saw a very old man fishing, with no hook at the end of his line, and after wondering for some time he questioned the fisherman, who answered that anything and everything was possible to him who strove persistently for ten years. Listening, Reigen recognized the Buddha, became ashamed of his impatience and returned to his retreat. When—after three years—he obtained peace, he founded this monastery which has borne his name ever since his lifetime in the seventh century.

In the afternoon we went to visit a small nunnery. The same storm that had carried away the bridge had destroyed their building and the head nun, with half a dozen young students, was existing in a very small cottage until someone gave them money enough to rebuild. We had taken them candy and nuts, which greatly delighted them, and after thanking us the little nun said:

"But we are so poor—we have nothing to give you in return."

Then a smile like a flame passed over her face and she went inside, returning soon with a beautiful Korean bowl, the kind that is no longer made. In it was a turnip, scraped and sliced. The beauty of her smile as she passed it and the charm with which the gift was offered would have graced the court of the emperors that are no more.

I had found a memory of these emperors also in Seoul, in an old paper shop. The Korean paper is the finest in the world and I went to this store with a friend who knew Korean. We sat on the raised part of the floor and looked at various papers, knowing that the only way to see the best things was to buy as the first ones were shown. In most Oriental shops they will not show the choice things unless they are sure of your appreciation. After an hour's conversation, and as my packages were mounting around me, I had already been told that they had shown me the best paper they had; then a very old man, dressed in very stiff white robes, with a horsehair hat tied under his chin, long whiskers and a longer pipe, who had been listening, came forward and said:

"We have been in business on this corner for forty years and before that my father, my father's father and his father, made paper. I have five sheets of paper of a kind that has not been made for fifty years, because it was made only for the Emperor. You love paper as

I do and I can see that you understand. I will sell you these five sheets. Our Emperor has passed—no one wishes this kind now.”

It was brought and taken out of many wrappings. I bought it but I shall never be able to do anything worthy of its surface.

Our last day in the Inner Kongo we went off in a different direction, to the Monastery of Hyokunji (Pyohunsa), one of the largest and best kept in the mountains. The beams beneath its eaves are magnificent in color, though now mellowed by the years, as are the temple doors, carved with a pattern of lotus and leaves unlike anything I have ever seen.

The path follows the stream all the way and along the road stands a rock, on one side of which are carved three large buddhas and, on the reverse, sixty small ones. The story is that it represents the jealousy between two men, one a monk, Raio, and the other a scholar, Kindo by name, as to which of them was the greatest artist. At last, to decide their quarrel, they challenged each other to a test of their skill—the vanquished one to then commit suicide. Kindo chose to carve the sixty small statues and Raio did the three large ones which, when finished, were judged to be the finest. So Kindo drowned himself in the pool Meientan and among the rocks at its edge there is a corpse stone which is said to be his petrified body; near it are three other stones which are the bodies of the three



Inner Kongo

sons of Kindo, for in their grief for their father they threw themselves into this same pool. The sound of their wailing and sobbing is always heard in the waters of the cataract which falls from above Meientan (Myongyuntam), the Wailing Pool.

After another stiff climb one reaches the Seiyoji (Chungyangsa) temples, from which there is one of the best views of this valley. Its story is a nice one: after being built, in the seventh century, it enjoyed royal favor and became rich but the monks grew very wicked. Of the thousand only one was good and to him appeared, in a dream, an old woman who warned him of approaching danger and told him to flee to a place of safety. He did so and the next day there was a landslide, in which the nine hundred and ninety-nine wicked monks were buried.

Across the stream, on the same path, is a small temple to the Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy. It is called Futokukutsu (Potokkul); it rests on an absolutely perpendicular rock, high above the stream, and is supported by a sixty-foot bronze pillar which rests on a rock beneath. It can be reached only by climbing above it, holding to a chain, and in this way descending to the shrine.

The legend of its building is the story of the restless, unsatisfied search of a monk for an ideal embodied in a woman. In the eighth century one of the monks of the Hyokunji Monastery had a consuming desire to meet the Kwannon and in a dream an old woman ap-

peared, telling him that in a certain village he would find her. After endless search he came to a cottage where the door was opened by a beautiful young girl and, by some inner knowledge, she was revealed to him as the goddess. As he knelt to do her homage, her father approached and the maiden quickly explained that he was very cruel and that the young man's only chance of life was to say that he had come asking her hand in marriage. The monk consented and the ceremony was performed. She then explained that he, as a Buddhist monk, must remain celibate and she, as the Kwannon, could not marry. But one night, blinded by passion, he approached her and instantly she and the house vanished and he found himself alone on a wind-blown ledge of rock. He returned to his monastery and tried to forget in prayer but always he was haunted by the Kwannon, as his wife. He saw her once in the valley but before he could reach her she had vanished. Walking on, she was reflected in a pool and looking up he beheld her above him, standing at the entrance to a cave, and before disappearing she said:

"Forget me as a woman but devote your life to my service."

He never again found her but he built this temple where he had last seen her and spent his life in prayer.

One can easily spend weeks in these hills, climbing to their peaks or loitering among the valleys, and there

are delightful legends at every turn which—as far as I know—have never been translated in an understandable form, let alone published. After you have lived long in the Orient you develop a certain sense, an ability to construct a sentence from the few words of strange English that the natives know. The guides, hotel clerks and coolies “speak English” which means only that they know the names of places and streets and can answer the usual questions of “How far?”, “How much?” or “Go faster.” Yet if you have a general knowledge of beliefs and legends you will find them the same, with a native angle, in every country of the Far East and, with a strong imagination, you can usually understand the story from a few halting words.

We decided to go over the mountains to the Outer Kongo by motor and chair instead of going around them by train. The hotel said that we were to go four hours by motor and that it would be four *yen* extra for a private car. Having seen the usual one start—at least nine men in an antique Ford—we agreed to pay the extra for a car to ourselves and two *yen* more if they could find us a new one. So we departed in a really new, shining Buick.

We were still far from the place at which we were to change to chairs when the driver stopped; eight men and two chairs were waiting at the side of the road. After endless discussion in Japanese it was explained that the chair-bearers preferred to ride to the

place of meeting. Three of them got in and sat on our feet; when we objected to that two sat on top of the car, two on the front fenders and two on the back, while the remaining two stood on the running-board, holding to the doors and balancing the chairs against the car, where they scraped long ridges in the new paint. We were helpless to stop them but wondered what would happen to the chauffeur when he returned with a much damaged car.

There is a saying that in these mountains are the shapes of all things, and it is more than true. Every rock suggests something. Fantastic turtles and unknown beasts crouch beside the road or lean above you, lions and tigers are ready to spring from the jagged cliffs; there are cats, sleeping or stretching, chickens that seem just about to crow and elephants and camels stooping to drink.

High above is the peak Boketsuko in which there is a hole. Tradition says that when the other seven Kongos were buried in the sea this Kongosan—the best—was left above and the gods, anxious to save it for all time, made a hole in this mountain, which is in the exact centre of the Kongo, so that if there should be a flood a rope could be put through this hole and the Kongo saved from destruction.

Along the path one stops to pay homage at a bas-relief of Buddha, eighteen meters high and carved on the face of a cliff—beside it a stone incense burner and for the rest surrounded only by solid masses of trees.

Above is Birohu (Piropong), the highest peak. Part of the road leading to it has been washed away and to reach the top one must be an experienced climber and devote a whole day to the trip, spending the night at a Korean inn.

There are many delightful places, however, which are easy to see. In a crevice near the Yusenji Monastery you find twelve waterfalls and the scenery near them is beyond description. Its name means "Aspect of Myriad Things." Below, the stones bore the shapes of all the animals of the earth, but here they are gods, standing with clouds about their heads, and the highest, with his face turned to the rising sun, is an image of Buddha, in the robes and headdress of the supreme lama. His face is raised, with an expression of absolute peace; in his hands is clasped a book and the rock against which he leans is the door to a shrine; it is not possible to believe that it is only natural rock.

A little farther on the coolies put down the chairs and ask you to walk along a hidden path. After a short distance the trees fall back and the scene before you is too unbelievable to be imagined. Jagged peaks, without a tree or plant and having no connection with the surrounding country, tower hundreds of feet above and on them, as though carved, are the forms of fish, gargoyles, cats, birds and every known animal. It is as if there had been a gathering of every kind of creature and in one instant they had all been turned to stone.

Impossible as it may sound, although we went to stay in these mountains for two weeks, we returned exhausted after eight days; no mind can remain at such a pitch for long. Returning to the path, I closed my eyes with the feeling that I wanted great, flat spaces.

The boys again put down their chairs and asked us to look ahead. Behind us and on either side the mountains towered—before us the path dipped straight down. Waterfalls dashed from the mountain peaks, to be lost in the yellow or orange of maples and the green of pines, while beyond was the blue, blue sea, resting motionless among the buried Kongos whose peaks still tower above the water.

Many of these mountains and stones are so brilliant in hue that no one would believe my color sketches could be true. They shade from pale yellow, through all the tones of orange and sienna, to brown and from greys to black.

From one of these peaks a waterfall drops several hundred feet, descending so far in one straight leap that it is only spray when it reaches the tree tops. It takes no effort of imagination to see why this is called the "Flying Phoenix."

At Kamihatten (Sangpaltam) there are eight successive pools and their legend tells of a boy who, many years ago—a thousand or more—was gathering wood in the mountains above when a frightened deer rushed to him for protection from a hunter. Feeling sorry, the boy concealed the deer under his bundles of grass

and wood and, to show his gratitude, the deer then gave him this information:

"In summer eight angels descend to bathe in these eight pools and if, while they are in the water, you will hide the dress of the most beautiful one she will be unable to return to heaven and you may make her your wife. Only be sure that you do not give her back the robe until you have three children—she could fly back with one child under each arm but she could not carry three and so she will remain."

The young man did as the deer had told him but one day, when they had only two children, he was in the mountains hunting and she found her robe. Holding one child under each arm, she returned to her celestial home.

So great was the young man's grief that the deer came to his aid and gave him a seed to plant. When he had done so it grew and grew until it was lost in the clouds which overhung the mountains. Bidding good-bye to the deer, he started to climb and soon reached heaven where he found his family and there they are still happy.

CHAPTER II—KEISHU

ONLY RECENTLY HAS KOREA become a place to interest travelers, except as a short route between Japan and China, stopping a day or so in Seoul and then passing on. Now, however, the Japanese, by making new parts of the country accessible, building roads and opening tombs, are recovering and restoring traces of a time of which there had formerly been almost no records.

The new discoveries at Keishu and Pingyang are of the greatest value historically and many of them are of unusual beauty as well. They solve questions never before answered, throwing light on the ancient history of the country. Chinese graves dating from the early Han Dynasty (206 B. C.—220 A. D.) have yielded much valuable information, for at that time the kingdom of Silla existed in Korea, but practically all traces of it disappeared and the dynasty became little more than a memory. Now, from the art treasures and quantities of gold found in these tombs, it is possible to form a fairly accurate picture of the advanced culture and wealth of that early kingdom and to find evidence that Korea carried on an enormous trade with far countries at that time.

The excavations at Pinyang, in the northwestern part of Korea, have—so far as is yet known—located the centre of the earliest Korean culture. If there is truth in a legend, Korean history goes back to 2333 B. C. when a god descended there and ruled for one thousand years before returning to heaven, but the most ancient records known begin with King Ri, whose reign was at the same time as that of Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, who built the great wall of China two centuries before the Christian era.

At Keishu, to the southeast, the latest discoveries have been made. It is rather a long ride after you leave the train and you cannot do the trip in less than two full days, so you should engage your motor for that length of time. The way at first is through flat country, past rushing streams and long lines of poplar trees which are very common all over Korea and give unusual charm to the landscape. In time, the flat country gives place to endless hills rising one beyond another into the far distance. As you approach Keishu you notice mounds of all sizes, growing larger and more frequent as you enter the village itself.

Keishu is a village of one-storied houses and shops, partly Korean and partly Japanese, and the only interesting stop is the museum. It is unfortunate that the builders have not copied either a temple or palace to hold their treasures, but the Japanese now take cement seriously and build the ugliest structures on earth—this being no exception.

The greatest treasure of the museum is a wonderful bell, under a shed in the garden, which is adorned with beautiful Buddhist decorations in low relief. It was struck for us by means of a log pulled far back and then allowed to swing. The tone first rang clear and seemed to go on and on beyond the edge of the hills, returning in waves of sound—whispering tones that echoed and reëchoed in never-to-be-forgotten beauty. This bell was cast in the reign of King Keikyo (768–781 A. D.) and was brought to the museum from Hoo Dai.

Although there are several hundred tombs in and around Keishu less than twelve of them have as yet been excavated and it is the treasures from these few that fill the museum. It was as recently as 1920 that a coolie, digging by the roadside, opened a mound which was found to contain—besides a fortune in gold—an amazing royal regalia; though the grave had looked unimportant from the outside, it proved to have been the burial place of a queen. Among the unusual objects from this tomb which are now in the museum are a crown of gold of intricate workmanship, elaborate bracelets and necklaces and a girdle of interwoven circles of gold filigree.

There are two broken goblets of Roman glass, decorated with blue, which are the exact duplicates of some in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad—supposed to have been made in the Roman Empire during the third century. What records of mysterious travelings and

pilgrimages from the ancient Kingdom of Silla to far countries are these small objects!

Of the greatest period of Korean art nothing has been found as yet, but much has been discovered, indicating its close association with China at the time of the T'ang Dynasty. China, during that period, had a great influence on Buddhist art, which spread to Korea and later influenced Japan. The statue in the Horyuji Temple of Nara, which ranks with the finest sculpture in the world, was done by a Korean, as were many other fine examples of Buddhist art in Japan.

All through the hills near Keishu are ruins of interest, statues and monuments which are half-buried in the ground, others that have been dug up and restored. We went on in the early afternoon to the temple of Bukkokuji, which was once a great monastery; now little remains to be seen and the buildings are quite modern. However, the old foundation, the terrace walls and the stairways are still standing, while on the main terrace are two charming stone pagodas and, in the hall, two seated bronze Buddhas of the T'ang Dynasty. In the courtyards are old trees, seen from the temple through delightful carved doors, and floods of sunshine in which the priests walk among crowds of children. There are booths, under whose gay or faded awnings are heaped persimmons, and just beyond a brook rushes down—surging over rocks and beneath a bridge—to be lost in the mass of trees.

Climbing many steps, we came to the terrace of an

inn at the peak of the hill, and stopped breathless. The world fell away in waves of sunshine and shadow. Waving grasses and the interlaced branches of trees were silhouetted against the mists of the valley and thin spirals of smoke rose from grass-roofed houses.

Passing through a *torii*, we entered the most perfect of Japanese inns. Too often they have been "modernized" and the effect gained is dreadful, but this one was a dream of old Japan. After tea, served by Japanese maids who knew no English but whose charm and courtesy were delightful, we started the climb to Mount Togan—to the cave-temple of Sok-kul-an.

Unless one is very used to climbing one should take a chair for this trip. The path leads up and up, winding back and forth, crossing bridges over deep ravines, passing around rocky points and through sun-splashed woods—always upward. The distance is said to be three miles but three miles straight up is quite different from the same distance on level ground. After climbing as high as possible you must go around the peak of the hill and down, but here we stopped to look back across the wide valleys in which were masses of trees—cedar, pine and poplar—hung with mists. A winding river and ponds sparkled with light, birds swooped down to be lost in the haze and the voice of the crickets blended with the song of the herdboys, taking their cattle down to the valley. Laborers, with loads of grass heaped high above their heads, looked as though the bushes themselves were going home to

sleep. Far down in the distance, beyond miles of grey pines lost in their own shadows, lay the blue sea of Japan.

We descended a short distance into the green quiet of the haunted valley and—as we mounted the steps leading up to the cave—a bell boomed out the call to evening prayer from a temple at our right. Its echo was caught and returned to us, only to vanish in a soft crooning—as a mother hushing her baby to sleep.

Here is the most extraordinary tomb or temple I have seen anywhere on earth: Sok-kul-an. Very little is known of it. A reference to the temple of the Stone Buddha near Keishu was found but its meaning was unknown until a few years ago, when a Japanese officer, in crossing the hills, happened to look down into what he thought was a cave. On further investigation, it was found to be a most remarkable stone temple; the top had broken and fallen in, closing the entrance, but all of the carvings were uninjured.

Tradition says that a Chinese sculptor came here to carve these figures, but no one knows when or why. The work suggests artists of the Sung Dynasty or the sculptures of Tien Lung Shan in Shansi.

The interior of the cave is an oval, vaulted chamber, partly sunk in the rock at the back. In the centre, resting on a pedestal level with your shoulders, sits an enormous stone Buddha, so high that one has only a foreshortened view of the face. It is hewn out of a single block and is absolutely simple, with half-closed

eyes—dreamy and quiet. Carved by a master hand, it fills the cave, not only with its size but with the great peace of Buddhism. Only an inspired genius could have planned and executed such classic beauty, breadth of conception, quiet dignity, and power of spirit.

On all the walls are standing figures, more than life-size, in low relief. At the back a most lovely Kuan Yin and on either side eight Bodhisatvas—“They who look upon all things as having the nature of space, without essence and without substantiality.” Above are twelve square panels of gods and, at the entrance, the deva kings—they who defend the four corners of the earth, their names being, in Japanese, Jikoku, Komoku, Zocko and Bishamon.

These carvings all possess great spiritual strength and represent a peace of the soul which only the Far East has been able to put into its art, an elimination of all things of earth, carrying out the Buddhist philosophy of the vastness of the universe—a creed not of one world but of innumerable hundreds of thousands of worlds. These statues stand unequaled among the works of the greatest masters and surely they are symbolic of the life and history of Korea, a great nation along whose highways came caravans, bringing art, religion and beauty from China, India and the far lands beyond. In Korea, the “Land of the Morning Calm,” they took these things and made them more beautiful, and on this lonely hillside of Sok-

kul-an is the embodiment of that great art. Here the spirit of past years has waited unchanged and will continue beyond the mind of man, symbolizing that which we of the West cannot comprehend—an art which rises above the material and gives only the marvelous peace of the soul.

As we turned from the cave entrance, the harvest moon came out of the sea at the rim of the horizon. Surely twilight is the hour of illusion; vast and beautiful were the vistas, hushed as by enchantment. Night was walking among the trees where the crickets sang; a piper, perched on a rock, was playing a glad tune and wild birds rose, beating their wings in flight.

We returned to the inn and had a Japanese dinner, seated on a pile of cushions. There were soft lights beyond the *shoji* and the swish of maiden's feet along the polished corridors. Cicadæ were in the trees and the moon flooded the valley. We heard the laughter of passing people and saw the lights of their paper lanterns.

It was still early in the morning when we started to "do" all the places of interest that the guide-book suggested, but they, which would have had value the day before, were seen as quite unimportant, for above us, alone in the silence of the stars or the sunlight, was, not a statue but a greatness of spirit which made everything else insignificant.

One wonders if the ghosts of warriors and kings and gracious ladies, heroes and great queens, who died

hundreds of years ago, come in the dusk—at the time of the Festival of the Dead—to that haunted room of the spirit. Is the emptiness of the hills filled with these countless ones who have worshipped? Do they return to pray? Back of reality are unseen, tremendous forces; do these invisible vibrations shape shadow-bodies, having power above death, and do they pass on sandaled feet? Does the soft glow of the lanterns of the dead light the path to this great statue of Buddha, waiting, smiling into the west? Is the murmur of their prayers heard with the chant of the wind and the grasses, as they whisper, "Time never was, time is not"?

We motored along a white road, bordered by running brooks, rice fields and Korean villages, their thatched roofs hung with vines on which were large, pale green melons, and strings of red peppers drying in the sun. The houses are usually white plaster. Above the windows are cages for birds, half-buried in the cement, and in the yards are huge stone jars, usually black but sometimes of delightful colors.

There is great charm in the quiet Korean country. The men dress in white, the women in very full white skirts and trousers, with brilliant short coats of one or more colors, the children wear every known hue. Countless yellow oxen are drawing carts with creaking wheels. Many of the women carry loads on their

heads—great masses of flowers and porcelain dishes of unbelievable size—and the color is amazing.

The last rays of the sun bathed every vista in gold and as night came from the hills the bobbing lights of swinging paper lanterns appeared in the darkness. We stopped at a temple and entered its courtyard, drawn by the first notes of the evening gong; there is a thrill of pleasure in any ancient temple yard.

There was no light until, by following the sound, we came to the low bell tower where a priest in white, a wooden mallet in one hand and a paper lantern in the other, was circling the bell. Chanting a prayer in a soft voice, he moved around and around it, striking it at regular intervals and bringing out low, mellow tones. Then, without stopping, he changed to a heavier mallet and circled faster and faster, the bell resounding to the far hills with a rhythmical, singing tone. Pausing, he seized the heavy beam and struck the bell in the centre. The very ground trembled and the vibrations echoed and reëchoed up and down the valley, saying that "prayer is better than sleep." Gradually the sound grew quiet—became a sobbing which filled the garden with whisperings of beauty.

Across the court, a monk knelt in the dim light, intoning the evening prayer. On the altar only a single wick burned, in an alabaster bowl. Unfathomable depths of shadow lay on the floor and in the corners; here and there light was reflected on the grinning faces, eyes or golden headdresses of the otherwise invisible

gods. Beyond the altar their elongated shadows wavered with the flickering light and were thrown high up on the walls, to be lost in the rafters above.

To go anywhere in Korea, even near Seoul, is not easy. China taught Korea the written language but the Koreans give a different meaning to the characters. Besides that, Japan has renamed every place and in some of the newer guide-books the Japanese is given, with the Korean name in parentheses. It would be much more interesting if the Japanese would retain the old names and treasure everything Korean.

Yet to the archeologist, to the traveler seeking unknown places, and to the hunter, Korea offers endless opportunities, and for the writer there are delightful legends. A trip which has a strong appeal to the imagination is to the "Ever-White Mountains" towering above the Tumen River, which separates Manchuria from Korea.

These mountains are surrounded by dense forests, through which roam magnificent tigers whose pelts are unequalled because of the coldness of the climate. Each year they kill many natives so that, if obliged to travel here at night, the people beat gongs and swing lights. There are also tiger-cats and sleek, beautiful leopards, black bears, wild deer, foxes, beavers, sables and all the small, furry things—everything the hunter desires. There are silver pheasants, as well as swans,



Sea Kongo

cranes, storks, kingfishers, wood larks, thrushes and orioles.

Beyond is the peak of Paik-tu San, the "White-headed Mountain," as it is called by the Koreans; the Chinese know it as the "White porcelain vase with a scalloped edge." Snow covers the summit of this mountain for ten months of the year and it remains white even through the summer, as its top is pumice stone.

Paik-tu San is regarded with reverence and superstition by both the Chinese and Koreans. The approach to it is almost uninhabited for miles in all directions because it is believed that great spirits hunt among the trees. The climb is gradual, and delightful under the great trees, but there is a story that those who go up the mountain never return. Halfway to the top is a ruined temple to the dragon king and, further on, a deserted kiln where yellow Imperial tiles were made.

At the summit—nine thousand feet up—is an extinct crater in which, seventeen hundred feet below, is a lake of blue, blue water. There seems no way down to it, since the walls are almost vertical, yet there are stories of travelers who have reached it. But these travelers have never returned and it is said that they are now beneath the water, in the caves of the dragon king. The goddess of the mountains—she who guards the elixir of life—has often been seen, floating above the lake with her attendant maidens.

No one can explain why this mountain is now de-

140 GANGPLANKS TO THE EAST

serted but the temple and the kiln show that it was once inhabited. No native will approach it now, let alone climb to the peak, but some foreigners have done so and returned. Undoubtedly it will become in time—when it is more accessible—an unequalled place for hunting and a summer resort of unusual charm.

PART III

CHINA

CHAPTER I—PEKING

NO MATTER FROM WHAT direction you approach Peking it can only be reached by covering long stretches of flat, uninteresting land. Tientsin, a rushing, modern city, is the gateway and if the train goes through on time—which it seldom does—there is at best an uncomfortable four hours of boredom, of dust and smells. Perhaps there will be a dust storm, sifting into every corner of the car, and by the time the sun nears the horizon you feel that you can endure no more.

Suddenly you find yourself rushing by a wall, so high that you cannot see its top from the car window. You stop a moment at Hatamen, where the wall is pierced by an oval opening through which a great city is rushing—camels, donkeys and rickshaws. As the train stops and you come out into a very modern station and pass through the Water Gate, all is quiet. You enter the Legation Quarter which, with cement pavement and modern buildings, is very little different from other cities. Yet only one block away is Chien Men, the principal gate of the wall, and there you are again in the native city, unchanged since the building of Peking.

