

Portugal of Asia-- First Foreign Colony

(Copyrighted, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
MACAO, Dec. 1, 1900.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Macao is the smallest and oldest of all the European colonies of the far east. There were Portuguese traders here sixty-five years after Columbus discovered America and from then until now this little peninsula, lying off the coast of South China, has practically belonged to Portugal. It is the father of the colonial Pacific, and, although worn out with vice and old age, it is one of the interesting spots of east Asia. The Portuguese possessions altogether are not more than four square miles. You could crowd them into sixteen 160-acre farms. They consist of some small islands and Macao. Macao does not cover more than 1,000 acres. It is a rocky point of land jutting out from the mouth of the Pearl river, within forty miles

in China today. There are pirates operating near here now and one of the wealthiest of the Portuguese residents told me the other day that he hoped I would ask the officials of Canton to send soldiers and drive them out. The Portuguese have fairly good soldiers themselves, but nothing like they had in the past, and they have to call in the Chinese to assist them. They have been fighting the pirates here for 300 years. When they first settled at Macao the pirates had blockaded Canton. They had held up the merchants and were levying tribute on the people until the Portuguese war vessels came in and cleaned them out.
At that time Macao was the commercial center of eastern Asia. The English were afraid to settle at Canton and the British East India company and the Dutch company had houses here. Hong Kong was a

man. Others were shipped to the sugar plantations of the West Indies and the Guianas and others under contract to the United States and Australia. In all about a half million Chinese were thus carried away. The emperor at Peking objected again and again, but it was not until 1875 that the traffic was stopped.

Macao is well governed. How much the governor saves out of the colony's income I don't know, but he spends enough to have good roads and good order. The city is as clean as a new pin. The roads are smoother than the asphalt streets of our national capital and as beautiful as those of Central park. About the harbor runs a wide boulevard shaded by banyan trees, the branches of which interlock overhead. The water is kept back by walls of stone, and there are seats here and there where one can sit and enjoy the beautiful views. The roads leading up the hills into the city are well paved and those which go over the peninsula are as well kept as the boulevard about the bay.

The road metal of Macao is macadam, over which you glide in your jinriksha as on a path of velvet. There is not a stone nor a rut to be found anywhere. The roads are made and kept in order by human labor. Horses are as few in Macao as in Venice. The chief animal employed is the human animal, that queer two-legged bird without feathers. The dirt carts are pulled by men, the jinrikshas have human trotting horses, and every dray is pushed or pulled by men or women. Much of the dirt for the roads is carried in baskets. The most common carriers are the women, each of whom is loaded with two half-bushel baskets full of stone or earth, which she bears along upon the ends of a pole which rests on her shoulders. The average wages for women are about 5 cents a day, and I am told that human muscle is cheaper than mule muscle. The stamping and pressing down of the road is done by men and women with hand stamps. The material is pulverized to a dust and then straw mats are laid down and the last stamping is upon these and not upon the dirt itself.

Oldest Cathedral in Asia.

Macao was for centuries the center of Christianity in Asia. The troubles which the missionaries are now having with the Chinese, and especially the Roman Catholics, calls attention to the fact that right here was where the Christians began their first work. They had missionaries here before there was a church on the North American continent. I spent an hour the other day in wandering through the ruins of a great cathedral which was constructed here eighteen years before the Pilgrims first set foot on Plymouth Rock. This was the Church of Saint Paul, founded in 1502 and burned in 1833. A roadway thirty feet wide leading up granite steps to a platform 100 feet high brings you to the site of the cathedral. There is a court in front of it flagged with stone covering one-fourth of an acre, and back of this rises the magnificent facade of the church, adorned with life-sized statues of the saints in bronze and with the carvings of angels and devils in granite.

I wandered for some time about the court. It is now grass grown and given up to the Chinese. Indeed, its condition today is sadly typical of the trouble the missionaries have had in Christianizing China. Upon the court across which the Christian worshippers of 300 years ago passed are trays filled with incense sticks spread out to dry, in order that they may be used in worshipping the heathen gods in the Chinese temples. The platform was covered with these yellow sticks, some as big around as a lead pencil and others as large as a knitting needle. Some are straight and others of spiral shape, like the pin wheels our boys use on the Fourth of July. There is an incense factory beside the church and its workmen use the platform as a drying ground.

Next to the church rises the great fort of Saint Paul, an enormous mass of stone



CHINESE-PORTUGUESE SOLDIERS WITH HALF-CASTE OFFICIALS.

masculine, so built that it commands the city for miles. It, too, has seen its best days. The many soldiers which it once held have passed away, and it is fast crumbling to ruins.

