PEKING

The Beautiful



By Herbert C. White


國太州平圖憲鵬

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PEKING THE BEAUTIFUL




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PEKING
The Beautiful

Comprising seventy Photographic Studies of the Celebrated
Monuments of China's Northern Capital and its Environs
Complete with Descriptive and Historical Notes

By

Herbert C. White

Art Director
Signs of the Times Publishing House, Shanghai

Introduction By

Dr. Hu Shih

Celebrated Chinese Scholar, Philosopher, and
Leader of the Chinese Renaissance

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To

All Lovers of China's Glorious Artistic Heritage —

the Monuments —

This Book is Dedicated

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An Acknowledgment

THE author desires to express his indebtedness to the many friends who have so kindly helped in gathering material, or who have otherwise assisted in the preparation of this volume. Special thanks are due Juliet Bredon, whose wonderful work on *Peking* first aroused an interest in, and a love for, the great historic monuments of the capital. Her kindly sympathy and valued suggestions in the make-up and plan of the present volume are greatly appreciated.

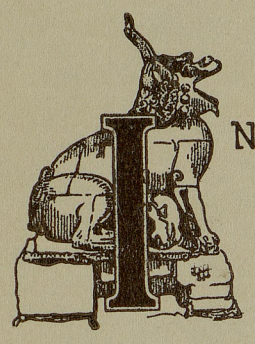
The author is also indebted to Princess Der Ling for her enthusiastic encouragement in the production of this album, and for her sympathetic coöperation in the preparation and the revision of the captions. The many years spent with the Empress Dowager in the Forbidden City gives her an advantage as an authority on Peking which very few enjoy, and makes her suggestions and criticism of untold value.

Thanks are due Mrs. C. C. Crisler for her kindly interest in the work, and for her valuable criticism of the text. Her long experience as editor and literary critic has made her assistance in the preparation of the manuscript of the utmost value; and also to Dr. Fong F. Sec, of the Commercial Press, who first conceived the idea, and encouraged the author to attempt the present production, and who has given the work its name.

Special credit is accorded the Commercial Press artists, Mr. C. Bockisch, Mr. F. Loebl, and Mr. F. Heinicke, who for more than a year have worked untiringly to produce a piece of art worthy of the city whose glory this volume seeks to portray; and to Mr. A. C. Liang, artist, whose excellent work in tinting the bromides for the color plates has added much to its beauty and interest.

As a final word of appeciation, it is only fair to mention the fact that J. Henry White, twin brother of the author, has assisted him on all the numerous photographic expeditions, and his enthusiastic coöperation and untiring efforts have done much to make this volume a success. The beautiful study in full colors of the striking Porcelain Pailou of Confucian Temple fame was taken by him last spring by special request, to be used in the pages of this album.

Introduction



IN THE preface to her valuable work on *Peking*, Juliet Bredon makes the very modest remark that "a proper appreciation of Peking is not in the power of a Westerner to give, . . . since it presupposes a thorough knowledge of China's past, an infinite sympathy with Chinese character and religions, an intimate familiarity with the proverbs and household phrases of the poor, the songs of the streets, the speech of the workshop, no less than the mentality of the *literati* and the motives of the rulers."

While fully agreeing with these sagacious words, I wish to supplement Miss Bredon's observation by pointing out that the Western visitor to Peking is often far more appreciative of its artistic and architectural beauty than are the native residents themselves. It is doubtless true that the Chinese resident loves Peking no less than does the Westerner, but search his heart and we shall find that he clings to Peking because of its fine climate and clear skies, or because of its spaciousness, or intellectual atmosphere. Few place its artistic beauty and architectural grandeur above these considerations.

There are superficial reasons for this lack of appreciation on the part of the Chinese. The Imperial palaces and parks were for centuries forbidden places to the people, even to the high officials. Everywhere there were walls, and walls so annoyingly inconvenient that the people had to go out the northern gate in order to gain the southern gate! What the people could see every day were the decaying exteriors and red walls and yellow roofs which no longer had fascination for them. And the poets and the men of letters of those Imperial days had no place for excursion and rendezvous in the city except the Tao-jan Ting, a deserted lonely arbor in the southern extremity of the city! Little wonder, then, that the people of Peking should be blind to architectural beauties that were never realities to them.

But the real explanation lies deeper and touches the philosophical and artistic background of the nation. The Chinese are a practical people, too much obsessed with utilitarian considerations to maintain a proper sense of appreciation for things beautiful in themselves but of little practical value. Confucius was severely criticized by the Mo School for his emphasis on the importance of music and the dance, yet even Confucius was not free from shortsighted utilitarianism. In his eulogy on the great legendary King Yü, he paid a special tribute to his virtuous act of "living in shabby palaces but devoting all resources to drainage and flood prevention." Natural enough, there grew up legends which pictured the great kings Yao and Shun as reigning in houses with thatched roofs and earthen doorsteps. And these examples of virtuous simplicity were frequently cited by scholar-ministers who fought against the architectural extravagances of the tyrants.

The naturalistic philosophers (commonly termed Taoists), too, were against the development of the fine arts. Lao Tsŭ went so far as to condemn all culture as leading men away from the path of nature. To these philosophers, nature is everything, and art, as anti-nature, is evil. True it is that this exaltation of nature against art has produced an art of its own kind. It has had great influence in producing the school of "nature-poets" who sang the praise of the silent flowers and the eloquent brooks, of the grandeur of the mountains, and the majesty of the farmer and the weaver. And from the nature-poets there arose the nature-painters,—the poetic landscape painters,—who saw beauty and personality in the trees and rocks and gave expression to their own feelings and ideas through artistic presentation of the bits of nature that chanced to attract them.

But just as the naturalistic philosopher finds himself most at home under thatched roofs and within faggot doors, so the nature artist draws his inspiration chiefly from the rugged rocks and weeping willows and majestic pine trees. Architectural beauty does not interest him and consequently architecture is not ranked as a fine art. It is merely the craft of the carpenter and the builder who cater to the vulgar pomposity of the rich and the powerful.

Native philosophical and artistic traditions, too, seem to conspire to ignore all architectural grandeur and splendor. And because of the attitude of indifference on the part of the artistic and intellectual classes (except in the matter of landscape planning), Chinese architecture has remained to this day the conventional craft of the building trade. Anyone who has studied the *Ying Tsao Fa Shih* (營造法式), a compendium of architectural methods and designs first published in 1103, will realize that Chinese architecture has undergone practically no change during these centuries and has never advanced beyond the empirical tradition of the practicing craftsmen. The artists disdainfully ignore it, and the utilitarian Confucianist scholar often regards it as an economic extravagance which smelt the blood of the people. The architectural grandeurs of Peking, to-day, are they not judged from this traditional standpoint?

The Summer Palace, for instance, is remembered by many as something for which the wicked Empress Dowager once squandered the twenty-four million taels originally appropriated for the construction of the new navy. The truly splendid Pan Ch'an Lama Memorial, which Juliet Bredon ranks as the best example of modern stone sculpture in the vicinity of Peking (page 49 of the present collection), is regarded by the Chinese observer as nothing but a most extravagant monument of essentially foreign architecture, dedicated to the memory of the barbarian chief of a vulgar religion! And what is the Great Wall, the greatest of the Seven Wonders of the world, but the theme throughout the ages that has called forth a thousand plaintive and protesting songs that bemoan the tragic fate of its numberless and nameless slave-laborers and condemn the wars and territorial ambitions that necessitated its building and rebuilding!

To the Western visitor, all these artistic and moralistic prejudices are a thing apart. He, on his first arrival, falls in love with Peking. He is delighted with its red walls, its variegated shop signs, its beautiful lotus ponds, its gigantic cypresses—above all with its architectural splendors. He eagerly applies at his legation for permission to visit the

temples and palaces, which until very recent years were closed to the general public. Soon he is exploring the Winter and the Summer Palace, the Hunting Park, the temples in, and far beyond, the Western Hills. Later he is tramping the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs. Soon he is looking for a house in which to settle down. He has "done" Peking, but cannot pull himself away from this City Beautiful. He must study further into these architectural glories which Religion and Power and Wealth have created.

Such an ardent admirer of Peking is the author of this album of *Peking the Beautiful*. Mr. Herbert C. White, art director of the Signs of the Times Publishing House in Shanghai, arrived in this city in 1922, and shortly after joined his brother in Peking for language study. Both the brothers confess that they fell deeply in love with Peking from the first day of their arrival. During their one year of language study, they spent every holiday and every moment of spare time in exploring the great monuments and places of artistic and architectural interest. In that year they made seven hundred photographs of Peking and its vicinity.

Since taking up his duties in Shanghai, Mr. White has returned to Peking every summer. His collection of photographs has now grown to three thousand, and it is from this vast collection that the present album of seventy pictures is selected. In 1925, two of his photographs were awarded first prize by the Henderson Photographic Competition: these now form the first and last plates of the present volume.

Beginning with a Graflex camera, Mr. White has constantly studied the difficulties which he has had to encounter in photographing objects insufficiently lighted, or views too distant or too wide in range for the ordinary camera. Through sheer love of the art, he has gradually equipped himself to meet all kinds of emergency situations. The strikingly beautiful picture on page 87, showing the palaces with the marble bridges, would have been impossible without the aid of a special lens. And the almost miraculous effect of the view of the Drum and the Bell Tower taken from the high White Dagoba (page 41) is only made possible by the use of unusual equipment.

Several of the views in this collection have already become records of history. The marble remains of the Benoist Fountain in the Yüan Ming Yüan shown on page 33, for example, have now disappeared from the scene where they were photographed. The Yüan Ming Yüan—of which the Jesuit Father Benoist wrote in 1767: "Nothing can compare with the gardens, which are indeed an earthly paradise"—was destroyed in the war of 1860. Its glory is now preserved only in the records left to us by Benoist, Attiret, and others who visited it. What a pity it is, that of this earliest monument of combined architecture of the East and the West, so small a fragment is recorded by the modern art of photography!

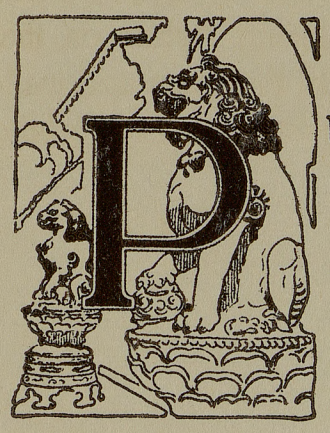
I am convinced that such a collection of pictures of Peking as appear in this volume will not only serve the purpose of introducing or further endearing Peking to its Western friends, but will also help to teach the Chinese people to put aside their traditional prejudices and learn to admire and appreciate the monuments of Peking as a most valuable part of their artistic heritage. Let us forget the crimes that were committed in the palaces; forget those great ministers and censors of the Ming dynasty who died under

the bastinado in the Imperial courtyards; forget the naval appropriations spent by the late Empress Dowager on her pleasure resort; and be thankful for the fact that after all something beautiful has survived the naval defeats and even the dynasty itself. Let us ascend the Pai T'a in a tranquil mood and allow our thoughts to transcend the hideousness of the Tantric religion and go back to those beautiful tales of Queen Hsiao (or was it Lady Li?) for whom her Tartar Emperor built the Dressing Arbor on that glorious Golden Island. And let us forget, for the moment at least, all the woes and wailings of the people around us and lose ourselves in appreciative contemplation of *Peking the Beautiful*.

HU SHIH.

Shanghai, China,
November 10, 1927.

Preface



EKING, for ages the center of art and culture, the pride of an ancient and glorious civilization, has within its crenelated walls the best that China has ever produced in literature, art, and architecture. To appreciate China, therefore, one must first see Peking.

To have seen Peking is to have seen something far more than a mere town inclosed by mammoth walls. The great Northern Capital possesses individuality. It radiates an atmosphere that is "different." It is like nothing else on earth, and that is in itself a rare merit. In this city, with its ancient monuments, some of which date back nearly two thousand years, we find at once a picture and a history of all China in miniature. True, the historic monuments, unused and neglected, are fast falling into decay; but this ruin, which greets us at every turn, pitiful as it really is, seems only to enhance the romance of this mysterious and once all-powerful metropolis. The greatness, the vastness, the glory of such celebrated places as the Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven, the Great Wall, or the Summer Palace, grips the imagination and holds one spellbound and humble before these emblems of an ancient and glorious past.

For a long time there has been a recognized need for an album on historic Peking that would embody a representative set of all the important monuments of the capital. The very fact that so many of the ancient landmarks—priceless in their age-old glory—are being torn from their foundations and ruthlessly destroyed, makes an album of this kind not only interesting as an art volume, but a work of immeasurable value to China and to the world, as an authentic record of picturesque Peking.

In the preparation of this volume it was recognized from the first that it should be as different as possible from any previous publication on Peking, so that it might not compete with, but add to, the splendid contributions which have already been offered by others. Therefore, in the selection of photo-studies for *Peking the Beautiful*, the aim has been to present the ancient Chinese capital to the public in a new and entirely different setting.

The photographs shown are the result of five years of tireless effort on the part of the author to reveal, through the medium of pictures, the charm and greatness of the capital, as revealed in its wonderful historic monuments. His collection of over three thousand photographs on Peking have been drawn upon for the material, and it has been the determination of the publishers to reproduce these as true to life as it is possible to make them. Photogravure—the only perfect medium of photographic reproduction—has been used in the printing of the monochromes, and of these there are fifty-eight.

Of all the art books thus far produced in China, no attempt has been made to show the beauty and charm of the wonderful coloring of palaces and shrines. In the present volume the difficult and expensive task of presenting Peking in all the glory of its marvelous coloring has been accomplished, for twelve of the photographic studies have been reproduced in full and natural colors—a triumph which in itself makes this work absolutely distinctive. The album is also unique in that each of the seventy pictures is supplemented by a brief descriptive and historical sketch: that the reader, though a stranger to Peking, may learn to appreciate something of the grandeur of its conception, the greatness of its historic past, the wealth of its artistic heritage, and through contemplation of these venerable relics of a distant age, gain a keener insight into, and a better appreciation of, "things Chinese"; that those of our friends who are visiting the capital for the first time may not feel utterly lost as they wander through Forbidden City courts, and Throne halls, or stroll beside the rippling waters of the Summer Palace Lake; and that those who have seen Peking, or better still have lived within the circle of her mysterious gray arms, may be reminded of the happy days spent in the quest of romance and adventure both within and without her walls.

Unfortunately, many difficulties have been encountered in the preparation of the "story" of the monuments. Accurate historical data in China is rare; especially that concerning the Imperial monuments and pleasure gardens,—for from these the people and even the officials have ever been kept apart,—and much interesting information gleaned from our guides and other "authorities" on Peking has later been found to be false, the vagaries of over-imaginative minds.

Abandoning these sources of information, then, the author has turned to more reliable fountains, and the material presented herewith is largely that which he has succeeded in gathering from the information of others who, by long experience in the country and accurate knowledge of the language, have succeeded in arriving at the facts concerning this great monument or that.

In the preparation of these captions the author is greatly indebted to Juliet Bredon for the wealth of information gleaned from the pages of her notable work, *Peking*, of which every friend of China should possess a copy. Much help has also been received and quotations freely made from the works of such noted Sinologues and specialists in various lines as Dr. W. A. P. Martin, Princess Der Ling, S. Wells Williams, A. E. Grantham, G. E. Hubbard, and L. Newton Hayes; and these friends of China and lovers of Peking deserve credit for all of a literary nature that is excellent within the pages of this volume.

Without doubt, some inaccuracies and discrepancies have inadvertently crept into its pages, and for these, we crave the indulgence of our readers; but if in spite of its faults the present volume should serve to introduce, or further endear, Peking to its Western friends, or should help Chinese and Westerners alike to a fuller appreciation of the wonderful "artistic heritage" bequeathed to the present generation in these priceless and venerable monuments of the Northern Capital, the purpose of this volume will have been fully met.

H. C. W.

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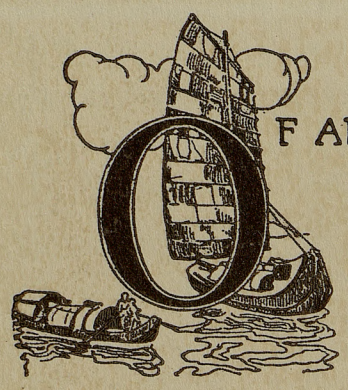
PEKING THE BEAUTIFUL

Morning Sunlight on the Great Wall



OF ALL the historic monuments scattered over the face of the erstwhile Celestial Kingdom, none enjoy such world-wide and age-old reputation and prestige as belongs to the Great Wall of China. In comparison with this, the other famous sights of the country sink into insignificance. To many the world over, "China" and the "Great Wall" are geographical terms equally well known. What the pyramids are to Egypt, the Great Wall is to China, a symbol that has made this country famous.

It is with an unusual and indefinable thrill of expectancy, then, that the lover of antiquity purchases for the first time his ticket to the Great Wall! Boarding the train at old Hsi Chih Mên — Peking's westernmost gate — a modern train soon whisks us from the fertile plains, with their waving fields of kaoliang, past the old frontier city of Nankow, up, up into the very heart of the hills of Chihli. As our engine slowly puffs up the narrow Nankow Pass — that remarkable Thermopylae fifteen miles in length which forms the northwestern gateway into China — the steep bare hills rise higher and higher. Soon "we leave behind us the last little farms, so stony that it seems impossible for industry to wrest a living from such poor soil. Walls curving down into the cañon and watch towers standing like sentinels give a picturesque sky line to mountain profiles. Scarred with the traces of many battles between the Chinese and the nomads, these subsidiary defenses of the Pass, which now seem purposeless and disconnected, send fancy roaming back to the days when they were vitally important in keeping out the ancestors of the Turks, the Huns, the Khitans, the Nüchens, the Mongols, and other barbarians who tried to fight their way into the coveted plains of North China."

It is but an hour's climb from the walled city of Nankow to the little station of Ch'ing Lung Ch'iao, or "Bright Dragon Bridge," and from here it is only a few minutes' walk along the ancient and rocky caravan road to the famous Pa Ta Ling Gate on the Wall. Nowhere along its winding course of fifteen hundred miles is the Great Wall more impressive, nowhere more sublime, than here in the heart of the rugged mountains of Chihli. To see the wall at its best one must climb to the summit above the Pass; and there, in all their age-long glory, the giant battlements may be seen — stretching off into the distant horizon as far as the eye can reach, now dipping into valleys, now climbing high on mountain sides — resplendent with the glory of the ages.

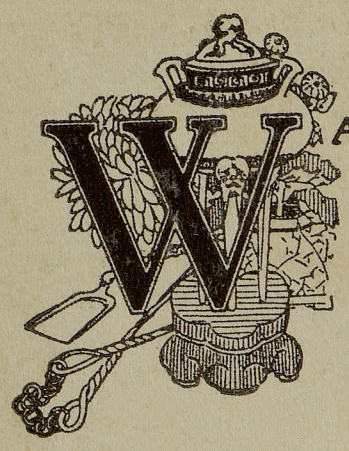
The accompanying plate shows an unusually beautiful section of the wall as it "wanders along the crests of the hills" above the Nankow Pass, "scaling peaks which it seems impossible even the foot of man could climb. The massive loops of historic masonry are doubly impressive in these mountain solitudes." For a detailed description and historic sketch of the Great Wall, see pages 70 and 112.





萬里長城

"The Wonderful Walls of Peking"



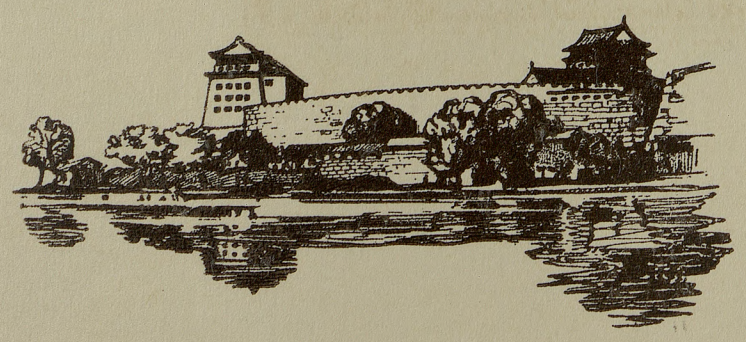
WALLS, walls, walls—nothing but walls! This is one's first impression of Peking. These walls which at first give one such queer feelings of imprisonment soon become symbols of protection, and give to the dwellers within the massive gray arms "a soothing sense of security." Bigger and broader and higher than the walls of any other city, the giant battlements that surround the capital are still the chief glory of this grand, old, medieval fortress. During the thousand years which have elapsed since Peking first became master of China the city has existed under many different names, and perhaps has been surrounded by as many different walls. "After each disaster her walls have been changed and her houses rebuilt, so that to-day she stands upon the débris of centuries of buildings." Of the very earliest we know little, but fairly accurate accounts have been left us of the more recent walls. The noted Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, in his romantic description of the thirteenth-century Peking, writes thus:

"As regards the size of this city, you must know that it hath a compass of twenty-four miles, for each side of it hath a length of six miles, and it is foursquare. And it is all walled round with walls of earth which have a thickness of full ten paces at bottom, and a height of more than ten paces; but they are not so thick at top, for they diminish in thickness as they rise, so that at top they are only about three paces thick. And they are provided throughout with loop-holed battlements, which are all whitewashed.

"There are twelve gates, and over each gate there is a great and handsome palace, so that there are on each side of the square three gates and five palaces, for (I ought to mention) there is at each angle also a great and handsome palace, in which are kept the arms of the city garrison."

To-day we find the walls just as they were in the time of the Mings. The present north wall was erected by the first Ming emperor, Hung Wu, who later transferred his capital to Nanking: and his son, Yung Lê, rebuilt the other three sides in 1419. Towering fifty feet above the streets of the Manchu Tartar City, sixty feet thick at the bottom, and forty feet wide at the top, these noble battlements form what is undoubtedly the "finest wall surrounding any city now extant." Nine gates pierce the walls of the Nei Ch'êng, as the Tartar City is called, and each of these is surmounted by an imposing tower. In these were kept the implements of war, and here were stationed the brave garrisons.

Our photo shows the famous "Fox Tower," which guards the southeast corner of the wall. The peculiar name has been derived from the popular belief that it is haunted by the spirit of a fox, "for whose ghostly comings and goings its doors are left open." The great fortress is here seen reflected in the waters of the moat, which completely encircles the city. For a further description of the walls and towers, see pages 24 and 136.





東南城角之狐仙樓

The Summer Palace

ALMOST midway between Peking and the Western Hills—out and away from the whirl and bustle of the great "Northern Capital"—there lies a lovely paradise of pleasure. Ideally situated on the sides of a tiny mountain, amid the rare beauties of nature, the New Summer Palace stands to-day in almost undiminished splendor, a lasting monument to the artistic sense and skill of the Chinese people.

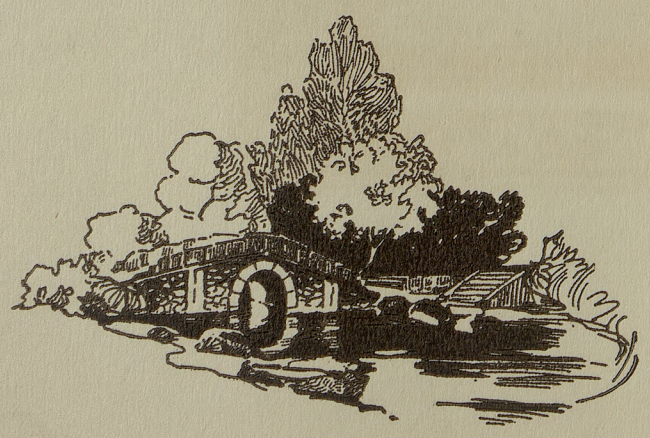
The popularity of this spot through so many ages has been due principally to the presence of the famous Jade Fountain, only a mile or so distant, from whose cool depths there flows a constant and copious stream of the purest water. Around this crystal stream from age to age numerous palaces have been erected—the summer homes of the Imperial family.

After the flight of the royal family and the destruction of the Old Summer Palace in the war of 1860, this beautiful place was abandoned. The Yüan Ming Yüan, as it was called, has never been rebuilt, and for more than twelve years the Imperial Court was without a summer residence.

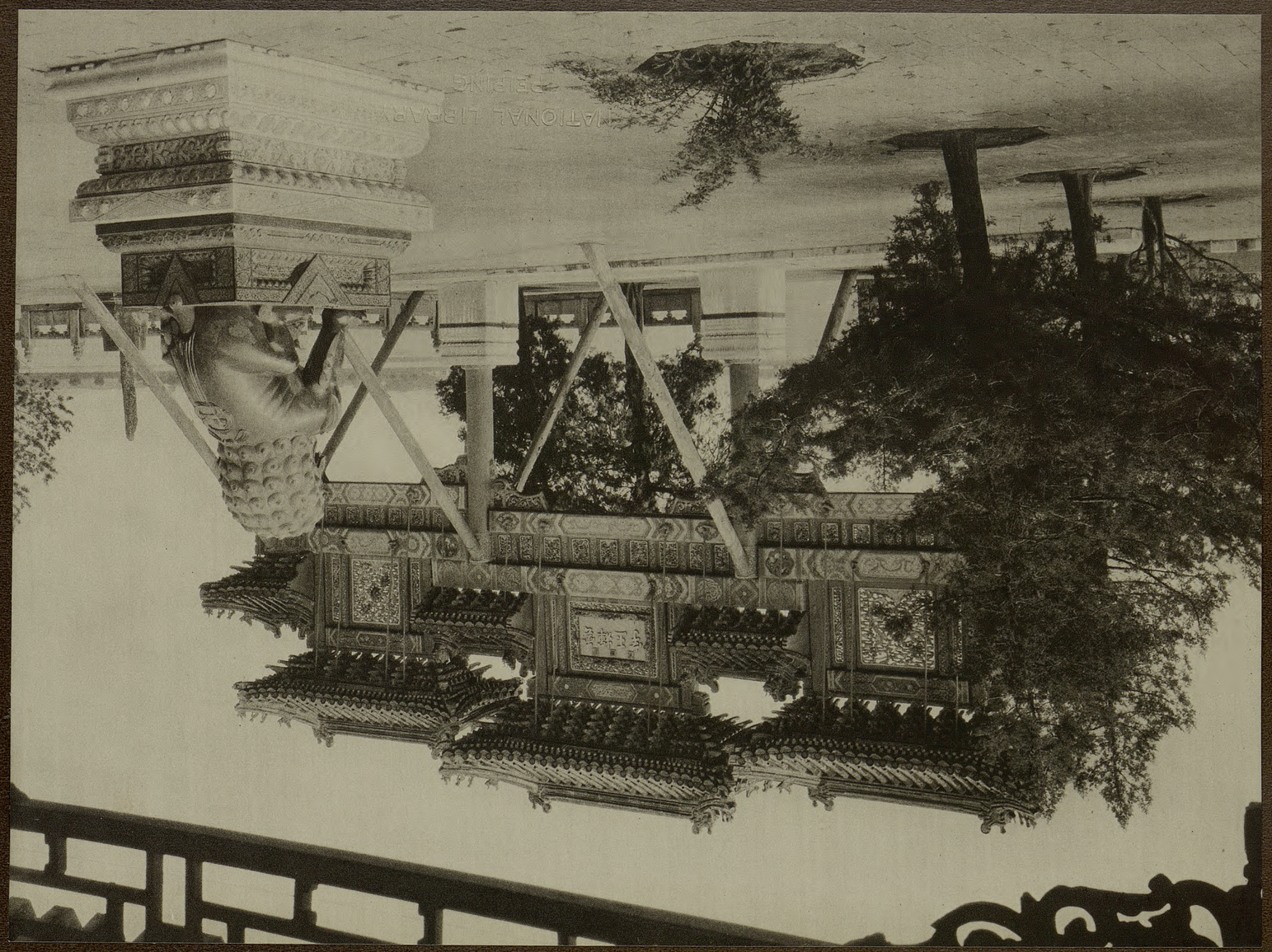
As Tzŭ Hsi, the Empress Dowager, began to advance in years, however, she longed for a quiet retreat from the strict formalities and routine of the Forbidden City, and so determined to build a summer residence near the site of the Old Summer Palace ruins. From the first she met with opposition. But this did not worry her. Furthermore, her private purse was empty; but that did not detain her in her purpose. She solved this difficult problem quite characteristically by appropriating the 24,000,000 taels set aside by the government to build a modern Chinese navy, for the erection of her "dome of pleasure," and on her sixtieth birthday, the Wan Shou Shan was ready for occupation.

Our photo-study shows the beautiful entrance gateway, or pailou, that fronts the Summer Palace lake, and leads from the marble landing-place past two huge bronze guardian lions into the secluded recesses of the Pan Yün Tien, a group of lovely palaces surrounded by red walls and capped by a massive pagodalike temple.

This handsome pailou is an elaborate wooden structure elegantly carved with extraordinary richness and variety of design. The delicate tracery of its numerous panels blends beautifully with the wealth of color on lacquered pillars and dragon-mounted beams. Those old court painters were lavish with color. Red, yellow, blue, gold, and green predominate, but these stronger tones are carefully blended with more subtle hues, and transform this archway into a thing of living beauty. The colorful eaves with their wealth of ornamentation are surmounted by a glowing, glittering mass of Imperial yellow glaze. This forms the roof, and caps the whole with a triple crown of never-fading glory. [See pages 38, 46, 58, 80, 90, 94, 104, 116, 118, and 130.]



頤和園之雲輝玉宇坊



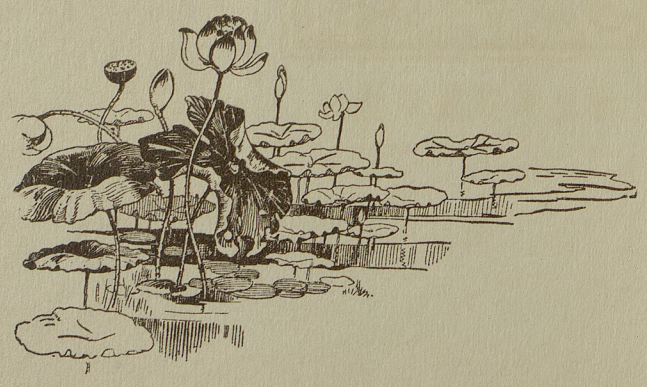
The Pei Hai, or North Sea

A GOLDEN island on a golden sea—such, according to popular legend, is this most beautiful of all the famous pleasure grounds of the capital. The Pei Hai is one of three charming artificial lakes known as the San Hai, or "Three Seas," which run from the north to the south along the entire western section of the Imperial City. The three lakes, which are supplied with water from the famous Jade Fountain in the Western Hills, date back to the days of the Great Khan, and are over a mile in length. In and around these lakes, are to be found some of the most beautiful objects and spots in the capital. Here for more than six centuries the great monarchs of China have built their domes of pleasure, and here by the rippling waters of the lake have they carried on their lordly revelries.

The famous "Jade Rainbow Bridge," with its nine arches of chiseled marble, spans the waters of the Chung Hai, and separates the Pei Hai from the Chung Hai and the South Sea Palace. From this marble bridge the view is one of surpassing loveliness. At our feet lie the sparkling waters of the beautiful "North Sea," its banks shaded by groves of trees, while here and there float lotuses, "lazily grand, with their dense growth of leatherlike leaves and solitary blossoms rising above them in majestic isolation—the very embodiment of the drowsy summer air, the very essence of repose."

Spanning these quiet waters, and connecting the "Golden Island" with the mainland, is a graceful marble bridge, with a picturesque pailou on either end. Beyond these, rising tier upon tier, are the glittering, multicolored roofs of temples and palaces; while above all, and overshadowing all, like a great "phantom lotus bud in the sunshine," with its lofty spire reaching up into the blue dome of the sky, rises that mighty monument, the Pai T'a, or White Dagoba. This massive pagoda, which crowns the "Hill of Gold," is among the most conspicuous as well as the most interesting of Peking's famous landmarks, and the whole gorgeous scene, as reflected again in the quiet waters of the lake, forms a never-to-be-forgotten picture—one so impressive that for centuries this landscape has been regarded by the Chinese as one of the "eight famous sights" of Peking.

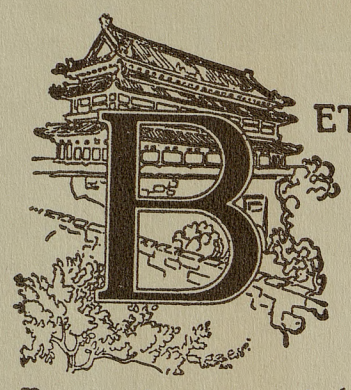
The White Dagoba, standing on the ground of still older structures, was erected in A. D. 1652, in honor of the Tibetan pontiff who came to Peking to be confirmed in the title of Dalai Lama. But centuries before, in the days of the Liaos, a famous temple also crowned the beautiful hilltop. This huge monument is unlike most of the Chinese structures in shape, having a large, round, unornamented base, surmounted by a tall slender spire which ends gracefully in a gilded ball. This form of tower, so common throughout Mongolia and Tibet, symbolizes by its five sections—"base, body, spire, ornament, and gilded ball—the five elements, earth, water, fire, air, and ether." For a further description of the Pei Hai, see page 62.





北海之堆雲積翠坊

The Ch'ien Mên—Peking's Front Gate



BETWEEN the Nei Ch'êng, or Tartar City, on the north, and the Wai Ch'êng, or Chinese City, in the south, we find two of the finest specimens of purely Chinese architecture in the capital—the huge Ch'ien Mên, or "Front Gate," and its adjoining tower. This imposing outer gate, here shown in all its splendor, is built on the site of a five-hundred-year-old Ming structure, which was burned by the Boxers in 1900. A few months later the inner tower also caught fire and was reduced to ashes. "The Chinese, fearful of ill-luck overtaking the city, hastened to rebuild both towers, which are practically the only monuments in Peking restored since Ch'ien Lung's time."

