

Journal of Edith Margaret Wherry

Peking China October 16th
1891

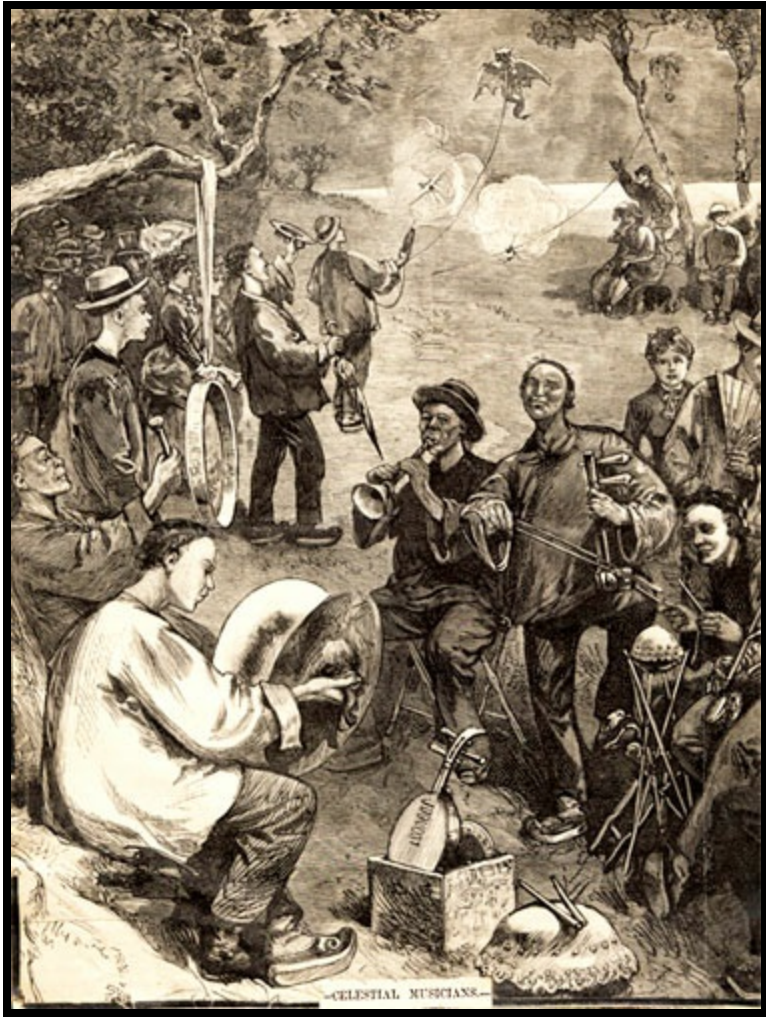
I am going to begin to write a journal to day as I think when I am older it will give me great pleasure to look back on my former life in this semi-civilized country of China.

I have just passed my fifteenth birthday which was the tenth of this month. My father and mother are both dead.

I have three sisters but one is only eight years of age. There are three older brothers. Their names are Charles, Thomas, & Fred.

Division of Special Collections
and University Archives

University of Oregon Library System



This journal is located in:

Edith Wherry Muckleston Papers, Coll. 264

Division of Special Collections
and University Archives
University of Oregon Library System



Journal was transcribed, decoded, and edited by:

Dorothy G. Knaus

Journal.
Of Edith Margaret Sherry
Peking China
1891

October 16th

I am going to begin to write a journal to day as I think when I am older it will give me great pleasure to look back on my former life in this semi-civilized country of China. I have just passed my fifteenth birthday which was the tenth of this month. My father and mother are both living. My father is fifty-four and my mother is forty-eight years of age. I have also three elder brothers. Their names are Elmer, Frankie, & Fred

**Journal.—
Of Edith Margaret Wherry**

Peking China

1891

I am going to begin to write a journal to day as I think when I am older it will give me great pleasure to look back on my former life in this semi-civilized country of China. I have just passed my fifteenth birthday which was the tenth of this month. My father and mother are both living. My father is fifty-four and my mother is forty eight years of age. I have also three elder brothers. Their names are Elmer, Frederic, or Fred as we call him, and Robert.

Elmer is almost thirty-two, Fred is twenty, and Robert was eighteen in September. The two elder ones are in the Junior class and Robert is a Freshman at Princeton College, New Jersey. My father is a Graduate of Princeton and I suppose that is the reason he has sent his sons there. Some time in the Spring my mother and I expect to start "Home" to the U.S.A. I look forward to the time with great impatience as there I shall see my brothers and be able to go to regular school which I can not do now as there are no schools for "foreign" children in Peking.

I have two sisters who died before I was born. Eleanor, or Nellie as she was called, was the eldest. She died when she was eleven years old about six months before I came into the world. Mamma says she was a beautiful little girl both in disposition and features. Her middle name was Brandon which was my mother's maiden name. Mary Lyon, my next sister died when she was only a little over a year old. I have often thought how nice it would have been, for me, if my sisters had lived. I know though they are happier where they are.

I have quite a host of Uncles, Aunts and Cousins which I will probable mention during the course of this book. I have not seen any of my relations, except my father and mother, for over three years and a half.

Now I will tell how it comes that we are separated by the great Pacific Ocean from all our relatives.

When father was a young man of twenty seven he married Mother and came out, with her, to China under the "Presbyterian Board of foreign missions" and ever since then for the last twenty-seven years, except when he has been visiting at "Home", he has been laboring to convert the heathen of China.

My friends

My dearest friend is Edith Whiting. She will not be fifteen until April. Her father belongs to the same mission as my father does.

Edith and I have lived together a great deal of our lives.

She is at "Home" now with her mother, two sisters, and a little brother. Mr. Whiting is still out here but he expects to start "Home" the middle of next month via Europe.

It is two years this Autumn since Mrs. Whiting and the children went "Home". Edith's little brother Everett was born after they got there, so Mr. W. has not seen him yet. Helen, Edith's older sister, and Edith expect to enter the High School this Autumn. I suppose they are in by this time. They are living in Oberlin, Ohio. They will go through Oberlin College after they have finished their course in the High School.

I receive letters from Edith very often and I have also received two photos of her. One large one taken alone and another small one taken with five of her girl friends. I write to her very often too, but still I miss her very much indeed and I know she must miss me. When she was here we were always together (We lived in the same compound) and so we were called "the twins."

Mable, Edith's younger sister, used to call us "the two Edufs". She could not say Edith. I think Edith and I love each other as well and perhaps better than sisters generally do.

Edith is quite an artist. She painted a picture last Spring which her painting teacher said he could sell for over ten dollars.

The Members of our Mission

are namely:—Mr. Whiting—family at “Home,”—Miss Newton, Dr. Sinclair, (Lady) and Miss M Killicun. These, with us, live at Yaerh-hu-tung, which means in English Goose Lane. Every body lives in lanes in Peking. Dr. & Mrs. Atterbury, Mr. & Mrs. Cunningham and Dr. Taylor live at our other station, about a mile from here, which is called Esh-hao-Hu-tung or second lane. Mr. Lowrie and his mother started “Home” a few months ago on account of Mr. L’s health. Mr. Lowrie was just recovering from a severe illness which we all thought would prove fatal when he started for Home. We have since heard he is very much better. Mr. Lowrie is one of the most lovely, noble men I have ever seen. If my brothers are like him I shall be very proud of them.

The McCoys and Mr. Langdon used also to belong to the Peking Mission but Mr. Langdon on account of his health had to go “Home.” Perhaps he may come back. The McCoys are no longer members of the mission so they will not come back. Mammie McCoy and I sometimes write to each other. Mamie is about my age. They are now living at Hinsdale Ill.

