

CHAPTER XII.

AN EXPEDITION TO THE SNOWY VALLEY—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—THE TEMPLE OF THE SNOWY CREVICE—THE MAOU-KAO-TAE—THE “THOUSAND-FATHOM PRECIPICE”—SEWE-KANG-HA—OUR FELLOW-LODGERS—THE DRAGON WATERFALL—DEPARTURE FROM THE SNOWY VALLEY—MOUNTAIN MEN—A VOYAGE ON BAMBOO RAFTS—RAFT NAVIGATION—ARRIVAL AT CHUSAN—A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION—A CHINESE COUNTRY RESIDENCE—POLITICAL ADVANTAGES OF CHUSAN—A BRITISH GRAVEYARD—THE SACRED ISLAND OF FOOTOO—A DEGRADED PRIESTHOOD—THE HIGH PRIEST—PICTURESQUE TEMPLES—PILGRIMS—MAGNIFICENT VIEW—CHAPOO.

MR THOMAS MEADOWS had been kind enough to furnish us, not only with a guide, but with most accurate information as to the sights to be seen in the Snowy Valley, and the best way to see them. The first part of our journey was performed at night, in a covered boat of small dimensions, and which was propelled by a single oar astern. However, we had the tide with us, and daylight found us moored under a covered bridge, where we were to transfer ourselves to mountain-chairs, and our baggage to the shoulders of stalwart porters. For the first three hours our way lay over the flat banks of the river, along the paved ridges which separated fields of beans, rice,

wheat, cabbages, and all the varied assortment of Chinese cultivation. We only recrossed the river once, by a bridge, where massive slabs of granite, about twenty-five feet in length each, were laid upon the wooden piles. The valley now began to narrow, and the hills, with an elevation of from 1200 to 1500 feet, to disclose rocky gorges and narrow valleys, where strips of wood and pine forest clothed the steep sides, and the navigation of the river, except for rafts of bamboo, had ceased altogether. Then we brace ourselves for the climb, and discarding our light mountain-chairs, we left them to follow, contented that they should form a picturesque feature of the procession, as it wound up the steep rocky paths.

Our way led through young pine woods, the smaller branches of which had been lopped for firewood, and passed along the precipitous side of the hill in which it had been scarped. When we had attained an elevation of about 1000 feet, and looked back from a projecting spur in the range, a beautiful panoramic view met the eye. The valley we had traversed in the morning, dotted with scattered villages, and divided by the river winding away to the horizon like a silver thread, lay at our feet, while, on our right, pendulous woods of bamboo covered the steep slopes of the mountain: planted with perfect regularity, their feathery plumes, of varied hues and exquisite grace of form, waved gently in the breeze.

Taking a last look at this lovely scene, we reached

in a few steps the summit of the pass, and, crossing it, found ourselves in an amphitheatre surrounded by partially wooded hills, in the midst of which the most prominent object was the group of quaint, gabled, upturned-cornered houses, which formed the "Temple of the Snowy Crevice;"—this was to be our resting-place for the night. Here we were received by sundry Bonzes, in black or grey serge, with shaven crowns, who were dispensing, at the charge of a few "cash," yellow tickets for the celestial regions, to groups of female devotees, of whom we had already passed many on the hill-side, helping themselves along upon their little feet—so ill adapted to the mountains—by means of stout staves. A number of them, with ruddy countenances, by no means uncomely, and whose neat attire and comfortable embonpoint, gave evidence of a domestic condition of ease and independence, knelt upon small circular mats or hassocks, and prostrated themselves before a row of gods and goddesses, the largest of which, in the centre, was about twenty-five feet in height. Huge black images, with ferocious countenances and drawn swords, guarded the sanctity of the temple; and near them was a handsome bell, where the officiating priest kept up a low monotonous chant, and tapped a little bell as the signal for genuflexion or prostration on the part of the congregation, who were in the mean time burning little pieces of yellow paper, lighting joss-sticks, or telling their rosaries. In another hall a number of persons were

employed in manufacturing bamboo mats. We were compelled to pass through these holy places on our way to our bedroom, which was in a range of buildings at the back.

