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Dear Dr. Hiller:-

The Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY is unable to make use of your article on "The City of Peking," largely because so many of the photographs accompanying it have been used elsewhere and because the WEEKLY has already other illustrative material of the same localities. The article could not be used in the MAGAZINE until next year, which would be so late that the subject would not arouse the interest which it would compel at present. Therefore I am returning the manuscript and photographs to you at once by express, in order that there shall be the least possible delay.

Thanking you again for letting me see the article and regretting that it could not be used in the MAGAZINE in the near future, I am

Sincerely yours,

H. M. Allen

*Keep this letter for me,
I want to present it*

Dr. H. M. Hiller,
1510 Walnut St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

H.

THE CITY OF PEKING

by

Dr. H. M. Hiller

Chinese historians maintain that the city of Chi stood on the present site of Peking three thousand years ago, but Peking as the Capital of the Chinese Empire dates from the time of Kublai Kahn, at which period it probably reached its greatest size and ~~splendor~~; its solid walls and massive gateways, its temples and its shrines, its palaces and its population still make Peking, despite the lapse of time, the most imposing as well as the most interesting city of the Celestial Empire.

In the 13th Century Marco Polo described the city of Kanbalu, as being "eminently magnificent and royal". When the Mings succeeded to the Mongol dynasty, Yung-lo restored the damage it had sustained but narrowed its boundaries; earthquakes and wars have left their destructive marks upon its buildings and walls, yet whether called Chi or Yenking, ^{known to us as Peking} whether held by Kin, Mongol, Ming or Manchu, Peiching - the northern capital - has always been a great city and is still "eminently magnificent and royal".

Modern Peking is divided into three cities. The Mongol city on the north is defined by the crumbling remains of the walls of ancient Kanbalu: the Tartar city is surrounded by the massive ramparts erected by Yung-lo; and the suburbs that were formed beyond the southern gates of the Tartar city were subsequently enclosed by walls and are now called the Chinese city.

To-day scarcely a trace remains of the buildings that once filled the Mongol city. A wide sandy plain now used as a parade ground, a few neglected or abandoned temples, and small farms and market gardens occupy the space within the fallen walls.

In the Chinese city are two great temple-enclosures, and on both sides of the stone causeway that leads from gate to gate are open spaces where caravans pitch their camps and goats and donkeys graze; but within the Tartar city all the space not occupied by the Imperial city, is crowded with habitations and over twenty miles of walls encircle the Chinese and Tartar cities.

When one takes into consideration the uninhabited sections of the Chinese city, and the vast space occupied by palaces, temples and gardens within the Tartar city, it is difficult to believe the claim of those who maintain that there are two million people in Peking. With due regard to the crowded conditions of Chinese life and to the great number of houses within the Tartar city I am inclined to believe that the present population falls far below this number, perhaps does not exceed half a million.

One of the most striking features of Peking is its massive and somber walls. They are about forty feet in height and are fifty feet in thickness at the base. The outer and inner faces of the wall, which are of black brick laid on stone foundations, slope upward and are about thirty feet apart at the top; the intervening space, filled in with earth and stone forms a solid rampart. The top of the wall is crenelated on its outer surface for purposes of defense and a troop of soldiers could easily march along the level surface that stretches like a broad roadway from one gateway to another.

There are many gateways leading into the city, over each of which there is a three storied watch-tower rising to a height of

nearly one hundred feet; within these pagoda-like structures live the guards, and arms and amunition are stored. A wooden door closes the opening below these towers, and a walled enclosure, with additional towers and gates, must be passed before entrance within the city is gained. The moat surrounding the outer wall is dry and now affords a tolerable pasture ground, the walls need repairing in places and there are no cannon in position but were the gates closed and the walls properly defended it would require a large attacking force and perhaps even heavy artillery to effect an entrance.

The city is situated near the Peiho river. To the South and East are fertile plains stretching away to the Gulf of Pechili and to the basin of the Yangtse river. Northward and westward the encircling Mongolian hills form a natural barrier still more strongly fortified by the Great Wall; which, starting from the sea-board at Shan-hai-kwan, trails away to the Southwest for three thousand miles. From the highlands, beyond this wall, have come the Tartar hordes that at three successive periods, have laid the yoke upon the necks of the various peoples living in the plains now known collectively as the Chinese.

