CHAPTER X.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY AND ITS RESULTS.

IN the relations of Russia and the Far East, one matter far outweighs in importance all others put together—the Trans-Siberian Railway. It is my conviction that this colossal enterprise is destined to alter the map of that part of the world at no very distant date. To Englishmen it is therefore of the first interest, for if I am right they will shortly be called upon to decide one point of the utmost moment in connection with it.

The absorption of "Siberia"—that is, the whole of Russia's Asiatic possessions with the exception of Transcaucasia, the Transcaspian territory, and Turkestan—occupying an area of not far from 5,000,000 square miles, has proceeded, now quickly, now slowly, but without interruption, ever since the traders of Novgorod began to raid the Finnish Yugra tribe in the twelfth century, for the valuable furs they secured. For centuries the conquest proceeded, through the efforts of hunters and fishermen, the ransackers of mounds, and the mere raiders, their advances being gradually recognised from time to time by the Government. After a while, expedition after expedition added huge territories in a more formal manner. An important date is 1581, when Yermak, a Don Cossack, entering the service of the immensely wealthy Stroganov family, who ruled and practically owned the Ural district, defeated the Tartar Khan, Kuchum, and sent his lieutenant, loaded with furs, back to Moscow to "humbly salute the

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Lord Ivan Vaselivich the Terrible, with the acquisition of a new Siberian Kingdom." Slowly but surely Russian settlers and soldiers pressed eastwards, and the eighteenth century was distinguished by a number of remarkable exploring expeditions. One by one, every territory was absorbed, the final great achievement, the annexation of the whole Amur district, coming in 1854. All the territory on the American Continent was ceded to the United States in 1867, and the Kurile Islands were exchanged with Japan for Sakhalin in 1875. At that date Siberia practically took its present shape.

It is an interesting fact that the first person to lay before the Russian Government a proposal for the Trans-Siberian railway was an Englishman. He was an engineer named Dull, and his plan was to construct a tramway, on which horses should supply the motive power, from Nishni-Novgorod, through Kazan and Perm to one of the Siberian ports. It is not surprising that the Russian Government passed over in silence so fantastic a scheme, unsupported by any estimates. Simultaneously with this proposal, Count Mouraviev, afterwards Governor-General of Siberia, proposed to unite De Castries Bay in the Tartar Straits with Sofiisk on the Amur by a carriage road which could be afterwards converted into a railway.* The surveys for this road were actually made in 1857, but nothing came of the proposal. In the same year an American named Collins petitioned the Government for a concession to found a company to unite Irkutsk and Chita. Next, three more Englishmen, Messrs. Morrison, Horn, and Sleigh offered to build a railway from Moscow to the Pacific shore of Siberia, but asked for such privileges in connection with it, as in the opinion of the Russian Government would have led to the concentration of the whole trade of Siberia in the hands of foreigners for a long period. In the same year, 1858, a Russian named Sofronov proposed a line

* Most of the facts here given are taken from a volume published last year by the Russian Department of Trade and Manufactures. I have also drawn slightly from an interesting article by Mr. Frederic Hobart, in the *Engineering Magazine* for June, 1893.

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through the Kirghiz steppes to Peking, and four years later another Russian named Kokorev conceived the idea (based upon the schemes of a Government mining official named Rashet) of uniting the basins of the Volga and the Obi. His scheme, however, although favourably received, was soon afterwards abandoned for that of Colonel Bogdanovich, who was despatched in 1866 to inquire into the famine of two years before. He sent the following telegram to the Minister of the Interior: "After removing all difficulties in the provisioning of the governments of Perm and Viatka, and investigating the local conditions, I am of opinion that the only sure means of preventing famine in the Ural country in the future, is the building of a railway from the governments of the interior to Ekaterinburg and thence to Tiumen. Such a line, being subsequently continued through Siberia to the Chinese frontier, would acquire a great importance both strategical and for international trade." Two years later many surveys were carried out in connection with this plan. A third scheme starting, like the two previous ones, from Perm, but ending near Kurgan on the river Tobol, was planned by a trader named Liubimov in 1869. These three schemes were carefully investigated, and it was decided to build a line 463 miles long to join Kama and the Tobol. A Special Commission decided that it was impossible to make the line serve as a link in the chain of the great Siberian railway of the future without sacrificing the mining interests of the Ural district. The idea of the through route was therefore relegated to the future. Surveys, however, continued, and in 1875 it was at length decided to build the first section of a line to approach the Pacific from Nishni-Novgorod, but *vid* Kazan and Ekaterinburg to Tiumen. In 1878, the Ural railway was opened, and two years later the Imperial order was given to continue it to Tiumen.