As we had yet a few hours of daylight, we procured at the temple a guide by name Kim-bau, who should be immortalised in the first hand-book which Mr Murray publishes of these regions. He had been initiated into the mysteries of cicerone-ship by Mr Meadows, and, although innocent of any language but his mother tongue, had learned his lesson, and took us to every point of view with scrupulous precision. First, we went to the Maou-kaio-tae, where a priest's little house is built upon a projecting ledge of rock that overhangs a precipice 1000 feet high by aneroid measurement, to the edge of which we crept cautiously and looked over broad fertile valleys intersected by rivers, which met lovingly and flowed away to water distant fields. The hill-sides were terraced with rice and other cultivation, in some places to their summits, at others the high lands were wooded, and strips of forest marked the course of impetuous torrents tumbling into the glistening streams beneath. A town lay peacefully sleeping in the midst of the principal valley, and tiny figures could be distinguished working in the fields, or following the winding paths. The scenery altogether reminded me of the Mahabuleshwar Hills, where, however, the precipices are higher. From here we scrambled along the edge of the precipice for a few

hundred yards, until we reached the waterfall called the "Thousand-fathom Precipice," where Kim-bau showed us the special pine-tree, to which, as conscientious sight-seers, it was our duty to cling and crane



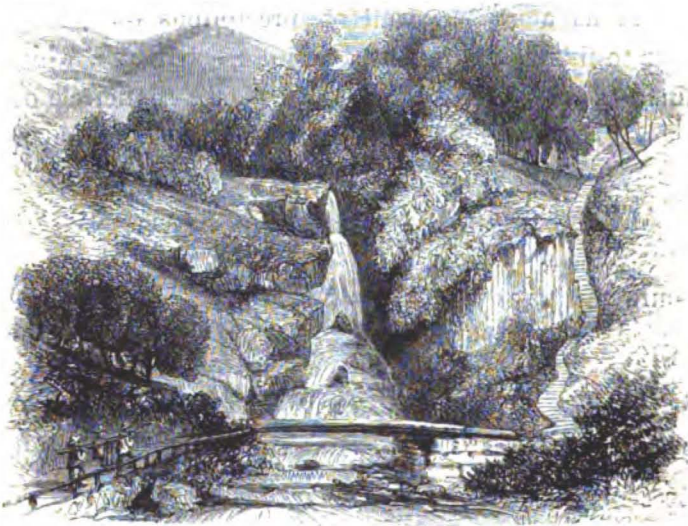
Taen chang-yen Waterfall

over till we could see the pool beneath, and the rush of waters and the dizzy height made our brains spin. The waterfall itself is only 400 feet in height, but the

stream tumbles and leaps down the valley after it has left the pool for at least as many hundred feet more, before it becomes a quiet well-conducted river. We descended by steep slippery paths through pine-woods and groves of bamboo to the foot of the fall, and at a distance of thirty yards from the fall were drenched with the spray. From this point the scene was in the highest degree sublime and impressive : before us a smooth wall of precipitous rock, from four to five hundred feet high, intersected by a white line of foam, extended in the form of a semicircle on each side. Five hundred feet below lay the green valley shut in by the lofty range beyond.

After returning to our temple, though it was nearly dark, and we had done a good day's work, we could not resist visiting a waterfall, the murmur of which was almost audible from our quarters. The hour of our visit was well timed : the last faint tints of daylight were fading away on the distant mountains ; the only sound which broke the absolute stillness of the repose in which all nature was hushed was the continuous splash of the water, as it issued from the deep shadows of a dense mass of overhanging foliage at the head of the gorge, in a long white sheet of foam, like a ghost in the gloaming. Crossing a slab of granite which bridged the stream below the fall, we ascended a long flight of steps skirting a precipitous ledge overhanging the brook, and on reaching the top followed the winding path through the gloomy recesses of the wood, until it debouched

upon a small amphitheatre, hemmed in on all sides by lofty hills, which rose abruptly from its circumference : here, buried in the mountains and far from the busy hum of men, lay the sequestered village Sewe-kang-ha, "remote," and, I should think, very "unfriendly, melancholy, and slow" as a place of residence ; but an exquisite picture of tranquillity and



Sewe-kang-ha Waterfall.

picturesque seclusion. The only evidences of life were the blue wreaths which curled from the thatched roofs, and rested in a light cloud over the hamlet, as though it had put on a night-cap of smoke preparatory to "turning-in." The hour was sufficiently late, at all events, to induce us to take the hint, so we scrambled by another path to the temple, where we

found the kitchen crowded with pilgrims, who were going to spend the night here, and who were collected as in a club dining-room, in groups round small square tables, vigorously plying chopsticks. The good fare they were enjoying made them quarrelsome. We heard the noise of their contending voices until long after we had retired to rest, indeed until they were exchanged for snores. The whole establishment was full of lodgers ; and overhead, in close proximity on either side of us, worshippers were slumbering.

