

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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SELECT TALE.

JONATHAN'S VISIT To the Celestial Empire.

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SOMEWHERE about the year 1783, Jonathan, a young fellow who lived away down east, took it into his head to make a voyage to Canton. Accordingly he fitted out his sloop, a tartan clever vessel of about eighty tons, and, taking a crazy old compass for his guide, his two cousins, one a lad about sixteen, and a great Newfoundland dog for his crew, and a couple of rusty revolutionary swords for an armament, he boldly set forth on a voyage to the Celestial Empire.

Jonathan was a mighty cute lad, and had read a little or so about the great devotion of the Chinese to the herb called ginseng, which everybody knows is a remedy for all things. He happened one day to hear an Indian doctor give it as his opinion that a certain plant, which grew in the neighborhood of Jonathan's *natale solus*, was very much like the famous Chinese panacea, as he had seen it described. He took a hint from this, and rather guessed he would carry a good parcel along with him on speculation. Accordingly he gathered a few hundred weight, dried, and stowed it away in one of his lockers, under the cabin floor.

Providence, which seems to take special care of such droll fellows as Jonathan, who calculate pretty considerably on their native energies, blessed him with fair winds and good weather; his old compass behaved to admiration; his ancient chart, which had been torn into fifty thousand pieces and pasted on a bit of tarpaulin, proved a most infallible guide; and some how or other, he could not exactly tell how, he pumped his sloop right into Table Bay, just as if the old fellow had been there a hundred times before.

The Dutch harbor-master was sitting under his hat on his piazza, when he beheld, through the smoke of his pipe, his strange apparition of a vessel, scudding like a bird into the bay. He took it for the famous Flying Dutchman, and such was his trepidation, that he stuck his pipe into his button-hole without knocking out the ashes, whereby he burnt a hole in his waistcoat. When Jonathan rounded to, and came to anchor, the harbor-master ventured to go on board to get information concerning this strange little barque. He could talk English, Dutch fashion, for indeed he had been promoted to the office on account of his skill in languages.

"Whence came you mynheer?" quoth he.

"Right off the reel from old Salem, I guess," replied Jonathan.

"Old Salem—whereabouts is dat den? I tont know any sich place about here."

"I guess not. What's your name, squire?"

"Hans Ollenboekenoffenaffengraphenstein ish my name."

"Whew! why it's as long as a pumpkin vine—now ain't it?"

"But whereabouts ish dish blashe you speague of?" reiterated the harbor-master.

"O, it's some way off—about six or eight thousand miles down west there."

"Six thousand duvels!" muttered Hans with the long name. "Do you tak I vill believe such a cog and pulish tory, as dat, Mynheer?"

"If you don't believe me, ask my two cousins there—and if you don't believe them, ask my dog. I tell you I come right straight from old Salem, in the United States of Amerrykey."

"United States of vat? I never heard of any United States but de States of Holland."

"Ah—I suppose not—they've jist been christened I s'pose now, likely you've never heard of the new world neither, have you, mister—what's your name?"

"Hans Ollenboekenoffenaffengraphenstein—I told you zo before."

"May be you'll have to tell me again before I know it by heart, I calculate. But did you never hear of the new world, squire?"

"Not I—ant if I hat, I wouldn't haf believed it. Tare ish no new vort zioze de ideovery of de Cape of Good Hoop dat I know. Put, come along, you must so vid me to de gubernador."

Jonathan puzzled the governor about as much as he had done the harbor-master. But his papers were all fair and above board, and the governor had not only heard of the new world, but of the United States of Amerrykey, as Jonathan called them. Accordingly he was permitted to enjoy all the privileges of the port.