Oct. 17th

Perhaps my most influential friend is Sir Robert Hart the Inspector General of Customs in China. The way in which I became acquainted with him was this.—Dora Drew, the daughter of Mr. Drew, Esq., an American gentleman who is second only to Sir Robert in the Custom’s service, and I are great friends. Well, I think she must have told Sir R. some thing about me for how ever that may be, I received an invitation to his Xmas tree which he had on the 14th of February 1890. Sir Robert thinks it is better to have his Xmas tree later than other people, so he had his on St. Valentine’s day.

Sir Robert is very fond of Children. His own wife and children are at home in England. He has not seen them for eight or nine years.

I will now write a list of the names of the members of the different missions in Peking not counting our own.

Methodist

Mr. H. H. Lowry

Mr. & Mrs. Gamewell

Mr. & Mrs. Taft

Dr. & Mrs. Pilcher, DD

Mr. & Mrs. Hobart

Dr. & Dr. Mrs. Jones, M. D.

Miss Sears

Miss Ketring

Miss Davis

Mrs. Headland

{Tientsin

Miss Stere

{Tsun wha}

Mr. & Mrs. Pyke & family

Miss Hale

London Mission

Mr. & Mrs. Meech

Mr. & Mrs. Owen

Miss Pearson

Miss Goode

Dr. Pritchard M. D,

Mr. Stonehouse

American Board

Dr. & Mrs. Blodget D. D.

Mr. & Mrs. Ament & Miss Wyett

Miss Chapin

Miss Russell {Tientsin

{Miss Mary Stanley

Tung Chow near Peking

Dr. & Mrs. Goodrich

Mr. & Mrs. Tewksbury

Miss Evans

Miss Miner

Dr. Ingram M. D.

Dr. Sheffield D. D.

Church of England

S. P. G. Mission

Bishop and Mrs. Scott

Dr. Marsden (Lady doctor)

Miss Jackson

Miss Parsons.

Miss Wyatt the Aunt of Mrs. Ament is an artist. She taught art for many years in Oberlin College. I took lessons in drawing and painting from her last winter, also three summers ago she gave me some lessons. I hope she may be able to teach me again this winter. Just now she is down at Tientsin for a visit. I love Miss Wyatt very much. She is very hard of hearing and very delicate but she is always

cheerful.

My young friends' names are.—Dora, Elsa, Lucy and Kathleen Drew, Nellie and Leonora Pilcher, Garvin Denby, son of Col. Denby, the American minister to the Chinese, Louie and Bobby Hobart, Frances Taft, and Bobbie Meech.

All these constitute the young society of Peking. The first seven of the above mentioned belong to the "Children's Literary Club" which I started at the Western Hills, (where we spend our summers,) last summer a year. We meet about once a fortnight at the homes of the members alternately where we entertain each other with original compositions, recitations and music. Sir Robert Hart invited the Club to meet at his house one day last winter. He was very much pleased with my composition, or essay as he called it which was entitled.—"A Prophetic History of China"

He asked me if he could keep it for a few days, I supposing he only wanted to read it over again said "Yes certainly" Well, after about two weeks I received a paper and a letter from Sir Robert. The letter said.—"I hope this will prove a pleasant surprise to you"—and looking in the paper which was the "Chinese Times" to my great astonishment I found my essay published. Also there was quite a long account of that Club meeting written by Sir Robert. After a few more weeks I received another package from Sir R. and opening it I found it contained seventy-five copies of my essay in pamphlet form, (beautifully gotten up,) to send to my friends. That is the first and last thing as yet of mine that has ever been published.

My Possessions

My most precious possession is my little dog Prince. He is a long haired Chinese pug. I think he is very pretty indeed. I got him two and a half years ago when he was only six weeks old. He is black all over except his breast and the tip of his right paw, which are white. I have taught him several little tricks. One is to sit up on his hind legs, another to roll over and the third is to shake hands with his white or black paw.

Sir Robert has given me a great many beautiful presents some of which I will mention here.—

On the 14th of Feb. '90 I received from him—A beautiful Russian leather covered work box, a very

handsome ink stand, a bronze paper weight in the shape of a fox, a very pretty portfolio, a silver bracelet and a bow of red ribbon with a pretty brooch in the shape of two tennis rackets crossed pinned on to it. On the 19th of March '91 the day we had the Literary club at his house, he gave me a beautiful plush covered manicure, a box of lovely note paper, a nice drawing book, two beautiful napkin rings, a handsome bronze handled blotter and a very pretty little Japanese photograph holder. Another time Sir Robert gave me a lovely bottle of violet water and a very pretty book.

Besides these things I have a great many other lovely presents that I have received from other people. Among others is a beautiful little hand bag which Dr. Taylor gave me last Xmas.

But I can not mention all my presents or it would take too much room in my book. As to clothes I will just say that I have a beautiful white, "nun's veiling" or something, dress which I have only worn twice, once at Mrs. Atterbury's wedding reception (Mrs. A. was formerly Miss Lowrie) and the second time on my birthday which was last Sat. I was to be Mrs. Atterbury's bride's maid but she had to go down to Tientsin to be married before the American Consul there as it would not have been legal otherwise, and so I was not present at the wedding. I have also a pretty light plum colored silk dress which was a present from Mrs. Lowrie. My white dress was also a present from my school teacher at "Home" I have two other dresses for winter, one is blue and the other is brown.

I suppose that if any body should happen to read this they would think it very foolish in me to write so much about my clothes, but still clothes are a feature in life not to be despised. The books I own are very numerous but I only care for a few of my own. I generally read other peoples. They are more apt to be interesting. The books I like best of what I have read are.—"Ben Hur" by Lew Wallace, "Ivanhoe" & "Kenilworth" by Sir Walter Scott, "The Scottish Chiefs" "Home Influence," "xYesterday, To-day & Forever" a poem in twelve books by Bickersteth, "Two Years Ago" by Charles Kingsley "The Light of Asia" by Edwin Arnold "xLittle Lord Fauntleroy" by Mrs. Burnett "xUncle Tom's Cabin" by Mrs. H. B. Stowe "xThe Merchant of Venice", "xThe Comedie of Errors," and "xThe Tempest" by W. Shakespeare,, "Evangeline" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" by Longfellow. I have also read "David Copperfield" and "Oliver Twist" by Charles Dickens. I like "David Copperfield" very much but I think "Oliver Twist" is horrible, at least some parts of it. I have also read some of Mrs. Ewing's books I like "The Story of a Short life" best of those I have read. Those I have marked with a cross belong to us.

I am now reading "The Lady of the Lake" which I think is beautiful.

I study Latin Grammar, French, Arithmetic and Music. I can not play very much and I do not like it as

well as painting or drawing.

Papa says I am doing well in Latin and I hope some day to be able to read "Caesar" or even "Virgil" (This is meant to be irony).

Well, I think all there is left to describe is the place I live in. Peking is the most dirty city in the world, I do believe. The Main streets of the city are quite wide and lined on either side with shops. The streets them selves when they are not a foot deep with mud are generally a foot deep with dust.

It is true the Chinese some times water their streets with water from foul ditches but that is almost worse than breathing dust. Well, in certain places along the streets there are carts and donkeys for hire. The side walks which are about three feet lower than the main part of the street are swarming with men and in summer with naked children. Some of the men are under little tents auctioneering second hand clothes, shoes, &c. These men are pawn brokers The Chinese are so poor that most of them have to pawn their winter clothes every winter summer and take them out again, if they can, the next winter so they keep on from year to year their clothes getting dirtier and dirtier. If they can not take them out of course the pawn broker can sell them. Then there are fish mongers, butchers, bakers, candy sellers (the latter will sell you a stick of candy or a toy kite &c. for a cash which = 1/5 of a cent.)

