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THE HOW AND THE WHY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.



I WONDER if Steene would like to have me tell it. I don't suppose that he would; he is such a miracle of modesty. But then did not I play nearly as conspicuous a part in the affair as Steene himself? Nearly, quotha! If Dumas can tell a story with no less than three distinct heroes therein, why should not I attempt one with at least a pair of them?

It all happened at Enderley, Tom. Of course you've never heard of Enderley. It's the most charming little pastoral paradise in the whole United States Gazetteer. By the way, I seriously doubt whether it is to be found there, after all, not having a post-office, and hearing the railroad-whistle like a vague boom miles distant. However, it is a blessing that locomotives and other minions of civilization have left some places to tranquillity, and rural retirement and Pan, and all that. I think that Enderley must be Pan's American headquarters, if, in spite of Mrs. Browning's reiterated statements to the contrary, that vegetable patriarch is really still alive. "But to our tale," as yonder demoniac yellow-covered pamphlet, borrowed from my landlady—(I was skimming it over, Tom, before you dropped

in to gladden my apartments this rainy evening.)—has been remarking to its reader for about once a page during the first six chapters.

Steene started the idea of going to Enderley. I was as ignorant concerning the place as you are, Tom, before the morning on which he seated himself at my window, with a beam of June sunshine on that brown-curled Greek head of his, and told me about Gordon Cameron's widow. This is what he told:

Gordon Cameron and he had been chums at Yale. They were very intimate; like brother and brother, Steene said, in his quiet way. After graduation, when Cameron came to live in New York, and Steene returned here also, the intimacy was continued. Cameron was reticent, with most people, about all that concerned his family history; but from Steene he kept no secrets whatever. He had long ago told his friend that between himself and Wyllis Cameron, his elder half-brother, there was a coolness of mutual dislike, which promised to be life-long. They had somehow never got on together since the old days in the great house at Enderley, when Wyllis and he were boys, with five years of difference between their

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## AN OLD UNIVERSITY IN CHINA.

BY W. A. P. MARTIN, D. D., PEKING, CHINA.

IT is not perhaps generally known that Peking contains an ancient University. For though certain buildings connected with it have been frequently described, the institution itself has been but little noticed. It gives indeed so few signs of life that it is not surprising it should be overlooked. And yet few of the institutions of this hoary empire are invested with a deeper interest, as venerable relics of the past, and at the same time as mournful illustrations of the degenerate present.

If a local situation be deemed an essential element of identity, this old University must yield the palm of age to many in Europe, for in its present site it dates, at most, only from the *Yuen*, or Mongol dynasty, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. But as an imperial institution, having a fixed organization and definite objects, it carries its history, or at least its pedigree, back to a period far anterior to the founding of the Great Wall.

Among the Regulations of the House of Chow, which flourished a thousand years before the Christian era, we meet with it already in full-blown vigor, and under the identical name which it now bears, that of *Kwotszekien*, or school for the "Sons of the Empire." It was in its glory before the light of science dawned on Greece, and when Pythagoras and Plato were pumping their secrets from the priests of Heliopolis. And it still exists, but it is only an embodiment of "life in death,"—its halls are tombs, and its officers living mummies.

In the 13th Book of the *Chowle*, (see *Rites de Tchou, traduction per Edouard Biot*.) we find the functions of the heads of the *Kwotszekien* laid down with a good deal of minuteness.

The Presidents were to admonish the Emperor of that which is good and just, and to instruct the Sons of the State in

the "three constant virtues," and the "three practical duties,"—in other words, to give a course of lectures on moral philosophy. The Vice-Presidents were to reprove the Emperor for his faults, and to discipline the Sons of the State in sciences and arts; viz., in arithmetic, writing, music, archery, horsemanship, and ritual ceremonies. The titles and offices of the subordinate instructor are not given in detail, but we are able to infer them with a good degree of certainty from what we know of the organization as it now exists.

The old curriculum is religiously adhered to, but greater latitude is given, as we shall have occasion to observe, to the term "Sons of the State." In the days of Chow, this meant the heir apparent, princes of the blood, and children of the nobility. Under the Tatsing dynasty it signifies men of defective scholarship throughout the provinces, who purchase literary degrees, and more especially certain indigent students of Peking, who are aided by the imperial bounty.