The Macao of today is a Catholic city. It has a number of good churches and one large cathedral. I attended church in the latter one Sunday. The structure covers more than a quarter of an acre and its audience room has a beautifully arched ceiling at least seventy-five feet above the floor. The interior is finished in white, the woodwork being beautifully carved. The confessionals are black, trimmed with gold, and the altar is a mass of silver virgins and angels looking out over immense silver candlesticks, each of which has its blazing light. Crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling, their hundreds of prismatic pendants shining like diamonds under the rays of the candles, as the Chinese coolie moves from one to the other with a step-ladder, lighting them. There were no seats in the church. The floor was filled with kneeling figures. Hundreds of women in dark gowns with dark shawls draped like cowls about their heads knelt there like an audience of nuns. Among them were Portuguese men, dressed in black, and in and out, going to and fro through the crowd, and later on celebrating the mass before the altar, were the priests clad in gorgeous gowns of white silk. There were choir boys, with their gowns decorated with white lace, and incense boys who swung lamps to and fro while the thin, aromatic smoke curled upward, filling the air.

I noticed many Chinese and half-castes among the audience. Several of the choir boys wore pig tails and some of the priests had Chinese features. There are 2,000 Chinese Christians in Macao and many of them are rigid keepers of the faith.

Business and Manufacturing.

Macao is falling off in business. Its commercial importance has been taken by Hong Kong and it is now to a large extent a health and gambling resort for other parts of China. It has two good hotels—one, the "Boa Vista," on a bluff at the end of the Praya, and the other, the "Hing Kee" hotel, in the center of the harbor crescent. I stopped at the "Hing Kee." It is named after its proprietor, a Chinese, who charges

his guests about \$3 a day for his benignant smile.

It was here that I picked up a guide, a Portuguese gentleman who weighed 300 pounds, his extra heaviness necessitating two men to the jinriksha which hauled him around, at extra cost to me. With him I visited the business parts of the city. The stores are small and more like Portuguese stores than those you see in Hong Kong and Shanghai. Much of the business is done by the Chinese, who have monopolized all the good things in manufacturing and commerce.

I spent one afternoon in the tea and matting factories. Macao exports about a half million dollars' worth of tea every year—some good and much bad. Some of the tea is made up of redried leaves, good tea being mixed with the refuse, and the mixture sold as good tea. The bulk of this goes to India.

The ordinary methods of manufacture are the same as I have seen in other parts of China. They give one an idea of how the tea we drink is prepared for the market. Come with me and take a look at it. Let us enter the drying room. There are a hundred half-naked Chinese bending over baskets under which charcoal fires burn. They lean over and put their bare arms into the baskets and mix up the tea. Some of them are perspiring, and the white drops pour down among the leaves. Some breathe hard as they bend over, and the microbes of their breath mix with the microbes of the sweat, but do not affect the aroma.

Take another picture. In the room just beyond they are picking over the tea. A hundred black-haired, slant-eyed, yellow-faced women squat on low benches, with flat baskets before them. Each basket has its pile of tea leaves upon it, and the woman sorts these over with her long-nailed fingers to get out the twigs and the dirt. See how rapidly they work. Their delicate hands move quickly, for they are paid by the basket, and they have to work fast to make their wages of from 3 to 6 cents per day. We ask the manager how long they have been here. He says they have already worked eight hours, and that

(Continued on Seventh Page.)



THE BAY OF MACAO IS A PERFECT CRESCENT.

of Hong Kong and eighty-eight miles of Canton. There are steamers from Macao to these places every day except Sunday. The boats are about as good as those of the Ohio river and they do excellent business. Every boat has a guard of Portuguese soldiers to defend the vessel if it is attacked by pirates and to prevent the third-class passengers from taking possession of it in case they should be pirates in disguise. The decks are so arranged that the third-class passengers can be cut off from the first and second-class by a network of iron bars.

I came from Hong Kong on the steamer, traveling first-class. During the voyage I went below to have a look at the third-class and found myself in the midst of as rough people as I have seen on this side of the world. Some were gambling, others were shoving one another this way and that and the faces of all were those of rowdies. Macao is the most vicious city of the far east. It has three great specialties—its opium factory, its lotteries and its gambling halls.