Then there are men who sell old iron ware and men who sell tin ware and men who sell china ware and there is no end to the men or to the things they sell. But if you should hapen to want anything it would be the hardest thing in the world to get what you wanted. The main part of the street is filled by carts, wagons, Donkeys, mules, horses wheelbarrows &c. and in winter you often see long chains of camels slowly making their way along, laden with coal. All our coal comes on the backs of camels. Also we often see Mongols, men and women, riding along at a fast trot on camels or horses.

At night, as there are no street lights except a paper lantern with a candle in it stuck on a pole which are set half a mile apart, more or less, and which are not lighted generally except on bright moonlight nights, every body has to buy his own lantern which is generally made of paper and costs from three to five cash not counting the candle which is a little dearer. The many moving candles do look very pretty at a distance.

The tempers of the Chinese are very uncontrolled and we often see fights going on in the streets. A

few of the swear words of China are Turtle, rabbit's young ones, &c When we all go out on the streets we are often called by the pleasant title of "Foreign devils"

My travels

Mon. Oct. 19th

A good deal of space ought to be occupied under this head for I have been all around the world and half again. However, not all at one time.

I was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania in the year of the Centennial at Philadelphia. When I was a little over less than two years old I came with my parents and brothers to China. We lived at Tung Cho about two years and then came North to Peking When I was about four years and a half old, the Whiting family returned, from a visit to America. Then I saw Edith for the first time. Well, we lived in Peking until I was eight years old then we packed up again and went "Home." While we were at "Home" we lived most of our time at York, Penn.

My brothers went to the Collegiate Institute and I attended a very nice Private school. Our teacher Mrs. Welsh, or Miss Kathy as we called her, was a very nice lady who taught not for money, so she said, but for love of children Her husband who was a bad man, ran off and left her. She married him without the permission of her father and mother. I made quite a number of friends while I was in York. The girls I liked best in our school were Anna Huber and Mary & Sue Jessop. My S. S. teacher was also very nice. Her name was (I think she is married now) Miss Louise Weiser. Anna Gamble, the daughter of Mr. Gamble who used to be a missionary at Shanghai, was a great friend of mine. Her father died while we were in York and my father was appointed one of the executors of his estate. Anna is the only one of my York friends who ever writes to me though the other girls promised they would answer my letters. Oh! yes, I also have received a letter from Miss Weiser. Miss Hattie Powel was my music teacher while in York.

In Oct. of 1887 we started from York to New York stopping at Chambersburg where the boys (my brothers) had already gone. (They attended the Academy there for several years) We said our last good byes to them there. On Oct. 5 we sailed from N.Y. to Liverpool where we arrived on the morning of Oct. 14. We had a delightful time crossing over. A fine large steamer, pleasant company and beautiful weather all the way. Two days before we reached Liverpool was my eleventh birthday which the captain celebrated by having made for me a beautiful birthday cake with my name and the date of my birth on it besides a great many other little cakes which were served on silver plates. The

Capt. told me to invite all the children on board (there were quite a number) to his cabin where we had a grand time. I forgot to mention that in N.Y. I made a friend, Julia Mitchell, by name. She is the daughter of one of the secretaries of our board. I have received quite a number of letters from her though I only saw her one evening, the last evening we spent in America.

We stopped at Queenstown on our way to Liverpool but did not go ashore. I will never forget how I felt when I first landed on English ground. I felt as though I had come to the old world indeed. The houses looked so tall and smoky and the streets were so muddy that I thought they must be very old to have gotten into that state. Of course parts of New York are just as bad, I suppose, but I never hapened to see them.

Well, we did'nt stay long at Liverpool but went by sail, the same day, to London. We only had six days at London but we made the best of them, I can tell you, journal.

While we were there we saw the wonderful old tower, one room of which contained the Crown jewels, Westminster Abbey, which if any thing is still more wonderful, The British Museum, National Gallery of Art, St. Jame's palace which contained the Queen's Jubilee presents, Madam Tussaud's wax works, the Zoological gardens, and one Sunday we went to St. Paul's Cathedral and Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

Of course riding around on the tops of cabs we saw a great deal of London. We stayed at a very nice boarding house which was just for American missionaries. We sailed from London on the 20th of Oct on board the "Khedive" and reached Gibraltar five days later. We had a very pleasant drive on shore, seeing the town and the great rock fort. The next day and night were very rough and we were all quite sea sick. Oct. 29 we arrived at Malta but could not go ashore on account of Cholera. Nov. 1 we arrived at Port Said. We went ashore with some ladies and did a little shopping. The next morning we entered the Suez Canal and steamed slowly all day till six o'clock in the evening when we anchored off Ismalia for the night. In the morning we started with a new pilot and reached Suez, the end of the canal, at about 3 o'clock P.M.

Nov. 4th we left Suez, traveled all day in the Gulf of Suez in sight of Arabia on one side and Egypt on the other. We saw Mt. Sinai in the after noon. Nov. 5th, 6th, & 7th we were in the Red Sea Evening of 7th we passed twelve rocky islands called "The Twelve Apostles" On Nov. 8th we sailed through the Str. of Bab el Inandeb. Arrived at Aden the same afternoon. I don't think we got off at Aden but perhaps we did. Eight days later we arrived at Colombo. We had a drive of seven miles through native villages to Mt Lavinia which is the name of a large house overlooking the sea, where the

governor formerly resided.

We found a large number of the “Khedive” passengers there. The house is now a hotel. There had been a children’s race on board our ship and I won, so I received three very pretty silver bangles for a prize I have them still on my wrist. They are so small that I can not take them off. They have been on for several years now. They were bought in Colombo.

Nov. 21, reached Penang. We went ashore for an hour or two; I forgot to say we changed steamers at Colombo.

We got up early on the morning of Nov. 23, to see the beautiful entrance to Singapore. We stopped at a wharf, the first time in our voyage. A great many little diving boys came around in tiny canoes. The passengers amused themselves by throwing pieces of money into the water which the little boys would dive after, leaving their canoes and paddles to carelessly float on the water. Then they would come up again with the money between their teeth. Also boats loads of Coral & shells came around. We bought a lot of beautiful shells in a coral basket which we brought to Peking with us.

We spent some hours on shore at a Mr. McKee’s & a Miss Book’s both missionarys, but owing to heavy rain did not get to see the Botanical gardens or the business part of the town.

We arrived at Hong Kong, after a very rough voyage from Singapore, on Nov. 30, and remained there, at the house of Bishop & Mrs. Burdon, until Dec. 2nd when we started in quiet seas for Shanghai. Arrived at Woosung after a very quiet voyage at 1 A.M. Monday Dec. 5th. At ten o’clock we took a tug for Shanghai where we arrived in safety at 2 o’clock P.M. We stopped at the Farnhams, old missionarys in Shanghai. We also went to see the Smiths. Mrs. Smith, formerly Miss Strong, used to belong to our mission in Peking. The next day, Dec. 6 we started on the small steamer Wenchow for Tientsin. Friday 9th we anchored at the Taku bar. We got over the bar on Sunday at midnight and on Monday steamed slowly up the river arriving at Tientsin about 8 o’clock P.M. Dec. 12th. We stayed at the Davises while in Tientsin. On Dec. 15 we started from Tientsin in carts and reached Peking Sat. Dec 17 at 2.15 P.M. where I was welcomed with kisses and hugs and all sorts of acclamations of joy from the Whiting girls, especially Edith, which I was not in the least slow in returning. Since then I have not traveled any at all except in and out from the Hills which is a distance of about fourteen miles. We always ride donkeys to the Hills and back, and also when we go for picnics in the summer, which we do quite frequently, however they are not on the large scale that Picnics at “Home” are conducted on.

