

THE MEMOIRS OF THE VICEROY, LI HUNG CHANG

Continued to become a dominant factor in Europe. I am wonderfully impressed with the way this nation seems to be working as a unit. The army is upon a business basis, the navy is on a business basis, and the whole machinery of government works smoother than our best Canton timepieces.

I arrived here this morning, accompanied by a host of high officials, and others met our party here. The whole place is in gala attire and I have all I can do to make myself believe that I am only a foreigner visiting the country instead of a king in this land. I am told that hundreds and thousands of foreigners are here to-day, and a great number have been introduced to me, some English, some American, and some American—the latter said to be so rich that they could buy the fleet of magnificent warships lying in this fine harbor.

It is a long time since I was engaged in any fighting, hand to hand, and I am now getting too aged to think of engaging in it; nevertheless, my eyes never tire of watching the soldiers nor of great warships that can do things.

In answer to my questions I have learned the approximate cost of most of the German ships. There are great shipyards here, and Germany intends to build all her navy for all time at home. I could wish for nothing better than that China should build her own fleet, and have every man and officer in it a first-class sailor.

"But our people are not sailors, except upon the rivers, and they do not know how to handle machinery. But they will learn in time, I hope. Anyway when I return I shall make it my duty to urge advancement in all Western arts and crafts. We have our beautiful literature, far ahead of that of the Western nations; but they have the money and the guns."

It was a sad thought for me to-day, as I saw those fine ships lying idle there, that they were doing no particular good, while, if they had been ours, we would have conquered the Japanese.

Some of the officials hinted that I ought to leave an order at Bremerhaven for one or two ships, and I said to one of the Admirals standing by: "If you will sell me that ship, and there for \$300,000 taels I will go in her to France and England and America." But he said that my naval knowledge was too good; I had picked out his flagship, the strongest battleship of the German navy.

Two days later. We are in France, and somehow I am feeling more at home. My stomach is in bad shape, for I have been tempted to eat too much of German foods. Maybe it is the wines that trouble me, for I have been taking much of their white wines and like them so well that Count Hatzfeldt said we would ship many casks to Tientsin for me.

Seventy-five thousand Frenchmen surrendered to the Germans just where we crossed the river.

branch banks throughout France for 1,000,000,000 taels would be answered satisfactorily within forty-eight hours. I wonder if this can be true?

I learn that loan offices (pawnshops) are almost unknown in France. My inquiries regarding them appeared to amuse my informants, for it has been published widely in the Parisian papers (and I presume in the English and American press too) that my own wealth is largely invested in the pawnshop business of China. And one of the illustrated French papers, thinking it was humorous, pictured me yesterday with a Jewish nose and holding in one hand the Western symbol of the loan office, M. Chateaufort, the chief of the French secret police detailed to guard me while in Paris, asked if I wanted legal proceedings against the publisher to be taken, but I told him that I had enjoyed the cartoon as much probably as any one.

It seems that in the Western world the lender of small sums is a person despised by the general public. That is because they squeeze the blood of those who borrow. That is why the "pawnbroker" is an undesirable person in the community.

However, I can say that while many of the statements regarding me as the owner of most of the loan offices in China are without doubt much exaggerated, I am interested largely in such establishments in some of the provinces. Nor am I ashamed of such interest. On the other hand I am glad that so often I have been able to help poor people

What strange things do happen! One of the gentlemen standing afar off seemed familiar to me, and I found after a while that he was almost staring at me, as if to attract my particular attention to him.

When I asked Tuan to find out who he was the gentleman himself came over and extended his hand in European fashion.

"Does your Excellency remember me?" he asked in my own language.

The moment he spoke I remembered him. He was Capt. Fournier, now a high official, who was the representative of France at the Tientsin treaty. It was so glad to see him again, for he is truly a chivalrous man and an honor to his country! I will send him a chest of tea.

