

How Shanghai Was Stirred Up.

The New York's Sun's correspondent at Shanghai sends the following description of the Chinese crisis as it appeared there and at Hong Kong:—In Manila we had heard occasional rumors as to the seriousness of matters in the north of China, but we were so busy with Filipinos and filibusters and commissions that we had small time to give to such things, and it was with rather a surprise that the crisis came. The order said simply 'Go to Tientsin,' as if it were just a step or two across the road. As a matter of fact at that time it was three steps and now there is no telling how many must be taken before it is carried out. The first step was to get to Hong Kong. That was familiar ground and comparatively easy, involving nothing worse than a trip across the China Sea. Hong Kong was in the throes of an excitement that reminded one of the days of the first expedition to Manila from San Francisco in May of '98. Troops had been ordered away to Taku at the earliest moment, and the Britishers, who had sailed at our makeshift transport contrivances in '98, were now struggling with the same problem and being scandalously worsted by it. A battalion of the Hong Kong Regiment, composed of various kinds of Indians, Sikhs, Mohammedans and Hindoos, in all about seven hundred men, was to go on the suddenly chartered old coaster Hingsang.

Nobody seemed to know exactly what was going on. Some one was supposed to be in charge of the work which it was necessary to do to get the ship ready for service as a transport. Each officer acted apparently on the supposition that it was the work of some one else. The result was that almost nothing was done. At last the time came when, according to the announcement, the men were to board. The men were ready. It was raining Manila fashion, and when the men got on the wharf they found that the transport had not been brought along side, nor had any launches been provided to take them off. They stood in the down pour and got wet to the skin, and all their kit was soaked. Finally boats were procured and they were loaded in. When they got alongside no gangways were down and they had to crawl through cargo ports. They were to be stowed 'tween decks. It was a filthy place, with no ventilation, and five minutes after it had been filled with the steaming water-soaked men, it was almost impossible to breathe there. The commander decided that that state of affairs would never do and sent 200 of the men back ashore immediately, and the steamer sailed without them. There were no bathing facilities for the men and only one galley, so that all castes had to cook in the same place to the scandal and abomination of them all.

The force taken finally by the Hingsang numbered only 450 Asiatics, including a detachment of the Asiatic artillery. The Hingsang is a steamer of more than 1,200 tons. In the Philippines we have been transporting men about the islands for months without any great trouble and putting a battalion of 400 men or more on a ship of less than 800 tons, Hong Kong raised a great row about the Hingsang. The newspapers said all sorts of very mean things about the men who should have seen that all was right on the transport, and some of them went so far that they were told by the officials that they need expect no further news about the army. That was a dreadful punishment. The

Hong Kong was full of the wildest rumors about the situation around Tientsin. The legations in Peking were destroyed, the German minister had been murdered, native Christians by the hundred were slaughtered, foreigners were in the gravest danger everywhere. Hour by hour the dreadful story grew. The huge cruiser Terrible was pressed into service as a transport to take a force of the Royal Irish Fusiliers from the garrison of Hong Kong to the north. Hong Kong began to speculate forebodingly on the reduction of her garrison. The cruiser Undaunted got hurry orders to go to Shanghai. The talk in the club centered about the affairs in the north and about the danger of a local uprising and massacre in Hong Kong. To those who had lived in Manila for the last year or so this excitement was entertaining. We had simmered on the same kettle lid for so long that we were accustomed to it, but it was a new and tremendous thing for Hong Kong. The grave discussions of the existing situation were almost sure to lead to long, if not lucid, explanations of the measures that should be taken to restore order, and

after that came the final distribution of rewards and territory. In all Hong Kong the Chinese were the only ones who showed no sign whatever of any feeling in the matter.

Thus far it seemed to one who had not lived long enough on the coast of China to be familiar with the way these things have of going from bad to worse with astonishing rapidity as if it would all end in big talk and nothing more, with the accompaniment of landing parties and the old show of force. But when we got to Shanghai there was little element of humor left in the situation. The attack on the gunboats and the reduction of the Taku forts had occurred. China was at war with all the great powers. There was ground for believing that even the more serious of the reports which had so stirred up Hong Kong might have unpleasant foundation in fact.

Shanghai is very much excited. The volunteers are recruiting as fast as they can. It is a common thing to see a young fellow riding about in a ricksha with a rifle beside him, showing off his enlistment before he goes home. Men in uniform are seen in the clubs every evening. The newspapers issue little 'expresses' on the receipt of any telegram from Chefoo, and all sort of stories have circulation and some credence.

There were three of us Americans, come up from Manila together and one of the first men we met in Shanghai was the cor-

respondent of the London Times. He went straight to the point at once. If we Americans would only join with him in respect to the policy to be pursued in the settlement of the affair everything undoubtedly would go all right, and with the United States and Great Britain acting together no other power could interfere in a way we did not like. The main thing was to have the newspapers take the right view next step would be a suit for libel.

The one yellow journal of Shanghai has been having a fine time with all this chance to distinguish itself. But there is a different sort of government in Shanghai to that which obtains in the real home of the yellow journal, and the British consul sent for the editor of the Shanghai paper and told him either to submit everything intended for publication to him for approval or shut up shop all together, so that the tone of the paper altered materially.

There is genuine reason for apprehension on the part of Shanghai, where Hong Kong has very little. Shanghai is situated very awkwardly if it should come to a fight with the Chinese. The forts at Woosung below it and the arsenal with its guns, just opposite the concessions, are in position to leave very little if they once open up. And just now there is practically no force in Shanghai to oppose either. The little Castine is lying in the river near the arsenal, but her boilers are undergoing repairs so that literally she is not able to get out of her own way. The British cruiser Undaunted is lying near the Woosung forts, but Shanghai would feel much better and safer if the Oregon were not with her. In the city itself there are perhaps a thousand men who could be depended upon to turn out and give an account of themselves in case of a fight. No power is in position to send any help in time to do any good if the emergency comes, and after all is said and done

curious reports without stopping to consider their absurdity. One man gravely told me that the guns of the arsenal were believed to be trained upon the settlements as the foreign concessions are called. It seemed not to have occurred to any one to go over to the arsenal and find out if that were the fact. The Chinese were said to have brought 1,500 special troops into the arsenal ready for the attack on the foreigners. Business was at a standstill.

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Shanghai is really resting on the belief that whatever happens in the north the Chinese will not molest her.

One element of the situation out here is refreshing to the American who has been accustomed for so long to hear [the American consular service] decried on all hands, and particularly by Britishers. Now that the storm has broken, the average Britisher here is shouting that he has seen it all along and that for months he has been calling the attention of the officials to the fact that it was coming. But the stupid officials, who never of any use whatever, have steadily refused to believe the alarmist talk. And now the emergency has come and Great Britain is almost totally unprepared to meet it. On the other hand, say the men who talk thus, the American Consuls have taken the reasonable view all along, and now events have proved their wisdom.

Fishing for an Object.

'After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for forty minutes without pulling up his hook,' said the traveller, 'I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught.'

'No sah, I reckon not,' he replied.

'But you seem to be fishing.'

'Yes, sah.'

'But perhaps you are not fishing for fish.'

'No sah.'

'I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but as he did not I finally asked him what particular object he had in view.'

'De objick, sah,' he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole, 'de objick of my fishin' fur fish whar dere hain't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch!'



THE WRITING LESSON.