For some time afterwards preference was given to the plan of crossing Siberia by a route which should utilise the vast stretches of water-communication, joining these by means of railways.

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The obvious advantage of this scheme was the enormous saving of cost. In detail it was to proceed from Tiumen, by the Tura, Tobol, Irtish and Obi rivers, to Tomsk; then by rail to Irkutsk; thence by the Angara river, and across Lake Baikal; thence by rail to the head of the Amur and down it for 1,600 miles; thence by rail to Vladivostok. One fatal objection caused the abandonment of this scheme—namely, that in winter the eleven hundred miles of railway from Tomsk to Irkutsk would be isolated, for it would begin at one frozen river and end at another. Therefore, after much discussion, and in spite of the greatly increased cost, an all-rail line was decided upon in 1891 at the instigation of the Tsar himself. The railway from Samara to Cheliabinsk had been completed in the meantime, and the Siberian railway was to begin at the latter place. On May 17, 1891, the Tsarevich, being at Vladivostok at the conclusion of his tour in the Far East, formally announced by the will of the Tsar that the Grand Siberian Railway should be built, and inaugurated the Usuri section. To take charge of the enterprise the "Siberian Railway Committee" was formed at St. Petersburg, and the Tsarevich appointed president.

The entire railway is divided into seven sections. First, the Western Siberian Section, from Cheliabinsk to the river Obi, an easy section, through an agricultural country, ending at Pochitanka, whence a branch line of 82 miles will connect it with Tomsk; 1,328 versts, at an estimated cost of 47,361,479 roubles. Second, the Central Siberian Section, from Obi to Irkutsk, a difficult and tortuous section, through a mountainous and mineral country and across many rivers; 1,754 versts, at a cost of 73,272,898 roubles. Third, the Baikal Circuit, round the southern end of the "Lake of Death," from Irkutsk to Mysovsk pier, the shortest and most difficult section, with the heaviest grades and the sharpest curves, and a tunnel 12,500 feet long at the height of 770 feet above the lake; 292 versts, at a cost of 22,310,820 roubles, which is likely to be much exceeded. Fourth the Trans-Baikal Section, from Mysovsk to Stretensk, the most

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rich in minerals and containing the highest point of the whole line, the Shoidak Pass, 3,700 feet; 1,009 versts, at a cost of 53,309,817 roubles. Fifth, the Amur Section, from Stretensk to Khabarovka, the longest, easiest, and most promising section, through the "Garden of Siberia," the valleys being fertile and well-watered, and abounding in timber, and the climate milder than elsewhere; 2,000 versts, at a cost of 117,555,835 roubles. Sixth, the North Usuri Section, from Khabarovka to Grafsk, 347 versts, cost 18,738,682 roubles. Seventh, the South Usuri Section, from Grafsk to Vladivostok, along the valley of the Usuri, through coal-bearing and mineral country; 382 versts, cost 17,661,051 roubles. Total length, 7,112 versts; total estimated cost, 350,210,482 roubles. The Grand Siberian Railway may therefore be thus summarised:—

	Section.	Route.	Miles.	Cost.
				£
1	Western Siberian	Cheliabinsk—Obi	880	5,120,159
2	Central Siberian	Obi—Irkutsk	1,162	7,921,394
3	Baikal Circuit	Irkutsk—Mysovsk	193	2,411,980
4	Trans-Baikal	Mysovsk—Stretensk	668	5,763,223
5	Amur	Stretensk—Khabarovka	1,325	12,708,738
6	North Usuri	Khabarovka—Grafsk	229	2,025,803
7	South Usuri	Grafsk—Vladivostok	253	1,909,302
		Total...4,713		£37,860,592*

According to the latest news, progress is being made on all the sections. From Vladivostok to Spasskoye 150 miles of railway have been open to traffic since last June, and 41 miles from Grafsk station are ready. The second telegraph line is ready for a distance of 90 miles, and 36 station-houses and other buildings have been erected. Between Cheliabinsk and Omsk 6½ miles of line are ready, and 116 station-houses and buildings completed. Nearly 9,650 tons of rails have been supplied, 270,000 sleepers, 587 tons of fastenings, 190 tons of water-pipes, and two reservoirs. The survey has been

* The discrepancies in the additions are due to the fact that the decimals are omitted from the separate items. Exchange: £10 = 92½ roubles.