Midnight, before starting for Calais, Tuan opened and read to me a long letter from the German Kaiser a little while ago. It came through the German Embassy here and informs me that my request for a hundred German officers to instruct our army has been granted and that the War Office at Berlin will at once make the selections. China will pay the same salaries as they would receive at home and their expenses in addition. I hope the Throne will not think I am extravagant. Anyway, the money will come out of my own provincial (Pechili) funds. Now we shall have an army!

The next day, crossing the English Channel, Viceroy Chang wrote:

I left France with regret and am

small people and famous"—that he had no time for his memoirs. Then he writes:

Hawarden. Eleventh Day of the Peaceful Jade Emperor. Only here, in the home of the greatest living Englishman, have I found real rest since leaving the boat at Dover. Here I have enjoyed for a day such a rest as I have not known since bidding good-bye to China; for it is a pleasurable rest to see and know this "Grand Old Man." It is delightful to learn his thoughts and to see things of this world as he sees them.

It is the highest prize of public service to be able to retire to such a home life as his, amid the respect of the world and the love and admiration of his countrymen. If I could be any other person than Li Hung Chang I would want to be William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England. And I would like best of all women, even now before the Czarina, one of Fournier's lovely daughters.

Mr. Gladstone met me at the handsome, green covered station upon my arrival. A great crowd of his country people were there, and hats were raised and handkerchiefs fluttered while our party descended from the train. Then there was long and hearty applause as we shook hands, both of us bareheaded. I do not know when before in public I was seen without a head covering.

Mr. Gladstone—he is only "mister," for he has refused the highest titles the British Queen could bestow—was

"Lord Li, did you ever cut down a tree?"

I told him I had many a time when I was a boy, but that like many other boyish habits I had outgrown this one also. But he wanted me to try and I did. However, it was awkward work, for the handle of the instrument caught in my sleeve and I nearly cut my foot.

On the train. Hour of the Crow. I slept two hours during my visit to Mr. Gladstone, and he slept also during that time.

When we met again a nice little lunch was served. Rare oolong, some Chinese crackers and cold fowl. Mr. Gladstone and myself ate alone this time. Then, just before leaving, we sat together and were photographed. I could not get one of the pictures, although I would willingly pay any price for it. Still, I am told it will be in all the London papers in the morning.

During the following two days the memoirs contain only the briefest comments on the dinner given in his honor by the Lord Mayor of London, his visit to the Tower and the Houses of Parliament, and finally a carriage ride through the poorer sections of the city. Referring to this last, he says among other things:

"Of course, it is but natural that the hosts of our party want to show us only the beautiful and prosperous in their realm. I saw great grandeur and much wealth at Moscow and St. Petersburg; the temples, parks and fine avenues. I saw also the strength and

her illustrious Majesty and the court to the river men of Canton.

On the ship, ready to sail for New York. Good-bye to you, Czar and Czarina, and to you, Russia; good-bye to you, Kaiser, Bismarck and my friend Herr Krupp of Essen; good-bye to happy and Gracious La Belle France; good-bye to Victoria, the Queen, and the Grand Old Man.

I am going to Grant's country.

Atlantic Voyage and Reporters

PART IV.

THAT Li Hung Chang was troubled again with what he had already characterized, crossing the English Channel, as a "disordered stomach," due to the "eating of German foods," and perhaps to the "hoofraus of Bismarck's," is evident from the first entry in his diary after taking the Cunarder at Liverpool:

Third day on a mad ocean. After eating. I do not think if ever I went to Germany again I would eat either with the Kaiser, Prince Bismarck or any other great man, that is, unless he would be agreeable to my taking my own foods in my own way. For I find that my stomach has not been so dis-

with all the sweetness in the world that she would like to be if I were king!"

I think that was the highest praise I ever heard, and I shall send Miss Maria enough fine silk for the rest of her life. She gave me a beautiful pair of shoes she said she had purchased in Italy. It was so rich and expensive that I did not want to take it, and so told her. But she insisted and I kissed her hand. I have never before kissed a strange lady's hand—not outside of our northern capital—but I saw much of it in St. Petersburg and Moscow. I think now that the Czarina expected me to kiss her hand when she extended it immediately following the ceremony of the coronation, but I neglected to do it through my ignorance and excitement. Instead I placed in her hand the precious queen jade ring which the Dowager had sent as a present.