To the Chinese the wall is a protecting dragon,

Chien Men its mouth and the gates on either side its eyes. One of the corner gates is inhabited by a sacred fox and its door has never been closed since the wall was built, for if the fox became angry he would bring disturbances to the city. These gates, towering at the corners of the wall, are always ninety-nine feet high, since good spirits move at the height of a hundred feet while the evil spirits fly lower.

All Peking houses are walled and, as you wait for the heavy doors to be opened, you are likely to see, pasted on either side of the gate, a god—the white god of day and the black god of night. Like many Imperial customs these gate gods have now been forbidden, yet new ones appear each year and the paper shops say that their sale is always increasing.

Long ago—one does not count centuries in China—the Emperor T'ai Tsung was troubled with bad dreams and by demons who raged through the darkness. Two of his generals, Ch'in Shu-pao and Hu Ching-tê, offered to stand guard at his gate so that no evil dreams could enter; one watched through the day and the other through the night. For many weeks they remained on guard and no demons entered; the Emperor was most appreciative and, after some time had passed, said to them:

“You must not stand so long but I will give orders that your portraits be painted and we will place one on the right door and one on the left to keep out all evil spirits.”



The Gate God

This was successful at first but the demons soon found that they could pass in by the back gate. Again they brought evil dreams and the Emperor fell ill. Then the minister, Wei Chêng, stood guard at the back gate and the Emperor slept in peace and was soon completely recovered.

Ever since that time, at New Year's, portraits of the two generals are pasted on the front gate of Chinese houses and one of Wei Chêng at the back door, though comparatively few houses have back gates and a print of this god is not easy to find. These paper portraits are printed from wood blocks but much of the color is put in by hand; most of the theatrical posters and pictures of Chinese scenes are done in the same way, a very crude process but all that is left of this method of printing, which originated in China but was developed into such a great art by the Japanese.

When the gates in a Chinese temple or house swing open, one can see only a few feet ahead, as there is usually a screen placed there to halt the devils that may have entered with the opening of the door: the devils fly straight and low and the screens prevent them from entering the courtyards and pavilions.

Peking is a city of mystery, woven with the romance of centuries which have been swept into the sea of time, of empires that have risen and vanished, ruled by those who lived unseen in the walled Forbidden City. That glory has gone, never to return, yet yellow roofs still glisten in the sun above a green ocean of trees,

and faded pink walls that are pierced by gateways and at whose corners rise watch towers still guard the city. As of old, children in bright clothes play along the streets, scuffling feet stir the dust and weary bodies bend beneath loads too great for them. A mighty current of human life surges always through the city; the creaking of bamboo poles and tireless wooden carts, the cries of street vendors and the sad call of the blind, all unchanged for countless centuries.

In every century a few figures emerge so above and apart from all others that they stand beyond comparison and are strikingly illuminated for all time. So Yung Loh and the city whose construction he planned remain unequalled. Peking not only has been the most beautiful of cities but still, in its decay, remains the City Imperial. Only a brilliant mind could have conceived its arrangement of temples, walls and palaces, could have placed *pailous* at just the right approaches, so that they carry the interwoven masses of color and design up to break the green of the trees.

Now the gates of the palaces are open and anyone may wander through the courtyards and pavilions, or linger to see the robes and jewels of those who have passed. A great loneliness is everywhere, ghosts of the dead are in the shadows and, when alone, you may hear the sound of their passing and the murmur of their whispering. The Ming Dynasty and even the Manchus are history; yet do they return. Emanations of memory, they come—intangible, illusive, a ghostly

reliving of dead people and of emotions still vividly alive, their influence on earth strong though insubstantial as a perfume. A fragile thing, remembrance, yet stronger than life.

In her heart, weary with many memories, China believes thoroughly that the dead return. She walks softly where the doors have been sealed by passing centuries and, in the palaces of the past, leaves the gates and gardens free for those over whom death has no dominance. Their laughter is silent now but beauty still lingers, as the fragrance in the dead heart of a rose.

In San Kuan Miao stands what was once a small but very sacred Buddhist temple. Although it is now a dwelling, and the priests are gone, in the main courtyard tablets still stand on which are carved the names of those whose obtained merit by repairing it. History has made this temple the scene of the last act of the Emperor Ch'ung Chêng and this is its story:

Inside the walls of Peking softly beaten drums were summoning the soldiers to prepare for battle, while outside beacon fires flamed from the camps of the enemy. Within the gates was the wailing of a people, beaten, waiting, they knew not for what.

In the grey dawn of early morning Ch'ung Chêng, last of the Ming Emperors, passed through the palaces of the Forbidden City with a few faithful retainers and followed by the sobbing of his women. Enemies within threatened rebellion and he knew not what to do; he must trust to the gods. He approached the

Imperial temple near Ch'ao Yang, San Kuan Miao, to decide his fate, and the fate of a nation, by "drawing the slip." If he drew the long one he would boldly open the gates and face the enemy; if he drew the middle-length one he would wait quietly for what might come but, should he draw the short one, he would take his life.

At the temple high officials of the court received him; priests knelt in worship and the Emperor prayed as the ritual of sacrificial ceremony was intoned, while the destiny of an empire waited for the decision of an inch of slender bamboo.

Ch'ung Chêng arose and the high priest placed in his hands the tube containing the fortune-telling sticks; there was breathless silence as the Emperor slowly swayed the case back and forth. One stick fell to the ground and the high priest stooped and handed it to the Son of Heaven. It was short. There was a heavy silence—then at last Ch'ung Chêng spoke:

"May this temple built by my ancestors be forever accursed. May every suppliant who comes here be denied what he wishes, forever.

"For those who come in sorrow, may that sorrow be doubled.

"For those who come in happiness, may that happiness be turned to sorrow.

"May hope here become despair.

"Those who come in health, may they grow ill.

"I, Ch'ung Chêng, curse it.

"May the fox and the bat inhabit it and may all people pass it shudderingly."

Without again speaking, he turned away.

Later he and his faithful servant were found hanging from a tree in the grounds of Mei Shan (Coal Hill). This tree was surrounded by chains and, though two hundred and seventy years have passed since then, the tree still stands and it is still in chains. The park is now opened to the public throughout the day but, as the sun sinks below its wall, the gates are closed and no one is allowed to enter for always—when the moon throws light into the highest pavilion—the last Emperor of the Mings returns to walk through his gardens, his faithful servant always with him.

The streets of Peking are as different from those of other cities as are its palaces and temples. Long strings of camels pass by and springless carts that are models of wonderful workmanship, drawn by large, beautifully cared for and costly mules.

Peking funerals are equally famous. Almost any day you may see one or, if it is a lucky day, several. Often they are gorgeous beyond belief and, when a rich man is being buried, they may be miles long.

Recently I watched the funeral of a very wealthy man. Climbing to the wall at Hatamen, I stood above the street and the procession, passing through the gate at my feet, extended farther than I could see and took

three hours to pass. It was a stream of brilliant color, of red and gold, green, blue and white. First came twenty children in white, their coats brocaded with circles of flowers, each carrying long swaying branches of woven white paper; then came hundreds in robes of woven red and gold gauze, worn over coats of changeable material; they carried high red lacquer poles, topped with symbols of gold, or great honey-colored horn lanterns. Other men in red, with pointed caps, beat on large gongs, while musicians blew on wind pipes so long that a second man was needed to support them. The music is weird and plaintive, punctuated by the deep boom of the drums, which resounds for miles.

About every fifty feet was a man carrying paper disks, several hundred of which, at certain intervals, were thrown high into the air to whirl upward and come slowly down like enormous snowflakes. This is spirit money, for use in the world beyond. Next came the "paper shapes of all things," carts and automobiles, houses, women about three-fourths life size. Since this man had lived in a palace on earth there were dogs of paper for his courtyard and pagodas and block after block of paper flowers—enormous wreaths, some taller than those who carried them.

There were many priests, in beautiful robes of yellow or red plaided with gold, and the family and friends followed in Peking carts. The last to come was the coffin, carried on the shoulders of eighty cool-

ies in green robes; it rested on red lacquer poles and was surrounded by a framework covered with beautiful brocade, held at the corners and centre by gold symbols. The nearest relatives, in unbleached muslin, walked beside it with bowed heads, while the priest accompanying them recited prayers.

As the last of the procession passed beneath the arch of the wall, I walked to the other side and watched this slowly moving stream of color—crossed and re-crossed by the countless blue coats of the Chinese, by carts, donkeys and market people carrying their wares in baskets—go on and on, to be absorbed in the distance where, at the grave, the paper shapes would be burned so that their essence might rise to greet the one who journeyed thither.

Turning to walk down from the wall, I noticed a strange yellow tone in all directions, a haze through which the sun was seen as though hidden behind golden veils. Everyone has heard of Peking dust storms and they do exist, as mysterious as the city itself. Sometimes they pass, sometimes they settle over everything, or a wind comes and blows the dust across the city in great sheets of sand. There are many explanations of these storms but the one appealing most to the imagination tells of a mountain of pure jade, which is in the Gobi Desert; it is guarded by countless dwarfs and their orders from the gods are that no one must find it. When the long camel trains that come and go across the desert approach too near the dwarfs

stir the sands and—hidden by the storm of dust—change the direction of the caravan.

Halfway to the Bell Tower, a street to the left and down a short alley, is a gate.

The dust of passing years has heaped it with dirt and fallen leaves and this once beautiful gate, its bolts undrawn for countless years, is decaying. The passer-by does not notice, because it has been that way always, ever since man remembers, but the old man who sometimes comes out the small side door knows—for his father's father's father, back beyond the unending years that are lost in the waves of time, lived when this was a most beautiful palace, when the great Mings ruled from the Dragon Throne within the Forbidden City.

In those days pavilions half circled a lake, where lotus flowers bloomed and peonies and azaleas flowered in their season to be reflected in the water. Among the trees at the far end were two pavilions, one where a great prince came for rest, the other where lived the lovely Yuen Ti, "The fair one with the long, sweet eyes."

It was said that it was the Emperor himself who came, but those who knew could not tell, for it would have meant the loss of their lives. It does not matter—he was a great prince and a great lover and he loved the Lady Yuen Ti more than all the others. "Her mouth bewildered his senses, his heart was held in the silken folds of her hair, her figure was slender as a

carving in ivory by a master craftsman of long ago." She loved only this great lord, and the prince—seeing her sweetness—regarded no other and forgot the affairs of state.

Days they walked in this garden of beauty, or rested by the water, and when the sun was gone, the stars came out or a great moon hung in the sky, and they watched it grow and disappear. There were love and joy and absolute peace in the garden beyond this closed gateway.

The years between are a sealed book. But the old guardian will tell you that often, after the moon has risen and the garden is silver white and there are very black shadows among the trees and pavilions, the great gate opens, quietly, for ghosts tread softly, and then again the palaces are shining and new and the flowers in full bloom; again the prince of half-remembered days comes with his retainers, their robes heavy with gold and embroideries, and crosses the gardens to meet the Lady Yuen Ti.

And again he has seen only the two lovers, walking alone beneath the curved roofs of yellow tile, along the path where the white lilies grow and silver peacocks spread their tails in the moonlight.

The Forbidden City is sometimes called the Purple City, or Sacred City, but, under whatever name, these palaces built for the Son of Heaven, ruler of a great Empire, have a strong appeal to the imagination. As

you pass through the now deserted buildings, you feel still that ancient civilizations are throbbing very close. Here Emperors, believing themselves to be of divine descent, held the power for a thousand years and, although dynasties came, ruled and passed, all adhered to the idea of keeping the Imperial enclosures tightly closed, knowing that they added greatly to their strength by this remoteness.

The city is splendidly planned, walls within walls, surrounded by moats in which are masses of lotus, their beautiful pink flowers rising tall in the spring. One should climb to some high place in the early morning, or just at sunset, or by moonlight and look over the trees to where the light glints on the beautiful yellow tiles of this Imperial City, which holds the history of Emperors and clans, of Empresses, of eunuchs—some of whom have held more power than the ruler himself—and the memory of the journeys of Marco Polo and the visits of the Living Buddhas.

Those of long ago planned, carved and enameled the walls and doors, formed the tracery of grills, built the rock gardens where there are shapes never before put in stone, and time—having built—is now brushing away the beauty and soon will destroy it, because no one Imperial is left and the soul of a people who gave reverence to their ruler is dead.

The history of these palaces has been varied, marked by the great figures and the legends moving through it. Kublai Khan improved parts of it, and the Sea Palaces

were given additional beauty by Ch'ien Lung, though fortunately the Manchus made few changes in what could not have been more perfect.

In the twelfth century water was brought from the Jade Fountain for its lakes, and in Pei Hai is a mountain, called the Hill of Bliss, and it is said that long ago this mountain was in Mongolia and was famous for its magic powers. An Emperor of the T'ang Dynasty, wishing it for his pleasure garden, offered to exchange for it a princess of his own family; the offer was accepted but so large was the mountain that it could not be moved. So they prayed to the God of Obstacles and Hindrances, he whose face is black, and he gave instructions that, if they poured vinegar over it and then enclosed it in a circle of fire, it would dissolve; when that was done it was easy to remove.

The enclosure of palaces in the Forbidden City was really a town complete within its own walls for, beside the Imperial and state pavilions, there were palaces where all those near the throne lived, as well as temples, theatres and everything required for the hundreds of people serving the Son of Heaven.

The beauty of the Middle, Southern and Northern Seas, on the shores of which rest the Sea Palaces, was enlarged and finished by Yung Loh. Flowing water is supposed to bring bad luck, so that streams were always made to run among stones or dammed at certain intervals, and there is a strange small pavilion in the grounds of the Winter Palace: open on all sides, it

shelters a spring which bubbles up through an intricate grill, carved and so placed that it retards the flow.

In these Sea Palaces, as through the Forbidden City, lingers the memory of those who walked here. One may turn the pages of Marco Polo and bring back the court held here by Kublai Khan; the glory of the celebration of his birthday and the ceremony held on the first day of the New Year is almost beyond belief. Where now are all the robes and what has become of the jewels?

“ Upon this anniversary the Great Khan appears in a superb dress of cloth of gold, and on the same occasion full twenty thousand nobles and military officers are clad by him in dresses similar to his own in point of color and form; but the materials are not equally rich. They are, however, of silk, and of the color of gold; and along with the vest they likewise receive a girdle of chamois leather, curiously worked with gold and silver thread, and also a pair of boots. Some of the dresses are ornamented with precious stones and pearls to the value of ten thousand bezants of gold, and are given to those nobles who, from their confidential employments, are nearest to his Majesty's person. These dresses are appointed to be worn on the thirteen solemn festivals celebrated in the year, when those who are clad in them make an appearance that is truly royal. When his Majesty assumes any particular dress, the nobles of his court wear corresponding, but less costly, dresses, which are always in readiness. They are not annually re-

newed, but on the contrary are made to last about ten years. From this parade an idea may be formed of the magnificence of the Great Khan, which is unequaled by that of any monarch in the world.

“ On the occasion of this festival of the Great Khan’s birthday, all his Tartar subjects, and likewise the people of every kingdom and province throughout his dominions, send him valuable presents, according to established usage. . . .

“ Upon this day the inhabitants of all the provinces and kingdoms who hold lands or rights of jurisdiction under the Great Khan, send him valuable presents of gold, silver, and precious stones, together with many pieces of white cloth, which they add, with the intent that his Majesty may experience throughout the year uninterrupted enjoyment, and possess treasure adequate to all his expenses. With the same view the nobles, princes, and all ranks of the community, make reciprocal presents, at their respective houses, of white articles; embracing each other with demonstrations of joy and festivity, and saying ‘ May good fortune attend you through the coming year, and may everything you undertake succeed to your wish.’ On this occasion great numbers of beautiful white horses are presented to the Great Khan; or if not perfectly white, it is at least the prevailing color. In this country white horses are not uncommon.

“ It is moreover the custom in making presents to the Great Khan, for those who have it in their power

to furnish nine times nine of the article of which the present consists. Thus, for instance, if a province sends a present of horses, there are nine times nine, or eighty-one head in the drove. And so also of gold, or of cloth, nine times nine pieces. His Majesty receives at this festival no fewer than a hundred thousand horses.

"On this day it is that all his elephants, amounting to five thousand, are exhibited in procession, covered with housings of cloth, fancifully and richly worked with gold and silk, in figures of birds and beasts. Each of these supports upon its shoulders two coffers filled with vessels of plate and other apparatus for the use of the court. Then follows a train of camels, in like manner laden with various necessary articles of furniture. When the whole are properly arranged, they pass in review before his Majesty, and form a pleasing spectacle."

Such was the grandeur of a celebration in the days of the Khans and it is of such ceremonies that the neglected courtyards now lie dreaming.

Memories come and go, of later Emperors who ruled from this Forbidden City—of K'ang Hsi and his grandson Ch'ien Lung, of how they loved and created beauty, and of the women who moved languidly through their courts. It is strange that, of all the women who have lived here, only a few have left a name or memory; yet hundreds of girls, of exceeding loveliness, were selected for the palace, only the most perfect being sent to the Emperors.

We catch faint glimpses of a few of these women. Ch'ien Lung's mother, the Lady Niuulu, moves with dignity and charm through a great part of her son's life, guiding him with sympathy and understanding, and the sad story of this same Emperor's Mohammedan concubine is still told.

Until a few years ago a beautiful ruin stood outside the south wall of the Lake Palace in the Forbidden City and there services were once held, by a Mohammedan brought from Mecca, for the pleasure of the Lady K'o. Sometimes a strange portrait of this concubine is exhibited in one of the galleries of the Forbidden City; she was painted, in armor, by the Jesuit priest, Castilione, who, as well as another artist, Attiret, was attached to the court in the eighteenth century and tried unsuccessfully to make the Chinese accept European art. Every now and then one sees a painting by one of these artists, although they are now rare and valuable, and they present a peculiar mingling of both methods.

When Ch'ien Lung was campaigning in Sungaria, he heard of the beauty of the wife of one of the chiefs, a Mohammedan named Prince Ali Arslan. She was known as the Model Beauty. The Emperor gave orders that, if possible, she was to be secured for his palace and when, after the war, Prince Ali Arslan committed suicide, his wife was taken and brought to Peking. Word was sent to Ch'ien Lung and he gave orders that every comfort and special honor were to be given her.

When she arrived, this Mohammedan Princess was given the Western Palace, by the South Gate, Hsin Hua-mên, and received the title of "Fragrant Concubine," though she was usually referred to as "K'o" (Stranger) Concubine, while her pavilion came to be called the "Home-looking Palace." She did not seem unhappy, but refused to have anything to do with Ch'ien Lung.

The Emperor sent the highest ladies of his court to tell her of the great honors which awaited her, but her only answer was to draw a dagger from her sleeve; when asked the reason for this action, she said:

"My tribe is destroyed, my lord is dead—I mean to die but first I must avenge my people. I will slay their enemy; if the Emperor forces me to become his concubine, I shall kill him and myself." They took the weapon from her, but she went on, "It does not matter, I shall find a way; if you trouble me more, I will kill one of you."

When Ch'ien Lung was told of this, he saw that it was useless to try to persuade her, but he visited her often and sat quietly talking, hoping that in time she would come to care for him, as he loved her greatly.

After two years, at the time of the Moslem New Year, someone found her weeping and, when this was reported to the Emperor, he caused a mosque to be built just outside the Lake Palace, and called it the "Tower of the Jeweled Moon." Then, near it, was

built a town, exactly like her native village, on which she could look out from her windows.

Ch'ien Lung's mother was greatly worried, saying: "Why not let her die, or return her to her home?" but the Emperor still hoped that she might forgive, and care for him.

The Empress Nihulu waited until the last of the year, when the Emperor had gone to pray at the Temple of Heaven, it being the winter solstice, and then she sent a messenger, late at night, to the Lady K'o, asking her to come to the Palace of Motherly Tranquillity. When she had arrived, the gates were locked and the Empress said:

"I am told that you will not submit to the wishes of my son. What do you intend to do?"

And she answered, "I wish to die." Her voice was low and mellow and her beauty so great that the Empress' heart sorrowed; yet she said:

"So be it. I will grant you the privilege of committing suicide here and now."

Giving sincere thanks, K'o kowtowed several times, saying:

"Your Majesty I thank many times for listening to my wishes. I submitted to making the long journey here in the hope that I would not die alone, but that I might avenge my husband's death by a deed which would stagger the empire. I am too closely guarded for that—why therefore should I continue to live this useless existence? I prefer to join my lord in the world

beyond and I shall thank Your Majesty, giving prayers for your kindness, from the realms of Hades."

She then fell, weeping, at the feet of the Empress, who was greatly touched, but asked a eunuch to escort the Lady K'o to a room beyond. There she hung herself from a beam with her girdle, a beautiful piece of soft brocade.

The Emperor was at the Hall of Fasting, preparing for the ceremony on the Altar of Heaven, when a confidential servant came to him in great haste, explaining that his beloved concubine had been summoned by his mother. Fearing that he would be too late, Ch'ien Lung returned hastily to the palace, by which action he violated the most sacred laws of the empire. Finding the gates to his mother's palace locked, he waited impatiently until they were opened by an attendant, who said:

"Her Majesty desires your presence."

When he entered her pavilion she was standing, waiting. Without a word she turned and, he following, they came to a small room where K'o was lying on a couch of brocade. In death she was beautiful beyond belief—more lovely than she had been in life, for absolute peace and happiness were there and a little smile brushed her lips, as though she were waking into a joyous world. The Emperor dropped to his knees and, holding her hand, laid his face close to hers; the Lady Nihulu softly closed the screens and left them together.

A more recent memory which haunts the courts of the Forbidden City is that of the wedding, only ten years ago, of the last Emperor, already then a ruler without a throne.

In the morning of a very still day, the sun brilliant on the yellow roofs, I stood opposite the main gate of the Forbidden City and saw the great doors open, while from the shadows of the arch in the wall came those bearing gifts from Hsüan T'ung (Pu Yi) to the little princess whom he had never seen but who was to become his empress in that city of ghosts. Such color and silence I do not expect to see again; it could not have been more silent had they who moved so noiselessly along the street been ghosts.

At night I went to see the princess carried in her chair to the Imperial City. At the gates of her father's palace two enormous stone dogs stood guard; a full moon was just above the horizon when, from out this gate, hung solid with flowers and lanterns, came the silent procession. As they turned and walked along the path, they resembled painted figures against the high wall of fading pink, while, beyond, silhouettes of temple and palace roofs were pale against the moonlit sky.

There were attendants in stiff robes of satin and embroidery, each carrying a huge horn lantern, held by a carved dragon of gold and red lacquer, horses on which rode princes and high officials, beautiful banners, which rose above the top of the wall, catching

the light. On lacquer stands were carried the presents sent by the Emperor in the morning, while innumerable lanterns sent down countless shadows, which formed a moving carpet of ever-shifting shapes across the yellow sand.

Near the end of the procession came the chair of the little princess. Many moon lanterns, carried low and almost touching the ground, surrounded the chair, which was entirely of gold lacquer, its curtains woven of silver and gold brocade. It passed as a dream—something of the imagination made visible for only a second—and the most impressive thing was the absolute quiet; only the swish of moving feet, an uncanny sound as though spirits were whispering together.

At a corner the wall turned and the procession passed, entering the great main gates, which were open and waiting, and slowly mounted the white marble terraces. The moon was now high over the roofs and this golden procession, as it wound over the marble bridges, seemed only a fragment of fancy, absorbed into the moonlight. On the topmost terrace Hsüan T'ung came to hold back the curtains and welcome his empress.

Now even Pu Yi and his bride are gone from the Forbidden City. Only the past cries out from every Imperial temple, palace and pavilion, cries out from the shadows, asking that time be caught and held back from destruction before it is too late.

CHAPTER II—MING HUANG

IN MANY OF THE LEGENDS of China, founded on history and having their beginnings far back among shadows, there is an ancient beauty that is eternal and apart from all change.

Such a story is that of the Emperor Ming Huang of the T'ang Dynasty. As a ruler he was not great, because he was an artist and a poet and put the love of a woman before his empire, being more interested in the pursuit of beauty than in statecraft. Had he been nothing more than an Emperor, time would have left him only a name and a date, but writers and poets have made him the symbol of love, as the Lady T'ai Chên that of beauty—a beauty which is so often sorrow.

In his city of Ch'ang-an, with its three circling walls, its bell and drum towers, and guarded by the great Yen tower, the Imperial Emperor Ming Huang held the most famous of courts, the brilliancy of which is yet unequalled. There he welcomed artists, poets, writers, and there he laid the foundations of the Chinese theatre.