Peking lies on the highway that leads from the seaports of the Gulf of Pechili to the countries of central and northern Asia. This road is seldom heard of in these days of ships and of railway travel, but there was a time when the route from China to Kashgar was the "main traveled road" to the East, and the highly prized "overland tea" of to-day is brought by ships from the Yangtse valley to Tient-sin, loaded on camels, and transported along the walls of Peking to Tibet, Mongolia and Russia. Buriats and other Mongols

from the Siberian forests bring hides and furs by camel caravans and encamp at the city gates; herds of shaggy ponies are driven from the Mongolian plains to be sold in the market place; rice boats, bearing the produce of the South, thread the canals to the Peiho river and are moored near the city; pack-trains and caravans arrive from inland towns, and all who have business at the Imperial Court flock to the capitol, all differing in speech, in dress, in customs, ^{they} jostle each other in her streets.

In this cosmopolitan throng there are viceroys and mandarins from the eighteen provinces, and military officers with their suites, all resplendent in gorgeous robes of office; Cantonese and Shanghai merchants gaily dressed in silks; Tartars from Manchuria whose tall and lank figures contrast strikingly with the obese and shorter races of the South. Priests from Tibet in long yellow robes and Mohamedons from Turkestan with characteristic fez; students from the provinces who have passed their preliminary examinations and are come to the university for the higher degrees; rich tea merchants, in silks, from Hankow and tea transporters, in sheep-skin coats, from Mongolia. All these people crowd the streets and market places, and to western ears their talk sounds as if they had reached the last stage before the dispersion at the Tower of Babel.

Trade confines itself to the Chinese city and the restricted region about the southern gates. Within the Tartar city are the homes of the soldiers and civilians, the temples, the schools, the legations of the foreigners, and that other great city within a city, where lives "The Son of Heaven". Seven miles of walls enclose the palaces, buildings, temples and gardens which are known collectively as the "Imperial City", and in the center of this en-

closure ~~is~~ the palace, or "Forbidden City"; again surrounded by walls and utterly inaccessible to foreigners.

Most of the dramatic scenes of Chinese ~~h~~istory during the past six hundred years have had their origin within these walls. All our youthful conceptions of the cruelty of Oriental Monarchs find their realization in the edicts which have issued from the "Forbidden City". Every crime, from solitary parricide to wholesale slaughter, every death dealing device, from the pleasant opium pills to cauldrons of boiling oil, or to the "ling chi" as they call the hellish "death by a hundred cuts", has received its mandate or been perpetrated within the "Yellow Walls".

Looking down upon ~~this~~ city from the gateway towers one sees the gilded tiles on the roofs of temples and palaces glittering in the sunlight; white marble bridges spanning the distance from the shore to the tiny islands which are scattered over the lake; and far away to the northward, beyond the palace grounds, lies the wide park where are artificial lakes filled with the lotus and wooded hills with temples and kiosks gleaming among the trees. In this fair scene there is no hint of torture nor of death, no suggestion but that of peace.

In the street that leads eastward from the principal gate of the Imperial ~~C~~ity are situated the legations of the foreign governments. As early as the seventh century the Greek Emperor Theodosius and the Persians sent embassies to the Court of Cathay, and all down through the successive centuries we hear of embassies making the long journey by land or sea from Europe from Bengal^a and Malacca^a to offer presents to the Emperor of the Yellow Kingdom - "presents" which the Chinese in their sublime egotism considered as "tribute"

from their far distant and rebellious colonies.

To-day a long line of palaces, monasteries, and private dwellings have been set aside in Legation street for the use of the foreign ministers. Each legation has its own brickwalled compound within which are the residences of the ministers, secretaries, attaches, interpreters, and servants. Trees shade the walks and in the gardens bloom the flowers that bring memories of their respective homes to these exiles and their families.

When we visited Peking the ministers and their families had gone to the temples and buildings in the hills, ten or twelve miles away from the city, and the legation compounds were almost deserted, still the secretary, interpreter and servants remained at their posts and the ministers themselves came back to the city almost daily to safeguard the interests of their respective governments.

The relations between Russia and England were much strained because of the Manchu railway question, each striving to obtain its control. Sir Claude McDonald and Monsieur Pavelov were frequently seen at their desks or on their way to the Tsungli Yamen, while all the other ministers watched this diplomatic contest with the keenest interest.

