Four weeks' acquaintance with a Chinese cart does not tend to strengthen the mutual bonds of affection between the traveller and the vehicle, though one does have several "soft spots" for a cart after a few hundred li over mountain roads. It takes courage to move twelve hundred li in China, but there are times when one is able to say with the Duke, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and to be thankful for multitudinous bumps and bruises because they are evidence of having seen things, though, perchance, mostly "stars."

We left North-west Shantung on the seventh of April, and headed our mules in a south-easterly direction. April and May are good months to whirl across the country in a cart; nature is at her greenest, the days are not too warm as a rule, and the nights are cool and comfortable for sleeping. There is also the added advantage, that fails one later, that the various "inhabitants" in the inns are only just awakening from the partial inactivity of the winter and have not risen to the full consciousness of their excruciating power.

The second stage of our journey found us in a more fertile country than the region to the north. Chi'ping County is not subject to severe inundations; the soil is fertile and there is a marked absence of the taint of soda of which we see so much on the Great Plain. This alkali is a great hindrance to agriculture. Often a person sees the surface of the ground white from the deposit and in some places the farmers find it necessary to skim off the surface of the ground each year in order to raise any crops at all. As a result of the skimming process the affected country is apt to be dotted here and there with what look to be small low ranges of hills, the accumulation of many years of surface soil that has had to be thrown aside because of its alkaline deposit. The expense of labour and waste of soil in such a process can be easily imagined.
From Ch'ihp'ing we pushed on to Taian, crossing the Yellow River and consuming three days over mountain roads. All through the Shantung mountains the traveller notices that the summits of occasional hills are covered by stone walls, square or circular, like the walls of a fort, and such they prove to be. These walls are put up by the villagers as cities of refuge in times of insurrection, revolution, or when robber bands are especially harassing. The defenceless villagers flee to these mountain fastnesses for mutual protection. In Boxer times we have a record of Roman Catholic converts waging pitched battle with the Boxers, who had driven them to one of these forts and besieged them there for two days, until they were relieved by some of their co-religionists from a neighbouring village. A stone church on the summit of a high hill marks, if I am not mistaken, the scene of that bloody conflict.

One passes the land-locked city of Feich'eng en route. This remarkable city suffers from the loss of both the east and west gates because of maliferous environment. The average Chinese city is surrounded by a wall in which are four gates—the larger cities have more—one for each point of
THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS

the compass. You enter the city by no other route, and one would think
they would jealously keep open these four approaches, but it is not always so.
For one reason or other one of the gates is often closed, but this place is
remarkable in that it has no east or west approach; the east gate is
walled up and the west is closed and safely locked and barred. The reason
given me for this remarkable performance is as follows. The environment
was pronounced bad. To the east there is the Scorpion Hill, and for fear
lest scorpions should invade the city as the frogs did Egypt the east gate
must be walled up. To the west there is the Peach Blossom Hill and,
though we can see no harm in a peach flower, the west gate must be fast
locked to hinder the entrance and malevolent influence of the Peach Blossom.
Thus the city is preserved from quick destruction, and the wheels of commerce
are effectually clogged.

We reached T'ai-anfu on the sixth day out and perceived that she was
"very religious," the principal business of the place being to cater to the
whims and wants of the thousands of pilgrims who throng her streets—
everything from a little yellow mud tiger to portraits of "My Lady," in what
a civilized world would call "evening dress," fine brass work and silks.
T'ai-an lies at the base of what is said to be the oldest historical mountain in
the world, and her mercurial colony of pilgrims numbers immigrants from the
eighteen provinces and beyond.

