

INTERESTING FROM INDIA AND CHINA.

Our Macao Correspondence. MACAO, Feb. 3, 1856. Navigation in the Chinese Seas—The Horns of a Dilemma—Macao—Its Former Magnificence and Present Desolate Aspect—Casualties—Codie Moore—Chinese Steamers of Commercial Honor—The Boque Fortis—Canton—The Foreign Consular—Trade at Hong Kong, &c., &c. We daily arrive at Hong Kong in two and a half days from Yoo-chow, in time to see the Siamese tribute ship, call upon several of the merchants, write a chapter on Hong Kong—which I mailed by the Madras—and take our passage in the Spark for this port. We started, but it was only a start—the miserable little screw boat reminded me of the time that I made myself a martyr to humanity and the underwriters, when taking off the shipwrecked crew of the Boston clipper Whistler, on King's Island, last June—for he was half enough in such weather, and being out of order was bound over to repair her rotten machinery. We had not been out an hour and a half before it began to blow a small typhoon, and the motion of our boat was neither horizontal nor perpendicular, but when the two were given to find the base and hypotenuse—I may use a proleptical comparison—it soon became evident that we must anchor, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, we made fast under the shade of the piratical island of Lantao. Here was a proleptical anchorage, a pirate village, an approach, a typhoon and a boat leaking—I don't know whether my hundred strokes the hour. At this unsatisfactory point the steward at one door informed us that our grublocker was empty, just as the engineer ordered at the other to say that the coal was nearly out; while the cabin discovered that we had lost our position. Pleasant, wasn't it?

Our position was by no means safe—for the wind was blowing will cat and the anchorage none too good—shortly after two o'clock it was calmer, which justified the captain in making another start, but only to return again in two hours time, the pumps all the time going at full speed, and the steamer in the greatest possible danger. One of our party, not one of the reformed, asked for a glass of water—there was none; are there any blankets? for the cabin was very cold? No—we must make the most of the night as we best could. At last I got to sleep and there came such a succession of strange unaccountable noises, I positively think the infernal boat was haunted, for no one could find from whence they came. Could any one have told me whether the boat would go up or down, it would have been more satisfactory, but the glorious uncertainty was particularly unpleasant. In the morning two suspicious looking junks anchored just off the island—shortly another, and before noon two more, all apparently waiting for the boat to go ashore—for the news of a disabled craft goes like a prairie fire over the robber haunts. In the afternoon the weather moderated, and by the blessing of Providence we managed to get the crippled boat back to Hong Kong. This is the well known boat that has made, during the past year or two, a lac of dollars for the owner, whose bon homie, half-fellow style of doing things has made him many friends. But now, as the steamer has done so well, I think the "spark" should be extinguished.

The next morning, with a calm sea, we were more successful, and at three o'clock P. M. reached our landing place on the Praya Grande, the celebrated promenade to the quaint old settlement of the early Portuguese kings—Macao.

Once the most important maritime port in Eastern Asia—one hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago, the richest settlement in this part of the world, even during the English war—Macao was the chief port of trade for the merchants of all nations. Its present population will not exceed 30,000, about a sixth of which only are Portuguese; the others are half castes and natives of China. At present there are a few English and other officials in the town—Dr. Parker among the rest—but, save these few, the place to eye was more cheerless than an Egyptian desert. In company with our party I wandered about this ancient relic of gaiety and splendor now a disjunct collection of deserted palaces—haggard boat women, whose beauty disappeared with their youth—ugly dames, of Portuguese descent—their faces hid in that most becoming garment (not a mantilla, but I forget its proper name), a calico handkerchief pinned under the chin, giving them a monkish sulking. None had any pretensions to beauty. Long, narrow alleys, dark and gloomy; decaying cathedrals and public buildings dropping away; but one old church, the front of which only was standing, was very beautiful—a noble relic of the architecture of earlier days. Forts, with bristling cannon on every side, that one war steamer could blow in the air; walks, parades, gardens, all defaced under the corroding hand of time. I saw all these and more, that told of what had been, but not what is. The exiled poet's last home was my next resort—the banished scholar, who made himself immortal in his banishment—works who made itself beautiful composition, the "Luciad," without being reminded of the romantic history of Camoens.