Some disinterested American had been charitable enough to leave a stove in the temple for the benefit of future travellers, and it was grateful, when we rose in the morning, to warm our hands and drink our coffee by it previous to starting on further explorations. First, however, we were called upon to settle sundry disputes between our coolies and certain devotees, who thought themselves entitled to a preference in the choice of food, accommodation, &c. ; nor did our good friends the priests venture to interfere at the risk of offending their customers. The civility of these gentry to us was as unlimited as their curiosity ; they perpetually plied us with tea and fingered our garments. I have generally found gloves and corduroy trousers to be the most striking objects of dress to the uncivilised mind ; shooting-boots are also curiosities. Our entertainers, however, were becoming accustomed to Europeans, and had evidently smoked a few cigars in their lives before ;

but they were particularly amused by my Madras servant, apparently a specimen of humanity heretofore unknown to them : they took him to look at the hideous black deities which guarded the entrance of the temple, a compliment to his personal appearance at which they chuckled hugely, but which he did not seem to appreciate.

An hour's walk over hill-sides cultivated with tea, and through pine-woods, brought us to a pretty valley, divided by a stream fringed with wood, and spanned by a bridge of a single arch, concealed by creepers, their long twisted tendrils, like ladies' tresses, playing on the water. On the bank was the temple Lung-yin-tau, dedicated to the dragon god. After inspecting this grim divinity, we visited the romantic waterfall which bears the same name, where the stream, after peacefully traversing the valley, plunges over a ledge of rock 120 feet high, into a cleft so narrow and precipitous that it is impossible to look into its full depth from above. It derives its name probably from the resemblance which the deep gorge, split into two sombre chasms, is supposed to bear to the jaws of a dragon. Although the waterfall is not so high as some of the others in the neighbourhood, I thought this the most striking and characteristic in these mountains. From thence we proceeded to the Leshak-yong, a druidical-looking stone of great antiquity, but unknown origin, placed upon a projecting point which commands a panoramic view more beautiful and extensive than even the Maou-kao-tae.

Immediately facing us, at the head of the valley, we had a splendid view of a waterfall, upwards of 200 feet high, which falls in one perpendicular sheet to the bottom, the water dropping in curious snake-like jets without ever touching the smooth surface of the rock, into the pool beneath. Our elevation above the sea at this point did not probably exceed 2000 feet.

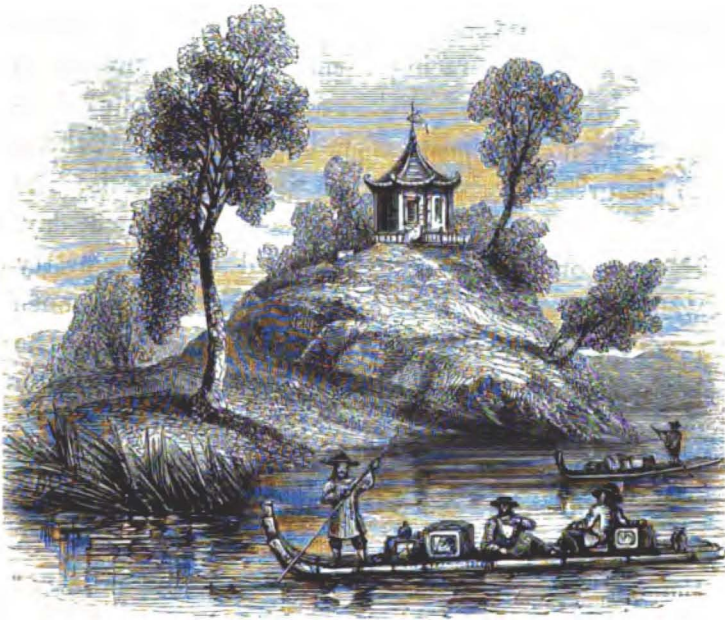
We now returned to the temple, and, after a hearty meal, took an affectionate farewell of our holy hosts. We regretted that our time was so limited that we were unable to linger longer in the Snowy Valley, and explore more thoroughly its scenic attractions. In any country they would be worthy of a visit, but in China especially, where the limited excursions of foreigners have disclosed so little of the picturesque, no traveller should visit Ningpo without taking a trip to the mountains; unless, indeed, the scenery they contain is eclipsed by wonders yet to be discovered by those who will explore the whole Empire, under conditions heretofore impossible. We had been fortunate in the time of year for our expedition, and though, while we were there, the Snowy Valley did not justify its name so far as the snow was concerned, in the early morning the water in the paddy-fields was coated with ice; and I observed a few days after at Ningpo, that what fell as rain below had covered the mountains we had left with a snowy mantle.

