

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

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HE settlement of the war between China and Japan is likely to result in a decided change in the geography of Asia. So far

neither England nor Russia has made any open claims as to what they want of China, but the ports of Asia are full of all sorts of rumors. It is well known that the Russians are making their surveys of the harbors on the east coast of Corea, with an idea of making one of them the terminus of the Trans-Siberian road, and the latest inside news is that the English have offered the Chinese a large sum of money in exchange for the Islands of Formosa. China can hardly hope to raise money from her own people without a revolution and the consequent establishment of a new government. The empire, in fact, is tottering, and the people neither care for the war nor for the government. In the words of a leading business man of Shanghai, in a letter which I have received during the past week, they consider the trouble with the Japanese the emperor's "pigeon" or business. He has gotten into it, they say, now let him get out of it. There is no land in the world where taxes are so low, nor, strange as it may seem to say so, where the people have so much power, and where the government is to such a large extent republican. The Chinese will not be able to pay the indemnity demanded by Japan except by giving up or mortgaging some of their territory. The result is, the outlying provinces of China will be in the market.

MONGOLIA AND MANCHURIA.

Few people have any idea of the immense extent of territory which China has outside of the empire proper. It is larger than the whole United States, and it is more than all Europe. Manchuria, which lies to the northeast of China, and on the edge of which the Japanese troops have been fighting, is equal to ten states the size of Ohio, or eight the size of New York. Mongolia, further to the westward, is about half as big as the whole United States, and the immense province of Ili is about as large as one-third of our whole territory. Thibet practically belongs to China, and it is about twelve times as big as New York state. The Japanese got into Manchuria when they fought at the mouth of the Yaloo river, and they have been marching through the country and pushing their way up to the capital—the city of Moukden. It is by no means an impossibility that the Japanese may ask for a slice of Manchuria, and it so some wonders in the way of mineral wealth may be expected through its development. The gold mines of Russia undoubtedly run down to the mountains of Manchuria and Mongolia. There was quite a gold excitement in the Man-

churian mountains about four years ago, and both gold and silver have been found. The country is fertile, and it surprised me to find that opium could profitably be raised so far north. It was introduced about thirty years ago, and the country now produces more than a million of pounds of opium a year. It also produces good tobacco, and it has vast areas of fine forests. Japan has practically no timber left, and the country would be of great value to her. It would act as a bulwark between China and Corea, and the mikado would no longer need to fear that the emperor might form an alliance with the King of Corea.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

The inhabitants of both Manchuria and Mongolia care but little for China. They are of a different race and they would accept the government of the Japanese quite as readily as that of Peking. I met many of these men during my stay in Asia. I first came in contact with them in the Chinese capital. I traveled with them on my way to the great wall, and I saw hundreds of them in my journeys through Siberia. The Mongols have a market in Peking. It is just back of the English legation, and the houses surrounding a great square here are owned by them and the court is filled with camels and greasy Manchurians. All of the trade of Manchuria and Mongolia is carried on camels. They bring coal, skins and bean cake from the north down through the great wall into China, and carry brick tea and all kinds of merchandise back. I have seen five hundred camels in a single caravan slowly moving along in single file over the country. I have traveled for miles side by side with these camels, talking through an interpreter with the copperfaced men and women who rode them, and I have again and again been threatened by the fiercer of the leaders as I passed them on my way through the country. I was surprised at the size of the Tartars. They are big men, many of them six feet in height, and their features are for all the world like those of our American Indians. Their complexion is about the same, and their eyes are less almond in shape than those of the Chinese. They have fierce eyes, which look out at you over high cheekbones and under thick fur caps. They dress in sheepskin, and both men and women wear pantaloons, and the women ride astride. I remember one girl who passed me on a camel. Her divided skirt was made of sheepskin with the fur turned inward, and her fur cap was pulled well down over her eyes. I said "Good-day" to her as we passed, and her old Tartar husband whipped up his camel and put his hand on his knife as I came up. I looked him in the eye and said, "How do you do?" He answered by mocking me and giving me to understand that I had better keep away. Had I not had a good party of men around me I doubt not that he would have assaulted me.

QUEER CAMELS.

There are no camels in the world like these Mongolian beasts. The camels of Africa and India have short hair like that of a fairly well groomed horse. The

climate is warm, and they need little protection. These camels of Mongolia are covered with wool which hangs in great locks down from all parts of their bodies. In some places it is from eight to ten inches long, and it gives them so warm a coat that they can stand the rigors of a Siberian winter. For centuries this wool has gone to waste. It was allowed to drop off of the camels during the summer, and it rotted by the wayside. Within the past few years, however, it has become all article of commerce, and great bales of it are shipped to London. I saw some overcoats in China which were made from it. They looked like Chinchilla coats, but they were wonderfully light and very warm. The natural color of this wool is a rich dark brown. It is now being used by the Chinese in making rugs, and beautiful carpets so soft that you seem to be walking on velvety moss when you pass over them are made from it. The rugs are wonderfully cheap, and I am surprised that they are not shipped to the United States. These camels have, as a rule, two humps, which are said to be pure fat, and are delicious, if properly cooked. Their feet are soft and spongy, and they become worn out in traveling over the rough roads of north China. In going through the Nankow pass, about a hundred miles north of Peking, I passed over the road which has formed the leading highway between Manchuria and Mongolia for centuries. It is filled with ragged granite rock, and is terribly hard on the tender footed camels. Some of the beasts I saw had their feet worn to shreds, and some of them limped terribly. The Mongols let them go as long as they can, and when their feet become raw, they will patch them. They do this by throwing the animal on its side and tying its feet together. They next bind his head back to his hump and then clean out the wound and take a piece of raw cowhide from a freshly killed beef and sew it to the skin of the foot. Whether the skin grows on or not, I do not know, but the camel soon recovers and builds up a new foot under the hide. These camels are fastened together in a caravan in a curious way. A stick is run through their noses, and one end of this has a knob so large that it cannot be pulled through. To the other end of the stick a rope is tied, and this rope is tied to the saddle or pack of the camel in front, and thus a whole caravan is fastened together, as it were, with clothes pins and clothes lines. It is impossible to estimate the number of these camels that are in use. They are continually marching through Peking. At certain times of the year they fill the roads leading into Mongolia like fences, and you see them everywhere on their low, measured trot, moving across the country.

A DIRTY RACE.

The Mongols are perhaps as dirty as any other people in the world. Those whom I saw were greasy and filthy, both as to their clothes and their persons. I am told they never wash their bodies, and seldom their faces and hands. The poorer classes dress in rags, but the richer wear costly garments lined with the finest lambskin. I have a picture of a Mongolian princess who was at Peking a year or so ago. Her head was framed in silver beads, and she had long tassels of silver hanging down from her black fur cap. Her hair was done up in two