To me the old palace garden, covering so many acres of still blooming flowers and foliage, with paths winding through quaint arbors and huge stone caves—more solid than the artificial groins of Bolton Abbey, at Chatsworth—was the most interesting part of my tour. I was never tired of roaming over the grounds, but did not remain so long as I should have done on the iron-walled monument of the poet, who lived and died under Shakespeare's time. I did not expect to find such old magnificence; but ruins of ages past do not, at such distance from Christian lands, in crease my love of decay. From the top of one of the mammoth stone arbors we have a fine view of the old town, the lunker and the outer harbor—the former stocked with junks and lorches belonging to the place; the yearly income of the latter, in freight alone, is said to be \$150,000. We saw the islands round about—our steamer coaling from the quay—and were glad to witness scenery as romantic as it was novel. Looking down upon the Chinese part of the town, I saw a large castellated building, the courtyard of which was crowded with human beings, dressed in white. My curiosity was excited. Was it a hospital? No. A lunatic asylum? No. What could it be—a jail, a charity school, or what? No one could tell. We searched and searched, but could not make the people understand our wants; first on one side, then the other, and we went about, papers and make a clean breast of financial matters, and there was no admittance. Inquiry only made us more curious, but not more successful, till at last a friend in need relieved us of suspense, and told us that of course no one was permitted to enter—a private institution—being nothing more than a place where a princely merchant here stows away his coolies, when they are caught in the country, and keep them till they are ready for shipment. When I saw them from the garden gates, and they were probably feeding time. At Whampoa they use a bulk for the purpose, I understand.

We came back through the Chinese town, where with restless activity mechanics were working at their benches, and the Chinese were doing a thriving business, while barbers never were busier—music and dancing, with the sing-song artists, never more enthusiastic—and the pawnbrokers were crowded to suffocation—for to-morrow is the Chinese men's new year, and hence the unusual bustle and excitement in the town—for before midnight all bills paid, and debtor and creditor must meet as friends—for it is the custom of China to close up the books and make a clean breast of financial matters at the commencement of every new year. On every turn I see anxious faces, and men rushing with some little trinket to the Shylocks' den, in order to get a little more cash. There are many who know what to do, for their pockets are empty, and their debts unpaid, and something must be done before the clock strikes twelve, or they are disgraced in the eyes of their countrymen. Some bear the features of a criminal, and others are evidently robbers or murderers, perhaps suicide, are the bell tolls the fatal hour. For 'tis no unusual thing to resort to violent measures if all else fails and bills unpaid. What a strange custom, and you are entirely unprepared for it. In Western nations balanced accounts as often, there would be less reticence in finance and more honesty in commerce. Here, at least, the idol

worshipper teaches a lesson it were well if we would learn. I have seen Macao, but do not like it. It may be pleasant as a summer retreat, for there is a fine bathing beach near the Palace barral ground, which I had to visit, and the native population, who trade commerce has forsaken Macao, and Hong Kong once so sickly, is now the favorite settlement; and justly progress makes the one, when old age in the decline of the fortune possessor, but here they tell us of the other. In the warm months all foreign China flock to Macao. As a summer retreat many of the merchants have houses here, one of which, if in Wall or State street, would make a million of the fortune possessor; but here they are hollow, sepulchral, cheerless, they are so large and cold; rooms wider than a dancing hall, with a solitary chair in the centre, and walls so thin that the least whisper at one end rings throughout the house, and that an acre lot, outside the garden, still beautiful with nature's loveliest ornaments. I went to the foreman's graveyard, but my stay was brief, for it made me sad, it looked so dreary and so cold. Fellow countrymen to China and young, were lying by side, the moss-grown marble telling of age, and death, and merit. Governors and subjects, the rich and the poor, all were there, crowding each other close, and none knowing for the world ground is full. I saw the grave of young Joseph H. Adams, the descendant of a line of Presidents—a Lieutenant of the Powhattan, died in 1843, and many more from the same expedition buried by their countrymen. Gray-haired old men, with an elegy here—his eloquence would have chilled in the ink—the atmosphere is so damp.

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