The Mountain itself is famous because of its connection with ancient
history, and because of its present attraction as a Mecca for pilgrims and for
those who desire to lay up merit against a future day of recompense. The
Mountain is about 4,500 feet above sea level and its top is studded with
temples to the Lao Nainai, or "Old Woman." The ascent is affected by
means of a more or less poorly-graded roadway aggravated by stone steps,
singly, in pairs and in flights. A tablet by the roadside claims that there
are over 7,000 steps in all in the ascent—and I believe a careful count of
about 6,500 has been made, so the tablet is not far from accurate. It is a
long and tedious climb and, while the temple at the summit is the longed-for
goal, many of the pilgrims have to be content to pay their respects at
the smaller temples along the way. This is especially true of the women, who
find the climb one continued torture with their small bound feet. The inner
door to the main temple at the top consists of a heavy wooden grating
through which offerings are thrown from greater and less distances to the
lady whose spirit resides within. If you are fortunate enough to miss the
bars when you throw your gift, it is a sign that you have been received and
the omen is one of good luck. If you miss, the only thing is to throw again—
and thus, in time, you literally seize good luck by the forelock and lead her
along at your bidding. The gifts are mainly copper cash, tiny shoes of cloth or paper, and at times of silver, and baked cakes about the size of a saucer. On the particular day on which our party made the ascent the floor of the large temple room was strewn to the depth of about ten inches with these gifts and offerings. The Chinese say that there are times when a standing man would be buried to the shoulders by the gifts thrown through this temple door. On especially favourable days, such as the fifteenth of the First Moon, it has been estimated that there have been at one time, that is on one day, twenty thousand pilgrims swarming this mountain path.

Confucius visited this temple at least once, and there is a temple and an archway over the road about half-way up which is said to mark the point to which he ascended. But it seems that there is a tradition at least that he went to the top of the mountain—we were assured by an old Taoist priest that Confucius and some of his disciples made at least one excursion to the
summit. It was on such a trip to the top, this same priest informed us, that Confucius, in order to prove his dictum that the "superior man" has power over the forces of nature, looked off to the south and said that he saw two white horses being saddled at Soochow, 350 miles to the south-east. As a positive proof of the verity of the remark the great teacher placed his hand over one eye and said that he was able to see now that the saddle had been taken from one of the steeds.

From T'aian to Ch'üfu is a journey of a day-and-a-half, and we made our first night's stop at Hsiehmat'ing, "Horses' Rest." Horses and men were in need of rest that first night. During the early part of the afternoon we managed to tip the cart over twice and the shaft mule fell down once, with disastrous consequences to the harness. These three misfortunes fell to our lot within the short space of half-an-hour, revealing to us the dormant possibilities slumbering in the spirit of a Chinese cart.

We arrived at Ch'üfu at noon of the second day out and immediately set about to make proper preparations for visiting the Temple of Confucius and the Tomb. As we had no one with us but our carter we had to send out for a person sufficiently versed in the affairs of state to be able to take our cards to the official at the yamên, to present our regards, and to ask for the necessary permission and guides to see the Temple and Tomb. In due time two "runners" came from the yamên ready to escort us on our rounds.
When one has seen one temple in China one has seen them all, but when one has seen all the temples in China there is still the temple at Ch'iifu to see. The buildings and architecture are much the same as any other similar edifice and there are temples much larger and more imposing than this, but there is a certain air of respectability, a certain atmosphere inherited from the past that does not fail to impress itself on one.

The approach to the temple is made along a wide avenue, treeless and shut in on either side by high walls. The imposing main entrance is the usual gateway to all large temples, with a short flight of steps to gain the level of the huge wooden doors as you approach, and a similar flight on the inside to bring one to the level of the ground again. The area within the gate is filled with buildings, tablets, and fine old cypress trees.

Within the gates, one's attention is first drawn to the small forest of stone tablets, from five to ten feet high and three to four feet wide, which line the pathway. These are simply more of the commemorative tablets which one sees everywhere in temple courts, in the fields and by the roadside, placed in memory of some individual or commemorative of filial piety or of good works. Some of these are fine specimens, old, and well preserved, because many of them are covered by pillared pavilions.

The main temple building stands on a terrace in the centre of the grounds. This terrace is flanked by two long rows of low buildings in which are tablets to Confucius's principal followers and expounders. To the rear of this main building is a smaller building which contains a number of tablets of some age, and also the something like 120 tablets, about 12 by 17 inches in size, cut to represent scenes from the life of the Sage. Rubbings have been made from these stones till the original inscriptions and drawings on many of them are illegible. Fortunately, some of the original etchings have been restored and the rubbing process on all of them is forbidden.