Nothing could exceed the wonder and curiosity excited by the vessel among the people at the Cape. That he should have made a voyage of so many thousand miles, with such a crew and such an outfit, was,

in their opinion, little less than miraculous; and the worthy governor could only account for it by the aid of witchcraft, which, he had somewhere been told, abounded in the new world. Jonathan was the greatest man, and his dog the greatest dog at the Cape. He dined with the governor and burgomasters; cracked his jokes with their wives and daughters, danced with the Hottentots, and might have married a rich Dutch damsel of five hundred weight, and five thousand ducats a year, provided he would have given up old Salem forever.

After partaking of the hospitalities of the Cape a few days, Jonathan began to be in a hurry to prosecute his voyage. He knew the value of time as well as money. On the sixth day he accordingly set sail amid the acclamations of the inhabitants, taking with him a hippopotamus, an orang outang, and six ring-tailed monkeys, all of which he had bought on speculation. One of his cousins had, however, been so smitten with the country about the Cape, or with the charms of a little Dutch maiden, that he determined to stay behind, marry, and improve the inhabitants—on speculation. A Dutch sailor offered to supply his place, but Jonathan declined, saying he guessed his other cousin and the Newfoundland dog, who was a pretty particular cute critter, could sail his sloop quite round the world and back again.

Not much of interest occurred during the voyage until he arrived at Macao, where he excited the same astonishment, underwent the same scrutiny, returned the same satisfactory answers, and came off as triumphantly as he did at the Cape of Good Hope. While here, he saw everything, inquired about everything, and went everywhere. Among other of his adventures, he one day accompanied his cousin in a fishing-boat, to see if they fished as the people did on the banks of Newfoundland. Unfortunately a violent storm came on; some of the boats were lost, and their crews drowned. The survivors went and offered up some of their paddles at the great temple of Neam-ma-ko. Those that were able added some matches and gilt paper. Jonathan's other cousin here determined to stay behind at Macao. It occurred to him he might make a speculation by curing the fish after the manner of mackerel. Jonathan did not much like this, but he said "never mind, I partly guess I can do without him."

Jonathan had now no one but his Newfoundland dog to assist in the navigation of his sloop. But he thought to himself, his voyage was almost at an end, and, at all events, if he hired any of the Macao people, they would be offering up matches and gilt paper to Neam-ma-ko, instead of minding their business. So he set sail for Canton, the Chinese prognosticating he would go to the bottom, because he did not make an offering to Neam-ma-ko, and the Portuguese that he would go to the devil, because he did not pay his devoirs to the virgin.

At Lin-Tin he was taken for a smuggler of opium by some, and for a magician by others, when they saw his vessel, heard where he hailed from, and became convinced that his whole crew consisted of a Newfoundland dog. The commander of the fleet of ships of war stationed at Lin-Tin, to prevent the smuggling of opium into the Celestial Empire, seized the sloop, and devoted its brave commander to the indignation of the mighty emperor, who is brother to the sun and moon. Hereupon Jonathan bethought himself of a piece of the herb he had brought with him and had in his pocket. "It is a mighty good chance," thought he, "to try if it's the identical thing." Accordingly he took a convenient opportunity of presenting to the valiant commander a bit about as big as his finger. The admiral, whose name was Tizzy-Wizy-Twang-Lang, stared at him at first with astonishment, then at the present with almost dismay, and, thrusting it into his pocket, immediately caused it to be proclaimed that the "foreign barbarian" was innocent of the crime, or the intention of smuggling opium, and might go anywhere he pleased. Tizzy-Wizy-Twang-Lang then sat down and wrote a dispatch to the Governor of Canton, stating that he had routed the "foreign barbarians," destroyed their fleet, and thrown all their opium overboard. After which he shut himself up in his cabin and took a fiersel of the treasure Jonathan had presented him, about as large as the head of a pin. It is astonishing how much better he felt afterwards.