In his gardens birds of brilliant plumage preened themselves in the sun, as they walked among the flowers bordering the lake, or bent to see their reflec-

tions mirrored beneath in the water, on which floated barges brilliant with lacquer and shaded by awnings of gorgeous brocade. Music from hidden lutes and wind instruments vied with song-birds. Beyond, pavilions of beauty rested on white marble balconies, carved and polished like the finest ivory, with steps that came down to the water's edge.

The most beautiful women in the land, wrapped in brocades of gold and silver, woven with the green of jade, the purple of amethyst and the blue of sapphires, walked among the flowers. Great cages of butterflies were brought and opened, while the Emperor, bored and weary, accepted as his favorites those on whose blue-black hair the butterflies rested.

Gold dragonflies shimmered in the sun and, at night, fireflies—rising and falling—illuminated the trees with blossoms of flame. Above, the moon was silver, while wind bells moved softly in the shadows.

Yet in all this beauty there was no one whom the Emperor loved; among the beautiful women of his court, he sought vainly for happiness. Then a girl was brought to him who turned life into a dream of joy and love, for so beautiful was she that all others were as pale shadows by her side.

T'ai Chên was her name and, with her, forgotten delights returned to the lonely heart of the Emperor, until he lived only to fulfill her every wish. For her, brocades of unsurpassed beauty were made, pearls were interwoven with jewel jade, porcelains so thin that a

humming-bird's egg was less transparent were ordered; ivory from distant India was carved like the finest of lace, and softest furs from the far north were spread beneath her feet. Yet the more she was given, the more she wished—even that she might receive the greatest honor, that of becoming the Empress.

Inside the walls these two forgot that, beyond, was a nation weary of the struggle for life, that famine walked through the land and a starving people rebelled against the extravagances of their ruler. Counselors came and knelt before Ming Huang, beseeching him to listen to the gathering storm, but he would not, for he had forgotten all but T'ai Chên—she who danced in the golden sunshine and was music in the silver twilight.

Again and again the wise men came, asking him to hear the voice of his people before it was too late. But Ming Huang listened only to the voice that was sweeter than caroling love birds in the shadows, could see only the face that was as the brightness of opening flowers and followed only her dancing feet, light as the passing of butterfly wings.

The storm of rebellion broke and the court fled from the city. But "the wings of hate are swift" and the furious rebel soldiers slaughtered the prime minister, who was the brother of T'ai Chên, accusing him of treachery; then, mad with blood, they hastened after the Emperor and demanded the death of the favorite. While outside the legions waited like thirsting tigers,

Ming Huang pleaded with their envoy, offering his empire, his wealth, everything, if they would leave him only this one woman. Yet, believing it to be her influence which had brought such great suffering to the land, they would accept one thing only—her death. At last, to keep the dark tragedy of civil war from his starving country, the Emperor consented.

Seeking T'ai Chên, he spoke sorrowfully:

"Before the tolling of the sunset bell, I must send your spirit 'beyond the horizon of distant twilights.' But you will return to me as I keep my vigil of despair—bring to me some consolation, and each night I shall wait for the drifting of your presence from out the shadows."

And T'ai Chên answered:

"Farewell. I go wrapped in the memory of the golden days we have been together, the love of the silent nights and blue twilights, when the fragrance of sleeping lotus ponds is stirred by the south wind, and I am taking the beauty of the hours that have been with me into the lonely depths, where I go with the last beam of the dying sun. I will wait beneath the lonely stars, whose first rays come now from the land where lost souls dwell; my life is but a second of time about to pass away.

"I shall return to you in the heart of the shadows, in the moon-white hours when the song-bird sings to his mate. On an arrow of moonlight I shall return from below, where in silence sleep the dead; when

night weaves the darkness with silver stars, I shall be with you."

With us the story would end here; to the Chinese it is but a fragment of existence, unbroken by death.

A desolate man, Ming Huang gave up the throne he had bought so dearly and wandered far, seeking her who had promised to return. Nowhere could he find her, until he was told of a priest of Tao, who could travel the invisible path at will. Touched by the pleadings of the Emperor, this priest went beyond the rim of the earth, where it rests on the circle of waters, beyond the winds and mists, to the distant palaces of light. There, by the gate where, with folded wings, the golden phœnix stands, T'ai Chên came to him, her voice quiet as the notes of a jade lute heard across still waters, saying:

"Soon I shall return to him and our love shall last beyond the setting of the stars."

Returning with this promise, the priest of Tao found Ming Huang sleeping, his spirit already journeying to join that of T'ai Chên.

Now, in the echoes that return from past centuries, we hear of Ming Huang and his beloved, sailing in a "black-winged junk seamed with silver stars" to the land of P'eng Lai. A lonely fisherman brushed their boat as it passed in the sea mist and heard a lute of jade as Ming Huang sang to the Lady T'ai Chên.

It is strange that, with all the changing dynasties,

never-ending wars and political strife, one thing which has remained practically unchanged in China is the theatre. There are of course many varieties but the most popular is the classical drama, which has come down, following the Imperial traditions, since it was formed under the direction of that Emperor of the T'ang Dynasty, Ming Huang.

The theatre is probably the most popular form of entertainment among the Chinese, not entirely because of their interest in the drama, but also because so many of the plays are performed in a theatre or hall which is the centre of stalls or booths. Between acts one may wander about, drink tea with one's family or friends, return for another scene and then wander out again to do the day's shopping.

The costumes are always brilliant, the headdresses extraordinary and—unlike the Japanese "*No*"—the symbolism is not hard to understand and is often amusing.

One of the forms of ancient drama, the origin of which no one seems able to date, is the shadow show. Some say that it is older than the actual theatre but, since the plays enacted are the same as those of the theatre, it was probably only a simpler form of the same art. As the actors and complete sets could be carried in a large suitcase and be set up in any room or courtyard, the small villages where there was no theatre could be reached. The performance costing

only a few coppers, it has been very popular until recently.

Now, in Peking, except for a few foreigners who sometimes entertain their dinner guests with a shadow play, it would have entirely disappeared but for the untiring efforts of Dr. Yamei Kin. During the summer she often asks as many as can be seated in her small courtyard to see several dramas presented. They are not really shadow plays, in that they are not silhouettes, but are brilliant with color.

Across one end of the courtyard is stretched a screen of very thin cotton cloth, about six feet in height by eight in width. The actors are made of donkey hide, dyed in striking colors and polished so that they are transparent. I have part of a collection that belonged to Ch'ien Lung and the marionettes are about thirty inches high, but today they are seldom over eighteen inches. Besides the actors are horses and carts, houses, bugs, cows and birds, all jointed and wired, with a long, thin bamboo at the end of each wire, making it possible to move the figures through the scenes with great vividness yet with a peculiar, jointed rhythm, suggestive of the modern art created today.

The plays are not silent, for those beyond the screen, who manipulate the actors, speak the part of each character as it appears. These performances are really a great art, handed down in families for generations. The one Dr. Kin is keeping from disappearing consists of an old man who is blind, his two sons and his

grandson. They not only move the marionettes with the greatest dexterity but—besides the usual tones of men, women and children—they can imitate the voices of birds and animals, street cries and all the variations of each.

Recently I went out to the Catholic University of Peking, where the fathers are doing marvelous work, to see their new building, completed last year, a beautiful structure whose high roofs rise above its surroundings and look down over the low walls and the streets beneath. It has been carried out with the roofs and general design of Chinese buildings, yet inside is every convenience, library, class rooms, gymnasium, and rooms and dormitories for four hundred boys, who also have every facility for tennis and swimming, as well as a ball team of which the fathers are justly proud.

Connected with this new building, and also belonging to the university, is a beautiful palace, part of what was once the home of that most celebrated of villains, Ho Shen, the Minister of Finance of Ch'ien Lung, whose fortune was the greatest of which there is any record in China. The pavilions of this palace are all of a marvelous shade of red lacquer, their pillars uphold- ing the gaily painted beams that support the tiled roof.

The principal pavilion, which stands on and is approached by a raised platform, has been transformed into a chapel—the outside unchanged, but the inside true to Catholic traditions—a quiet place of prayer,

before whose altar I think God accepts the spirit of worship, caring not what the creed of him who offers it. There is a library of reference, where many old books are being translated. Some of the walls of the galleries, connecting the courtyards, are painted with palace scenes, fading now, though lovely ladies still smile from them, and there are most wonderful small pavilions where the pavement is all of flower designs, made in the tiniest of colored stones, fashioned with the endless care of those who thought more of the beauty of their work than of the time they spent or the payment they received. The new buildings look down into this garden and perhaps the students may come to feel, seeing it, that beauty has a place and, in time, bring China back to that which it has lost.

Beautiful as this part is, across the street from its entrance are the pavilions of the main palace, which is always closed. It belongs to one of the Manchu princes, who has not the money to keep it in repair, and everyone who knows feels the greatest regret that it is falling to pieces, for the best of Chinese houses must have constant care.

The story of Ho Shen, whose palace this was, is amazing. Perhaps it is fairly typical of others but it is oft-repeated, partly because of his long association with the glorious reign of Ch'ien Lung, partly because his palaces still exist although he was killed by the Emperor Chia Ch'ing, who caused an inventory to be made of his wealth. Great as that was, there is a belief

that the largest part of it was buried and has never been found.

Ho Shen was of humble birth and his education only superficial, yet so clever was he in conversation and so remarkable was his wit, that he not only delighted the Emperor continually with his epigrams but impressed Lord Macartney at Jehol with his intelligence and his manners. At first his position was only that of a sergeant of the palace guards but, before long, he was chosen to escort the Imperial chair and it was while carrying out this duty that he first attracted the notice of the Emperor. One day, while being escorted through the eastern gate of the Forbidden City, Ch'ien Lung was reading a report which had just reached him, telling of a rebellion in the south.

"The Everlasting Lord's face was clouded as he read, and his bearers overheard him saying: 'If the tiger or the rhinoceros escapes from his cage, if the gem be injured in the casket, who is to blame?' This well-known quotation, from the Discourses of Confucius, means that the party responsible for a misfortune must expect to bear the blame. None of the bearers understood the allusion, but Ho Shen who was riding alongside said to them: 'Yeh' (the Master) means that officials holding responsible posts must be made accountable for every dereliction of duty."*

On hearing this explanation, the Emperor was sur-

* "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," by E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland.

prised that a sergeant of the guard should have such ready knowledge of the words of Confucius and gave orders that Ho Shen be brought before him when he reached the palace. When this was done, Ch'ien Lung conversed with him for some time and was pleased and amazed at his quick and ready replies.

After this audience, Ho Shen's promotion was rapid and he rose finally to the strongest position in the empire, his power being second only to that of Ch'ien Lung. Not only were high honors given him but the greatest devotion existed between the Emperor and Ho Shen, until the death of Ch'ien Lung.

One of his positions was that of tutor to the young Prince Chia, who, as the Emperor Chia Ch'ing, was to follow Ch'ien Lung on the throne. "Ho Shen disliked the young Prince, whose character was surly and generally unsympathetic, and did his best to dissuade Ch'ien Lung from selecting him as his Heir. It is recorded that on one occasion he lost his temper with his pupil and kicked him slightly. The insult was never forgotten or forgiven by Chia Ch'ing, and Ho Shen lived to regret that he had not adopted a more conciliatory attitude towards the Heir to the Throne." *

One of the reasons Chia Ch'ing gave for causing the death of Ho Shen was that his former tutor had wished to ascend the Dragon Throne, pointing out that Ho Shen's own palaces were even more splendid than the

* "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," by E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland.

Imperial residence, while his treasures—rare jewels, jade, fur, curios—surpassed by far those of the Emperor.

Over and over again Chia Ch'ing claimed that he had no desire for the money Ho Shen had acquired and that he wished only to make him an example to those who sought to approach the greatness of the throne, in their palaces, fortunes or jewels; yet it was his vast wealth that really caused the Emperor to persecute him, immediately that the protection of Ch'ien Lung was withdrawn by his death. Chia Ch'ing wasted no time in beginning the overthrow of the man he hated; the first day after the death of his father, he issued a decree, directed particularly against Ho Shen:

"I am Lord of the Empire and I require the truth above everything. All I care about is peace and plenty, absence of rebellion, and the contentment of my subjects. I shall show no mercy for misconduct in the field: all my commanders will do well, therefore, to purge themselves of error and to clear their minds of cant. Let them exert themselves to restore the halcyon days of peace, otherwise they will be dealt with by martial law. My words will be followed up by action; do not imagine that your new sovereign can be hoodwinked!" *

Carrying out his promise, Chia Ch'ing at once followed up his words with actions. Within four days,

* "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," by E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland.

he ordered Ho Shen stripped of all his honors and offices and imprisoned in the board of punishments, dismissing most of Ch'ien Lung's other ministers at the same time, almost before his father's funeral had been prepared. To the objections of those who claimed that he was the most unfilial of sons to throw out of office his father's trusted retainers, while the court was still in mourning, he replied:

"The crimes of these men are great. Had my father known what I have learned, he would have done as I am doing and I know that he will thank me when he looks towards the earth from the Land of Yellow Springs."

His advisers could make no reply to this statement of the Emperor, but when Chia Ch'ing was later struck by lightning and killed, it was regarded as the punishment of Heaven for his disregard of his father's wishes.

When Ho Shen's property was examined, Chia Ch'ing was delighted to announce that he had copied the exact architecture of one of Ch'ien Lung's palaces in the Forbidden City, while the buildings were of Imperial cedar wood, which is for the use of the Emperor alone. An even greater evidence of his desire to occupy the throne, Chia Ch'ing claimed, was the fact that the pleasure gardens and their pavilions had been made in imitation of a part of the Summer Palace, and some of the sixty-four pavilions of his flower garden (which had been presented to Ho Shen by Ch'ien Lung himself) were roofed with the yellow tiles which are

only for Imperial buildings, while the wall had high towers at its corners, like that of the palace.

When Ho Shen's property was classified and its value estimated, his estate was said to be worth about nine hundred million *taels*. Chia Ch'ing then issued another decree, enumerating the crimes supposed to have been committed by Ho Shen and announcing that his wealth would be confiscated by the throne as a warning to anyone hoping, then or at a future time, to amass a fortune as great as that of Ho Shen:

" . . . His crimes are too grave to admit of possible pardon, for he has been impeached on many counts by the Censorate. I therefore placed him under arrest two days ago, and shall now proceed to state his offenses for general information. . . . In the spring of last year the late Emperor was at the Summer Palace, and summoned Ho Shen to audience. He actually presumed to ride on horseback through the central gate, past the main Imperial Hall, right up to the entrance of my father's apartments. Could any action equal this in base presumption, as if he had forgotten what was due to his Sovereign and father! Pleading an affection of the leg, he would enter the Forbidden City in a chair borne by bearers. He was the observed of all observers as he passed calmly in and out of the Gate of Divine Military Prowess, without the smallest vestige of shame or compunction.

" Amongst his jewels and precious stones he has collected two hundred pearl necklaces, a number greatly

exceeding those in the Imperial Palace. He possesses one particular pearl far superior, both in size and lustre, to that worn by me in the Imperial hat of state. In his collection there are jewels which were meant exclusively for the Emperor's use and to which he had no right; the number of his uncut stone is legion, far surpassing those of the Imperial household. The inventory of his hoard of bullion is incomplete, but the amount is certainly several million ounces."

According to the report of Ho Shen's wealth, which was brought to the Emperor and which caused him to issue this decree, "Ho Shen was the owner of seventy-five pawnshops, thirteen curio shops, two storehouses of white jade and two of silk. In his fur treasury were nineteen hundred and seven rare fox skins and sixty-seven thousand other pelts. He had a separate storehouse for sables and fur coats, in which were found fourteen hundred and seventeen fine sable robes and over four thousand other fur garments, together with large quantities of sable-lined boots and hats. His wood treasury was a building of twenty-two rooms, containing eighty-six hundred and forty pieces of the choicest woods. The contents of the pawnshops and curio shops alone were valued at sixty millions of *taels*.

"The list of curios found in Ho Shen's principal residence included, amongst others, the following objects:

"Eleven bronze tripods of the Han Dynasty, eighteen jade tripods, seven hundred and eleven antique ink

slabs (some of the Sung dynasty), twenty-eight Imperial gongs, of jade, ten ancient Japanese swords, thirty-eight European clocks, inlaid with gems, a hundred and forty gold and enamel watches, two hundred and twenty-six pearl bracelets, two hundred and eighty-eight large rubies, four thousand and seventy sapphires, ten trees of coral, three feet and eight inches high, twenty-two statues, in white jade, representing the Goddess of Mercy, the Lohans, etc., eighteen solid gold Lohans, two feet and four inches high, nine thousand sceptres of solid gold, each weighing forty-eight ounces, five hundred and seven jade sceptres, several of them engraved upon the handle with original verses by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung, three thousand, four hundred and eleven small jade sceptres, five hundred pairs of chopsticks, ivory and gold, a gold table service of four thousand, two hundred and eighty-eight pieces, another similar service of silver, ninety-nine large soup bowls of topaz, a hundred and fifty-four of jade, a hundred and twenty-four wine beakers of white jade, eighteen plates of jade and eighteen of topaz, forty inches in diameter, two thousand, three hundred and ninety snuff bottles of jade, cornelian and topaz, and one solid rock of jade, carved and engraved with poems of the Ming Emperor Yung Lo and His Majesty Ch'ien Lung, about eight feet long. (This object is now in the Metropolitan Museum at New York; it was taken from Tz'u Hsi's apartments at the Summer Palace by an officer of the allied forces in 1900, and sold by him to an

American connoisseur and diplomat. The Old Buddha was very fond of this curio, and was much distressed, on her return from exile to Peking in January, 1902, to find that it had been looted.)" *

Not satisfied with having confiscated the fortune of Ho Shen and removed him from office, Chia Ch'ing, although he could discover no crime which justified his action, ordered that the dukedom of Ho Lin, brother of Ho Shen, be taken from him and that his shrine, which was among those of the heroes of the nation, be dismantled and overthrown. The dukedom was a hereditary one, conferred on Ho Lin for great services in Tibet, and was given him by Ch'ien Lung, while his name had been inscribed, with those of the heroes of the dynasty, in the Temple of Ancestors. By this act Chia Ch'ing reached the blackest depths of filial impiety, becoming a criminal in the sight of God and man, and this deed alone was said to be sufficient for the wrath of Heaven to have descended upon him.

The Emperor's sister had married the son of Ho Shen and it would have been injurious to the dignity of the Imperial family had his honors been taken from him and had he been reduced to the rank of a plebeian. He was therefore allowed to retain his hereditary earldom but Chia Ch'ing, continuing his persecution of the family, ordered him to remain always within his own premises.

* "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," by E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland.

The Emperor was urged by his servile attendants to torture Ho Shen because he was guilty of treason, having, they said, almost attempted to usurp the Supreme Power, but Chia Ch'ing, after having obtained the immense fortune, was willing to be gracious and so, because the court was in mourning and since he had once been the chief minister of state, the Emperor announced that he would most graciously permit Ho Shen to commit suicide. He was brought before the throne and, kneeling, listened to a lengthy speech by Chia Ch'ing. When the Emperor had finished, Ho Shen said:

"I thank his most gracious Majesty for his kindness." Then he bowed towards the palace, saying: "I now shall follow my lord to the Nine Springs; I shall attend His Sainted Majesty as of old and receive his wise counsel."

He then tied a scarf about his throat and hanged himself, his last words being:

"His late Majesty will feel indignant wrath in the halls of Hades."

When, after his death, word of it was taken to Chia Ch'ing, the Emperor was found kowtowing before his father's coffin and offering libations of wine.

A short distance outside the walls of Peking is the Yellow Temple, historically interesting but otherwise—with its crumbling walls and large courtyards—not very different from many others, except for its marble

stupa. It shelters, in its eastern and western pavilions, various classes of lamas and here the Dalai Lamas stayed when in Peking.

The Emperor K'ang Hsi spent great sums of money enlarging this temple and making it a retreat for dignitaries from Tibet and Mongolia. Some say that it was not only because the throne needed their allegiance, but because K'ang Hsi had caused the death of the Living Buddha, while visiting him in Mongolia. When the Emperor approached to pay homage to him, this Living Buddha, Kuei Hua Ch'eng, remained seated and an attendant of the Emperor—seeing in this act only disrespect for the Son of Heaven—rushed forward and killed the Buddha. A terrific battle was the result and K'ang Hsi escaped only by mounting a horse, which was waiting at the entrance, and fleeing.

It has been a beautiful temple and the travelers' palace, with its stately rooms and chapel, was most elaborate. In 1652 the Dalai Lama was entertained there with as great ceremony as was given to an Emperor.

Again in 1908 a Dalai Lama came to the Yellow Temple, but his reception was less splendid. For the Old Buddha was nearing her end and the astrologers had told her that she would die during his visit. On the day that Tz'u Hsi was to give audience to the supreme ruler of Buddhism she was very ill and knew that the wings of death were near; yet she rose and was arrayed in her ceremonial robes and, when the lama entered in his yellow vestments of state, she re-

ceived him seated on her throne surrounded by the usual splendor of her audiences.

At this meeting of the supreme heads of state and church, there was silence. Then Tz'u Hsi, Empress of all China, fell back with a sigh of great weariness; she who, in all her plans, had forgotten death, was at last conquered by him. For a moment all was terror; then the lama mounted the throne and told the frightened retainers that the Old Buddha had mounted the dragon and gone to the Land of the Yellow Springs.

Yet one visits the Yellow Temple not for forgotten pavilions or dust-blown courtyards, but because of the beautiful marble *stupa* which was built by Ch'ien Lung to commemorate the visit and death of the Pan-ch'eng Lama, who died of smallpox during that Emperor's reign. His body, in a casket of gold, was returned with great ceremony to Tibet; only his robes were buried beneath this magnificent monument.

Quite different from anything near Peking, this *stupa* is Indian in design and carved with scenes from the Pan-ch'eng Lama's life. Sculptured with great beauty, it rests on a marble terrace and is surmounted by a spire with thirteen divisions, symbolical of the thirteen Buddhist heavens. The trees which surround it are uncared for, the pavilions near it are untenanted and falling and soldiers have broken the carving; yet, lost in a deserted courtyard, it remains a splendid tomb and one of the most beautiful places in the vicinity of Peking.

The Lama and Confucius Temples and the Hall of Classics may easily be seen—as well as the Yellow Temple—in one morning and they offer interesting contrasts.

The Lama Temple is not a place to go alone, or without a man. This monastery, the official residence of the Living Buddha, is miscalled a temple as it is not a place of worship but rather the headquarters of hundreds of priests belonging to the Lamas of Tibet and Mongolia. If one could wander alone through the courtyards it would be delightful but small boys annoy you with cheap statues to sell and starving priests glare at you from the corners. Several travelers have had unpleasant experiences here, as the hungry monks are usually antagonistic and often gather around visitors, demanding money.

There are a number of interesting objects in this temple, however,—an enormous statue of Maitreya, he who is to be reincarnated as the next Buddha, carved from a single tree and brought here from Tibet, and a huge prayer-wheel, almost as large as the statue itself. Also there is a figure of Buddha which, although it is ugly and crudely carved, has an interesting legendary history:

The Emperor Ch'ien Lung dreamed that he was in a temple on the border of Tibet, praying to an image of Buddha, and he sent a monk to find this statue and bring it to him. After traveling for months, visiting many monasteries and being directed in a miraculous

way, the monk came to a temple where, from the Emperor's description, he recognized the figure. Directing that it be wrapped and strapped to his back, he started on the long return journey. Part of the way was across Russian territory and, not speaking the language, he could not have made the trip had not the statue spoken, acting as interpreter, as well as guide when he did not know the country.

The Lama Temple was the residence of the Emperor Yung Cheng but when he ascended the throne in 1722 it was made a monastery, for there is a law that the birthplace of an Emperor can never again be used as a palace. Until the time of the Republic, the temple had a yearly allowance from the throne and then most interesting ceremonies were held—vesper services each day and the devil dance twice a year—but now the priests are starving and will go to any length to fill their rice bowls.

The Confucius Temple, probably the best preserved of any near Peking, is quite different. Quiet reigns here; in the main building is the tablet dedicated to Confucius, with those of four of his disciples on either side. Many Emperors have done homage to the great sage here and sent gifts; the roof tiles were Imperial presents and a tablet of four Chinese characters—meaning "The Model Teacher of a Myriad Ages"—was a gift from K'ang Hsi.

The oldest treasure of the temple is the stone drums of the Chou Dynasty, which were considered

so valuable that a special palace was built for them in Honan eight hundred years ago. When the Tartars captured that city they brought them to Peking.

