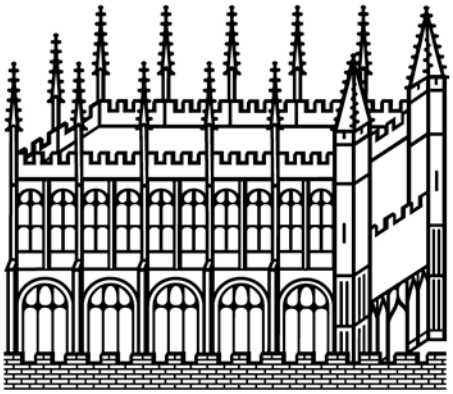


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

除滅洋鬼子

THE WAR OF THE CIVILISATIONS

BEING THE RECORD OF A "FOREIGN DEVIL'S" EXPERIENCES WITH THE ALLIES IN CHINA

GEORGE LYNCH

6/- NET

LONGMANS & Co.

L 11 e 33 . e . 30

THE

WAR OF THE CIVILISATIONS

The Falk Studio.] [*The Waldorf-Astoria, N.Y.*

Sincerely yours
George Lynch

THE WAR

OF

THE CIVILISATIONS

BEING THE RECORD OF A

"FOREIGN DEVIL'S"

EXPERIENCES WITH THE ALLIES

BY

GEORGE LYNCH

LONGMANS, [illegible]
39 PATERNOSTER ROW
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY
1915

THE WAR

OF

THE CIVILISATIONS

BEING THE RECORD OF A

"FOREIGN DEVIL'S"

EXPERIENCES WITH THE ALLIES IN CHINA

BY

GEORGE LYNCH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY
1901

BODLEIAN
30 V 190
LIBRARY

TO

MY MOTHER AND FATHER

I OFFER THIS BOOK:

IN GRATITUDE FOR HER EXAMPLE-LESSONS

OF SYMPATHY AND GENTLE CHARITY;

FOR HIS, OF CLEAR-SEEING AND FEARLESS SPEECH.

INTRODUCTORY.

A BOY was laboriously drawing from a cast in a dilapidated gallery in a God-forsaken city in the south of Ireland—one of those given by Pius VII. to George IV., for want of something better to do with them, chucked them at this town. In the room with the cast he was drawing, was the armless figure of a woman, under an old umbrella that protected it from the rain that dripped from the leaking roof. And, as a faint odour, came the delicate perfume of her beauty to the boy—the beauty of that armless statue. Rainy and sunshiny days came and went; and with undefined longing, and a sense of ever-increasing and satisfied enjoyment, his eyes sought that statue. His mind went captive—a prisoner of Art to that unknown Greek.

Not many years ago comic papers, and papers that were only comic in their seriousness, and people who were comic in their

smartness, laughed at the uncouth music of a German. Then the boy laughed with the loudest laughers. Yet, after hearing the so-called music, he came again and heard again, and laughed no more, except at himself for having laughed. And after a circle of world wandering, he came back to find that people were no longer laughing at Wagner—ordinary fellows like himself, hard-worked clerks and middle-class people, when they voted for the music they liked best on Sunday afternoons at the Queen's Hall asked for his of Bayreuth. Where they had laughed and sneered, they now understood. Wagner had led captive the hearts of his hearers.

. . . . . .

One evening, on the top of the hill at Guantanamo, dusty, thirsty, dog-tired, he threw himself down on the slippery, sun-baked grass to cool off in the breeze that blew across the blue waters of the harbour. And from the men around he heard rumours of outrages by the enemy; and stories of the killing of the wounded and the mutilation of the dead were in the mouth of every soldier. He had to see

every wounded man and examine every corpse to find out the truth, and then discovered that these stories were absolutely false.

Then in the beginning of another campaign, slander as well as lyddite was for a time hurled at the enemy. They were accused of firing deliberately on ambulances and field hospitals. And not to join in the slanders was considered almost traitorous. Soon the truth prevailed, and each side acknowledged that neither meant to hit below the belt. When captive in a Boer laager, he that tells the tale was kept busy the whole of several evenings defending the British against five separate false accusations of foul play, and it was forcefully brought home to him that there are two sides to every question, *audi alteram partem.*

> All experience is an arch, where thro'
> Gleams that untravelled world.