I ought not to have said either that I have done no traveling, since I returned to China. I have been for a trip to the Great Wall which I took last Spring a year, and also for a trip to Miao Fêng Shan a famous temple, a day's hard journey from our temple at the Hills. I will describe these trips in my next "chapter" (as you might call it.)

Tues. Oct. 20

Trip to the Great Wall

I started on the morning of May 4th 1890 with Dr. & Mrs. Neal, missionaries in the interior of China who were visiting Peking at that time, Mr. Langdon, Miss Woodbury and Dora Drew. Miss Woodbury is the Drew children's teacher. When we started Dora was on a donkey, Miss Woodbury in one mule litter, Mrs. Neal and I in the other, and the two gentlemen in a cart. At the city gate Dr. Neal hired another donkey for Mrs. Neal or me to ride when we got tired of the litter. We had our lunch at the Great Bell Temple. This Bell which is the next largest in the world I believe, is covered inside and out with characters. There is not the slightest crack or mar in it. We went up some rickety old stairs, for this temple as like a great many others in China is going to decay, and tried to throw cash through a hole on the top of the Bell. No one succeeded but Dora who threw in one. All that fell to the ground was picked up by the temple keepers and went to pay for the privilege of our being in the temple, I mean the privilege to us not to them. After lunch Dora & I rode in one litter. We amused ourselves by telling original stories, some of which were very exciting. The first day we traveled until about 6.30 P.M. and then stopped at a very good inn, considering it was Chinese. We made up a bed on the "kang" which is a brick structure about three feet high at one side of the room. It is used by the Chinese as a bed. In winter it is heated by a fire under it. Of course we had to bring along our bedding eatables and every thing in our litters. Mrs. Neal Dora & I slept in this bed. Miss Woodbury had a cot bed which she slept on. The gentlemen occupied a little room off ours. The next day we went through the beautiful "Man Kou"[?] pass, great tall rugged mountains on each side of us. We would turn sharp curves and seem to be shut in on all sides by mountains. At one place built high up on a steep mountain side was a very pretty little shrine. Leading up were steps cut out of the rock. Below it at the foot of the Mountain was a lovely little spring. Dr. Neal and I went up the steps which were very steep indeed, Dora also started but got dizzy and went down again. Behind an altar like affair were three ugly idols, we were also surprised to see another flight of stairs, which following, we found ourselves in a smaller shrine above the other one which It also contained idols. This is something the way the shrines looked. ---



When we came down again we walked for a little while In a few minutes we came to a lovely water fall where we stopped again and had a drink.

At about five o'clock that evening, after a ride through the most beautiful scenery I had ever seen except when we passed over the Rocky Mountains on our way "Home" the last time,) we arrived at the Great Wall. We stopped in a valley which was spanned by one of the many great doors of the Wall. The Wall follows the mountains on both sides. We got up on the right side and started for the top of the mountain. Dora and I got far ahead of the others. On our way we picked some pretty leaves (there is a good deal of vegetation on the top of the wall) which we called "excelsior." At even distances along the Wall are little buildings which formerly contained the canon used by the soldiers in keeping the Wall. Here is a little picture of the Great Wall.—



This I copied out of Swinton's Geography. I think it is quite good of it. Dora and I passed one of these buildings, which are very much worse for having been built so long ago I mean as to their dilapidated condition. The next building brought us to the top of the mountain where we were repaid for all our hard climbing, by the grandest view I have ever seen in China. Which ever direction we looked we saw nothing but mountains, towering one above another into the blue sky. It looked from our lofty perch like a sea of waves. Dora and I were so much excited by this wonderful view and also by the thought that we were on the longest wall in the world, that we could hardly keep from shouting for very joy. Presently we looked around and discovered the names of people who had been there written on the wall of the building we were in. We wrote ours too not withstanding that.—“Fools names and fools faces are often seen in public places”

We picked grasses and braided them and also got together some brick to take home as souvenirs. After we had been there some little time the rest of the party came up. Miss Woodbury took a picture of us all on the Wall. She took her camera with her, then we had supper and saw the sun go down behind the Hills, which was a lovely sight. After that we went down again to the valley and got into our litters and went for a mile past the Wall to an inn where we spent the night. The next morning we started bright and early back through the Pass. At half past ten we stopped at an inn to eat our lunch and play a game of letters. Then we got in or on our several conveyances and started for the Ming Tombs. We arrived at the greatest tomb which is the only one visited at about half past three in the afternoon. It was a beautiful place very much like a large Chinese temple. It is situated at the foot of a woody hill. There was one large hall where we counted a very great number of pillars. Dora and I touched every one as we counted them. The paths in this temple (as it might be called) were made of marble slabs. Some were very richly carved with dragons

After we had passed a great many halls and shrines we at last came to the tomb which was at the very back of the temple. It looked something like this:—



We went through the opening which led through a vault to the upper terrace where the tablet was. Under this lay one of the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty Dr. Neal, Dora and I climbed the hill back of the tomb expecting to get a good view but were disappointed for the trees hid it out. When we came down again we had supper on the porch of the “Hall of the many pillars” as I call it. The Chinese crowded around us and when we opened a bottle of appolinarus water, which Miss Woodbury brought with her, they remarked that it was wine. After supper we all started out again, Dora and I on donkeys, and rode on over a plain leaving the mountains behind us. In about three quarters of an hour we reached the Avenue of Stone Animals. They were are very wonderful old things First, after entering a curious old gate, we saw two very large stone priests standing opposite each other. Then followed a long line of huge stone animals, camels, elephants, lions, tigers, dogs, sheep, and others that I can not remember. There are two of each kind which stand facing one another. Dora and I with Dr. Neal’s help climbed on each kind except the elephant which was too tall. However as I was the lightest Dr. Neal lifted me up on his hands untill I could just see over the elephant’s back. At the end of the Avenue were two pagodas and then another gate. We traveled on quite a distance from there until we reached a inn where we spent the night

The next morning was cloudy. We expected to reach home the evening of this day. We rode on our donkeys until it began to rain, then we got into the litters and carts. When we stopped at an inn for lunch it was pouring. After lunch we started out again in the rain which increased every minute. The litter in which Dora and I were in, leaked, so we put an umbrella up to keep our heads dry, but in this we did not succeed, for the umbrella itself was full of holes.

We tried to shut the front door of the litter to keep our feet dry for the rain was coming in at a great rate. One of the hinges broke as we were doing this so we drew it (the door) in and propped our feet against it, but by some unlucky chance the other hinge broke too and the door slipped out of our hands and fell on the haunches of the poor front mule. This naturally frightened him very much and he started to run but the back mule did not see the necessity of



running so he began to back. So between one mule pulling one way and the other mule pulling the other way the harnesses broke and we went down into a pool of mud. I can hardly describe our sensations when we found out what had happened. They were not the same as when we stood on the top of the Great wall, by any means. The result of it all was that after some little time Dora and I got into Dr. Neal's cart and were driven off from the scene of disaster behind the other litter. The two gentlemen waited in our litter until a man could get new harnesses from the inn two miles away. There was no getting home that night. We all had to stop at this inn. We took out our bedding and got a charcoal fire to dry the wet blankets &c. We fixed up the gentlemen's room as nicely as we could, to pay them for sitting out in the wet so long. In about an hour and a half the gentlemen came. They said that they had had a very nice time reading a book that Dr. Neal had found in his pocket. We all sat down to supper which tasted very good. Then Dora and I took turns in reading aloud a very funny book called "Mixed Pickles." Then we went to bed. The next morning the sky was clear and we got home at about nine o'clock after nothing very exciting. I had to say good bye to Dr. & Mrs. Neal which I was very sorry to do. Mamma and Prince were very sorry glad to see me. Papa was in Shanghai attending the Missionary Conference there.

so ended my trip to the

Great Wall.