By the side of the Yu-ho canal is situated the palace, or Fu, built for a prince but now occupied by the British legation, where high walls with an ornamental gateway enclose about six acres of ground, the largest space of all the legation enclosures. In it besides the residences, audience halls, and temples there are a series of small detached houses for the candidates in the English diplomatic service who come to Peking to study the Chinese language, and there still remain wide spaces for tennis courts and gardens.

The French legation was likewise a Fu, and a double wall with gateways and with an intervening courtyard guards the entrance; within are the pagoda-like structures that were formerly temples, audience halls and dwellings and all about are trees and gardens.

The Russian legation was once an ecclesiastical mission. The German, Dutch, Italian and our own legations are less pretentious but equally secluded and when once you have passed the gateway into the seclusion of these legations, so quiet and pleasant are the surroundings that only the hum of the city beyond the walls gives token that you are still in the heart of the capitol.

The Tsung-li Yamen or foreign office - through which all negotiations with the outside world are conducted - is situated not far from the legations. Viceroys and members of the Yamen who come from the provinces, generally lodge in small houses or rent portions of temples during their temporary sojourn at the capitol.

Li Hung Chang usually lodges in a rickety, tumble down series of little buildings within the compound of an old temple quite convenient to the Tsung-li Yamen. Saddle mules are tethered at the gate; children and servants gamble and squabble in the courtyard, and the greatest statesman of China receives his guests in a bare and poorly furnished room where nothing of any kind whatsoever indicates his high and powerful station.

Peking contains so many monuments, temples, and buildings which testify to her past splendor, or indicate the present social customs and religious beliefs, that the limitations of this article prevent more than a short description of the most conspicuous and important places. Among these, stands prominently the "Yellow Temple", whereof the origin is as follows:-

During the reign of Kien-Lung, the Teshoo Llama of Tibet was invited to come to Peking; while at the capitol he died of smallpox and the Emperor erected a monument to the memory of his distinguished visitor. Around the base of the central white marble shaft runs a series of carvings which represent scenes from the life of the Llama, the restful figure of Buddha appears at frequent intervals and a gilded metal globe surmounts the spire. Around this tomb was erected a monastery and temple buildings; the spacious grounds were enclosed by walls, and trees were planted to shade the walks within the garden. On account of the yellow gilded tiles which ornament the roof of the gateway and temples, the Hwang-Ssu to Chinamen, is known to travelers and donkey-boys as the "Yellow Temple". In the days when yellow robed priests frequented its halls it was a very attractive place; it was cool and shady and they told their beads and muttered their prayers undisturbed as they strolled along the shadow checkered walks between the aisles of cedars. But now the halls are deserted and only half a dozen priests remain to act as caretakers and to collect a small pittance from the visitors; weeds are widening the gaps between the tiles; plaster and lacquer are dropping from pillar and wall; grass is encroaching upon the walks and the shadow of destruction has been cast over the Hwang-Ssu; but the monument itself must endure as long as the walls of Peking stand.

Again, there is the Temple of Confucius, where a small wooden tablet erected to the memory of the great teacher bears this inscription. "The tablet of the soul of the most holy ancestral teacher Confucius." Near at hand are tablets to the memory of other sages and teachers, and twice a year the Emperor comes

here to worship at this shrine. In front of this temple stands a magnificent gateway; through the arches one can obtain a glimpse of the garden, and the buildings beyond where are kept the ten stone drums on which are recorded the oldest remains of Chinese literature, dating from the Chow dynasty about eight hundred years before the Christian era.

There is one institution which China possesses unparalleled among nations. Possibly no one element has so tended to make it homogenous, possibly, none which has so unified it, so to speak, in the belief that the Chinese are the one sole people on earth worthy of Heaven's consideration, the one sole people in whom intelligence exists, and the one sole people whose governors are chosen from among the most learned and cultivated. In instituting a most rigid examination for admission to the government service, China has given proof of her right to claim a wisdom superior to all other nations, and, as a corollary, to regard the rest of the world as "outside barbarians".

These examinations are for various grades, each bearing a different degree. The Sin Ts'ai, or "Budding Genius" and the Chu-jui, or "Promoted Men" examinations are held in the provinces, but the candidates must come to Peking in order to pass the Tsun-sz, or "Entered Scholar", which entitles them to a position under the government, and the Chin Shih, or "*Doctor of Literature*", which entitles them to the highest official honours.