The Ch'ien Mên tower is a huge brick structure built along medieval lines. A broad double stairway leads from the once sacred lower court to the lofty terrace above. Shining balustrades of polished marble and massive double roofs of gleaming emerald tile add life and color to the drab-gray of brick and stone, and transform this gateway into a thing of life and beauty. Typical of all the other towers, it is ninety-nine feet high, which "allows free and uninterrupted passage for the good spirits who soar through the air, according to the necromancers, at a height of one hundred feet."

The great central doorway, the arch of which is just discernible above the tree tops, has for centuries been kept for the sovereign's use alone. No common feet were allowed to desecrate this sacred entrance. To-day, even though the imperial prerogatives have long since passed away, we still find the huge doors closed and barred; and the populace, quietly submissive to an age-old custom, uncomplainingly make their way around the mammoth pavilion. Within recent years four wide passages have been pierced through the walls—two on either side of the inner tower. This has helped greatly to relieve the congestion of traffic between the south and the north city. The former single entrance was wholly inadequate for the traffic of a great capital's main thoroughfare.

In former days the two towers were connected by high walls, semicircular in form, with the convex side facing the outer or south city. This wall with its outer tower served as a double protection to the inner gate that opens directly into the capital with its vast treasures and splendid palaces. Most of the gateways still retain this medieval feature, of which, within the last three decades the great "Front Gate" has been robbed.

If one would see the street life of Peking, no better place could be found than this spot between the two towers of the Ch'ien Mên. This hot July morning finds the streets unusually quiet. Pedestrians a donkey, rickshas, a Peking cart, and last of all the modern tramcar make up the list of Peking's popular modes of travel. Besides these we find the common handcart with its human horses straining away under the load of heavy freight. For a further description of Peking's walls and towers, see pages 18 and 136.

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正陽門城樓

The Porcelain Pagoda

NOT THE least interesting of the myriad monuments in and around old Peking are its fascinating pagodas. Typically Oriental, and often occupying the most beautiful and prominent places in the city, these artistic spires add just the needed touch to fine vistas both within and without the walls. Aside from their artistic value as landscape decorations, these structures have a deep religious significance.

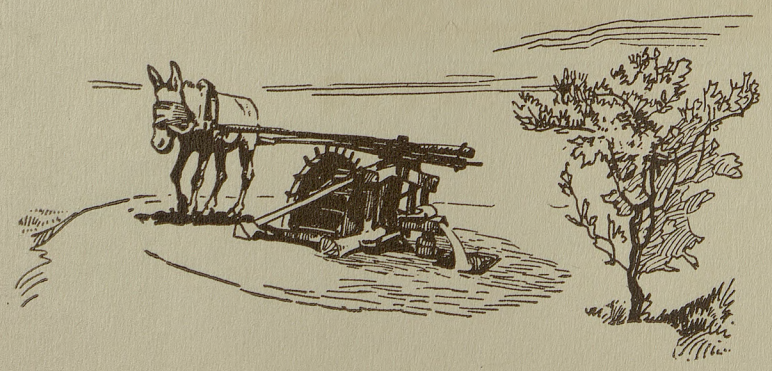
According to tradition, the primary or original object of such towers was to provide a "depository for the relics of Buddha's burnt body," but Confucianists still declare them to be important "regulators of 'feng shui,' or the 'influence of wind and water,' and they are supposed to bring peace to the cities and temples and tombs that lie within their shadow."

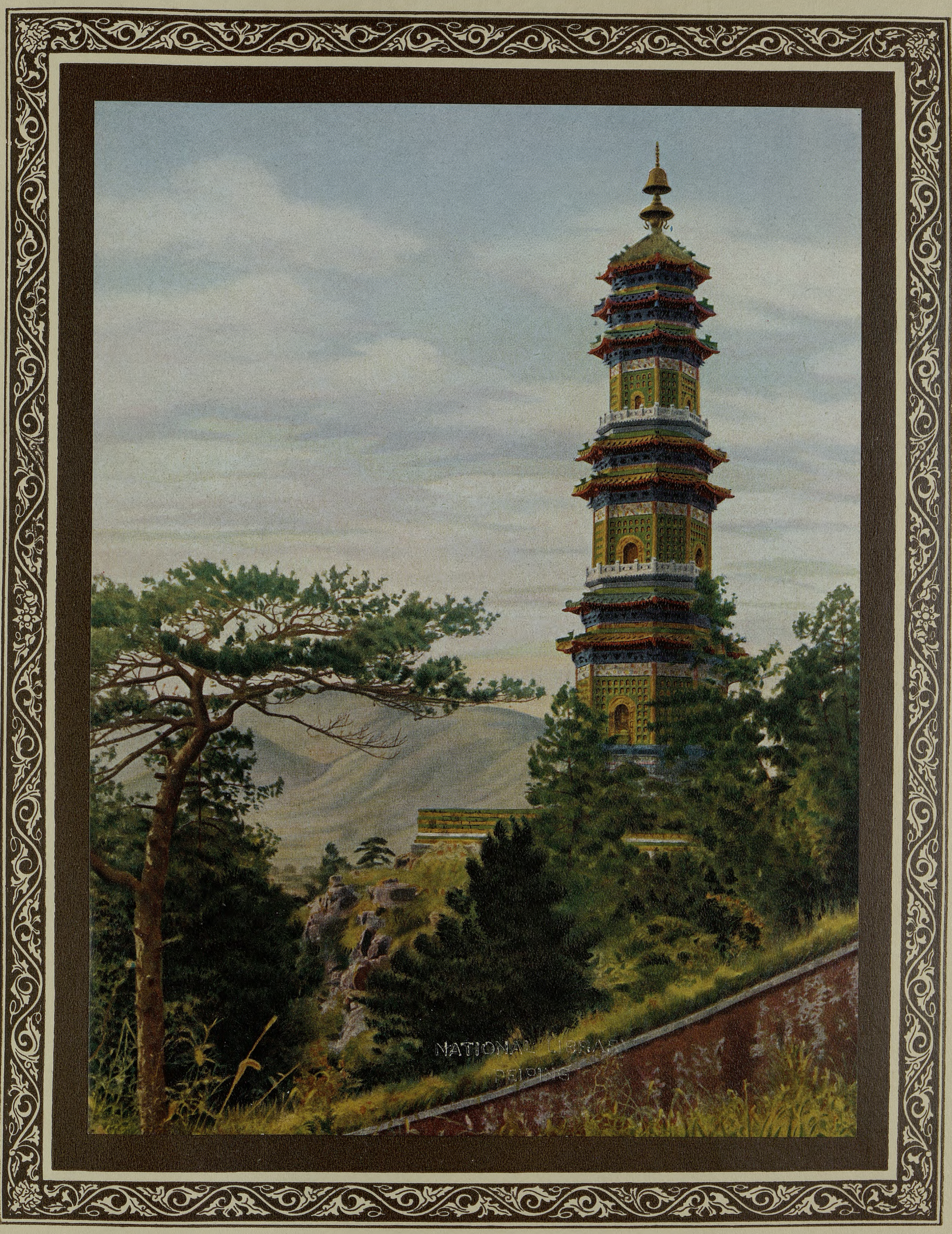
All the Peking pagodas, some of which carry us back to a far-distant age, are of Indian origin, and they are usually found in the neighborhood of Buddhist temples and shrines. The two most noted pagodas within the city walls are the "Bottle Pagoda," and the "White Dagoba" in the Pei Hai. These two splendid structures both show strong traces of Tibetan influence in their design.

Materials that enter into the construction of pagodas differ widely, and there is also a vast range in shape and size. Some, such as the "Thirteen-Storied Pagoda" of Pa Li Chuang, are vast brick structures towering hundreds of feet above the plain. Others, like the striking spire on "Jade Fountain Hill" are constructed entirely of stone; while dozens more, comparatively small, are made of much costlier materials, such as marble, iron, or glazed-porcelain tile. Some miniature pagodas, sheltered within the walls of famous temples in the Forbidden City, are even made of bronze or cloisonné.

Most of these interesting structures are tall spires containing seven divisions, each of which is surmounted by a curved roof of tile. Sometimes we find the magic "seven" broken into other odd numbers, such as nine or thirteen, but in the majority of cases the number "seven" is adhered to.

The graceful Porcelain Pagoda, here shown in all the beauty of its green and gold encaustic tiles, is not located on a hilltop, as is customary, but on the sunny western slope of the Yü Ch'üan Shan, or "Jade Fountain Hill." Overlooking a very ancient temple dedicated to the Yü Wang, or "Rain King," its shining gilded dome points heavenward, while around its eight sides are hundreds of miniature niches, each of which provides a resting-place for a seated figure of Buddha. This pagoda with its myriad Buddhas fulfills to an almost superlative degree the real purpose of a pagoda; for its very name signifies an "Abode of Idols." This ornate little spire has been declared by Chinese writers to be "the loveliest of 10,000 pagodas which once existed in and around Peking." For other glimpses of these picturesque structures, see pages 23, 49, 55, and 121.

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玉泉山瓷塔

The Chinese National Observatory

FROM the earliest times the Chinese, like most Eastern people, have been interested in astronomy and astrology. For ages, the court astronomers have been men of the highest standing and were reverenced alike by princes and people. The Imperial Almanac, which it was their duty to prepare, "was a publication followed, trusted, and reverenced as sacred as scripture," and the observations it contained regulated every important act in the life of untold millions within the borders of the Celestial Kingdom. By all, from the humblest subject, to the emperor on his gilded throne, its dictates were accepted without a question.

The present observatory, or Kuan Hsiang T'ai, as it is called, was established in Peking during the reign of Kublai Khan, in the year 1279, and is located on top of the city wall. In those ancient times it formed the southeast angle of the capital. But when Yung Lê, the first Ming emperor to establish his capital in the north, tore away the old Mongol wall in 1409, he extended the city south to the present line of the Hatamen and Ch'ien Mên. At the same time he rebuilt and remodeled the old observatory on the wall.

Native astrologers were put in charge of this National Observatory, and they made their calculations from huge bronze instruments of rather crude design. Later on, the Arabs were placed in charge, and they made all the observations for the official calendar until early in the seventeenth century, at which time the remarkable talent of Father Verbiest, a Jesuit missionary, was discovered by the court, and he was placed in charge. For many years Father Verbiest served as president of the Mathematical Faculty, and the Observatory was under his control until his death in 1688. Under his able direction, many new instruments cast in bronze were erected, and some others were brought over from Europe. With these new instruments, this famous missionary was able to introduce "Occidental science in mathematical circles in place of a semi-superstitious study of the four quadrants and the twenty-eight constellations of native science."

For his distinguished services to the court and people of China, Verbiest was "granted a title of nobility and presented with a tablet," which is now preserved in the French legation. His connection with the Honorable Board, and his popularity at court, gave great influence, it is said, to the Jesuit fathers who first settled in China.

The beautiful dragon-wreathed instrument shown in the plate opposite is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces cast by Chinese artisans under the direction of Father Verbiest. It is the most richly ornamented instrument in the famous group that surmounts the upper platform of the broad brick terrace on the wall. These fine old instruments are still consulted occasionally by students of astronomy from the government universities, and are at present under the care of the Department of Education.



觀象臺方位儀

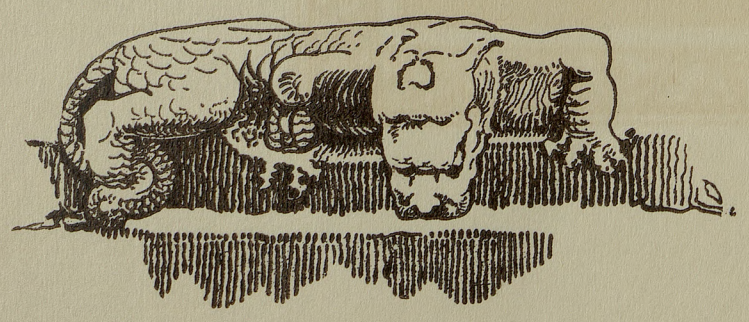
The Forbidden City

WITHIN the crenelated walls of old Peking we find to-day four distinct cities: the Tartar or Manchu City on the north; the Chinese City in the south; the Imperial City in the center of the Manchu City; and in the innermost heart of them all—the Purple or Forbidden City, the one-time home of the emperor and his court. From the marble terrace of the lofty White Dagoba one can get a most delightful view of the Forbidden City, with its acres of yellow tile gleaming like gold in the sunlight. This vast palatial domain is surrounded by six Chinese miles of massive pink walls, with a charming pavilion on each of the four corners, and a mammoth gateway on each side. The whole is surrounded by a broad moat. The great doors of this mysterious Forbidden City have been closed to the public for centuries, and before the establishment of the Republic, few from the outside world were permitted to enter its gilded halls.

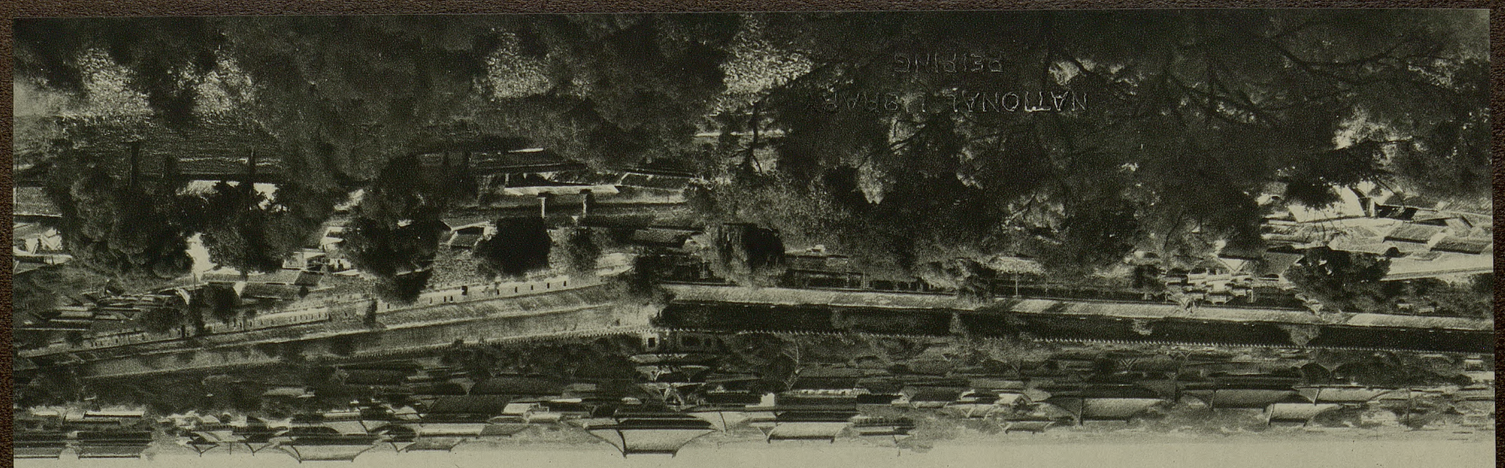
"What poetic suggestion in the very name of the city," exclaims Miss Bredon,"—a Forbidden City reserved for the Son of Heaven! The dignity of such a conception compels respect, doubly so when we consider all it represented—the profound reverence paid to the Sovereign by the people of a great empire, the immense spiritual power in his hands, the tradition of his divine descent, the immemorial dignity of his office. To have seen this Forbidden City therefore is to have seen something much more wonderful than noble buildings, and to enter it is to feel the pulse of the ancient civilization which throbbed as mightily in the eighteenth century as ever in that dim past whereof these palaces themselves, though already old, are but a modern record."

The approach to the Forbidden City is magnificent indeed. Splendid gates dot the wide imperial avenue as it leads from the great Ch'ien Mên, past the Legation Quarter, into the Imperial City. The huge T'ien An Mên, shown on the extreme right of the photo, guards the southern wall of the Huang Ch'êng. "Between the T'ien An Mên and the Wu Mên lies the outer part of the Forbidden City, subdivided by the Tuan Mên," the second from the right. The third structure is the famous Wu Mên, or Meridian Gate. This huge fortress is the "official entrance to the Forbidden City, and is the grandest of all the palace gates."

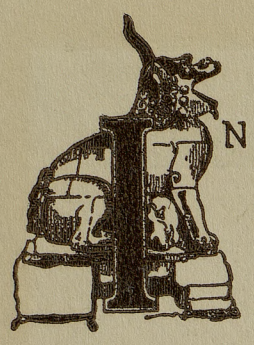
The T'ai Ho Mên is next in line, and leads directly into the great Court of Supreme Harmony. Beyond, in all their glory, stand the three principal throne halls. These magnificent buildings are known as the San Ta Tien, and are arranged on a high marble platform, one behind the other. The first is the gigantic T'ai Ho Tien, or Throne Hall of Supreme Harmony; the second is the Chung Ho Tien; and the third is the Pao Ho Tien, which formerly was used as an imperial examination hall. The space immediately behind these until recent months has not been open to the public, having been reserved as a home for the deposed Manchu emperor and his court.



紫城全景



An Imperial Gateway



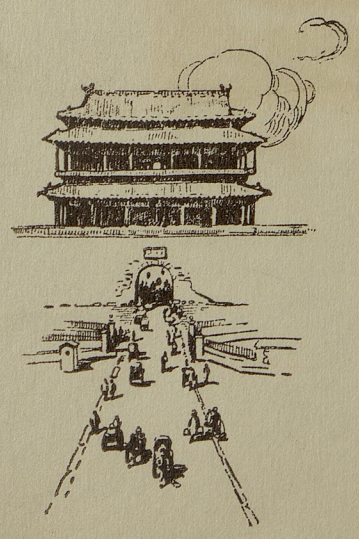
IN THE outer, or southern, portion of the Forbidden City, almost midway between the T'ien An Mên and the lofty battlements of the Wu Mên, stands the superb structure known as the Tuan Mên — shown from between the trees in the opposite plate. This quiet, enchanting spot is set in the midst of a "series of immense paved courtyards divided one from the other by high and massive walls, above which are erected imposing pavilions with yellow-tiled, overhanging roofs, flanked by great towers built in the same style and similarly roofed with Imperial yellow."

This huge pavilion and its courtyard constitutes one of seven such gateways that line the royal avenue—a half mile in length—between the great "Front Gate" of Peking and the sacred precincts of the "Purple City." This southern approach is the grandest and by far the most impressive of all the many fine approaches to temples and palaces within the walls of the capital—one eminently befitting the abode of a "Son of Heaven," and the sovereign of nearly one fourth of the human race!

To most Westerners, a gate is merely a door. The word is not generally associated with architecture or great buildings. Not so in China! Here "a gate" often proves to be a vast monument—a masterpiece of architecture and Oriental art. In the Imperial and Forbidden Cities these so-called gates rival in beauty of design and richness of ornamentation, even the finest of the palaces and throne halls.

In China the Bible student learns to appreciate in a new way the descriptions of Eastern life and Oriental customs recorded in that most ancient of all books. Much of the detail of Bible stories, once hazy and obscure, are here made plain. In the charming book of Esther we read of Mordecai the Jew, "who sat in the king's gate," and we pity the poor man, thus compelled to pursue his duties in the midst of the humble surroundings that the word "gate" suggests to the Western mind. But from China we see him sitting, not in a gate, but in the midst of regal splendor; with probably a palace at his disposal!

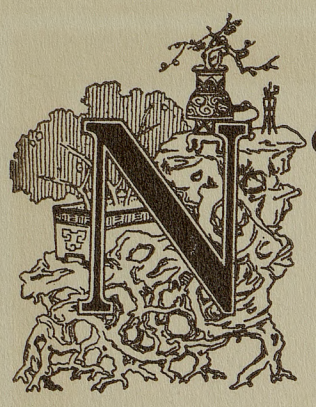
The Tuan Mên is a lofty edifice, surmounting a massive red wall, which serves as its foundation. From the shining balustrades of polished marble to the peak of the gently sloping roofs of "golden" tile, this beautiful gateway is in a state of excellent preservation. The harmony in the rich Oriental decoration is perfect. The massive wooden pillars that support the roof, as well as the delicate tracery on windows and doors, are painted a rich maroon, while the eaves are elaborately decorated in shades of white, blue, green, and gold. Unfortunately the three huge passageways which pierce the walls of the foundation are hidden by the luxuriant foliage which adorn these outer imperial courtyards. For a further description of the gates and palaces of the Forbidden City, see pages 30, 50, 82, 86, 102, and 116.





端門

"A Palace That Has Lost Its Soul"



NO PILGRIMAGE to Peking is complete without a visit to the ruins of the Yüan Ming Yüan, the once beautiful summer home of the emperors. For two centuries the pride of the whole empire, this paradise of pleasure is to-day a heap of ruins. On every hand are mute evidences of the tragedy that war has wrought. Exquisitely formed artificial hills are now crowned by wrecked pagodas, picturesque valleys are filled with shattered pavilions, and lovely lotus lakes are spanned by broken bridges. Of the far-famed island palace of a hundred rooms—"once the jewel of the domain"—naught remains save tottering walls and leaning balustrades.

Were it not for the delightful pen pictures left us by Father Benoist and others who visited the palace grounds and assisted in the building of the five "yang lou" or foreign pavilions, we would know little of the former grandeur of the Yüan Ming Yüan. Writing from Peking in the year 1767, Father Benoist gives a vivid picture of the Imperial summer home in the following words:

"Six miles from the capital, the emperor (Ch'ien Lung) has a country house where he passes the greater part of the year, and he works day and night to further beautify it. To form any idea of it one must recall those enchanted gardens which authors of vivid imagination have described so beautifully. Canals winding between artificial mountains form a network through the grounds, in some places passing over rocks, then forming lovely lakes bordered by marble terraces. Devious paths lead to enchanting dwelling pavilions and spacious halls of audience, some on the water's edge, others on the slopes of hills or in pleasant valleys, fragrant with flowering trees which are here very common. Each *maison de plaisance*, though small in comparison with the whole inclosure, is large enough to lodge one of our European grandees with all his suite. That destined for the emperor himself is immense, and within may be found all that the whole world contains of the curious and rare—a great and rich collection of furniture, ornaments, pictures, precious woods, porcelains, silks, and gold and silver stuffs."

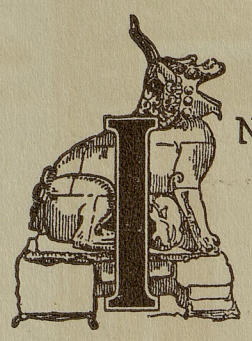
It was in the year 1737 that Ch'ien Lung commanded Father Castiglione to build the five foreign palaces. These charming pavilions, built of the purest white marble and richly decorated, were the pride and delight of the emperor. In order to further beautify these costly mansions he thought of adorning them both inside and out with fountains. The talented and versatile Father Benoist was called upon to construct these fountains in spite of all his representations as to "want of knowledge." The sketch below shows all that remains of the celebrated fountain and water clock, which was once a masterpiece of sculpture and engineering. Many there are, of every nation, who mourn the loss of this wonderful palace which was laid in ruins by the guns of the British and French in the war of 1860.





圓明園遺址

A Royal Cemetery

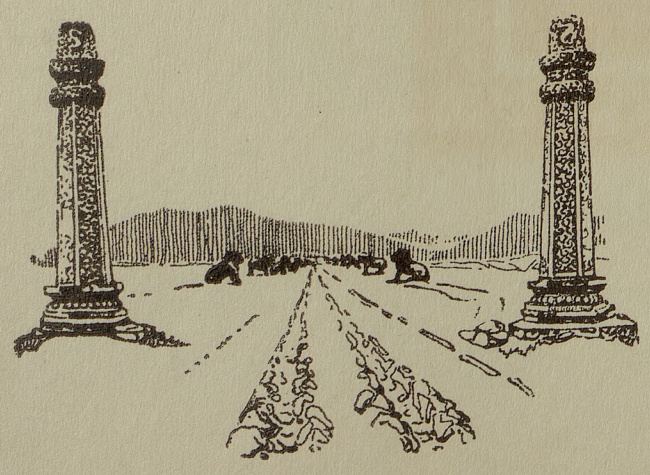


N A VAST amphitheater formed by converging hills, which are supposed to bring all good influences to a focus, repose the ashes of thirteen emperors of the last Chinese dynasty." This beautiful cemetery, known as the Ming Tombs, lies a little more than ninety li from the gates of the capital, and is considered one of the most interesting sights in the vicinity of Peking. Emperor Yung Lê, the second of the Mings, and perhaps the greatest statesman and builder that China has ever known, was the one who chose this enchanting spot as the site for his temple and tomb.

Perhaps the most striking feature of these imperial tombs, which before the downfall of the Ming dynasty constituted "one of the largest and most gorgeous royal cemeteries ever laid out by the hand of man," is the magnificent approach more than three miles in length, designated in the Annals as "The Spirit's Road for the Combined Mausolea." This road begins with a massive memorial arch, which is here seen in all its beauty. The mammoth pailou, with its five exquisitely carved arches of polished marble, is over fifty feet high and more than eighty feet wide. It is said to be the finest and largest memorial arch in all China.

Through its wide portals we catch a glimpse of the long spirit avenue as it leads along through waving fields of kaoliang past graceful pavilions, over marble bridges, and up to the foothills that shelter this "vale of the dead." After passing the "Great Red Gate," we arrive at the "Tablet House," guarded by four marble "Pillars of Victory." Here we enter the "Triumphal Way," more than two Chinese miles in length. This royal road, paved throughout its entire length, is lined, as were the triumphal approaches of the T'angs and the Sungs, with attendant figures of men and animals. Beyond the last pair of huge stone images, all of which have been cut from single blocks of marble, the road passes through the triple "Dragon and Phoenix Gate," and thence up the gently sloping hill that leads to the Mausolea, which are arranged in a vast semicircle, with the grave of Yung Lê in the center.

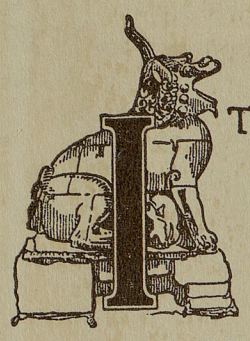
The majestic sacrificial hall, where for centuries the rites of ancestral worship have been performed in his honor, is the largest building in China. Two hundred feet across the front, and one hundred feet deep, with its massive double roof of "golden" tiles supported by forty huge pillars sixty feet in length, this wooden structure has withstood the storms for five hundred years, and "looks as if it might brave them for a thousand more." Behind this hall is the graceful "Soul Tower," containing a large tablet of pink marble inscribed with Yung Lê's posthumous title. Immediately to the rear of this tower is the artificial hill, more than a half mile in circuit, planted with somber pines. "Beneath this is the huge domed grave chamber where Yung Lê's coffin, richly lacquered and inscribed with Buddhist sutras, reposes upon its jeweled bedstead amid rich treasures of precious stones and metals."





明陵

The Mountain of Ten Thousand Ages



T IS one of those delightful Oriental days in early spring. The warm April sun, half hidden behind fleecy clouds, mounts higher and higher as we, on our pilgrimage to the Summer Palace, bid farewell to the massive gray walls of old Hsi Chih Mên and enter the long winding avenue of weeping willows that leads us on toward our goal. Twenty Chinese miles and more are covered before we near the Imperial summer home. Then in the distance a roof of gleaming tile, reflecting the rays of the morning sunlight, is seen, and soon, swinging around the last sharp bend and passing beneath a spreading wooden archway, we find ourselves in a spacious open courtyard. Here we are greeted by two huge, bronze, guardian lions.

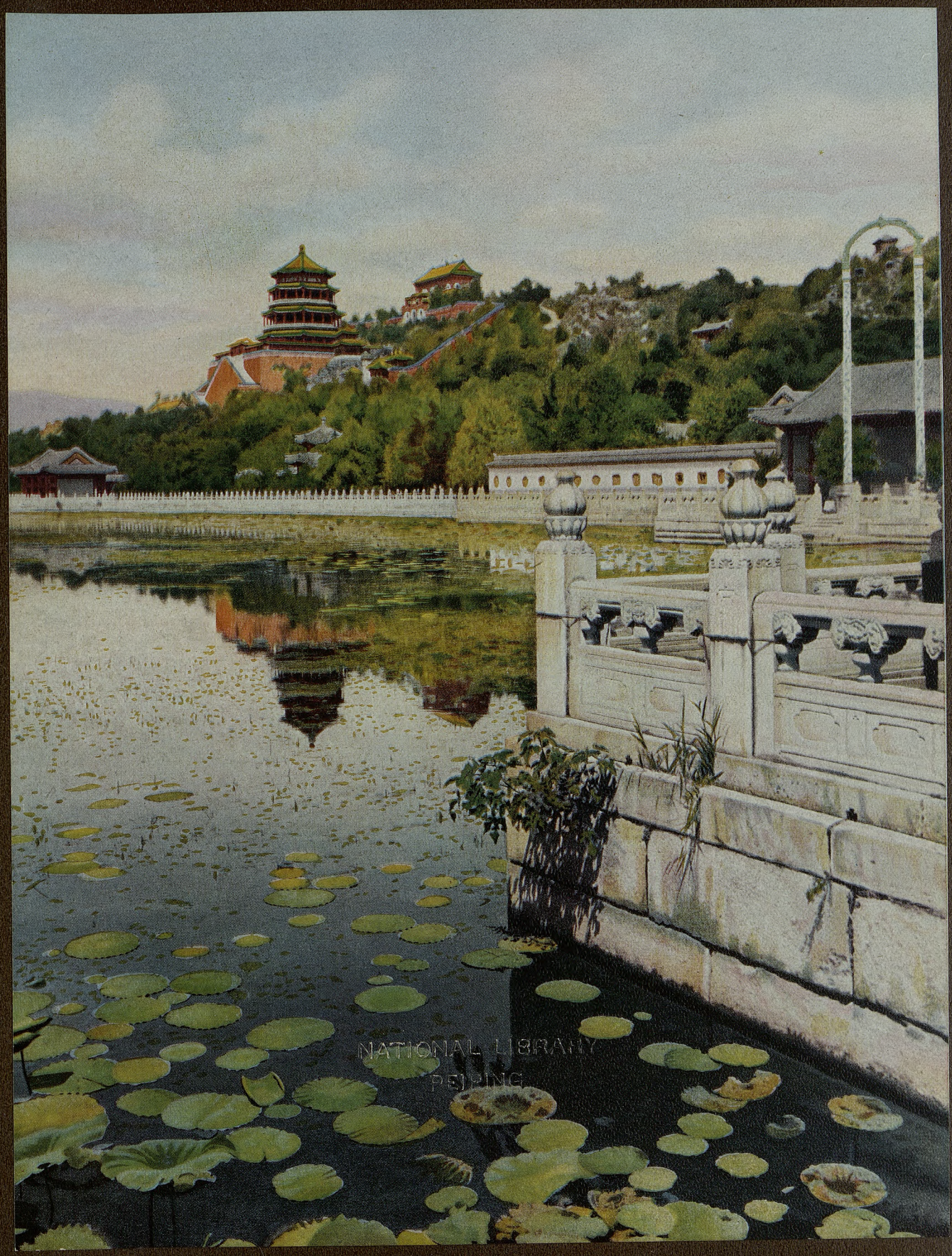
In days, not at all remote, when imperialism held sway in China, few save the Empress Dowager herself and a few court favorites were permitted to participate in the pleasures of this romantic spot; but now gates and doors formerly closed to the public are wide-flung on their hinges.

Finding ourselves within the walls of the first inner courtyard, which is dotted with trees and rows of handsome statuary, we stand before an imposing structure formerly used by the Empress Dowager as her Imperial Audience Hall. Here she met the great officials of state, and here she received the foreign diplomats and their wives. We can learn little of the grandeur of this fine hall, for, like most of the other pavilions within the palace grounds, its great doors are sealed, and only a peep here and there can be had through the heavily latticed windows. Passing this large throne hall, and turning abruptly to the left, we follow a winding pathway, bordered by flowering shrubs and trees, down to the shores of the lovely lake.

The scene spread out before us is enchanting. All that the lavish hand of nature could bestow, combined with the best that human art and skill could devise, seems here to be brought together to enrich the spot and make it beautiful. Gardens and flowers, hills and groves, mountains and lakes, islands and bridges, temples and pagodas, in all their natural and artistic splendor, make a rare setting for the elegant verandahed pavilions and spacious courtyards which compose the Imperial summer home.

Skirting the whole northern end of the lake, the K'un Ming Hu, which is more than four miles in circumference, is a richly carved marble balustrade. From these marble terraces charming views can be had of the Wan Shou Shan and of the whole glorious landscape. Our photo-study shows the Summer Palace hill with its mammoth pagoda and other interesting temples and pavilions from a corner of this wonderful terrace.
[See pages 20, 46, 58, 68, 80, 90, 94, 104, 116, 118, and 130.]

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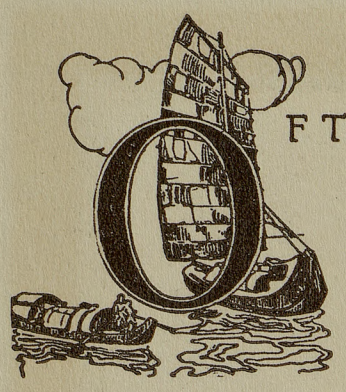
萬壽山

The Drum and Bell Towers



OF THE many historic monuments spoken of by Marco Polo in his poetic description of the majestic city of Cambaluc, only a few remain to grace the modern capital of China. Perhaps the most noteworthy among these are the Bell and Drum Towers—two huge structures of imposing proportions and design that still constitute the chief glory of the north city. Towering far above the surrounding homes of the people, and overshadowing even the most princely of the temples and palaces, for seven centuries these two veterans have played an important part in the lives of the dwellers within the walls. For many millions all down through the years, the very habits of life have been guided and circumscribed by the deep notes of that giant curfew and the thunder tones of the great drums in the tower. Here is what Marco Polo says:

"In the middle of the city there is a great clock—that is to say a bell—which is struck at night. And after it has struck three times, no one must go out in the city, unless it be for the needs of the sick; and those who go about on such errands are bound to carry lanterns with them." In the olden days, indeed, even until comparatively recent years, "when the curfew sounded from the Bell Tower, people went to bed."