I shall never forget the first apparent embarrassment of the Czar and his consort, to be immediately followed by a most pleased look upon the lovely face of the pale Czarina. In a glance she examined the precious ring and then quickly extended her hand once more, the ring upon her finger. I was excited somewhat and took the hand in both of mine and knelt upon the rug. I suppose there is no man with his eyes open who will not learn something every day. Even Confucius said that a thousand years of study was only a preparation for the real knowledge one should possess to be able to stand among his ancestors.

A Christian holiday (Sunday). My teeth are troubling me to-day, that is, those which are not false. When I get to Shanghai again I shall have these last troubling ones removed. We shall be in New York to-morrow. I feel thirty years younger than Gladstone.

At evening. Hour of the Sheep. I will go to my bed early, for we will be in New York harbor at daylight. I am worried about this American life. I must lead for two or three weeks. I hope it will be much shorter. I only want to see Cleveland and the tomb of Gen. Grant.

It was exactly a week, according to the diary, before I took up again the narrative of his trip, writing at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia.

I have met that great and everywhere person known as the American newspaper man and I have enjoyed him. Also, I guess, he has enjoyed me, for I have been told more funny things by the reporters than I ever heard in all my life before. They are a jolly lot of fellows, and I think a regiment of them would make the biggest army (enemy) laugh so much that they either could not fight or would not want to shoot such clever chaps.

When we came sailing into New York Bay, before indeed we had really left the mad ocean behind us, there were many water-bugs coming to meet us, smoke from their funnels and white steam and noise from their whistles. Ahead of all the rest were two or three handsome tugs making for our ship as if they would run us down. I thought these must be the official boats and I went far forward on the ship and looked ahead to the oncoming vessels.

There were no ladies on these first boats, and I surely thought they must be the carriers of the officials. But I soon learned my mistake, for these were the tugs of the American press. Our big ship slowed down—for the press is all powerful in the United States—and a lot of men scrambled aboard. They were clean, fine looking fellows, like young diplomats or secretaries in a foreign office.

At first I was somewhat nonplussed at their familiarity, for they neither bowed nor hung back, but came straight to our party and began introducing themselves and shaking hands. It was impossible to be offended, although, as I have said, I was at a loss just what to do or say. But soon I got used to the fine fellows and took them as far forward on the deck as we could go.

When I had them there I said: "Now, gentlemen, I have come to see America and need to be the distributor of information. I really want to learn things. Therefore please tell my secretaries all about the points of interest as we go up the harbor." And they did it, too.

I asked about everything I saw, and before we had landed in New York I could tell many things concerning the city, especially what buildings loomed up into the sky, the various waters of the bay, the islands and the forts, and a lot of such information as only one who travels may acquire.

From that morning to this I have not been—I was going to say an instant—hour in my waking life without the company of my newspaper friends. At Washington, with the officials, on the trains, at all the receptions and meetings, even waiting for me at the hotels when I wanted to retire, and again looking for me before I had partaken of the first morning meal; they are wonderful and tireless, and deserve to earn a great deal of money.

I saw them hobnobbing with the President and with Governors just as if the former were only respectable tax gatherers. Still it all told me that this country was indeed the democracy of the world. That great lesson I learned from the tugs of the American newspaper men, and I bless them for it.

I am a journalist myself. Many people would be willing to doubt and to ridicule, but it is true nevertheless. While I have never published a journal nor acted as editor, the profession of writing is so noble that I am honored to claim membership therein. When in my youth I thought of my future I said that some day I wanted to be the chang-yuan (post laureate) of my country, and I studied long and diligently. I took my degrees ahead of many thousands—the hsu-tsai (A. B.), the chu-ten (M. A.) and the sun-sz (LL. D.), following each other rapidly. And I have written and written for many years.

One young reporter laughed long when I told him I was a newspaper man too and that he surely did not expect me to give him all the information I had gathered. He had been asking me questions like a rapid fire gun, and I saw he was new at his profession and I pitied him.