These examinations consist in writing poems and essays to show their proficiency in the use of the Chinese characters and a knowledge of the classics. All preliminary training prepares the scholar for the civil service examinations for office holding, and from early youth to tottering age this is the goal for which all students strive. The "scholarly stoop" affected at first, is eventually ossified into the stoop veritably begotten of toil and study, and the childish lisp of the primary school is replaced by the quavering treble of old age before the student's name is enrolled on the imperishable tablets of the Chin-Shih. Grandfather, father, and son year after year have entered their allotted cells, elate with hope, and year after year have left them, depressed with failure, and journeyed home to the confines of the empire downhearted ~~but~~ not conquered. But when a candidate is successful, it is announced by couriers to his distant home, the people of his village receive him as a hero and the highest officials of his district vie with each other to do him honour.

The examinations are held at the so called University of Pekin or Examination Halls. These Halls in reality are long rows of cells opening off a series of court-yards, each row marked with a huge black character, and each cell unguarded by a door or gate. A single cell, less than six feet square, is allotted to each one of the many thousands students; and here they must remain guarded like convicts, lest they should communicate with others or resort to fraud, without once leaving their cells during the fourteen days it requires to finish their composition.

In the interim between the triennial examinations, grass grows between the paving stones, the tiles fall from the roofs, the huge water jars are broken, and the deserted halls present a delapidated appearance. As we walked along the empty, echoing lanes and peered into the narrow diminutive cells, our guide added to the pathos by pointing out here and there a cell wherein some veteran candidate, after a long life of successive failures had been, even in the act of bending over his tablets, overtaken by death. At the temple of Confucius we saw the stone tablets inscribed with the names of all those who, since the days of the Mongol dynasty, over five hundred years ago, had attained to the degree of "Doctor of Literature."

On the East wall of the Tartar city stand the bronze astronomical instruments which were placed there by the order of the Emperor Kanghi in 1674, but superintended in construction and use by the Jesuit father F. Verbiest. These instruments are still used to make up the "Almanac", which is annually issued by the government. Among these may be mentioned a celestial globe with stars stuck on to form the constellations, a sextant whereon is a curious modification of the Vernier principle, a quadrant, a sundial, and a large azimuth instrument; this latter was a present from Louis 14th to Kanghi.

In the courtyard below the observatory are an astrolabe and two planispheres, supposed to have been designed by the Persian as-

tronomers of the court of Kublai Kahn. The dragons supporting these instruments are said to be among the finest specimens of bronze workmanship in the whole of China, yet they stand without any other protection than that afforded by the branches of the trees that overshadow them. The supports of these instruments in almost every case are dragon figures of beautiful workmanship, and each instrument seems to have been designed not only for scientific use but also for artistic effect.

There are stone seats near the instruments where the observers may rest from their duties and obtain a splendid view of the city and surrounding country. The city fills in the foreground with its interlacing streets and its confused masses of one storied houses, the tile roofs showing through the green of the trees with here and there a porcelain dog or dragon figure ornamenting the ridge pole; the gardens surrounding the houses of the wealthy or the temples make oases of green in the desert of reddish brown tiled roofs. Beyond the city rises the circuit of walls, surmounted here and there by the pagoda-like gateways. Beyond lies the wide level plain surrounding the city and stretching away to the misty blue hills. Dotted over this plain are white pagodas, temples, monasteries with their ornamental gardens and little villages surrounded by terraced rice fields. No clatter of wheels on the pavements, no clang of machinery nor shriek of factory whistles jar upon the ear, only the even hum of thousands of human voices is born to the listener; there is more of humanity in it than in the "roar of London".

From almost every quarter of the city one sees the great Bell Tower which rises high above the surrounding houses like a detached

gateway. Within this structure hangs one of the five bells cast during the reign of Yung-lo in the 15th century. Another hangs inside the palace, the other three are in temples. The bell usually seen by travelers hangs in a small temple outside the city walls and is of interest not only on account of its size, though it ranks with the big bells of Japan and Burmah, but because of the Chinese inscriptions which completely cover the bell both inside and out with extracts from Buddhist writings.

Not far from the stone road that leads to the summer palace is the Wu-ta-ssu or Temple of Five pagodas. It stands amidst the ruins of the buildings that formerly surrounded it and was once a Buddhist shrine. The square building which supports the five small pagodas is covered with carved pictures of Buddha while the pagodas themselves are decorated with Hindu characters and figures. This temple was built by Yung-lo and the successive centuries have left to it but few remnants of its original splendor. Bronze lanterns stand at the side, a few clapperless bells swing from the pagoda corners and but one of the inscribed tablets still stand upon the backs of the stone tortoises, all about is the rubble and the grass grown mounds so frequently seen around deserted buildings.