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completed between Omsk and the Obi for 94 miles, and over 21,000 cubic fathoms of earthworks have been made. On the Central Section between the Obi and Krassnoyarsk much forest has been cut down, 25,000 cubic fathoms of earthworks made, and five stations built. The manufacturers have supplied 260 tons of iron for the bridge across the Tom, 2,200 tons of rails and 700 tons of fastenings, 200,000 sleepers have been laid, and 6,000 telegraph poles erected. Thirteen miles of the line and 25 of the telegraph are ready.* All this amounts, of course, to but a small fraction of the whole, but it shows that the work is actively proceeding. The great trial of strength will not come until the line is finished and the Russian government is face to face with the financial problem of maintaining it and the army of men it will require.

It is likely enough that the Siberian Railway may not be finished either for the money or by the date calculated upon, which is 1904. Nothing, however, unless the Russian Empire should be plunged into war, will prevent its completion early in the next century. When Moscow and the Pacific are in railway connection, and to some extent even before that, the effect upon Russia's domestic and foreign relations must be enormous. The vast extent of Siberia thus opened up, its agricultural possibilities, its mineral certainties, the great variety of its other natural products, and the opportunities it will offer to colonisation, will inaugurate a new epoch in the history of Russia. But the rest of the world is more concerned with the alteration it will bring into the relations of Russia with other countries. This will be startling. The railway will not be built as a commercial, but as a political enterprise. It will not pay its expenses for a long time to come, and the through traffic will be insignificant for a century. Portions of it will soon be paying for themselves, but as a whole the Siberian Railway is to be regarded as a long step forward politically. The interesting question therefore is, in what direction? The Transcaspian Railway is at Samarcand,

* *The Times*, October 19, 1894, Vienna correspondence.

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and will soon be at Tashkend and Khokand, approaching the western frontier of China. The Siberian Railway skirts the northern and eastern frontiers of China practically from Irkutsk all the way to Vladivostok. A branch line will at once be built along the Selenga river, 75 miles, from Verkhne-Udinsk to Kiakhta, thus securing the whole Russo-Chinese trade at once. Before long, therefore, speaking in general terms, the entire northern half of China will be completely surrounded by Russian railways. Given the supineness of China and the energy of Russia, and it is not difficult to forecast the results. In the second place, the ability of Russia to convey any number of European troops to a port on the Pacific, will give her an enormous advantage over any of her European rivals there. With a powerful Pacific fleet and a sufficient number of transports she will be able to descend almost irresistibly upon any part of the Far East except Japan, which has little to fear from any invader. Unless England secures a further and firmer foothold, at least a thousand miles north of Hongkong, she will not be in a position to dispute with Russia any step that the latter may choose to take. China is threatened territorially, Great Britain is menaced commercially, but—always excepting Japan—the Siberian Railway will place the whole of the Far East almost at the mercy of Russia, unless England casts off her confidence and indifference.

Finally, there is the question of the Russian port on the Pacific. Can anybody believe for a moment that Russia will build the longest railway in the world, stretching five thousand miles from the furthest edge of her European possessions, and will spend upwards of forty millions sterling upon it, for it to end in a harbour that is frozen solid during five months of the year? Nothing could be more unlikely. Except for some European cataclysm which will set back all Russian schemes for a century, it is certain (except in the case of one possible eventuality which I describe later) that the terminus of the Siberian Railway will be in Korea. And in Korea it will be at

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Wön-san, or Port Lazareff, as she prefers to call it. This is a splendid harbour, easily fortifiable, open all the year, surrounded by a country offering many facilities for development. Such a port is absolutely essential to Russia, and who shall blame her for trying to secure it? At any rate, as soon as the South Usuri Section is joined to the rest of the finished Siberian Railway, Russia's moment will have come. First the piece of Manchuria which projects like a wedge into her territory will become hers by one means or another, enabling her greatly to shorten and straighten the railway, and then she will simply take such part of Korea as may suit her. If this be only the district of Wön-san, to begin with, the subsequent absorption of the whole of the Korean peninsula may follow. She will then be in possession of a good land route, across the Yalu river, straight to the heart of China at all seasons of the year, and her position in the Far East will be unassailable. Whatever else may be thought of the prospects of the Far East, however, let the fact that Russia intends to go to Korea be regarded as certain. My own views of the international question springing out of the Siberian Railway and this fact, particularly in so far as it concerns the future of Great Britain, will be found in subsequent chapters upon the question of Korea and the future of Japan.

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SPAIN IN THE FAR EAST.

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CHAPTER XI.