The peasantry of this district, in spite of their

nationality, possessed the *tout ensemble* of mountaineers in all parts of the world. Whether in the Highlands of Scotland, of Circassia, of the Tyrol, of the Himalayas, or of China, there is an indescribable air which I have observed distinguishes them all, while it in no way interferes with their national characteristics. Hot-tempered, good-humoured, huge-calved, independent, hardy, and self-reliant — accustomed to solitude, but disposed to conviviality, I have always found hill-men the pleasantest companions, while the bracing mountain air and constant variety of scene exercises a corresponding influence upon one's own spirits. As we descended the hill, we passed long files of these sturdy mountain men, each staggering under a young pine-tree, and bearing his apparently superhuman load down to market, with a broad grin on his jocund countenance.

We determined to vary our mode of conveyance on our return journey, and on reaching the river Tsze-ke at the foot of the hill, instead of plodding wearily to our boats over miles of level plain, to perform a voyage in a bamboo raft, the river being too swift and shallow for any other description of craft. It was indeed little better than a trout stream. The population of a large village on the river bank, where we engaged the raft, turned out to witness our start, and while the preparations were being made, we inspected a curious mill worked by water-power, by which a number of hammers or pounders were caused to fall with regular stroke into receptacles for grain formed

like mortars. Our raft was composed of only ten bamboos, on a level with the water, which flowed freely through the interstices, so that we were obliged to lay some planks upon them to keep us dry. Still movement was impossible except at the price of being ankle-deep in water. The ends of the bam-



Our Bamboo Rafts.

boos were turned up, like the corners of houses and everything else in China. The object, no doubt, was to make a sort of bow, to prevent our being flooded. Upon this fragile construction we intrusted ourselves to the guidance of one man, sending our coolies and chairs overland, and dashed off in company with a

number of other rafts, principally loaded with wood or charcoal, now grating over the pebbly bed of the stream, now whirled rapidly over a bubbling seething rapid, and then being brought sharp up by an eddy in some deep green pool, where the raftsmen's pole could find no bottom, and salmon would have loved to lie. We were objects of great interest to other raftsmen, who ventured on jokes at our expense, so we retaliated by racing them, hoisted umbrellas to favouring gales, and hooked ourselves past our neighbours by holding on to them or poling against them, to the great merriment of the river population. The extreme bitterness of the wind, and the close of day, checked our energies at last, and we were pretty well knocked up by our day's work when we once more reached our boat, and, coiling ourselves at the bottom, indulged in undisturbed slumber until dawn once more found us alongside the good ship *Cormorant*, in the river off Ningpo.

I found that Lord Elgin had arrived, during my absence from Ningpo, after a cruise up the coast, in the course of which he had visited the ports of Swatow, Amoy, and Foo-chow. At the first of these, which is situated between Canton and Amoy, and is not one of those opened by the treaty of 1842, an illicit trade had sprung up, partly in sugar, which is exported from this point to other ports on the coast in foreign as well as Chinese bottoms, partly in tea, which, from its greater proximity to the tea districts, and the recent troubles at Canton, had found this

outlet to the foreign market, and partly in bean-cake, which is brought down in large quantities from Shanghai as an article of manure. Swatow occupies an important position in Chinese commerce ; extensive banking operations are carried on here ; a considerable junk trade radiates from it to the islands of Formosa and Hainan, and different ports on the coast. A good deal of opium is annually imported by our merchants, which is subjected to local duties.

