

like as not put off to Amoy, where the salary is half that, and all sorts of queer changes occur.

I don't know whether the story is true. I imagine it is not. But I know that Sir Robert Hart could make the changes if he would, and he does make any changes he feels like doing, and that with no compunctions whatever.

OUR CONSULS IN CHINA.

The head of our consular service in China is Mr. Thomas R. Jernigan, the consul general at Shanghai. He is a straight, slender, North Carolinian, of about forty-five, who got his first diplomatic experience as consul in Kobe, Japan. He is a gentleman, and he has proved himself to be a much better diplomat than those who have given him orders. He held on to the Japanese students who were afterward tortured to death until he received positive orders of Secretary of State Gresham to give them up, and he then acquiesced almost under protest. Mr. Jernigan made a most efficient consul at Kobe, and he is a refreshing change from the incompetent, broken-down politicians who have held the place in the near past. During my stay in China the position was held by the vice consul general, a pamby-namby Anglomaniac dude, who went by the title of William Dulaney Hunter, and who licked his lips in order to make his words soft and girl-like. The marshal of the legation was George A. Shufeldt, a son of Admiral Shufeldt, and its brains and standing were at this time kept up by Mr. Walter S. Emons, a young New Yorker, who has lived in Shanghai for some years, and who was acting as one of the judges of the mixed courts and interpreter. He has since left the legation, and is now one of the partners in a large trading company in Shanghai. The consul at Tien-Tsin is Sheridan P. Read, who was for some time connected with Russell & Co., and who is related to Ex-Secretary Foster and Josiah Quincy, sometime since Secretary of State. He makes a very good consul. Connected also with the consulate at Tien-Tsin is Mr. C. D. Tenney, who was for a long time connected with Li Hung Chang, and who was the head of a Chinese school at Tien-Tsin. He is a very bright man, and knows as much about China and Chinese as any other man in the country.

The consulate at Tien-Tsin, is a big two-story building, situated on the edge of the foreign concession, and Mr. Read has ample quarters for the entertainment of his friends. Nearly all our consuls in the east have fine establishments, and at Hankow, seven hundred miles in the interior, I found an establishment which would do credit to Washington. It was that of the Honorable Jacob T. Childs, better known throughout the west as "genial Jake Childs." He was, you know, minister to Siam, and he is now taking care of the interests of the United States and of Jacob Childs in the heart of China.

OUR CONSULAR DEAN.

The dean of Chinese consular corps is Mr. Charles Seymour of Canton. He has been in office for about twelve years, and he is one of the most efficient men in the diplomatic service. He comes from Wisconsin, and he has time and again saved the foreigners at Canton from riots. He is so well liked by the Chinese that he can go anywhere among

them, and he has the universal respect of the Chinese officials and of the foreign residents. He has a beautiful home on an island in the Pearl river. His daughter married not long ago one of the rich business men of Canton, and his family seem to like their life in China. Mr. Seymour must now be about sixty years of age. But he is in perfect mental and physical health, and he has a friend in every man who has ever visited Canton.

DIPLOMATIC IGNORAMUSES.

Speaking of Tien-Tsin reminds me of some stories I have heard concerning the diplomatic bores we have sent to the far east. Not long ago there was a consul in Tien-Tsin, who came from Kentucky, who was an inveterate user of tobacco, and who, I am told, could at his own home in Kentucky, stand on one side of the road and, by slightly stooping and bending his head backward, send a yellow stream of tobacco juice across the way and make it go right through the hole in the hitching post on the opposite pavement. This gentleman was an inveterate spitter, and he carried the habit with him to China. One evening he happened to be at a function given by one of the foreign consuls, and as usual had a small quid in his mouth. He was talking to one of the ladies when an irresistible desire came upon him to get rid of his saliva. The lady was standing in front of the grate. He touched her on the apology of a sleeve which she wore with her low necked-dress and gently pulled her to one side.

"Excuse me, madam, will you please move a little while I spit?"

Of course the lady moved, and that quickly, and the loud sizzling of the boiling juice announced the fact to the assembled throng that the American consul had spat.

I do not mention this consul's name. Suffice it to say that he held the position only a short time ago, and that Uncle Sam paid him \$3,500 a year for doing so.

"HOW IS YOUR GRANDMA?"

Another consul story is concerning one of our able officials who had a position at Ningpo or Amoy, I am not sure which. It was during the time that the two young sons of the Prince of Wales went around the world. The English consul gave a dinner to which this American consul was invited. When he was introduced to the young princes he effusively exclaimed:

"Well, boys, I am real glad to see you. I have always been interested in your country, and in your grandma Victory. Say, boys, how is your grandma, anyhow?"

The young men said their grandma was well and thanked him for his interest. Upon leaving the consul again expressed his delight of meeting them, and told them that when they next wrote to England they must be sure to send his regards to their grandma.

DIPLOMATIC ENGLISH.

Another consul, a famous southern general, called not long ago on Li Hung Chang, and while talking with the great viceroy Li Hung Chang's son entered the room. This boy is now about twenty years of age. He speaks the English and the French almost as well as he does Chinese, and he is what would be called in America a highly educated young man. He had just left

his tutor to come in to his father, and had been taking a lesson in polite forms of expression. The American general—he was a southern general—conversed with him for some time, and at last surprised at his knowledge of good Anglo-Saxon, he burst out as follows:

"Why, my boy, you talk the English language elegant."

Shortly after this the boy went back to his tutor, who was an American. He quoted the expression to him and asked him if it was correct. The American tutor did not like to go back on his own consul, and told him that the sentence was a sort of dialectism, just as the Cantonese cannot sometimes understand the Pekingese Chinamen.

LI HUNG CHANG AND HIS TROOPS.

Another American general—I am not sure, but I think it was Chinkiang Jones, so called from the name of the city in which he now lives as consul in China—relates an incident of an inspection of Li Hung Chang's troops. Li was very proud of his troops before this war began. They were armed with modern rifles. They had been drilled by foreigners, and the Chinese nobles at Tien-Tsin thought they were equal to any troops in the world. While they were going through their evolutions Gen. Jones and Li Hung Chang were off watching them, and as they hopped about with great agility, turning this way and that, Li's long face broadened into a smile, and he asked Gen. Jones what he thought of his army. The general is not the most backward of men, but he concluded to feel his way before replying. He said:

"Why, your excellency, I don't know how to answer. Do you want me to say what I really think, or shall I answer you as a diplomat?"

"I want the truth," said Li. "I want the truth."

"Then, your excellency," replied Chinkiang Jones. "They are all right for running, but for Simon pure fighting I don't think they are worth a darn."

Li's eyes snapped. He got pale, then sallow, and finally burst out laughing and said:

"Well, to be candid with you, general, I have always thought just that way myself."

And this war proved that both of them were right.

Frank G. Carpenter

CONFERENCE IN MAORIDOM.

TAU MARERE, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, Feb. 12, 1895.—Promptly at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 8th of February, Elder William Gardner called the conference to order, the Saints and visitors, Maori and European, having filled up the large hall, called the "Porowini," built some years ago by Maihi P. Kawiti, a prominent native Elder and chief of the Ngatihine tribe and of Ngapuhi in general, who has passed away from the midst of the people. There were present on the stand from Zion, William Gardner, Pine Valley, president of the Australasian Mission; Charles B. Bartlett, president of the Bay of Islands conference, with Thomas J. Morgan and Joseph Markham; B. H. Hollingworth, president of the Whangarei conference, with J. H. Willard Goff and Hial B. Hales; John Johnson, president of the Auckland con-