In the meanwhile Jonathan had set sail, and was ploughing his way towards Canton, with a fair wind and a good prospect of making a great speculation, for he had ascertained to a certainty that the article he had brought with him was the real ginseng, which was worth five times its weight in gold. He went ashore at the village of Ho-tun, where he saw the people catching wild ducks and geese, which

they fatten by feeding in the dark. "That's a good hint," said Jonathan, shutting one eye, "and I'll tell the folks at old Salem." While he was talking about, seeing into everything, he was unexpectedly saluted by a shower of stones from a parcel of children, with their hair sticking up behind like two horns. Jonathan thought this tartation ungentle; but he prudently suppressed his anger, considering he was in a strange country, and was come to try his fortune.

"May I be buttered," quoth Jonathan, as he approached Canton, and saw the countless boats moored in streets on the river, or flitting about in every direction—"may I be buttered, if here isn't a city all afloat. This beats all water!"

And sure enough, here was a scene that might have made one of our Indians wonder. The whole world seemed on the water. Junks, with two eyes staring at the bows—canal boats, flower boats, pleasure boats, and boats of all sizes and descriptions, filled with all sorts of people, lay moored in regular streets, or were moving about, to and fro, in every direction, painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and ornamented with gold leaf and grinning monsters having no prototypes in nature, or anywhere else but in the grotesque imagination of the artists of the Celestial Empire.

The busy activity of some of these boats was singularly contrasted with the luxurious ease of others, in which might be seen a couple of Chinese dandies reclining on mats and resting their heads on bamboo pillows, with pipes in their mouths either listlessly contemplating the scene before them, or gazing with lack-lustre eye on the picture of some favorite beauty with penciled eyebrows, nails like a tiger, and feet almost invisible. Others were performing the ceremony of chin-chin-jos, which consists in throwing bits of burning paper into the water, while the din of innumerable gongs contributed a species of music to the scene that made honest Jonathan stop his ears in reverential dismay.

When our adventurer moored his sloop at Whampoa, in the midst of a fleet of vast ships, of almost all the nations of Europe they did not know what to make of her. All he could say failed in convincing them that he had come from such a long distance, in such a vessel, navigated by such a crew. Besides, what could have brought him to Canton? He had neither money to purchase, nor cargo to exchange for Chinese commodities except it might be his river horse, his orang outang, and his monkeys.

Jonathan kept his own secret. He had heard that the Chinese were as sharp as the "little end of nothing whittled down" and determined to be as sharp as the best of them. Accordingly nothing could be got out of him, except that he had come on his own bottom, and meant to turn a penny some how or other. He said nothing about his ginseng, which he had, as I had before stated, stowed away in a secret locker.

The story of the strange man and the strange vessel that had been navigated from the new world by a man and a dog, made a great noise, and thousands flocked to see them. The gentleman who officiated as American consul, without, however, having a regular appointment, behaved in the most kind and friendly manner to Jonathan, and introduced him to a hong, or as our hero called him, a *hang*-merchant who undertook to do his business for him that is, if he had any to do, which seemed rather doubtful.

"Chin-chin you," said Fat-qua, the hongman.

"You don't now, do you?" quoth Jonathan. "Well then, I chin-chin you, and so we are even I guess."

Fat-qua was very anxious to know all about Jonathan's business; but the Chinese were such plucky slippery fellows, he was afraid to trust them with his secret. He therefore, very gravely, and with infinite simplicity, commended to him his cargo of live stock, begged he would dispose of them to the best advantage, and invest the proceeds in a cargo of notions. Fat-qua did not know whether to laugh or be angry—however he concluded by laughing, and promising to do his best.

The trifle which Jonathan brought with him had been all expended in maintaining himself and his dog, and Fat-qua did not feel inclined to advance any on the security of his live stock. This being the case, Jonathan one day brought a pound or two of his ginseng, and asked him carelessly what it might belikely worth in these parts?

"Hi yah!" exclaimed the hong merchant in astonishment. "No, have got some more of hi yah?"

"Some small matter—not much," said Jonathan who was of the opinion if he displayed the whole parcel at once, it might lower the price and injure speculation.