The main edifice is a fine example of this particular type of architecture and it is kept in comparatively good condition. The terrace which surrounds it forms on the sides and rear a broad promenade which opens out into a wide plaza in front of the building. At the edge of the terrace a finely-carved stone balustrade makes the complete circuit of this paved platform. The outer extremities of the curved roof of the building are supported by immense stone pillars about fifteen feet high and eight feet in circumference, eight on each side of the building. The pillars at the sides and rear are octagonal, and trace-carved in the favourite cloud effect with various figures. Those at the front are round and magnificently carved with an immense dragon coiling round each pillar. The cutting on these front pillars is four inches deep. These carved pillars are, perhaps, the most remarkable thing about
the temple. Before the door of the temple there is a spherical stone to which one's attention is at once called by the attendant, and you are urged to listen at an orifice in the stone to the wash and murmur of the waves of the sea. The ruse is simple enough—the stone is hollowed out and the murmuring effect of the conch shell is thus produced.

**THE APPROACH TO CONFUCIUS'S GRAVE.**

Within the building and opposite the door rests the canopied likeness of the great Sage in sitting posture, and before the image are the various tables and stands used in the rather elaborate ritual of worship. To the right and left and facing the centre of the room are the images of sixteen of the Sage's most famous disciples, all canopied and in receding rows of two, three, and three, eight on each side.

Four times a year, Prince Kung, the lineal descendant of Confucius, worships here with appropriate ritual. Twice a year, in the second and eighth noon, the entire elaborate ritual is performed—at other times the form followed is not so full.

On ascending the main terrace one's attention is called to a particular stone forming a post in the balustrade, which gives out a ringing sound when struck with the hand. There is, of course, some good and sufficient reason
for such a phenomenon, but the explanation given by the attendants appeals to one’s fancy and love of romance. It is said that the Emperor K'ang Hsi visited this temple during his reign, 1662-1722. He leaned against this post as he stood looking at the exterior of the building, and as he turned to go, seized by some sudden impulse, he struck the cap of the post with his hand commanding it to give forth a ringing sound. As the word was spoken the miracle was performed, and the stone is now polished smooth by the innumerable hands of those who from this land and other lands have struck the “ringing post” of K'ang Hsi.

From here we journeyed to the Tomb, which is in the centre of the immense burying ground of the lineal descendants of the Kung family, about a mile north of the city. From the north gate of the city there is an avenue of fine cypress trees leading to the main entrance of the burying ground. To the inner gate and thence to the second entrance there are similar cypress paths, but these are either walled or terraced in. Within the inmost enclosure one comes to the grave of the great man, differentiated from other mounds by a tall stone tablet and a rude stone table in front. The mother of the Sage lies by his side, and there are a few other great worthies laid within this inner wall. All other lineal descendants are buried beyond the walls of this sanctum sanctorum. The total area of this burying ground is probably over one square mile. The whole enclosure is heavily wooded with cypress and a large, spreading, flowering tree with which I am not familiar. The attendants claim that this particular tree is more plentiful here than in the surrounding regions, and certain it is that it is very seldom seen elsewhere.

There is a striking contrast between the burial place of Confucius and that of Mencius, his greatest disciple. Thirty li south of Ch'üfu lies the small village of Futs'un, to the east of which is the burial place of the Meng family.
The area is situated on the north and east slope of Saddle Hill, so called because of its appearance. To the east is Grain Hill and to the south Hay Hill—food for the horse on which Saddle Hill rests. One cannot but be struck by the manifest neglect of these grounds everywhere apparent. It would seem that the tomb of so great a man would be as carefully kept as that of his greater teacher, but such is not the case. The area is perhaps as large as the Ch'ifu cemetery but there are no outer or inner walls; village folks are everywhere gathering sticks and grass among the graves, and it was only after repeated enquiries that we were able to discover where the tumulus of the great disciple was. Three tablets, a stone table, and two rude stone candlesticks are the only features that mark the tomb above the innumerable others that flank it on every side. But in recognition of the man and his far-reaching services as an interpreter and expounder of the great Sage, the very neglect suggests a rugged simplicity and a certain crude brotherhood with those who gather grass and leaves from off his grave.