From this courtyard it is only a short distance to the enclosure where the Hall of Classics stands. The present building occupies the site of a much older structure. This one, which was constructed by Ch'ien Lung, is typically Chinese, surmounted by yellow tiles and surrounded by white marble balustrades from which four marble bridges cross the moat. Here, where the Emperors used to come on state occasions to expound the classics—many of which are inscribed on tablets of marble around the courtyard—is complete desertion. At the entrance stands an old sun-dial and a porcelain pagoda, one of the finest in all China.

CHAPTER III—OUTSIDE THE WALLS

ANYWHERE IN OR NEAR PEKING one must at every step reconstruct the past. It is something entirely outside oneself for, in a sense, there is no today, but only a ghostly continuation of that which is finished. All the temples and palaces are crumbling; most of the walls and many of the buildings, even if faced with brick, are mud inside. Bushes and sometimes large trees grow among the tiles of the roofs and, in sending down their roots, make wide cracks, while often, after a rain, what only had a day before seemed a building in fairly good repair is now only a heap of mud and broken tiles.

Nowhere on earth has anything been seen which, not alone in beauty but in conception and meaning, is so absolutely different as the Forbidden City and some of the temples of Peking. There is a spiritual symbolism not only in their building but even in their color.

The Temple of Heaven, ill-treated and crumbling, will soon be but a memory, inadequately described by those who, having known its beauty, attempt to put it in words. The magnificence of this temple is not alone in its construction but in its representation of

the faith of a great people, in the weaving of the prayers of uncounted generations into the white marble of its altar, where the divine Son of Heaven came alone at midnight to offer worship to the highest god; for only he, lord of innumerable millions, might commune with Shang Ti, might carry to him in prayer a philosophy of religion which had grown for more centuries than there is history.

Chinese civilization is changing with such rapidity that no one can imagine what the outcome will be as to government, and the fate of religion is even more uncertain. The gods have been torn from the temples and destroyed, the hungry priests are selling everything movable, Sun Yat Sen's "Three principles" have been shouted from the quiet of prayer-laden temples. Christianity has been tried and found unsatisfying; the people still cling to their old beliefs and out of the turmoil may come a national religion which, keeping the ancient traditions, yet develops into some form of sincere worship that will be more adequate for the needs of today.

In the time of the emperors, the people prayed and burned incense beneath temple roofs, before statues of wood, brass or gold, but only the Son of Heaven, by his birth and inheritance, had the divine right to make the great sacrifice to the supreme god, he who is all about in the sky, listening. It matters little by what name this greatest ruler, lord of all, is called; in China it is Shang Ti.

It was in the winter solstice that the Emperor offered the blood of sacrifice at the Altar of Heaven, the time when the sun rises at the lowest ebb of its vitality.

When China became a republic, worship at the Temple of Heaven was given up, for, while the first president wished to carry on the traditions of the Son of Heaven, he, as well as everyone else, felt that the sacredness had passed with those of Imperial descent and the ceremony was meaningless. Yet this beautiful altar, now deserted, will always be a sacred place, the very stones holding prayers until the last of their marble disappears beneath the ground.

It was planned with great symbolism. There are three circular terraces, the marble slabs on the topmost one forming nine concentric circles, the central one being where the Emperor knelt, as representing the centre of the universe, while about it is a circle of nine stones, then another of eighteen, then twenty-seven, and so on in multiples of nine until the square of nine, the favorite number of Chinese philosophy, is reached in the greatest—a circle of eighty-one.

No description can enable those who have never seen this altar to realize its beauty, nor can photographs express it, for it appeals most of all to the imagination, making one long to return to those days when the Emperor came forth from his palace gates over the road freshly sprinkled with yellow sand, accompanied by hundreds of princes and nobles, their robes woven with symbols in color. Lantern bearers held aloft great

horn lanterns, while others carried banners, some round, others square, pointed or oval. All moved straight from the Imperial City to the Temple of Heaven and silently they came, for the command had gone forth that all shops and houses should be closed and barred and none should look when the Emperor passed.

Then came the midnight ceremony, the Emperor kneeling alone, while the lights and color of the people and lanterns were massed at the base of the altar and musicians intoned the weird sacred music. Fires of sacrifice flamed at the four corners, the rising smoke announcing to Shang Ti, high lord of the universe, that the one supreme Emperor of the great illustrious kingdom was respectfully offering the prayers of his subjects:

“Nine times have sacrifices been burned—nine times dances have been performed. I beseech you, O Shang Ti, to grant blessings on my people.”

One can motor to the Ming Tombs and have luncheon there, returning in time for tea. The road is not of the best but at least it is “passable.”

These are the tombs of the Ming Dynasty Emperors, of Yung Loh and his descendants, and form what is probably the most beautiful Imperial cemetery ever built by man. When this, the last Chinese dynasty, gave way to the Manchus, the first Emperor gave orders that these tombs were to be protected, but, though the stone animals still guard the approach, they

are surrounded now by stretches of land, barren of trees. The people have been hungry and cold and the stately pines that once shadowed the "Road of the spirit" were long ago cut for fuel.

If one had come here while the tombs were still under Imperial protection, one could not, as now, have ridden to the "Tablet House" but would have had to walk the long, weary way. This tablet, on the back of the largest stone tortoise in China, is guarded by four pillars of victory, one at each corner and sculptured with clouds—the "Columns which support the sky."

Beyond, the Triumphal Way leads between eighteen pairs of statues: warriors in armor guarding, in death as they did in life, their sleeping masters, lions, both standing and crouching, elephants, horses, camels and strange, unknown beasts; men holding tablets, faithful retainers who, in the far land of shadows, still serve their rulers.

As we come to the dragon and phœnix gate we see beyond, in the shadow of the hills, some of the thirteen separate tombs where sleep the great Ming Emperors. Most impressive of all is the resting place of Yung Loh, the most beautiful of mausoleums in China, and it is well that this master builder, who founded the magnificence of Peking, should sleep in the most splendid of tombs. His was a mind which triumphs even beyond death, for, in the loveliness he created, he lives still.

Bridges that are falling apart, patterns woven in the

road by thousands of feet, lead up to this tomb, while in the courtyards twisted trees of great age whisper together of long ago. Above flights of marble steps is the terrace on which stands the main pavilion, the great hall of sacrifice where worship was performed, not only by the descendants of Yung Loh but by the Manchus who followed them. Light falls softly through carved doors, weaving weird patterns across the floor of this room, which is two hundred by ninety feet, its roof supported by forty pillars that are sixty feet in height and woven with intricate designs, still brilliant in color. Above are lacquered beams and the ceiling is divided into panels and carved with dragons in relief. Magnificent as is this room, it is empty; only a wooden table, holding the spirit tablet, where the offerings are made, remains.

Beyond and on higher ground is the tomb. We cross a court, shaded by old trees, and come to the "Soul Tower," where the tablet, inscribed with the posthumous name of the Emperor, stands. Then there is a passage and a stairway, which leads to the terrace overlooking the "Jeweled Citadel." Here a mound, more than half a mile in circumference, was built and planted with trees; beneath, Yung Loh rests upon his jeweled couch. Unlimited wealth was spent on the construction of this tomb and, when he was placed within, precious stones and treasures, rich beyond the imagination of man, were piled about him.

In building his last resting place, the Emperor

planned that his slumber should be forever undisturbed. A large hole was cut in the floor, just beyond the door, and a huge round stone was fastened to the door. As this was closed, the stone rolled into the cavity, in such a manner that half of it was beneath the level of the floor and the other half above—thus closing for all time the tomb of this Emperor. Yet there is a rumor, no one knows how true, that this room has been tunneled into from beneath and the treasure stolen.

The other tombs are all much the same as the first, but considerably less splendid and imposing, and it is scarcely worth the effort to visit them.

Night is kind and, as we descend from the tomb, twilight sends long fingers of shadow across the lonely valley. In the changing light the glory of yesterday returns for a moment and the setting sun seems to do homage to Yung Loh, builder of the greatest beauty that remains today.

There is an inn near the tombs where one can spend the night, going on to the Great Wall in the morning, or one can return to Peking and make the trip to the wall and the Nankou Pass on another day. If the weather is clear, climb into an open box car, instead of riding in one of the covered and airless coaches, for the hour's train trip is interesting, an intermingling of new road-building and construction with watch-towers centuries old.

The wall is believed to be visible from the moon;

it stretches two thousand miles. From the towering rocks above the sea at Shanhaikuan, it sweeps over high hills and deep valleys to the far borders of Tibet.

It is only a short walk from the station to the wall and it is well worth the climb. As you reach the top, having passed through a massive arch from which the iron gates have disappeared and clambered over piles of broken stone, it stretches away beyond vision in both directions, lost in mist or in the gold of the sunset. At short intervals there are watch-towers, or what remains of them, that once rose forty feet above the wall and possessed a marvelous system of signals. A great quiet is all about; the rolling plains slope away, giving a magnificent view of distant mountains whose peaks are lost in clouds, and, as one stands on this crumbling wonder of the world, one is forced to recall the centuries that have passed since it was planned by Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, two hundred years before Christ. The wall here is only an inner loop of the five that existed at one time.

The return to Peking can be made by the Nankou Pass, a trip which takes about four hours and can only be made by walking or by taking a chair or donkey. This has always been the main route between the far north and those within the wall; long lines of camels pass by, their bells tinkling softly, and the yellow stones along the road are smooth, worn by countless feet.

The famous arch at Nankou Pass was constructed in 1345, of the same stone as the wall; it is carved with

Buddhist symbols, the keystone being a garuda (the mythical divine bird of India and the hereditary enemy of snakes) and, on either side, appear a seven-headed cobra, or Naga, while the interior of the arch is carved with four Maharajahs and inscriptions in six languages.

It is unfortunate that Jehol, where there is a summer residence of the Manchus, as well as the tombs of many of these Emperors, is so inaccessible. It has been called China's most beautiful city and, until a few years ago, it was worth the hard traveling to reach it. Now, not only on account of the distance but the unsettled conditions for several years, the trip is seldom practical and, like almost all other places, the destruction there is appalling.

For temples, palaces and tombs the Emperors selected the most lovely natural parks and placed their buildings under the great trees to enhance their beauty, improving and adding to them as the years passed. Now the trees have been cut, pavilions are crumbling, tiled roofs and pavements are broken by growing plants. Here, as elsewhere, one cannot realize the past beauty, unless by building it in one's imagination from the descriptions of those who knew it in the days that are gone.

Being seventy miles from a railroad, and about a hundred from Peking, the trip to Jehol was always uncomfortable but now, for several miles before you reach the main road, you see signs of the presence of



Pavilions in Summer Palace, Jehol

bandits. They were all about the country, the largest gang actually using the tombs for their headquarters, until the appearance of Japanese troops.

The Tung Ling are the Eastern Tombs of the Manchus and here the greatest of their rulers are buried—K'ang Hsi, Ch'ien Lung and the Empress Dowager Tz'u Hsi—as well as many others of less importance, and, besides the great tombs, with their roofs of yellow tile, there are countless other tombs with green tiles. In these are buried people near the throne but not rulers, princes, wives and concubines.

The approach has great dignity and terrible loneliness. One passes through the great marble *pailou*, then through a red gate, while on beyond is the tower, with its double roofs, called the Tablet House. Stone animals face each other amid a terrible desolation. Not one tree remains standing, and the only sound is the wind, weeping through the dried grass.

The main Road of the Spirit leads directly to the tomb of Shun Chih, first of the Manchu Emperors. Beyond the stone animals is the marble tablet, standing high on the back of a tortoise, an enormous symbol of longevity, on which is engraved an account of the Emperor's life, composed by one of his heirs. At the four corners are the lofty pillars, made of marble and splendidly carved, which uphold the sky. Beyond are the arches, five in number, of the white marble bridges.

Before K'ang Hsi's tomb are six columns of carved marble, tapering gradually upward and ending in

flames, which light the spirit along the path and also strengthen its vitality. As one comes near the temples, which rise tier on tier, they are first seen through the six openings of a great white *pailou*. The yellow of the roof tiles of the first building is repeated countless times by the various yellow roofs beyond; those tiles, the art of whose making is lost, seem to send out light in waves of gold, even when there is no sun, and, when there is, they glisten as jewels cut with many faces.

The triple Gate of Favors is of red lacquer and studded with brass; inside the gate are pine trees and here there is peace and quiet.

The Soul Tower is high above all else, built on a hill and surrounded by a high walled terrace, while beneath is the tomb room, its walls covered with gold leaf, where the Emperor sleeps on his marble bed inlaid with jewels, wrapped in cloth of gold robes woven with the five-clawed Imperial dragon. Lamps lighted, just before the tomb was sealed, are thought to burn for ten thousand years.

All of the tombs are exactly alike in their main plan, although in some there are fewer buildings or animals; it is only occasionally, on the interior, that individual taste has been used.

One would have been greatly disappointed had Tz'u Hsi, the Old Buddha, meekly followed tradition in the building of her tomb. Instead, she planned to leave in it, for unnumbered generations, she thought, a monument to her extraordinary individualism.

Now, although it is so short a time since her death, the gold has been torn from the walls, her tomb has been opened and her jewels scattered to the ends of the earth. If one knows anything of Chinese characteristics, it is almost impossible to understand how these things could have taken place, since a reverence for the dead, ancestor worship, has existed and been their strongest religion for generations, while there is a universal superstition that great misfortune follows the desecration of any grave. Yet this great tomb has been broken open and robbed and the soldiers who now live there are continuing to despoil all that is within their reach; even the bolts of the main gates have been pulled out.

Instead of the usual red beams painted with brilliant colors, Tz'u Hsi, when she planned the interior of her tomb, used the different shades of beautiful woods and not only were they fitted together in a striking manner and highly polished, but they were overlaid with intricate designs of gold leaf. Now the doors swing open, partly unhinged, and not only is everything taken but the walls are defaced; how even a common coolie or bandit could have done this one cannot comprehend.

Yet even worse, the actual tomb has been plundered. The story is that the protection of this entire enclosure was left in charge of a Chinese general and he surrounded the buildings with his men, so that no one could pass in, and then gave orders that the principal tombs were to be opened.

The amount of wealth taken from the tomb and coffin of Tz'u Hsi was estimated at thirty million pounds. At her death every man, woman and child in the country was taxed to buy jewels for her burial. On the floor were rugs with the Imperial dragon woven in solid gold thread, while huge pearls were used for the eyes and claws. The gold thread was melted, the pearls were hastily torn out. The Old Buddha rested in her coffin on a mattress of woven pearls, eight inches in depth, her head and feet reposing on two lotus of jewel jade, while above her was a cover of woven pearls two inches thick and the entire casket was filled to the top with unmounted pearls. If this fortune could have been taken reverently from the tomb and sold for the benefit of the country, it would have gone far to reestablish China's credit and might have been considered justifiable.

A Chinese friend translated for me a letter he received, soon after the looting, from one of the few robbers to be captured and made an example of. The letter informed my friend that he was in prison but had hidden a large amount of pearls, which he would share fifty-fifty with anyone who would get him out of jail.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked and he laughed, saying:

"Let him rest where he is—and I hope it will be for a long time."

Sad as the destruction of these tombs is, the great

temples and palaces of Jehol are in scarcely better repair. The Republican government gives no support to the priests, nor anything for the upkeep of the buildings and everything within reach has been carried away, destroyed or sold; jewels, tapestries and paintings of great value could be bought for unbelievably little.

For centuries Jehol has been the main stronghold of Lamaism in China and many of its buildings were copied after those of the capital in Tibet. The temples were given large grants of land which, growing in value, became so great a source of income that the priests, in addition to having plenty for themselves and for the needs of the temple, were able to keep up all the ancient ceremonies; but now the government has confiscated this land and everything of possible value, saying that Lamaism is superstition and therefore must not be encouraged.

These monasteries were formerly given enormous gifts by the Emperors and grew incredibly rich, while some of the priests even rose to great political power. Their daily temple service, following Tibetan traditions, was unusual, part of it being performed on the flat roofs of the buildings, accompanied by drums, gongs and peculiar musical instruments, while throngs of people below chanted in unison and others turned prayer-wheels. One of the strange ceremonies, still observed, is the burning each year of the Sacred Talisman, a huge triangular symbol made of powdered rice and human bones, baked together and decorated with religious

symbols. It stands for one year and is then taken to the fields and burned, after which a new one is made ready.

Now, since it has been declared that such rituals must cease, and the wealth of these monasteries has been taken, an end will soon come to the old ceremonies, and the three thousand priests will be without home or food, while anything that remains in the buildings will become loot for the bandits.

Instead of lingering to regret the tragic fate of these temples, however, let us rather imagine the splendor that was Jehol's at the time when the greatest Manchu rulers came here with their courts during the heat of the summer months.

Because Jehol is considerably cooler than Peking, K'ang Hsi in 1703 ordered the construction of a summer palace there, insisting that its temples, palaces, gardens and parks should become a worthy residence for the rulers of the dynasty, and it was indeed magnificently planned.

This Jehol palace of the Emperors—*Pi Shu Shan Huang*, or "Cool Summer Mountain Residence"—was designed to contain, besides the impressive buildings of the Imperial court, simpler pavilions, among the hills and lakes, to provide satisfaction for every mood of the Son of Heaven. Delightful as these pavilions were, their imaginative names were even more pleasing. One, built above a pool, was called "Mirrored Depths and Misty Height," another, high above the trees, the "Trysting Place of Winds and

Clouds," while that which looked out over the lotus ponds was known as "Winding Streams of Lotus Fragrance"; another pavilion, where the Emperor lingered with one of the beauties of his court, was "Lake of Fulfilled Desires," while the view over the water, when the moon rippled its silver beneath the blue sky and small clouds floated, was called "Fairy Moon-Boats with Sails of Cloud."

Every morning, before the sunrise, the Emperor Ch'ien Lung prayed in one of the temples and, perhaps, watched the mists dissolve among the pines while the morning brightened, and looking beyond the hills where the gods dwell, shared his pleasure with some favorite. Later, he spent long hours planning China's greatness with unerring judgment, and carrying out the work commenced by K'ang Hsi. He created a unity of military glory, material prosperity, educational achievement, order and contentment throughout the land, and he dreamed that his work would endure for years without end. It seems strange that, judging men as he did, Ch'ien Lung should have selected Chia Ch'ing, of all his sons, to be his successor; having done so, it was inevitable that the strength of the early Manchus should pass at his death.

After a reign of sixty years, Ch'ien Lung announced his abdication to the spirits of Heaven and earth, of harvests and grains, and the Dynastic Ancestors; then, surrounded by his sons, grandsons, and the entire court, all magnificently arrayed, he received Chia Ch'ing,

who, kneeling before his father, was presented with the Imperial Seal. For four years more Ch'ien Lung lived, in the Hall of Serene Old Age, surrounded by his books and by those he loved, aware that his empire had reached the height of strength and prosperity. His age being great, it is perhaps not surprising that he did not see beyond the radiance of his own rule or realize, as he would have in past years, that "back of the gold of his sunset great shadows were gathering."

In the Hall of Contemplation, at the hour of the dragon, he slept, and did not wake again. He was carried to his tomb at Jehol, which his son named Yü Ling, and three years of mourning were ordered—but an entire world still mourns, for with him ended the greatness of China.

Eastward from Peking, over the level plains that spread towards Tientsin, runs the Tung Chou Canal. No longer used, it now drifts lazily between tree-covered banks and dreams of past splendors, of heavy-laden barges that were once poled along it and of rich cargoes of tribute, brought from far cities over its waters. For this canal, dug during the thirteenth century by the Emperors of the Yuan Dynasty, was a branch of the Grand Canal, making direct water communication possible from Peking to cities as far south as Hangchow, and in the days of Marco Polo who traveled, marveling, over its waters, the length of this Grand Canal was spoken of as "forty days' journey."

For many centuries the little Tung Chou Canal was kept in repair until it was no longer needed for its original purpose, the transportation of tribute rice to the capital. Now it lies from year to year unnoticed, free to murmur peacefully, whispering of ancient legends and of people who are hidden by the ever-thickening mist of centuries. But for one day each year the stream awakens. Then, once again, it is gay, lantern-hung boats drift across the water, fires spring up along the shore and distant music, seeming to echo faintly from the revels of the past, mingles with the monotonous rhythm of priestly chanting. It is the night of *Chun Yuan Chieh*, the Mid-Autumn Festival.

This festival, which is celebrated on the fifteenth day of the seventh moon, usually early in September, is the Chinese form of that Festival of the Dead which, in Japan, is the *O Bon*. For days before the streets of Peking have been bright with incredibly elaborate lanterns of paper, offered for sale in many shops and by wandering street vendors. Often they are in the shape of birds—white ducks with yellow bills, graceful swans, chickens—all made of paper with a hollow space for a candle inside.

Throughout the day pilgrimages are made to the ancestral tombs and prayers offered to the departed spirits. Food is prepared, for this is the day on which the gates of purgatory are opened and hungry ghosts come forth to revisit the earth.

Just before the long shadows mingle with the spread-

ing darkness of twilight, people move towards the canal. After passing through the wall at Hatamen, there is a turn to the left and, while the gate looms mysteriously behind in the gathering greyness of dusk, the road twists through narrow alleys, passes under a gate in the outer wall and soon comes out beside the canal.

Crowds are already lining its banks and flat-bottomed boats are waiting at the edge of the water, while others are pushing off from the shore and being poled downstream. The boats are hung with lanterns—now the candles are lighted and each barge seems to become a magic ship from the lands of mist and legend, illuminated by fireflies who have come from deep forests to light the path of the spirits that return to earth this night.

The boats are steered with poles but, instead of being rowed, are drawn along the stream by men on the shore who pull them by means of long ropes. Often the man is lost from sight and the rope is scarcely visible in the dusk, so that the boat seems to move at will, wandering freely about, and the tall rushes that grow beside the water bend as the unseen rope brushes over them with an uncanny, whistling sound, as though passing spirits were murmuring.

Children move along the banks of the canal, carrying huge lotus leaves on long stems; a lighted candle is fastened in the centre of each leaf and they are held high above the heads of those who carry them.

On the shore are ships made of paper, often as large as small yachts and peopled by paper figures, almost life size. When the last gleam of daylight has faded these boats are set afire and the flames, woven with heavy smoke, spring up in one great blaze, lighting the entire scene, only to dissolve into a falling stream of golden sparks and vanish again into the darkness. The spirits of these paper objects, as they are burned, rise on the wings of smoke to the distant land of lonely ghosts, where they may be used and enjoyed by the souls of the dead.

Other fires are lighted along the shore; these are fires of welcome, built to guide the return of the wandering ghosts.

Passing on down the canal, the boat reaches a bridge beyond which it cannot go. There the stream becomes a miniature waterfall and drops several feet. Now a full moon rises and lights the highest leafy peaks of the trees, moving gradually down to spread its reflections over the water and twist the grey figures along the shore into peculiar silhouettes.

Elaborate boats appear from the shadows and move towards the centre of the stream; seated in each are several priests, wearing yellow robes and many-pointed crowns. The boats are poled slowly up the waters of the canal, the priests chanting continuously and intoning prayers for the dead. Then, as rapidly as possible, the priests place the spirit lamps upon the water—faster and faster these tiny ships of light drift away on

the current, mingling into a single mass of glowing flame.

The lights are made of paper in the form of a lotus and fastened to a small square of wood, which keeps them floating, while in the centre, concealed by the pink leaves, is a lighted candle.

It is a calm night and the waters are still, yet occasionally one of the little ships is overturned and, with a last flicker, its light dies out as though some lost soul had returned safely home and reached out a ghostly finger to extinguish its guiding lamp. Many of the lights continue to float, however; drawn together by the current, they swirl past the large boats and on to quiet waters—a moving stream of flowers, each with a golden heart, drifting along the pathway of the moon.

The Tomb of the little Princess stands by the banks of the T'ung Chou Canal, beyond the bridge and waterfall. One can walk there by moonlight along a hard and well-worn path where rushes reach high above one's head. Coming to the tomb, with the moon silvering the stone animals and the canal and casting deep shadows, it stands alone, ghostly among towering pines.

In the daytime this is a favorite place to ride, for, once outside the city walls, the way is flat and straight. Or you may be poled up the canal on a flat-bottomed boat and watch the life along the shores; herds of white Peking ducks waddle about, silk weavers are spinning long skeins of brilliant threads on strange looms of

ancient make; vegetable carts and stalls are filled with color; people are eating in restaurants open to the air, where the owner is bending over a bed of charcoal and steam rises from boiling caldrons.