Oct 28th

Day before yesterday I received a package and letter from Sir Robert (he thought that day was my birthday.) The letter was very nice full of excellent advice, good wishes &c. The package contained a beautiful necklace of gold beads. Was not that a "charming" present? It did certainly charm me.

Miss Dow who belonged to our mission ten years ago has returned to Peking with a Miss Gowans and Miss Myers.— both very pleasant, as for Miss Dow, she is a splendid woman. She intends to start a mission. They are now staying at Mrs. Blodgett's house.

The Literary Club met here last Sat for the first time since last Spring. I recited "Rabbi Ben Levi" by Longfellow. I also had a dialogue with Dora.

Trip to Miao Fêng Shan

On the morning of August 20th, 1891 I got up at half past five had a bath dressed and had morning prayers which we generally have after breakfast. After breakfast (which we had at about seven o'clock,) we, the party—fourteen people in all, started out gaily on donkeys after many good byes &c. I forgot to say where we started from, it was not Peking but the Hills west of Peking, where we spend our summers, as I have mentioned before. Nellie Pilcher and I were the only children in the party. As we would pass through the villages, the little naked children would come running out of their doors to see the "circus" for a lot of foreigners on donkeys is quite an unusual and interesting sight to them. After about an hour's ride we came to the river which in Chinese is called Hun Ho or muddy river and that it undoubtedly is. We crossed the river on a ferry boat, rode on a mile on the other side, and then had to cross back again.

Afterwards Mr. Lowry said we did not need to have crossed at all.

We rode on & on over a very rocky path beside the river, the mountains getting nearer and nearer.

When we at last stopped at a small house we were very tired, hot, hungry, and thirsty. We had a very good lunch and also as much water as we wanted. Then we started out again. All along our path were beautiful wild flowers. We often had to get off our donkeys to cross streams and bad places in the road. The scenery was perfectly grand great peaks before us, and looking backward we could see the river flowing onward among the Hills which we had just left.

All this time we were going up higher and higher, at last we reached the foot of Miao Feng Shan hill. We had to walk the whole way up the Hill which was very steep and high. At least it seemed high to us, who were rather tired from our long ride in the sun.

A great many pilgrims visit this temple and so there has been built a stone road leading up to it.

At about half past six we reached the temple. We had our supper on the veranda of two little rooms which were situated in front of the other buildings right on the side of the hill, something like this.



After supper which was very good we went to bed as it was quite late. The gentlemen slept in the left-hand room. Miss Woodbury, Miss Hale, Mrs. Cunningham and Dr. Stevenson (lady doctor) slept in the room next it.

Miss Newton, Dr. Sinclair, Miss Stere, Miss Stanley, Nellie & I occupied another room of the temple.

We spread our blankets &c on the kang but still it was a very hard bed and I am afraid that with the noise of the dogs and the racket our next-door neighbors kept up we did not sleep very well. The next morning we had our breakfast on the veranda and then most of us climbed up to the top of the mountain. All along our path were the most lovely wild flowers I have ever seen. We counted about fifty different kinds. When we reached the top we saw a most very beautiful view. If I was a poet I might describe some thing of its grandeur but as I am not I will have to leave it for my remembrance to picture it to me in future years.

When we came down we gathered great bunches of flowers with which we decorated our lunch table with. After lunch we started out again. We had to go down the hill we were on and go up another one still higher. We walked most of the way up and had to walk all the way down to the plain on the other side which taking in all the curves of the stone road was a walk of twelve or fifteen miles in length. Miss Stanley hurt her ankle half way down and it did not make it any better to walk the other half of the road. When we at last reached the temple at which we intended to put up for the night we were all very tired indeed, but, after a nice hot supper we felt much better.

The temple at which we stayed was very large and fine. In the evening after supper we heard a priest beating a drum, and also saw some other curious ceremonies. The next morning after we had seen the

beautiful spring of water in the temple grounds, we mounted our donkeys and set forth again.

At about eleven o'clock we stopped at a little temple which contained a hot—or rather luke warm, sulphur spring.

At half past twelve we stopped again at a temple in which was a very lovely spring of water. There we waited a long time for the mules to come with our lunch but owing to a misunderstanding of the muleteer they went to a wrong temple and we, poor hungry mortals, had to go without our lunch.

Out we started again and after passing near the emperor's summer palace we reached a temple called "Pien yung ssu" about three o'clock. There we bought some watermelons and also had a drink from the sulphur spring, in the temple. This temple is only a few miles from our house at the Hills.

We reached home at about half past five after having (I speak for myself) the loveliest trip I have ever taken.

Miss Stere who is a very nice lady, missionary in Tientsin, remarked that Miss Stanley and I were a mutual admiration society all the way to Miao Fêng Shan and back. I call Miss Stanley "La chieh chieh"[?] which means older sister, and indeed she was an older sister to me on that trip. She and Mr. H.H. Lowry took such beautiful care of me that I can not help loving them very much. Miss Stanley and I write to each other quite often. She sent me for my birthday two very pretty little books by Mrs. Ewing.

Thur. Nov. 19th

Monday before last papa started to Shanghai to meet the other members of the Chinese Bible revision Com. He will probably not be back for two or three weeks yet. He wrote to mamma from Tientsin saying that our London goods were there and that Mr. Walker would send them up soon.

Last Sat. we had a meeting of the "Girls Literary Club," at Garvin Denby's.

I read a composition called "A Visit to Jupiter" which will be continued at the next meeting, which is to be held at Mrs. Drew's. I also recited a very pretty little piece called,

[poem is cut from a publication and pasted into journal]

"ONCE-ON-A-TIME,"

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

HEIGH-HO! What frolics we might see,
If it only had happened to you and me
To be born in some beautiful far-off clime,
In the country of Somewhere, once-on-a-time!

Why, once-on-a-time there were mountains of gold,
And cans full of jewels, and treasures untold;
There were birds just waiting to fly before
And show you the way to the magical door.
And, under a tree, there was sure to be
A queer little woman to give you the key;
And a tiny, dancing, good-natured elf,
To say, with his scepter: "Help yourself!"
For millions of dollars grew from a dime
In the country of Somewhere, once-on-a-time.

If we lived in the country of Somewhere, you
Could do whatever you chose to do.
Instead of a boy, with the garden to weed,
You might be a knight, with a sword and a steed.
Instead of a girl, with a towel to hem,
I might be a princess, with robe and gem;
With a gay little page, and a harper old,
Who knew all the stories that ever were told,—
Stories in prose, and stories in rhyme,
That happened somewhere, once-on-a-time.

In the country of Somewhere, no one looks
At maps and blackboards and grammar books;
For all your knowledge just grows and grows,
Like the song in a bird, or the sweet in a rose.
And if ever I chance, on a fortunate day,
To that wonderful region to find my way,
Why then, if the stories all are true,
As quick as I can, I'll come for you,
And we'll row away to its happy shores,
In a silver shallop with golden oars.

Sir Robert was there and seemed quite pleased with all the exercises. After the literary performance was over we all went into the dining room where we partook of a bountiful repast. Then we played charades.