"You say, Mr. Li Hung Chang, that you are a newspaper man?" he asked when I appeared serious.

"Yes," I replied. "I have written a great deal that has been published in our Chinese papers and which the editors did not dare refuse."

"How was that?" he inquired.

"They were deacons from the Throne," I told him.

Evidently that was all he needed for his article that day, for he left me immediately, after offering me a cigar, and the next morning I read in one of the New York papers that "Li Hung Chang is a writer who uses an axe on any man who dares blue pencil his stuff."

(Continued next Sunday.)

In France and England

PART III.

ON the second evening after his arrival in Paris Viceroy Li Hung Chang wrote: "La Belle France" they call this country. "The beautiful France." I am told it means, and I am ready to agree with the sentiment. Indeed, from my observations I will go still further and call it happy, for in all my travels no hours have been so pleasing to me as those which I have spent within this delightful land.

Perhaps there is a sense of patriotism in this thought, for I must confess that much of the country between Metz and Paris is considerably like that of Kuang-Tung and Kuang-Si provinces. There is a vast difference in the houses and fences, and the people are not at all alike, but the panorama from the train for miles and miles was of the more lovely portions of south China.

The trees and vegetables and grasses seemed to have the same greens and other colors, and if the houses were changed or hidden from view and if a few of my people stood along the railroad, I could easily think I was a hundred or two hundred miles from Canton instead of being that number from Paris.

"And this is the very country through which the mighty German armies headed by the King of Prussia and the master strategist, my friend Von Moltke, and directed by that man of silent thoughts and terrible lightning, Prince Bismarck—who offered me so much hoofraus—who the other day—marched to the subjugation and humiliation of the proud country of Napoleon. It is most interesting to think about these things, but I suppose the French people would rather forget.

In truth I believe they must have long since forgotten, for these people are what we call in Chinese a smiling family. They are so different from the Russians and the Germans—I mean the masses. Russian crowds seem to have no enthusiasm. There is respect and awe of a dull kind in their faces, and a sort of hopelessness that they seem to be afraid to give expression to.

With the Germans there is enthusiasm, but it is of a baser, more of fact—the life of business or science, perhaps. They laugh a great deal, sing much and talk loud; but somehow I was given the impression that all these three came from their hearts and souls.

But the French, as I have said, are so different. The faces of the crowds, even of the little boys and girls, seem to be those of a people who are living a life of earnest joy; that is, that they know there is much good pleasure in life and they intend to get it out without making too hard a job of it.

This morning I paid a brief visit to the Bank of France and met the board of governors, all of them introduced by M. Leroux of the Ministry of Finance. I was interested in this great institution, which they tell me, owns financially one-half the kings and princes of Europe. I wonder if I could borrow a few million francs? As a bit of humor I had C'lung ask that question when we were in the executive rooms, and the chief governor immediately replied:

"Yes, your Excellency; fifty millions, almost on your own terms."

Then I told him that I was not serious about it, and he replied that when Chinese are serious about loans the Bank of France would be ready.

For more than an hour I inquired into the system of finance in vogue in France, and it is, I believe, the simplest yet most perfect in the world. I was astounded when M. Leroux told me that if every franc taken from the vaults for national purposes a call to the

with small loans, either upon their goods, their labor or just their promise. It is not so much that I write of my own virtues, but it is surely the privilege and duty of every man to defend his name and character when attacked. Therefore I will say that though I have made a comfortable amount of wealth from my loan offices it has not been made by excessive interest charges. If I had been a hard man after all those who had borrowed from my agents and were unable to pay I would to-day be one of the richest men in the world.

And then, too, I have never used what wealth was graciously given me by the good gods for evil purposes. I have bought neither honors nor offices; I would cut my face with a knife rather than accept an office or an honor by purchase.

It is true that I have loaned large sums to the provinces and even to the Throne, but it is also true that certain honors were stripped from me when the Government was greatest in my debt. It is also true that for many years I have contributed well to flood or drought sufferers, and it is on record at the Room of Worthy Deeds (Peking) that during the last dreadful famine I supplied food to 1,000 families in Tientsin, to 1,000 families in other parts of Pechili and to 500 families in Shantung for more than sixteen weeks.