The *Kwotszekien* is located in the north-eastern angle of the Tartar city, with a temple of Confucius attached, which is one of the finest in the empire. The main edifice, (that of the temple,) consists of a single story of imposing height, with a porcelain roof of tent-like curvature. It shelters no object of veneration beyond simple tablets of wood inscribed with the name of the sage and those of his most illustrious disciples. It contains no seats, as all comers are expected to stand or kneel in presence of the Great Teacher. Neither does it boast anything in the way of artistic decoration, nor exhibit any trace of that neatness and taste which we look for in a sacred place. Perhaps its vast area is designedly left to dust and emptiness, in order that nothing may intervene to disturb the mind in the contemplation of a

great name which receives the homage of a nation.

Gilded tablets erected by various emperors—the only ornamental objects that meet the eye—record the praises of Confucius; one pronounces him the “culmination of the sages,” another describes him as forming a “trinity with Heaven and Earth,” and a third declares that “his holy soul was sent down from Heaven.” A grove of cedars, the chosen emblem of a fame that never fades, occupies a space in front of the temple, and some of the trees are huge with the growth of centuries.

In an adjacent block or square stands a pavilion known as the “Imperial Lecture Room,” because it is incumbent on each occupant of the dragon throne to go there at least once in his lifetime, to hear a discourse on the nature and responsibilities of his office—thus conforming to the letter of the *Choule*, which makes it the duty of the officers of the university to administer reproof and exhortation to their Sovereign, and doing homage to the University, by going in person to receive its instructions.

A canal, spanned by marble bridges, encircles the pavilion, and arches of glittering porcelain, in excellent repair, adorn the groves. But neither these, nor the pavilion itself constitute the chief attraction of the place.

Under a long corridor, which encloses the entire space, may be seen as many as one hundred and eighty-two columns of massive granite, each inscribed with a portion of the canonical books. These are the “Stone Classics”—the entire “Thirteen,” which form the staple of a Chinese education, being here enshrined in a material supposed to be imperishable. Among all the universities in the world, the Kwotszekien is unique in the possession of such a library.

This is not indeed the only stone library extant—another of equal extent being found at Singonfu, the ancient capital of the Tongs. But that, too, was the property of the Kwotszekien ten centuries ago, when Singon was the seat of empire. The “School for the Sons of the Empire” must needs follow the

migrations of the court; and that library, costly as it was, being too heavy for transportation, it was thought best to supply its place by the new edition which we have been describing.

The use of this heavy literature is a matter for speculation, a question almost as difficult of solution as the design of the pyramids. Was it intended to supply the world with a standard text—a safe channel through which the streams of wisdom might be transmitted pure and undefiled? Or were their sacred books engraved on stone to secure them from any modern madman, who might take it into his head to emulate the Tyrant of Tsin, the burner of the books and builder of the Great Wall? If the former was the object, it was useless, as paper editions, well executed and carefully preserved, would have answered the purpose equally well. If the latter, it was absurd, as granite, though fire-proof, is not indestructible; and long before these columns were erected, the discovery of the art of printing had forever placed the depositories of wisdom beyond the reach of the barbarian's touch. It is characteristic of the Chinese to ask for no better reason than ancient custom. Their forefathers engraved these classics on stone, and they must do the same. But whatever may have been the original design, the true light in which to regard these curious books is that of an impressive tribute to the sources of their civilization.

I may mention here that the Rev. Mr. Williamson, on a visit to Singonfu, saw many persons engaged in taking “rub-bings” from the stone classics of that city; and he informs us that complete copies were sold at a very high rate. The popularity of the Singon tabulets is accounted for by the flavor of antiquity which they possess, and especially by the style of the engraving, which is much admired. Those of Peking are not at all patronized by the printers, and yet if textual accuracy were the object, they ought, as a later edition, to be more highly prized than the others. A native cicerone, whom I once questioned as to the object of these stones, replied with a

naiveté quite refreshing, that they were "set up for the amusement of visitors"—an answer which I should have set to the credit of his ready wit, if he had not proceeded to inform me that neither students nor editors ever came to consult the text, and that "rubbings" are never taken.