These two towers, facing each other, and not more than a stone's throw apart, are situated in a large open space almost midway between Coal Hill and the northern wall. In Mongol days they are said to have stood in the exact center of the city of the great Khan. The Drum Tower, as can readily be seen from the picture, is by far the larger of the two structures, being ninety-nine feet in height, and ninety-nine feet long. Its giant base, or terrace, is of brick plastered over with thick mortar and painted a deep red. The upper portion is of wood, also painted a rich vermilion. The whole is surmounted by a double roof of glittering emerald tile, supported by giant pillars nearly forty feet high. Sixty-nine stone steps of rather uncomfortable proportions lead from the base of the tower to the immense upper hall, where the three great drums are kept—the largest one in the center, and a smaller one on either side. On this large central drum the watches of the night were struck.

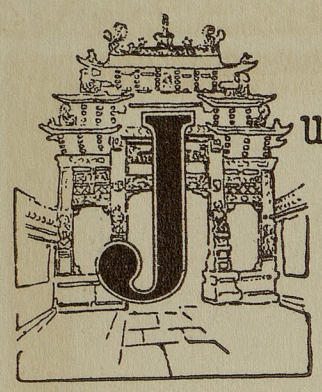
In former days this tower also contained a clepsydra, or water clock, "consisting of four vessels, one below the other; water trickling from the highest to the lowest moved an indicator which showed the hour," thus giving the time to the whole city. From the lofty porches, a superb view can be had of the city and its environs. The graceful Bell Tower contains one of the large bells cast in the days of Yung Lê, which weighs over 23,000 pounds. This distant view of the two towers, with the Pei Hai, or "North Sea," in the foreground, was taken from the base of the White Dagoba, another monument that carries us back to the days of Mongol grandeur. For a further description of the Bell Tower, see page 148.





鐘樓與鼓樓

The South Sea Palaces



JUST outside the walls of the Forbidden City on the west are to be found a group of beautiful gardens and palaces. These less formal halls and dwelling pavilions, nestled in among the trees that border the shores of the Nan Hai, were erected by the old emperors as a winter resort—a conveniently close yet quiet retreat from the strict formalities of the Court and the more or less strenuous routine always adhered to within the walls of the "Purple City."

The usual approach to these delightful Winter Palaces is by the Hsin Hua Mên on the south, an Imperial gateway, two stories high, which more nearly resembles a palace than a gateway. It was built, we are told, by Ch'ien Lung, who prepared it for his favorite Mohammedan concubine, so that she might gaze across the street at the mosque that had been erected especially for her, but which custom prevented her from entering.

"As soon as we pass through the gateway, a radiant vista stretches before us. At our feet lies the Nan Hai, or 'Southern Sea,' with the fairy island of the Ying T'ai [Ocean Terrace] floating on it, and beyond, the stately succession of Winter Palace roofs shining in the sunlight." Near by is the Imperial boathouse where are kept the ponderous barges, which to this day "are pressed into service to convey guests across the lake when the President gives a garden party."

Having been invited by His Excellency Li Yuan-hung to attend one of these Presidential parties, we find the stately boats all in readiness, and are soon gliding smoothly over the rippling waters of the lake toward beautiful "Ocean Terrace," a corner of which is shown in the opposite plate. Here in this little fairyland, under the green canopy of trees, with charming pavilions and fascinating rockeries on every hand, we pause for a few moments to listen to the quiet lapping of tiny waves—waves, which with every ripple seem to whisper some telltale story of Peking's romantic past—days of barbaric splendor, and nights of lordly revelry, when great warriors like the splendid Khan feasted with a thousand of his lords; or of later days and nights when the Nan Hai gardens were filled with light, music, and laughter as the Empress Tzŭ Hsi carried on her splendid revelries.

In the midst of all this concentrated beauty, a pathetic touch is added by the memory of the unfortunate Emperor Kuang Hsü, who for years was kept a prisoner here, and who died an exile in his palace shortly after the Court returned to Peking in 1902. The room is shown us where he died—a small alcove chamber very much like the usual Chinese sleeping apartment, but richly furnished, and with the unusual addition of a large plate-glass window. Here the frail, melancholy prisoner might look out on "his little world of beauty," and mourn over his lonely, forlorn condition—an emperor, born to rule, but all his life ruled over, until death released him from his mental and physical sufferings





南海瀛臺

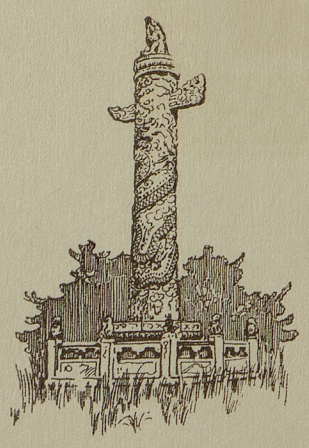
Temple of the Five Towers

VISITORS, motoring to and from the capital along the far-famed avenue of weeping willows, pause in their journey along this charming highway to view at close range a strange, pagodalike structure, half hidden behind groves of ancient cypress and pine. Standing a little more than a li from the road, almost midway between the sparkling waters of the K'un Ming Lake and the gloomy battlements of old Hsi Chih Mên, this ruined remnant of past splendor lifts its lonely towers above the tombs and princely sepulchers that dot the western suburb of the capital.

The Wu T'a Ssŭ, or "Five-Pagoda Temple" as this odd monument is called, shows strong traces of Indian influence; in fact, it is supposed to be an exact copy of the ancient Indian Buddhist temple of Buddhagaya. Juliet Bredon, in her monumental work Peking gives a fascinating glimpse into the picturesque history of this six-hundred-year-old shrine, which once bore the impressive title of "Great Perfect Intelligence Temple." Her story is as follows:

"In the early part of Yung Lê's reign, during which time a new impetus was given to the intercourse between China and India, a Hindu 'sramana' of high degree came to the Chinese capital and was received in audience by the emperor, to whom he presented golden images of the five Buddhas and a model in stone of the diamond throne, the 'vajrasana' of the Hindus, such being the name of the memorial temple erected on the spot where Sakyamuni attained his Buddhahood. In return the emperor, himself the son of a Buddhist monk, appointed him state hierarch, and fitted up for his residence the 'True Bodhi' temple to the west of Peking (founded during the preceding Mongol dynasty), promising at the same time to erect there a reproduction in stone of the model temple he had brought with him, as a shrine for the sacred images. The new temple was not, however, finished and dedicated until the reign of Ch'êng Hua, according to the marble slab set up near it, and inscribed by the emperor for the occasion. This specifically states that in dimensions as well as in every detail the Wu T'a Ssŭ is an exact reproduction of the celebrated diamond throne of central India. Only the five pagodas from which the temple takes its name remain, standing on a massive square foundation whose sides are decorated with rows of Buddhas. Worshipers and objects of worship — all have vanished. The priests are gone and the site is utterly abandoned save for the occasional visit of a hurried tourist."

The imposing terrace, which forms the base of the tower, is constructed entirely of pink marble and stands about thirty feet high. The group of five marble pagodas that surmount it are approximately twenty feet in height, and are engraved with Hindu characters and adorned with seated figures of noted Buddhist disciples. For a description of other Peking monuments bearing traces of Indian influence and design, see pages 22, 48, and 98.

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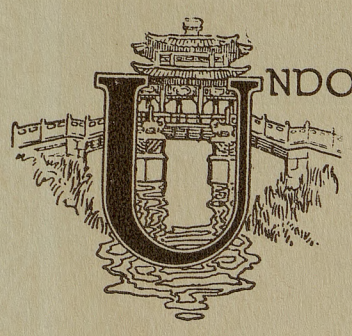
五塔寺

A Thousand-Colonnade Walk



UNDOUBTEDLY the most fascinating spot in all Peking is the lovely Yi Ho Yüan, or "Garden of Peaceful Enjoyment." Formerly known as the Wan Shou Shan, it was renamed thus by Her Imperial Majesty, Tzŭ Hsi, who rebuilt and beautified it during the later years of her long regency. The Empress Dowager was an artist to her very finger-tips; and in this quiet spot by the lakeside, where nature so kindly lends itself to art, she gave full expression to her innate sense of the beautiful.

In all Chinese art three things predominate. They are always there—mountains, trees, and water. Without these three no picture is complete. Thus, in the forest-covered Wan Shou Shan, or "Mountain of Ten Thousand Ages," with the sparkling waters of the K'un Ming Lake playing at its feet, the artist soul of the great Empress found a haven of rest from the duties and cares of state. Here she could lavish untold millions without regret in an effort to adorn and make it still more beautiful.

The Imperial summer homes overlooking the water "are massed in a townlike group at the northern end of the lake. One, double-storied," belonging to the emperor, "faces a view across the lagoon that even a sovereign was lucky to command. "The Empress Dowager's quarters, further on, also give directly onto the lake with special landing stages whose balustrades are curled into sea foam, and coiled into dragons. These apartments, like all Chinese palaces, consist of a series of verandahed pavilions connected by open corridors built around spacious courts." In the summer time these courtyards, brilliant with flowering shrubs and trees, laden with sweet perfume, were roofed over with "honey-colored mattings, thus transforming them into cool outdoor living rooms like Spanish patios."

From the Empress Dowager's quarters there extends a gorgeous covered walk, decorated with hundreds of pictures showing various scenes within the Summer Palace grounds. This colorful promenade, mounted on its terrace of chiseled stone, follows the marble balustrade the full length of the northern end of the lake. Winding past lovely pavilions and graceful marble bridges; fronted by dazzling pailous and artistic marble landing-places, this cool inviting walk terminates at the famous "marble boat." From end to end this picturesque structure is bordered by majestic cypress trees and inlaid paths of stone.

Our plate shows a tiny section of this gorgeously decorated promenade, the long line of which is broken at frequent intervals by graceful pavilions. These not only served to break the monotony of the lakeside scene, but also afforded frequent resting places where Her Majesty might stop and refresh herself with a sip of tea, with naught to break the evening stillness save the lapping of silver-capped waves on marble shores. [See pages 20, 38, 58, 68, 80, 90, 94, 104, 116, 118, and 130.]





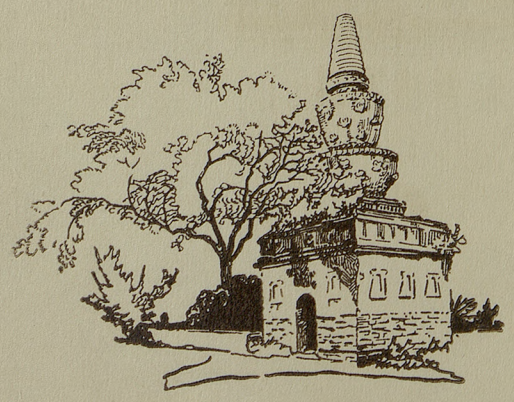
頤和園長廊

The Pan Ch'an Lama Memorial

WITHIN the secluded walls of the famous Huang Ssŭ, a Buddhist monastery two miles north of Peking, there stands to-day the most remarkable and perhaps the finest monument in all China—the Pan Ch'an Lama Memorial. This splendid marble cenotaph, which is shown in the opposite plate, was erected by the emperor Ch'ien Lung in honor of the Pan Ch'an Lama, one of the "Living Buddhas" from Tibet, who contracted smallpox while on a visit to the emperor, and died in his palace near Peking in the year 1780. The "Son of Heaven," anxious to prove his devotion to the Lama faith, and eager to retain the friendship of the Mongol monks, placed the body of the holy man in a golden coffin and sent him back to the Dalai Lama in Tibet. The emperor then proceeded to prepare a second precious casket in which were placed the infected garments of the saint, and over this was erected the beautiful white marble stupa, to stand as a perpetual memorial to the life and labors of this illustrious priest.

As we leave the protecting towers of old Anting Mên, and wend our way northward over the dusty plain toward the massive walls of this ancient Buddhist monastery, with its temple roofs of yellow tile gleaming like gold in the sunlight, we follow in the footsteps of thousands of faithful devotees who for centuries have come here "to gaze with reverent awe and place their votive offerings before the temple shrine." As we stand with silent worshipers beneath the shadow of this proud monument, with its massive proportions, its exquisite sculpture, and its golden crown, in its picturesque setting amid shady groves of cypress and pine, we are deeply impressed with the rare ability of the Chinese sovereigns to choose the sites for their temples and shrines, "so that the beauties of nature should enhance the work of the religious architect."

"No better example of modern stone sculpture exists near Peking," says Juliet Bredon, "than this pinnacled memorial modeled on Tibetan lines, adhering generally to the ancient Indian type but differing in that the dome is inverted. The spire, composed of thirteen steplike segments symbolical of the thirteen Buddhist heavens, is surmounted by a large cupola of gilded bronze, and the whole monument, with the four attendant pagodas and the fretted white pailous, is raised on a stone and marble terrace. From its wave-patterned base to the gilded ball thirty feet above, it is chiseled with carvings in relief, which recall the Mongol tombs and palaces in Agra and Delhi, and on its eight sides we find sculptured scenes from the life of the deceased Lama—the preternatural circumstances attendant on his birth, his entrance to the priesthood, combats with heretics, instruction of disciples, and death. A pathetic note is given by the lion who wipes his eyes with his paw in grief over the good man's passing. All this carving is unusually fine with extraordinary richness of ornamentation." For a further description of the Huang Ssŭ, or "Yellow Temple," see page 122.

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黃寺石塔

The Meridian Gate

THROUGH the medium of architecture the old emperors of China have from the earliest times sought to empress upon the minds of their subjects the sacredness of the Imperial prerogatives. Thus we find in the history of the Chinese capitals that vast significance was attached to the emperor's palace, and all that pertained to it. Occupying the central portion of the Tartar City, the "Forbidden City" of Peking has been famous for many centuries. Marco Polo in describing the palace of that early day says:

"You must know that for three months of the year, to wit December, January, and February, the Great Khan resides in the capital city of Cathay, which is called Cambaluc. In that city stands his great Palace, and now I will tell you what it is like.

"It is inclosed all round by a great wall forming a square, each side of which is a mile in length; that is to say, the whole compass thereof is four miles. This you may depend on; it is also very thick, and a good round. At each angle of the wall there is a very fine and rich palace in which the war harness of the Emperor is kept, such as bows and quivers, saddles and bridles, and bowstrings, and everything needful for an army. Also midway between every two of these Corner Palaces there is another of the like, so that taking the whole compass of the inclosure you find eight vast Palaces stored with the Great Lord's harness of war."

Much that is grand in the conception and plan of the wonderful Forbidden City, we owe to the hardy space-loving Mongols, but to Yung Lê, the mighty builder of the most noteworthy palaces and temples of Peking, we are indebted for the Forbidden City as it stands to-day.

"The famous Wu Mên, or Meridian Gate" [see opposite plate], is the official entrance to the inner Forbidden City, and is the grandest of all the palace gates." This huge fortress-like structure, with its five massive towers, is second only to the great Throne Hall itself in beauty of line and massive splendor. The unusual photograph shown herewith was taken from the pretty "terrace walk" which surrounds the courtyard. Through the huge central archway the Emperor passed on his journey to and from the palaces. At such times his coming and going was announced to all by the deep-toned bell in the tower above.

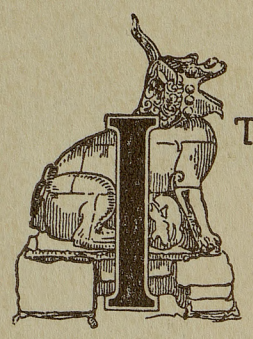
This glorious Imperial arch was also frequently used for other important state occasions. Here the Emperor went out to meet his conquering armies, and here the prisoners that they brought were presented to him. "Here too," writes Juliet Bredon, "the presents he conferred on vassals and ambassadors were pompously bestowed, and the calendar for the whole empire distributed at New Year."





午門

The Eastern Hill Temple



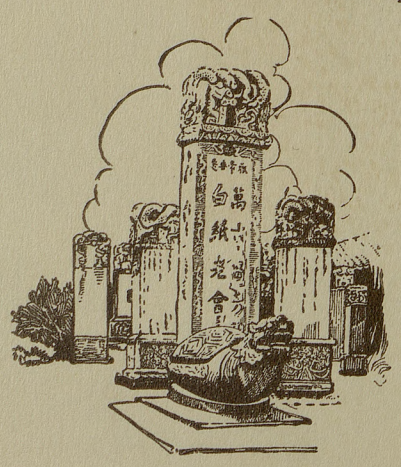
T IS New Year's morning in Old Cathay, and Peking, the proud capital, is dressed in gayest holiday attire. As the sun rises above the eastern horizon her people may be seen wending their way along the broad street toward the city gate. They pass through the old Ch'i Hua Mên and join the eager, expectant throngs who press on toward a common goal.

We join the procession, and after a brief ten-minute walk approach a temple entrance, imposing even for Peking. Four wooden pailous, arranged in a quadrangle, mark the spot by the roadway, which, for more than ten centuries, has been a temple site. Two stone lions, one on either side, guard the outer gateway, while cords of fragrant incense, piled high on tables all about us, meet with an ever-ready sale. We enter and find the spacious courtyards teeming with life and activity; for, within these outer walls, an old-fashioned fair is in progress, and the numerous bazaars present a galaxy of flaming Oriental color. Passing through the massive gateway, we enter the sacred inner court. Here we are surrounded by thousands of reverent worshipers performing their devotions, while clouds of incense rise from countless brazen urns that dot the spacious porticoes.

The Tung Yüeh Miao, or Eastern Hill Temple, as this rich sanctuary is called, is one of the best examples of a Taoist pantheon to be found anywhere in China. It is very old, and some of the more popular images carry us back to a remote age. The temple buildings, now standing upon the site of still older structures, date back to the Mongol dynasty (A. D. 1260-1368).

In the center of the courtyard, approached by an elevated causeway of chiseled stone, stands the main hall or temple, which is beautifully shown in the accompanying plate. Here, where "shadows meet and whisper and shrink back into deep warm darkness," sits the deity who, in the Taoist hierachy, ranks "almost on a level with the Creator," namely, the Spirit of T'ai Shan, China's holy mountain in Shantung.

Near "Him Who Rivals Heaven," in a corner of this same sanctuary, we find the famous god of writing, "to whom all those desirous of succeeding in literature bring their offerings of pen brushes and ink slabs." The lesser shrines of the Tung Yüeh Miao are filled with a multitude of gods—"mostly those who control the mortal body. Persons suffering from various ailments come here to propitiate the gods of fever, of chills, of coughs, of consumption, of colic, of hemorrhage, of toothache; for gods exist governing 'every part of the body from the hair to the toenails.' To make assurance doubly sure, the sick include in their pilgrimage a visit to the famous brass horse in one of the shrines behind the main wall, which can cure all the maladies of men." This temple, with its spacious courtyards, dotted with handsome pavilions and row upon row of glistening marble tablets, interspersed with fine old trees, is one of the most attractive of Peking's numerous shrines.



東獄廟



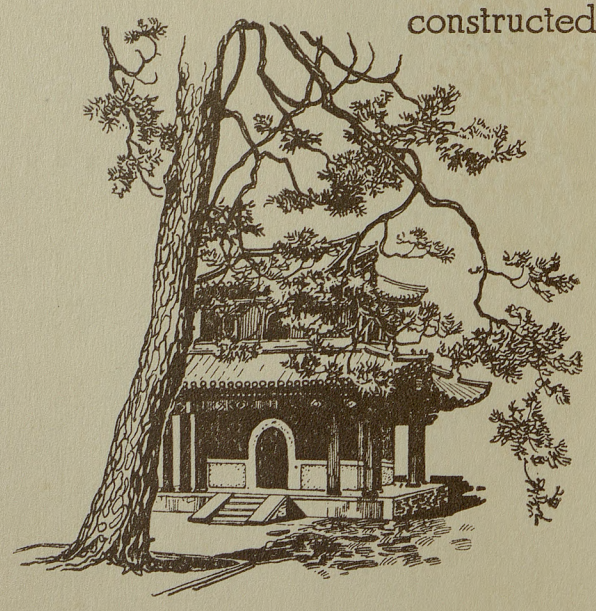
The Hunting Park Pagoda

THE STORY of Peking would remain only half told were we to forget the glorious range of mountains that encompass it on the west and on the north. These far-famed Western Hills form the outer bulwarks of a huge sierra "which separates the plain of northeast China from the Mongolian Plateau, and stretch back over a hundred miles to the Gobi Desert."

But why are the Western Hills so intimately associated with Peking and her age-old prestige as the center of the world's oldest and most populous empire? The place chosen for the site of the capital seems to be an odd one indeed. "Tucked away in this northern corner of the empire," comments G. E. Hubbard, "far from sea or river, and farther still from the centers of population and wealth which congregate on the Yangtze, it seems a strange position for the old emperors to have chosen. The key to the mystery lies, however, in these very hills and the mountains lying beyond, which through all the centuries have been the bulwark of China against her principal enemies. The threat of Tartar and Mongol invasion was so persistent till modern times that the only safe place for the sovereign power of China was here close behind the barrier which separated it from the dreaded 'hordes.' The strategic center lay at the focal point of the great amphitheater of mountains which commanded the exits of the various passes, and from which the tribesmen, if they broke through, could be attacked in force before they were clear of the foothills."

Behind the outer ridge of the Western Hills the "ranges mount gradually to a series of peaks 4,000 to 5,000 feet, possessed of a ruggedness of outline which gives them a grandeur out of all proportion to their actual height. Along the sky line, invisible from the capital except through powerful glasses, runs the Great Wall of China."

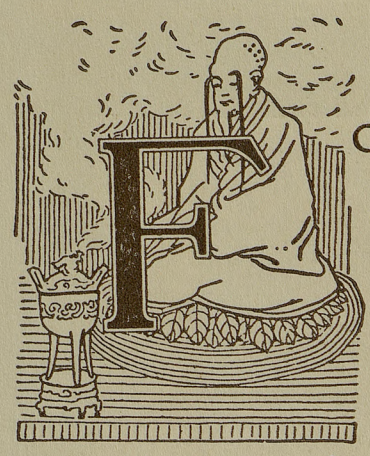
In these Western Hills, twenty miles and more from the capital, we find the famous Imperial Hunting Park. Here, amid the rugged yet beautiful surroundings of these fascinating hills, the old emperors gave themselves up to the joys of the chase, and here from age to age they erected fine temples and splendid pagodas. Within the walls of this ancient hunting park, "which runs like a huge coil of rope flung across ridge and valley," and set in the midst of fine groves of cypress and pine, is the beautiful spire known as the "Hunting Park Pagoda." In ages past it used to grace the entrance to a fine old temple, but all traces of this sanctuary have vanished, and now only the tiny, tinkling bells, drooping like pomegranates from green and gold pagoda eaves remain to tell us of past glories of the chase. The lower portion of this interesting old "Idol Tower"—the part constructed of brick and mortar—is fast falling into decay, but the encaustic green and gold tiles of the upper portion are as bright and as fresh as though constructed only yesterday.





西山御苑寶塔

The Hall of the Great Perfection

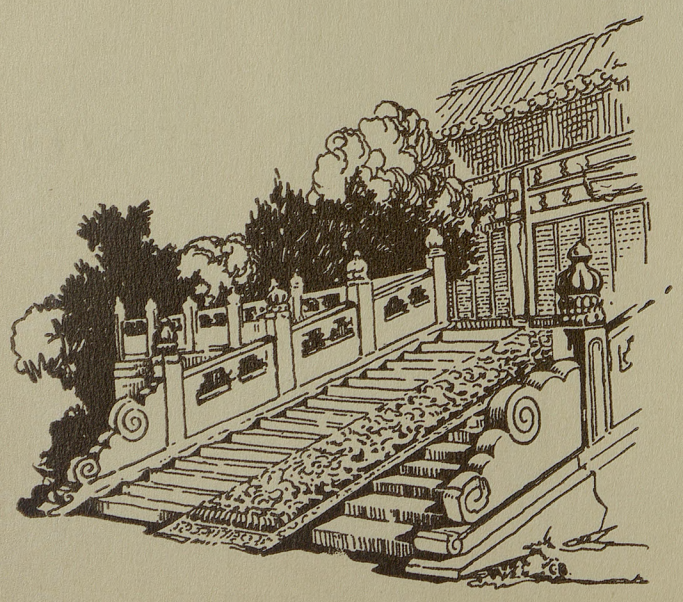


FOR more than twenty-five centuries a single man has held intellectual sway over one third of the human race! Every phase of life in the great "Flowery Middle Kingdom" has been guided by the genius of this man's mind. Into every city and hamlet of the land his influence extends. In the schoolroom his wisdom is expounded, in the home his piety is exemplified, in shop and factory his teaching is the guiding motive. As the "unsceptered monarch" of his people, this man—Confucius—has held, and still holds, a place unique in the annals of the race. To-day every city in China has its Confucian temple where "sacrifices in honor of the Sage are still continued in the second month of spring and in the second month of autumn." But the homage paid him is purely commemorative.

The Peking temple, known as the Ta Ch'êng Tien, is exceptionally fine. It is approached, as were the ancient shrines of Greece, and Rome, through an avenue of venerable cypress trees. This vast "Literary Hall," standing aloft on its terrace of chiseled stone, is said to rival in beauty the finest temples of Kyoto. Eighty-four feet across the front, its massive double roof is supported by gigantic wooden pillars over forty feet in height. And "just as the doctrines have remained undimmed in their passage down the years, so the roofs glisten with perfect tiles that swim in a golden bath of sunbeams." From the fine, carved balustrades of polished marble that adorn its shining terraces to the colorful eaves and gilded tablet above the mammoth doorway, all is in perfect harmony and breathes an atmosphere of "space and intellectual repose."

Within, all is simple, quiet, and austere. There are no ornaments, and no symbols, except the vermilion laquered tablet in memory of the "Most Holy Ancestral Teacher, Confucius," together with four smaller tablets erected to the Master's four great disciples, and in the gathering shadows of the background, eight still smaller tablets to the eight lesser disciples.

The present spacious compound near the north wall has long been a temple site. The groves of hoary cypresses that adorn its courts are centuries old. The one on the left of the temple steps, "whose gigantic girth carries us back to a distant age," was probably planted here in the time of the Sungs or even earlier, since when a thousand summers have come and gone. The first temple was probably built during the Yüan dynasty (A.D. 1280-1368). Since that date, however, it has been remodeled and rebuilt many times. The present structure is probably Ming (A.D. 1368-1644). This temple, with its spacious courtyards, beautiful gates, and handsome pavilions, is regarded by many students of Chinese art as the "most imposing specimen of purely Chinese architecture to be found among the ornaments of the capital."





大成殿

A Guardian of the Gate

AMONG the many interesting sights to be found within the grounds of the celebrated Summer Palace are its bronzes. Within the circle of its high walls there has been brought together what is, perhaps, the greatest array of statuary that can be found in any one place in Peking. Statues of the famous men of China—her kings or her warriors, or those depicting great historical events, such as we find in every American or European city, are conspicuously absent. But we do find other bronzes here—some very ancient and of unusual value and beauty.

Perhaps the most popular subjects for the ancient, as well as the more modern worker in bronze is the lion—the guardian of Peking's gateways. "Such mythical monsters, carved in stone, cast in bronze, or fashioned in cloisonné, are commonly found before the entrances of important buildings in Peking. Their living prototypes, both male and female, are supposed by the Chinese to secrete milk in their paws. Hence the representation of the female holding a cub underfoot to feed it. [See page 139.] The male, free from maternal cares, is said to occupy his leisure hours and preserve his manly strength by playing with the ball."

Before every palace gateway, and guarding every important doorway in the capital we find a pair of these huge "figures so unlike what they are meant to represent." Some of these imperial lions were immensely valuable; one pair even having been made of gold. These famous lions once stood before the palace gates of the Yüan Ming Yüan, and disappeared, probably during the war of 1860 when the armies of the French and British despoiled the beautiful palace gardens.

The handsome specimen shown on the opposite page is one of a very famous pair that still stand guard at the entrance to the principal halls and temples of the New Summer Palace. These two lions face the pailou and lake shown on page twenty-one, and are mounted high on lofty marble pedestals. Referring to these in her fascinating book, *Peking*, Juliet Bredon says:

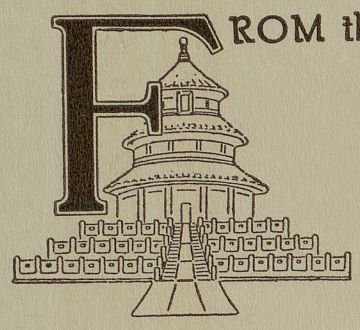
"These two lions are not only works of art but are historically interesting. Legend says they were cast by Sun Ch'üan, one of the three princes of the period of the Three Kingdoms (A. D. 221-265) who reigned at Nanking and at Hanyang. In the latter place these lions were said to have stood in his palace. They were transported to the Yi Ho Yüan by Ch'ien Lung. The antiquity of their origin is, of course, exaggerated. Nevertheless, to-day, with their glorious 'five-colored' patina due to the richness of their gold and silver alloy, they are beautiful with the beauty of age. The Manchu House is credited with having recently refused an offer of two million dollars made for them by the Peking Curio Dealers' Guild." [See pages 20, 38, 46, 68, 80, 90, 94, 104, 116, 118, and 130.]



頤和園銅獅



The Temple of Heaven



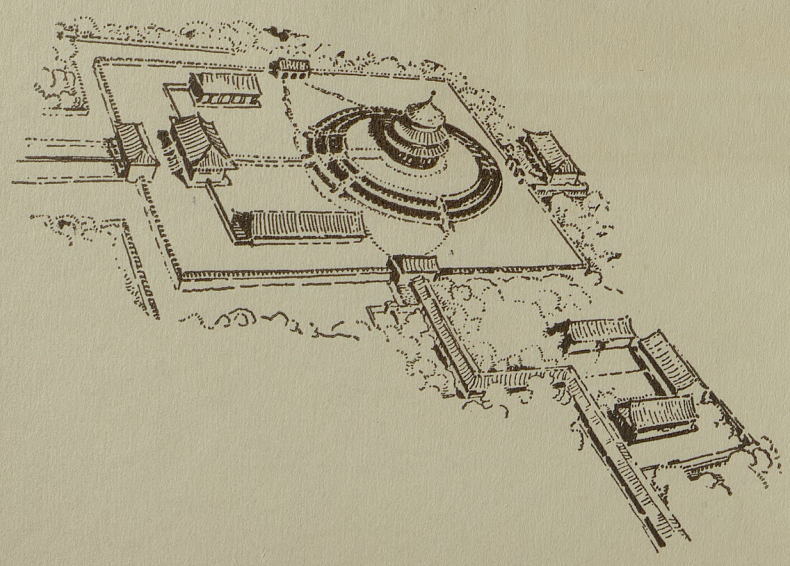
FROM the remotest ages religion has supplied the dominant motive in all that is sublime and beautiful in architecture. China has proved herself no exception to this rule, for in the magnificent temple dedicated to the worship of Heaven we find one of the most inspiringly beautiful sanctuaries to be found anywhere in the world to-day—a most fitting shrine wherein the Son of Heaven might worship his Sovereign Lord, the Ruler of the Universe.

It was the mighty Yung Lê, the second of the Mings—one of the greatest builders the world has ever known—who conceived and erected the three wonderful structures known as the Temple of Heaven. In the year 1420 the walls of these sacred buildings, second only to the Imperial palaces in splendor, went up by order of the emperor. It is true that for thousands of years the Chinese monarchs had built their shrines and erected altars to the Invisible One, and even the plan of a temple of Heaven had been handed down from time immemorial; yet to Yung Lê we owe in a large measure the grand conception and wonderful execution of these shrines dedicated to the Supreme Lord of Sublime Heaven. "He did not let the ancient tradition suffer any loss of sincerity, any weakening of its pristine vigor. On the contrary, his powerful personality added to them a certain massive strength of his own."

A. E. Grantham, in his work on this interesting subject says: "The general plan on which a temple of Heaven should be built, had been fixed hundreds of years before by canons, and was not only too venerable to be departed from, but too carefully thought out from the first to need any alteration. . . . The hidden energies of the Universe entered into its planning. Thus blue had to be the prevailing color, round the dominating shape, because of their correspondence with the visible sky. The location had to be in the eastern portion of the southern suburb, because from the East light originates, and creation and the South was associated with warmth and the rich growth of summer, all representing the heavenly principle 'Yang.' In such matters precedents set at the very beginning of the Chou dynasty (1125-22 B.C.) if no earlier, had to be followed."

The chief glory of the Temple of Heaven, however, lies not in the size of its buildings, nor in the richness of its ornamentation. No architectural problems are attempted or solved. It is the vastness of its lines, the spaciousness of its courts, that captivates the imagination and holds the soul uplifted before the throne of Him who, "dwelling in the measureless realms of the eternal," looks down in mercy upon His earthly children.

Our photograph shows the lofty shrine known as the "Temple of the Happy Year" surmounting its three-tiered marble terrace. This is the most conspicuous of the three great shrines to Heaven. For further descriptions, see pages 72, 78, 88, 110, 126, and 146.





天壇側景

At the North Sea Gardens

HAVING heard much concerning the wonderful view to be nad from the topmost terrace of the Pai T'a, that famous medieval pagoda which crowns the "Hill of Gold," we decide to make the ascent. Crossing the marble bridge, we wend our way slowly upward along the winding pathway—through cool, inviting grottoes, past colorful pavilions and artistic pailous, until at last we reach the upper flight of steep stone steps that leads to the sunnier slopes at the top. A tedious climb up interminable stone stairways and we find ourselves a little more than halfway up the sides of the great white "idol tower." Here on the topmost terrace we look down on what is certainly the most beautiful view in Peking.