MANILA: THE CITY OF CIGARS, HEMP, EARTHQUAKES AND INTOLERANCE.

THE passage from Hongkong to the two thousand islands which constitute the Philippine group is usually accounted the worst in the China seas. It is a sort of sailing sideways, through cross-currents of very deep seas, and into the favourite hatching-place and haunt of the dreadful typhoon. Moreover, Manila is not the easiest place in the world to find. Its position is wrong on the charts, so my skipper assured me, and he would not find it unless he knew better himself. It is, too, one of the most earthquaky places in the world. When a British scientific and surveying expedition came some years ago to the Philippines, and wished among other things to determine the precise latitude and longitude once for all, although it waited for a couple of weeks the islands were never steady enough to afford a satisfactory base for the instruments. The earthquake season was on, and they were wobbling about the whole time! This may be a "yarn," but it is a fact that the seismographs of the Observatory are in a state of perpetual motion. For myself, however, Manila will always be remembered as the place where for the first time I had my pockets publicly and officially searched. As soon as we anchored, a guard of soldiers came on board and assisted the custom-house officials in minutely examining everything in our baggage. When this was over I was stopped at the head of the gangway by the lieutenant in command and courteously informed that before I could land he

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must be permitted to see what I had in my pockets. When it came to my pocket-book he turned it over, separating every piece of paper in it. A bystander informed me that all this was to prevent the introduction of Mexican dollars, on which there is a premium, and which are prohibited of a date later than 1877, and a pamphlet attacking the priests, recently published in Hongkong. I tried to square accounts with this officer by hinting that I had copies of the forbidden pamphlet in my boots, but like the Prig, he only "answered with a silent smile."

In the most conspicuous spot in Manila stands a statue to Magellan, who discovered the Philippine Islands in his famous first circumnavigation of the globe in 1521, and whose lieutenant, Legaspi, founded the city fifty years later. Then came Manila's golden days. It was the goal of the galleon—imagination-stirring name—that made its romantic voyages from Spain, deep loaded with treasure; that named the coast California—fit godfather for the golden harvest of '49—before even a foot was set on it; whose captain earned forty thousand dollars by his trip, and pilot twenty thousand; whose treasure-chests yielded up a total of a million dollars to Drake alone; out of whose overflowing stores one victorious British cruiser sailed into the port of London with damask sails and silken rigging. The galleons are gone, the wars of which they were the constant prey are as forgotten as the men who fought them, and "the most fortunately situated city in the world," as La Pérouse called it, is far off in its lonely ocean, days distant from any of the great routes of commerce, almost unheeded by the world in which it was once so renowned, unvisited even by the ubiquitous globe-trotter. Yet there is something in the aspect of Manila suggestive of romance—something more picturesque than other places show. The first thing I saw was a native drifting down the river fast asleep on a heap of coconuts. Then the streets are dazzling with their "flowers of fire"—large trees ablaze with scarlet blossoms. The olive-skinned *mestizas*, half-caste descen-

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dants of emigrated Spaniard and native Indian, step daintily along on bare feet encased in *chinelas*, embroidered heel-less slippers, with gay fluttering garments of *jusi*, a woven mixture of silk and pine-fibre, their loose jet-black hair reaching sometimes almost to the ground—one woman was pointed out to me whose hair was said to be eighty inches long—and their deep dark eyes passing over you in languid surprise. The native men are a community which has forgotten to tuck its shirt into its trousers. Their costume consists of a pair of white trousers and an elaborately pleated and starched shirt, with the tails left flying about. Every one is smoking a cheroot, and every other one has a game-cock under his arm, a constant companion and chief treasure, and sometimes chief source of income too, until the deadly spur on the heel of the stronger or pluckier rival turns all its pride and brilliance into a shapeless heap of blood and feathers in the dust, while a thousand voices execrate its memory.

The City of Manila consists of two parts: the Spanish walled city, called the parish of *Intra Muros*, and the general settlement outside. The former is crowded with Spanish houses, the streets being so narrow that in many of them two carriages cannot pass each other; their overhanging upper storeys make a perpetual twilight; the inhabitants go out but little, and the whole place leaves upon you an impression of darkness, of silence, of semi-stagnation. Outside the walls are the wharves, all the warehouses and business offices, the hotels, many large residences of the wealthy half-caste population, and as the city gradually merges in the country, the charming river-side bungalows of the foreign residents, the Club, the racecourse, and so on, till you reach the squalid but picturesque outlying native villages. Inside the city you cannot take a hundred steps without coming upon striking evidence of the earthquakes. Here is a church half broken down by the convulsion of such a year; there are the grass-grown ruins of the Government Palace destroyed by another historic outburst; in the great Cathedral