On the 20th of March we left Ningpo in the *Furious*, on our way to Chusan ; and running over in six hours, dropped anchor in the beautiful land-locked harbour of Tinghae about sunset. On the following morning we landed to explore a locality rendered so notorious during the last war by the prolonged occupation of our forces, and by the terrible experiences through which they passed in this lovely isle, and which have given it a reputation which it has since been admitted it so little merited, that we have never ceased to regret its ultimate abandonment. We no sooner stepped on shore than we obtained evidences of those associations connected with our occupation, which still linger among the inhabitants. Juvenile beggars crowded round us, beseeching cash from "mantalee," which was the nearest approach they could make to the honourable British title of "mandarin." The fort crowns an eminence overlooking the bay, and beneath, along the sea-shore, extends a long straggling suburb, which is connected with the town of Tinghae, situated about

a mile and a half inland, by a paved causeway. It is a mean dirty place, with inferior shops, surrounded by a wall, and containing at most 50,000 inhabitants. Passing through it, we entered the pleasant valley beyond ; and observing a building in a wood surmounted by a cross, we decided that it was a Roman Catholic mission, and bent our steps thither accordingly.

A priest dressed in Chinese costume met us as we approached, and did the honours of the establishment with great simplicity and cordiality. He was the only European on the island, a Lazarist of the order of St Vincent, and gave us some interesting details of his labours in Kiangsi, where he had resided for ten years. We inspected his industrial farm, cultivated by the boys of the school, a clean chubby-looking set of little fellows, with happy smiling countenances, very different in expression from that of Chinese youth generally. They evidently regarded their spiritual master with feelings of affection and gratitude. Many of them were waifs and strays whom he had picked out of byways and hedges, deserted by their parents on account of some physical infirmity. One was blind, another lame, another's arm and tongue were paralysed. Generally, however, his pupils were the children of converts ; the Roman Catholic system being rather to breed converts than to make them, an operation which is becoming daily more simple, as there are upwards of half a million Roman Catholic Christians

in the Empire. Out of the entire population of Chusan, estimated at 200,000, the priest calculated that about 250 families were converts. Neither he nor his flock were in any way annoyed by the people, although jealously regarded by the authorities and literati. Still no active hostility was exercised towards them; and beyond being occasionally called upon to subscribe to pagodas, or take part in Buddhist ceremonies, they practised their faith unmolested.

We afterwards visited, with our reverend guide, a girl's hospital in the town, which did equal credit to his management with the rest of his establishment. He insisted upon acting as our cicerone over the island, and took us first to see the country residence of a rich Chinese proprietor. It was a good specimen of the ornamental taste of the country. Here were the usual summer-houses buried in rock-work, and approached by labyrinths tunnelled through grottoes, or staircases winding through miniature mountains, and pavilions perched on islands in diminutive seas, connected with the mainland by fragile bridges. Charming little boskets with mossy seats invited to repose in their cool shade, and gorgeous camellias and magnolias in full bloom flung a rich colouring of glowing tints over all.

After refreshing ourselves with numerous cups of tea of Chusan growth, which tasted a good deal like an infusion of straw, and the leaves of which looked as green as if they had been picked off the bushes the day before, we started off to the top of one of the

highest hills in the neighbourhood, so as to obtain as extensive a view as possible over the island before nightfall. From this elevated spot, at an elevation of 1200 or 1500 feet above the sea, we looked over fertile valleys teeming with life and rich in cultivation; and, throwing ourselves on the grass after our scramble, indulged in vain regrets, as our eyes wandered over the loveliness at our feet, at the infatuation which ever induced us to relinquish a spot not only so highly favoured by nature in point of fertility and scenery, but possessing one of the finest harbours on the coast of China, a commercial position at the outlet of the Yang-tse-Kiang, totally unrivalled, and political advantages of capabilities and situation such as no other spot upon the coast of China can boast.