As we look out over the treetops toward the south, a panorama of surpassing loveliness spreads out before us. On our right is the picturesque Nan Hai, or South Sea Gardens, with their colorful pavilions and artistic rockeries—"sharply outlined, yet idealized by distance." On the left, within crenelated pink walls, rise row upon row, acre upon acre of gleaming yellow tile roofs—the myriad palaces, temples, and dwelling pavilions of the Forbidden City. [See page 31.] Turning northward an equally beautiful vista presents itself to our delighted gaze; for between fine old trees that grace the lower terraces, beyond the blue-green waters of the lake, rise in noble majesty those mighty emblems of a distant age—the Bell and the Drum Tower. [See page 41.]

To the east the view is equally enchanting, for just beyond the tile-capped walls of the Pei Hai gardens rise the steepy, wooded slopes of old Ching Shan, or "Prospect Hill," its five mounds crowned by artistic, age-old pavilions. [See pape 101.] And last of all, turning westward, we look out over the gray walls of the city, to the distant but glorious panorama of the Western Hills. Reluctantly we turn away, and slowly descend the rugged, rock-hewn pathway on the north to the terrace and landing stage below. From here we are conveyed across the water to the parklike grounds on the other side of the lake.

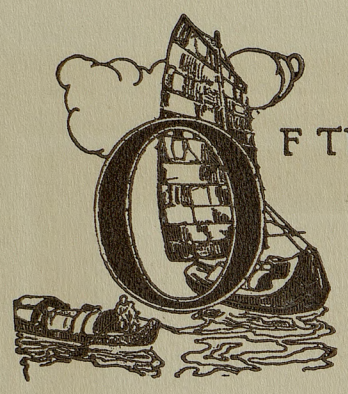
The Pei Hai is full of surprises, and in this almost forgotten corner of a once royal pleasure resort, we find monuments that are marvels of beauty and art. First among these is the splendid porcelain Dragon Wall that stands behind a tiny hillock near the famous Wan Fu Lou. This gorgeous screen, with "its many-colored dragons, fired and carved in high relief, disporting themselves on a ground of blue rocks and green waves, is unique as a work of art." It probably served originally as a "spirit screen" to some fine old temple, but now no traces of such a sanctuary remain. Without doubt it is very old, but the green and gold and blue of its encaustic tiles refuse to record the passage of time, and it stands to-day just as lustrous and full of living beauty as the day it was erected. Its mammoth proportions can be judged by the tiny figure of the man standing by its side.





北海之九龍壁

In the Courts of the Living Buddha



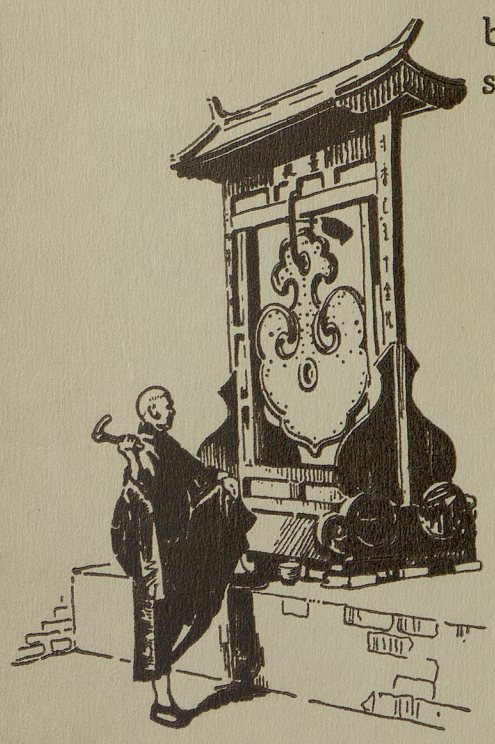
OF THE five Oriental religions that prevail within the walls of the capital, none is more interesting—none more strange and weird, perhaps—than that of the popular Buddhist sect from Tibet and Mongolia. From an early date this Lama cult from the far-flung border provinces has made itself felt in Peking, and here in the city of the Emperors it has established its stronghold in China.

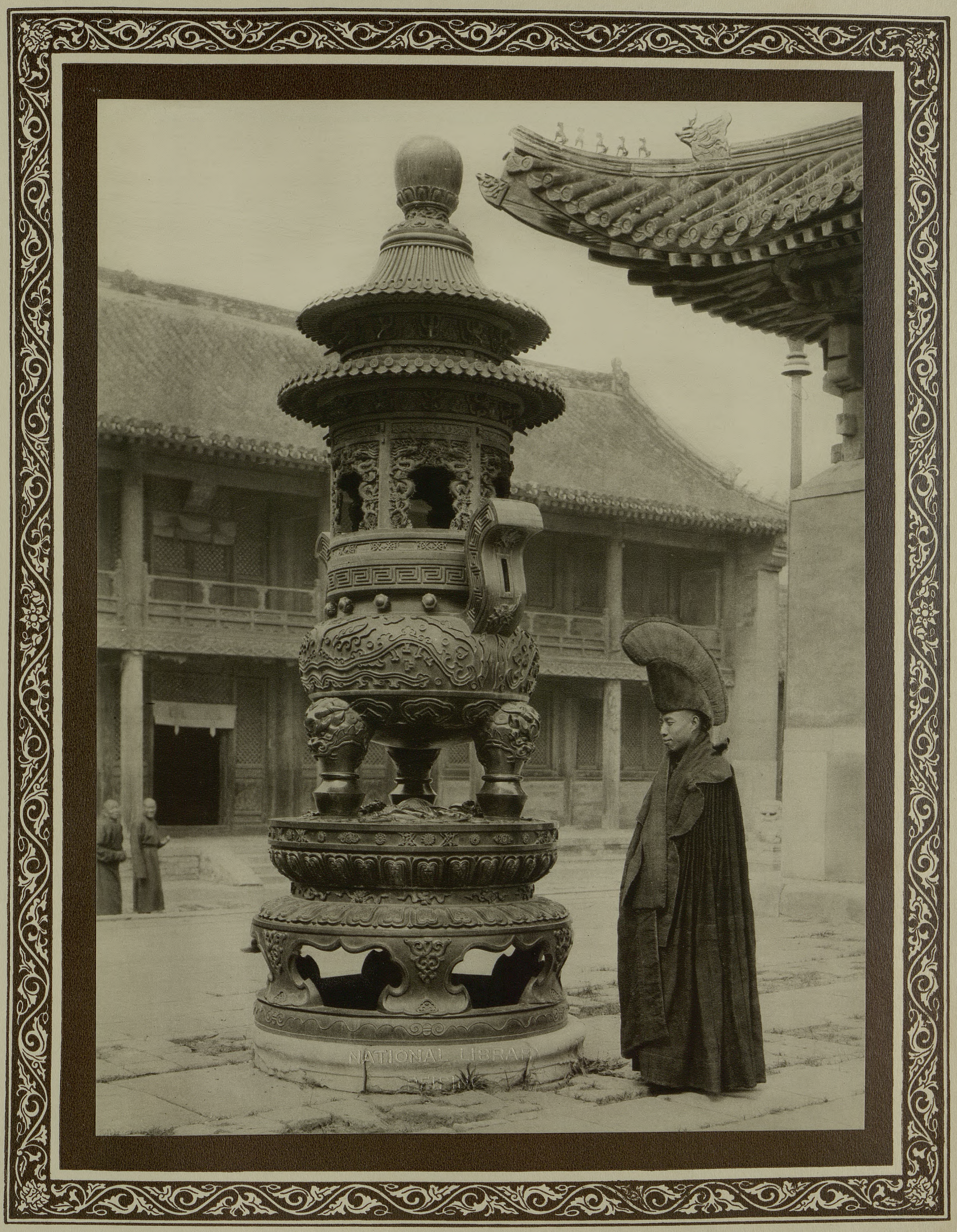
Great was the influence of the Lamas in those early days. Throughout Mongolia and Tibet their power and authority was absolute, and the old Emperors, in order to strengthen their hold on these distant provinces, cultivated assiduously the friendship of the powerful western pontiffs. By large Imperial grants and rich gifts they sought to bind the temporal and spiritual heads of these vast provinces in loyalty to the throne. Thus it came about that the beautiful Yung Ho Kung—a princely estate close by the northern wall of the capital—fell into the hands of the Lamas.

It was in the year A. D. 1722 that this beautiful palace—the birthplace and home of the Emperor Yung Chêng—was transferred to the Lama hierarchy, to be used by them for religious purposes. And ever since that early date this fine estate has been one of the great sights of the capital. As the residence of a Living Buddha—"a god incarnate from the Lamaistic point of view," and the home of a large community of over fifteen hundred priests, it has been for two centuries a center of great religious importance; "while its political prominence was also considerable, owing to the official patronage of the Chinese emperors who granted the monks many privileges, such as permission to speak with the Sovereign face to face, besides lands and revenues."

The approach to the Yung Ho Kung is impressive. Passing under a colorful yellow-topped pailou, we gain access to the outer courts of the "gompa" [a Tibetan word meaning "solitary place"] through a broad entrance avenue. This avenue, with its widespreading trees—always alive with magpies and big black crows—leads past the low dwelling pavilions to the first courtyard. In this outer court the festival commonly known as the "Devil Dance" is conducted each year.

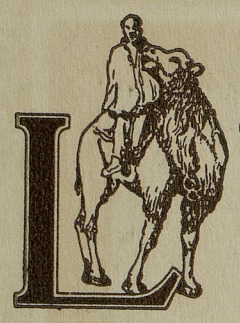
Passing through the Hall of the Four Great Kings, with Pu Tai, the popular Laughing Buddha, as the central figure, we enter a spacious courtyard containing a huge bronze incense burner nearly ten feet high. Many, many years ago this wonderful work of art was brought all the way across mountain, hill, and plain from the wilds of distant Tibet, to the fertile plains of Chihli, to grace the courts of this famous Peking cloister. It is the most beautiful specimen of its kind in Peking, and probably one of the finest incense burners in China. It shares the spacious courtyard with a large tablet upon whose four sides are inscribed, in four languages, the history of Lamaism. See pages 74, 138, and 154.





喇嘛寺香爐

On the Dusty Trail



ONG before the Western Gates of the city open each morning, there gather about the massive battlements of the Guard Towers great trains of burden bearers from the desert. They wait patiently until the great gates swing open on their wooden hinges, and then with slow but steady gait they press onward to their goal. Head erect, with swinging stride, they press their cushioned feet on dusty road or chiseled stone of ancient bridge. The hauteur of their bearing—an hauteur ill-befitting their station in life—seems to bespeak a pride that they can walk where Emperors rode in ages past.

Whence come these strange, ungainly creatures of the desert, and why are they used in these modern days of Western engineering? That was the question we asked ourselves a hundred times before we learned the answer. Why should proud Peking, with its four railway lines converging from the four points of the compass, need camels to carry in its provisions of wood and coal and food? It is with added surprise that we learn that most of these camel trains are competing with modern railway service; that they traverse dusty paths by the side of which runs the "iron road" with its "fire wagons."

If it were not in China such competition could not be, but here anything strange seems possible. And so from the little mining town of Mên T'ou Kou, picturesquely situated on the banks of the Hun River, and nestled at the foot of the glorious Western Hills, we find the most modern methods of transportation and the most ancient, competing with each other, and both in turn doing a thriving business—the railway in times of peace and the camels in times of trouble. And what a blessing to the Capital that this is so! For when war comes, and rolling-stock is scarce, what would become of its inhabitants without coal to warm their homes in winter, or lime with which to build their houses, or the other supplies so necessary to human existence? And so the long lines of camels, with their hardy drivers, come to mean more than a passing curiosity; they stand as symbols of security and safety to the dwellers within the walls.

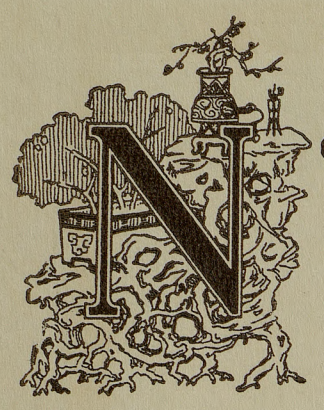
Our plate shows a small train of these awkward yet noble-looking creatures, which, having deposited its load within the city walls, is now returning with empty packs to the coal mines of the Western Hills. It has just passed through the Yu An Mên and is now on its dusty way outside the south wall of the city. For another description and illustration of these faithful burden bearers of mankind, see page 92.





北京之駱駝

A Study in Bronze



ONE of the interesting statues so abundant in the fascinating Yi Ho Yüan excel in artistic beauty the pair of bronze cranes which stand in solemn majesty before the latticed doors of the empress's bedroom. These two beautiful birds, so graceful and lifelike in form, stand mounted on highly wrought sculptured pedestals of purest marble. They, together with a pair of handsome bronze deer that stand close by, are symbols of health and long life, and, as such, were no doubt greatly prized by Her Majesty, the Empress Dowager, whose artistic personality dominates the very landscape, and pervades every nook and cranny of the lovely palace gardens.

Not every ruler could take a miniature mountain and a little lake and convert them within the space of a few short years into an earthly paradise, but this versatile queen could; and she has done so with the most consummate skill. This woman who could rule so well, and who for nearly a half century stood as the greatest power behind the throne of China, deserves particular notice. Writing of her during the latter years of her long reign, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, in his fascinating book, *A Cycle of Cathay*, says:

"A Manchu, and born of a noble house, Tzŭ Hsi, was carefully educated—an advantage which in China falls to few of her sex, even of the noblest families. Becoming a secondary wife of Emperor Hsien Fêng, she had the happiness to present him with an heir to the throne. To signalize his joy he raised her to the rank of Empress, his sonless consort retaining a nominal precedence and occupying a palace on the east, while to her he assigned, by way of distinction, a palace on the west.

"In the regency which on Hsien Fêng's death the two ladies exercised in the name of their son, she was the ruling spirit, as also in their second regency during the minority of her nephew, the present emperor. During the great famine in Shansi both ladies won the hearts of their subjects by a touching expression of sympathy, unsurpassed in the annals of any nation. Ascertaining that the cost of flesh meats that came on their table was about seventy-five dollars per day, they announced that they would eat no more meat while their people were starving, and ordered the amount saved by their self-denial to be turned over to the relief fund. It is not a little to their praise that they reigned together more harmoniously than the joint kings of Sparta or the joint emperors of Rome.

"Since the death of the eastern dowager, in 1881, the western has been more conspicuously absolute, though not more really powerful, than she was before. In the conflict with Japan she showed that her patriotism was equal with her humanity by pouring into the war-chest the millions that had been collected for the celebration of her sixtieth anniversary." [See pages 20, 38, 46, 58, 80, 90, 94, 104, 116, 118, and 130.]





銅鶴

China's Ten-Thousand-Li Rampart

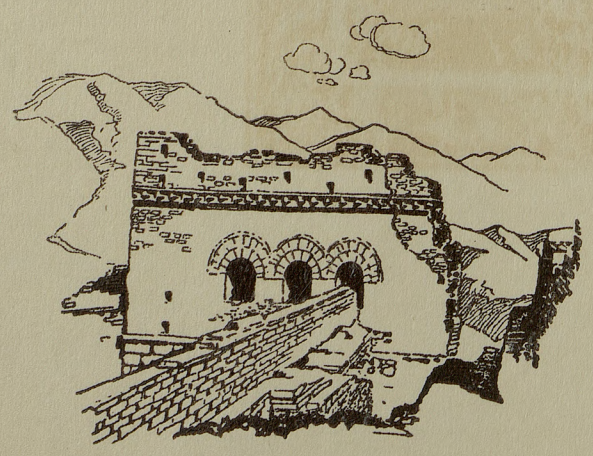
SOMEONE has aptly said: "To study the history of Egypt one should place himself on the top of the pyramids. To study the history of China there is no point of observation so favorable as the summit of the Great Wall. Erected midway between the hazy obscurity of early tradition and the restless age in which we live, it commands the whole moving panorama."

It was away back in the year 214 B. C. that the remarkable idea of building such a wall was conceived; and its author was none other than the notorious Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, one of the greatest Empire builders that China has ever known, but hated and universally execrated because of his terrible persecution of the *literati* of his day. Having stamped out the embers of sedition within his dominions, the Imperial tyrant next turned his attention to the dangers threatening his empire from without. "On the west the mountains of Tibet formed a natural barrier; on the south the river Yangtze held back the barbarous tribes who inhabited its right bank; on the east the sea was a safeguard; but the north was a quarter from which the kings of Ch'in had learned to expect their most troublesome enemies." A strange idea then came into the head of this enterprising emperor—Why not keep back these northern hordes by walling them out? At this time the whole empire, from the desert to the sea, was his, and he resolved to construct a barrier which would prove effectual in keeping back these hardy northern warriors, and thus render his vast kingdom safe and secure from all danger of invasion.

Ch'in Shih Huang Ti was a man of action, and almost immediately work was begun on the Wall under the able direction of his famous general Mêng T'ien. "A million men were sent to the northern frontier, some laboring as masons, others serving as guards; and within a single decade the vast work was accomplished."

Tradition has it that tens of thousands of these poor laborers, drafted into this vast army of wall builders, lost their lives before its completion, and were buried in or beneath the giant ramparts. Hence to many, especially among the Chinese, this vast monument—for ages chiefest among the seven wonders of the ancient world—is regarded as a symbol of oppression and cruelty, and not as a wall of protection and security.

The Great Wall is perhaps the only structure built by the hands of man large enough and vast enough to constitute a geographical feature. "Stretching across the entire frontiers of China,—winding its sinuous course over the crests of rugged mountains and barren hills,—mounting crags and dipping down into valleys, the great guardian barrier extends in almost unbroken line from the desert of far-away Kansu in the west to the golden sands of the Pacific in the east," a distance of over fifteen hundred miles. For a further description of the Wall, see pages 16 and 112.





長城之低處

The Worship of Heaven

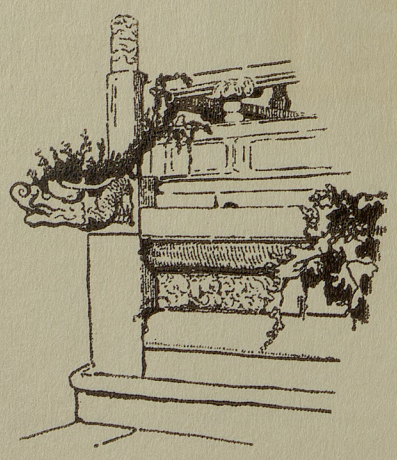


ORE than forty centuries have come and gone since the "Perfect Emperors" worshiped the Lord of Heaven and offered sacrifices on the heights of old T'ai Shan; and down through all the ages since, until the time when, in our own century, the Son of Heaven was forced to step down from his Imperial throne, there has been no cessation of the wonderful service to the Great Spirit who rules the universe. To the reverent Chinese mind none but the Emperor himself was deemed worthy to lay an offering on the Altar of Heaven or to worship at the shrine of Shang Ti. "In conformity with this sentiment, the Emperor, as the High Priest and mediator of his people," has, with the most impressive rites and ceremonies, celebrated for ages this remarkable worship.

In the earliest times, as we have already noted, the worship of Heaven was conducted by the Imperial fathers upon the summits of China's four holy mountains. The Emperor Shun, the second of the three virtuous rulers, in his effort to render homage to the divine power, kindled a great fire on the heights of T'ai Shan, the sacred mountain of the East, that "its ascending smoke should put him into connection with the Lord of Heaven." On the famous mountains of the other three quarters he performed the same ceremony. Ever after, other great rulers followed his example, but the difficulty of doing this as regularly and as frequently as its importance required led to the worship of Heaven being permanently fixed in much closer proximity to the Imperial residence."

The Mound of Heaven, erected in 1190 B.C. by the Duke of Chou in the southern suburb of Lo Yang, his capital, is the first recorded example of the Temple of Heaven. "It probably was a very much rougher construction than its last descendant, the Temple of Heaven in Peking," says E. A. Grantham. "Thatch took the place of brilliant tiles, hardened clay that of polished marble, but the general plan was the same, a plan so adequate to its high purpose, achieving beauty with such unerring sureness, that the need for a change never arose."

The exquisite little building shown in the plate opposite is the second or central shrine of this marvelous group. It stands within an arrow's flight of the massive altar, facing the south. It is known as the Huang Ch'iung Yü, or "Dome of August Space." Within these hallowed walls, behind huge doors that are eternally barred from the careless throng, are kept the sacred tablets erected to the Imperial Fathers and the "Supreme Lord of Sublime Heaven." This rotunda, with its shining marble balustrades, delicate tracery of openwork and wooden screens surmounted by colorful eaves of highly wrought design, is crowned by a deep roof of sparkling glaze so rich in the depth of its brilliant blue tiles that it has ever been regarded as the most ornate of the beautiful Temple of Heaven group. For further descriptions, see pages 60, 78, 88, 110, 126, and 146.

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天壇之皇穹宇

Lamaism in Peking

THE most interesting ceremony which the traveler can see in Peking is the annual Devil Dance, which is held on the thirtieth of the first Chinese moon, on which occasion a company of Lamas, dressed like the medicine men of savage tribes, and especially trained in their weird dance, proceed to rid the premises of the Yung Ho Kung of all evil spirits. This service is still largely attended—thousands of Chinese and many foreigners gather here each year to witness this strangest of all strange spectacles within the walls of the capital city. Juliet Bredon, in her notable work, *Peking*, describes this Devil Dance as follows:

"After a long interval of waiting, patiently endured, several beings, half-human, half-devil, suddenly hurl themselves into the very midst of the expectant throng. Their costumes are weird; death's-head masks cover their faces, painted flames lick their limbs from foot to knee, and in their hands they carry fearsome-looking long-lashed whips to be used in clearing a space for the dance. With demoniacal yells they dash about, pushing back the crowd and beating the unwary till they have made sufficient room. Then from the temple emerges a strange procession of dancers. They wear vestments of many colors and huge ghastly masks of bird or beast. To the slow and measured cadence of unmelodious music, they advance in fours, bowing and circling, their heads lolling from side to side with the time and the movements of their bodies. The performance lasts for hours to the immense delight of the crowd which, regardless of the attentions of the long-whipped devils, draws closer in an ever-diminishing circle in its eagerness to see, and culminates in the cutting up of an effigy of the Evil Spirit."

In the tall, three-story hall nearest the northern wall we find the most notable sight within the walls of the Lama Temple—the "Big Buddha," or giant Maitreya, whose vindictive features loom seventy feet and more above us, his jeweled coronet being almost lost to view in the gathering shadows of the roof. In the olden days, whenever an emperor came to worship here, a large lamp over his face was lighted; but of late years he has remained in perpetual gloom—a darkness almost as impenetrable in its blackness as the faith he represents. This remarkable gilded image is said to have been carved from the trunk of a single Yünnan cedar, and represents the Buddha of the resurrection. His gigantic height of seventy elbows is symbolic, for it is the stature which, "according to the Lama belief, we shall all attain at our perfect reincarnation." There are many lesser shrines within the numerous halls, as well as some interesting prayer wheels, where, by mechanical effort, merit may be stored up for the future life.

Our photo shows two Mongol monks in their picturesque attire, reading the sacred "Ching," or Lama scriptures, on the porch of the Main Sanctuary. [See pages 64 and 154.]





喇嘛唪經

The Chinese Dragon



EVER since that distant age when China became a nation, the dragon has played an important part in the thought and religion of the Chinese people. Indeed, the dragon occupies such a prominent place in the realms of art, literature, folklore, zoölogy, history, and religion, and "popular belief in the dragon is so deeply rooted and so widespread, that it is advisable for one to secure an accurate knowledge of the Chinese idea of the venerated saurian if he desires to gain a truly sympathetic understanding of this remarkable people."

No one who has been in China can help but note the popularity of this great mythical "king of beasts," for wherever one goes one will find the likeness of the dragon on every hand. "Chinese art employs dragon designs in endless variety," says L. Newton Hayes, in his monumental work on this interesting subject. "The graceful lines of its symmetrically-proportioned body are found in every part of the country, painted upon silks and porcelain, woven in brocades, carved on wood, embroidered upon satin, cast in bronze, and chiseled upon marble."

Where did the Chinese dragon originate, and what are the characteristics of this great mythical monster, that it should maintain such a mighty hold upon nearly a quarter of the human race for so many generations? Some think that the sea serpent or some great antediluvian saurian is responsible for the dragon idea. Many of these prehistoric monsters, paleontologists tell us, "were, in some period of their development, equally at home on land and in the air." It is easy to understand, then, how such a gigantic monster with its super-natural origin and marvelous powers could be responsible for the belief in the dragon.

According to ancient records, the first appearance of the true dragon "occurred some forty-six centuries ago, during the reign of Huang Ti, or Hsien Yüan," who, after reigning one hundred eleven years, was taken to heaven upon the back of a great dragon. "Since that day," according to Chinese historians, "dragons have been seen in every dynasty and by hundreds of witnesses." All through the ages dragon appearances have been considered auspicious, and "augured well for the affairs of state."

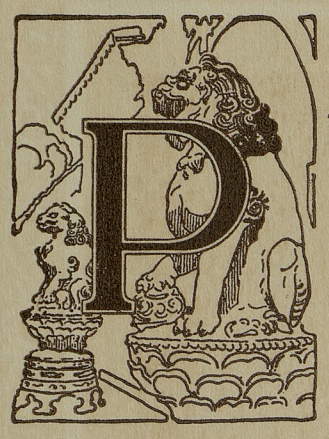
"Chinese religion places the dragon in the calendar of its deities as the God of Rain and the Ruler of Rivers, Lakes, and Seas. As such it has been worshiped for centuries." In the realm of zoölogy it is placed next to man, at the head of all living creatures, and "because it is equally at home in the air and on the earth, as well as in the sea, it has been ranked as the ruler of all created life below man." The beautiful bronze dragon shown in the opposite plate, standing on its pedestal of shining marble, is found on the terrace of one of the principal halls of the Imperial Summer Palace, and is very typical of the Chinese conception of this mythical animal. For a further description of the dragon, see page 128.





銅龍

The Altar of Heaven



PERHAPS one of the most unique features of the Temple of Heaven is its walls. Yung Lê, its imperial master-builder, not only believed in walls but was passionately fond of them. The outer courts of the Temple of Heaven were inclosed by walls more than three miles in length, while the inner walls alone are over twelve thousand feet in circumference. "There are square walls around the altar, circular walls around the temple of the sacred tablets, walls around the store-rooms, walls around the slaughter-house," walls around the Hall of Abstinence. Yes, "Yung Lê believed in walls, but he also believed in wide and generous gateways." The outer wall has two gates—both on the western front; while the inner wall has four gate-ways. On the east, the Gate of Universal Creation; on the south, the Gate of Luminous Penetration; on the west, the Gate of Far-Reaching Generosity; and on the north, the Gate of Complete Steadfastness.

These gates are sturdy, fortlike structures raised on foundations of solid marble, their huge, red doors studded with nine rows of enormous brass nails, and roofed with glistening tile. Yung Lê was "lavish with tiles." The entire length of these myriad walls is "crowned with tiles, and the huge roofs on all the buildings are one sparkling mass of glaze."

"But one place, the one for the sake of which all these tiles and stones and bricks have been gathered together, the great 'Circular Mound' where the Sovereign Lord of Heaven was worshiped, has no tiles, no roof, no doors, no windows—only stairs leading from the lowest and widest to the middle and to the upper platforms." This marble altar, "radiant in its isolation," standing "open to the sky in a square of dull Pompeian red walls pierced with marble gateways," and surrounded by sacred groves of ancient cypresses and pine, has been for centuries the "high place of Chinese devotion." "Gathered in the whiteness of its marbles, in the greenness of its trees, sheltered behind a double line of walls," this sanctuary "is closed against all the dust and dirt of the world, but wide open to the stirring of the least soft breath from heaven, the light of the farthest, faintest star."

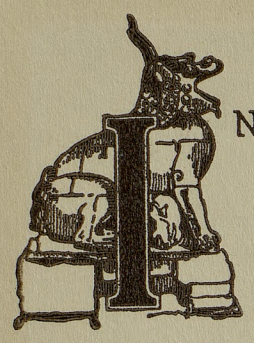
The Chinese people looked upon their emperor not only as their father and the sole fountain of power and honor, but as their consecrated sin-bearer. He, the supreme pontiff, must bear the nation's sins upon his shoulders. It was the emperor T'ang (1766 B.C.) who said: "When guilt is found anywhere in you [the people] occupying the myriad regions, let it rest on me, the One Man." Again, when a human sacrifice was suggested as a means of propitiating Heaven in time of famine, he declared: "If a man must be the victim, I will be he." [See pages 60, 72, 88, 110, 126, and 146.]





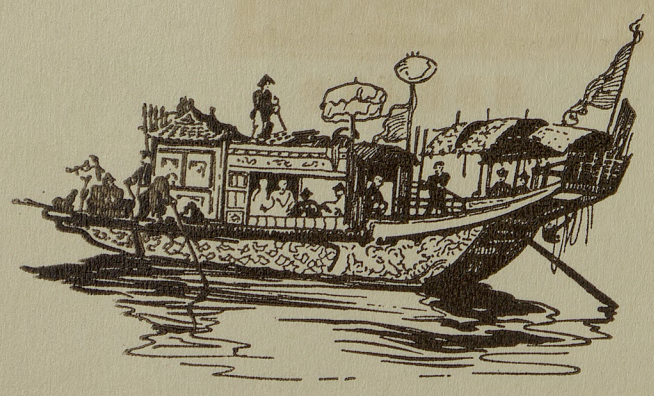
天壇之圍牆

A Royal Garden Party at Yi Ho Yüan



IN THE days when dragon flags waved over Forbidden City walls, the beautiful Summer Palace was reserved almost exclusively for the Empress Tzŭ Hsi and her brilliant court. Very few foreigners were privileged to tread its devious paths, or feast their eyes upon the glories within its tile-capped walls. Yet occasionally some specially favored ones were invited by Her Majesty to become guests at a garden party at the Imperial Summer Home.

"These garden parties," writes Miss Katherine Carl in her interesting book, *With the Empress Dowager*, "occupied two days. When the ladies arrived, all walked over to the gate of the palace, and, after entering, went to a pavilion on the right of the Audience Hall where they arranged themselves in the order in which they were to be presented. The verandah and large marble platform were shaded with tentlike silken awnings and covered, for the day, with red carpets. A double line of princesses led by the Princess Imperial descended the steps of the Audience Hall, and met the ladies on the marble platform. The princesses then turned and preceded them into the Audience Hall. Here they separated and stood in a picturesque group on either side of the throne dais. In the dim obscurity sat the Empress Dowager on the Dynastic Throne, with the Emperor at her left. In front of Her Majesty stood the official table with its cover of Imperial yellow, reaching the ground . . . and gay with pyramids of fruits and flowers. The ladies made three reverences on entering and, after the formal presentations were over, the Empress Dowager descended from the dais. One of her yellow satin chairs was brought, and she sat down at the right side of the Audience Hall. The ladies were then collectively presented by Her Majesty to the young Empress and the Princess Imperial, and tea was ordered while the guests stood around the Empress Dowager's chair and she said a few words to each informally. When tea was finished the ladies, conducted by the eunuchs and accompanied by the princesses, went through the court of the theater, past the palace of the young Empress, across Her Majesty's court to the throne room where luncheon was served. After luncheon, at which the Imperial princesses acted as hostesses, the visiting ladies went to the marble terrace overlooking the lake where they were met by the young Empress and the secondary wife of the Emperor. . . . The Empress Dowager's barge did not lead the Palace fleet that day. There were three big houseboats, each of which ponderous affairs had a large cabin with a yellow-covered seat for Her Majesty. We were rowed across the lake, first to the island where the palace and small temple adjacent were visited, and afterwards to the Marble Boat. On the lower deck, where was the best view of the lake, light refreshments, sweets, and fruits were served. When the tour of the lake was finished, the ladies made their adieux to their majesties and left the palace grounds for the Foreign Office, where they took their own chairs and carriages for Peking." [See page 90.]



頤和園清寶物



The T'ien An Mên

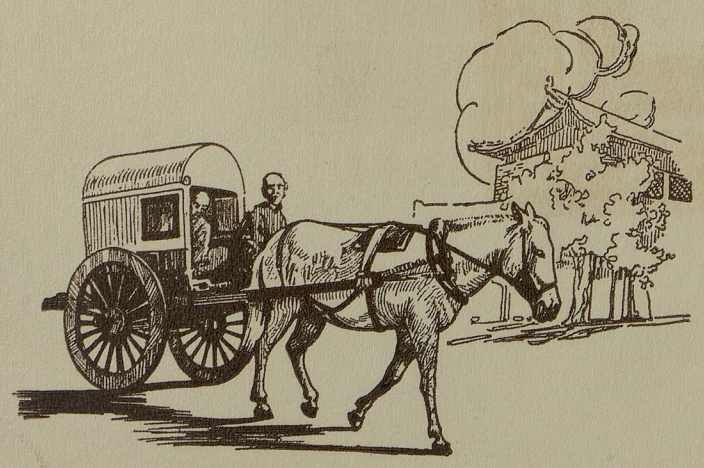
GUARDING the outer courts of the Forbidden City, and separating them from the streets and compounds of the Imperial City, there stands one of the most impressive monuments to be found within the high walls of the capital. This mammoth gateway, second only to the giant Wu Mên in size and grandeur, is known as the T'ien An Mên, or Gate of Heaven's Peace. With a beautiful roof of yellow glaze, huge red pillars, colorful eaves, and sculptured balustrades, this tower on the wall is a striking monument of Oriental art.

Fronting the impressive red walls of this huge archway there runs a picturesque canal, flanked by pillared balustrades and crossed by five marble bridges. These bridges, gently curved, and marvelously decorated, are again fronted by "two marble pillars smoothed with soft sculpture to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky."

As will be seen from the picture, the roof is easily the most remarkable feature of this splendid structure. Indeed, the roof has always been the outstanding characteristic in Chinese architecture. "This preponderance of a part usually sacrificed in Western architecture," writes Miss Bredon, "is justified by the smaller vertical elevation of a plan originally derived from the tent model, but carried to the highest perfection and made enduring by the use of materials that last. The downward curve of the tiling and the upward tilt of the eaves are simply the natural slope of the canvas and its uplifting by the tent poles. The slender tent poles themselves have developed into the supporting pillars, while the ornamental eaves are but the solidified fringes of embroidered valances, and their gargoyles the evolution of the weights which once held them in place.