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itself the lofty roof of the transept is split and cracked in an alarming fashion. On the shore of the bay there is an extensive and well laid-out boulevard or embankment, called the Luneta, where all fashionable Manila walks or drives in the evening to the music of the military band. Behind this are the forts, moss-covered antiquities of masonry, armed with rusty and harmless pieces which might have come from the gun-deck of some old galleon. The military authorities, however, make up in strictness of regulation what they lack in effectiveness of armament, for the foreign tennis-club was refused permission to play upon a piece of land within hypothetical range of these guns on the ground that it was "within the military zone," and I myself was told, though with great courtesy, by H. E. the Captain-General, that he must refuse me permission to take any photographs in which a part of the fortifications appeared. It was, of course, only for their ancient picturesqueness that I wished to photograph them—a mop vigorously twirled would be as effective for defence. In one fort at another place there are two decent modern guns, nearly surrounded by brittle masonry, and of these I purchased a large and excellent photograph taken from inside and showing every detail! Manila, however, if the information is of interest to anybody, could be reduced with ease by a couple of gunboats.

The history of Manila has been well divided * into four epochs: 1. The Chinese period; 2. The Spanish and Mexican period of monopoly before the introduction of steam traffic; 3. The period of open commerce with British predominance, which commences simultaneously with the age of steam; 4. The period from the opening of the Suez Canal until the present time. The Chinese were the original traders with the Philippine Islands, doing business always from their junks to the shore. They were persecuted and massacred, but returned in ever increasing numbers. Legaspi encouraged them, and their numbers at the beginning of the seventeenth

* By Mr. Consul Stigand, in a very interesting Report, F. O., No. 1391.

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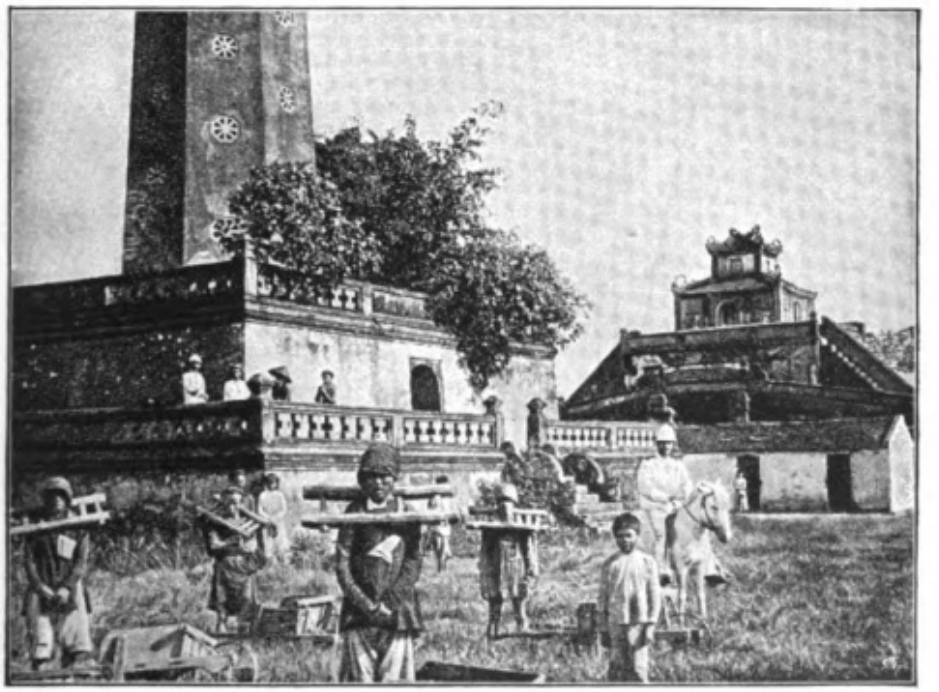
THE BOYS' BAND, MANILA.



FRENCH PRISONERS AT HANOI.

