



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XV., No. 10.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1880.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

A PEEP INTO CHINA.

A steamer has just anchored in the harbor of Hong-Kong, a small island under British control on the south coast of China. While the passengers are hurrying to and fro in search of their baggage which is being bundled pell mell from the hold, from every side of the huge vessel rise the yells and imprecations of a hundred boatmen, and immediately after the ladder is let down there scramble over the side a number of petty traders arrayed in straw hats, long white cotton or silk jackets which reach to the knees, dark blue breeches, white cotton leggings, and embroidered shoes with thick flat soles. To

your surprise one accosts you familiarly as captain and says with a look of recognition, "Tsing! Tsing! too muchee long tim my no ha'd see you!" This is the pidgin English for "I greet you! it is a long time since I have seen you." It is no use telling the fellow he is mistaken, as you have only arrived for the first time in China. He will reply, "Ah, my sabby your brother, you alla same large focie mun; he blay my good flin;" or "Ah, I understand, I know your brother, you have the same broad benevolent face as he who was my friend."

The Chinese seem to have a notion that England is a small outside settlement on the borders of the Chinese Empire and that Englishmen all are related to or know each other.

Let us leave the vessel and take a jaunt through Hong-Kong. Of course we will enter a sedan chair. We must separate, for a chair will hold but one. It is made of bamboo, roofed over with oil cloth and is carried on two long poles that rest on the shoulders of the bearers. This mode of conveyance is rather pleasant and affords a good opportunity to the sight seer; but if of a sensitive sentiment he is apt to feel compassion for the men who bear him through the hot dusty streets.

We have not time minutely to examine all the novel and curious things that meet us at every step; but here is one we cannot overlook—the fishmonger's stall in the

market place. This establishment consists of an arrangement of tanks, or aquariums, filled with clear running water, and teeming with living sea or river fish, for the most part reared in the Canton fish-breeding ponds and brought to market in water-boats. The purchaser stands over the tank, selects some finny occupant which takes his fancy, and this is immediately caught and supplied to him. The fresh water fish outshine any seen in America, revelling in the most beautiful and varied colors, blue, green, red, yellow, mottled, striped or spotted, and there are others plain and uniform in tint, no less curious in form.

him to be possessed of two eyes and two ears, and that his round face is perfect as the full moon.

But Ating's genius is not confined to photographing merely. The walls of his studio are adorned with paintings in oil, and at one extremity of the apartment a number of artists are at work producing large colored pictures from small imperfect photographs. The proprietor has an assistant who scours the post in search of patrons amongst the foreign sailors. One of these, say, anxious to carry home a souvenir of his visit, supplies a small photograph of Polly, Dolly or Susan and orders a large copy to be executed in oils.

eyes, and measures out her fair proportions as he transfers them to his canvas. Then she is passed from hand to hand until, at last, every detail of her features and dress has been reproduced on the canvas with a pre-Raphaelite exactitude, and a glow of color added to the whole which far surpasses nature. But let us examine the finished work. The dress is sky-blue, flounced with green! Chains of the brightest gold adorn the neck. There are bracelets on the arms, and rings on the fingers gleaming with gems. The hair is pitchy black, the skin pearly white, the cheeks of vermilion, and the lips of carmine. As for the dress, it shows

neither spot nor wrinkle, and is as taut, Jack will say, as the carved robes of a figure head. On a very square table by the side of this brilliant beauty stands a vase, filled with flowers that glow with all the brilliant hues of native art. Surely all this will please the lover, and indeed it does. John Chinaman, he declares, made more of the lass than even he thought possible, and there is a greater show of color within the frame than he ever beheld before. He proudly hangs the picture above his bunk, but still, at times, he has his grave misgivings about the small hands and feet, and about the rainbow

hued sailor's goddess into which Polly has been transformed.

Let us leave this interesting establishment and Hong-Kong, and in imagination transport ourselves to the northern border of China, which is marked by that wonderful work commonly known as the great wall, or in the Chinese tongue *wan-li-chang* (myriad mile wall). This wall, which is some 1,250 miles long, was commenced by the Emperor Tsin-chi about 220 years before the birth of Christ, and is said to have been completed in ten years. Every sixth man in China was obliged to engage in its erection or send a substitute. At the present day it is simply a geographical boundary, and except at the passes—where taxes are levied on merchandise passing through—nothing is done to keep it in repair.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Now let us leave our sedans for a few minutes and ascend the narrow stair case to the show-room of Ating, a Chinese photographer. At his doorway and again in his show-room there is a large display of representations of men and women, some looking as if they had been tossed against the wall and caught in a moment of intense excitement and alarm, others with their heads to all appearance spiked on the iron rest; while, as far as the natives were concerned, the majority wore the Buddhistic expression of stolid indifference, and were seated all of them in full front, with limbs forming a series of equal angles to the right and left. A Chinaman will not suffer himself, if he can avoid it, to be posed so as to produce a profile or three-quarter face, his reason being that the portrait must show

The whole is to be finished, framed and delivered within two days and is not to exceed the contract price of four dollars. The work in this painting shop, like many things Chinese, is so divided as to afford the maximum of profit for the minimum of labor. Thus there is one artist who sketches, another who paints the human face, a third who does the hands, and a fourth who fills in the costume and accessories. Polly is placed upon the celestial limner's easel, an honor, poor girl, she little dreamt of, and is then covered with a glass bearing the lines and squares which solve the problem of proportion in the enlarged work. A strange being the artist looks; he has just roused himself from a long sleep, and his clothes are redolent of the fumes of opium. He peers through his huge spectacles into poor Polly's

*Shane Brown*