Many of our passengers were Chinese on their way to buck the tiger in the fantan houses and to indulge in the other vices which are forbidden by law in the English settlement of Hong Kong. There were rich gamblers as well as poor ones. Among the Europeans on the upper deck were many Chinese in gorgeous silks, and with them flashily dressed Chinese girls, who, I fear, were not as good as they should be. The powder and rouge on their faces was one-sixteenth of an inch thick, their eyebrows were painted and I could see from their little satin shoes, with toes as sharp as a needle, that they had the celebrated "golden lily" feet. Clad in the finest silks they hobbled about over the deck, the rude wind blowing their long saques to and fro and wrapping their full, rich silk pantaloons about their bandaged legs.

In the Portugal of Asia.

A ride of four hours brought us into the bay of Macao, one of the most beautiful of the world. It makes you think of the bay of Naples. The harbor is a crescent, walled with houses which might have been lifted up from the streets of Lisbon and dropped out here in China. They are built in Portuguese style and painted in all the colors of the rainbow. The walls are bright red, sky blue, rose pink, gray, yellow or glaring white. The roofs are of red tiles. The buildings are constructed with arcades or cloisters separating their walls from the roadway, so that you can walk almost anywhere and avoid the tropical sun. Many of the houses have bars over their windows and doors. They look like jails and were originally so arranged to keep the girls in, after the idea of Portuguese seclusion. I have seen similar windows in the cities of Portuguese South America. They are to be found in Pernambuco, Bahia and Rio de Janeiro. Macao is as old as any of the Brazilian cities, and it has all the Portuguese customs of centuries ago. It has communicated these to the Chinese parts of the town, so that even the celestials bar their doors, the most ordinary door being made of a poled ladder which moves back and forth into the walls and is locked there by pins at night. These ladder doors are black and so are the bars to the windows.

Macao is built upon hills. The whole peninsula is a mass of rocks with a thin coating of earth, a part of which is covered with houses. The houses run up hill and down and the tops of the hills are guarded by forts. Macao has as many hills as Rome and more forts. The forts were built to keep off the pirates. Piracy is common

mass of barren rocks inhabited by a few fishermen, and no one thought of its being a city. The Portuguese did most of the commerce. They owned this peninsula, paying a nominal rent to the Chinese government of about \$500 a year. They kept up this rent until fifty years ago, when one of the governors refused to pay it. The Chinese officials then sent kidnapers to Macao. They watched for the governor, and when he came outside the city they assassinated him. My guide showed me the place where they killed him, and I put my hand on the stone where he was laid when his head was cut off. The head was taken to Canton, but that act stopped all payment of rent and since then China has recognized the Portuguese rights to this territory.

The City of Macao.

Still the Macao of today is largely Chinese. The colony has 78,000 people, and of these about 74,000 are Chinese, 4,000 are Portuguese and in addition there are 100 Europeans, not including the Portuguese officials. There are sixty English and as far as I can find no Americans. The Portuguese rule the colony. They have a governor appointed by the king of Portugal, a little army and one or two boats. The governor has a cabinet, and there are so many officials that you would not dare to run an automobile through the town for fear of knocking one down. The place has a good revenue, and it spends it right royally. Everything in the town is taxed. The land covered with houses pays 3 cents a square yard. Every trade pays its license, and goods coming into the city from the country must pay toll. This is so of chickens, vegetables, eggs and other such things.

A large part of the income is from government monopolies, which are farmed out to the highest bidder. One company, for instance, has the right to manufacture opium, and it makes something like a million dollars' worth of this product a month. Another pays for the making of tobacco and a great number for the keeping open of gambling houses and lottery shops. Macao is now the center of the lottery business of Asia. The Manila lottery has moved here. It has its regular drawings and its tickets are scattered throughout the western Pacific. There are all kinds of subordinate lotteries and policy shops. The Chinese have their own games of craps and come here to play them. You can bet on any kind of a number or combination of numbers. You can buy tickets in lotteries at 10 cents apiece, or you can lay down your \$5 and have a chance at a grand prize worth tens of thousands of dollars. The gambling halls I speak of in another letter. They bring in \$150,000 a year to the government revenue.

Portuguese Kidnapers.

For a long time the government made money by sanctioning the trade in Chinese coolies. Until twenty-five years ago Macao was a half-way station for this trade between the United States, South America and Australia and China. The coolies were enticed to Macao, put into jails and held until the ships were ready to carry them to different parts of the world. Thousands were kidnaped and carried to the islands off the coast of South America, where they were forced to dig out the guano. They were cruelly treated and so many of them died that it is not uncommon today to find coolie corpses in the guano dug up. Others were sent to the Isthmus of Panama to work on the railroad and canal. Many went mad and committed suicide there, so much so that one station on the railroad is now known as Matachin, or dead China-



NEW BUILDING OF THE JOHN DEERE PLOW COMPANY, OMAHA.