The island is fifty-one miles in circumference. Fortunately we had but little breath to expend in sighs; but to judge from the headlong course we took to reach the bottom at the peril of our necks, the holy man who accompanied us must have suspected that despair was the cause of our recklessness; for on our arriving at the bottom, with impeded utterance and many compliments on Lord Elgin's activity, he went on to assure us that the population of Chusan preserved most flattering and agreeable reminiscences of British rule, and would receive us with open arms whenever we thought proper to resume possession; and then to calm us, he led the way to a secluded nook in a deep valley, where a picturesque pagoda lay embowered in a dense grove of bamboo, impene-

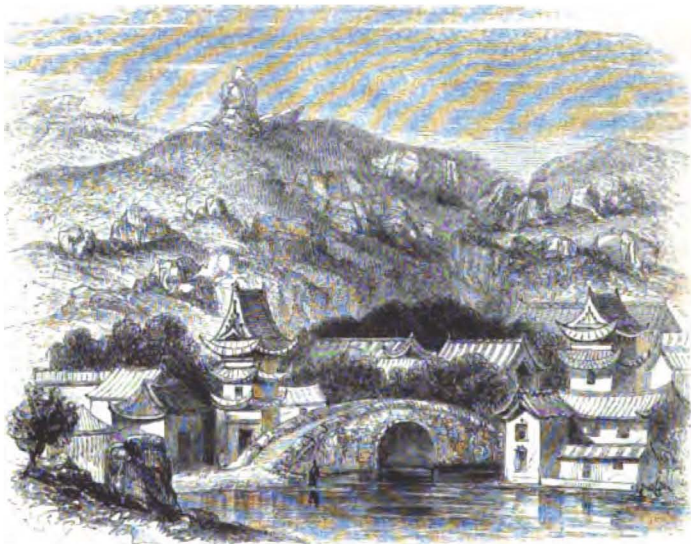
trable to noonday heats ; and here we remained and drank more tea, supplied us by Bonzes, till it was time to return on board, whither our kind guide accompanied us, and inspected for the first time in his life a few of the wonders of a British man-of-war.

Captain Osborn had sent on shore a party of men to examine the condition of the graves of those of our countrymen who lie buried in Chusan, and the following morning I went to see these melancholy records of this painful episode of the last war. A few hours had sufficed to clear away the rubbish which had been allowed to accumulate round them ; the tombstones themselves were in good preservation, and the men were repainting those which had become partially effaced.

At mid-day we weighed from Tinghae, and, favoured by lovely weather, passed through the intricate windings of the Chusan archipelagò, past swelling islands indented with deep bays running back to rich fertile valleys, terraced with cultivation ; and through a narrow channel between beetling cliffs of grey weather-worn granite, where the sea surged into dark caverns, and murmured sullenly in deep fissures in the rocks. The scenery and climate reminded me of a former yachting experience among the sunny Grecian isles.

At sunset we dropt anchor in "the Sea of the Water-lilies," off the sacred Island of Pootoo. We devoted a day to the examination of its holy mysteries. A broad

paved causeway led us over the low shoulder of a hill into a lovely valley, where a pile of grey pagodas and temples, with up-turned roofs of imperial yellow and walls of vermilion, were embosomed in foliage of the brightest green, and huge impending masses of rugged granite lay scattered upon the steep hill-



The Temple of Kwang-yin, Pootoo.

side above, as though they had been glued upon it by some giant hand. A quaint gateway, covered with inscriptions, opened upon a maze of courtyards and a collection of sacred buildings, some especially erected to protect slabs of extreme antiquity inscribed with holy sentiments, others containing enormous bells, struck with a hammer swinging beside them

instead of a clapper ; others, and these were the largest and most numerous, filled with monster images of both sexes and all sizes, from the giant figure of Kwang-yin, the goddess of mercy, to whom the whole was dedicated, to a row of little gods three inches high. In the courtyards were sacred bronzes containing sacred fire, and overshadowed by sacred trees ; and there was a sacred pond, full of sacred fishes, covered with the sacred lotus, and spanned by a single-arched bridge.

Everywhere groups of filthy Bonzes were collected, basking half-naked in the sun, and inspecting their own tattered habiliments or those of their neighbours, chanting monotonous prayers, or wandering about telling their beads, crowding round me while I was sketching them, and staring vacantly through their bleary eyes upon the strangers. Clad in ragged robes of grey serge, they infested the place like a description of vermin peculiar to it, wearing these ashy-coloured vestments till they dropped off, apparently ignorant of one use of water. Generally covered with cutaneous eruptions, they were, in all cases, pervaded by an atmosphere which rendered their proximity in the highest degree offensive. When we were entertained by the chief priest of the island on tea and preserves in a room of limited dimensions, crowded with these holy men, the odour of their sanctity became altogether unbearable. Our host himself was, however, an exception ; he was a man cleanly in his appearance, of a mild and intelligent countenance, and robed in a stole of yellow. He told

us that he was the spiritual superior of five hundred priests then on the island ; that it was devoted entirely to religious purposes, no layman being allowed to reside upon it, but that a few nuns were numbered in the population. I should have been inclined to suppose that our authority considerably understated the number at five hundred, and from the quantity