In front of the temple stands a forest of columns of scarcely inferior interest. They are three hundred and twenty in number, and contain the university roll of honor, a complete list of all who since the founding of the institution have attained to the dignity of the doctorate. Allow to each an average of two hundred names, and we have an army of doctors sixty thousand strong! (By the doctorate I mean the third or highest degree.) All these received their investiture at the Kwotszekien, and throwing themselves at the feet of its president, enrolled themselves among the "Sons of the Empire." They were not, however,—at least the most of them were not—in any proper sense alumni of the Kwotszekien, having pursued their studies in private, and won their honors by public competition in the halls of the civil service examining Board. This granite register goes back for nearly six hundred years; but while intended to stimulate ambition and gratify pride, it reads to the new graduate a lesson of humility—showing him how remorselessly time consigns all human honors to oblivion. These columns are quite exposed, and those that are more than a century old, are so defaced by the weather as to be no longer legible.

If in the matter of conferring degrees the Kwotszekien "beats the world," it must be remembered that it enjoys the monopoly of the empire—so far as the doctorate is concerned.

Besides these departments, intended mainly to commemorate the past, there is an immense area occupied by lecture-rooms, examination halls, and lodging apartments. But the visitor is liable to imagine that these, too, are consecrated to a monumental use—so rarely is a student or a professor to be seen among them. Ordinarily they are as desolate as

the halls of Balbec or Palmyra. In fact this great school for the "Sons of the Empire" has long ceased to be a seat of instruction, and degenerated into a mere appendage of the civil service competitive examinations—on which it hangs as a dead weight, corrupting and debasing instead of advancing the standard of national education.

By an old law made for the purpose of enhancing the importance of this institution, the possession of a scholarship carries with it the privilege of wearing decorations which belong to the first degree, and of entering the lists to compete for the second. This naturally caused such scholarships to be eagerly sought for, and eventually had the effect of bringing them into market as available stock on which to raise funds for government use. A price was placed on them, and like the papal indulgences, they were vended throughout the empire.

Never so high as to be beyond the reach of aspiring poverty, their price has now descended to such a figure as to convert these honors into objects of contempt. In Peking it is twenty-three taels, (about thirty dollars,) but in the provinces they can be had for half that sum. Not long ago one of the censors expostulated with His Majesty on the subject of these sales. He expressed in strong language his disgust at the idea of clodhoppers and muleteers appearing with the insignia of literary rank, and denounced in no measured terms the cheap sale of ranks and offices generally. Still—and the fact is not a little curious—it was not the principle of selling which he condemned, but that reckless degradation of prices which had the effect of spoiling the market.

It is not our purpose to take up the lamentation of this patriotic censor, or to show how the opening of title-and-office brokerages lowers the credit and saps the influence of the government. And yet this entire traffic has a close relation to the subject on hand; for whatever rank or title may be the object of purchase, a university scholarship must of necessity be purchased along with it, as the root on which it is grafted. Accordingly the

flood-gates of this fountain of honors are kept wide open, and a very deluge of diplomas issue from them. A year or two ago, a hundred thousand were sent into the provinces at one time!

The scholars of this old institution accordingly outnumber those of Oxford or Paris in their palmiest days. But there are thousands of her adopted children who have never seen the walls of Peking, and thousands more within the precincts of the capital who have never entered her gates. Those only who are too impatient to wait the slow results of competition in their native districts, are accustomed to seek at the University the requisite qualifications for competing for the higher degrees. Those qualifications are not difficult of attainment—the payment of a trifling fee and submission to a formal examination, being all that is required.

For a few weeks previous to the great triennial examinations, the lodging-houses of the University are filled with students who are “cramming” for the occasion. At other times they present the aspect of a deserted village.

On the accession of the Manchu Tartars, two centuries ago, (1644,) eight large schools or colleges were established for the benefit of the eight tribes or banners into which the Tartars of Peking are divided. They were projected on a liberal scale, and affiliated to the University, their special object being to promote among the rude invaders a knowledge of Chinese letters and civilization. Each was provided with a staff of five professors, and had an attendance of one hundred and five pupils, who were encouraged by a monthly stipend and regarded as in training for the public service. The central luminary and its satellites presented at that time a brilliant and imposing spectacle.