"For the sake of variety the Chinese architect would occasionally double or even triple his roof. . . . He also gave careful attention to the decoration of the crest and eaves with their grotesque animal forms, and the coloring of the brilliant glazed tiles was never chosen at random, but regulated by strict sumptuary laws to denote the rank of his patron. Finally, the close observer will notice that however straight and square roofs may appear from a distance, there is actually not a single straight line in them. Even the main sweep of the tiles has a slight wave, a ripple, which is not accidental but expressly introduced to charm the eye without detracting from the purity of line or its restful simplicity.

"If we compare the beauty and purity of line here to the over-elaborate Hindu and Indo-Chinese art, we must admit the superiority of an instinctive classical taste which well knows the greatest architectural secret of decorating a construction, but never descends to construct a decoration, and as one enters into a sympathetic study of these vast monuments which have survived the storms of five long centuries, he cannot help but appreciate the genius of Yung Lê's architects, who created monuments in harmony with all that is grand in all the world."





天安門

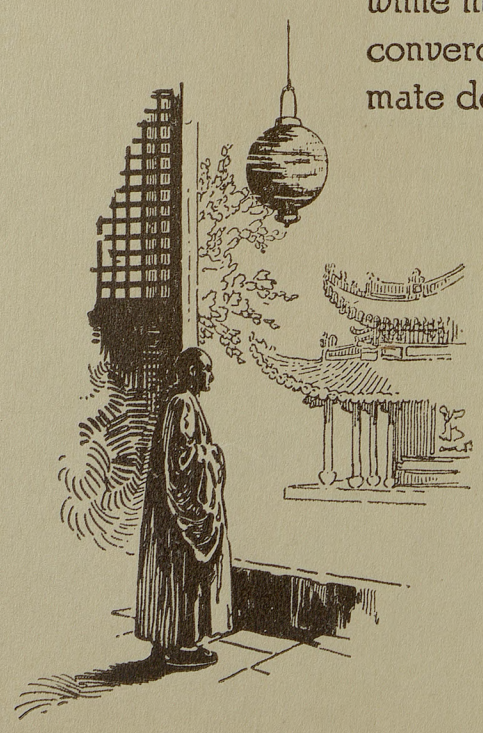
Temples of the Western Hills

GATHERED together within the sheltering arms of the beautiful Western Hills are numberless interesting temples and shrines. No other spot in the world, except perhaps the lamaseries of Tibet, harbors so many religious institutions. Hoary with age, and steeped in the romance and mystery of the past, these quiet mountain monasteries breathe an atmosphere of peace and intellectual repose. As day after day we wander over the mountains, discovering at every turn in the way some new temple or out-of-the-way shrine, we are led to wonder how this spot came to be such a center of religious culture. G. E. Hubbard, in his fascinating little work, *The Temples of the Western Hills*, gives us an excellent insight into the motive back of this great wave of temple building which in the last thousand years has swept over the Western Hills. He says:

"In these surroundings, rich in the romantic mountain scenery which appeals especially to Chinese taste, but at the same time conveniently near to the metropolis, the center of art and riches, a great number of Buddhist temples have, in the course of centuries, been built and endowed by emperors of China and the more wealthy and pious of their subjects. The founder often enough was a palace eunuch who having, after the manner of his kind, amassed a substantial fortune which his misfortune debarred him from bequeathing to his lineal descendants, chose this means of spending it, providing himself by the self-same act with a lasting memorial on earth and a safe passport to heaven. Sometimes a tired functionary—an ex-viceroy, as likely as not—wearied of this world's vanities, devoted the peculations of a lifetime to the building of a temple where he could end his days in peace and safety. Fortunately for us of to-day, merit could be gained by restoring as well as building, and many existing temples have been saved from decrepitude, as the inscribed stone tablets in the courtyards attest, by the munificence of pious benefactors."

The sites chosen for the Western Hill temples are varied in the extreme. Some are found nestled close under gently sloping foothills, some are set out in the open, among the corn and rice fields of the plain; some are built in steep rocky ravines; others cling to the sides of rugged mountain peaks; while a chosen few crown the lordly summits of the hills. All of these temples, like the beautiful Pi Yün Ssŭ shown in the opposite plate, are surrounded by splendid groves of fine old trees.

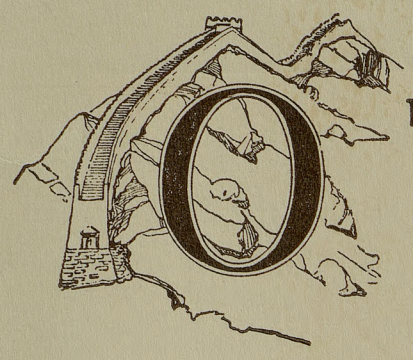
This splendid monastery, known as the "Temple of the Azure Clouds," is regarded as the most beautiful of all the religious structures within the boundaries of the Western Hills, while many consider it the finest temple in China. It is superbly located in the bosom of converging hills, and occupies a site adjacent to the Imperial Hunting Park. For an intimate description of this temple with its wonderful marble "stupa," see pages 98 and 107.





碧雲寺

Within Forbidden City Walls

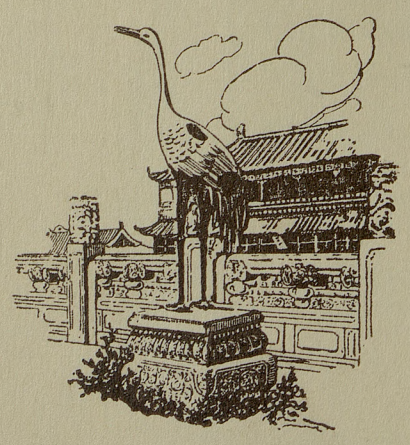


OF ALL the fine approaches to temples and palaces within the walls of the Capital, none can compare in grandeur with the impressive entrance to the San Ta Tien. These celebrated Throne Halls, raised high on their massive marble terraces, stand one behind another on a single platform facing the south, and occupy the most honored position within the walls of the Purple City.

If one would appreciate the vastness and the glory of this Imperial approach, he must take the route (now ordinarily closed to the public) which the great emperors of China always used in their pilgrimages to and from the Forbidden City. Passing through the central archway of the lofty Ch'ien Mên—along the broad, paved avenue, a half mile or so in length—through all the intervening gateways, we at last reach the mammoth fortress which opens directly into the sacred precincts of the "palace of the Son of Heaven." Though ordinarily closed, the massive portals of the Wu Mên are now opened to allow our passage, and we soon find ourselves on "ground as unapproachable in the past to the ordinary mortal as the sacred soil of Lhasa or Mecca."

This first Imperial courtyard, so vast in its dimensions, is paved all over with marble flagstones, and serves as a fitting approach to the beautiful Throne Hall of Supreme Harmony in the grand *cour d'honneur* beyond. "How great and imposing," exclaims Miss Bredon, "are these vast spaces whose every stone recalls a mighty past! In breadth of composition, in opulence of color, in nobility of architecture, how fittingly these palaces prove that the mighty Yung Lê and son, and his son's son, magnificently reigning, commanded the builder, the carver, the painter, to erect and adorn dwellings more haughty than any which had been known of old!"

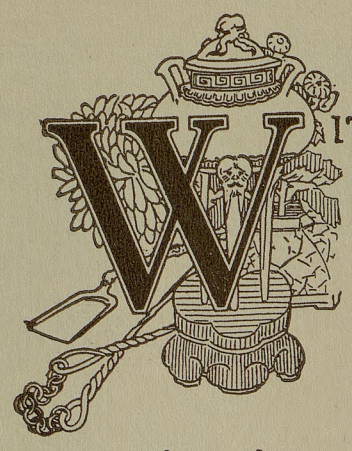
In order to appreciate the grandeur of these Imperial palaces, one must mount the ramparts of the giant Wu Mên, from whose lofty terrace this remarkable photograph of the Forbidden City was taken. In the foreground is the pretty outline of the canal, with its pillared balustrades and marble bridges. Beyond these, and fronting the palace gateway, are two huge bronze lions. Towering above the guardians of the gate, and surmounting a broad marble terrace, rise the lacquered pillars and stately walls of the T'ai Ho Mên, the Gate of Supreme Harmony. And beyond all these, lifting its massive double roof of "golden" tiles above the surrounding palaces and temples, can be seen the greatest piece of Chinese architecture in all the land—the glorious T'ai Ho Tien, or Throne Hall of Supreme Harmony. The upper portion of the richly sculptured marble terrace is just discernible above the roofs of the nearer buildings, while the palace is shown almost entire—its massive form sharply outlined against a clear sky, while the rich coloring of pillars and eaves is softened and idealized by distance.





太和殿前之御河橋

The Shang Ti Tablet



WITHIN the walls of a beautiful rotunda, sheltered from the gaze of the careless throng, amid the gathering shades and whispering shadows of a dimly lighted background, is enshrined one of the most remarkable objects to be found anywhere in the world to-day—a tablet erected to the True God in a land that knows very little of Him, and among a people the great masses of whom have never worshiped Him.

In China the name of God is seldom spoken, and His character is little known or understood. It is all the more surprising and wonderful, then, to find in Peking a survival of that ancient worship that carries us back to the time when the King of Salem officiated as "Priest of the Most High God," and Abraham sacrificed to the Ruler of Heaven.

In this republican age, doors that were formerly closed and barred to all the common people—native and foreign alike—have been opened, and for a small fee one can gain access to all these marvelous temples and shrines. As we ascend the sculptured steps of glistening marble, past the exquisitely carved "Spirit Stairway," and peer through the heavy latticework of the "Imperial World," we find this sacred tablet to the "Lord of Sublime Heaven" standing majestically at the rear of the rotunda. The Shang Ti Tablet, as it is more commonly known, is mounted upon a lofty circular foundation of chiseled marble with nine steps (representing the nine divisions of heaven) leading up to the richly lacquered throne screen, artistically carved with figures of the imperial dragon. Nine more steps of wood, also richly lacquered in deep bronze, lead from the base of the throne screen right up to the door of the sacred chest that shelters from curious eyes the most sacred object—next, perhaps, to the ark of God at Jerusalem—that the world has ever known.

Few, indeed, of the multiplied millions of the sons of Han have ever enjoyed the privilege of gazing upon those wondrous characters emblazoned in letters of shining gold upon a background of rich, luminous turquoise, and fewer still, besides the Son of Heaven himself, have ever read that inspiring inscription, Huang T'ien Shang Ti—"Supreme Lord of Sublime Heaven."

As one stands before this glorious shrine the mind reverts to those days when, at the mystic hour just before the dawn, the emperor himself knelt in humble adoration before his Sovereign Lord. And as the smoke of the whole burnt offering rose in clouds of white incense toward Heaven, the Spirit of God was believed to descend and rest upon this tablet erected to His name, while He communed with His suppliant child, just as in the time of ancient Israel God's presence was manifested above the Shekinah glory while He revealed His will to men. [See pages 60, 72, 78, 110, 126 and 146.]





皇天上帝碑

A Picturesque Bridge Pavilion

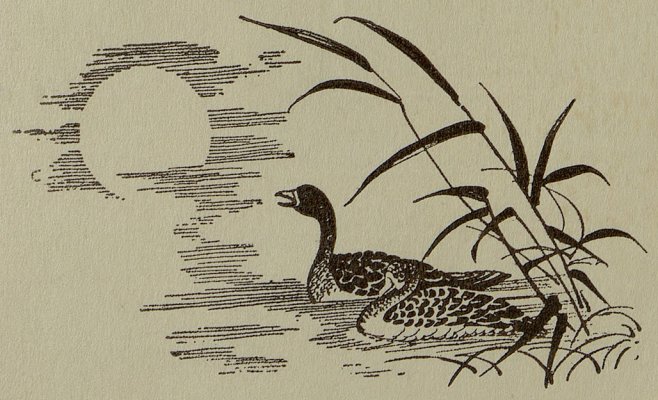
A MARBLE BOAT on a rock-bound shore! What city other than Peking can boast of such a curiosity? This noteworthy old relic of imperialism—the oddest, perhaps, of a famous woman's $50,000,000 whim—is patterned somewhat after the royal barges. [See cut on page 81.] Jutting out into the placid waters of the K'un Ming Hu, it constitutes one of the principal landmarks on the northwestern end of the lake. It is of easy access from the shore, being connected therewith by a pretty stone terrace.

This so-called "boat," with its gaudily painted decks, surmounted by an elaborately carved roof, rests solidly on foundations that reach down into the cool sparkling depths of the lake. No, there are no seasick passengers aboard the famous "marble boat," for its snow-white keel has always rested firmly on the bottom of its miniature sea; and to-day, just as in the times when the Empress Dowager served refreshments on the lower decks, it is used merely as a tea house.

Just back of the Marble Boat, and bridging the tiny isthmus on the northwestern end of the lake is another charming pavilion with a beautifully decorated archway or pailou on either end. This little gem of Oriental art is mounted high on a bridge of chiseled stone, and is ascended on the east and on the west by smooth broad steps bounded by glistening marble balustrades. The double roof of gleaming tile, beautifully glazed, surmounts colorful eaves that remind one of the gorgeous hues found only in the peacock's tail. The beauty of line and color are here accentuated by the lovely setting. Nestled at the foot of pine-clad, fir-bedecked hills, with the crystal waters of the lake flowing beneath its sculptured pillars, this bridge pavilion, known as the Hsin Ch'iao, was one of the Empress Dowager's favorite resting places. Here, overlooking the pretty lake with its changeful moods, Her Majesty, with her Court ladies, enjoyed many a happy, restful hour.

On the western shore of the tiny island on the left are located the imperial boat-houses. Tucked away out of sight are a number of large royal barges—all of them elegantly carved and richly lacquered. Ordinarily the great doors that shut away these historic barges from the public are closed, but now, as it ever has been, "money talks," for we find we can gain admission for a few paltry coppers. And for a while we play a game of make-believe as we tramp over gilded decks and sit in the yellow-covered throne in the bow. Here we can let fancy run riot, and in our imagination live over again one of those regal pleasure parties—the empress on her stately throne with her guests all about her in their gorgeous robes, enjoying life to the full while the great barge glides smoothly over the glassy surface of the lake.

For further descriptions of the monuments to be found within the grounds of the Summer Palace, see pages 20, 38, 46, 58, 68, 80, 94, 104, 116, 118, and 130.





清宴舫附近之荇橋

Peking Life—A Camel Study



By the traveled tourist, Peking is regarded as first among the interesting cities of the world. This is due not only to its historic monuments—which rival in age and beauty those of any other city—but also to its unique and fascinating life. High walls and spirit screens hide from view the homes of Peking's most interesting people, yet the street affords an endless study of their life, their habits, their work, and their play. The unceasing parade of old and new in ever-shifting combination, never ceases to thrill us when we leave our quiet compound gate. Electric cars in long lines, standing dead on their tracks, waiting for a funeral procession to pass, or for a service in honor of the dead to be performed, causes us to wonder at the patience of a thousand passengers. The high-powered limousines, rushing and shrieking through a narrow street, driving to the wall all manner of ancient wheelbarrows and springless carts, scattering groups of gambling ricksha pullers, or happy children who make the street their playground, never cease to make us wonder how they miss so many and kill so few.

It is with a curious feeling that we watch the little sun-browned children, their mouths filled with sweets from the ancient candy wagon, turn their shining faces toward the roaring sky to watch two army planes in their flight; and we wonder how much they comprehend of the new and marvelous age in which they live. The vendors of Peking, with their curious methods of transporting their merchandise, their queer calls, and novel contraptions all lend enchantment to the dweller within the walls of the Capital.

Among the most interesting of the common street sights are the camel caravans. One can hardly go anywhere in the city without passing one or more of these trains, either loaded with coal, lime, charcoal, or country produce—their goal some depot for coal or lime or other merchandise in the city—or with empty packs making their way back to their mountain or desert homes. If out early enough you may find a "hutung" or street half-choked by scores of reclining monsters just awakening from their night's rest; and if you wait a little while you may see their sturdy masters emerge from a common inn and put into motion their long trains of patient animals.

The camel is a noble-appearing beast, so large in form, so slow and deliberate in motion; and he must be very proud from the way he holds his head—so high and steady. The plate on the opposite page gives us a fine close-up view of the two-humped Bactrian type. Year in and year out they perform their ceaseless march to and from the capital. At the junction of roads east of Pa Ta C'hu in the Western Hills, the writer has seen a thousand camels at one time, one half burdened and headed for Peking, and the other half with empty sacks and with drivers astride, returning for another load. And so the endless march goes on. [See page 66.]

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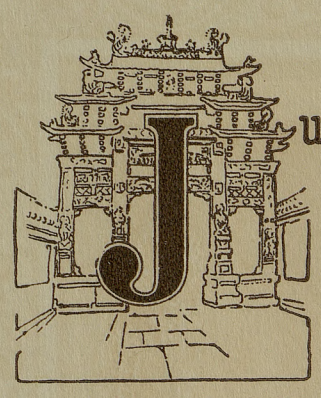
臺颱背上之旅客

The Camel-back Bridge



JUST as the temples and pagodas add life and beauty to the verdant hillsides, so do the marble bridges and colorful tea houses add charm and interest to the lakeside scene. In all there are perhaps no fewer than ten picturesque bridges within the circumference of the Summer Palace walls—all of them differing widely in size and design, and all bearing a marked individuality in manner of ornamention.

The principle of the old adage, that "in variety is the spice of life," was evidently well understood by the old Court landscape gardeners and builders, for throughout the length and breadth of the palace grounds, aside from some of the statuary, scarcely two things of a kind can be found. Even the windows of the pavilions fronting the lake present a marvelous variety of design and color. Some of these windows are almost grotesque in their unusually odd and fantastic shapes. [See picture on page 39.]

Of the bridges, perhaps the most artistic and unusual is the celebrated "Camel-back Bridge," shown in the opposite plate. This handsome structure, with its sculptured stone foundations and broad stone steps, is surmounted by glistening balustrades of polished marble, with highly-wrought figures of the dragon soaring in the midst of cloud-bedecked skies on each of its sixty balusters.

The Yü Tai Ch'iao, or Jade Girdle Bridge, as the Chinese call it, has an archway of unusual height. We did not stop to measure it, but some would tell us that it is thirty feet under the arch, and that it has a span of twenty-four feet—large enough and high enough that the great Imperial barges might pass beneath it without even lowering a mast.

Amid such quiet scenes as this, the Empress Dowager and her ladies, as well as the Young Emperor himself, passed many a happy, care-free day under the azure blue of Peking skies. Truly the great Empress was guilty of no misnomer when she called this place, "The Garden of Peaceful Enjoyment."

For further descriptions of interesting landmarks within the walls of the Yi Ho Yüan, see pages 20, 38, 46, 58, 68, 80, 90, 104, 116, 118, and 130.



頤和園玉帶橋



At the Kuan Hsiang T'ai

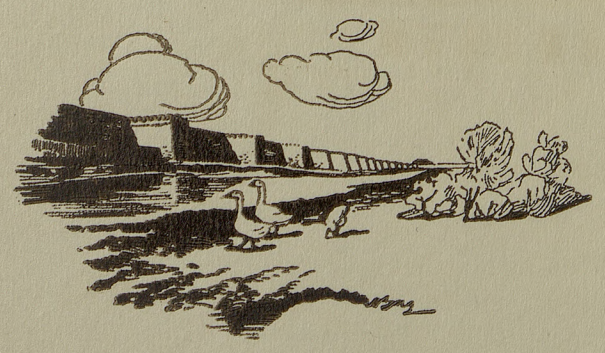
HISTORIC Peking enjoys the honored distinction of sheltering within its gray walls the oldest observatory of which the world has any record; for inside the compound walls of the Kuan Hsiang T'ai, on the eastern wall, we find huge bronze instruments which are said to have been executed by Persian astronomers back in the days of the Great Khan (A. D. 1280). The older instruments have long since been replaced by the more accurate and larger models designed by Father Verbiest in the latter part of the seventeenth century. These more recent and marvelously decorated instruments still surmount the broad terrace above the ramparts, while the antiquated Mongol instruments, which served for so many centuries, now occupy a more humble position and serve to decorate the pretty courtyard below.

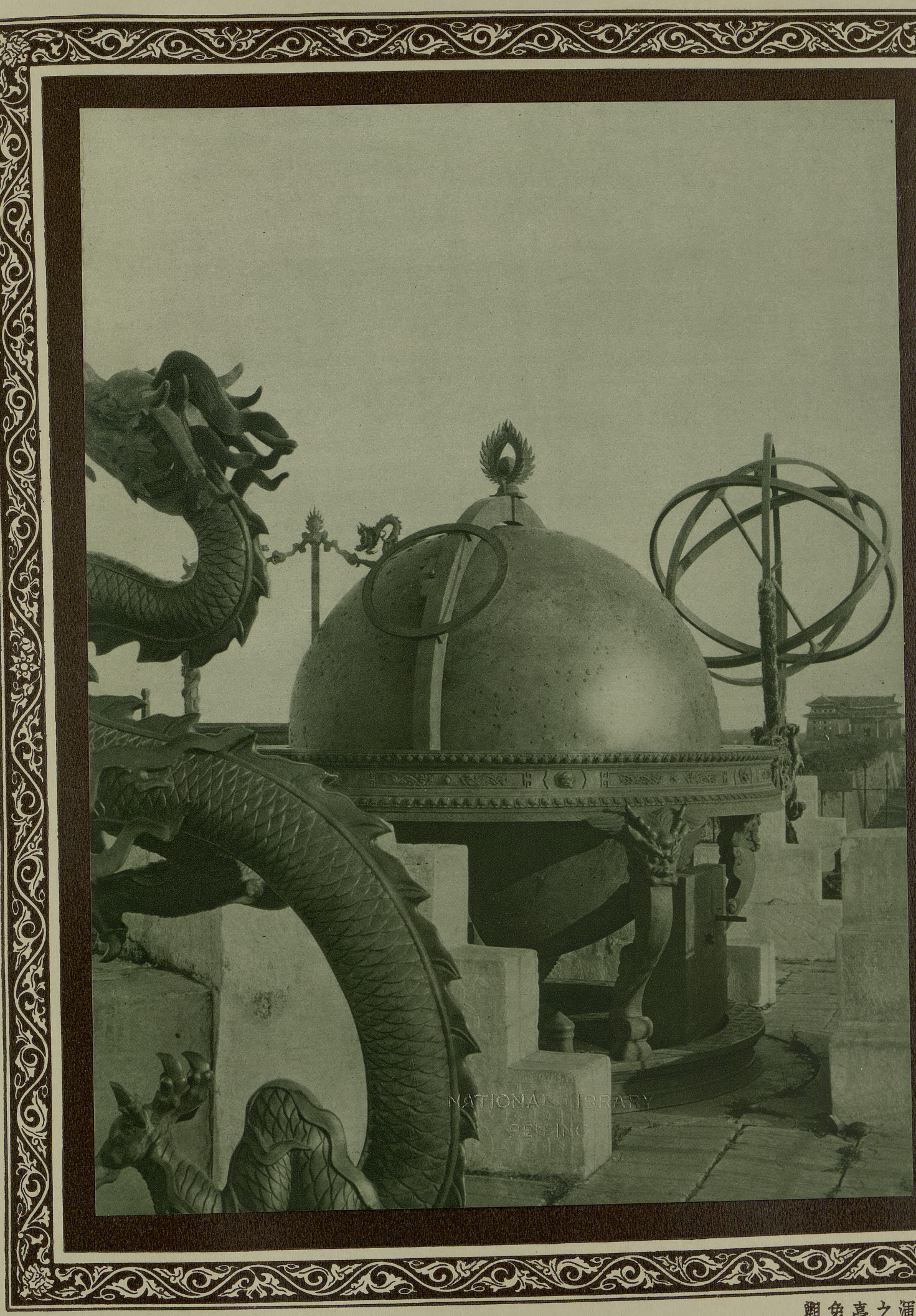
Among the beautiful group of dragon-wreathed instruments above the wall, there are two quite different from the rest, European in design and decoration. They are undoubtedly the two which were brought over to China from France as a present from Louis XIV to the Emperor K'ang Hsi. The more noteworthy and striking of these is the huge Celestial Globe shown in the opposite plate, which occupies a central position on the upper observatory platform.

In the background, portions of the famous Chinese castings can be seen. Father De Comte in his *Memoirs* describes these in the following words: "They are large, well-cast, ornamented all over with figures of dragons, very well fitted for the use it is intended to make of them; and if the fineness of the divisions were in keeping with the rest of the work, and if, instead of sights, lenses had been fitted into them, according to the new method of the Royal Academy, we should have nothing in this direction which could be compared with them."

The group comprise "an armillary zodiac, an equinoctial sphere, an azimuthal horizon, a large quarter circle, a sextant, and a celestial globe." A number of these wonderful works of art were among the loot gathered by the kaiser after the terrible days of 1900, and carried off to grace the terrace of the Orangerie at Potsdam. At the close of the World War, according to one of the stipulations of the Peace Treaty between Germany and the Allied Powers, Verbiest's masterpieces were returned to their time-honored place upon the eastern wall.

Although these instruments stand unsheltered under the open sky, and have stood thus for centuries,—buffeted by snow and wind and rain,—they are as perfect and as beautiful as though cast but yesterday; and this venerable old observatory still continues to be one of the most fascinating of the many famous monuments of the capital. (See page 28.)

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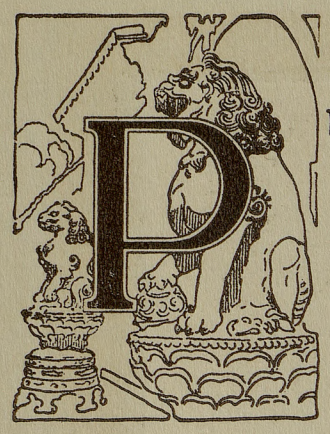
觀象臺之渾天儀

Temple of the Azure Clouds



PERHAPS the most typical of the many hill temples near Peking is the glorious Buddhist monastery located some half dozen miles west of the Summer Palace, known as the "Temple of the Azure Clouds." Ever since the days of Mongol supremacy the Pi Yün Ssŭ, as it is called by the Chinese, has stood as one of the most richly endowed monasteries in the land, and beautiful though it is to-day, we are told that it is a mere shadow of its glorious past.

The most impressive, though perhaps less usual, approach to this famous temple is along the mountain track that leads from the "Eight Great Places," over the ridge of the hills, dropping down into the valley by the walls of the old Imperial Hunting Park. "Traveling along this path one commands a landscape which for extent, beauty, and historic interest may fairly rank among the great panoramas of the world."

From the foot of the valley the tall pagodalike spires of the marble "stupa" appear above the deep green of the trees, "like a ghost or a dream of a monument, deceptively close in the clear air." For we climb two more miles of stony pavement before we approach the lion-guarded gateway leading into the outer courts of the temple. We approach the threshold of this outer gateway by a flight of broad stone steps. The threshold is raised a couple of feet above the top of this incline, "a device," says Mr. Hubbard, "to defeat bad spirits in their attempts to enter the temple, as any divergence from the level is well known to hinder their passage. Should an enterprising sprite surmount this initial obstacle, he would, on entering the gatehouse itself, be faced with a far more terrible check. Two horrific 'Guardians of the Gate' stand on either side of the entrance, huge ferocious monsters poising fiery darts above their heads, ready to dash down on trespassers. The creatures are so realistic in the dim half light that one shrinks back instinctively and it is easy to believe that no evil ghost would dare to run the gauntlet."

Having braved these terrifying "guardians," we climb another lot of steps which lead us into the "Hall of the Four Great Kings." These huge figures of wood and plaster, hardly less formidable than the "Guardians of the Gate," are "seated in pairs to the right and left of the passageway."

Our plate shows the great marble "stupa," chief glory of the temple, which, standing at the rear of the compound, surmounts and overshadows all other lesser temples and shrines. It was added to the monastery in 1748 as a gift from Emperor Ch'ien Lung who loved to come to this quiet spot among the hills. Here also he built a little "traveling palace" as a refuge from the cares of state. For a continuation of this story of the Pi Yün Ssŭ, turn to page 106.





碧雲寺近景

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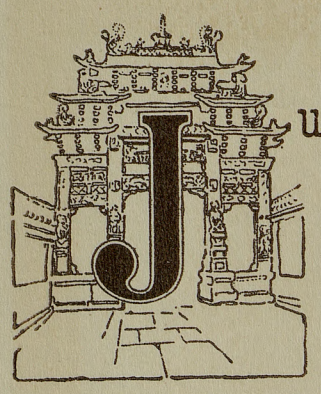
Peking's "Picturesque Mountain"



JUST north of the pink, tile-capped walls of the Forbidden City is a beautiful artificial mound. This "hill which has been made by art" is known as Ching Shan, or Prospect Hill, and is a very prominent landmark of the ancient capital. Its interesting history carries us back to the romantic days when the Great Khan ruled from within the walls of the capital city. Marco Polo, in his poetic description of Cambaluc, describes it thus:

"Moreover, on the north side of the Palace, about a bow-shot off, there is a hill which has been made by art (from the earth dug out of the lake); it is a good hundred paces in height and a mile in compass. This hill is entirely covered with trees that never lose their leaves, but remain ever green. And he has also caused the whole hill to be covered with the ore of azure, which is very green. And thus not only are the trees all green, but the hill itself is all green likewise; and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the Green Mount; and in good sooth 'tis named well.

"On top of the hill again there is a fine big palace which is all green inside and out; and thus the hill, and the trees, and the palace form together a charming spectacle; and it is marvelous to see their uniformity of color! Everybody who sees them is delighted. And the Great Khan had caused this beautiful prospect to be formed for the comfort and solace and delectation of his heart."

The "fine big palace" which once crowned the summit of this picturesque mountain has long since vanished; and now five smaller pavilions, erected by Chia Ch'ing in the sixteenth century, crown the five summits of this remarkable artificial hill. These five peaks, three of which can be seen in the unusual photograph shown on the opposite page, are arranged in a straight row from east to west.

The "ore of azure" and the fine trees of which Marco Polo writes such glowing accounts have also disappeared; but to-day the hill, as of old, is beautifully wooded, and the fame of the airy summer houses has spread far. "Entranced by the description of her ambassadors, the Russian Empress Catherine the Second ordered that one of these structures be copied for the grounds of her palace at Tsarshoe Selo."

Tradition has it that Ching Shan has been built of coal, as a provision in case of a prolonged siege; hence the prosaic name "Coal Hill," which it now bears. But as no trace of coal can be found, others think it was erected purely as a royal *plaisance*. Be that as it may, for centuries this enchanting spot has been famous as a resort for the old emperors of China and their pleasure-loving favorites. Here, amid the scenes of his pleasures, Ch'ung Chêng, the last of the Ming emperors, hung himself, after the capital had fallen into the hands of his victorious enemies.

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景山

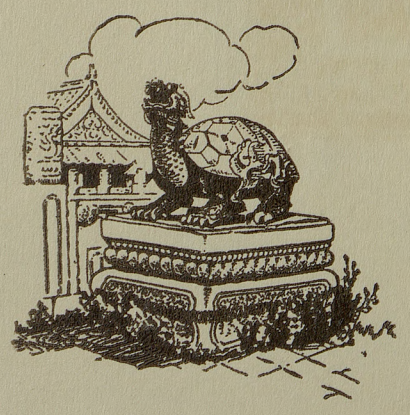
The Throne Hall of Supreme Harmony

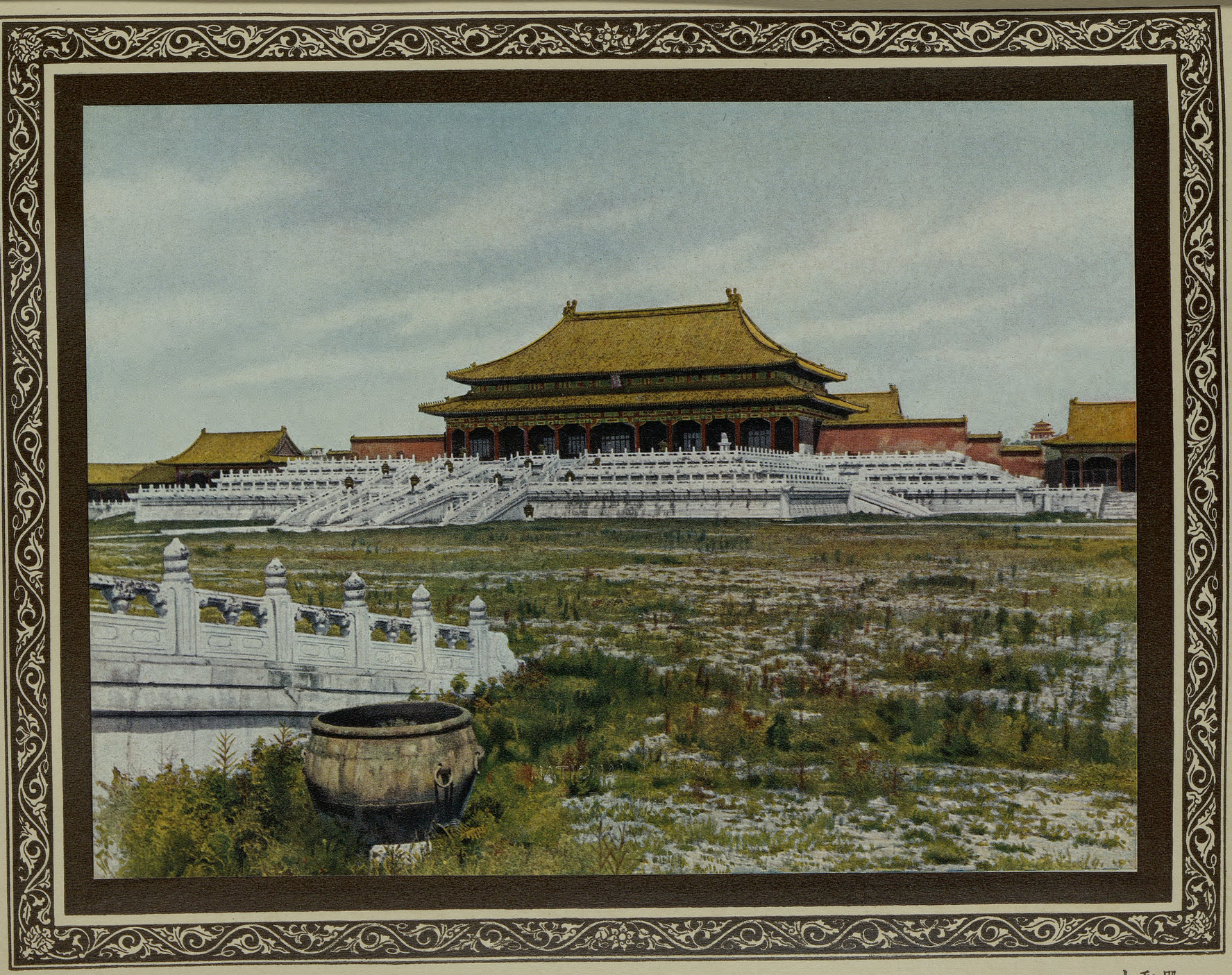
MARCO POLO, in his quaint but fascinating description of Peking's ancient palaces, gives us an excellent insight into what was undoubtedly in his day the finest Imperial hall in existence. The general plan of this Palace of the Great Khan is not unlike the graceful Throne Hall of more modern times. Therefore it will not be out of place here to let the famous Venetian traveler tell us his impressions of the "Lord's Great Palace." After describing the plan of the Forbidden City as a whole, he waxes eloquent in his praise of this vast hall—so gorgeous and so unlike anything he had ever seen in European courts. This is what he says:

"In the middle of the second inclosure is the Lord's Great Palace, and I will tell you what it is like. You must know that it is the greatest palace that ever was. The Palace itself hath no upper story, but is all on the ground floor, only the basement is raised some ten palms above the surrounding soil, and this elevation is retained by a wall of marble raised to the level of the pavement, two paces in width and projecting beyond the base of the Palace so as to form a kind of terrace-walk, by which people can pass round the building and which is exposed to view, whilst on the outer edge of the wall there is a very fine pillared balustrade; and up to this the people are allowed to come. The roof is very lofty, and the walls of the Palace are all covered with gold and silver. They are adorned with representations of dragons (sculptured and gilt), beasts and birds, knights and idols, and sundry other subjects, and on the ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting. (On each of the four sides there is a great marble staircase leading to the top of the marble wall, and forming the approach to the Palace.)