Bonze at Pootoo.

of Bonzes we saw, Mr Williams' estimate of two thousand appeared more likely to be correct. That gentleman calculates the number of temples, shrines, and monasteries which are collected upon this little island at sixty. We were contented with rambling over the island, and entering five or six.

They all partook, more or less, of the same character, but varied in picturesqueness of situation : one perched upon a cliff, some 200 feet above the waves that broke at its base, contained shrines hewn out of the living rock, approached by narrow stairs which were tunnelled through it ; another was a massive pile of buildings built upon the hill-side—its spacious paved courts, enclosed by carved balustrades, and reached by a series of broad flights of steps. In one temple, buried in a grove of camellia trees, we surprised the whole priesthood in the refectory, sitting at long narrow tables, and shovelling rice into their capacious mouths with chopsticks. In another, a respectable-looking young man, who had made a pilgrimage of gratitude to the shrine of his choice, was having a private service for his special benefit, and was prostrating himself vehemently to the clashing of cymbals, the tooting of fifes, and the booming of tom-toms ; whilst a venerable Bonze chanted the thanks of the devotee to a wild-visaged deity with a protuberant gilt stomach. Everywhere the heavy perfume of incense mingled with the fouler odours of priests, and everywhere ponderous curtains and embroidered drapery concealed the same collection of burning joss-sticks and deformed divinities. Some of the temples were in a state of great decay, others were being repaired out of alms and subscriptions supplied by pious worshippers ; for it is only fair to the holy men to say that if they neglect their own persons they are devoted in their attentions to the objects of

their *culte*. It is said, however, that many of the members of the fraternity of Pootoo are criminals, who have sought refuge in this asylum, and atone for their past lives by a life of idleness and filth, superstition and celibacy.



Lonze Praying.

It was a relief to turn our backs upon these scenes, and, ascending to the highest point in the island, enjoy a sublimer worship in the grand temple of nature. On our way up the long flight of steps by which we reached a point 1200 feet above the sea-level, we passed numerous shrines where priests begged and pilgrims rested. In niches cut out of the bank, devoted men passed their days in solitude, perpetually repeating the formula to which the whole

island rings. Every building is covered with this one inscription, and every shaven inhabitant passes the greater part of each day in mumbling incessantly the pious invocation. All other ideas seem merged into this one, which is embodied in a continuous sing-song chant of "Ometo Fuh, Ometo Buddhu." Men sit tapping little wooden bells, saying Ometo Fuh throughout the livelong day; and their particular haunt seemed to be the steps up the mountain. At last we passed them all, and standing on its highest peak, looked over the island-studded sea, with placid bays enclosed between long rocky promontories, and hamlets nestling in the woods on distant islands, and broad acres of cultivation extending far up the hill-sides, while our own little isle was carpeted with fields of flowering rape of the brightest yellow, dotted with groves and temples, intersected with broad stone causeways worn by the incessant tramp, for centuries past, of priest and pilgrim, and bearing marks of a venerable old age in its ruined shrines, gnarled old trees, hoary moss-grown rocks, and equally hoary occupants.

Leaving Pootoo, we crossed the muddy bay of Hang-chow to Chapoo, celebrated by a bloody but profitless victory during the last war. Once important as one of the termini of the Grand Canal (before that work was destroyed), it still retains some little mercantile position, as the port of the populous and wealthy city of Hang-chow, and the only port on the coast open to trade from Japan.

Four junks from those islands were now lying here. It is, however, worthless to us as a new port, partly because the harbour is exposed and shallow, and partly because Chapoo is connected with Shanghai by a canal, from which it is only about sixty miles distant. A low irregular range of hills border the alluvial plain on which the town is situated, and on their sides and summits forts have been erected. We landed and ascended one of these overlooking the compact walled city, and the vast plain beyond which extended in a blaze of variegated crops without an eminence higher than a pagoda, and with a land horizon stretching in one unbroken line for at least forty-five miles.