Fat-qua disposed of the two pounds of

ginseng for a thumping sum, which Jonathan pocketed in less than no time, and chuckled in his sleeve, as he thought of the means to get rid of the whole at the same rate. A day or two after, he delivered the hong merchant a few pounds more which he said he had accidentally found in a place where he had stowed away and forgot it.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting, I chin-chin you." And he began "to have great respect for Missee Joe Notting."

In this way by slow degrees, did Jonathan bring forth his hoard of hidden treasure, till it was all disposed of, and he found himself in possession of almost half a million of dollars; for, it is to be recollected, this happened long before the value of ginseng was brought down to almost nothing by the large quantities carried to China, in consequence of the successful speculation of Jonathan.

Every time he produced a new lot, he declared it was all he had left, and consequently to the last moment the price was kept up. Fat-qua began to believe that Jonathan had discovered some hidden place where it grew, in the neighborhood of Canton, or that he dealt with the prince of darkness. He accordingly caused him to be watched, but our hero was too wide awake for the hong merchant.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting—some yet more—when you shall think shall you no more have—hey? Every day here come you—say the last is he—hi yah—I tink no last come forever."

"I han't another stick to save my gizzard," said Jonathan and this time he spoke like a man of honor. He had at last sold out his hoard, with the exception of a small parcel for presents, and to use on an emergency.

Jonathan was now thinking he would gather himself together, and point his bowsprit strut towards home. But he determined to see about him, for he expected to be asked a heap of questions when he got amongst his old neighbors; and not to be able to tell them all about the Celestial Empire would be to show he had little or no gumption.

He accordingly visited the famous flower garden of Fa-Te, where he saw a vast collection of the most beautiful flowers, and roses of all colors. Returning, he passed through the suburb of Ho-Nam, where he was called Fan-kwei, which means "foreign devil," and pelted handsomely with stones, according to the hospitable custom of the inhabitants.

Jonathan was now so rich, that he felt himself a different man from what he was when the boys pelted him at the village of Ho-tun. He had, moreover, seen the bamboo so liberally employed on the backs of the Chinese by their own officers and magistrates, that he thought that he might make use himself of this universal panacea of all offences in the Celestial Empire. Accordingly, he sallied forth among these inhospitable rogues, and plied his stick so vigorously that the rabble fled before him crying out "Fan-kwei!" and making motions significant of cutting off the head, as much as to say that would be his end at last. The reader must know that beheading is considered the most disgraceful of all punishments in the Celestial Empire, where they do everything differently from the rest of the world.

A formal complaint was laid before the Gan-chat-ze, a minister of justice at Canton, against the Fan-kwei, who had feloniously bamboozed the mob of Ho-Nam. Fat-qua, one of our hero's securities, was taken into custody till his forthcoming, and an express sent off to Peking to announce the intelligence to the brother of the sun and moon, that a Fan-kwei had beat at least two hundred of his valiant and invincible subjects, who could not bring themselves to soil their fingers by touching even the clothes of a foreign barbarian.

Jonathan was soon arrested, and, being carried before the illustrious Gan-chat-ze, was astonished at seeing the infinite mischief he had done. There was one poor man who had his eyes put out; another his head fractured; a third his arm broken; and what was worse than all this, three children were so disabled that they could not stand, all by Jonathan's bamboo, which was about as thick as your finger.

This was a serious business for a Fan-kwei. But his friend Fat-qua whispered in his ear—

"Hi yah!—Missee Joe Notting—you some more have got of that grand—Hi yah! You stand under me—hey?"

Jonathan tipped him a knowing wink, and Fat-qua then crept close to the ear of the incorruptable Gan-chat-ze, and whispered to him in fike manner; but what he said being only intended for the ear of justice, must not be disclosed. The effect however, was miraculous, the Gan-chat-ze forthwith started up in a mighty passion, and seizing his bamboo, attacked the complainants in the suit with such wonderful vigor, that he actually performed a

miracle, and restored every one of them to the use of their limbs. After this, he discharged the offender with a caution, which Fat-qua translated into excellent English, and the next day Jonathan sent him by the hands of the same discreet friend a pound of ginseng.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe—more some yet, hey? Believe him make him as him go along—Hi yah! Chin-chin you, Missee Joe Notting."