"The Hall of the Palace is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people, and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. The building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof is also all covered with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a respondent luster to the Palace as seen for a great way round. This roof is made, too, with such strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever."

While perhaps not nearly so large as its predecessor of Marco Polo's day, the gorgeous T'ai Ho Tien, which for more than four centuries has graced the courts of the Forbidden City, is truly a wonderful work of engineering and Oriental art. [See opposite plate.] With its five-tiered marble terrace, and huge vermilion pillars, surmounted by colorful eaves and glorious double roof of glittering yellow glaze, this masterpiece of Yung Lê's day cannot but compare favorably with the ancient Mongol structure described above.





太和殿

The Nan Hu Island—Gem of the Southern Sea

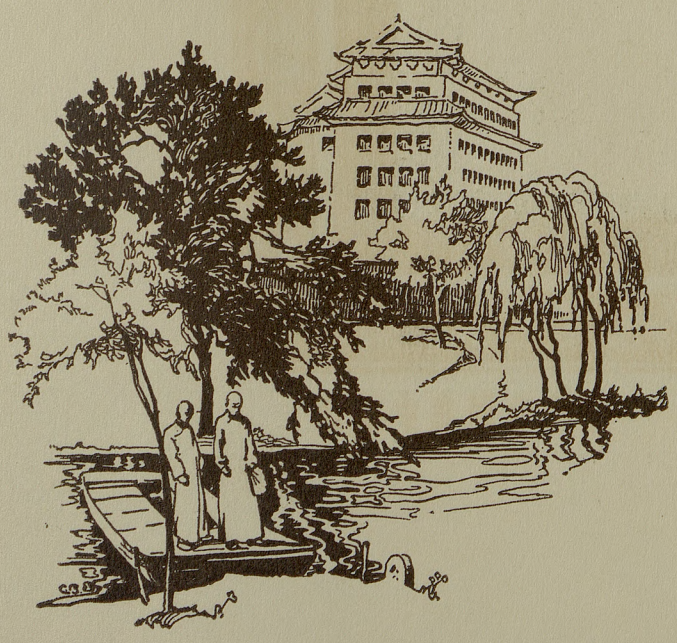
NEAR the southern shores of the K'un Ming Lake, and joined to the mainland by a remarkable old seventeen-arch marble bridge, we find a pretty verdure-clad isle. This miniature island, resting like a bright gem on the silver waters of the lake, shelters a celebrated temple "dedicated to the most famous dragon in China."

This interesting temple is mounted high above the surface of the lake, on natural stone foundations, upon the lower sides of which are to be found some fascinating caves and cool, dark grottoes, so well liked by the Chinese sovereigns.

The whole island, a square acre or two in size, is surrounded by a broad stone terrace, and protected by an ornate marble balustrade. The luxuriant foliage, which has been planted here to adorn and beautify the place is fast encroaching upon this pretty terrace, and soon the delightful promenade with its many excellent lakeside views, will be hopelessly blocked.

Our view, taken from the top of one of the interesting stone grottoes, shows a tiny corner in this fascinating woodland. It also gives one a glimpse of the beautiful landscape lying to the West—the shimmering waters of the lake at our feet, the Camel-back Bridge in the distance, while miles beyond, in the gathering haze of the hot summer day, rise the abrupt slopes of the Yü Ch'üan Shan, or "Jade Fountain Hill," capped so artistically by its graceful pagoda. Beyond these still, in the dim distance, rise the impressive peaks and rugged outlines of the Western Hills.

For a further study of the Summer Palace monuments, see pages 20, 38, 46, 58, 68, 80, 90, 94, 116, 118, and 130.





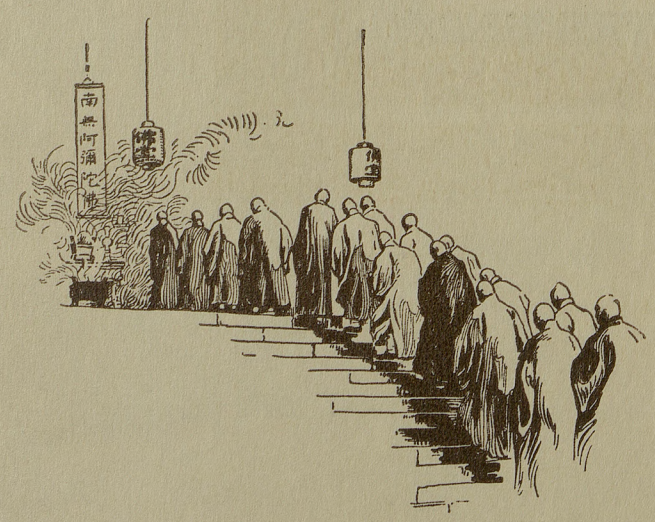
自昆明湖島中望遠

Kuan Yin at the Pi Yun Ssŭ

WENDING our way upward from the Hall of the Four Great Kings, we pass through the pavilion where sits the smiling figure of Maitreya, the Laughing Buddha. From a great rend in the roof wind and rain now beat upon his gilded features, but laughing, he heeds it not; and the people, simple country folk that they are—still "envy him because his paunch is filled forever." Passing the models of heaven and hell, with their crumbling "freaks of art," the next flight of steps opens into a spacious courtyard dotted with trees and vines and interspersed with bronze urns and marble statuary. Looking across a tiny mountain stream, spanned by a marble bridge, we face the principal hall, or "tien," containing the most important images. Here in the gathering darkness—behind rich hangings, huge candlesticks, and votive offerings—is a huge seated figure of the so-called "Blessed One."

Facing another fine courtyard, still higher up on the mountainside, we find a richly adorned sanctuary dedicated to Kuan Yin P'usa, the "Goddess of Mercy." This "most human of all the Buddhist theogeny" sits enthroned, not on a lotus bud, as is usual, but on the back of that most dreadful of all creatures—the mythical Hou. According to tradition this Chinese "king of beasts" is able to walk or fly, and has power over all living creatures. "At their unearthly call even tigers obey, hastening like their weaker brethren to inevitable doom." Only Kuan Yin, she who "looketh down above the sound of prayer," has power to tame this fearsome monster, and with perfect poise she seats herself upon his back. [See opposite plate.] The sutras are loud in their praises of this most popular goddess. "Storms and hate give way to her name. Fire is quenched by her name. Demons vanish at the sound of her name. By her name one may stand firm in the sky like a sun."

Here in these two principal halls where live the images of Sakyamuni and Kuan Yin, most of the temple services are held. These sanctuaries contain "all the paraphernalia of Buddhist worship—the big gong and painted drum, the brass cymbals and heart-shaped block of wood which a monk taps in measure with the chants, the long kneeling benches . . . and the altar with its set of ritual implements, libation bowls, incense urns full of gray ashes—the accumulation of years—red candles as thick as your wrist, piles of fruit, and curious criss-cross towers made of sticks of sugared shortbread." An elaborately decorated "reredos forms a background to the Buddha, while the ceiling above consists of sunk panels beautifully carved and painted." These sanctuaries and the numerous pavilions surrounding them are still well preserved, and they, with their colorful, flower-bedecked courtyards, contain many interesting old art treasures.



碧雲寺觀音



In Peking's Public Gardens



PLEASURE gardens for the people of Peking were almost unheard of in the good old Imperial days. In fact, according to Dr. Hu Shih, even scholars and men of wealth and education "had no place for excursion or rendezvous in the city except the Tao-jan Ting, a deserted, lonely arbor in the southern extremity of the city."

But since the downfall of the Manchu dynasty, and since democracy has become the order of the day, great changes have taken place in the city, and several of the fine old Imperial pleasure gardens have been opened up and converted into public parks.

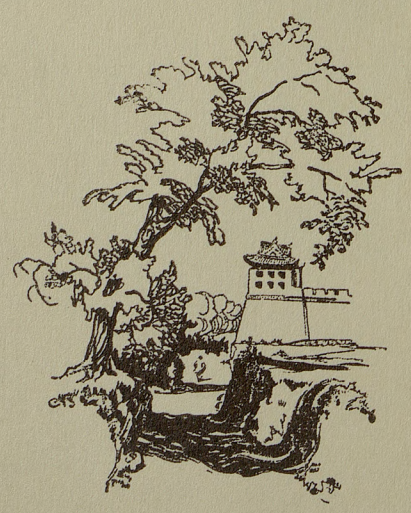
The first of these princely recreation grounds to be thrown open to the people were the famous gardens in the southern portion of the Imperial City, containing the Shê Chi T'an, or "Altar of the Five Elements." The last thus to be opened to the public were the enchanting Pei Hai gardens, just north of the Winter Palace.

The former is now known as Central Park, and is one of the most attractive spots in the Capital. It possesses many fine promenades and avenues, lined by fine old cedars, and is dotted with cafés, restaurants, and attractive playgrounds. In order to keep out the riffraff and the innumerable beggars, a small entrance fee is generally charged.

The Chinese people love a crowd, and the aristocrats of Peking society delight in almost daily excursions to beautiful Central Park. Here the élite can get away from the humdrum commonplace life of the city, and enjoy to the full the pleasure of standing about in leisurely dignity, or of drinking a cup of tea with friends, while overlooking the quiet waters of the Purple City moat.

"The visitor who wishes to see Chinese Peking society at its best and brightest should visit these gardens between five and seven o'clock of a summer evening. With its old stone benches under the trees of what used to be Palace gardens, and its flower beds enlivened by booths and restaurants, its artificial hills, its kangs filled with wonderful gold-fish," Central Park is at once the gayest and most popular resort in the city. "The crowds that patronize all these attractions," observes Miss Bredon, "are extremely well-dressed, decorous, intelligent, and are interesting as representatives of the best classes of residents in the Capital."

These pleasure gardens are bordered on the north by a section of the Forbidden City wall, and our picture shows one of the majestic corner towers—its multiple roof of Imperial yellow glaze overshadowing a corner of the park. As usual, the wall is surrounded by a broad moat, which in the summer time is completely covered by a luxuriant growth of magnificent lotus. Our photo was taken at the southern approach to the long red bridge that spans the waters of the canal.

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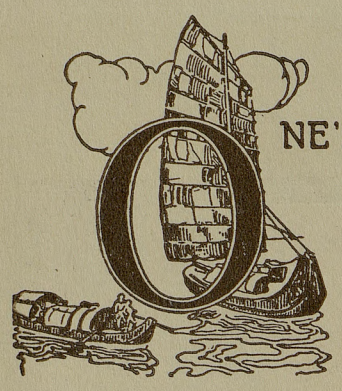
紫禁城之便門

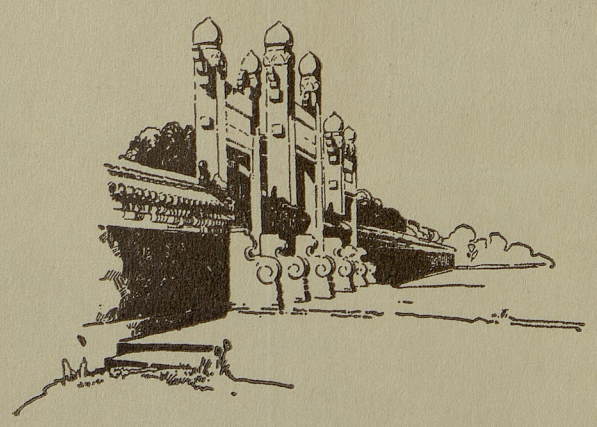
The Temple of the Happy Year



ONE'S first visit to the Temple of Heaven in Peking is a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. As one enters the Kuan Li Mên, the "Gate of Far Reaching Generosity," on the western wall of the Temple grounds, and passes down the broad, smooth avenue bordered by primeval forests, "under whose shade herds of sacrificial cattle used to browse," one catches distant and fleeting glimpses of a huge azure-blue dome silhouetted against the eastern sky. At the end of the long avenue one ascends a massive marble causeway, known as the "Way of the Gods," and, turning to the left after a short walk, one finds oneself in front of an imposing gateway with gracefully curved and gabled roof. Beyond this entrance, one stands with almost breathless awe face to face with a huge rotunda known as the Ch'i Nien Tien. "Springing upwards from a three-tiered marble terrace, the 'Temple of the Happy Year' rises ninety-nine feet into the air, a magnificent triple-roofed, azure-tiled, gold-capped shrine." This beautiful "Hall of Supplication for the Annual Harvest" is far loftier than the "Imperial World," and its huge marble terraces are broader even than those of the sacred southern altar. "With its triple roof of blue tiles, its richly carved ceiling, its dragons, coiling in fantastic heights above huge wooden pillars proudly erect on the marble floor, it is an impressive piece of architecture."

These columns are one of the most remarkable features of the building. Juliet Bredon says: "Four, elegantly lacquered, support the upper roof, while the two lower roofs rest upon twelve plain red pillars—all straight trunks of single trees. Phoenixes and dragons adorn the paneled ceiling divided by painted crossbeams lustrous with color and gold. The windows are covered with openwork wooden screens of graceful design. Brass hinges, beautifully worked, and gilded bosses ornament the handsome doors." Directly back of the sacred, central stone whereon the emperor used to kneel, is a lofty throne screen, dragon-carved and lacquered in a rich deep bronze. Nine steps lead from the polished marble floor to the sacred upper platform. Here also are enshrined the tablets erected to the memory of the imperial ancestors. Except for these, the great hall is bare. Once each year, during the first moon of the Chinese calendar, the emperor came here to worship before the Supreme Deity and the tablets of his Imperial ancestors, and here he received his annual commission as ruler of his vast empire.

On either side of the Temple of the Happy Year are rectangular halls, also capped with glorious azure tiles. These secondary buildings were once used as resting rooms, guard houses, "kitchens where the consecrated meats were prepared according to ancient ritual," and storerooms, where the sacrificial paraphernalia is still kept unused. [See pages 60, 72, 78, 88, 126, and 146.]





天壇全景

The Guardian of the Pass

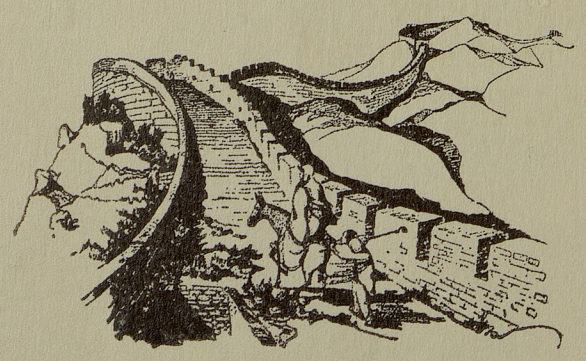
ASTRONOMERS have declared that the "only work of man's hands which would be visible to the human eye from the moon is the Great Wall of China." Some idea of the vastness of this gigantic structure can be gained from the fact that if the materials which were used in its construction were made to encircle the earth at the equator, they would form a solid barrier eight feet high and three feet thick!

Of the eight world wonders of antiquity, the Great Wall of China and the pyramids of Egypt alone have survived the conquest of time. Yet, in comparison, the largest pyramid built by the Pharoahs is but a pigmy when compared with the giant "Ten-Thousand-Li Rampart." It has been estimated that the materials used in the construction of China's Great Wall would build seventy such pyramids.

The Wall varies in size in different parts of the country. In the eastern section, where under the Mings its defenses were most fully developed, the ramparts are about twenty-five feet thick at the base and fifteen feet at the top. In height the Wall varies from fifteen to thirty feet. At points where there was little danger of attack the Wall was built of inferior materials and is comparatively low, but at all strategic points the great barrier was constructed of the most solid masonry and is of more than ordinary height and breadth. As shown in the picture, the top of the Wall is protected by bricks, and on the outside by a low parapet.

Against the horizon will be seen six of the numerous watch towers which were placed, in this strategic section, one third of a mile apart. The Mings alone erected over twenty thousand of these block towers, which constituted a veritable chain of small fortresses. In olden times, according to one authority, all these towers "were manned by small garrisons who had an excellent signal system of beacons by means of which messages could be transmitted from tower to tower for thousands of miles in a remarkably short time, and all the resources of large armies summoned to keep pace with the movements of the barbarians reconnoitering along the outside of the barrier in search of a weak spot."

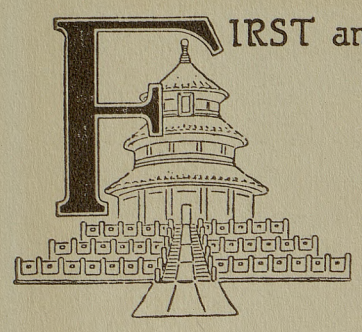
The portion of the Wall here shown in its picturesque setting was taken from an archway of one of the watch towers directly above the famous Nankow Pass — from the most ancient times a much-used caravan route from China into distant Mongolia. "As this was one of the important passes, capable of admitting carts and horsemen, big guard posts of a hundred men or more used to be stationed in these towers, which were equipped, according to the records, with food, fuel, medicines, and weapons to withstand a siege of several months." From the broken appearance of the Wall at this point, one can well picture in imagination the fierce struggles that in former ages took place at this strategic point above the Pass, which at one time was guarded by five additional walls and gates. For a further description of the Great Wall, see pages 16 and 70.





自城關望長城

The Dragon Throne



FIRST and finest of all the palaces within the Forbidden City walls is the glorious T'ai Ho Tien, or Throne Hall of Supreme Harmony. In her chapter on this part of Peking, Miss Bredon, describing the Throne Hall, says in part: "A lofty structure one hundred ten feet high, two hundred feet long, and one hundred feet wide, with five flights of carved marble steps leading from the ground to its highest terrace, with the curious sun and moon dial and gilt bronze cisterns glowing before its doors, this hall was formerly used only on occasions of the highest ceremony, such as the enthronement of a new Emperor or the occasion of an Imperial birthday.

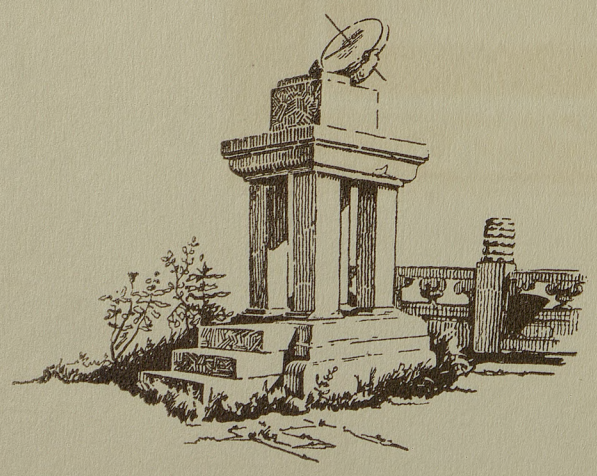
"The interior is soberly splendid. Pillars of bronze-colored lacquer, pillars of rich red, support the painted beams of the coffered ceiling which shows the blues and the greens of the peacock's tail, and the design of the dragon."

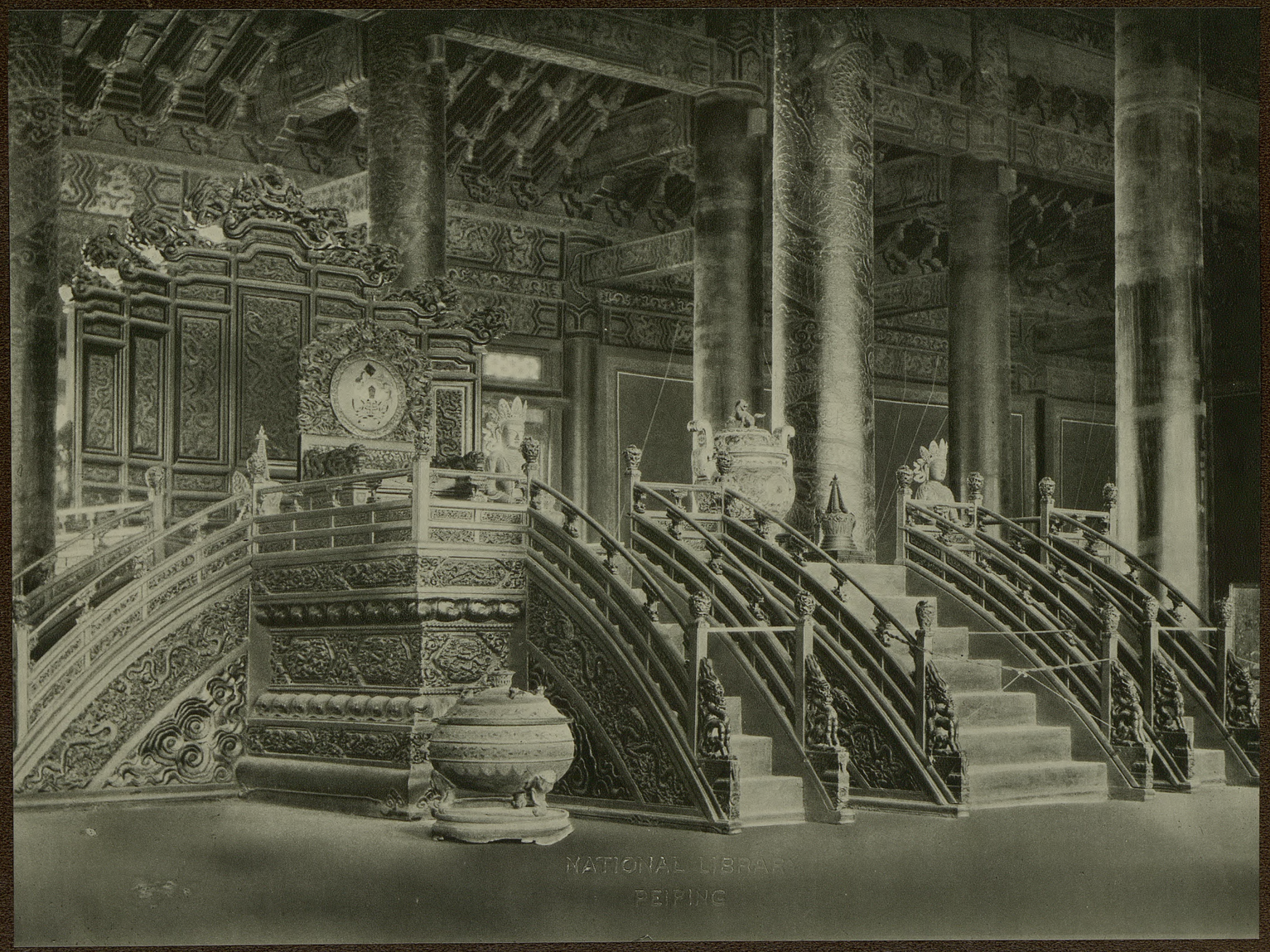
Save for the central dais, this vast hall is empty, its bare simplicity increasing the effect of dignity and grandeur, while the eye, undistracted by secondary ornament, instinctively seeks the majestic platform with its splendid gilded throne and wonderfully carved and beautifully ornamented throne screen. This is the famous "Dragon Throne"! Executed in bold relief upon throne and screen, we find the carved figures of just ninety-nine dragons; and whenever the emperor, the True Dragon, ascended his lofty throne, the number was complete—one hundred dragons occupied the "Dragon Throne."

How the hearts of those old envoys to the celestial court must have thrilled as they mounted the five-tiered marble steps leading into the presence of majesty! Even in these Republican days our hearts thrill with the grandeur of it all as we stand on these glittering stairs before the throne. "How much more, then, those who mounted them between brilliant ranks of kneeling nobles, and surrounded by picturesque men-at-arms!"

The throne is ascended on three sides: one stairway being on the right of the dais, one on the left, and a triple stairway in front—of which the central one leads directly to the throne. Each of the five stairways has just nine steps—a number common in Chinese geomancy, and probably a symbol of completeness. This unusual photograph of the dragon throne was taken under great difficulties, as all who have aspired to take pictures within these throne halls will admit. Cameras, and everything that pertains to the art of photography, are tabooed within these sacred walls, and it is only by the most unusual methods that one can secure a pictorial record of this grand interior.

Within the last year or two the T'ai Ho Tien has been converted into a national museum, and now its marble floors are covered with rare and priceless relics of a distant age. These works of art, however, seem not to add to, but rather to detract from, the sober and austere atmosphere of this splendid throne room.

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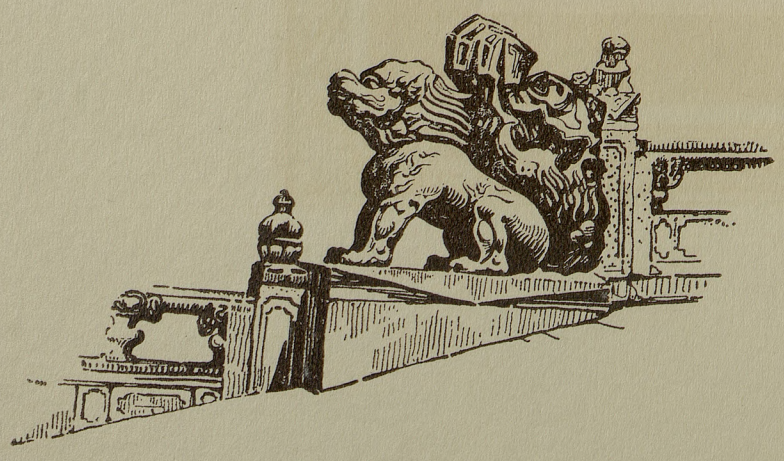
龍座

At the Beach on K'un Ming Hu

DOWN near the water's edge on the southern shores of K'un Ming Lake, resting on a broad marble terrace representing a beach, we find a very unusual example of Chinese art—Ch'ien Lung's famous Bronze Cow. This lifelike old ox, with head erect, sitting so quietly by the lakeside "has been able for two centuries to feast on a very fine prospect indeed"—a changing panorama of lake, islet, marble bridge, terraced courts, and mountains topped by ancient temples and pagodas. Welseley, a British officer, seeing the Bronze Ox on the day when the palaces of the Wan Shou Shan were being destroyed in the war of 1860, says that it was "so truly lifelike that all who saw it mistook it for a veritable animal till they had actually approached it."

Beyond this interesting old relic is an unusually artistic marble bridge which spans the waters of the lake and leads to the verdure-clad Dragon Island. This bridge with its seventeen arches of polished marble and lion-bedecked balustrades is one of the finest in the capital. It also dates back to the days of Ch'ien Lung, having been erected in the year 1755. This famous bridge, the Bronze Ox, and the Bronze Pavilion on the hillside are among the few relics of eighteenth-century grandeur which have survived the devastation of the war that laid in ruins these beautiful summer homes.

Passing over the broad smooth flagstones of the marble bridge, we enjoy a pleasant hour or two roaming around the tiny artificial island—through cool, inviting rockeries, into the deep recesses of caves, under the green canopy of trees, around pretty pavilions, while glazed-tile roofs abounding in the old royal colors of yellow, green, and blue, look down upon us. This island in miniature stands on foundations of solid marble and, according to some historians, dates back to the times of the early Ming emperors. It is sometimes called the "Dragon Island," for on its marble shores is located a temple dedicated to the most famous dragon in China. Note the huge T'ing Tzŭ, or "tea house," a portion of which is shown on the extreme left of the photograph; also the pretty bridge-pavilion on the outskirts of the lake beyond. The upper half of the Jade Fountain Pagoda on the hilltop is just discernible above the trees of the island. For intimate descriptions of other Summer Palace monuments, see pages 20, 38, 46, 58, 68, 80, 90, 94, 104, 118, and 130.

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十七洞橋

A Queen's Bedroom

GREAT care has always been exercised by the Chinese in choosing the sites for important buildings and shrines, so that the beauties of nature should enhance the work of the architect. This in numberless instances has been so skillfully done that, in the best of Chinese architecture, we find a most perfect blending of the natural and the purely artificial—a blending of nature and art so cleverly wrought out that it is difficult at times to tell where the one begins and the other ends.

In the little pavilion celebrated as the private bedroom of the Empress Dowager, we have a perfect example of this pleasing type of architecture—where gently sloping tile-clad roofs, colorful eaves, and tracery of latticed door and window lay half revealed, half concealed behind the beauties of rock and shrub and tree—converting the simple courtyard into a charming woodland paradise. The whole atmosphere of this palace bedroom and its surrounding courts suggests not action but repose, the Oriental's ideal of life.

Our photo shows a portion of the north end of this ornate little building facing the hillside, with the early morning sunlight streaming in through the trees, lighting up the huge red pillars that support the roof, and casting featherlike shadows on marble terrace and pavements of chiseled stone.

Passing through an archway we enter the southern courtyard. Here to our delight we find the four apple trees—two on either side of the court—in full bloom! The delicate pink and white blossoms fill the air with fragrance and transform this courtyard into a thing of living beauty. Between the trees and directly in front of the main building there stands in solemn dignity a row of lifelike bronzes representing stork and deer, with a huge bronze vase on either end, and in the center of them all a little sundial of elegantly wrought and glistening marble. [See page 69.]

We invite ourselves in, but the wide strips of paper pasted so characteristically across the doorway indicate that the place is sealed, and we must not intrude. So we content ourselves with simply gazing through the latticed doors and the unusual plate glass windows at the wonders within. There in the corner, built into an alcove and hung with the Imperial yellow hangings, is the Empress's bed. Above the bed are some shelves where once stood a collection of clocks. These clocks, it is said, "were Her Majesty's weakness," for at times "she had as many as fifteen going at one time."

Reluctantly we turn away from this delightful spot and wend our way along the shady lakeshore toward our next goal—the lofty Fo Hsiang Ko—a great circular pagodalike temple on the summit of the hill. For a description of the Fo Hsiang Ko, and other places of interest at the Wan Shou Shan, see pages 20, 38, 46, 58, 68, 80, 90, 94, 104, 116, and 130.




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皇后御寢

The Jade Fountain Pagodas

RISING abruptly out of the broad plain of Chihli to the west of Peking, a mile and a half from the gates of the Summer Palace, is a famous hill and a still more famous spring. Known throughout China as the Yü Ch'üan Shan, or "Hill of the Jade Fountain," this place has for many centuries enjoyed the Imperial patronage.

The tall pagoda that crowns its summit overlooks a summer resort of the famous Chin emperors who ruled eight hundred years and more ago. The Mongols who succeeded them also kept up these gardens, and the Ming sovereigns improved and added to them. Later on the Manchu emperor, K'ang Hsi, a lover of nature and art, built temples and pagodas on the site—"one dedicated to Buddha, and one to the Spirit of the Fountain. The loveliest is of solid marble and rises from the ground like a white lily. The base is carved in imitation of the waves of the sea, and the whole pagoda, seven-storied, but of slight build, stands upon a gigantic lotus flower, the petals of which are again carved in all manner of beautiful designs."

The tall spire at the top of the hill, known as the "Yü Feng T'a," is the more striking of the two, having been built entirely of stone, with winding stairways that lead from the lower levels to dizzy heights at the top. From our vantage point on the highest platform, most magnificent views can be had of all the surrounding plain. Nowhere but from this highest pagoda can we command such a wonderful bird's-eye view of beautiful Yi Ho Yüan, trace the outline of the lovely lake, note the position of bridges, islands, pavilions, and gilded palaces, and at the same time gaze over the peaceful sunlit rice fields to the glorious panorama of the Western Hills, with its peaceful groves and age-old monasteries.