Men from the north are here, bringing ponies for sale; camels in long lines move slowly past with a swinging motion, while a fortune-teller sits in the sun, giving advice and telling the future with his bamboo stick. Small donkeys, with double packs and tinkling bells, trot by, carrying merchandise to the city, and there is the cracking of whips, the laughter of children. Dust rises, returning to cover the food and the sticky candy, but no one seems to mind—the booths and candy stalls are very busy.

On the bank, steps come down to the water; mounting them, you pass under a marble *pailou* and between pairs of stone animals. The temple is only a mass of stone and broken green tiles but the tomb beyond, with its wall and pines, is still in fairly good condition.

Many tombs are more interesting but here the story of the little Princess lingers; even the name of her family is forgotten, yet, in the hearts of the people, she is forever remembered.

To each other and to their children they tell how her father was a great Prince, who ruled over wide lands and was very proud of his ancient lineage. The small Princess, his daughter, was lonely and came to love one of her father's retainers, far beneath her in rank, and for many months they were happy.

One day a servant came and knelt before the Prince and told him of his daughter's dishonor; to do this—to speak of one above him—meant death and the angry Prince ordered his immediate execution. But when he found that there was truth in the story, his pride of family rose above the love of a father, and he ordered that the Princess and her lover must die.

Her tomb, now only a ruin in the shadow of the pines, was very beautiful when it was finished, a fitting place for a young Princess to sleep. She was dressed as for her wedding and, at midnight, when the moon was above the tallest pine, the lovers and their attendants came along the canal. Great horn lanterns were carried and banners of brilliant color, while the attendants were clothed in marvelous robes of gold brocade, woven with many colors. The canal glowed and sparkled with reflections as the procession mounted the steps. Beyond, the door at the entrance to the tomb was open, the lovers passed in and it was closed and sealed. The guards who knelt at the entrance said that the murmur of voices was heard for three days—then silence.

Now, if you care to listen to the stories that parents tell their children and lovers whisper to each other, you will know that—when moon-magic makes the earth white beneath the tall pines—those who pass beside the walls of the tomb hear soft murmuring from within. Others say that, at the time of the Mid-Autumn Festival, the Princess and her lover come from

the shadows and down the steps. In a barge, its colors soft as moonlight on pale jade, they float along the canal, followed by two golden lotus that send deep shafts of light into the water. Then spirals of smoke arise, carrying their message to Kuan Yin.

CHAPTER IV—THE WESTERN HILLS

IT WAS ON A DAY NEITHER hot nor cold and without wind that we started to see the two Summer Palaces, the old one, which is scarcely even a ruin but rather a few lonely heaps of stones and broken pillars, and the new one, comparatively recent and one of the most celebrated palaces near Peking.

We walked through the high *kaoliang*, along the only path across the fields to the first Summer Palace, built by K'ang Hsi and his grandson, Ch'ien Lung. There is little to see and yet much; a few archways standing among great piles of stones, fragments of the carved corners of buildings and doors too heavy to carry away, are all that is left of one of the most extraordinary collections of palaces ever known. Copied from the French, more money than one can believe was spent to bring the architecture of a far country to amuse an Emperor. Now the elaborate system of fountains and canals, which brought water from the Jade Fountain, are choked with stones and overgrown with weeds, while bits of roof tiles, purple, blue, yellow and green, gleam here and there. Parts of walls, broken pagodas and memories are all that are left of those wonderful

palaces which the English destroyed in 1860; museums and houses all over the world contain loot from here.

Beyond, under one of the most beautiful of *pailous*, is the entrance to the new Summer Palace. On this site had stood a palace built by Ch'ien Lung for his mother, the Lady Niu-hulu, which was called *Wan Shou Shan*, but after her death it remained unoccupied for many years and suffered at the hands of the Allies in 1860 and of the Chinese, who climbed the broken walls to take away whatever could be carried. When the Old Buddha, the Empress Dowager Tz'u Hsi, was given several millions to build a navy and preferred to use it for the construction of a summer palace, she decided to restore these buildings; she ordered the walls rebuilt and it was closed to the public until after her death.

A woman's folly—it remains today much as she left it. A few ruins are of Ch'ien Lung's time and also a bronze pavilion and the Ten Thousand Buddha Temple. It is a strange collection of buildings, galleries, courtyards roofed in summer with yellow matting, and rock gardens where stone arches cross the path in secluded corners. The story is that, if the Old Buddha wished to be rid of someone, she sent for him but, before reaching her pavilion, he was stabbed by a servant concealed in the shadow of these arches and was never heard of again.

The arched bridge leading to the island and the view from the highest pavilions are more interesting than

the buildings in detail, as they cannot compare in beauty with those of the Forbidden City. Their charm lies in the gardens, pavilions and galleries. They were laid out by a master of landscape gardening, and in the view across the lake, where the shadow of the bridge makes a circle of color in the water, and where, beyond the pillars of open porches, there is the perfect arrangement of trees, flowers and water.

Going around to the back of this palace, you pass through a village and at length come to the Jade Fountain. Just before reaching it, you see two strange stone animals, winged creatures quite different from those usually seen. They are able either to walk or fly and have power over all living beasts; they guard a ruined temple, once very important but now not worth entering. Up in the fold of the hill, one sees a solitary pavilion—and it takes little imagination to believe that here is Noah's lost ark.

The inn and the immediate walls beyond the entrance to the Jade Fountain are modern, but the park is hundreds of years old. A pleasure ground for emperors, this "Garden of Peaceful Brightness" was kept up and improved by every dynasty, and here they built temples and pagodas to the spirits of the waters and to other gods now forgotten.

An entire day could be spent here. To the right is a path where you walk over flowers and strange designs made of very small stones, while along the side is water, cold and clear, from the Jade Fountain; con-

tinuing, you come to a sharp turn and then climb perhaps a hundred steps to a rest house, the most beautiful small pavilion I know in China. On four sides galleries surround a sunken garden and through their open grills we see the Porcelain Pagoda, high above us. Most of the wind bells under the roof have been lost but a few still breathe with the passing wind. At our feet are rice fields and the waters of the Jade Fountain, winding and turning, crossed by white marble *pailous*, while, rising out of the brilliant green of the fields and the masses of trees, are pagodas and miles of lotus ponds, their pink flowers swaying above the flat leaves—all leading up to the pavilions of the Summer Palace beyond. They say that the Empress Dowager came here often for the view, but long before that someone who knew how to weave a landscape tapestry and loved beauty had planned it with great love and care.

Returning around the hill, there are many small temples and shrines. The loveliest, a marble *stupa*, stands alone; mellowed to a deep cream, it rests on a lotus base, carved like the waves of the sea, and rises seventeen stories, a slender flower of beauty, marvelously wrought.

Hei Lung T'an, the Black Dragon Pool, is a temple standing among low hills to the west of Peking; it is famous as the home of a mighty dragon, a dragon black as the starless night and having power over the

elements. To him the people come with prayers for rain, that their crops may prosper and their families have food; in his honor great drums are beaten, reverberating across the fields, so that he may drive the black clouds, heavy with rain, from those gloomy caverns to the west where they have gathered motionless, and break the dryness which parches the land.

He is a kindly dragon and, seeing the need of his people, he listens to their entreaties and sends the rain spirits, mounted on their dark steeds of cloud, in answer. In the shrine of this Dragon King are many tablets, erected to his honor and telling of the droughts he has ended.

The temple is restful; silence walks along its corridors and her unseen feet lull the very stones into quiet dreaming, while the pool lies without a ripple, still and clear, sparkling brilliant green in the sunlight and deepening to the green of dark forests where it is shadowed by the corridor that circles it and the wisteria which hangs above it and sends down occasional blossoms to brighten its surface.

Under the smoothness of the shallow water one sees white sand and rocks, and it seems impossible that even the smallest of dragons could dwell there unseen. But there is a story told of one who doubted the powers of this dragon god and mocked him, and of how the dragon showed his strength.

It was the Emperor Ch'ien Lung, about whom so many of the legends of Peking centre. Once, as this

Emperor was resting at *Hei Lung T'an* during the heat of a summer day, he sent two of his officials to the edge of the pool, to inform the Black Dragon that Ch'ien Lung wished to speak with him. When they had done so a voice was heard, coming from beneath the calm surface of the water, yet echoing all around as though the air itself spoke, "Say to the Emperor that I will receive him."

Ch'ien Lung approached the pool and, bowing, requested the dragon to appear. The water rippled gently, though no passing breeze had stirred it, and the bottom of the pool became distorted and hidden. Then from the waves rose a dragon, a tiny creature not three feet in length.

The Emperor looked down at this serpent for a moment, then he laughed.

"You are the great Dragon King—the god to whom my people pray for rain? Where then is your strength—and of what do they stand in such fear? I had expected to be respectful, to stand overcome with awe in your presence, and I find you scarcely more than a small snake, a creature of no importance!"

But even as he spoke the sound of thunder crashed about him; he saw that the dragon had disappeared and that the waves which closed over him were black and fierce, bubbling and shooting up in spurts of water. Then from these turbulent waves rose the points of a huge claw—larger and larger it grew and higher and higher it reached, until the sun was blotted out and

the land for miles in every direction was darkened by the shadow of this mighty, five-pointed claw.

The people knelt in terror and the Emperor prayed to the Dragon King, asking forgiveness for having doubted his power and imploring him to return to his former shape.

Then slowly the claw grew smaller, shrinking back into the water as it grew calm. So was the wrath of the Dragon King appeased, and since then he has reigned in peace, beneath the waters of his smooth pool, while none has dared to question his might again.

That the Chinese have always loved the Western Hills is attested by the countless temples that cover these hills or nestle in their valleys. The play of shadow and color there is always changing—from early morning, when the rising sun gilds their crests, while all beneath is in mist and shade, until the long fingers of light tear away the shadows and dispel the mists. As you stand on higher ground the rice and vegetable fields are plaids of endless shades, while the long yellow roads form a design, with old watch-towers rising here and there from the plain, pailous, all that remains of some temple, standing solitary in rice fields. In winter snow covers the crests of these hills and in the sunset they are flat and grey.

The buildings can scarcely be dated, for old monasteries and temples have been restored, others torn down

and greater ones built on the same foundation stones. With few exceptions, their plan is the same and so many are the deserted, crumbling temples that, if one tried to see them all, one would have only jumbled memories; yet there are some which, because of special design or unusual history, are outstanding.

In the houses as in the temples, the larger pavilions are dedicated to the gods but, since inns are usually bad, when the Chinese wished to go away in the summer, or to leave the city for a rest, it was, and still is, the custom to take servants, food and bedding and live in the smaller pavilions of the temples.

From the Summer Palace entrance a road runs to the hotel at Pa Ta Chu, or the "Eight Great Places." The temples along the way are those that the traveler, who is spending only a few days, usually sees, as all of them may be visited in half a day.

One may climb to the eight temples which give Pa Ta Chu its name, pausing to look out over the level plain to Peking, about fifteen miles away, or to observe the pavilion in each of the temples where the gods still sit in majestic silence, continuing on to T'ien Tai Shan—known as the Mummy Temple. Good walkers do the trip easily on foot but others should take a chair or one of the small donkeys which are to be found everywhere.

After leaving the hotel, it is a stiff climb over a road of fairly flat stones but, as soon as you have

reached the top of the first hill, you have an ever-varying panorama of beauty. From the foot of this circle of hills the plain is flat and one can glimpse the walls of Peking, shrouded early or late in thin mists which appear and disappear. From this rocky peak one can see in all directions, to the Summer Palace, to the lines of swinging camels bringing coal from Mên T'ou Kou and to the hill where the temple of Chieh T'ai Ssu stands.

Deep down on the other side of the hill, over a stony gorge, is an old camel-backed bridge and, facing it, a small shrine, against the hill, under a gnarled pine tree. The god looks out from it through spirals of incense, the gift of one who, passing, left a wish for the gods to fill.

We came to a paved courtyard, shaded by very old trees, its only remaining treasure a huge bronze incense burner, and the chair coolies rest for a moment, drinking tea.

When we start to circle the last hill, we follow a road which has been built out from its slope, wide enough for chairs or donkeys but rising straight up on one side and dipping as straight down on the other, while quite far ahead you see the entrance gate of T'ien Tai Shan. Passing through it, you walk some distance and mount many steps before coming to the main shrine. The temple is in beautiful repair and, with its guest pavilions on the edge of a steep cliff, its superb view and the large courtyard, quiet and

peaceful, with sunshine filtering through the great trees, it would be a delightful place to stay.

Just back of the door of the main temple, where smoke is always rising from an unusual incense burner, we cross a courtyard to the second building, where the mummy from which the temple takes its name is seated. The room is very small and contains only a little shrine at one side and, under a canopy in the centre, the figure, according to legend, of the first Manchu Emperor. His head is crowned, yellow robes cover the chair and feet and he leans forward, his hands folded on his knees, while great kindness is expressed in the face. I have been here a great many times and I have stood watching for a long while, and always I feel that he is about to speak, while I am sure that I have seen him breathe.

One wonders whether the story of this figure is legend or history. In 1644 Shun Chih, first Emperor of the Ch'ing Dynasty, came to the Dragon Throne and in 1661, according to records, his funeral procession came from out the palace gates and he was buried with great pomp. Yet it is said that Shun Chih did not die at that time, that it was not he who was buried in the magnificent coffin of an Emperor, and the story of why this was so tells of his love for a concubine.

She was very fair, Tung Kuei Fei, and the Emperor loved her above all else and would have made her his Empress but she was Chinese and the law declared that only one of Manchu blood might share the throne of

the Emperor. Whether it was sorrow at this decision, or grief too deep for any consolation at the death of their son, Tung Kuei Fei grew ill and none could explain her malady. The greatest wise men and physicians of the court were summoned and tried desperately to find a cure for this sickness but their efforts were in vain and she died.

Stunned by his grief and caring nothing for his kingdom, since Tung Kuei Fei was not with him, the Emperor Shun Chih summoned his most trusted minister and announced his decision to retire into the distant hills as a hermit, telling his retainer to announce to the people that he had died of a sudden illness and to prepare for the funeral. So it was that an empty coffin was carried through the silent streets of the city, thronged with sorrowing people, to the splendid tomb and buried with great ceremony, while Shun Chih, dressed in the faded garments of a peasant, left the palace in the dark stillness of the night.

He wandered over the hills to the west of the city, stopping now and then to ask shelter from the priests of some temple, and when he came to T'ien Tai Shan he found it so peaceful, so shut away from the world by its surrounding hills, that he decided to remain there and asked if he might become a monk. He was admitted to their order but, after years of the tranquil life of the monks, he became dissatisfied and went on into the lonely hills, secluding himself in a cave and leading the solitary life of a hermit.

Meanwhile his young son, the great K'ang Hsi, had come to the throne and the old retainer, who knew the secret of Shun Chih's death, came one day to this Emperor, telling him that his father was alive, living as a hermit somewhere in the hills to the west. So K'ang Hsi journeyed among the temples in that direction, asking everywhere for a monk who had lived in seclusion for many years; reaching T'ien Tai Shan at last, he was told of the monk who had been in the temple there and now dwelt in a cave beyond. Continuing, the Emperor found this cave and entered alone to kneel before the old man who was his father, while the monk blessed him and his reign, predicting the brilliant future and long life which were to come to K'ang Hsi.

Then the Emperor returned to his throne, unable to persuade his father to leave the secluded cave and come with him, and when, soon after this visit, the old hermit died, K'ang Hsi gave orders that he should be embalmed, robed in yellow silks and placed in the temple of T'ien Tai Shan, where he should be honored forever. Even though the stars should darken and fall from the heavens and the earth cease to follow its paths about the sun—still should honor be done to the hermit of the Mummy Temple.

In another of the main shrines of the Mummy Temple are unusually lovely seated goddesses and, at the back of the altar, one of the most celebrated paint-

ings in China. Although one regrets that it was repainted when the building was restored, it is more than worth asking the priest to open the doors so that it may be seen. It represents the Kuan Yin, guiding the souls of little children across the sea of lilies over which they must pass after death; in the clouds above stands Wei Tou, guardian of the Kuan Yin.

In almost every temple a shrine is dedicated to Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy and the guiding spirit of the Buddhist faith. To her the sailor turns in a storm, for she calms the waters and brings the ship safely into port, and to her the people pray for protection from the evil influence of demons.

There are many forms of the Kuan Yin. Of Indian origin, she was at first represented in masculine form but since the time of the T'ang Dynasty she has almost invariably been regarded as a goddess. Numerous are the legends told of her and there is one which tells of her life on earth before she became a goddess and of how she came floating across the southern ocean to the Isle of P'u T'o:

It was in the twenty-first year of the reign of Ta Hao, the great, that an ambitious ruler of one of his provinces rebelled against the throne and, for three years, there was strife, fierce and bloody. At last the rebel seized the throne and was declared king.

These years of war passed into memories and the new king, Miao Chuang, ruled wisely, while peace



The Kuan Yin

spread over the land and the people were content. Yet Miao Chuang and his queen were sorrowful and their grief was as a dark cloud over the palace, for they had no heir. Each day prayers were offered and the air was grey with the heavy, coiling smoke, but the gods gave no answer. Angered by the years of bloodshed which had brought Miao Chuang to the throne, they had decreed that no son should ever worship at his grave.

One evening, as the king, weary and despairing, prayed for the forgiveness of the gods, his prime minister approached.

"Throughout the long days of summer and the chill nights of winter, through months that have grown to years and faded into the past, Your Majesty has prayed without success. Yet there remains a chance. To the west is a sacred mountain, where the sun rests when the bells of evening sound and his long journey through the sky is done. It is known that the god of that mountain is kind and will grant the prayers of all who come to him."

Then hope entered into the heart of the king and he spoke joyously:

"You shall request fifty priests to pray for seven nights and seven days in the temple of the Sacred Mountain. Sacrifices shall be made and precious gifts offered; the temple gongs shall ring and drums sound through the night that the prayers of my priests may rise skyward on the silvery wings of music. At the

end of the seventh day I will go myself to the temple and entreat the god to be merciful."

So it was done and the spirit of the Sacred Mountain was pleased and would have granted the plea, but he remembered the cruel war and the hundreds who were slain, he heard again the tears of those who prayed for the dead, and he remembered also the word of the gods that no heir should follow Miao Chuang. Unable to disobey the decree of the gods, the spirit of the mountain said at last that, though no son should ever pray at his tomb, the king would have three daughters.

Disappointed, Miao Chuang realized that he might at least choose three sons-in-law and find his successor among them. He watched his daughters grow daily more lovely and more graceful; for the eldest, Miao Ch'ing, a brilliant scholar was chosen as husband, for the second, Miao Yin, a famous military leader.

The wedding ceremonies were magnificent beyond dreams. The stately avenues of the palace and the high, beamed halls—usually so silent and calm—rang with the echo of music and the phantom song of far-away laughter, while the gardens were white under the moon and lanterns swung from the ancient trees, shadows leapt along the walls and fires were bright in the courtyards. In a distant corner of the palace, where the gay revels were but a faint whisper, the king spoke with his youngest daughter, Miao Shan.

"It is time that you, too, should wed and I am seek-

ing now a man whose knowledge and virtue shall be worthy of you."

But Miao Shan answered:

"I do not wish to marry. My heart is cold to the world and I desire only peace. On some lonely mountain, where none but the wind spirits pass and the clouds of heaven rest, I shall seek perfection and Buddhahood, that I may conquer the spirits of evil."

The king, furious at this obstacle to his plans, threatened and pleaded with her, but in vain. At last he consented to her request that she be sent to the Nunnery of the White Bird but sent messengers before her, ordering the nuns to do everything in their power to discourage Miao Shan from remaining.

Seeing that their arguments were useless, the nuns decided to place her in the kitchen, where she would have to work ceaselessly preparing their food, believing that she could not perform this labor without despair. But so eagerly did Miao Shan work at any task that was given her, however difficult, that the heart of Yü Huang, the Lord of Heaven, was touched and he sent the gods of the eight caves of heaven to gather fruit and vegetables for her, while the dragons of the sea came to bring water, and tigers appeared from the forests to offer her fuel.

The other nuns were so alarmed by these miracles that they sent word of them to the king and Miao Chuang, overcome with wrath at the failure of his scheme, sent an army to burn the nunnery, with all its

inhabitants, to the ground. As the fire was lighted around the building and flames sprang up its walls, twisting fantastically among the beams and tiles of the roofs, Miao Shan knelt and prayed to Yü Huang, to the Guardians of the Universe and the Sovereign of Heaven. Almost before she had spoken, dark clouds gathered suddenly above and great torrents of rain poured from them, subduing the fire completely. As the last spark of flame died out, the clouds vanished and, looking up in amazement, the soldiers found the sky a clear blue. Terrified, they hastened to tell the king of these miraculous events.

Enraged, Miao Chuang ordered the army to return and bring Miao Shan to him. Seeing that he could not persuade her to give up her intention of becoming a nun and seeking perfection, the king, so blinded by fury that he could scarcely realize what he said, gave instructions that his daughter be executed.

On the morning of the execution, darkness fell over the earth and gloom rested heavily in the hearts of the people; the wind was silent and the trees no longer whispered in the forests; the birds would not sing and the animals growled, coming not out from their caves. Only Miao Shan was joyful, smiling to think that soon she would be free to seek peace.

She was strangled with a cord of silk. Scarcely had this been done when a tiger appeared and sprang towards the body. The executioner and the courtiers drew back, startled and terrified, as the tiger carefully

lifted the lifeless Miao Shan to his back and moved away into the silent jungles from which he had come. There, at a spot which had been chosen by the gods, he laid Miao Shan on the moss-grown earth to await the time when her spirit should again wish to enter her body. Yü Huang came from heaven to place in her mouth a tablet of jade, thus preserving the body from decay.

Meanwhile the soul of Miao Shan had soared freely away from her body and mounted, borne on a blue-grey cloud, into far regions of the sky. Waking, as though from a long, drugged sleep, she found herself, bodiless, in a desolately strange country. No sound penetrated, no trees rose to break the level plain and there was no sun to lighten the grey fog that hung above the land; the air was lifeless and stale, as though no breeze had ever stirred. As she looked about her, wondering, a youth in robes of deep blue, his face glowing with a celestial light, approached her.

"Where is this weird and terrible land in which I find myself?" she asked him.

"We are on the edge of Hell and I have been sent by Yü Huang to guide you through these infernal regions."

Now the gods of each hell and the mighty king who rules over all the lower worlds came towards Miao Shan, bowing, and escorted her into the eternal gloom of their ghastly kingdom. But even as Miao Shan entered the awful portals of this land, the chains fell

broken from the wrists of the condemned, the implements of torture blossomed suddenly into lotus flowers and Hell became a paradise as perfect as Heaven itself.

The Lord of Heaven looked down on this miraculous scene and rejoiced at the power of Miao Shan, but he knew that the very foundations of the earth would be shaken and the world become a place of injustice if there should be two Heavens and no Hell, so he sent his swiftest messenger, a silver-winged bird that plunged through outer space like some sweeping comet, to announce that Miao Shan must return again to her human form.

She awoke at the place in the forest to which the tiger had carried her body, finding herself alone among the long branches of myriad pines, but as she hesitated, knowing not whether she should return to her father's kingdom or seek some solitary mountain crest on which she might continue her meditation, she was startled to behold the figure of Buddha before her.

"You must not remain in this lonely wood, surrounded by the wild beasts of the forest," he said gently, as she prostrated herself before him. "Turn now to the south and journey until you reach the Island of P'u T'o, for there is a shrine built by the immortals and there you shall attain perfection."

Miao Shan tried to tell him of her joy at these words but already, as the echo of his voice mingled with a faint wind and sighed among the pine branches, he was gone. So she looked to the south and started

towards the Isle of P'u T'o. Long was the way and wearily she continued, hour after hour; the sun smiled as he rose and sent his last rays to warm her in the evening, while as each day passed her on his westward journey he paused to murmur greetings.

So at last she came to the rim of the Southern Seas and looked out, despairing, over its waves. Smoothly, lazily, they lapped the sands at her feet and she could see no way of crossing to the island. Yet she continued, thinking that perhaps she might go a little way before the deep water could close over her, and even as she stepped into the rippling waves a lotus, white as moonlight on the midnight sea and dripping with silver bubbles of dew, rose beneath her feet and moved swiftly over the water, stopping only when they had reached the sloping shore of P'u T'o.

Nine years Miao Shan spent on this island and so great was the virtue and dignity she had attained by the end of that time that none could equal her, save the Buddha himself; and a great ceremony was held by all the gods to acclaim her as Kuan Yin, the Merciful and Compassionate, Sovereign of the Isle of P'u T'o and of the Southern Seas.