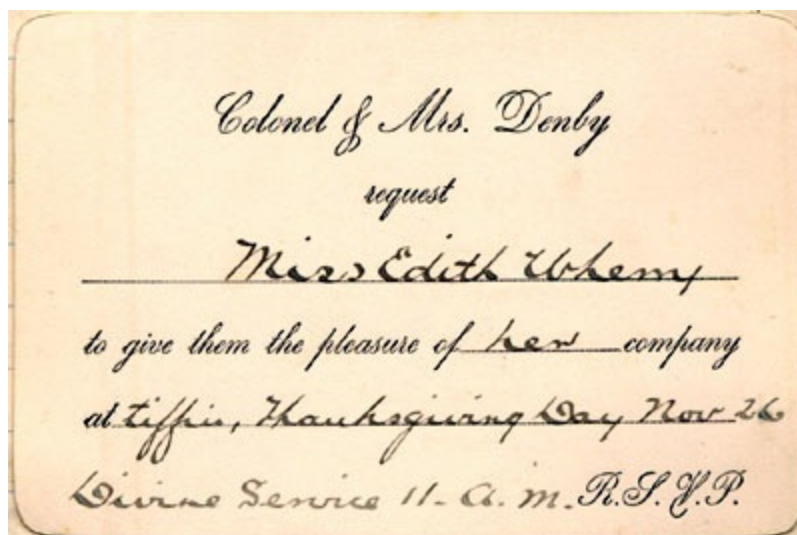
The day before, in the after noon Dr. Sinclair and I went over to the Methodist mission, and went from there with Mr. Lowry onto the city wall where we had a nice long walk. We read from "The Light of Asia" when we stopped to rest. I spent the night at Mrs. Hobart's and the next morning at about eleven o'clock Mamma came for me and we went to Mrs. Drew's where we were invited to tiffin. From there we went to the Club meeting. We came home in Mrs. Denby's cart. We found that Mr. Williams and Mr. Ewing had arrived from Kalgan.

Mr. Ewing who is a nice, sensible, young Scotch man stayed with us. He is of the China Inland mission. They, with Mr. Whiting, whom we were very sorry to lose, started for Tientsin day before yesterday.

The other day we got a telegram from Mr. Young, our new missionary. He telegraphed from Shanghai. Dr. Layton went down to Tientsin to meet him. We expect them back by Sat. at least if not to-morrow.

Louie Hobart is coming on Sat. to spend that day and the next with me. She will go home via church which is held Sunday evenings at the American board mission chapel.

Nov. 30th Mon. Last Thursday was Thanksgiving Day. All the American Adults in Peking are always invited to the U.S. Legation for Divine service at eleven o'clock which is followed by "tiffin", or rather dinner I should call it. This year on account of Garvin being there, Dora Drew, Nellie Pilcher and I were invited too. This is my invitation, which I received some weeks ago.



We started from here at about ten o'clock and reached there in time for service, which was conducted by Rev H.H Lowry. It was very good indeed. After that we went into the dining room, where we partook of a very large meal. Here is the menu, which was meant to take home.

Legation of the United States.
Peking, China.

Thanksgiving Day,
1891.

MENU.

Clear Soup.
Boston Baked Beans.
Smothered Chicken.
Green Corn.
Turkey.
Ham, Salad.
Macaroni.
Pumpkin Pie.
Vanilla Ice-cream.
Cocoa-nut Cake.
Dessert.

There were three large tables besides a little square one at which Dora, Nellie, Garvin and I sat. During the meal Dr Martin the president of the Chinese Imperial College arose and proposed a toast to Saint Jonathan. He repeated a very nice little Chinese poem which he had "clothed in English" as he expressed it. When we had finished we all went into the parlor where there was singing and a great deal of laughing and talking.

We got back home about 4 o'clock P.M.

[here two pages are glued together]

Last Saturday morning I went to Mrs. Drew's where the Literary Club met. The rest of the children arrived at about three o'clock in the afternoon. At four Sir Robert, Mrs. Denby and Mrs. Von Burckdoff came. Mrs. Von Burckdoff is really a German countess and her husband is a count but she prefers to be called Mrs. or Madame.

The programme was as follows.—

Duet...piano & violin.....Dora & Sir Robert

Poem.....Lucy Drew. Comp.....Leonora Pilcher

Poem.....Nellie Pilcher. Comp.....Dora M. Drew

Poem.....Kathleen Drew. Comp....Edith Wherry

Piano solo (original) Elsa Drew

Poem..Garvin....Comp. Lucy B. Drew

Piano solo.....Dora M. Drew

Poem...Sir Robert. Poem.....Elsa C. Drew

German Poem.....Countess Von Bruckdoff

Song.....Dora, Elsa, Lucy, Kathleen.

The club invited Sir Robert to preside over the meeting which he did.

After it was over we all went into the dining room where we had a very nice tea. I came home by way of church the next evening staying at Mrs. Drew's that night.

Dec. 2nd 1891 - Last Friday Mr. Young our new missionary arrived. He is about twenty four. He lives in Mr. Whitney's house and takes his meals with us, so we will see a good deal of him I suppose.

May 5, 1892 It has been a great many days, you poor journal, since I have written in you, but I think I must go back a little and tell about the pleasant Christmas and New Year's days I spent. Mamma recd a note from Mrs. Denby a few days before Xmas asking if she could spare me to them for Xmas and the day after. As Mamma was sick in bed with "La Grippe" and knew that I would have rather a dull time of it if I stayed at home, and as she did not need me to take care of her, she accepted the invitation for me. Shortly after I was taken ill with a slight attack of the same ailment. I recoverd, I am glad to say, in time to go however. Xmas eve and morning before I went I recd many beautiful presents from my numerous friends both native and foreign. I also gave some little things that I had made. Mrs. Denby's cart (she had kindly arranged to send it) came for me at about 9.30 and I got in

bag & baggage and after an hours ride arrived just in time to look at some lovely presents for me, from the Denby family, arranged on a little table in a corner of the room, and then to go with them to the English Legation Church.

The Bishop, dressed in a gorgeous gown, with a crimson, motheaten hood flowing at the back, preached. In the afternoon Garvin and I had great fun playing with a target and darts. In the evening Mrs. Denby was to have a dinner party, so when the time arrived I dressed in my pretty white dress which I had brought along. I also wore my red sash and coral necklace. Mr. Edwin Denby who is next to Garvin in age (he is about twenty two not Garvin but E. D.) remarked that I was a study in red & white.

Besides the family which consists of Col. & Mrs. Denby Mr. Chas. & Mr. Edwin Denby and Garvin there were present at dinner, Dr. & Mrs. Atterbury, Dr. Taylor, Miss Woodbury, Mr. Cheshire, Mr. Martin, both of whom later[?] belong to the American legation, and two or three other gentlemen with whom I was not acquainted before. Garvin took me out to dinner. I sat at one end of the big table and could look down the whole length through the shining glass and silver, beautiful flowers, and evergreens.

Both dining room and drawing room were decorated splendidly with evergreens and little red Chinese lanterns hanging amongst them. Mr. E. Denby sat on my right and Mr. C. Denby sat next to him. Garvin of course sat at my left. You can imagine (that is, if books have that power) what an amount of laughing and talking there was at our end of the table. Of course the dinner was very good as most Xmas dinners are. At each ladies place was a pretty vase of flowers which as well as the pretty menus we were requested to take home with us as souvenirs.

After dinner we had great fun pulling bonbons and seeing what was in side. Over a door hung a branch of mistletoe but no one was caught under it.

We played games, looked at Japanese photographs and altogether had a lovely time. At least I did. At about twelve o'clock the party broke up and I went to bed.

The next day of course I had a very nice time too. In the afternoon Dora & Elsa came over for tea and we played with the target and darts again. At about four, thirty I went home in the cart accompanied by Mr. E. Denby. I found my dear mamma was better. I also found a great many more beautiful

presents waiting for me. In all I recd about fifty presents of which about fifteen were from Sir Robert.

That is all about Xmas day and I am sure journal you will think with me that I should be a very happy girl with so many kind friends.