They tell me there is very little poverty in France, and that even the poorest people save a little from day to day.

Tuesday evening—This evening I was received by the President of the Republic and Mme. Faure. The great halls of the President's palace were thronged with eminent people from all over France and Europe. The American Minister was there and extended personally an invitation on the part of President Cleveland. I know from all I have heard, seen and learned that my reception in America will be most agreeable. I look forward to it anxiously, especially to seeing New York and Washington and visiting with Mr. Cleveland.

The French President is a quiet man, of studious, careful habits, I should think. He had learned somewhere or somehow to speak one or two phrases in Chinese, and these he repeated at least eight times during our first meeting. Mme. Faure is a plain woman, but I hear, of very kindly heart. She had around her at the reception a number of the most beautiful ladies I had ever seen. They were duchesses, princesses, countesses and the daughters of plain politicians or merchants; but they were all so charming that the title of Empress would not be too great for the majority.

going to England with some misgivings. I read in the French press, in the *Matin* only to-day, that the English were making fun of me when I was the guest of Germany. That is not right, for when they make fun of me it is not simply a person they are treating lightly, but the envoy of a great nation.

If they do not treat me well I shall make my sojourn very brief, for I would not linger in any house wherein I was not welcome.

Ten o'clock same morning. The weather is very rough just now and some of my party are quite sick. But I have remained on deck so that I might see England and France at about one and the same time.

I just heard something which sounds like a dream in truth. Some wealthy Frenchmen and engineers backed by the Government propose to build a tunnel under these very waters upon which we are sailing. But I also hear that the English, who do not believe it is only a dream, will not let them have an open way on their soil. Oh, those English—they're afraid of everybody and everything! Yet they want to make light of me.

We are in rough seas, and although I can hear the salutes of Dover Castle I am going to my bed for a few minutes rest.

That the grand ambassador had a touch of seasickness he acknowledges with evident reluctance in the last paragraph he writes in England just before taking steamer for New York:

Once more there is before me the prospect of some seven or eight days of quiet, and the thought is exceedingly pleasing. Yet there are also 3,000 miles of ocean between me and New York, and they say that of all the great bodies of water the Atlantic is the worst in temper. All our party were seasick on the miserable little run across the English Channel (the narrow sea of the English, the Viceroy calls it) with the exception of myself.

I felt very ill at my inwards when we were about midway across, but that was the after effects of German food and that Potsdam beer more than any results of the ship's motion. Tuan, C'lung and some of the others chided me upon my so-called seasickness, but I had been across and up and down the China Sea as many times as I would not have been sent to the staterooms by the nasty little narrow sea of the English.

During the first four days in England so completely taken up was Li Hung Chang's time, as he himself tells it—"so busy with small things and great,

much stronger in appearance than I had expected to find him; yet when we were close together and saw face to face I could see that he was an old man; much older in his face than I, although there are but nine years difference, I believe, in our ages.

At once he apologized for not having come to London to meet me. But he said that if he had made the trip he would have very likely been ill for a week or two. He had sent a telegram to me at Windsor Castle to this same effect two days before, and so I had determined to visit him at Hawarden, even at the expense of offending a number of the entertainment committee and several members of the House of Lords who had given me strong invitations to visit their homes.

The Viceroy on a later date gives a list of the different personages in England who he thought might be offended because he had chosen to go "of his own will" to visit Gladstone at Hawarden and neglected to accept the many other urgent invitations to prominent houses. He asks:

"What had these other people to offer me? Bread and wine and musical entertainments? I had never heard of them, any of them, and what would I be spending my time with them for? The Queen, her Majesty Victoria of England and Ireland, her son, who will be King if he lives, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Lord Tennyson and the Houses of Parliament, those were what interested me in England, and the ships.