CHAPTER V—THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

FROM PEKING ONE HAS the choice of going to Shanghai by train or by boat. Although the boat is usually the best way, I took the train because I wanted to stop at Taianfu and Chufou, visit the temples and tomb of Confucius and climb the Sacred Mountain, Tai Shan.

There is a good inn at the train-stop and from there you can walk, or go by cart or donkey, to Chufou. The Duke of Kung, a descendant of Confucius, would not allow the train to come nearer than three miles and some think that it is not worth the trip, but to me it is one of the things I shall not forget. The country is quite flat and hard clay paths make the walk pleasant.

Just before reaching the city wall a long line of twisted cypress trees leads towards the gate; once inside, you go back hundreds of years, for here there has been no change since the time of Confucius. In the street are deep ruts and cobblestones, impossible to ride over, and one is forced to walk on the narrow ledge close to the houses. Children, people, pigs and dogs splash through the mud or dust.

Ahead is a high temple enclosure, where spires and pagodas pierce the woven branches of trees. We tried

to find an entrance but the gates were closed. We could see through the cracks, though the great door was buried so deep in dirt and so overgrown with grass and vines that it could not be moved. The chain and bolts, forged to keep out armies, still held. Many temples suggest age but here it had just been locked up and forgotten. Up the steps crawled grass and vines to meet the branches of trees that almost touched the ground; the red of grills gleamed here and there through the green, while underneath one glimpsed the white of the marble balustrade, hidden under a blanket of moss. It was so unusual that I tried to learn something of its history, but without success, and, though I walked entirely around the enclosure, every gate was the same, unopened for countless years.

A great contrast to this sleeping temple is the grave where Confucius is buried; the cemetery covers six hundred acres and here, for more than two thousand years, his descendants and relations have been buried. It lies to the north of the city and the road which leads to it is shaded by beautiful trees. The hall of worship is a perfect temple, as well kept as though it were just completed, its brilliant red and gold lacquer resembling a jewel among the shadows of the great trees. At its entrance are two very tall guardian figures, one on each side, their hands resting on their swords, and the peace of their expressions is the most extraordinary I have ever seen.

Beyond the hall of worship are the graves of Con-

fucius and his son and grandson with only the simplest of tablets, that of Confucius bearing the words: "Ancient most Holy Teacher." Not far away is the grave of Shau-hau, son of the third Emperor of China, Huang Ti, who reigned from 2594-2511 B. C.; the only thing that seems to be remembered of the eighty-three years of his reign is that he was responsible for originating the custom of embroidering the robes of civil officials with birds and those of military officials with beasts.

The finest temples in all China and the best preserved are those of Confucius at the south of the town; they cover a great area, their green roofs towering above the city and all but the highest trees. The central shrine, the "Hall of Perfection," is supported on marble pillars which, carved with dragons, flowers and clouds, are among the greatest sculpture of their kind. Inside is a life-size statue of the saint, surrounded by priceless treasures, bronze and porcelain sacrificial vessels and many things which were connected with his life. In other pavilions, all shadowed by aged trees, some of which are older than the oldest building and said to have been planted by Confucius himself, there are statues of his family and disciples; in one there is a very old and unusual collection of musical instruments.

Outside the temple wall is the large palace of the Duke of Kung. Estates covering eight thousand acres belong to the temples and it is from these that their

support is derived, as well as an enormous number of cattle, sheep and pigs to be used as sacrifices; for they still follow the old customs and rites here as they were written in the ancient books.

The sun was low among the trees as we came out the city gates; the twisted cypress trees were silhouettes against the sky and I thought of a story told me by a Buddhist priest: that in China was a tablet telling how the trees in Monterey, California, had been planted by Chinese and that there was in China only one place where the same trees grow. Perhaps it was only imagination, but surely these are the same. And the date of the planting in Monterey—as given by the Chinese tablet—makes the California trees the age they have been estimated.

We spent that night at the inn and early in the morning took the train for Taianfu, ninety miles away and the stop nearest to Tai Shan, the oldest sacred mountain in the world. There is a record of the Emperor Shun offering sacrifices here twenty-three centuries before Christ.

We walked out the north gate of Taianfu and to the base of the mountain, where there is a most beautiful white marble *pailou* in perfect condition, although the temple is only a heap of ruins. Above us, Tai Shan was grey, covered with pines that, in the shadow of early morning, looked almost black, and against it the brilliant carving of the arch glittered in the sun.

Tall trees caught the light, while underneath the blue-robed Chinese were selling persimmons—great piles of them, in enormous bowls of glazed green pottery—and children of all ages played about in gaily colored coats.

The climb up the mountain is gradual at first; the path is paved all the way and averages twelve feet in width and there are sixty-three hundred steps to the top. Many streams rush down near the road and there are waterfalls and pools among the rocks, while on every side, overgrown with trees, are shrines, old temples, and sacred texts carved on the stones. One hears the tinkle of wind bells, the boom of gongs, and is conscious of the odor of incense.

About halfway up is a large temple and its gate is called the "Middle Gate of Heaven"; from here the climb is very steep and in some places there are chains along the side to grasp. Here we rested and had tea; beyond, the road winds around and up and down, seeming to go straight into the farthest mountain. It is above the tree line and the hills are mostly bare, while there are many tablets, engraved in characters dating back beyond any known history, and monuments. The group of temples at the top cannot be seen as you approach, for they are hidden by a steep point of rock. As buildings they are not of great importance, it is only their age and history that make them so. For centuries this mountain has been a place of pilgrimage for all sects, Taoists, Buddhists and Confucianists, and many Emperors have visited it. The main temple is dedicated

to Yü Huang, the Emperor of Heaven, and there is another to the Jade Goddess.

The view from the peak is one of the finest in China and most extraordinary. We were above the clouds, flat masses of which, in varying thickness, dissolved about the base of the temples, and, though some of the time we could not see below us, it was perfectly clear where we stood. Now and then the mists would break and, in all directions, one could see to the horizon, to the valley of Wen Ho in the south and to the north the Yellow River, where it turned, was lost beyond low hills, and again appeared. Confucius said that from here he could see the seacoast, eighty-five miles away. This valley, surrounding Tai Shan, is called the Holy Land of China, for two of their greatest sages—Confucius and Mencius—lived, taught and were buried here. In all directions are temples and tablets in memory of their lives and teachings.

Something should be said about the chairs which carry one up this mountain. They are different from those seen anywhere else and a guild of Mohammedans has the exclusive right to transport them. They are only a shallow hammock, hung from a pole, and the two bearers face front—level with each other and with you—instead of walking one behind and one in front of the hammock. The steps are very narrow and, going down in a chair, it is as though one were dropping straight down; leaning as far forward as you dare, you cannot see any of the path below. It does

help to know that a very ancient law, still in effect, inflicts a penalty greater than any chair bearer could pay if he slips, or allows a chair to fall.

The time of the greatest pilgrimage to Tai Shan is from February to May. Thousands then make the trip every day, some doing the entire distance on their knees. The trip can be made in six or seven hours, but one can arrange with the priests to remain at the top for a day or two longer if one prefers.

We stayed another day at Taianfu to visit the places of interest in and about the city. There is a Buddhist hell, where all known horrors of punishment are depicted. Such temples are not uncommon all over China but these figures, being life size, make it even more real and unpleasant than usual. During the rebellion of 1900 the Boxers gathered here and studied all the forms of torture and then went out to put them into practice. Quite near is the Brass Temple, dedicated to the "Old Lady of the Mountain"; the famous brass tower, that once was on the top of the mountain, was carried down and placed here in 1770, why, no one can explain. There are also twelve huge bronze figures, beautifully cast and engraved.

The most important temple is the Tai Miao, north of the city, dedicated to the Emperor Shun (2258-2206 B. C.); the gnarled cypress trees that lead to the entrance and fill the courtyards are said to have been planted in the Han Dynasty. Huge trees, growing out from cracks in the wall, show the great age of the

temple, and there are bronzes from the T'ang Dynasty, an enormous incense burner of the Sung and a large tablet of jade presented by Ch'ien Lung. The Brass Temple was deserted, but here there is an endless stream of pilgrims, passing in and out; the priests are intoning prayers, punctuated by the boom of a drum, and great bundles of incense fill the courtyards with fragrance.

If one goes from Peking to Shanghai by boat instead of by train, it is possible to stop at Wei Hai Wei, a delightful place during the warm weather, although there is little to see—only a village along the bay, where junks of all sizes are built, from the small ones that tourists take with them to the sea-going variety. It gives an interesting, old-time look to the shore to see the builders working there all day, and the weather is usually delightful, if one has wearied of the heat in other parts of China.

I saw two extraordinary things there. The way in which the Chinese and Japanese represent water has always interested me intensely—the long reach of the waves, showing great strength, ending in foam which looks like enormous claws, their nails reaching out as though to seize and tear the land. I thought it an imaginative representation of their belief that the force beneath the waters is the dragon, but they have really painted what they saw.

The hotel of Wei Hai Wei stands at the edge of a

cliff, rising fifty feet straight up, where the shore turns in a great curve. There had been a fierce storm, an unceasing wind, for two days and, in the morning, I looked out, where the sea swept around the sea wall, and what I saw was amazing; great columns of water came in from the ocean with such force that it seemed as though they must have circled the earth. Turning with the cliff and striking the rocks, they were thrown up forty or fifty feet and swirled along the wall like an enormous dragon, throwing up huge claws, which ended in long sharp fingers, tearing at the sky. As they returned, the rocks of the wall were separated and drawn back into the sea and the dragon, still angry, tore at the sand with ever-increasing fury, digging deep ravines in the shore.

Two days later, when the dragons of wind and wave, weary of their destruction, were sleeping and there was not even a lazy ripple across the sea, one of the Festivals of the Dead occurred. The country people came from the hills and from their houses along the shore, each bringing a spirit light to guide the spirits returning over the waters from the west. The lanterns were in the five symbolic colors—white, yellow, red, green and purple.

Down all the streets those carrying the lights came quietly, moving towards a certain place where a wharf ran out from a small dent in the shore line. It created a peculiar effect, being dark enough so that those holding the lanterns were only shadows, and seemed an

uncanny ceremony, performed not by people of the earth, but rather by a gathering of endless lights. They were put on the water as fast as possible and, although there seemed no current, they moved in an ever-widening stream out towards the sea, while the dark water was so still that each little lantern sent down a stem of light to ripple back to the shore, carrying a farewell to those left behind.

Just as the last light was safely started on its journey, the first rim of the full moon came out of the sea—out beyond, where the horizon meets the sky—sending a golden path so that the small lights could find their way. Four thousand lanterns went on and on under the stars, followed by the prayers of those on the shore, while smoke rose from the candles to the unseen gods, who were waiting to receive these returning souls.

CHAPTER VI—HANGCHOW AND SOOCHOW

IF ONE HAS THE TIME AND the desire, there is no more interesting way to see China than to rent or borrow a house-boat and be poled along the rivers and canals. We went by house-boat to Hangchow and Soochow, which can be done comfortably in six days, although, being in no hurry, we spent two weeks on the way. There were four of us and four servants; the cabin, large enough for comfort, was divided into two parts, in one of which were four bunks, so high that one needed steps to reach them. In the front part was a table, large enough for meals or for playing cards; comfortable chairs and couches were built in along the sides, while in the bow was room to sit under an awning.

The river life is more than interesting and, near Shanghai, the sampans are crowded so closely that the only way to get through them is by shoving and pushing the boats away on both sides. Thousands of Chinese rarely, if ever, put foot on land; they are born, live and die on one small boat or, if they marry, change to another. There is a low roof over the cabin, which is deep in the centre of the boat. Some are market

boats and move continuously up and down, selling their wares, fruit, vegetables, flowers, fish, while others make a living as ferrymen. The boats are usually managed by women, and several children, a dog or cat or chickens, may be playing or fighting on the tiny deck. It does not matter if they go too near the edge and fall in, for a rope is tied around each one and fastened to a ring on the deck. When the person in charge hears a scream or splash, he walks to the deck, pulls in the chicken or dog or child, and puts them in the sun or wind to dry.

As you go beyond the city, there are well-worn paths on either bank and the changing scenes on shore are full of interest—playing children in their gay clothes, coolies in blue, with every known thing to sell hanging in baskets from a bamboo pole across their shoulders. Farther on we came to houses, two and three stories in height, piled up at the sides, their balconies hanging over the water. Pretty Chinese girls, with flowers in their varnished hair, smile from the small galleries, over which, like an eyebrow, is a tiny wooden awning. Bright clothes are drying and bird-cages hang from long poles; each house is painted a brilliant color, but every one is different.

A lovely arched bridge, covered and with windows on each side, crossed the stream above us. We passed old pagodas and countless ruined temples, lost in the fields; water buffaloes and hundreds of ducks—herded as you would herd sheep—swam past, while, as I

looked over the side, a dead man, with upturned face, swirled by.

There is a Chinese saying—"Heaven above, and below Hangchow and Soochow." Historically, they are both great. The earliest known date of Hangchow is 2198 B. C., when the great Emperor Yü planned and carried out a famous system of dykes and canals to stop the flood; in traveling, he is said to have stopped at Hangchow and its original name, Yu Hang, meant "Place of the boat-landing of Yü." The city has been enlarged and rebuilt many times but its golden age, when most of the temples and monasteries were built, was the ninth century A. D.; ever since it has been renowned for the beauty of its buildings and the marvelous engineering system that protects the city from the rise of the bore which has been known to reach more than twenty feet and "sweeps in with a crest as high as a mountain, with a sound as of thunder, its onward rush sufficient to move the heavens and wash the face of the moon."

During the late Sung Dynasty (960-1279 A. D.), Hangchow was the centre of foreign trade; people from the nations of the west came here and lingered, the Jew, who prayed and did no work on the Sabbath, the Moslem, building a house of prayer where he chanted five times a day, Christians from Syria, and the Parsee, who built altar fires, worshipped the sun, and placed his dead in a tower of silence. Great buildings, libraries and monasteries were erected; here

came Marco Polo, who has left descriptions of its grandeur, and it became the centre of art, culture and literature, while merchants, travelers and adventurers spoke of it as the greatest city in the world.

It is today quite different but it is the most interesting Chinese city I know. The streets are narrow and the shops in the native town stand high above the pavement; they are celebrated for many things that are superior; in one shop where I spent much time they sold only unmounted jade. Four very tall Chinese, in black satin robes and caps, smoking long-stemmed pipes, pulled out shallow drawers one after another, sorted so that each tray was all of one color, the glittering green of jewel jade, down through all shades to that of the palest moonlight. Then they unwrapped a great lump of white jade, with brown streaks, carved in the shape of a strange junk, very old and valuable, but not beautiful.

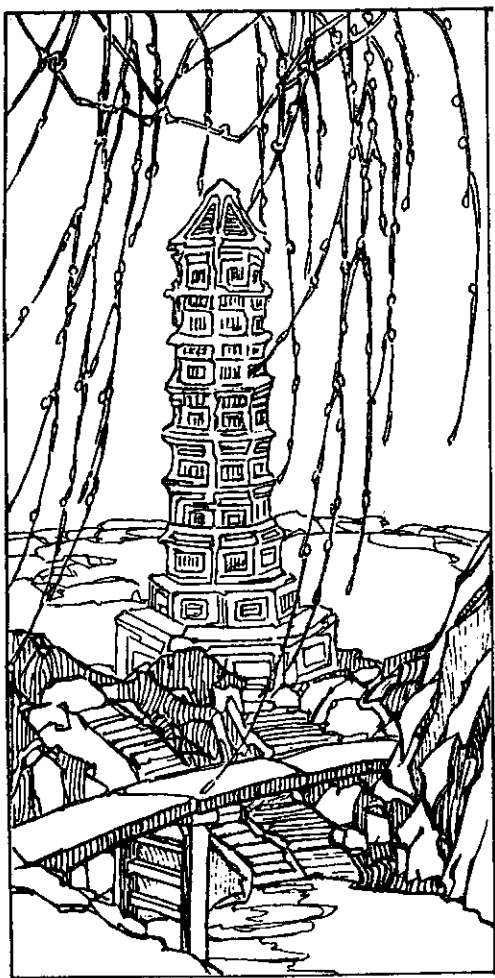
Silk from Hangchow is the best in China and the court robes were always made of it; the most famous fans and drugs and the greater part of paper money used for offerings at graves are made here.

Days can be spent seeing the temples and pagodas. We walked across the city, deciding to cross West Lake to the White Snake Pagoda; our boat was a flat-bottomed affair, poled and steered by one oar at the back, and clouds and wind seemed to be coming up, but we went on and made a very rough landing. Quite close to the shore was a charming pavilion of white

marble, surrounded by lotus which were in full bloom, while above towered the Thunder Peak Pagoda, usually called the White Snake Pagoda. Paradoxically, it is built of red brick, although it dates back before the time when brick of that color was made in China. The explanation is that, four hundred years ago, many Japanese pirates preyed along this coast and they thought that the Chinese used this pagoda to spy on them, so they built a fire, which burned for three days and nights, destroying all the wood, inside and out, and baking the grey bricks red. It stands today the most deserted thing that I have ever seen.

The story of the White Snake is of an enchantress, who could assume any form she wished. When she appeared as a beautiful woman she was so extraordinarily lovely and caused so much trouble that the Goddess of Mercy had her buried, in her form of a white snake, deep beneath this pagoda. She cannot escape, except when the water is so low in the lake that she can come out on dry land. It is said that she escaped when the water was low, several years ago, and is still roaming the land, causing war, famine and floods wherever she goes.

It was almost twilight as we entered the monastery, which is just beyond the pagoda, where several priests in white met us and took us through huge halls and courtyards, into an inner room. I have often thought how easy it would have been for us to have simply disappeared, for no one could ever have found us



Pagoda Near Soochow

there; instead, we sat around a table and had our tea, exchanging chicken sandwiches for preserved ginger and watermelon seeds. The darkness was broken by enormous red Chinese candles, about which twined twisting dragons; they smoked and sputtered and cast weird dancing shadows along the walls.

It was nine when we decided to return; the temple was dark and we stumbled on the uneven floor, the only light coming from the candles which the priests held high above our heads. Outside the door, where enormous gods towered overhead, the night was black, while a wind had blown out the stars and, though you could hear the waves beating along the rocks, nothing could be seen. The priests gave us some small paper lanterns and took us to our boat where we found our boy sleeping, unconscious of the rain that splashed on his face. As our eyes became accustomed to the blackness, the pagoda loomed gaunt against the sky; the wind was lashing the water and, when we finally reached the opposite shore, we were soaking wet. And then we found that the city gates were locked and they would not open them. So, in the rain and with three coolies carrying lanterns, one in front, one between us and one behind, we walked five miles around the city walls to the canal where our house-boat was. Beggars glared from out the shadows, mangy dogs growled and starving men and women were sleeping on stones, drenched in the rain. When we at last reached our boat, the number one boy had notified the police and

a search was on but, seeing we were safe, his only remark was: "Too much dam fool pigeon," a fairly literal translation being, "All foreigners are crazy."

Sixteen hundred and sixty years ago Hui Li, a monk, traveled to China and, on reaching the valley beyond Hangchow, beheld a hill which reminded him so strongly of India, from whence he came, that he called it "The Peak that flew over"; his tomb now lies in front of this hill and the monastery of Ling-Yin is built upon it. And there, too, is the "Temple of the Kings of Heaven," in a courtyard of which the Laughing Buddha smiles a happy welcome to all, while Wei T'o, ruler of the Four Heavenly Kings, who are the guardians of the temple, stands behind him. The Heavenly Kings themselves stand at the corners of the hall—one with a musical instrument, so that he may bring music to the hearts of men, another with a sword, that he may destroy all evil, a third holding an umbrella, with which to shelter and protect the world, and the last with a snake, that he may conquer evil spirits. In the large main hall are several figures, Shih Chia Mou Nyi, the Indian Gautama Buddha, and several of his disciples; in another hall at the left are seated five hundred "Lohans" (disciples of Buddha) and, in the centre, an amusing figure of Marco Polo in a coat and a flat, broad, wide-rimmed hat, reminding one strangely of the pilgrim fathers.

In this same valley is the Upper Monastery of India, dedicated to the Kuan Yin and built because of a

statue of her; a priest found a log of wood here, which gleamed weirdly, as though lighted from within, and carved it into a figure of this Goddess of Mercy. There are many tablets to the goddess in this temple, dedicated to her by those whose prayers she has answered.

There are several islands in the West Lake, including the Imperial Island, Ku Shan, where the Southern Sung Emperors resided and where K'ang Hsi and his grandson, Ch'ien Lung, of the last dynasty, later built palaces. A smaller island is called the Three Pools and the Moon's Reflection and there is a legend that, long ago, a pool here had the power of preserving life. It was here that the poet, Su Tung P'o, who had been ordered to improve and deepen the lake, came upon three pits in which dwelt three evil demons, who caused much trouble and continually interfered with his work. He therefore caused three pagodas to be built over the three holes, imprisoning the spirits and keeping them out of mischief forever. On another small island is a temple to the Dragon King.

We arrived at Soochow early in the morning. Mists were rising and the sun was shining on peaked roofs, where gold dragons and strange creatures lined the turned-up corners. Shirred, patched sails floated past; the boats and those who poled them were only shadows moving through the fog, while fantastic eyes were painted on their bows, for "how can the boats see to

go if they do not have eyes?" Tall pagodas rose above the city. There are five within the city walls and three rise from the hills beyond. The great pagoda, near the wall, is probably the most famous in China; nine stories in height, it is of beautiful proportions and a most comprehensive view of the city may be had from its top.

This city of half a million is as beautiful as any in China. It is divided and intersected by many canals, crossed by countless bridges, some of great beauty, and, because of its literary standing, has been known as the Athens of China. There is an amusing story of how Soochow became so prominent in literature: the two pagodas that stand near each other and are usually called the two Pen Pagodas, were built and presented to the city by a scholar who wished his city to stand first in learning but, even after their construction, the Soochow candidates either did not pass the examinations, or had only a very low average; the builder therefore consulted a geomancer, who pointed out that it was absurd to provide pens without ink. So the Ink Pagoda was built and, since that time, Soochow students have always stood among the highest.

Like Hangchow, Soochow is one of the oldest and most famous of cities, having been built about 500 B. C. The Chinese heaven has eight gates and, when Soochow was constructed, eight gates pierced its wall, around which is a moat, connected with the main canals. We were poled about the city, pausing to

watch the cormorant fishing, and then our boat was tied up in a corner near the wall.

We wandered through an old garden, quite different from those in the north; it once belonged to a high Manchu official but was taken over by the Republic and may now be seen by obtaining a permit. It is hard to give an impression of its beauty, long passages, all of white plaster, pierced on either side with wonderful grills, through which one looks out over ponds of lotus and across veils of willow branches that rise high from trees of great age and sweep down to brush the water's edge. We expected to hear laughter and to see women and children in the windows and on the balconies of the pavilions, or run across the courtyards, but all was silent except for our footsteps.

After leaving the old man, the guardian, who seemed formed of shadows and memories and to have no association with today, we walked along the canal and on into the hills. Old gateways and tombs, small temples now closed—built long ago to forgotten gods, or to people whose names no one remembers—were crumbling among nests of vines and overgrown with trees, their roots separating the stones and giving some idea of the age of the buildings.

The path wound about and up and we entered a gate, following the road which leads to the grave of Mr. Wu. As far as one can see, in all directions, the otherwise grassy sides of these low hills are covered, at comparatively regular intervals, by stones averaging

about fifteen or twenty feet apart and perhaps a foot and a half by five or six feet in size. It is a strange formation and apparently covers a large area but, from the moment you enter this gate, and around and around the hill to the top where the tomb is, the same stones, instead of lying on the ground, are standing upright. The story is that Mr. Wu was a very rich man and his palace grounds covered many acres; the Emperor desired these grounds for a hunting park, so Mr. Wu presented them to the Son of Heaven and moved away. Because Mr. Wu was such a great and good man, when his funeral procession entered this gateway all the stones near the path rose up to do him homage.

Soochow is rightly celebrated for many things besides its beauty and learning; it is an Imperial city and has been the capital of many great Emperors. The City Temple is one of its show places, within whose walls are fourteen separate temples, containing over two hundred great statues and many smaller ones. Throughout the city itself there are more than a hundred monasteries, nunneries and temples, the Temple of Scrolls being among those most worth visiting. Outside the walls and in the hills are gardens, pagodas and the beautiful Great Lake as well as several smaller ones. From Soochow come the most beautiful sing-song girls and it also vies with Hangchow in the loveliness of its silk.