The sun on the first day of the year 1892 shone out bright and clear, but before I say any thing more about New Years day I want to talk a little about the night before the New Year, or New Year's eve, and in order to do that I must go back. About a week before the year 1892, I recd an invitation from Mrs. Cartwright, a lady who lives next door to Mrs. Drew and whose husband is also in the Customs service, asking me to come to her party on New Years afternoon. I accepted. A few days after Mamma recd a note from Mrs. Drew asking if she would let "Edith" come to her house the day before New Years and go with them in the evening to Lady Walsham's private theatricals. I, of course wanted to go very much, so it was arranged that I should go, and come back immediately after with Mrs. Rhein who is in mourning, and not wait stay for the ball. Mrs. Rhein who lives near to Mrs. Drew's could drop me there on the way back. I wore my white dress again and Dora wore a very pretty blue one. Lady Walsham has a lovely little thea[t]re. It was crowded that night with finely dressed ladies and gentlemen. We were each presented, on entering with a programme of the proformences that were about to take place. Of course I enjoyed myself immensely. There were a great many foreigners there and I think that a good many of the ladies could not understand a word that was said in the plays but not withstanding they would have felt dreadfully slighted if they had not been invited.

As in all amateur theatricals long before the curtain was raised we could see eyes peeking out through the chinks of the curtain, seeing how many people had come and if it was not time to begin. But that adds to the interest I think. There were two plays, both very amusing. Mrs. Drew acted in the second one and she looked very pretty. It was almost twelve o'clock before I got back to Mrs. Drew's, leaving Dora to stay for an other two hours, at the ball and supper that was held immediately after. The party at Mrs. Cartwright's on New Years afternoon was exceedingly pleasant. We were introduced to "Old Father Christmas" and "The Genius of fire" both of whom in turn gave us a speech. We played many other games, had "High Tea" danced, and had a good time generally. I went home the next day.

The Chinese New Year which comes about a month after ours is celebrated by the Chinese with great festivities which they keep up for about a month. It is the great holiday of the year to them. They have calling, feasting and firecracking going on at a great rate. One of the most appetizing delicacies of this time is the "joubobo[?]." The recipe goes as follows. – Flour – mutton or beaf chopped fine cabbage ditto, a little salt, a little oil, and a little onion. Make into dumplings and boil in water. Serve in vinegar. I am really very fond of this dish, when made properly. I have often gone to Chinese feasts which I quite enjoy. In my discription of a Chinese wedding which was published I told about the feast.

Mon. May 9th I will now tell about the Alice in Wonderland “proformance which was gotten up for Sir Robert’s pleasure in the 20th of Feb., his birthday. We children had acted some parts of this book at the Hills in the summer of 1890 and Mrs. Drew wanted to have us act it again with the addition of two other parts for the benefit of her friends in the Customs. Of course we had to have a good many rehearsals &c. Mrs. Drew had a beautiful little stage made which we all trimmed very prettily with leaves and flowers to make it look as much like out doors as possible. Mrs. Drew made some very pretty programmes which read thus. —

“Alice in Wonderland”

I “A Mad Tea Party”II “Tweedledum & Tweedledee.”

III “Humpty Dumpty”IV “Queen Alice”

In t[he] “Mad Tea Party Dora was the Hatter, Leonora the March hare and Kathleen the Dormouse. In T.dum and T.dee Elsa was the first and Lucy the second.

Humpty Dumpty was Dora, under a frame work made in the shape of an egg with a face painted on it, perched on a table behind a tall screen which was painted like a wall, with a lot of false leave pasted on in imitation of ivy. (Please excuse this dreadfully mixed up sentence, my dear journal)

In “Queen Alice” Dora was the Red Queen and Nellie the White Queen. I was “Alice” in all the Scenes. There were about forty five people present. They all seemed to enjoy it very much and said we all did very well. Mr. Bryant said it was “Beautiful, Lovely, Grand,” but I think he went a little too far. Sir Robert was very much pleased.

Tues. 10th I am going to-day to the Literary Club meeting at Nellie’s. We have kept up the Literary Club quite bravely this winter. Several weeks ago we had a Whittier meeting at our house. I invited some of my Chinese friends to attend. They were the nieces and grand children of the great states man Li hung chang. I got acquainted with them by going with Dr. Sinclair to attend the “tai tai” or the lady of the house, Mrs. Li. They are lovely people. They are very fond of me and when ever I go there with Dr. Sinclair they always serve refreshments and do their best to please me. Once they gave me a beautiful fan. They enjoyed the Literary Club very much tho’ they could not understand any thing that was said. While they were here the family sent up three servants one after another telling them not to go into any room where there was a gentleman but as Sir Robert (who was present) and Papa were the only gentlemen in the room not counting Garvin and they were quite elderly I don’t think they were

offended. There were four of them and they each brought along two attendants.

Thurs. May 12th T-morrow I start to Tungcho with Miss Russell on my way to the "Land of the Free and the Brave"! Mamma and Papa follow on Monday. These last days have been rather trying to my feelings, as I have had to bid my dear friends in Peking goodbye. We had the Literary Club at Nellie's which we enjoyed very much. I spent the night at Mrs. Pilcher's and went with Nellie and Leonora to Sir Robert's garden party the next afternoon. In warm weather Sir Robert has a garden party every Wednesday. He has the most beautiful garden in Peking.

Of course Dora was there and a number of other great friends of mine. Miss Evy Hart Sir Robert's daughter arrived in Peking about a fortnight ago. She is quite handsome and very pleasant. We had a very nice time at the party playing tennis, battledor and shuttlecock &c. But the happy hours passed all too quickly and the time soon came when I had to go home first bidding goodbye to my dear friends.

I will write the rest in Dora's and my secret language as I would not like any body to read it.

[Here follows a paragraph in code, which has been deciphered as follows:

Sir Robert came first, he walked around the garden with me and then kissed me twice and said goodbye dear Edith, God bless you. He plucked a leaf of ivy for me and asked me to pluck him one in return. Dear, dear, Sir Robert, I hope I will see him again! Then Dora my darling friend! O! I was so sorry to say goodbye to her. She said she loved me. Mr. Denby and Mr. Walsham came this afternoon to bid us goodby.]

or at least are supposed to sleep. They really sleep in the hold of the boat. The name of the river in Chinese is Pei Ho. We stopped with Dr. Walker and family. Orin Walker is a year or two younger than I am. Grace their little girl about eight is very sick with a serious decease.

We had a very nice time there. I called on Mrs. Stanley, Miss M. S's mother, Mrs. Corsett[?] was there

Sunday 9 (West Longitude) June 12th On board the S.S. "Empress of Japan"

Yesterday was Sunday (East Long) June 12th We had a service both yesterday and to-day tho' the one to-day was very short. It is rather too much, however to keep two Sundays in one week so we are going on as usual with what ever we have on hand. Our voyage from Tientsin to Shanghai was very good on the whole, tho' we had a day or two when it was rather rough and we were rather sea sick. (How superiorly we can talk about being rather sea sick after it is all over, when at the time we thought we were very sick indeed!) The Jordans and Japereaus[?] from Peking traveled with us. The Japereaus left us at Shanghai and so also did Mr. Jordon. Mrs J. and the children, Edie and Jack, both little things of two and four, are on board with us now. Mr. Jordon belongs to the English Legation in Peking. Owing to a serious illness of Jack's, the doctors advised Mrs. J. to go home to England with the children so she is going by this way. We had a very pleasant time in Shanghai. We made our head quarters the Presbyterian Mission Press, where Dr. & Mrs. Matees[?] are living at present.