Fat-qua was determined to signalize this triumph of Chinese justice over prejudice against foreigners, by a great feast of bears-claws, birds-nests, and all the delicacies of the East. He, therefore, invited a number of the Fan-kweis about the factory to meet Jonathan at his country seat near the gardens of Fa-Te, and they had a jolly time of it. Our hero was complimented with a pair of chop sticks of the most elegant construction and materials, which he managed with such skill that, by the time dinner was over, he was well nigh starved to death.

The hong merchant Fat-qua was a jolly little fellow, "about knee high to a toad," as Jonathan used to say, and fond of a good glass of wine. He plied his guests pretty neatly until they began to feel a little top heavy, and sailed away, one by one under rather high steam, leaving Jonathan and his friend alone together, the latter fast asleep. Jonathan was by this time in high feather, and thought this would be a good time to take a peep at the establishment of his friend that he might know something about these matters when he got home.

He arose without disturbing the little fat gentleman, and proceeded to penetrate into the interior of the house until he came to the female apartments, in one of which he saw a young lady smoking, to whom he paid his compliments with a low bow. Her pipe was formed of slender pieces of bamboo, highly polished, with a bowl of silver and a mouth piece of amber. Her hair was beautifully long, tastefully dressed with flowers and gold and silver bobbins, and the whole atmosphere of the room was perfumed with jessamine and other odoriferous plants and shrubs. By her side lay a guitar, on which she seemed to have been playing.

The entrance of Jonathan threw her into great confusion, and she uttered several violent screams, which, however, brought no one to her assistance. The illustrious Fat-qua was still sleeping in his seat, and the servants making merry as usual with the remains of the feast.—Jonathan attempted an apology for his intrusion, but the more he apologized the louder the young lady screamed. Jonathan wondered what could be the matter with her.

"Well, I never saw anything like this growing among corn—what's come over the gal? May I be chiselled if I don't think she's afraid I'll eat her. But why the dickens, if she's frightened, don't she scamper off, that being the most natural why of getting out of danger." Jonathan did not know the feet of the poor young damsel were not more than two inches and a half long, and that she could no more run than fly. They were what the Chinese poets call a couple of "golden lilies."

Encouraged by this notion, that her pretending to be frightened was all sheer affection, he approached her still nearer, took up the guitar, and begged her to play him a tune, such as "Yankee Doodle," or anything of that sort that was pretty easily managed, for he did not much admire any of your fine fashionable gimeracks. Jonathan was a plaguy neat kind of chap—as handsome a lad as might be seen: tall and straight, with blue eyes, white forehead, and red cheeks, a little rusted to be sure with the voyage.

The pretty creature with the lily feet, whose name was Shangshuee, ventured at last to look at this impudent intruder, and, sooth to say, he did not appear so terrible at the second glance as at the first. She smiled, and put out her small foot for Jonathan to admire. She then took her guitar and played him a tune—it was not "Yankee Doodle" to be sure, but it rather pleased Jonathan, for he declared it beat all, he'd be swatted if it did not. Shangshuee seemed to understand the compliment, for she smiled and put on her other golden lily. I suppose to show Jonathan she had a pair of them. Jonathan admired the pipe; she handed it to him, he put it to his lips, and, giving it back again, she put it to her lips, which our hero finally concluded came as near to kissing as twopenny to a groat.