Still continuing his narrative at Hawarden he says:

Mr. Gladstone and myself, accompanied only by Leh and Bruce (interpreters and secretaries) took a long stroll over his estate and talked of many matters removed from state affairs. I was surprised how well he knew my life, and he expressed the same feeling when I told him that which I knew regarding himself. He spoke about the Queen, about Indian affairs and of home rule for Ireland and I was certain that he hoped to see that unhappy country governed better before he died.

"They have given their best to England," he said, "and in return have been given only England's worst." He pointed out some tree stumps to me and said that in eight years he had kept his health good and muscles strong by this chopping exercise. It amused me very much, and I told him I would like to see him strike a blow. So he took up the instrument for cutting and made several great dents in one of the trees. Then he turned to me and said:

greatness of Berlin, and the wonderful activity of Essen, Bremerhaven, Munich and other cities. Nevertheless my eyes were constantly engaged for insights into the real conditions of the people, and I saw things that somehow told me that all was not sunshine and glory.

And it is so with London and England. I dined as the guest of her Majesty at the castle, and great officers of state took me to the Parliament and to the forts and arsenals. I saw the fine parks of London and some of the great thoroughfares; yet I could see in the vast crowds so many people who were poor. Even in the short time of my journey I have learned to distinguish between the different classes of people by the clothes they wear.

My entertainers were not overpleased, I fear, by my desire and request to be taken for even a brief period through the poorer sections. "We have poor in China, millions of them, and the sight of rags is not new to me, but I have seen so many grand sights that I am afraid unless you grant my wish that to leave in my present frame of mind would mean that I had not a true conception of life in England." It was this way that I talked to them. And finally I was shown, hurriedly, some of the more wretched parts of the city.

I cannot tell now of all I saw, nor of my fullest impressions; but I know that I have come to the conclusion that I am under a grand show many of the countries with great armies and fleets of ships have much misery hidden from the eyes of the world. China is not the only country where there are rags and hunger. The Chinaman cries out when his stomach is empty and his throat dry, but in foreign lands the hungry man steals from his neighbor or breaks into his house.

Often, very often, as I have learned in these few but eye and mind opening weeks, he is ready to make silent war with bomb or knife upon the Government he blames for his hopeless condition. The more I see and learn of the lower classes of people in Europe the greater is my love and pity of the miserable poor of my own country, for by comparison the latter are less vicious, I bow now in respect to all China—from

ordered in years. I do not remember that I was ever so sick before.

Dr. Gray, the ship's medical officer, says that I have been seasick. It is a ridiculous and most unscientific diagnosis of my case, and I did not hesitate to tell him so. Dr. Tong-le and his disagreement with Dr. Gray, and his disagreement gives me more faith than ever in our Chinese medicines.

The master of the vessel has been very attentive to me; more so, indeed, than I really deserved—for when one feels as I have felt in the past three days he wishes most of all to be let alone.

Tong-le says he has never known me to be so irritable, and my good cook says he has been unable to please me. Poor fellow! he has staggered about the ship like a man filled with strong drink, and I know he is not any happier than I am. But he is sensible, for he can demolish all kinds of foods, foreign and Chinese, without experiencing the least ill effects afterward.

The sun is bright and warm to-day and I am beginning to enjoy the ocean air. We will be half the distance to America by to-night, they tell me. I am also told that this mad ocean is quieter on the American side.

Fifth day out. If the people aboard this ship are a fair sample of the great mass of Americans I am sure they are a wonderful nation. The men are as polite as the French and do not stare at one like the Londoners. I was not pleased with the crowds of England's capital. They were rough in looks and in behavior, and many low fellows did actually try to insult me. But the police were everywhere vigilant and superbly organized, and several times the thugs were taught good lessons with clubs.

I think every one on board this ship, excepting the third class passengers and some of the crew, had been presented to me in one way or another. Fine old men, said to be very rich, are among the passengers. One of them, who owns many railroads, was introduced by an American army Colonel, and later he brought his wife and a daughter. The latter is the belle of the ship and would do for a princess at court. I told the interpreter to tell her so, and she replied



The Viceroy on His Way to an Imperial Audience