CHAPTER VII—SHANGHAI

WITH ITS BANKS, CLUBS, consulates of many nations, law courts and marble hotels, the Bund of Shanghai is one of the most cosmopolitan places of the earth, while the Foreign Settlement is entirely European. It has been called the city of lost reputations; people come for a day or a year or for always and, if they are charming, no one cares where they were yesterday or where they may be tomorrow. One night, sitting next to a stranger at dinner, I asked the usual question as to how long he had been in Shanghai and he replied:

“I came twenty years ago to stay a month—and I am still planning to go next week.”

The Bund circles the curve of the river, its main buildings facing the Huangpo, where junks as old as any existing civilization rub noses with the latest gun-boat or newest steamship.

Like the Bund, the Cathay Hotel would be quite at home in a European city and, to anyone making a first trip, it is everything desirable. But one who knows Shanghai goes down the Bund and over the bridge which crosses the Soochow Creek and finds the old Astor House. There the rooms are huge, the ceilings unbelievably high and the baths large enough to drown

in with countless coats of enamel paint peeling from their sides. The chairs may sag a bit, but the "boys" belong to the house and remember you, remember just how long since you remained before and how many times you have come back; their service is perfect and you feel that you have returned to the China you know. Yet it is only natural that the traveler, seeking comfort, perhaps seeing Shanghai for the first time, should prefer the more modern Cathay.

Everything one is interested in can be found in Shanghai, the gay life of the hotels and clubs, golf, racing or polo, or, if one wishes to get away from the city, house-boats can be rented and one can go for a short or long trip, go where there are lovely carved bridges, pagodas and brightly painted houses, where doll-faced children smile and a charming girl may look down from a high window. Along the banks are old roads where strange wheelbarrows, balancing two people on each side of one huge wheel, jog along. There one may see wedding and funeral processions with gorgeous and unusual carved banners, the air full of the gold and silver paper money which is thrown in the air, or, if one wishes to go ashore in the little villages, one can spend days wandering about. There are lovely small shops where jade, embroideries and coats, not made for tourists, can be bought and there old gardens can be seen through white marble grills.

Not long ago I spent an entire day at the Commercial Press in Shanghai, being shown the different depart-

ments, where every type of printing was done; in one room were four old men, engraving on wood, an art which is said to be lost in China. It is true that printing in colors from wood-blocks is no longer done, but the Chinese cutting of the key-block for printing the outline is far superior to that executed in Japan, where beautiful color work is done, but where the cutting of the key-block has deteriorated until the lines are without the flowing quality of varying thickness which they once possessed. The publications of the Commercial Press were all Chinese, a large proportion of their output being textbooks and reproductions of works long out of print.

The Oriental Library, formerly attached to the Commercial Press and recently housed in a specially constructed six-story building, was destroyed during the Japanese bombardment. This was undoubtedly the largest library in modern China, consisting of some three hundred and sixty thousand Chinese works and more than a hundred thousand in foreign languages, and was famous for its old and rare editions, having had seven hundred of the early Sung Dynasty (dating back to the tenth century). The loss of these books will always remain one of the great calamities of all time.

Each time I read a description of Shanghai, I find a different view-point and yet no one seems to have been able to say just why Shanghai is Shanghai—somehow it is not real. The Chinese there seem always to be hurrying.

ing through and around the International Settlement and the Europeans, in a different way, are as restless; it is very gay, but rather feverishly so. Everyone is arriving or leaving, few people stay on for long, and there are countless parties every day. It is as though the people were trying not to think; each night, in every hotel and café, are dancing, music and unrestrained gaiety, with as cosmopolitan a crowd as anywhere on earth, pretty women of every country, slender and beautiful Eurasians, odd mixtures of Anglo-Saxon and Oriental, Chinese girls, who are said to be remarkably fine dancers, blond Russians and men of every nationality.

What always impresses me with particular force in Shanghai, more here than anywhere else in China, are the extremes of poverty and prosperity. Perhaps it is because the modern and native cities are closer together than elsewhere, the tall cement buildings rising almost out of the narrow Chinese streets. Now especially there is an undercurrent of hopeless suffering, a great struggling sea of desperate, starving people, like the waves of a grey ocean. One sees grey shadows that move slowly, weary bodies that huddle together for warmth or a single figure struggling onward, hoping for food or death—it does not matter which; human skeletons, blind and maimed, the thump, thump of crutches, hands that are only bones, held out with a hopeless wish for a copper, always, at intervals, the cry of the blind. One becomes used to it, even grows impatient, not

wishing to be made to think. Yet this current of tragedy is forever there; even when the night seems sleeping, if you listen despairing cries tear the silence at intervals—unending calls that are seldom answered.

Yet Shanghai is not a city of misery, it is only China, old as the oldest, always new. There are days of brilliant sunshine, when the streets are crowded with running coolies, pulling rickshaws—always old rickshaws. Except for an occasional private one, I have never seen a good or even fairly new rickshaw here, and usually they are so dilapidated that one thinks that every trip must be their last. If you call for one, or often if you do not, the runners come swooping down from every direction, thin, starved men, and the shafts of many rickshaws are pushed almost beneath your feet, while dozens of dirty hands motion for you to choose their vehicle.

The streets of the native city are narrow and, even in the daytime, fairly dark, the sun entering only for a little time at noon, while black shadows always creep along the sides. Out of the ominous darkness crawl old men, the glazed eyes of opium users look dully at you, and there are countless children, who look as if they had never known joy or had enough to eat. It is all horrible and grotesque. Ahead, the sun glistens on the gilded and carved shop-fronts of the prosperous merchants, who greet one always with a smile, who are happy. They seem unconscious of the starving under-

current of life that fills the shadows. Lives are cheap in China—and there are so many.

There are numerous plans for rebuilding Shanghai and a great city is expected to rise from the shell-torn ruins. Wide streets are to be made, ending in long wharfs, huge markets will be built and better houses for the people; the present plan is to modernize the native city, building fifty miles of wider streets, along which will be modern buildings. The planning is splendid, but one wonders whether it will be possible to carry it out.

And perhaps one would prefer that it were not carried out too completely. It is impossible to say what the outcome of this strange city will be, but I think that, beyond all the projected new buildings and streets, will grow a native city not unlike the old, where one will be able to find unchanging China, where the things they sell will be the same that were for sale long ago.

Always Shanghai has rushed and now it is terrifying in its speed, in its efforts to rebuild. Motor trucks, busses, street-cars, automobiles and great flocks of bicycles, carts, people, horses and donkeys, move in every direction. The wharfs are packed with great loads, arriving or being rushed to the ships. Shanghai is a mad dream—a pageant of all nations, of every color and every mood, fantastic, never the same, but always Shanghai.

CHAPTER VIII—HONG KONG AND CANTON

ONE GOES FROM SHANGHAI to Hong Kong by boat and every mile of the way is filled with interest—the night sky is very blue and the stars seem very near, while one may see the Southern Cross, appearing at times just above the edge of the horizon. During the day grey junks from several lands crowd the shore. Some have come up from the south and these are brighter and of a different pattern, with pointed instead of square sails, striped instead of plain.

The last time I entered the bay of Hong Kong, the ship glided slowly and soundlessly into this wonderful harbor just before dawn, and it is one of those beautiful memories that are not forgotten. The hills rose high on all sides, seeming to close behind us as we came further in; the water was absolutely still, so smooth that the boat seemed only to skim the surface, scarcely rippling its calm. Ahead, in a wide curve of the shore line, the thousand, quivering lights of the city were massed, like a gathering of fireflies in some shadowed place. A tired moon swung its curve low, resting on the hills to the left, while the ships in the harbor, long white yachts, gunboats, huge liners and thousands of small fishing junks, waiting for the tide, were silent

as though sleeping, but their lights, sometimes running up the masts and lining the decks, were magically alive, sending flat, straight columns of reflection down, down to unknown depths of water.

Just as we came to a stop and the anchor dropped with a sudden clang, the sky beyond the hills started to turn red with the first light of the coming sun and slowly the harbor woke to life. Calls and commands came from the ships, smoke rose in long bands to stripe the hills, and the fishing sampans raised their sails, new, old, patched and ragged, and, in great masses that spread out fan shaped, turned towards the open sea.

Hong Kong (Fragrant Water) is a British city and the first thing to impress one is its order. There is no rushing crowd of rickshaws as you come out from the wharf and the streets are clear, the vehicles all orderly parked and under the direction of the Sikh police, whose gay turbans add to the color that is everywhere.

If one lands at Kowloon, the Chinese mainland opposite the island of Hong Kong, the newest and possibly the best hotel in China is found. Every known comfort is to be had there and, if you wish to shop without going to the native city, you can find anything in the shops along the hotel corridors. In Hong Kong itself are other hotels, older but not without their own attractions; the Hong Kong Hotel is in the centre of the business district and Chinese shops surround it, while its dining-room is on the top floor, cool and delightful.

The Chinese city of Hong Kong is amazingly different from that of Shanghai or Peking. Here the houses are higher than those in the other cities, which are seldom more than two-storied. The ground floor, where the shops are, is set back the width of the sidewalk, while the higher stories extend over the pavement, supported by stilts at the outer edge of the sidewalk, and form a shelter for those on the street. All the houses have balconies on which people in every known shade of bright clothes sit, work or talk, while children in the road beneath fly kites, or trail funny wooden animals after them. Washing is hung everywhere, on the balconies or on lines stretched across the street, while signs in Chinese, of red, black and gold, hang from the buildings. Sunshine is everywhere. The people look well-fed and happy—I do not remember ever having seen a beggar.

In open corners, where the streets come together, or in temple courts, are spread the flower markets and the color is of stunning vividness. Enormous baskets of every flower imaginable are displayed, while on hot days bright paper umbrellas, held by bamboo stands, are placed in rows above the stalls to hold off the sun, adding to the blaze of color. There are fruit markets, in shady shops open to the street, where one sees piles of huge pomelos, so pale yellow that in the shadows they seem white, and there one can buy every variety of fruit from the north and the south—fresh lichee nuts, so marvelous and yet so perishable, tangerines and

mangosteens, golden persimmons and peaches and pears.

There are shops of every country, especially India and Persia, and here, even more than in Shanghai, the streets are crowded with huge loads being taken to the waiting ships—Canton china, china elephants and figures, porcelain gods and statues of the Eight Immortals, gold carvings brought from the dim shadows of a temple, bales of silk from the north and crates of tea. The streets are a fantastic pageant of illusive charm, the strange music of pipes and drums, a funeral or wedding adding to the strangeness and beauty.

Another reason that this city is different is because the other large cities of China are flat, while Hong Kong climbs a hill, offering new views at every turn. One can go to the peak by rickshaw, bus or automobile; a tramway climbs to the top, and there are good paved roads, which circle around and up, winding down to Repulse Bay on the other side.

There is a delightful hotel at Repulse Bay, high on the hill and surrounded by a terrace, with walks that lead down under the deep shade of trees to the beach, where there are bathing huts with verandas large enough for chairs close to the sea. The stretch of sand is wide and the very blue water, deepening so gradually that one can safely swim far out, is protected by the shore, which sweeps out in a long curve in either direction, while summer houses of many types and sizes are all about on the hills. This is a place where one

could come and stay for weeks, not realizing that one was in China, and, as one returns around the hill to the city, one knows that sometime one will return.

Not so long ago Hong Kong was only a barren rock, rising desolate from the sea; now it stands as the meeting place of the East, and is one of the greatest ports of the world in the amount of tonnage that passes through its harbor. Its early history was stormy, a continual struggle between the English and the Chinese, and there was frequent bloodshed. Pirates came and looted, fire and plagues swept the land, but slowly and stubbornly the harbor was protected and the city grew along the shore, until now it climbs up hundreds of feet and proudly occupies the hilltop.

From November to early February is the best time to be in Hong Kong, for later it is too hot and, before November, the rains come. If one does not mind the downpour, however, it is enchanting. The rain is not gentle; it comes down in broad, flat bands, washing everything clean. The downpour never lasts very long and the sun soon reappears, while mists rise and float among the hills and great, white clouds race across the very blue sky.

Once I was there at the Chinese New Year and this celebration is also different in every respect except for noise and firecrackers. Here they hang great ropes of firecrackers as close together as possible, often no more than a foot apart, with one end fastened to the edge of

the highest roofs, and then the lowest cracker is lighted and they go crack, cracking up to the sky.

The Chinese say that there is no place so truly "a Chinese city" as Canton. It was long ago, in 1500, that the Portuguese first settled here, but many years before that it was a city of importance, sending its porcelains, enamels, tea and silk down the river.

A train now connects this city with Hong Kong but, unless one's hurry is great, the river boats are much to be preferred; the trip is always interesting and sometimes exciting. When I went up, there were stacks of firearms, of an antique design, in the main saloon of the river boat. I asked the captain what they were intended for and he replied, "For the river pirates." I thought it a joke, imagining that the size of the ship would make it safe, but, after he had gone, an officer remarked:

"It is really not funny; they came on board the last trip, robbed the ship, took the officers prisoner and killed and ate the captain."

Halfway between Hong Kong and Canton is Macao, called the "Monte Carlo of the East," a city that is a mixture of the Orient and of mediæval Europe. It was settled by the Portuguese in 1550 and they gained the good will of the Chinese by helping them win many battles against the river pirates. In gratitude for this the Chinese made them a present of the land on which they had settled and there they built up trade. For

years it was the only trading port between China and the West but, as Hong Kong grew in importance, the trade there declined and now it is only a small city. Yet it is brilliant with color, all the houses are gaily painted and there are lovely gardens, quiet with a mingling of ancient and modern, Oriental and Occidental.

To many the chief charm of Macao is gambling. Every Chinese is a born gambler and here they play *fan-tan*; all day and all night they surround the tables and, their faces never changing, win great sums and lose them as quickly. Mandarins are there, in silk robes, and coolies in cotton, for the only thing in which they all have a common meeting ground is gambling; to them it is a high art and, although they are very polite, they have the greatest contempt for the hurry and ignorance of the foreigners who come here to play.

This feeling was expressed by a "number one boy" that I once took shopping with me. Seeing a belt-buckle I liked, I asked the price of it.

"One dollar," the merchant replied.

"Too much," I said. "I give you fifty cents."

"No can do; lose money."

So it went on until he came down to seventy-five cents and then I told the boy, Lao Tien, to give him the money. As he did so, a most disgusted look came over his face and, when we walked on, he said:

"Madam, your haste at bargaining is indecent."

He did not care in the least what the buckle cost,

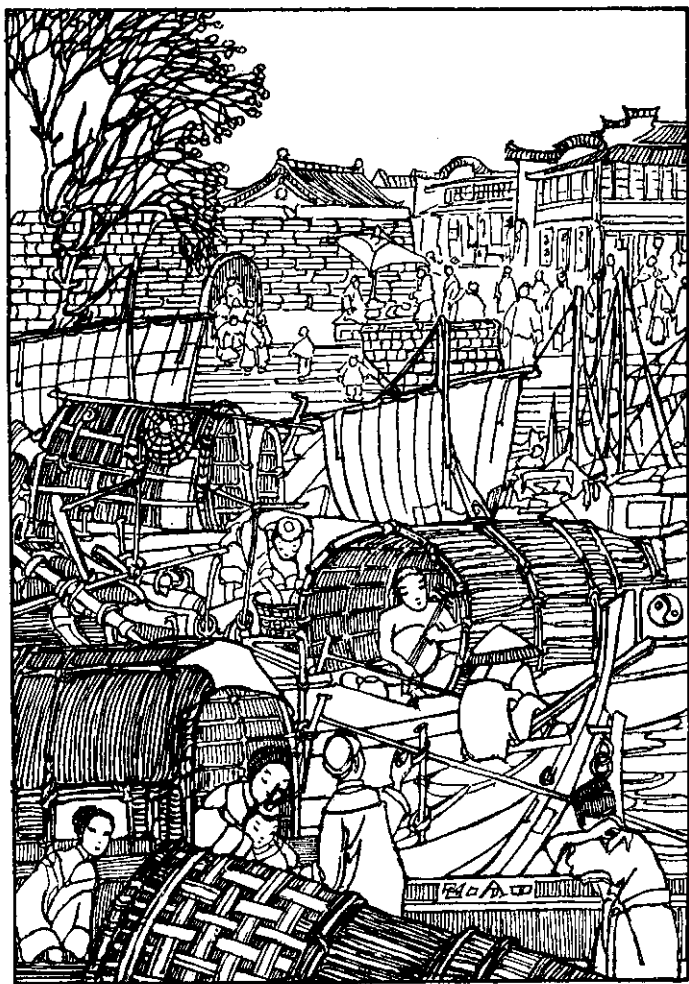
but I had not played the game; it was my impatience that he could not understand.

Macao is worth visiting, however, even without its *fan-tan* tables. The troops from Goa, in Indian costume, are colorful, and the houses, blue, pink, yellow and brown, rise from the bay up the hill. The charm of the city is distinctly its own and, looking back as the boat goes on towards Canton, one regrets leaving it.

The scenery is interesting all the way to Canton and, about two hours before reaching it, one turns into the Tiger's Mouth, which is the entrance from Pearl River, and there you pass Tiger Island, where the ruins of old forts tell how they once protected this flat entrance from barbarian invasions. Here the river is full of fishing nets, along whose upper edges are black cloths, waving along the water as danger signals to the passing boats.

It is hard to know where to begin when one writes of Canton, for it has bits of almost every other city, yet it is quite individual. It was founded, so the story goes, by five immortals who came down in prehistoric times, riding on five goats of different colors, and brought with them five miraculous stalks of grain, each with six heads. The city, within its circling wall, was long called the "City of the Goats."

It is said that the population of Canton is two million, some two hundred thousand of whom are born, live and die on the sampans that crowd the Pearl River,



River Sampans, Canton

because there is no room for them on the land where ground, they say, costs more than in New York City. Outside Canton are endless cemeteries, where millions lie buried—not only those who died here but many who have been brought back from far lands. Burial ground is scarce and all Chinese wish their bodies returned to their own country, even though they have “mounted the dragon” on foreign soil.

Most of the sampans along the river are tied together and entirely stationary. It is possible to walk from one to another. In an incredibly small boat may be large families, and one sees babies, dogs and cats balanced precariously on the railing. You hold your breath, expecting them to fall, but they seldom do, for they are born to it. The noise is unceasing, women quarreling loudly, men smoking lazily and discussing the news with the next boat. The women do all the work and girls are brought from the country and sold into slavery on the flower boats. Sometimes fires have broken out among these sampans and, since most of the boats could not be moved, the flames have swept for miles, killing thousands.

One may charter a house-boat and mingle with the life along these waterways, going in and out, returning again to the main river, past countless boats, large junks from Tientsin, ancient ones with paddle-wheels, sampans carrying piles of mulberry leaves. Four million people in the south of China make a living from either the rearing of silkworms or the making of silk.

The Canton College is doing much work in improving the silk weaving, studying every branch of this great industry.

On the left as one comes into Canton is the small island of Shameen, where the European settlement is, and there it is quiet and tranquil, yet it is separated from the teeming millions of the Chinese city only by a bridge across the canal.

Canton has had a strange history. The tallest pagoda is a Moslem mosque and was built a thousand years ago by Arabian travelers, so that those of that faith might have a place of worship. The trade with Arabia, which at one time was great, ended long ago, but some still worship at the mosque. There are endless other temples and pagodas, including the temple of the Five Hundred Genii and that of the Calamity Bell, which sounds only when some great disaster is to befall the city.

For many centuries this city was surrounded by a wall and a moat but the Republic ordered the wall taken down and the moat filled in. A new and wide boulevard has also been recently constructed, which, strangely enough, does not seem to change the ancient city, built more than four thousand years ago.

The streets of Canton are incredibly narrow, some eight feet in width, and, while the shops on either side are only two or three stories, they seem to tower to a great height, reducing the sky to a narrow ribbon.

The stores are all open and in some, unless you are very tall, your chin comes only a little above the counter, where a large Chinese, in cap and black robe, serves you smilingly, leaning from above as do the gods in the temples.

Sometimes, when a chair passes in the street, there is just room for the coolies to pass if one stands flat against the wall. A damp smell rises from the paving stones, for the sun never enters the narrowest streets, and matting is stretched above the wider ones, making them always cool and shady in summer. All along these streets are tiny shops, unchanged since the building of the city. In some shops hand looms are still being used to make the heavy brocades, while old men and boys weave crêpe in lovely shades and patterns. The beautiful silk gauze used for summer wear is woven here, in wonderful colors and in the black used for men's outer coats. Across the street, in a larger store, a father and his sons weave mattings, fine and cool, to cover the beds in hot weather; dust rises from their work and the odor of fields in the sun comes from the moving grass.

Nearby is a fan shop, where large and small fans are made, some white, with sandalwood sticks, others painted with Chinese characters, or images of slender, smiling women. Silver and gold filigree, sometimes enameled and formed into hair ornaments, bracelets or long chains in intricate designs, is made in another store. In one shop, old men, in large, rimmed glasses,

carve ivory into sets of chess, figures of the gods, the Eight Immortals and the beautiful Kuan Yin.

Time stops in these narrow streets; people are born, grow old and die, to be followed by their children, while life goes on unchanged, as it has for thousands of years. Traditions are handed down from generation to generation, one day is like another and age has no significance, for always the work goes on and on, unvarying, weaving a tapestry of existence. When one bolt of silk is finished, another is commenced; as one ivory figure is placed on the shelf, the craftsman starts another—and another, until at last his coffin, covered with brocade and accompanied by a procession of banners, gold or gay, is carried out beyond the city where all his ancestors are waiting; his weary hands are still and in the city of the dead he waits for his son to follow, knowing that his grandson will carry on.

At the time of the Chinese New Year I was in Canton. Whole streets were given over to the selling of lanterns, quite different from those used at other times of the year. Some, those for the houses, are octagon in shape, beautifully carved, but more interesting are those made for the children, which they carry through the streets at night, held very high on long, slender bamboos. Each is in the shape of some strange bird, duck or animal and the most grotesque creatures look down on you—fish with funny tails, open mouths and great, bulging eyes, floating side by side with rabbits, their ears long and upstanding, and

weird monkeys; butterflies are there, and great moths, grasshoppers and dragonflies, all made of heavy oiled paper and gaily painted.

In the late evening I went to see these lanterns lighted. Could one have been taken, with closed eyes, to the dark narrow streets and there suddenly opened his eyes, he would have believed that he was attending the meeting of prehistoric animals, come here for a night's revel. They danced low along the gloomy alleys, or floated high on swaying poles, while above all was the sound of gay laughter and shrieks, the unknown jumble of a strange language, and the dancing shadows of children.

PART IV
THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

CHAPTER I—MANILA

NEARING THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, one seems to feel the breath of tropic countries in the warm air, which has an entirely different quality. It is vibrant, soaked with sunshine, while the wind is soft and gentle and the rippling waves charmingly languid. Through the mists of early morning the ship moves past the grim fortress of Corregidor into Manila Bay and stops at the long pier, stretching more than fifteen hundred feet from the shore.

One is greeted by what seems a mass of color. There is color in the charming native dress of the women, a costume with large balloon-like sleeves, very thin and made of stiffened gauze, which stand straight out from the shoulders, tight-fitting bodice and long, heavily embroidered skirt, in the brilliant display of wares which native craftsmen have spread out along the pier, in the huge baskets of orange and flame, yellow and brown fruit, in the bronze bodies of the men—what clothes they wear being striking beyond belief. The sea wall sweeps out in a great bend and, just inside, the shore road, shaded by tropical trees, curves to follow the sea.

The Manila Hotel, a short ride from the dock, is all that a hotel built in the tropics should be, cool and comfortable, with wide eaves and high ceilings. Music reached us from a veranda in the cool grey shadows; the orchestra is extremely good and we stopped for a long, cold drink. The cooler air and the music, rising almost out of the blue sea, were tremendously exhilarating.

Manila is a city of vivid contrasts, of modern roads shadowed by mediæval walls and cathedrals, of the modern city, with its busy commercial and shopping districts, theatres and clubs, and the Tondo, a still primitive native city where thousands live in the same manner as did their ancestors. Automobiles speed past the leisurely, two-wheeled high carts drawn by sturdy ponies, for everywhere is a combining of the old and the new.

As you stand at the entrance of the hotel the newest of automobiles are waiting, while only a few feet away is a smiling native, inviting you to travel in his much decorated cart, under an awning high enough for shade but not low enough to interfere with any breeze that might be wandering about.

Turning a corner, we are at the gate of Intramuros, the Walled City. A little back of the hotel, ancient, vine-covered walls, built by the Spaniards in 1590, rise, enclosing the past of Manila, a past of romance and historical association. Where once were guns and cannon, only empty openings remain and sentry boxes

stand unoccupied at the corners. Yet it is only seventy years ago that these walls were withstanding the fierce attacks of Moro pirates, as they had formerly withstood those of the Chinese pirates.