In the Chinese city are two great walled enclosures containing Altars whereon the Emperor, acting as the high priest, offers sacrifices to the Unknown Spirits on behalf of his people. The sacrifice at the Temple of heaven is an interesting relic of the primitive religion that existed in China before the more enlightened teachings of Buddha and Confucius were adopted. There are no idols within the temple enclosure but there is a large white marble altar, ascended by a long row of steps, and each of ~~the~~ *its* *(the symbolical three)* three terraces is surrounded by balustrades. There are numerous

buildings and temples in the gardens that surround the altar, chief among which may be mentioned a three-storied pagoda (again the three) with roofs of blue tiles, and the "Palace of Abstinence" where the Emperor before the ceremony must pass the night in fasting and meditation.

This annual ceremony held at the Winter solstice, is the most important of all the state functions. There is a grand procession where the Emperor, seated in his yellow sedan-chair, is carried by thirty-two bearers; there are princes and high officials, and long lines of followers swelling the throng that passes from the palace to the temple. Here there is a burnt offering of silk, offerings of corn, of wine, and of a bullock, which is roasted whole on an elaborate furnace, this the Emperor dedicates to the "Supreme Ruler".

This custom seems to be the natural outgrowth of all primitive religions. Its observance among the Hebrews and Greeks is that which the Western world best knows. It not only obtains among the Chinese, where all ancient customs prevail for the very reason that they are ancient, but among the primitive peoples throughout the world today, burnt offerings are constantly made to the "Unknown God". The mystic number three, the bull, and the Winter solstice, are features of especial significance, occurring as they do in the religion of a people who, at the very dawn of history, had reached a high degree of civilization.

At the Temple of Agriculture the Emperor offers sacrifices upon an altar erected to the originator of agriculture- Shen-mung- and the strange custom which obliges the Emperor to plow a piece of ground especially prepared, finds its parallel in Burmah, where the king in royal state annually breaks the soil that the husbandmen may begin their planting.

Within the walls of Peking almost every religion has its adherents. In addition to altars of the primitive beliefs and temples sacred to the teachings of Confucius and Buddha, there are Mohammedan mosques, Greek and Roman Catholic cathedrals, and almost every sect of the protestant faith has its representation. None of them, however, seems to be crowded with worshipers, and I am inclined to believe that the little altars within the Chinese homes, where they make daily offerings to the spirits of their ancestors, attract the only true Chinese devotees; except on state occasions or at times of calamity when the people will appeal to the unknown spirits and seek the astrologer, instead of the priest.

There are no good roads nor well paved streets in Peking. The granite causeways, which lead through the Chinese city and on out to the summer palaces, were never intended for wheeled vehicles otherwise the interspaces between the large slabs of stone would not have been made so wide; even the Pekinese, inured to the discomfort of the springless cart, seek the muddy trail at the side of the way.

In the Tartar city there are certain wide roads that lead to the principal gates. These unpaved roads are graded high in the centre and deep ruts indicate the two tracks for the procession to and fro. The places on either side of the road, that are usually occupied by drains are generally a series of ponds filled with foul water from which on sultry days a fetid vapor arises. Here and there on the main thoroughfare are large mud holes which are almost impassable even for the mule and the strong cart, and, wherever possible, the traffic invades the side walk in its endeavors to avoid these quagmires. When thunderstorms occur the canals and

drains overflow into the streets; **flooding** the lower sections and washing the dirt and filth down into these ponds; the mules and donkeys splash ahead as though fording a river; the few pedestrians who are compelled to be abroad take off their shoes, roll up their trousers, carry a paper umbrella which looks like an ambulating mushroom and wade or flounder along the treacherous highway.

When the heat of the summer beats down unobstructed the mud holes dry up, the ponds turn green and a cloud of dust arises that half obscures the passing lines of carts and animals. Then coolies stand by the pools and ladle the soupy residuum onto the roadway; water carts, drawn by mules, and men with buckets on each end of a shoulder pole, pass to and fro from the roadside wells and pour more water on the streets, and the countless feet mix the dust and water at such places into a thick paste wherein **camels** flounder, mules slide and the donkeys often deposit their riders, as the writer can attest from his own experience. This does not refer to the side streets and the narrow lanes away from the chief thoroughfares - there a cart is seldom seen and an occasional saddle animal or pedestrian alone disturbs the quiet; children play their games, old women stand in groups and gossip, dogs and beggars sleep undisturbed in the shadow of the walls, and through the open gateway comes the rattle of the loom or the sound of the artisans hammer.