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century have been estimated at thirty thousand. When the British occupied Manila in the course of one of the wars with Spain, the Chinese revenged themselves by joining the invaders, in return for which, as soon as our ships had left, a general massacre of Chinese was ordered and carried out, and so late as 1820, says Mr. Stigand, another massacre of Chinese and foreigners took place. At the present day there are one hundred thousand Chinese in the Archipelago, of whom forty thousand are settled in Manila, where they occupy the chief shops and do almost all the artisans' work. The second period was that of purely Spanish commerce, from 1571 to the beginning of this century. The Philippines were a dependence of Mexico, communication was forbidden except through Acapulco, from which port the State galleons, termed *Naos de Acapulco*, made their annual voyages, laden with the treasure which has rendered their name one of the most picturesque words in history. They were four-deckers, of about 1,500 tons, and strongly armed. In times of war they were, as everybody knows, the easy and greatly-sought prey of the enemy's ships. One of them, the *Pilar*, captured by Anson, was a prize worth a million and half dollars. At last foreign enemies pressed them so hard that after the Philippines had been without a State galleon for six years, they were discarded, and a commercial company, largely financed by the King of Spain himself, was formed in 1765, and to it was conceded the exclusive privilege of trading between Spain and the Archipelago, except for the direct traffic between Manila and Acapulco. This monopoly in its turn came to an end in 1834, and from that time the Philippines have been, according to Spanish ideas, open to commerce. The opening of the Suez Canal brought Manila within thirty-two days' steam of Barcelona, and, as Mr. Stigand avers, doubled the importance of the commerce of the Philippine Islands, which now reaches the yearly sum of fifty million dollars. The two principal banks, and the principal firms in Manila, are all British, and of the ships that entered and

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cleared from the port during 1893, amounting to 240 in all, 139 were British and 53 Spanish. But for the excessive port dues and the bad harbour accommodation which compels cargoes to be carried in lighters to ships lying off the Bay, foreign trade with Manila would undoubtedly be greater than it is. The one railway in the islands, from Manila to Dagupan, which has just been completed by the building of a bridge over the Rio Grande river, has also been constructed chiefly with British capital, on which it promises ultimately to pay a good return. The fall of silver has hit it very hard, however, since the Government subsidy which, at par of exchange, would be £85,000, is only £53,000 at the present rate. Japanese enterprise is likely to make itself felt before long here as elsewhere, since Mr. Nakamura, formerly Japanese Consul, is announced to be on the point of establishing a trading company in Manila, with a capital of half a million dollars.

Considered as a contemporary community, Manila is an interesting example of the social product of the Roman Catholic Church when unrestrained by any outside influence. Here the Church has free sway, uninterrupted by alien faith, undeterred by secular criticism. All is in the hands of the priests. The great monasteries, with their high barred windows, shelter the power, the wealth, the knowledge of the community. The Dominicans, with their Archbishop, the Augustinians, the *Recoletanos*, and the Franciscans, divide the people among them, their influence being in the order I have named them. Wise in the knowledge of that which they have created, their own wealth is invested in foreign banks, chiefly in Hongkong, though that of the Dominicans, richest of all, is entrusted to the Agra Bank. The people are plunged in superstition, and their principal professed interest in life (after cock-fighting) is the elaborate religious procession for which every feast-day offers a pretext. The two newspapers are parodies of the modern press, ignorant of news, devoid of opinion save the priests', devoted in equal parts to homily and twaddle. The port, for its exasperating

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restrictions and obstructions, is said by agents and captains to be the most disagreeable in the world to enter or leave. The civil authority itself is in many respects subject to the religious: during the chief religious festivals nobody but the Archbishop is permitted to ride in a carriage. A large part of the real estate of the city is in the possession of the religious orders. If you would prosper, it is absolutely indispensable that you should be on good terms with the priests. Their suspicion and disfavour mean ruin. The personal liberty of the common man may almost be said to be in their keeping. It is hardly necessary to add that the people as a whole are idle and dissipated, and that most of the trade is in the hands of the foreign houses. Altogether, Manila, distant as it is from other communities, with little intercourse to enlighten it, and few visitors to criticise or report, is a remarkable and instructive example of the free natural development of "age-reared priestcraft and its shapes of woe."

Of the six characteristics of Manila—tobacco, hemp, earthquakes, cock-fighting, priestcraft and orchids—the first two are known to all the world. Manila cigars and Manila hemp are household words, the yearly product of the former reaching the colossal total of nearly 140,000,000, besides tobacco, and of the latter 80,000 tons, of which Great Britain takes considerably more than half. Orchid-hunters come here year after year, travel far into the virgin forests of the interior, and emerge again after months of absence, if fever and the native Tagalos spare them, with a few baskets full of strange flowers which they carry home with infinite precaution and sell for a king's ransom. I was told of one collector who sold a plant for £500. Tobacco is of course the staple industry, and a morning spent in a tobacco factory is extremely interesting. Through the kindness of Messrs. Smith, Bell & Co., the leading business-house in Manila, I visited the most important of these, "La Flor de la Isabella," and followed the tobacco from its arrival in the bale, through the seasoning-room, to the wetting and