At present, however, the system is practically abandoned, the college buildings have fallen to ruin, and not one of them is open for the instruction of youth. Nothing remains as a reminiscence of the past but a mock examination, which is held from time to time, to enable the professors and students to draw their pay.

Some ten years ago an effort was made to resuscitate these government schools, by requiring attendance *once in three days*, but such an outcry was raised against it that it soon fell through. Those who cared to learn could learn better at home, and those who did not care for learning would choose to retire with their pensions, rather than take the trouble of attending so frequently. So the students remain at home, and the professors enjoy their sinecures, having no serious duty to perform, excepting the worship of Confucius. The presidents of the University are even designated by a title which signifies libation-pourers, indicating that this empty ceremony is regarded as their highest function. Twice a month, (*viz.*, at the new and full moon,) all the professors are required to assemble in official robes, and perform nine prostrations on the flagstones, at a respectful distance in front of the temple.

But even this duty a pliable conscience enables them to alleviate, by performing it by proxy, one member only of each college appearing for the rest, and after the ceremony inscribing the names of his colleagues in a ledger called the “Record of Diligence,” in evidence that they were all present.

But negligent and perfunctory as they are, they are not much to be blamed—they do as much as they are paid for. Two *taels per month* (\$3), together with two suits of clothes, and two bushels of rice *per annum*, and a fur-jacket once in three years—these are their emoluments as fixed by law. And scant as the money allowance originally was, it is still further reduced by being paid in depreciated currency, and actually amounts to less than one dollar per month. The requisition for government rice is disposed of at a similar discount, the hungry professors being obliged to sell it to a broker instead of drawing directly from the imperial storehouses. And as for the clothing, there is room to suspect that it has warmed other shoulders before coming into his possession.

These professorships, however, possess a value independent of salary. The empty title carries with it a certain social

distinction; and the completion of a three years' term of nominal service renders a professor eligible to the post of district magistrate. These places, therefore, do not go a begging, though their incumbents sometimes do.

In order to form a just idea of the Kwotszekien, we must study its constitution. That will acquaint us with the design of its founders, and show us what it was in its prime, at the beginning of the present dynasty, or for that matter at the beginning of any other dynasty that has ruled China for the last three thousand years. We find it in the *Tutsing hweitten*, the collected Statutes of the reigning dynasty; and it looks so well on paper that we cannot refrain from admiring the wisdom and liberality of the ancient worthies who planned it, however poorly its present state answers to their original conception. We find our respect for the Chinese increasing as we recede from the present; and in China, among the dust and decay of her antiquated and effete institutions, one may be excused for catching the common infection, and becoming a worshipper of antiquity.

Its officers, according to this authority, consist of a Rector, who is selected from among the chief ministers of the State, two presidents and three vice-presidents, who have the grade and title of *tajen*, or "great men," and together with the Rector, constitute the governing body—two *poh-she*, or directors of instruction, two proctors, two secretaries, and one librarian; these are general officers. Then come the officers of the several colleges.

There are six colleges for Chinese students, bearing the names of the "Hall for the Pursuit of Wisdom," the "Hall of the Sincere Heart," "Hall of True Virtue," "Hall of Noble Aspirations," "Hall of Broad Acquirements," and the "Hall for the Guidance of Nature." Each of these have two regular professors, and I know not how many assistants. There are eight colleges for the Manchu Tartars, as above mentioned, each with five professors. And lastly, there is a school for the Russian language, and a school for Mathematics and Astronomy, each with

one professor. To these we add six clerks and translators, and we have a total of seventy-one persons, constituting what we may call the corporation of the University.

As to the curriculum of studies, its literature was never expected to go beyond the thirteen classics engraved on the stones which adorn its halls, while its arts and sciences were all comprehended in the familiar "Six," which from the days of Chow, if not from those of Yaou and Shun, have formed the trivium and quadrivium of the Chinese people.