Built into the recesses of one of the old bastions of the wall is the aquarium, not the least of the wonders of Manila. Here fish from the green-blue deeps of tropic waters are brilliant with every color which the imagination can suggest, often in combinations that the most daring of painters would hesitate to attempt.

We pass through one of the arching gates, which pierce the frowning wall, into the city beyond, where even the air seems changed, stirred perhaps by some lingering fancy of the past, heavy-laden with the prayers and dreams of those who have lived within its walls. It seems as though the atmosphere of the Middle Ages had reached out through the centuries and surrounded these strong walls which look down in scornful amusement at the haste and newness of the world outside.

Numberless small streets are crossed by others which twist and turn. There are two-storied houses, whose gates open into courtyards full of sunshine and color, quiet courtyards and whispering fountains, iron-grilled windows and overhanging balconies, where surely Spanish beauties once leaned, lazily swaying a fan as they greeted a passing friend. At every turn are glimpses which promise some mystery, some mediæval intrigue. It is all reminiscent of a Spanish scene of the

Middle Ages, yet here, in the shadow of the Spanish walls, every race of the Orient mingles.

Everywhere through the city are churches, many of them magnificent examples of early Spanish architecture. We went into the church of St. Augustine, the oldest in Manila and the only building to withstand the earthquakes which have caused so much damage in the Philippines. Foremost of the city's many churches, it stands as a sentinel of ancient glories, dreaming of its years of romantic history. The shadows under the great arches and the vaulted ceiling of elaborately hewn stone were restful; the sound of prayer was a murmur, rising and falling from those kneeling among the seats, while beyond a light shone down on the silver altar which gleamed with a white glory.

The square-towered church of Santo Domingo is Gothic, the only one of its type in the city, while the Church of the Jesuits is perhaps the most splendid of all. It is screened from the street by a high iron fence and its exterior is less impressive than most, yet the magnificence of the carving throughout its interior transforms it into a dream of beauty. The dark native hardwood has been used for designs of unexcelled richness and exquisite grace, patient hands have woven a complicated lacework of patterns in the wood with unbelievable detail; yet so well do they blend into the background that the whole effect is extremely restful.

At the lower end of the Intramuros is Fort Santiago,



Santiago Gate

fronting the river. This first part of the Walled City, built as a defense against the bold pirate attacks, is now the headquarters of the United States Army in the Philippines. A short distance beyond the Santiago Gate runs the Pasig River and there an amazing variety of water craft passes by. Long, narrow canoes, hollowed out from logs, move swiftly among the heavier ships, clumsy lighters and barges are dragged slowly over the lazy river by tugs, while freighters from the southern islands lie wearily at anchor. It is a strange, a never-tiring scene to watch, to wonder from where these boats have wandered, what far harbors they have anchored in and what cargo they have sought in romantic sounding ports.

Leaving the ancient Intramuros and driving about through the outer city—the narrow native streets as well as the broad avenues lined with modern stores and office buildings—one finds unusual things on every side. Native markets, crowded with curious wares—tropic fruits and novel vegetables on display in hundreds of small booths. In some sections the streets are practically filled by the stores of Chinese and Japanese—those merchants who have transplanted their own life, their always gay and inviting bazaars, into every city of the world—while, wandering off into narrower lanes, one may come upon Indian, Malayan and Arabian shops, all distinctly different yet seeming not in the least out of place in this city of contrasts.

As the sun neared the roofs of the buildings and

deep shadows settled beneath the walls and along the road, we turned into Dewey Boulevard to find a scene of unequalled loveliness. For two miles the Boulevard extends along the water-front. Out in the harbor lights were springing up on the battleships at anchor there and, on the far side of the bay, Mount Mariveles was a silhouette of purple against the flame of the sunset. Clouds hung low and held the colors of the fading sun, until they seemed to spread over the city touching the old walls into new life and deepening the shadows in the twisting streets. The sunset wind from the ocean lifted the heavy air of dusk which had rested over the land and the last flame of light faded into an intense blue and the first stars silvered the darkness.

We sat in the grounds of the Polo Club, while people came and went and the boys served anything or everything one might desire, and I, who had been near Manila before and had never stopped because I felt I would not care for it, was entirely captured by its charm and would have been quite content to stay indefinitely.

The next morning we drove out into the country to the Pagsanjan Waterfall. It is about a three hour ride by motor or train from the city. The road is through rice fields, sugar and banana plantations, shaded by great coconut groves, and it is a continual delight to watch the scene flash by; a mighty lake is on one side and tall mountains tower into the distance.

At the village of Pagsanjan one changes to a native canoe and is paddled up the winding river, flowing through a narrow gorge. The steep walls are covered with luxuriant vegetation and tropical growths twist along the rocks; orchids are bright among the tree trunks and brilliant birds dart past. Sometimes, as the paddles of the canoe broke the heavy silence, we heard the chattering of monkeys in the trees above us.

The current is strong and the boats struggled up through the rapids until they were close to the great fall. Like a stream of molten silver, it leaps in a double fall of striking beauty from the rock-faced canyon wall into a deep pool below, where some say that the water god dwells. I glimpsed him beneath the blue veil of water which, descending, sprang back in spray, and heard his voice in the roar of the falls.

The descent of the rapids is swift and thrilling. The canoe bounds over and down and at times leaps forward with lightning speed—the spray flies against it and the water rushes past, while trees and rocks spring into sight for a moment only to be left far behind the next.

Half an hour's ride from Manila are the ruins of the old monastery and church of Guadalupe, impressive buildings, though overgrown now with grass and shrubbery, and pathetic in their broken, desolate solitude. Built by the Spanish three hundred years ago, they served as church and sanctuary for Augustine friars. So

strong were their foundations, so massive their walls, that they still stand, in spite of three centuries of earthquakes and a bombardment.

It was in 1601 that these foundations were laid, and many years were needed to complete the buildings. The church was of Doric architecture, with great buttresses supporting its vault of hewn stone. It was once famous as the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, legend telling how the image was brought from Estramadura, Spain, and throngs climbed the steps to offer their prayers at its altar.

During the insurrection in 1900 the enclosure was used by native troops as a base of attack and, after heavy fighting, the buildings were burned, everything inflammable being entirely consumed, and it has never been rebuilt.

Only the massive walls, the arches rising from a dense growth of brush, and the old stone stairway, remain now—ruins which are a silent monument, in their green robes of moss and vines, to a fading past. They stand away from the main road on a knoll that overlooks the Pasig River, and all is quiet; no sound reminds you of the outer world, of swift ships lying in the nearby harbor and motors speeding past on smooth avenues. There is only a heavy silence, mellow as the light of sunset which rests softly on these lonely ruins.

A delightful place to visit near Manila is Lake Taal and the Taal volcano, about a two hours' drive to the

south and east of the city. It is a fresh water lake, about twenty miles in diameter, and in the centre is Taal volcano, forming an island. It has not erupted since 1911 and, within its crater, two thousand feet below the rim, sparkles another lake. Like a smiling sapphire in a brilliant volcanic setting, it reflects the gleaming blue of the sky. Airplane excursions are now possible over this lake, giving a most unusual and striking view.

At the southern end of the island of Luzon is Mount Mayon, rising to a height of eight thousand feet from the seashore near Legaspi. It has a cone of perfect symmetry, probably the most amazing volcanic peak in the world; sometimes smoke and steam curl from the cone but it has not erupted since 1928.

Leaving Manila for Baguio, the motor follows an excellent road, first through the vast plains of Pampanga, lined with coconut groves and sugar plantations, while the last two hours of the six hour trip are up the amazing zigzag road, which twists and turns, a series of horseshoe curves, a marvel of mountain road construction, to the plateau, elevated five thousand feet above the sea. There the change from the tropic warmth of the lowlands is complete. Dense pine forests cover the rolling plateau, which is surrounded by towering peaks, while numerous small streams wander over the country and, in the rainy season, the hillsides are thick with ferns and with thousands of large white

lilies. The air is fresh and crisp, laden with the scent of pine and breathing dreams of dim forests and the glisten of pine needles. Here the climate is even and always cool, a land where it is forever spring.

One of the most interesting scenes to be found anywhere is the market-place in Baguio on a Sunday morning. From the mountain fastnesses to the north—from the lowlands—from a dozen different tribes the people stream in to trade, some with goods and produce for sale—others supplying their necessities for the week.

On a high peak, overlooking the China Sea and with an unobstructed view of Baguio, is the Jesuit Observatory, the highest meteorological and seismic station in the Far East, equipped with delicate instruments to record the world's earthquakes, and other interesting apparatus. There are innumerable other fascinating views and drives around Baguio, points from which to glimpse unforgettable vistas of mountain and sea, or to watch the most splendid of sunsets.

Beyond Baguio, in the northern part of Luzon, lies the interesting Mountain Province, whose various tribes are known collectively as the Igorots. It is composed of five sub-provinces—Apayao, Benguet, Bontoc, Ifugao and Kalinga. These are the lands of color and mystery, of legends and primitive beliefs, where the tribes live as did their ancestors two thousand years ago, for they are undoubtedly descendants of the early Malay invaders of the Philippines.



Market People

Here are the astonishing rice terraces, chiseled out of the mountainside to make flat land for cultivation. They are considered the greatest terrace system known and, as an engineering feat, rank in skill with the pyramids of Egypt. There are more than a hundred square miles of these terraces and the retaining walls, which are built of stones cunningly put together without the use of cement or mortar, have a length of over twelve thousand miles. Because of their brilliant color and unique character, they have been called the "Hanging Gardens of the Sky."

CHAPTER II—LEGENDS

WHEN ONE TRAVELS THROUGH China, Japan and Korea, one great interest is the study of the legends, gods, ceremonies and traditions and the comparison one with another, since, with few exceptions, they have the same foundation. Taking the same story, one can follow it through the beliefs and imaginations of the different peoples. But when you have left Hong Kong you may leave most of these legends behind, for the stories of the Philippines are as different as are the costumes and the people.

Their legends start far back, with the almost universal story of a great flood. The Benguet Igorots tell you that, in the beginning, there was a fierce storm—for days on days it rained, torrents poured in blinding sheets from the black sky and the waters rose higher and higher, until the earth was engulfed. Everyone was drowned, their houses swept away on the raging water, and all living things on the face of the world were utterly destroyed, except for two children, a boy and a girl, brother and sister. They in their flight hid in a box and were carried very far away and left, after many hours, on the highest peak of the mountain called Pulog.

The waters then crept down towards the valley but, in their retreat, tore away every living thing with long, hungry fingers, destroying all plant life. The paths which had wound up from below were washed away and the two children found themselves alone on the top of great rocks; they were starving and knew that they must die, so, having said good-bye to each other—for their love was very great—they knelt and prayed to Kabunian, the Sun God.

The mountain Pulog is not only the highest but the most sacred—some tribes believe it is Heaven and that the souls rising from beneath rest there in endless happiness. As the children prayed their eyes were closed, but they heard a soft whispering and felt no longer alone. Opening their eyes, they saw shadows that seemed to smile all about in the mist and then the mists turned to gold and from the heavens came a great being who, taking the girl by one hand and the boy by the other, showed them how to make fire, to build a shelter and to find food.

This legend of the flood is a general belief among all the tribes of the Philippines. Sometimes the names differ, and the way in which the earth again became populated varies with each story.

In another version, that of the Ifugao, the brother, Wigan, and the sister, Bugan, had fire and food but when the god had left them and the kindly shadows had withdrawn, they grew lonely on the rocky peak.

“Why should we live?” said Bugan. “We are

alone, there is no one anywhere and the world must have people and animals and birds, the earth must be populated. Stay here, Wigan, and I will go to where I can find the gods of animal fertility."

She took food and started away, coming first to the spirit of fire.

"Where are you going, Bagan?" he asked and she said:

"Towards the east; Wigan and I are alone, there are no children, no birds nor animals—I do not care to live. Would you burn me?"

But the fire only laughed and crackled, saying: "Keep to the east, Bagan, find Ngilin and Umbumabakal and they will help you."

So Bagan walked to the east and came to the lake Balahiang and, standing at the water's edge, called to the crocodile she saw sleeping on the yellow sands beneath the blue-green water. Growling, he raised his head and asked:

"Who are you?"

"I am a human and my name is Bagan."

"What do you want?" asked the crocodile.

"Someone to eat me—the world is too lonely."

The crocodile thought that very amusing and chuckled to himself, wiggling his tail, which made little laughing cackles go out in all directions.

"I like to look at you," he said. "I have never seen anyone so beautiful and I could never think of eating one so lovely."

" But I am so very lonely."

" I should like you to stay, you are so nice, but if you must find someone to eat you go east. The shark is hungry, I think."

So Bagan wearily turned her face again to the east. Coming to the water where she had been told the shark would be, the waves were grey and she could not see beneath them, so she chewed betel nut and spit the juice into the water, turning it red. Then the shark rushed furiously to the surface and said, with a great snarl:

" Who dares to disturb me? "

" I do," answered Bagan.

" You—a human, and not afraid of me? "

" No, I want you to be very angry so you will eat me."

The shark laughed so that the water dashed high in spurts of spray, and said: " Well, that is funny. I like to look at you, for you are beautiful, but I could not think of eating you. Come down with me and we will eat together."

So Bagan walked into the water, until it closed over her head, and the shark and she lunched together. When they had finished he gave her food for her journey and said:

" Continue to the east—there you will find Umbumabakal and he will help you, I am sure."

It was a long, long way but at last she came to Lumbut, where lived Umbumabakal. No one was at home

and, for the first time, she was frightened and not sure that she wanted to be eaten, so she hid herself in a basket. It was past sunset and growing dark when Umbumabakal came down from the sky where he had spent the day above the clouds. He was hungry and, sniffing, he said:

"I smell a human—where are you?" When Bugan came out, he went on, "Human, why are you here?"

"I am Bugan. There are no people nor children on the earth. Wigan, my brother, and I are so lonely that I want someone to eat me."

Umbumabakal laughed. "I am hungry but I shall not eat you; come with me."

So they went across the fields in the twilight and came to where the gods of animal fertility dwelt. When Bugan had told her story, they gathered many gifts for her—pigs and chickens and birds and many small animals—and said:

"You must return to Wigan and we will lead you part of the way."

They came to Kiangon and there they all offered sacrifices to the wicked gods, Ambahing and Komiwa, asking them to protect Wigan and Bugan and help them to populate the earth. So Bugan was happy and returned to her brother, and their children and children's children inhabit the earth; the animals multiplied and there was prosperity and happiness.

The natives of the Philippines are children of nature.

Living deep in the forests, fanned by swaying palms, bamboos and mango trees, wherever they are they worship the highest peak, where the sun shines from its rising until the last ray of its setting gilds the mountain crest. They believe that the souls rise after death to this peak, where they live in eternal happiness in the glory created by the god of the sun, whose name varies according to the tribe but whose spirit is the same. On still, white nights, when the moon spreads a silver splendor over the world, they hear the songs of the gods drifting down from the mountain, faint yet distinct and very sweet.

Many are the ceremonies at which the sun god is worshipped and many the legends told of him among the different tribes; of his celestial home, amid giant betel-nut trees, with golden tops, to which he returns at the close of each day, when the Big Star comes out to illumine the night sky. There is a story, resembling that of Phaeton in Greek mythology, telling how the wife of this Sun God insisted one day on accompanying him on his journey across the heavens. Although he pleaded with her, describing the unbearable heat of that region, she would not be discouraged and started boldly out with him. In spite of the tremendous, scorching brilliance of his light, she remained beside him throughout all the hours of morning but at last, as it turned to noon and they approached the fiercest heat of the day, she melted into oil and fell to the

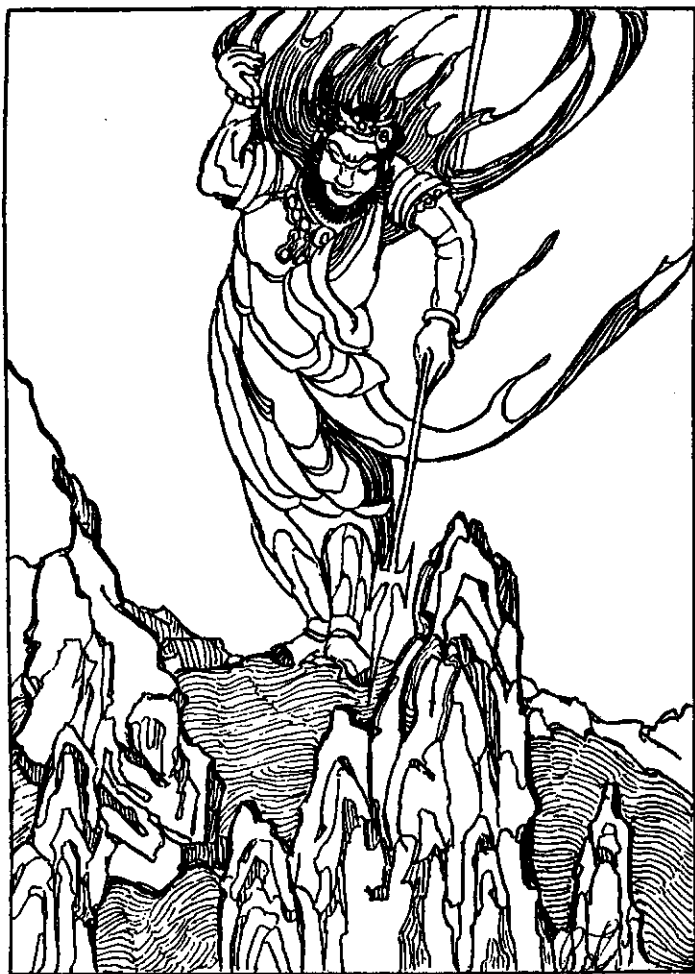
earth, leaving the Sun God to continue his journey alone, overcome with grief and remorse.

The stars, as well as the sun and moon, seem to be regarded as living beings, often having friendly relations with human people. It is even told how the stars once dropped to earth that they might secure some unusually fine sugar-cane for a star princess, daughter of a big star and of the moon, and, again, how this same princess married a human, carrying him up to her celestial home in a basket.

The spirits of the dead have power for good or evil; they return unseen and do not become visible, speaking to their relations and friends through birds, snakes and centipedes, but one must be able to understand their language if one would know what they are saying. Sometimes they dwell in certain trees, usually in those which are tallest and most majestic, and speak through the rustling of their leaves; great misfortune would follow if one of these trees were to be injured.

At certain times there are sacrifices and ceremonies, accompanied by chants. The fires flame high and smoke rises as a veil above the tree tops, like incense carrying their prayers to those above. There are good and evil spirits and in every village are a few wise men who can interpret their signs and omens.

Once a year worship is performed to the god of fire—he who gave flame to the earth—and to the fertility of the ground. All fires are extinguished before this ceremony, the houses are cleaned, the cooking



Kabunian, The Sun God

utensils taken out and thoroughly scrubbed, all animals are sent away into the hills, and nothing made of hides may remain in the house; the ground outside is carefully swept and rice wine is prepared.

When all is in readiness a messenger is sent to Bolook-book—who is the priestess of the fertility of the earth—and, when this messenger arrives, she extinguishes her fire and together they go to the *Ama*, the old man who has named the day for the ceremony. Then people gather before his house and the old wise man who is to light the new fire comes. All the villagers sit in a wide circle without moving, and keep their eyes on this man, in front of whom are resinous pine branches, broken small. In his left hand he holds a piece of bamboo, in the centre of which he makes a small hole; through this he pushes threads of the Kaboo plant and then puts the point of a sharpened bamboo in the hole. Starting slowly, he twirls it faster and faster, until a tiny point of flame appears, which he plunges into the pine branches at his feet. Then the people rise and, circling slowly, light the torch which each one carries and—taking it to their huts—rekindle their fires for the new year.

There is a story that explains why it is possible to make fire out of bamboo in this way. It is said that when, in the days which are now very far away, the gods sent the great flood upon the earth, fire could not escape the quickly rising waters, so he saved himself by hiding in stones, in bamboo and in iron—and

this is the reason that one may still get flame from stones and bamboo.

The belief seems to be general that all beings and all things have an invisible as well as a visible existence; the invisible spirit of earth, of water and fire can take human form, but only does so on rare occasions. The spirit of humans is in their voice and, after death, they retain the same form and characteristics but are invisible. The name of such spirits is *a-ni-to*; sometimes they change their form and enter into snakes or birds, while again they may become rocks, although the most common form they assume is that of the phosphorescent glory beneath the woods which climb to the mountain heights. They cannot speak but they have the power to send warnings to those who are able to interpret them.

Above all the people, spirits and lesser gods, dwells the one glorious god—he who is above the sky and whose throne is the supreme altar of the sun.

CONCLUSION

OUR DEPARTURE FROM THE Philippines was timed at exactly the right moment, when the sun had gone but a world of gold was left, and even the grey ships of the navy, anchored in the harbor of Manila, glowed as though their masts were of flame, while the countless fishing junks that are seen in every Oriental port were poled by, or drifted slowly with the lazy breeze, breaking the blue-grey water in long lines, the tip of each ripple carrying an edge of gold.

My thoughts wandered back over the lands where we had been and I could only wonder what was real and lasting there, and what would soon pass. Having lived long in the Orient, I always feel that what we, the Occidentals, have brought to the East is only a passing phase in the scheme of things; they have stopped for a time and listened to what we have had to say but they will continue in their own way. I live in the native city of Peking and have every convenience there—but I can look across to the servants' courtyard and see them sitting on their heels, eating with chopsticks their bowls of rice, just as their ancestors did thousands of years ago, or I can open the heavy, bolted door in the wall of our courtyard and there is China,

always unchanged, surging by; the street may be filled with camels, resting after their long trips from the Gobi—you look out on a world as unknown to the foreigner who has lived there for years as to the passing tourist.

I feel that the Orient, just beyond its changing surface, is for the moment a lost soul, questioning, waiting. The splendor of their past is gone, yet the feeling which created that great beauty is only sleeping; the Chinese theatre remains unchanged since the T'ang Dynasty, the wonderful "No" dramas of Japan have been kept true to their traditions, retaining their original power and sense of mystery, and there are other echoes of a past which still lives.

In the heart of Asia is a regret for that which is no more; seeing the depths of the glazes, the forms of bronze and the beauty of landscapes done by artists long dead, they can only wonder what of their present accomplishments can compare with what has been lost. Seek where you will, in textiles, porcelains, paintings, or in the beauty of living, the harmony of proportion, rhythm and color, that was so extraordinary in their past, no longer exists. Yet I cannot believe that the Orient is blind to the value of that which has been; for a few years they have forgotten it in a mad rush to be modern, seeing only the surface of things, but I feel that this is passing and now they are looking both forward and back, perhaps seeing the greatest opportunity there has ever been for building a modern

civilization on the foundation of that great spiritual understanding which once held them in unison.

Recently I read something that seemed to express the feeling of contrast between the real Orient and its modernized cities. One man asked another how he liked Shanghai, and the reply was: "So much that I shall not return to China again." The foreign settlements of the seacoast cities are like the brown wrapping on a parcel—many see only that, and the brown string which fastens it, but beneath this outer covering are silver and gold and hand-made papers and ribbons of unbelievable color.

The emotional life of the Orient is older and deeper than the intellectual and cannot be altered, any more than passing reflections, seen for a moment, can alter the surface of a pool. The West builds for material endurance, while the Orient believes with Buddhism that any life is a passing illusion; we are scornful of ghosts and their entire life is colored by the belief that spirits return. Yet we have given them one ghost they did not possess, the ghost of speed, and that relentless power has pitilessly trampled, at least on the surface, a marvelous beauty which it did not stop to understand.

I believe that the Orient will return to its traditions and, seeing the beauty which was their inheritance, bring the East into a future worthy of its history, for they all believe in that symbol of which the dragon is typical—that spirit of eternal change, of a growth which returns always upon itself to produce new

forms. The great brooding soul of Asia is still their vital force and, out of the shadows that now darken the hearts of these peoples, it will bring them back to the harmony of life which was formerly theirs, and to a new development of the creative power of art, the outward manifestation of that inner life which is the soul of any lasting civilization.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Acknowledgment is made of the following works of reference:

"Hills of Blue" and "The Twilight Hour of Yang Kuei Fei," by A. E. Grantham.

"Peking," by Juliet Bredon.

"Myths and Legends of China," by E. T. C. Werner.

"Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn.

"Myths and Legends of Japan," by Hadland Davis.

"Three Religions of China," by W. E. Soothill, M.A., F.R.G.S.

"Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," by E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland.

THE END