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sorting-tubs, on the benches where it is rolled into cigars, past the selecting-table where its colour and quality are decided by a lightning expert, through the drying-room, and at last into the gaily-labelled cedar box. Manila tobacco is considered here to be superior to any in the world, except the famous "Vuelta Abajo" of Cuba, and millions of Manila cigars are sold as Havanas. In fact, the two styles, Manila and Cuban, the former with the end cut blunt off and parallel sides, are turned out in almost equal quantities. Five colours are distinguished for sale, Maduro, Colorado Maduro, Colorado, Colorado claro, and Claro, although the expert at the selecting-table divides his heap into thirty different colours. The filling of a cigar is called *tripa*, or tripe, the wrapper *capa*, or overcoat. London takes assorted colours, while the dark brands are sent to Spain, the light ones to New York, and the straight cheroots to India. From this factory a million and a half cigars are shipped every month to one London firm alone. The figures of tobacco-making are astounding. At "La Flor de la Isabella," and this is only one of a score of factories in Manila, 4,000 people are employed, their hours of labour being eight, from 7 to 12 and from 2 to 5 o'clock. And from the huge "Imperiales" to the tiny "Coquetas" and the twisted "Culebras," 4,000,000 in Manila style and 1,500,000 in Cuban style are made monthly. But cigarette-making caps the climax. The tobacco leaves are cut into *hebra* or thread, which we call "long-cut," and the whole process of making is done by a single machine. I saw nine of these hard at work, and each turns out twelve thousand in a day. It is a simple sum: 9 × 12,000 × 30 × 12, say 38,000,000 cigarettes a year from one factory. And yet—

"There is poison, they say, in thy kisses,
O pale cigarette!"

Or, from the other point of view, what an altar for Mr. Lowell's worship of—

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"the kind nymph to Bacchus born
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire, by her with dreams."

The great cockpit of Manila at the "Fiesta del Pueblo" is one of the most remarkable spectacles in the world. Imagine a huge circus with an arena raised to the height of the faces of those standing; behind them tier upon tier gradually rising; above the arena, which is enclosed with fine wire netting, the red draped box of the farmer—the leading Chinaman of Manila, named Señor Palanca; and a packed audience of four thousand people. Squatting on the earthen floor of the ring, inside the wire netting, are the *habitués*, half Chinese and half *Mestizos*, while the officials walk about—the *juez de justicia* or referee, the *sentenciador* or umpire, the *casador*, "go-between" or betting-master, and several others. Then two men enter the ring, each carrying a bird whose spur is shielded for the moment in a leather scabbard. One wears his hat—he is the owner of the challenging bird—called *llamado*; the other, hatless, is the outsider or *dejado*, who takes up the challenge. An official calls out the sum for which the challenger's owner backs it, and how much is still lacking to make up the sum. Then comes the most extraordinary scene of all. The moment the words are out of his mouth, it rains dollars in the ring. From those inside, from those who are within throwing distance, apparently from everywhere, dollars pour in, without method, without ownership, without a bargain, so far as one can judge amid the deafening clamour. When the sums on the birds are equal the betting master shouts *Casada!* "matched," literally "married," the farmer from his box on high yells *Larga!*—"loose them," and the fight begins. Sometimes it lasts ten minutes, sometimes only a second, the first shock leaving one bird a mangled corpse. No need to describe it—every one knows how a cock fights, and that it is the very gamest and pluckiest thing that lives. The fight over, the betting-master goes round

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handing money back recklessly, so it seems, to anybody who holds out a hand. I asked Señor Palanca how betting could possibly be carried on like this. He replied that each one asks for or takes the sum that belongs to him. But if anybody should put out his hand for another's money? He gave me to understand that it was never done, and that if anybody were detected doing so he would probably have a dozen knives in his body on the spot. In a short time I had witnessed 105 cock-fights, and I shall never willingly see another. The entry of the two brilliant birds; the final adjustment of the long razor-edged spurs; the frantic betting; the rain of silver; the irritation of the birds, held up to pull a few feathers out of each other in turn; their stealthy approach; the dead silence; the sudden double spring and mad beating of wings; the fall of one or perhaps both, the gay plumage drenched in blood, and perhaps a wing half-severed and hanging down; the mad yells; the winning bird carried carefully away, the loser picked up like carrion and flung away with a curse; the distribution of money; the instant appearance of another pair—the ceaseless spectacle was an obsession of horror. The authorities make a large revenue from the cockpit. For this and one other, Señor Palanca pays 68,600 dollars a year, and there are five other farmers.