In the slow moving processions on the wide streets are long trains of pack mules with panniers bringing faggots, charcoal or vegetables to the markets. A string of selfsatisfied and scornful camels, in single file is led by a fur clad Mongolian, the nose-rope of one camel tied to the tail of its predecessor, their ears laid back and their long necks, rising and falling like pump handles,

swing with each cautious step. Sleek docile mules draw the strong, springless, two wheeled cart; within its kennel-like hood squats some fat Mandarin, or, screened by the curtains, the Mandarin's wife; on the shafts sits the driver with his legs dangling almost to the ground. Bare headed youths of high station mounted on big mules dash along raising clouds of dust, their silk garments fluttering in the breeze and their grooms, following at a respectful distance, dodge around the carts and mud holes as though playing "follow my leader". Officials with escorts of soldiers jog along so slowly that all may see and admire the button of distinction on their hats and the showy but well worn and bedraggled uniforms of their followers; merchants or their wives bestride bandy legged donkeys; while dust begrimed donkey-boys trudge behind or dodge in and out among the wayside booths pursued by mongrel dogs; beggars sit by the roadside or impede the traffic by rushing pell mell into the street to solicit alms. I remember seeing two men, who perchance met for the first time that day, or that year, stop in the midst of the line of carts and with true oriental disregard for the comfort and convenience of others they blocked the way, all the while jabbering and shouting in voices loud enough to be heard to the city walls. Despite the absence of police or of any apparent system, the two lines somehow manage to slowly creep in opposite directions until an intersecting thoroughfare or gateway is encountered then the blockade seems as hopeless as in London.

Portable restaurants, vendors of mysterious and problematical drinks, fruit sellers, astrologers, gamblers, and medicine-men crowd between the houses and the roadway, lessening the space for traffic, and the general confusion is increased, especially when a

donkey and his boy, in charging through all obstructions to get around a blockade, upset a vituperative apple-woman or trample a sleeping baby. At such times the hurrying and scurrying of aimless ants when their nest is disturbed, is the only simile that occurs to the bewildered traveler.

Ordinarily the streets are fairly filled with people, with mules and donkeys and vehicles; but when a funeral or a religious procession comes along, beating cymbals and hammering gongs, bearing banners and the car which contains a corpse or a shrine, the whole space from house to house is jammed and the confusion expands to what seems a riot.

Above the noise of the traffic and the hum of voices rise the shouts of the muleteers and donkey-boys, the barking of dogs, the cries of children and the "street cries" of hawkers. "Old clothes," "umbrellas to mend", and "fresh fish" yelled in a language unintelligible even to a Pekinese but which in tone or pitch recalls the rear entrances in our own cities. There are watchmen's rattles, bells, pieces of steel and gongs that are beaten to supplement the street cries, just as with our "scissor grinders" or "ice cream man".

It is not difficult to determine the nationality, occupation or social station of many in this throng. The most filthy of ragged rags betrays the beggar; the sleazy brown cotton clothing marks the laboring classes from the rich men in silks; the yellow robe indicates the priest; the Manchu woman may be known by her butterfly headdress and unbound feet, as she marches along with the easy gait of a coolie, while her Southern sister often supported by a servant minces along on tiny deformed feet. The wife of an official is

screened by the curtains of her cart or chair, while the courtesan rides in an open cart, dressed in the gayest of silks with vermillion on cheek and lip and flowers in her hair. The poor walk in the dust or ride ~~on~~ donkeys or in wheelbarrows; the rich ride in chairs or carts and the officials are distinguished by their robes or the buttons on their hats.

This is the street in time of peace - when the city gates stand open and all is quiet. When riot or war prevail the timid seek their homes, while the brave ~~or~~ evil disposed arm themselves with weapons of every type and sally forth in mobs with unreasoning lust of plunder and slaughter. Since the days of the Mongol Emperors Peking has been the scene of repeated rebellions. From the conspiracy against Achmac in the 13th century down to the present time, the Pekinese have been a turbulent people, and although to-day many Chinamen are allowed to dwell within the Tartar city still a strong police force guards the streets by day and night, and the walls and gateways of the Imperial city protect the reigning house against the violence of its own subjects.