It would be doing injustice to the ancients to accuse them of limiting the scientific studies of the Kwotszekien by their narrow formulæ. The truth is, that little as the ancients accomplished in this line, their modern disciples have not attempted to emulate or overtake them. In the University of Grand Cairo, it is said no science that is more recent than the twelfth century is allowed to be taught. In that of China, the "School for the Sons of the Empire," no science whatever is pretended to be taught.

This is not, however, owing to any restriction in the constitution or charter, as its terms afford sufficient scope for expansion, if the officers of the University had possessed the disposition or the capacity to avail themselves of such liberty. It is there said, for example, "As to practical arts, such as the art of war, astronomy, engraving, music, law and the like, let the professors lead their students to the original sources, and point out the defects and the merits of each author."

Is there any ground to hope that this ancient school, once an ornament and a blessing to the empire, may be renovated, remodelled, and adapted to the altered circumstances of the age? The prospect, we think, is not encouraging. A traveller, on entering the city of Peking, is struck by the vast extent and skilful masonry of its sewers—but he is not less astonished at their present dilapidated condition—reeking with filth and breeding pestilence, instead of ministering to the health of the city. When these *cloacæ* are restored, and lively streams of mountain water are made to course

through all their veins and arteries, then, and not till then, may this old University be reconstructed, and perform a part in the renovation of the empire.

Creation is sometimes easier than reformation. It was a conviction of this fact that led the more enlightened among the Chinese ministers, some years ago, to favor the establishment of a new institution for the cultivation of foreign science, rather than attempt to introduce it through any of the existing channels, such as the Kwotszekien, Astronomical College, or Board of Works.

Their undertaking met with strenuous opposition from a party of bigoted conservatives, headed by *Wojin*, a member of the privy council, and tutor to His Majesty. Through his influence mainly, the educated classes were induced to stand aloof, professing that they would be better employed in teaching the West-

ern barbarians than in learning from them. *Wojin* scouted the idea that in so vast an empire there could be any want of natives who would be found qualified to give instruction in all the branches proposed to be studied.

The Emperor took him at his word, and told him to come forward with his men; and he might have *carte blanche* for the establishment of a rival school. He declined the trial in the form in which it was proposed; but he now has the opportunity of making the experiment on a much more extensive scale.

This hater of foreigners and vaunter of native science is now Rector of the Kwotszekien—the “School for the Sons of the Empire.” Let us see what he will make of it. Under his care will it become a fountain of light, or will it continue to be what it now is, a wholesale manufactory of spurious mandarins?

### HOW AUNT SUSAN VOTED.

BY E. W. C.

WHY Reuben, seems to me you look kinder down-hearted to-night; what's the matter?" said smart Jane Wilson, as she took the brimming milk-pail from her husband's hand, and began vigorously straining its contents into the row of bright pans arranged on the kitchen table. Reuben stood watching his brisk little wife, with her glossy black hair and rosy cheeks, in something the same way a patient ox might be expected to regard the movements of a two year old colt. Presently he sat down slowly by the door, took off his coarse straw hat, and laid it on the floor by his side, and then, having deliberately wiped the sweat from his broad forehead, that looked very fair in contrast with his sun-burnt face, he began to speak. Now Reuben was essentially a slow man. Therefore he presented a striking contrast to his wife, who was, as he said, *very swift*. Perhaps the rapidity of Jane's speech and actions had the effect

of confusing her spouse, and thus increased his natural dullness. Be that as it may, there is no denying that Reuben *was* slow; and on this particular occasion, his wife had her milk all strained before he was fairly ready to respond to her remark.

"Well Jane, come to think on't, I guess I be a leetle kinder down in the mouth to-night. You see Shubill Smith's ben a talkin' over the fence, and he says there ain't no chance whatever for us Republicans next 'lection day. He says 'tother party is a workin' like sixty, all a puttin' shoulder to shoulder, and we are all dividin' up. Now you see the Republicans are dreadful full of *conscience*, most all on 'em; and there's some objects to our candidate because he ain't strong enough on temperance to suit 'em. Then there's some says he ain't in favor of taxin' so heavy to pay off the war debt as they think is best, and so because he don't think exactly like everybody else