The chief glory of this charming retreat, however, lies not in its fascinating monuments, nor even in its incomparable vistas, but in a quiet spot on the eastern slope, where, from among the rocks and ferns of a secluded little glen, there gushes forth a living stream of pure, sparkling water—the famous Jade Fountain—for whose sake all these stones and bricks and tiles have been gathered together.

Engraven deep upon an overhanging rock above the fountain are some characters—an inscription, we are told, by Emperor Ch'ien Lung, which reads, "The First Spring Under Heaven." And as we follow through devious paths, the deep cool stream of purest jade-tinted water, out to the winding canal that carries it into the broad bosom of the K'un Ming Lake, we are inclined to agree with the great artist emperor who thus sought to honor one of nature's most precious gifts to man. From the Summer Palace the waters of the Fountain are carried eastward to within the gates of the capital, where it supplies the "Three Oceans" of the Winter Palace with an abundant supply of water. [See pages 22, 25, 48, and 54.]




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玉泉山之塔

The Yellow Temple

VERY few of Peking's art treasures can compare in beauty with the fascinating marble stupa that lifts its golden crown above the surrounding pavilions of the Yellow Temple. From its wave-patterned base to the top of its gilded dome, the sculpture and workmanship are exquisite. Our photograph shows a close-up view of the carving on one of the eight panels which decorate the sides of the monument. Unfortunately, after the siege of Peking in 1900, French soldiers were quartered here, and they are said to have amused themselves by knocking off the heads of the marble figures with the butts of their rifles. Enough remains, however, to show the delicate detail of the work. While this marble cenotaph is the chief glory of the temple, yet there are many other interesting sights within the walls of this old Lama monastery.

The temple grounds are divided into two separate parts — an eastern and a western section. These, although close together, are in charge of two different sects of Lamas. The eastern section, with its huge temples crowned by glistening roofs of yellow tile, is dedicated to Sakyamuni Buddha, and, on the whole, is in a much better state of preservation than the western half; but "both suffer sadly through lack of Imperial subsidies."

The temples of the eastern section were built by Emperor Shun Chih on the ruins of an ancient Liao Temple in about the year 1651, for the accommodation of the Dalai Lama on his occasional visits to Peking. The Princely palaces of the western section were erected by K'ang Hsi in the year 1720. Legend has it that the emperor had a particular reason for enlarging and embellishing the temples of these powerful Lama pontiffs, for at one time during his travels in Mongolia he unfortunately caused the death of a Living Buddha. Ever after this unhappy event the emperor spent large sums in beautifying the Huang Ssŭ Monastery.

The lofty palace, where the Dalai Lamas were formerly entertained, with its gilded halls and richly appointed chapels, is now closed to the general public, being reserved by the Lamas for the "Living Buddha of Peking," Minchur Gheghen. It was the privilege of the author to meet this Mongol saint during one of the yearly "Devil Dances," and to witness the adoration bestowed upon him. It was a picturesque sight to see him enter the sacred precincts of the temple, and pass between two long rows of yellow-clad monks to his gilded throne on the lofty terrace. Here, surrounded by hundreds of Mongol monks and thousands of devotees, he, the incarnate Living Buddha, led out in the weird service, and accepted the worship of the assembled multitudes.

Closely related to the Huang Ssŭ, is the Yung Ho Kung, another Lama temple located near the north wall of the Tartar City. For a description of Lama worship, and the Yung Ho Kung see pages 64, 74, 140, and 154.





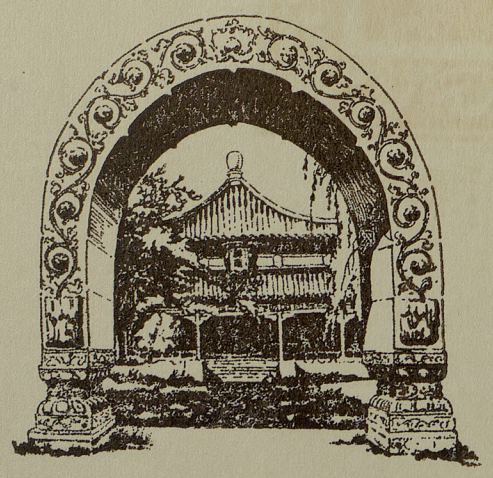
黃寺石塔上之雕刻

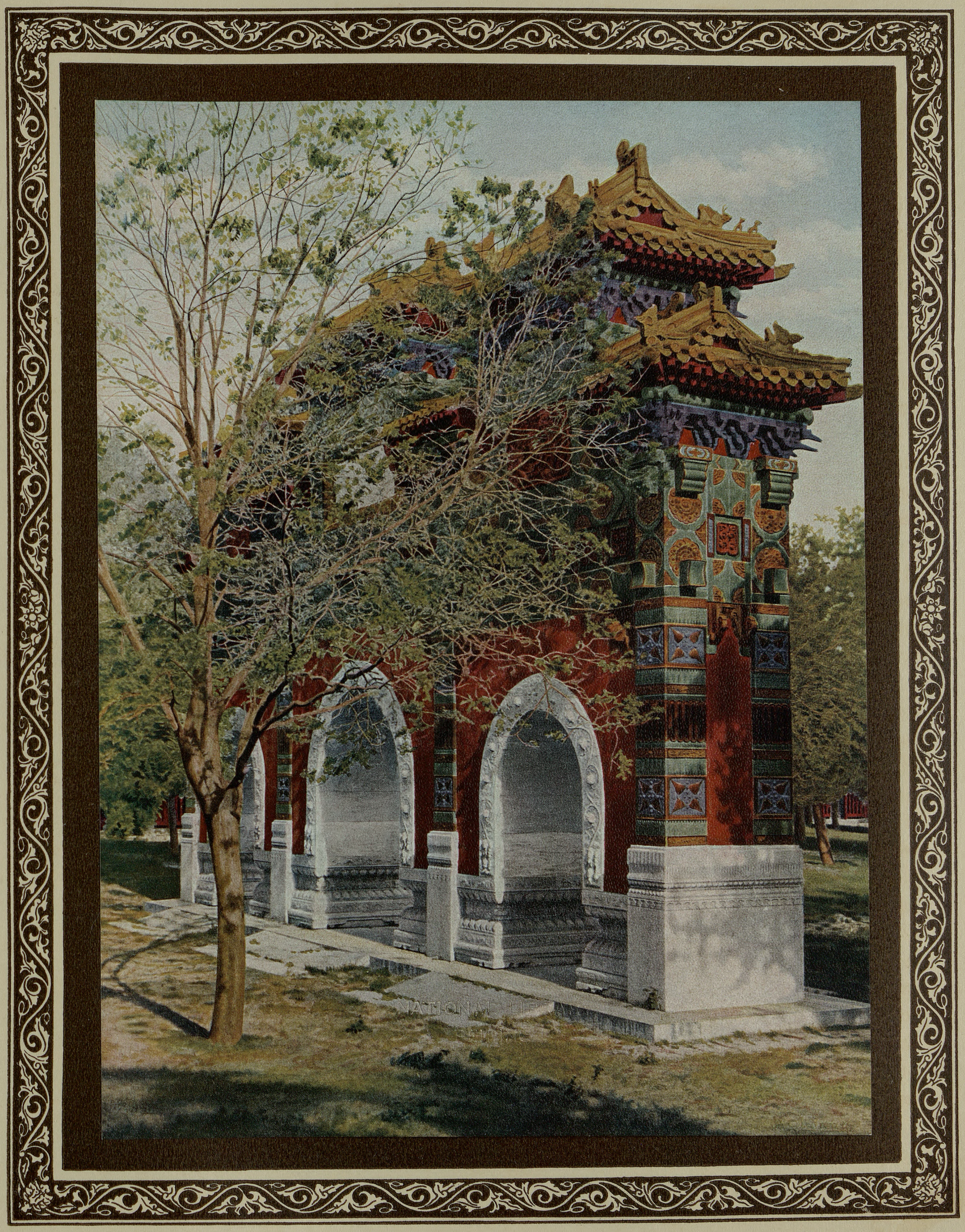
"The Confucian Pailou"

AMONG the most beautiful specimens of purely Chinese architecture within the walls of the Capital are its picturesque memorial arches or inscription towers—commonly called pailous. A *lou* in Chinese means a tower or structure; while a *p'ai* is a tablet or inscription. A pailou, therefore, is a tower containing an inscription. Many of these artistic pailous, built by the emperors of China, still grace the streets and the courtyards of the city.

The graceful and brilliantly colored "Confucian Pailou," shown in our photo, stands in the famous Hall of Classics inclosure, just within the entrance gateway. It was erected by Ch'ien Lung in honor of Learning, and the inscriptions, one on each face, were written by the emperor-builder himself. Therefore, some say that the name "Confucian Pailou" is inaccurate; but this slight misnomer does not detract in the least from the glory of its green and yellow and blue encaustic tiles, or the exquisite grace of its splendid proportions. As can readily be seen from the picture, it is constructed partly of sculptured marble blocks; partly of bricks which are faced with porcelain glazed tile, and partly of a reddish stucco. The triple roof is of Imperial yellow glaze such as we find on the roofs of all the palaces and the temples under the patronage of the emperors. Because of the preponderance of glazed tile in its decoration, the Chinese call it the *Liu-li*, or "glazed pailou." This celebrated monument stands to-day in almost pristine splendor, with the possible exception of the slight loss of a few of the queer little gargoyles, or roof animals.

In the Western Hills we find two replicas of this fine Memorial Arch—one in the Hsiang Shan Hunting Park, and another at the entrance to the famous old Wo Fu Ssŭ. The Pei Hai gardens can also boast of one or more of these gorgeous Imperial inscription towers, all of which were probably erected in Ch'ien Lung's day (A. D. 1736-1796). There are many other interesting old relics to be found within the grounds of the Hall of Classics and its adjoining temple courtyard. Chiefest among these are ten stone drums, which are kept within glass cases under cover of the great inner gateway to the temple. These hoary relics of a distant age and civilization are supposed to have come down to us from the Chou dynasty (1122-255 B. C.). "The records of these monoliths," writes a noted scholar of Chinese history, "have always been of the most profound interest to archaeologists. Chiseled in the primitive seal characters, they are said by scholars to be the oldest relics of Chinese writing extant, but were probably copied from ideographs on still more ancient bronze vessels. The inscriptions comprise a series of ten odes, a complete one being cut on each drum, and their stanzas in irregular verse celebrate the hunting expedition of a feudal prince about 1000 B. C., when the Aryans were conquering India, when David reigned in Israel, and Homer sang in Greece." [See page 140.]





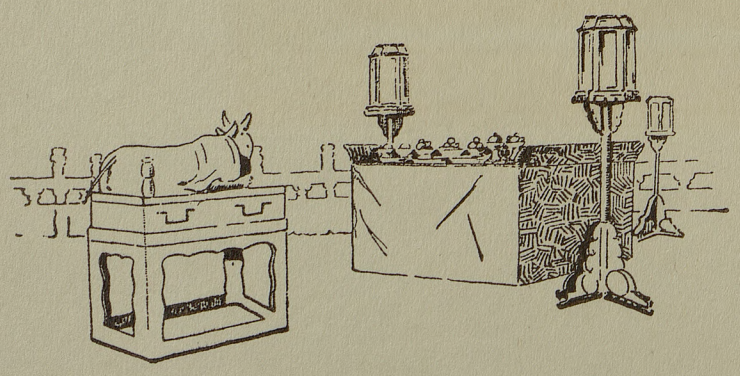
孔子紀念坊

"The High Place of Chinese Devotion"

THE T'IEN TAN, or great "South Altar," has been regarded for centuries as the most sacred and important of Chinese religious structures. Located three miles south of the Imperial palaces, in a suburb of the Chinese city, and standing in the most honored portion of the Temple of Heaven grounds, surrounded by glittering walls of azure tile and triumphal arches of purest white marble—this altar was truly the gem of a great empire. The altar, in the words of Dr. S. Wells Williams, "is a beautiful triple circular terrace of white marble, whose base is 210, middle 150, and top 90 feet in width, each terrace encompassed by a richly carved balustrade. The uppermost terrace, whose height above the ground is about eighteen feet, is paved with marble slabs, forming nine concentric circles—the inner of nine stones inclosing a central piece," regarded by the Chinese as the central point in the universe, "and around this each receding layer consisting of a multiple of nine until the square of nine (a favorite number in Chinese philosophy) is reached in the outermost row. It is upon the single round stone in the center of the upper plateau that the emperor kneels when worshiping Heaven and his ancestors at the winter solstice."

"No foreigner has ever beheld the emperor officiating in his capacity of High Priest," writes Juliet Bredon, "but the altar has been seen prepared for the occasion, the huge horn lanterns hoisted on their poles, the gilt, dragon-entwined stands for the musical instruments, the resting tents and the decorative banners set up, and the shrine to represent Heaven placed upon the highest platform facing south. Together with the tablet of 'Shang Ti,' the Supreme Deity, the ancestral tablets of five of the 'Imperial Forefathers' stood on the same platform, facing east and west, while secondary shrines to the sun, moon, and the elements were ranged below."

On the ground at the bottom of the four flights of broad low steps "stand vessels of bronze in which are placed bundles of cloth and sundry animals constituting part of the sacrificial offerings. But of vastly greater importance than these in matter of burnt offering," continues Dr. Williams, "is the great furnace, nine feet high, and faced with green porcelain tile. In this receptacle, erected some hundred feet to the southeast of the altar, is consumed a burnt offering of a bullock—entire and without blemish—at the yearly ceremony. The emperor, the Son of Heaven, was the only priest, the mediator between his people and his God," and the members of the Board of Rites, the highest officers of state, his only assistants at this solemn service. The main object of this sacrifice—"nothing to which external splendor or applause of the multitude could minister—was the purification of the Emperor's mind from all thought that could obscure his vision of the great principles" of "Tao," or the Way of Heaven. [See pages 60, 72, 78, 88, 110, and 146.]





天壇

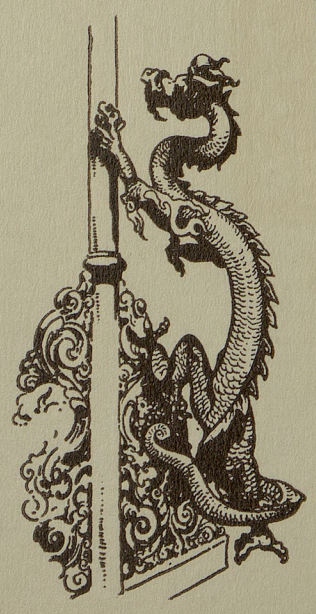
A Dragon's Portrait

ACCORDING to popular belief "there are real dragons living in China to-day. These are not the horrible monsters that some have imagined them to be. They are friendly creatures revered by all the people." During the four thousand years and more of Chinese history we find recorded scores of appearances of this king of beasts. It is "connected with the stories of many prominent characters of China's past. Perhaps the most noteworthy reference is one which states that two dragons as guards of honor visited the home of Confucius on the day that great sage was born."

Some idea of the high esteem in which the dragon has been held by the people of China can be had from the fact that the "emperor's most reverential title was, 'The True Dragon'; and in harmony with that idea the word 'dragon' was used in the names of all that had to do with his life and position. As an example of this his throne was called the 'dragon's seat,' his hands the 'dragon's claws,' the pen he used was the 'dragon's brush,' the Imperial robes were called the 'dragon's garments,' and the Imperial glance was known as 'dragon's eyes.'"

Tradition has it that the bodies of all dragons are divided into three sections of equal length; "these divisions being from the point of the nose to the shoulders, from the shoulders to the thighs, and from the thighs to the tip of the tail." As to its actual length, authorities differ greatly. Some who claim to have actually seen dragons, say that they are one hundred feet long; others, about fifty feet long; while still other accounts would lead us to believe that some dragons are actually several miles in length. The smallest dragon of which we have any record is said to have been about the size of a silkworm. This vast difference in the size of the dragon is accounted for in the *Shuo Wen*, a book written in the days of the T'angs, which says that this wonderful creature has such marvelous powers, that "it may cause itself to become visible or invisible at will, and it can become long or short, and coarse or fine, at its own good pleasure." The huge "Dragon Spirit Screen" shown on page sixty-three, gives one a very accurate idea of the brilliant colors attributed to this mythical monster. Usually they are "differentiated as being red, yellow, blue, white, or black."

According to the records, there are, in all, eight species of the dragon; but the best known, and the one almost universally portrayed in Chinese art, is the Shên Lung, which is beautifully shown in the opposite plate. This graceful dragon, exquisitely cast in bronze, forms a part of one of the famous astronomical instruments set up in the days of Emperor K'ang Hsi. These wonderful dragon-adorned instruments are found in the grounds of the ancient Imperial Observatory, the principal landmark on the east wall of the Tartar City. For a further description of the dragon, see pages 76 and 154.

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觀象臺天文儀器上之銅龍

A Panorama

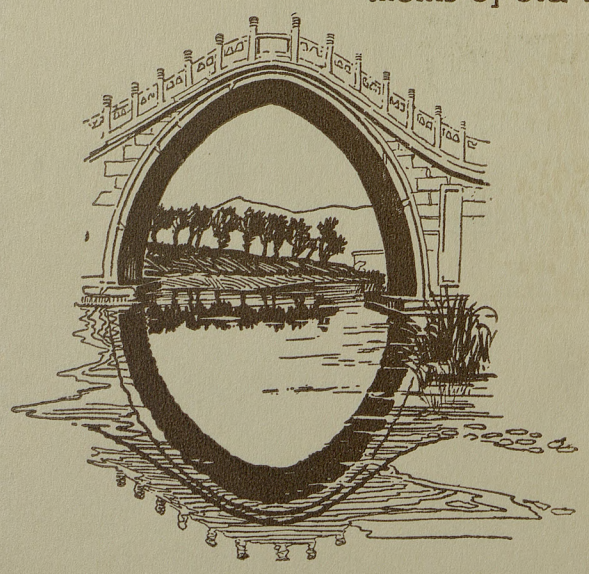
THE GREAT circular temple that crowns the summit of Wan Shou Shan is reached by immense flights of broad stone steps, at the head of each of which is a spacious landing. (See plate on page 39.) This famous temple, known to the Chinese as Fo Hsiang Ko, is also approached by little winding paths, some of which pass through interesting tunnels and cool grottoes that lead us from the lower terraces to the sunnier slopes near the top.

At best it is no easy climb, and halfway up we stop to rest under the inviting shade of Ch'ien Lung's famous Bronze Pavilion that still stands on the spot that the emperor selected for it—a marble terrace overlooking the jade-green waters of the lake. This highly-ornamented little structure, glowing in its rich bronze tones, is graced with a double roof which reaches twenty feet and more above the pavement. It is surrounded by a marble terrace ascended on three sides by broad stone stairways, and is flanked by sculptured balustrades. Nothing but bronze has entered into its construction—its tiles, its gables, its pillars, its beams, its latticed windows, and its richly carved doors are all of solid bronze. Little wonder then, that the fires of 1860, which destroyed all other more flimsy structures, left this little gem of architecture untouched.

Some would tell us that the Bronze Pavilion is the handiwork of the Jesuit Fathers, and that it was cast by them in the early part of the eighteenth century. (It is the little square building at the extreme right of the photo.) We would fain stop longer here, but having heard much about the marvelous view from the hilltop, we press upwards toward the towering temple above us. Panting for breath we at last reach the top, and there under the cool shade of broad verandahed pavilions, we sit down to rest and enjoy the wonderful panorama spread out before us.

It is a charming scene that we look down upon—"just like a description from the Arabian Nights," says Juliet Bredon—"a fairyland of quaint-shaped summer houses, soft pink walls, rainbow roofs, lacquered columns, white marble arches and camel-back bridges against the background of the hills, so varied in outline, so soft and tender and beautiful in their ever-changing colors."

Directly below, like an ocean of gold in the sunshine, is a huge glittering mass of yellow glaze—the roofs of the Imperial palaces. On either side, set in the midst of shady groves of cypress and fir, rise the sparkling multicolored roofs of a myriad lesser pavilions, while beyond lie the placid waters of the lake. Then lifting our gaze away from this lovely scene, far beyond the sunlit rice fields, to the southeast we can just trace amid the haze and dust of the city, the dim outline of massive gray walls and towers—the battlements of old Peking. [See also pages 20, 38, 46, 58, 68, 80, 90, 94, 104, 116, and 152.]

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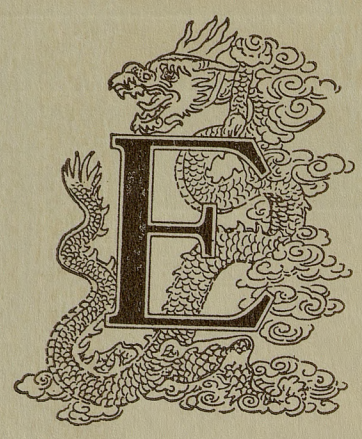
頤和園西之全景

Dragon Lore

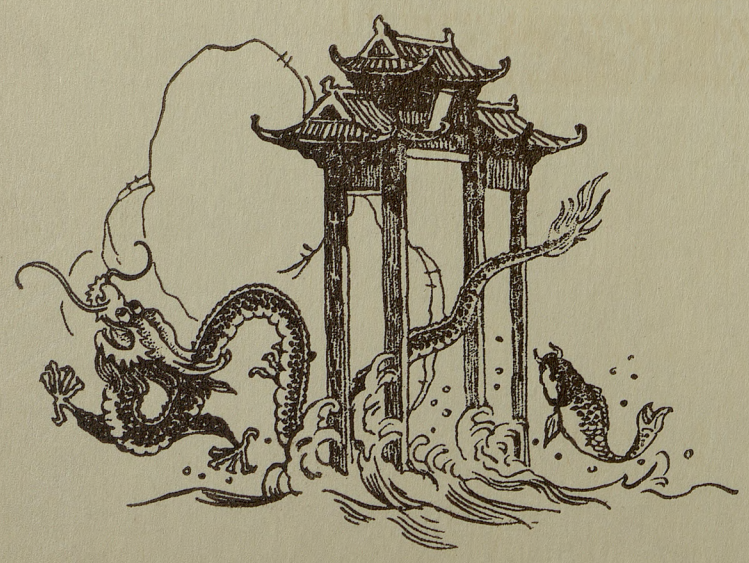


EVERY true dragon, according to Chinese folklore, has nine sons, each of which is different from the others in physical characteristics and in disposition. Besides these, which are such by birth, we find another class of dragons that become members of the "Lung" family by transformation from fish of the carp species. "The transformed variety become dragons," so the story goes, "by leaping up the waters of a certain cataract upon a western mountain stream. Large numbers of carp swim once each year to this waterfall known as the 'Dragon's Gate.' Here under the cataract they flounder about, jumping and springing up out of the swirling waters; a few of them succeed in getting over the falls to the higher waters above. Those which are successful in this effort become dragons."

The sketch below shows a representation of the "Dragon Gateway," from a painting on the "spirit wall," which formerly stood in front of the main entrance to Nanking's Examination Hall. This painting depicted a carp changing into a dragon. "A Bachelor of Arts, according to China's ancient system of education, upon becoming a Master, was congratulated by his friends as having passed through the 'Dragon Gate.'" The implication was that it was as difficult for a Bachelor of Arts to become a Master as for an ordinary carp to be transformed into a mighty dragon.

Will the belief in this creature pass away with the changing times or will its influence remain? Mr. Hayes, in his monumental work, *The Chinese Dragon*, answers this question in the light of fifteen years' study of dragon lore. He says: "There is a feeling among many friends of China, and even among a few Chinese as well, that the effect of the revolution and the passing of the Dragon flag will very shortly kill the dragon idea. This the writer believes is impossible. A belief that has gripped the nation for over forty centuries is not to be shaken even by a great revolution, which, though cataclysmic in itself, yet in relation to the ages which have passed, is little more than a ripple upon the surface of the sea of time. The dragon is neither a symbol of the Manchu dynasty nor a type of absolute monarchy, and has nothing to do with either. The idea is distinctly a heritage of the Chinese race itself, and as such it will probably live as long as this people. It will survive for at least a generation after Western science has permeated and dominated every seaside village, every mountain hamlet, and every inland city, to the remotest bounds and limits of this vast Republic."

Our plate shows one of the former officers in the Empress Dowager's Court, clothed in his gorgeous official robes. Thousands of these officials and eunuchs, once wealthy, have actually come to want since the downfall of the dynasty. However, a few managed to escape the general ruin; and one, a notorious palace eunuch, got away with 50,000,000 taels, and now lives like a king within the protecting boundaries of a foreign concession.



清代宦官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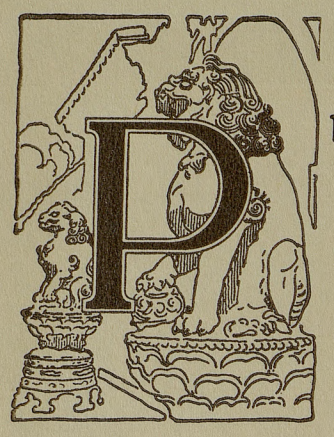
The Sleeping Buddha of Wo Fu Ssŭ



ERHAPS the oldest of the many fascinating hill temples is the famous monastery known as Wo Fu Ssŭ. This fine old sanctuary carries us back to the time when the Northern Capital was in the days of its infancy; for it was established during the reign of the T'angs [A. D. 932-936]. Nestled close under an outcropping bluff of the Western Hills and surrounded by dense groves of fine old trees, it is famed as a beauty spot as well as a retreat of distinguished antiquity.

For centuries this monastery of the Sleeping Buddha has been noted for its genial hospitality, and every summer many Peking residents come here to escape the dust and heat of the plain, and to enjoy the picturesque and romantic country life that this quaint Buddhist temple affords. In fact, all the Western Hill temples are largely patronized as summer resorts during the hot summer season, for, as Hubbard says: "The doors of a temple are open to all and sundry, and, thanks to Chinese tolerance in religious matters, foreigners can enjoy their hospitality as freely as natives of the country. Guest rooms, often comprising a whole courtyard, are a feature of every temple and in these the visitor can install himself and his whole household and live a self-contained existence quite outside the official life of the temple."

Many foreign residents in Peking rent their favorite temples and establish permanent summer homes here. Of late years the Y. M. C. A. has monopolized most of the guest rooms of beautiful Wo Fu Ssŭ, having established their out-of-town headquarters in its spacious courts.

The approach to this ancient temple is a charming one. A long avenue of fine old cypresses leads from the plain below to the gorgeous green and gold pailou by the gate, a replica of the much-admired Confucian pailou at the Hall of Classics. [See page 125.] Leaving our car in the shade of wide-spreading trees by the roadside, we pass beneath the glittering archway and cross several sun-lit courtyards to the Hall of the Sleeping Buddha—chief glory of this famous temple.

Entering a richly adorned sanctuary we stand before a huge bronze figure—the "Beloved One at rest." [See opposite plate.] "The image with its calm passionless face and closed eyes—an impressive embodiment of dreamless sleep—is fully clothed in robes of state," writes Juliet Bredon. "Only the feet are bare. The pious bring offerings of shoes, large and small, silk or paper, according to their means, to place upon the altar. Why? Is there a hint of a resurrection?" Yes! In just three hundred years, the priests now tell us, their lord will awaken out of his age-long sleep. Note the shoes at the left of the picture—a gift, it is said, from one of the emperors. And following the precedent set for them, the presidents of China now add their gifts to the long line of gigantic footwear.





臥佛寺之臥佛

A Peking Block Tower

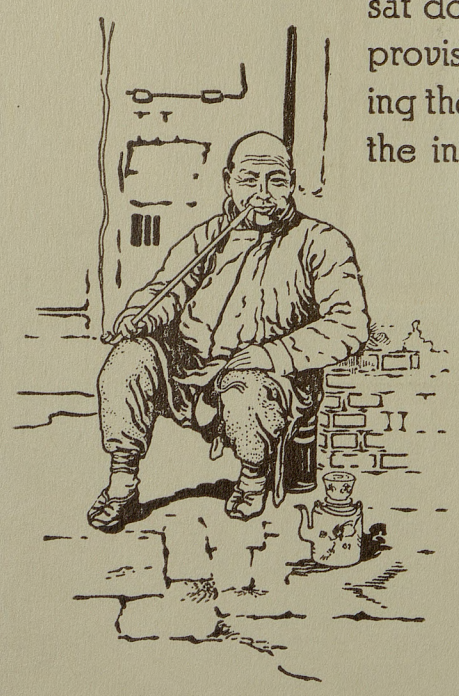
SELDOM do we find a more fascinating group within the scope of a single landscape than this—the hardy water carrier with his empty buckets, about to descend the narrow pathway to the waters of the moat; the little bridge with its brilliant red balustrades, leading to the old cart road; the weeping willows, casting their dense shade on sloping canal banks; and last of all the huge gray form of old Hsi Pien Mên, towering above them all.

This massive tower, corresponding to the Tung Pien Mên on the east, is now only a memory, for in 1925 it was ruthlessly torn from its five-hundred-year-old foundations, and its bricks and its timbers, its tiles and its grotesquely modern tin roof, were all sold—without doubt to enrich the coffers of some hard-pressed war-lord or greedy official.

What a pity that these hoary monuments—relics of "this vanishing world of Eastern splendor"—must go, when their presence adds such interest and charm to beautiful vistas along the wall. The lofty southeastern tower is not the only one that has suffered during the past two years or so; for the Tung Chih Mên, on the eastern wall, and the P'ing Tse Mên, on the western wall, have also been shorn of their glorious towers, and have now passed into history. Thus many of the older monuments are fast disappearing, because the Chinese people are too indifferent to preserve or repair them.

In the olden days these towers on the wall were used as real forts, but "the brass cannon, which under the last Mings and early Manchus flanked the city gates, have disappeared"; and now painted cannon muzzles, glaring symbols of vanished power, alone remain to remind us of the days when "Mongol or Ming, or Manchu warriors in velvet and satin uniforms," fought from the high towers above the wall, "holding in their hands bows and arrows and twisted pikes or clumsy jingals," as they breathed out slaughter on besieging armies who vainly sought to scale or batter down the giant ramparts.

For centuries these huge walls and towers afforded effectual resistance, and withstood the stoutest armies and the most persistent attacks. Putnam Weale tells the story of the early cavalry raids against Peking—how "immense bodies of Manchu and Mongol cavalry, passing from the grassy plateau above Peking, descended on to the Chihli plain and attempted to capture the Capital. But Peking was too vast a city so easily to succumb. The Manchus and their Mongol allies rode round the mighty walls uttering curses and imprecations and discharging their arrows at the painted towers in vain; they even sat down and attempted to starve the defenders out. But Chinese cities are always well provisioned, the harvest of the surrounding country being stored in the capitals and forming the main asset on which trade and industry of the country are conducted. So presently the invaders rode away foiled, and the gates of the Capital were opened once more."

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西便門

The Prayer for Rain

THIS delightful little courtyard in front of the Empress Dowager's own palace at the Wan Shou Shan was in times of drought the scene of a very pretty and interesting religious ceremony. At this service the tall bronze vase shown on the right was filled with water, and a large willow branch placed in its broad brim.

On the day set apart for this ceremony the Empress Dowager, Emperor Kuang Hsü, and the Young Empress, as well as all the Court ladies and servants, each plucked a little willow branch and placed it on the head—the ladies tucking it in their hair, while the men stuck the tiny sprays in their hats. (Willow, according to the Buddhist religion, can bring water; hence the old custom of the Court to wear willow leaves when praying for rain.) Then the head eunuch, kneeling before Her Majesty, announced that everything was ready for the ceremony in the little pavilion in front of her palace. In this room was a large square table on which lay a few large sheets of yellow paper and a jade slab, some vermilion powder, and two little writing brushes. At each side of the table stood a pair of large porcelain vases, containing two large willow branches. Her Majesty's yellow satin cushion was placed in front of this table. Here she stood, and with the help of one of the princesses placed some pieces of sandalwood on an incense burner, filled with live charcoal. Then Her Majesty knelt on her cushion, the Young Empress knelt behind her, the Court ladies all knelt in a row behind the Young Empress; and all commenced to pray. It was a simple little prayer and all joined heartily in earnest supplication in behalf of the poor farmers. Thrice was the prayer repeated, and nine times the royal worshipers prostrated themselves to the ground while they murmured: "We worship the Heavens, and beg all the Buddhas to take pity on us and save the poor farmers from starving. We are willing to sacrifice for them. Pray Heaven send us rain!" The Great Ancestor then ascended her throne for the morning audience.

The beautiful bronze deer in the center of the picture is a symbol of long life, while the Ling Chih Ts'ao in his mouth is a symbol of immortality. This deer is hollow inside, and sandalwood was frequently burned in a receptacle in his back—the smoke, like sweet incense, pouring out of mouth and nostrils.

The huge bronze basin, or T'ai P'ing Kang, also has an interesting history. In former days it was always filled to the brim with water, and served as a protection against fire. Not that it would prove an effective weapon should fire actually start; but its presence there was believed to add to the "good influences" which would prevent a fire from even starting! We would call these rulers superstitious; but somehow the "good influences" still continue even to these Republican days, and no fire has come for many a decade to destroy the lovely pavilions within the walls of this "Garden of Peaceful Enjoyment."