Two other reminiscences may conclude my sketch of Manila. One is that a hundred people were dying every day of cholera while I was there, and several times my guide pushed me hastily back against the wall as we threaded our way along the narrow streets, and stuffed his camphorated handkerchief in his mouth, muttering "*Colerico!*" as a couple of men passed bearing on their shoulders a long object wrapped in a sheet and slung between two poles—the latest case going to the hospital. One of the Chinese firemen died of cholera on board the steamer three hours before we sailed. The other reminiscence is that the thermometer stood at 105° in the shade, as I saw, and at 160° in the sun, as I was told.

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The Philippine Islands are the only Spanish possession in the Far East. Indeed, only a part of them can properly be said to be in Spanish possession at all, as the natives of many of the islands have never been brought under Spanish rule. At this moment hostilities are proceeding in the almost unknown island of Mindanao, with uncertain results as yet. Although mining has always been a failure, there is undoubtedly vast wealth in the tropical forests of the Philippines, but it will hardly be developed under the present *régime*. In spite of her growing fleet of first-class cruisers at home, Spain is without influence in the Far East outside her own immediate territories, and she will play little or no part in shaping its destinies.

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PORTUGAL IN THE FAR EAST.

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CHAPTER XII.

MACAO: THE LUSITANIAN THULE.

WHERE the carcase is, there also will the eagles be gathered together." China is the great carcase of Asia, and round her the eagles of Europe and America press and jostle one another. England is entrenched at Hongkong, and many a fat slice has she carried away. And now she is stretching out another claw through Thibet. America has half of Shanghai, and to and from San Francisco the bird of prey passes regularly in his flight. France is trying hard to carry off her share of the carcase through Tongking, and Port Arthur in the north brought huge sums to a French syndicate. Herr Krupp has secured Germany's chief plunder, and the Yamên of Li Hung-chang at Tientsin is a nest of commercial intrigue on behalf of the Fatherland. And Russia is laying a heavy paw upon China from the north. All this is natural enough, and so far as England and America are concerned it is the inevitable flow of trade in the channels of least resistance. But among the birds around this Asiatic carcase there is a beetle; among the birds of prey there is a parasite. The extreme south-east corner of China is the scene of the dying struggles of a mongrel fragment of a once intrepid and famous race—a fragment drawing its meagre sustenance with more difficulty every day. The hand of Vasco da Gama would have wavered upon the helm as he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, of all the men in Europe "the first that ever burst into the silent seas" of the East, if he could have foreseen to what a wretched pass and laughing-stock

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his countrymen there would come after less than four hundred years. The daughter of a King of Portugal was at Hongkong a few years ago. She went, of course, to visit her own people and stand under her own flag at Macao. But a glimpse was too much for her, and she left within twelve hours.

Yet Macao (what is the relation of its name, one wonders, to the Piccadilly game over which Beau Brummel used to preside, doubtless with much profit to himself, at Watier's?) is not such a bad place, at first sight. Its bay is a perfect crescent. Around this runs a broad boulevard, called the Praya Grande, shadowed with fine old arching banyan trees. At each horn the Portuguese flag waves over a little fort. Behind the town, green wooded hills rise like an amphitheatre, and among the houses a picturesque old building sticks up here and there — the cathedral, the barracks, the military hospital, the older Fort Monte. The whitewashed houses with their green blinds and wide shady porticoes and verandas, from which dark eyes look idly down upon you as you pass, recall many a little Italian and Spanish town. A couple of yacht-like Portuguese gunboats lie at anchor in the river beyond the bay. On Sundays and Thursdays the band plays in the public gardens, and surely nowhere in the world do the buglers linger so long over the reveille and the retreat as they do here every day. To the busy broker or merchant of Hongkong, who runs over here in the summer from Saturday to Monday, after a week of hard work and perspiration, coining dollars in a Turkish bath, Macao is a tiny haven of rest, where the street is free from the detestable ceaseless chatter of Chinamen, where the air is fresh and the hills green, and where a little "flutter" at *fan-tan* is a miniature and amusing substitute for the daily struggle with exchanges and settlements and short sales.

And Macao has its glorious past, too. After they had rounded the Cape the Portuguese occupied a great part of the coast of India, sent an Embassy to the Emperor of China, and occupied Ningpo. There one night 1,200 of them were

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