They are engaged in the work of having a Chinese Lesson book printed. It will be quite a fine thing when it is done. We stayed six days in Shanghai, two of which we spent at the South Gate with Dr Smith's family. The same family we stayed with before when in Shanghai. One day I went with some ladies for a beautiful country drive along the bubbling well road to St. John's College. We visited the girls school and orphanage there. The little children in the orphanage went through some very nice performances for us. On the way home to Mrs. Smith's we stopped at several flower-gardens as one of our number wanted to buy some roses. We also stopped at the Public Gardens and conservatory. The children and flowers were very pretty and I enjoyed looking at both very much. Shanghai is a wonderful city for the great variety of people it contains, to say nothing of the shops. I think it would be very interesting to stand at an important street corner in Shanghai and watch the people pass by. The roads in the foreign settlement are splendid. It was a great treat to see carriages once more. As we were there over Sunday I went to the Union Church S. School. I was surprised to see so many girls of my own age there. There were also a great many a good deal older. I went into a class of about ten girls and had a very nice time. I hadn't been to a S. School like that for nearly five years. While we were in Shanghai we called on a lot of old friends. Dr. Matees, Mr. & Mrs. Richard with whom we dined one evening, and several other friends came on board the launch Tuesday May 31st 1.00 P.M. to say good bye. We came on board this ship at three o'clock of the same afternoon. We had

said goodbye to dear Papa in Tientsin so we did not feel very badly in saying goodbye to China, for it is not so hard to say goodbye to a place as to a person as everybody knows. Poor Papa, it is dreadful to think of him living all alone. I hope he won't get too lonely. We reached Nagasaki, our first stopping place May . We went on shore with a Dr. Roberts, medical missionary, in Tientsin, and the Missis Black Mr. Key[?] and Miss Smith also missionaries. We went to see a temple there, and also some old friends. The scenery in the inland sea is lovely. The Harbor at Nagasaki is very beautiful. The next day we arrived at Kobe where we went ashore again. We visited Mrs. Lambeth there. She is a dear old lady who has lately lost her husband. I got a bad headache from the sun which is very hot in Japan as in China. When we came home we wrote letters to send back when we arrived at Yokohama which we did the next day. Mrs. Jordon went ashore with us there. While we were on the launch going from the ship to the shore Mrs. Jordon called out "Why there is Miss Woodbury!" who I forgot to say was going home at the same time with us. We were to meet her in Yokohama. She went by way of Corea. We looked out of the window and sure enough there was Miss Woodbury and another lady in a sampan (a small boat) We called out to her and she answered that she was going on board the Empress to see us. Of course we couldn't make the launch go back so we went on. In Yokohama we went to several stores but we didn't buy very much. I ordered a "Kamona" or Japanese dress but the man never brought it on to the ship. I was very sorry because I wanted one very much. From Yokohama we went to Tokio, about an hours ride in a train. (To think of riding in a train! After having gone about in a cart or on a donkey for the last four years and a half) In this way we saw a little of the country in Japan and a beautiful country it is. Tokio is a very nice city. All these Japanese cities are very much alike. We went to see Dr. & Mrs. McCartee there. We made a few other calls also. When we came back to Yokohama we stopped at a stationary store and bought some charming Japanese paper, and envelopes. I forgot to say that in the early part of the day we had a splendid view of Fugijama the great volcanic mountain in Japan. Monday June 15th

This ship is very large and beautiful. The windows in the dining saloon are all pictures every other one being a view along the C. P. Railroad. There is a beautiful library which is fitted up with desks, papers, ink, pens &c. The other evening we had a concert Here is the Programme.

R.M.S. "EMPRESS OF JAPAN"

GRAND CONCERT

H.M.S. "Empress of Japan"

-----:():-----

Saturday Evening, June 11th 1892

-----:-----

Programme.

Piano Overture Miss Bell

Song—A che le morte Mr. Seale

IL. TROVATORE.

Song...Ora pro nobis-Piccolomini Mrs. P. Foster.

Recitation – A. Cat's Sad Memories Captain Townshend

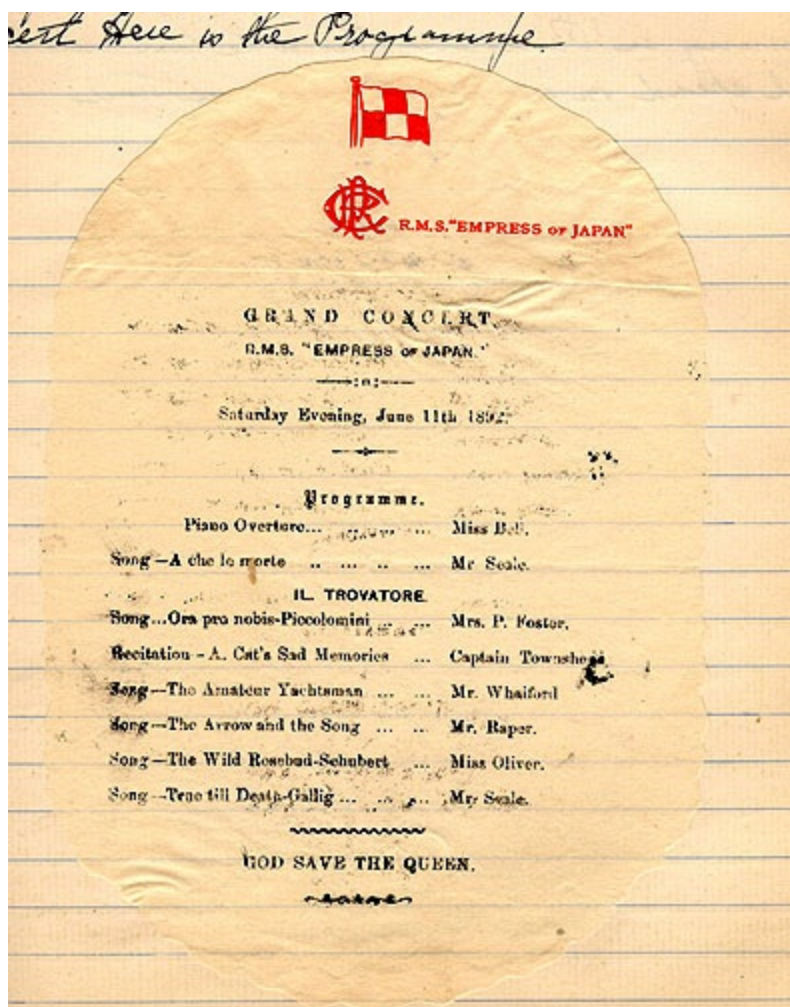
Song—The Amateur Yachtsman Mr. Whaiford

Song—The Arrow and the Song Mr. Raper.

Song—The Wild Rosebud-Schubert Miss Oliver.

Song—True till Death-Gallig Mr. Seale.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



June 14th We are in sight of land. We will reach Victoria to night and wake up to morrow morning in Vancouver. This is the last day I will spend on a steamer for some time.

[This is where the journal ends. Toward the back of the book are two lists.]

Letter account

1891

Letters Received begining from Oct. 16, '91

Oct 21 Marie J Smith

Oct 26 Sir Robert Hart.

Oct 28 Miss Mary Stanley.

Oct 21 Louise Brandin

Nov. 5 Anna Williams

Nov 17 Edith O. Whiting

Nov 17 Miss Mary Stanley

Nov 17 Marie J. Smith

Nov. 27 J. Fred Wherry

Nov. 27 Robert R. Wherry

Dec. 23 Marie J Smith

Letter account

1891

Letters written begining from Oct 16, '91

Oct. 22 Edith O. Whiting

Oct. 22 Miss Mary E. Stanley

Oct. 22 Marie J. Smith

Oct. 28 Julia P. Mitchell

Oct. 28 Elmer G. Wherry

Nov. 11 Miss Mary E. Stanley

Nov. 16 Anna Williams

Nov. 12 To Mary Mapes Dodge. for publication a composition

Nov. 17 To Miss Mary I Lombard for publication a composition

Nov. 18 Edith O Whiting

Nov. 28 Fred Wherry

Nov. 28 Marie J. Smith

Dec. 14 Mr. W. M. Langdon