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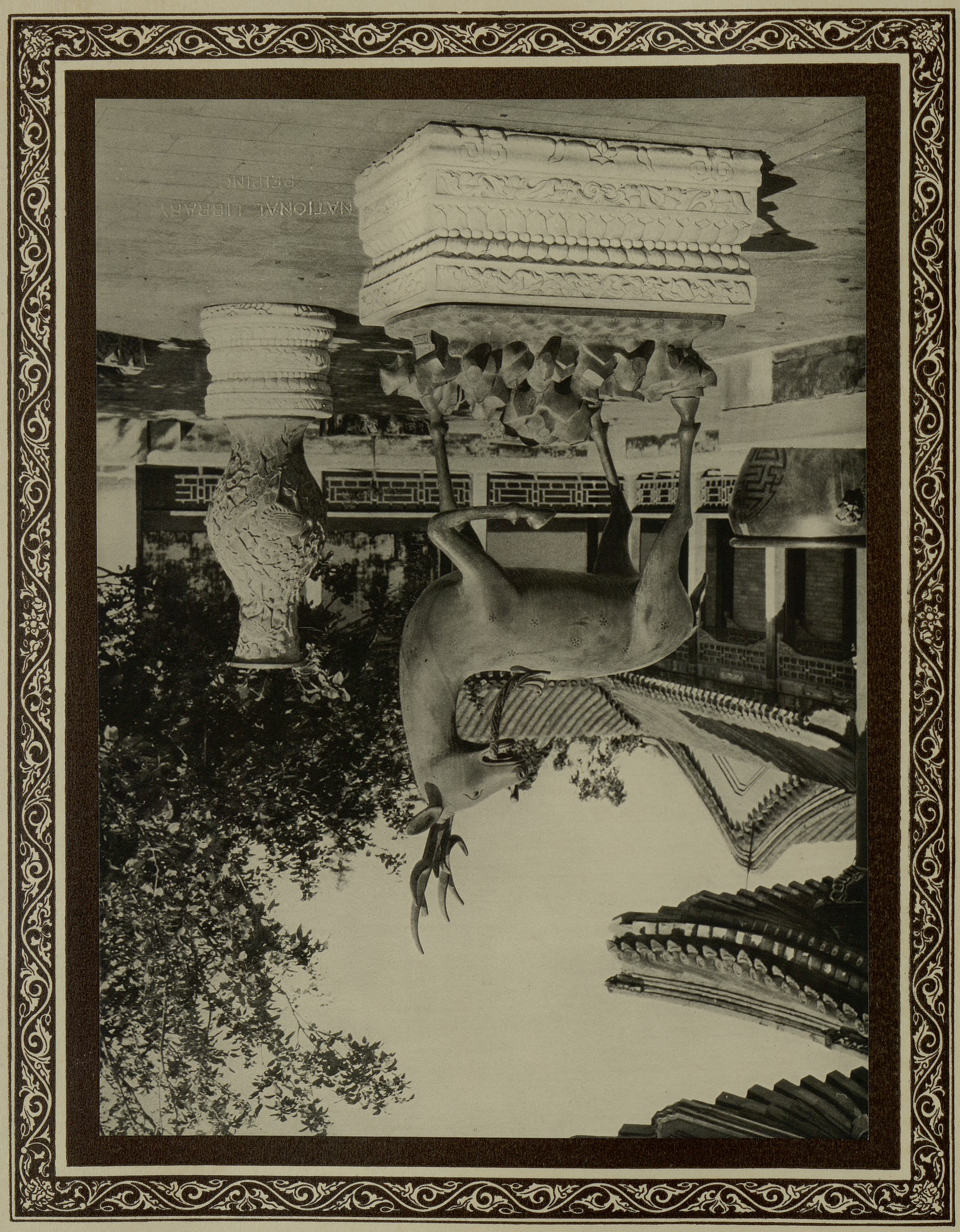


國和圖錫匙

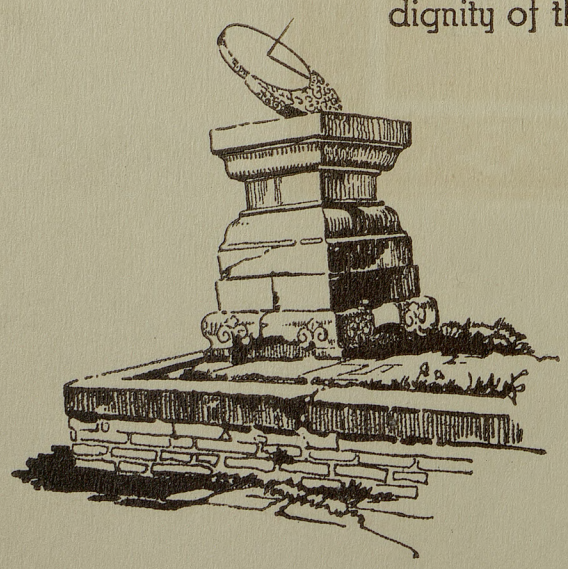
The Hall of Classics



FEW among those who visit the parklike grounds of the Hall of Classics realize that they are standing within the precincts of the oldest educational institution in the world. Yet this is a fact. While the present site, with its fine buildings, its impressive memorial arches, and its hundreds of stone tablets, can boast of no great antiquity, yet this historic university, as a national institution of learning, points back with pride not merely to hundreds, but to thousands of years of uninterrupted prosperity. "As an Imperial institution having a fixed organization and definite objects," says Dr. W. A. P. Martin, "it carries its history, or at least its pedigree, back to a period far anterior to the founding of the Great Wall. Among the regulations of the House of Chou, which flourished a thousand years before the Christian era, we meet it already in full-blown vigor, and under the identical name which it now bears, that of the Kuo Tzŭ Chien, or 'School for the Sons of the Empire.' It was in its glory before the light of science dawned on Greece, and when Pythagorus and Plato were pumping their secrets from the priests of the Heliopolis."

The present site of the Kuo Tzŭ Chien, near the north wall of the Tartar City, was probably chosen by the Mongol emperors (A. D. 1260-1368), and under them many of the buildings were erected. The present Hall of Classics, shown in the accompanying plate, is a comparatively modern structure, having been erected by the emperor Ch'ien Lung (A. D. 1736-1796) after the ancient model. Standing foursquare, amid groves of venerable cedars, this lofty shrine with its spacious verandas and delicate tracery, surmounted by the wide-spreading, double-eaved roof of Imperial yellow tile and capped by a gilded ball, is conceded by many to be the finest example of Chinese architecture in existence. Added beauty lies in the fact that the whole edifice stands in the midst of a circular pond, crossed by four marble bridges which lead up to the great doors. Around the pond is a beautifully carved balustrade of polished marble. Within this temple of learning, seated upon a richly carved throne with a famous screen representing the five sacred mountains of China behind him, the "Son of Heaven" met with the graduates and literati of Peking each year, and expounded the classics.

Along both sides of the court, beneath spacious porticoes, can be seen the one hundred seventy marble columns on which the authorized texts of the thirteen canonical books (or classics) are engraved. The surrounding courts are studded with row upon row of stone pillars — more than three hundred in all — containing the names of those who have won the third or highest degree. "This granite register goes back for six centuries and contains a complete list of all those who, since the founding of the University, have attained to the dignity of the doctorate."





國子監

The Throne Room of an Empress

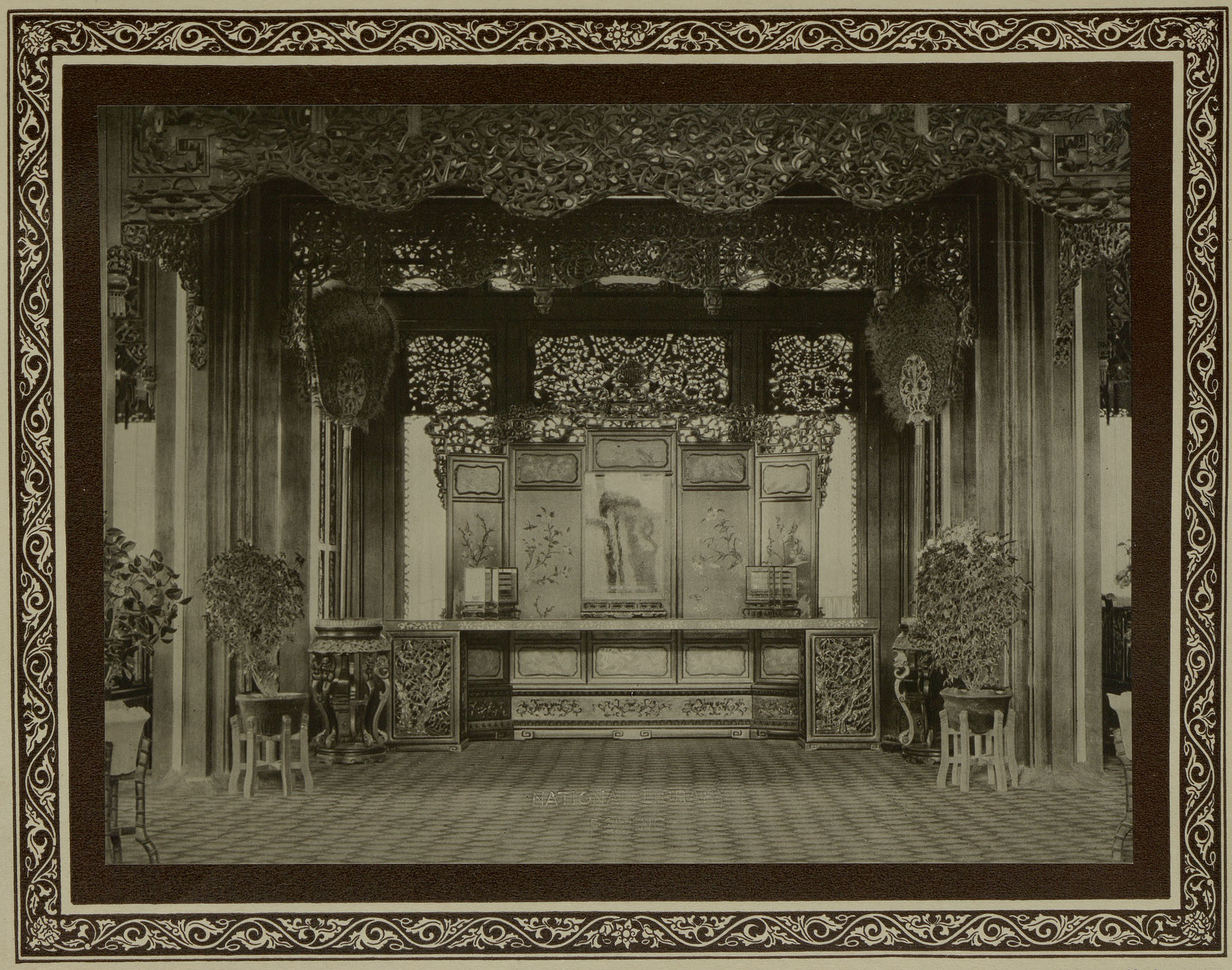
NEXT perhaps to the famous Yi Ho Yüan, the South Sea Palaces and gardens are famed for their artistic beauty. Having been a frequent visitor to and an ardent lover of the enchanting Summer Palace gardens, it was not at all difficult for us to surmise the name of the author of all this concentrated loveliness—for who, other than Tzŭ Hsi, "an artist to the very finger tips and a lover of beauty in all its forms," could so successfully bring together, and combine with such consummate skill all the resources of nature and art which are here gathered around the shores of the Nan Hai!

"Every nook and corner of the Sea Palaces," writes Miss Bredon, "is so closely associated with the Empress Dowager Tzŭ Hsi, that we seem to forget, when wandering through them, the earlier owners. It is her individuality which dominates. This was the place she loved, and loving, made her own. Throughout the buildings and the gardens, like inextricable bright threads, the romantic traditions of her pleasures and her passions lend meaning and unity to all we look upon."

From the beautiful shores of Ocean Terrace we wend our way northward, passing the famous rock gardens on our way. In order to reach the most important buildings beyond, we must cross the interesting zigzag "Bridge of Ten Thousand Years." From here we follow a gorgeously decorated gallery, such as we find at the Summer Palace, past the Empress Dowager's private theater [built over the water to soften the voices of the actors] to the waiting room of the President. Passing this pavilion, with its fine black and white marble floor and beautifully carved ceiling, we press on toward the Presidential mansion, built in foreign style, where live the chief executive and his family.

From here we follow along a winding roadway by the lakeside until we come to a large spirit screen, or "wall of respect," which stands in front of Tzŭ Hsi's private pavilions. The gateway, as usual, is guarded by two grotesque cloisonné lions. The beautiful hall beyond was built by the Empress Dowager for her own use. The spacious court in front of the throne room must have been charming in those other days; but Yuan Hsi-kai, in an effort to provide a reception room for foreigners, ruined this lovely spot by roofing over the courtyard. This throne room now forms "a kind of dais to the new building—a stage divided and subdivided by carvings of rich brown sandalwood which, in addition to their lacy loveliness, spread a warm and delicious perfume. The frames of the round openings in these partitions are sometimes six inches thick, yet they are carved completely through with extraordinary richness and variety of design—different on both sides." The plate shows the gorgeously decorated interior of this Imperial throne room. Here "in this regal setting the old Buddha, as Tzŭ Hsi is to this day affectionately called in her capital, went to join her ancestors."





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臺灣

The Annual Service at Heaven's Altar

THE GREAT sacrifices at the Temple of Heaven, where the emperor gave formal expression to his function of Supreme Intercessor, took place annually at the summer and winter solstice," writes Juliet Bredon. "On the day before the ceremony the emperor left the palace by the Wu Mên in a yellow sedan chair borne on the shoulders of sixteen carriers."

"The Imperial cortège was a kaleidoscopic feast of color. There were mounted eunuchs in gorgeous robes carrying paraphernalia for the sacrifice, escorts of the Leopard Tail Guards, grooms in Imperial liveries of maroon satin, standard-bearers in velvet-trimmed uniforms with triangular dragon flags, quaint horsemen with bows and arrows led ponies with yellow saddle-cloths."

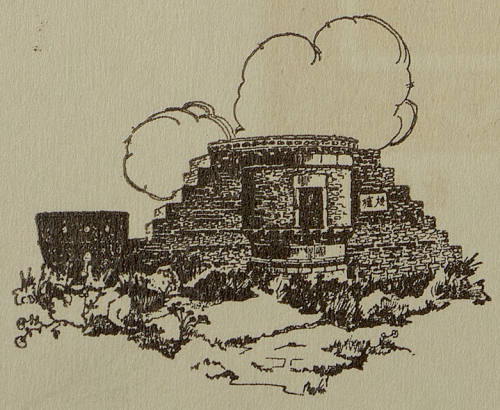
Escorted by this brilliant retinue, the emperor passed slowly on his way to the "Great Lofty Shrine." In absolute silence, the sovereign made his journey to the place of sacrifice. None, even of the Chinese, were allowed to look upon the Imperial procession. Shutters were put up on all windows along the line of march, and side streets were closed off with blue cloth curtains, while all the people were ordered indoors.

Passing through the central archway of the Kuan Li Mên on the western wall of the temple grounds, the imposing procession halted, and the Son of Heaven, leaving his royal palanquin of jade, entered alone the deep recesses of the Hall of Abstinence. In this hall, known as the Ch'ai Kung, the emperor gave himself up to self-examination.

"Encircled by a triple belt of solitude," under a roof of gorgeously glazed emerald tile, with no sound to break the solemn stillness, save the quiet murmuring of cypress trees—"rooted on earth, but pointing towards heaven"—the Emperor-Priest waited in silence the "coming of that mystic hour before the dawn, which was to assemble round him the spirits of his ancestors."

"What an ingathering and giving forth of spiritual power," those somber walls "must have witnessed," exclaims A. E. Grantham, "when empire builders like Yung Lê and K'ang Hsi, or Ch'ien Lung stood there alone, thinking, longing, pondering, praying, resolving, with nothing to guide them but their own consciences and the silence of the long cold night! They had fasted for two days, withdrawing their attention from every external object and turning it steadily within in the great effort to purge away every evil and weakness of the heart, to be able to hold it up clean and strong before the Spirit of Heaven, that His blessing should not be withheld from the subjects of His son."

The accompanying plate shows a close-up view in full color of the glorious Ch'i Nien Tien, or "Temple of the Happy Year." For a further description of the Temple of Heaven services, see page 146.

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祈年殿

The Sacrifice

SOLEMN indeed were the great annual sacrifices to Heaven. In A. E. Grantham's new and interesting book, entitled *The Temple of Heaven*, we have a most vivid word picture of this most remarkable ceremony.

"Seven quarters of an hour before sunrise," while the blackness of night still clung to the chill morning air, "the sacred tablets were borne processionally from their temples up to the blue silk pavilions prepared for them on the mound. At the same hour, summoned by a president of the Board of Rites, the emperor passed out of the cypress-sheltered gate of the Hall of Abstinence into the palanquin of jade, and under the white light of the stars and the red light of the lanterns set forth to meet his Sovereign Lord of Heaven. Reaching the southern approach of the great altar, he left the palanquin and entered a tent."

At a given signal, accompanied by the president and the vice-president of the Board of Rites, the emperor left the tent and went to the place of prostration at the head of the southern stairs on the second terrace. The officials who assisted in the service, the guardians of the offerings, the ushers and heralds, all had their places on the southern side of the circular inclosure around the altar, facing north, "while the princes of the blood were permitted a place on the altar itself, but no higher than the bottom terrace." When all had taken their places, the Grand Master of Ceremonies opened the service by calling out: "Ye musicians and dancers, ye choristers and officiating attendants, all perform your duty."

Then, after the choir had sung the opening Hymn of Peace, amid "the roll of drums, the wail of wind instruments, the resonance of bells and sonorous tones, the emperor ascended the topmost terrace, where the Spirit of the God of the Universe gazed down on him." Here, under the blue dome of the sky, he knelt in humble worship, and eighty-one times he prostrated himself before the Sovereign Lord of Heaven. After this solemn service, the "wine of felicity" and the "meat of good fortune" were distributed. Then the "Prayer" together with the sacrificial offerings of silk were reverently carried from the topmost terrace down the eastern and western stairs, and while the closing hymn was sung, were consigned to the glowing iron braziers.

The emperor then descended the white steps of the altar and "was conducted to a stand close to the great furnace of green tiles there, to watch the burning of the sacrificial victims." The service ended, the Son of Heaven returned to the tent, where he removed his pontifical robes, and within an hour was back in his palace within the purple walls of the Forbidden City. The plate opposite shows a corner of the giant Wu Mên, where all the officials gathered in full court dress to welcome the emperor on his return from the sacrifice.




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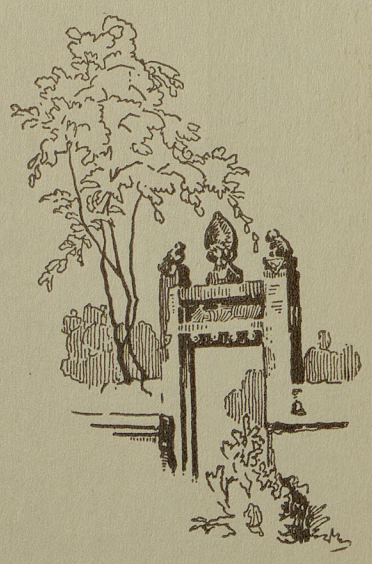
從中央公園望午門

The Story of a Great Bell

QUEEN of the night in the great north city, the graceful Bell Tower has for centuries ruled the dwellers within Peking's gray walls. All through the years when the mighty voice, proclaiming the curfew hour, rang out on the still night air, few there were among the "million footed" who dared disobey her summons. Many and beautiful are the legends that surround this giant bell in the tower, which is one of "ten great bells" cast under Emperor Yung Lê, about A. D. 1411. To one of these in particular there clings a beautiful story of filial piety which has been thus charmingly retold by Juliet Bredon and Lafcadio Hearn:

"According to the Imperial desire, it was to be of such size that, when struck, the sound should be heard for a hundred li, therefore the bell was strengthened with brass and deepened with gold, and sweetened with silver. But though the master molder measured the materials for the alloy and treated them skillfully and prepared the fires and the monstrous melting pot for melting the metal, and though the casting was made twice, each time the result was worthless. Whereupon the emperor grew so angry that he sent word if the renowned bell smith failed again, his head would be severed from his neck. Then the bell smith consulted a soothsayer who, after a long silence, made answer: 'Gold and brass will never meet in wedlock, silver and iron will never embrace until the blood of a virgin be mixed with the metals in their fusion.'

"When the beautiful daughter of the bell smith heard this, she determined to save her father from the fate hanging over him. So, on the day of the third casting, she leaped into the white flood of metal crying: 'For thy sake, oh! my father.' The whirling fountain of many-colored fires absorbed her and no trace of her remained except one tiny shoe with embroidery of pearls and flowers, left in the hand of the serving woman who had sought to grasp her by the foot as she jumped, but had only been able to clutch the pretty shoe. When the casting was finished, however, the bell was more perfect in form and more wonderful than any other bell. And when it was sounded, its tones were deeper and finer and richer than the sound of any other bell so that its voice, like summer thunder, was heard at a distance of twice one hundred li. Yet, between each stroke, there was always a low moaning which ended in a sound of sobbing and complaining as though a weeping woman softly murmured: 'Hiai!' And when that sharp, sweet shuddering came in the air, then all the Chinese mothers in the many-colored byways of Peking whispered to their little ones: 'Listen, that is the dutiful daughter calling for her shoe. "Hiai!" That is she crying for her shoe.'" This great bell is one of the wonders of the world. It is said to weigh fifty-three and a half tons, and is completely covered within and without with extracts from the Buddhist canon. For a description of the Bell and Drum Towers, see page 40.

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鐘樓

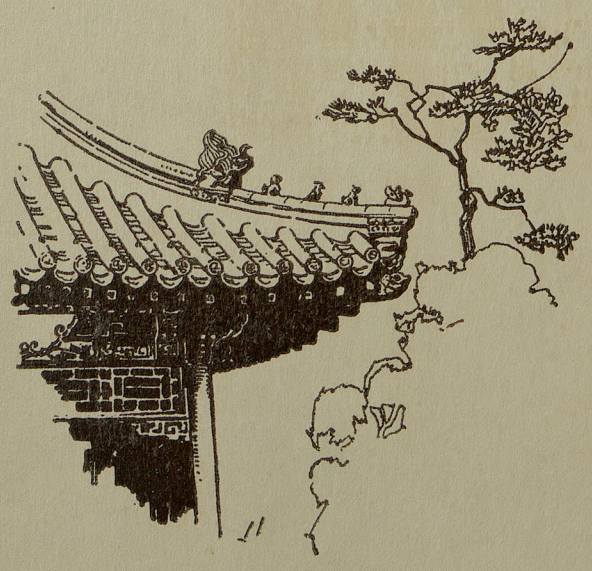
At the Wo Fu Ssŭ

VARIATION in design and style of architecture is seldom found in China. Temples and palaces, as well as the homes of the people, are all built along somewhat similar lines and of much the same materials. The roof,—always the most striking feature of Chinese buildings,—instead of being subordinated to the general plan as in Western architecture, is the "essential feature, and all the art and prodigality of the Chinese builder is lavished on it alone. Supported on massive wooden pillars, the roofs are made of prodigious weight and solidity and covered with glazed tiles. The special feature is, of course, the tilt of the gables and corresponding sag of the lower edges of the roof." "There is an old theory," writes G. E. Hubbard, "which explains this peculiar shape. It is claimed that the Chinese roof is directly evolved from that of a nomad's tent."

The quaintest feature of the peculiar Chinese roof construction is the "sets of 'roof animals' perched in single file along the lower ends of the diagonals. These creatures of glazed and colored clay are cast in a single piece with the tiles they sit on. A set consists of anything up to a dozen. The highest on the ridge is an evil-looking dragon with a bushy tail and a fearsome pair of horns; in front of him are eight or ten nondescript beasts, which might be dogs or lions, erect on their haunches and cocking their ears with a comical air of pertness; the last of the row, at the extreme end of the ridge, is a little old man with a long beard sitting astride a hen." The origin of this curious family is given by Mr. Hubbard as follows:

"In the time of one of the oldest of the emperors the land was grievously afflicted by the attentions of a mischievous sprite named Wong, who played all manner of evil tricks on the emperor and his subjects. At the emperor's orders a great hunt was organized for the capture of Wong, who was finally run to ground and brought in chains to the palace. But though you may catch a sprite no power on earth can kill him, and the emperor was terribly puzzled to find a prison where Wong could be boxed up forever without possibility of escape. The Wise Men being called in consultation, this is the advice they gave: 'Let Wong be strapped to the back of a hen and the bird perched on the corner of the roof at too great a height to fly down; place a row of fierce beasts in her rear to prevent her from climbing up; she will thus be fixed for eternity and Wong will share her fate.' The advice of the sages was taken, and all over China to-day you can see the hapless Wong perched up on the roof on the back of his feathered steed."

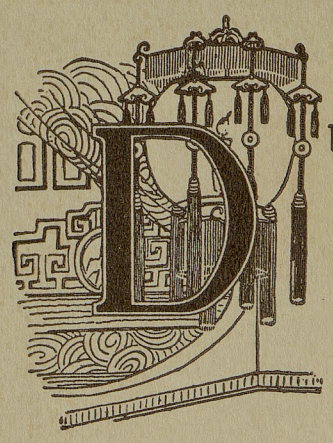
Our photo shows one of the halls, or "tiens," at the Wo Fu Ssŭ. The building was undergoing repairs at the time of our visit, and the interior was therefore stripped of everything save the huge supporting pillars. The most interesting feature of this delightful little courtyard is the big iron bell suspended by chains from a limb of a wide-spreading tree.





臥佛寺之鐘

A Study in Bronze and Marble

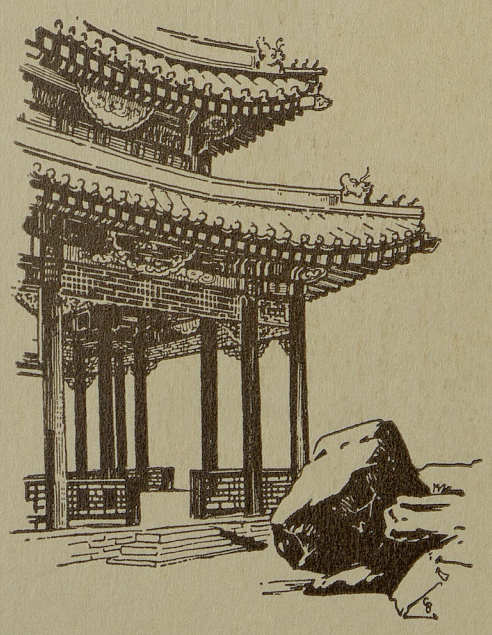


ECORATING the broad and spacious verandahs of imperial palaces, alike in the Forbidden City and in the less formal halls of the Summer Palace, are huge cylindrical bronze urns. These were not used to inter the ashes of the emperors, as some irreverent Westerner might suppose, but were made to burn sweet incense, or perhaps even more costly gifts as votive offerings to the gods. These tall urns are often interspersed with ornamental figures of the dragon or the phoenix, skillfully cast in bronze.

Such an artistic little corner is found on the lofty terrace leading into the dragon-guarded precincts of one of the principal halls of the Wan Shou Shan. The terrace is ascended on the front and two sides by broad flights of stairs, and is surrounded by cloud-bedecked balustrades of purest white marble. The author was inadvertently included in this otherwise excellent photograph, as he stood examining at close range the handsome bronze dragon whose counterpart, occupying a similar position on the right side of the terrace, is also shown on page seventy-seven.

Note the rich, highly-wrought carving on the splendid marble pedestals, and the grace and symmetry in every line of this lifelike old dragon. Unfortunately, these fine old specimens have suffered under the relentless hand of time, for the flame-covered disc, doubtless representing the sun, that was formerly held within the dragon's uplifted paw has disappeared.

Thus the glory of Peking's beautiful palaces and courts is gradually passing away. Mammoth walls and towers are being torn from their foundations; famous monuments are falling into decay; precious works of art are slowly disintegrating; celestial globes are losing their bronze, sun-kissed ornaments; priceless treasures are mysteriously disappearing from their age-old pedestals; and just as the miniature "sun" has vanished from the paw of the dragon, so the glory of past splendor is slowly but surely slipping away from Peking under the hands of the less reverent sons and daughters of this ultra-republican age. At the present rate of decay, what will Peking the Beautiful be like one hundred, or even fifty years hence? One is tempted to moralize.





頤和園之銅器與石座

The Prayer Hour at the Lama Temple

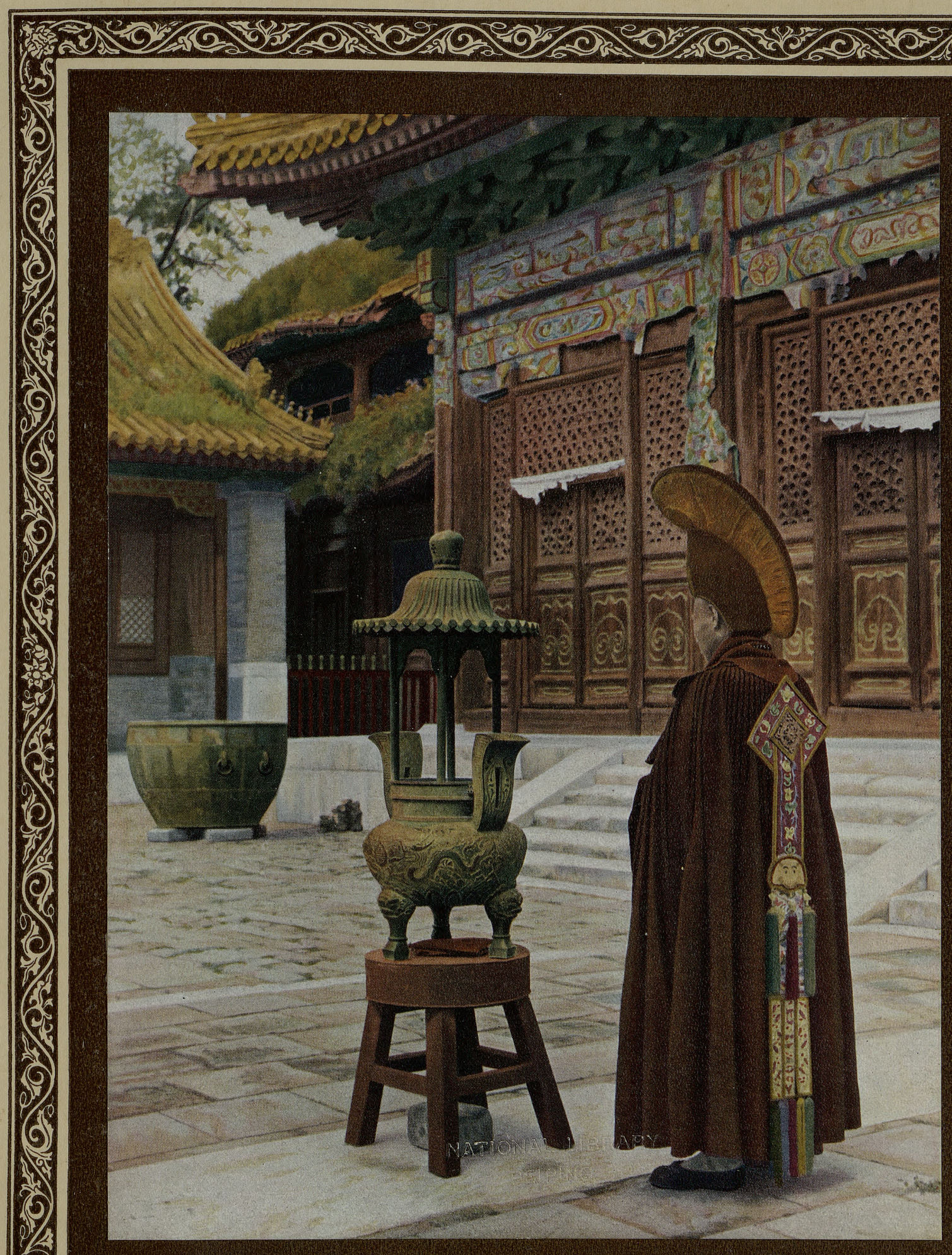
THE weird services conducted daily in the great Prayer Hall of the Lamas are among the most interesting to be found anywhere within the realm of the five religions of the capital. The morning service is held at ten o'clock and is open to Chinese and foreign visitors alike. The Prayer Hall, or main sanctuary, is a large structure, with a seating capacity of from six hundred to one thousand monks.

On entering the latticed doors we find as a central figure, not some giant effigy, but a diminutive little Buddha "draped in a yellow satin cape and hood. He is not impressive, like the larger idols," comments Juliet Bredon in her description of the Yung Ho Kung, "but he is very, very sacred—the most sacred image within the walls."

We scarcely have time to glance around the mammoth hall, when the deep "boom" of the drum in the tower announces the hour of worship, and soon the monks in pairs or in small groups silently file into the hall and take their places. A more picturesque gathering would be hard to find anywhere else in the world. With their deep vermilion robes and bright yellow helmet-shaped caps (supposed to have been copied from Chin Shan, the sacred peak of central Asia), they make an impressive picture. "When the abbot [see the opposite plate], who sits in the center of the community, lifts the bunch of peacock's feathers from a vase by his side, there is a sudden burst of strange music, a clashing of cymbals, a beating of drums, a blowing of trumpets and conch shells. He intones a kind of Gregorian chant, and the monks, facing each other like singing men in a choir, recite the litany, moving their hands and fingers in various mystic ways meanwhile. The endless repetition of the same prayer is supposed to have a beneficial effect in withdrawing the mind from worldly thought, but does in fact seem rather to deaden and hypnotize it, rendering the participant incapable of any serious meditation whatever. As the monks sway rhythmically, slouching on their kneeling cushions, it is plainly evident that the appearance of the visitors in the doorway interests them far more than their devotions. Still, despite their drowsy inattention, we must admit the service is impressive, especially on great festivals, when the magnificent litany of the Maidari is sung by the monks in perfect time and with extraordinary low devotional tones, acquired when the voice is breaking." But even at the greatest festivals only a hundred or so monks now gather to worship within these gilded walls. Impressive now, what must the service have been like a century, or even a few decades ago, when under the patronage of powerful emperors a thousand or more Mongol monks gathered here to join in those weird and terrific perorations against the spirit of evil—the enemies of the faith!

Our photo shows the Lama Abbot dressed in his gorgeous pontifical robes, standing by the stairs of the mammoth Prayer Hall. [See page 74.]





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