

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Written for this Paper.*

## MODERN SHANGHAI.

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It is now a week since I steamed through the mouth of the great Yang tse-Kiang river into the wide waters of the Whampoa, on the French mail from Japan, and was anchored under the shadow

of the immense fortifications which the Chinese have built at the Woosung bar to guard this entrance to their mighty empire. Standing on the ship I could see the guns frowning down upon us from the ramparts, and could almost hear the queer cries of the officers as they drilled their cotton-gowned, yellow-faced, almond-eyed troops. We lay for some time right opposite the entrance to the fort, a Chinese structure of gold carving, looking much like the gate to a temple, and our vessel was surrounded by the big gunboats of China's modern navy. It is twelve miles from Woosung up the Whampoa river to Shanghai, but the water is too shallow for the largest ocean steamers, and we made the journey in a steam launch. The country is dead flat. It is made up of the rich sediment which is carried down by the Yang-tse-Kiang river from the uplands of China. Standing on the deck of the ship you look for miles over gray mud plains, relieved here and there by what, in the distance, appear for all the world like cocks of hay, but which are the graves of Chinamen. On some of these graves I could see great black coffins resting, and I am told that the Chinese often leave their dead for years outside the ground, and that few burials are made when the ground is frozen. Here and there over the landscape were thatched huts surrounded by trees, and in the creeks, which cut the plain like the canals of Holland, the masts of the ships and boats could be everywhere seen. All along the river were platforms of bamboo, with little sheds at the back of them and nets hung out from their fronts into the water for the catching of fish. We passed hundreds of craft of all kinds, from the little fat-eyed gondola-like sampans to the ocean steamers bound for all parts of the world. Near the forts there were scores of great Chinese war junks, with cannon extending over their sides, and with great sails ribbed with bamboo, looking for all the world like the wings of gigantic bats, and the whole river was filled with other bat-like craft, carrying all sorts of cargo to and from Shanghai. As for our boat, it was filled with foreign and Chinese passengers. The only three Americans were Mr. and Mrs. Curwin

Stoddart, of Philadelphia and myself. My photographer took a snap-shot at us, as we stood on deck, with Ah Shing, the rich Chinese tailor of Yokohama, who was on his way with his wife and baby to visit his papa in China.

Nearing Shanghai is like sailing into one of the great harbors of the Mediterranean. You see a foreign city lining the banks of the river and the smoke stacks of a dozen great factories send out their black clouds into the blue sky. There are several miles of these factories, and one I noted which covered many acres was in ruins from a recent fire. It was a big gray brick of many stories, which the Chinese had built for the manufacture of cotton and in which they have for some years employed hundreds of hands and had the finest of modern machinery. Until within a few months they have been paying for insurance to the foreign companies about \$1,500 a year in gold. The fall in the value of silver to about 50 cents on the dollar made them grumble at this and when their policy lapsed last fall they economized by not renewing it. The result was that the fire cost them a million and a half of dollars, and as Li Hung Chang and others of the officials were largely interested in the stock the people will probably be squeezed to make up their loss. Going on up the river through great house like barges known as opium boats past a mile or so of massive wharves backed by iron-roofed warehouses, almost touching our side-wheeler gunboat the Monocacy, we landed at the French wharf and a moment later were in the greatest foreign settlement of China, the Paris of the east, the city of Shanghai.

There is no town on the globe like Shanghai. It is a city of the rich, who out here on the shores of Asia, within a stone's throw of the poorest people of the world, live more luxurious lives than do the wealthy people of the United States or England. I speak of the Shanghai of the European and the American. The Chinese who are mixed up in it are as poor or as rich as they are in other parts of the empire. The foreigners have the right to the land in what is known as the concessions. These belong to England, France and the United States, and the government is made up of a council elected by them, so that there is in reality here a little republic, which makes its own laws, has its own police force and manages its own business independent of the celestials. The land nominally belongs to the emperor, but it is the property of the foreigners by their paying a certain ground rent, which has been fixed by treaty. This amounts to about five gold dollars per acre a year. When it was bought it cost something like two hundred dollars per acre, but much of it has been sold for from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars per acre, and thus made the fortunes of the original holders. Upon it all sorts of improvements have gone up, and along the river there are now as fine houses as you will find anywhere in the world. Business blocks of immense size lie just back of a beautiful park between the river, and the

street, and a big city has grown up on the ground owned by the foreigners. There are only about three thousand foreigners, but the foreign settlement contains more than two hundred thousand people, the remainder of whom are natives, who like to do business and live under foreign protection. In addition to this, there is within a short distance the native city of Shanghai of one hundred and twenty five thousand. This is surrounded by walls, and it is as dirty and as nasty as are the Chinese cities of the interior, where a foreigner has never been seen. Foreign Shanghai is a city of electric lights, of newspapers and of libraries. The subscription library here contains twelve thousand volumes, and the library of the Shanghai Club has more than five thousand.

The Shanghai Club has a finer building than any club house in Washington. It cost \$120,000 to build and ruined three contractors. At noon and in the evening you will meet in it as cosmopolitan a crowd as you will find in New York or Paris and its lobby buzzes with a noise which makes you think of the big hotels of Chicago when a national convention is in progress. The foreign settlement is, in fact, a city of clubs, and there is a racing club, cricket, rifle and yacht clubs and about a dozen different Masonic associations. There is a brass band that gives concerts three times a week during the summer and there are concerts and dances almost every night in the winter. Washington or New York has hardly as many entertainments as Shanghai, and the people here chase the Goddess of Pleasure much as they do in Paris. The city has its swell four hundred and the turnouts of the rich are driven by Chinamen in livery with almond-eyed, long-gowned tigers on the footboards. The horses are generally little Chinese ponies, not much bigger than Newfoundland dogs, but their drivers race them like mad, and with gay harness the miniature baby coupes, landaus and drags are quite impressive. The conveyance of the ordinary citizen is the Japanese jinriksha, pulled by ragged, bare-headed coolies, and the Chinese, who wish to ride still cheaper, go about on wheelbarrows which are a sort of a cross between an American bicycle and an Irish jaunting car. They are made of wood with a wheel of about the size of the front wheel of a wagon coming up through the center of the bed of the barrow, and a frame work extending out in front of and behind this covering the wheel and leaving seats on both sides. The passenger puts one foot upon the seat and hangs the other in a stirrup made of rope of the size of a clothes line tied to the front of the seat and holds on for dear life to the frame while a coolie pushes the barrow along from the rear. If there is a second passenger he takes the other side of the barrow and holds on in the same way. Many of these vehicles carry freight and passengers at the same time. I saw one this morning which was loaded on one side with money in the shape of about a bushel of strings of copper cash, while an almond-eyed maiden tried to pull down the other side of the machine with her weight. She wore a silk coat and wide silk pantalets which reached to her feet, but where she put her foot into the stirrup I could note her little blue shoe with its pointed gold toe. It looked more like a miniature club foot