"How the critter blushes," thought Jonathan. He did not know she was painted half an inch thick after the fashion of the Chinese ladies. As they sat thus exchanging little pleasant civilities, which, innocent as they were, endangered both their lives, they were alarmed, at least the lady—for Jonathan had never particularly studied Chinese customs—by

the sound of a guitar, at some short distance, in the garden. It approached nearer, and, in a few minutes, seemed directly under the window of the apartment. Shangshuee appeared greatly agitated, and begged Jonathan by signs to depart the way he came. But Jonathan had no notion of being scared by a tune, and declined to budge an inch. It was a nice tune, and he didn't much mind if he heard another just like it.

Presently the music ceased, and all at once the young Shangshuee screamed a scream almost as loud as the former ones. "What can have got into the curious vermin now, I wonder!" quoth Jonathan. He little suspected she had caught a glimpse of the face of her lover through the blinds. This young man was called Yu-min-hoo, which signifies feathered, because he was a great poet, and took such high flights that his meaning was some-times quite out of sight. He always carried an ink-bottle suspended to his button, a bamboo pen stuck behind his ear, and a book under his arm, in which he wrote down his thoughts that no might escape him. He made verses upon Shangshuee, in which he compared her to a dish of bear's claws, since her nails were at least six inches long, and she was a delicacy which the epicure might admire every day in the year. It was this sentiment which he had set to music and sung on this eventful evening under the window of his mistress.

Yu-min-hoo was petrified when he saw his Shangshuee sitting so easily by the side of a Fan-kwei, which, as I said before, means foreign devil. His indignation was terrible and his jealousy prodigious. He had thoughts of sitting down by the light of the moon and writing a furious ode, consigning the Fan-kwei, to all the Chinese devils, which are the ugliest in the world. Even their gods are monsters, what then must the others be? On second thoughts, however, Yu-min-hoo restrained his muse, and in a moment or two they heard the clatter of his wooden shoes gradually receding, Shangshuee again retreated with her eyes, her hands, nay, her very feet, that Jonathan would make himself scarce. The tears ran down her cheeks, and, like torrents of rain, wore deep channels in them that almost spoiled their beauty.

Jonathan tried all he could to comfort her, when what was his surprise and indignation at her base ingratitude, he was saluted with a scratch of his long nails that constitute the most unequivocal claim of a Chinese lady to rank. It was a scratch so emphatic and well directed, that every nail, and most especially the little finger nail, left its mark on his cheek, and it was preceded and followed by a scream of the highest pretensions.

Our hero was astounded at this situation. He had heard of love lumps, but never of such asthma. But he soon understood the whole squinting of the business as slick as a whistle, when he saw little Fat-qua standing before him breathing fire and looking fery from his death sharp-cornered eyes.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting—spose tink you daughter my one flower-woman—ney!"

Jonathan endeavored to convince Fat-qua that there was not the least harm in sitting by the side of a young woman in a civil way—that it was done in his country every day in the year, particularly on Sundays—and that the women there were quite as good as the Chinese, though they did not wear wooden shoes, and nails six inches long.

Fat-qua was wroth at this indiscreet comparison of the Fan-kwei ladies with those of the Celestial Empire, he roared like a volcano, and Jonathan was obliged to make a hasty retreat to his room, where he put on his wooden shoes and long nails. He determined, in the bitterness of his heart, to have him immediately before the worshipful Gan-chat-ze, who would not fail to squeeze some of his dollars out of him.

But father reflection induced him to abandon this course. He recollected, when the fumes of the wine were some, what dissipated, that both himself and his daughter would be disgraced and dishonored if it were publicly known that she had been in company with a Fan-kwei, a stain of the deepest dye according to the statutes of the Celestial Empire, in any but common women. The only way, therefore, was to make the best of a bad business, accordingly he bribed his servants to secrecy—married his daughter to the poet—and swore never to invite another Missee Joe Notting to dine with him so long as there was a woman in his house. He had never, he said, met with a fellow of this *chop* before.

Various were the other adventures of our hero, which are forever incorporated in the annals of the Celestial Empire, where he figures as the "Great Fan-kwei Joe Notting." My limits will not suffice