Then in a new campaign, in a land by him untravelled, and amongst a people unknown, the lesson of experience, *audi alteram partem,* kept ringing in his ears. But in China the difficulty is to hear the other side; so utterly

removed from our scheme of civilisation, so immensely remote is it, so far from the seeing power of our Western eyes, so far from the hearing power of our Western ears.

If a section of the population of the planet Mars had been suddenly dumped down on that big tract of country bordering the Gulf of Pechili, their poles of civilisation could not have been more widely separated, their want of comprehension one of the other could hardly have been greater.

It is a very curious thing that people living in the same planet should know so little about each other. Supposing that they were Mars people that had suddenly been put in occupation of China, we should of course proceed to measure the Martians by the footrule of the intellectual attainments of our own civilisation. And if they were found not to be footrule-measurable, they would be labelled savages and barbarians. It is so simple. That is much the easiest way of dealing with things one cannot readily understand. Sometimes these un-understandable things have a way of persisting and remaining, and finally get them-

selves understood, like that German and his music.

Then there came to him, watching and searching with level-eyed quietness for the life-motives which moved things before him, the beginning of the strange fascination of that most strange Eastern life. As in old days, his eyes again sought that dusty statue; and he sought to hear a repetition of that weird music which every time seemed the bearer of new, beautiful things; so the strange and wonderful life of the people of the land of Sinim seemed a perpetual well for knowledge-assuaging thirst. These Martians were bringers of new things, complicated, subtle and incomprehensible; and like the broken-armed statue unearthed from the mud of Milos, and that jangle-sounding music, a curious, quaint charm, like the faint odour of incense in the scented darkness of a dusty, Christian-desecrated temple, seemed to hang around their life.

A slanderous tissue of lies, both deliberate and unintentional, wrapped round the history of these mysterious people of the East. And because their story of the other side of the

question was more difficult to hear in this campaign than in the others, it is all the more intensely attractive and interesting.

There is as little pretence in this book to an erudite knowledge of things Chinese as there is to any sort of literary style. The author offers an account, disjointed, lob-sided, incomplete, of things that appear to him very interesting. If it only succeeds in putting the reader to sleep as frequently as its composition did the author during these hot days, he will consider that his work has not been in vain—having added to English literature a wholesome soporific.

Yet if in the dreams of sleeping England there arises some faint vision of the truth, what a troubled dream it would be—of a crowded junk of helpless coolies being massacred at the river-mouth of that path of war, whose course was torchlit by burning villages, through which the cruel Crusaders rode as Nero did of old in Rome—of women saving their honour by a watery death—of the West probing knife-like into the heart of Pekin—of the ring of the armed heels on the white

marble pavements of the Palace; and over the battlements and over the broad walls, shell-battered, but not demolished—for the Chinese Empire bends, but it never breaks—looms the figure of that marvellous woman, the most marvellous in the world, the Chinese Empress-Dowager, Yehonala.

GEORGE LYNCH.

26 SAVOY MANSIONS,
SAVOY STREET, W.C.
1*st August*, 1901.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY v

CHAPTER I.—Shanghai, the Liverpool of the East—Patronised by Ananias—Remotely adjacent China—Indian Mutiny apprehensions—Missionaries as livebait—Kiaochow—Building a barrel to a bung-hole—Chee-foolishness 1

CHAPTER II.—The Allied Fleet off Taku—Through a plain of graves to Tientsin—Shell-battered Tientsin—The start for the Relief—With the army of Babel 17

CHAPTER III.—Battles of Pei-Tsang and Yangtsun—"That bloomin' kid"—Mixed bathing—With the Russians and Japs—My boy Boxer—Under the Eastern moon 28

CHAPTER IV.—In Tung-Chow—An orgie of pillage and rapine—Redistribution of wealth—A disagreeable night visitor—With the Japs to Pekin—Skirmish between the Allies—An English officer and a gentleman—Pekin reached—Attempt to storm the gatehouse 44

CHAPTER V.—A visit to a Temple—A welcome bath and a Buddhist host—A vegetarian dinner—The gates blown up—The Japs enter Pekin—Disappointment at finding the Legations already relieved 66

CHAPTER VI.—Pekin after the Relief—A labyrinth of barricades and ruined houses—Americans withdraw from attack on Imperial City—The Hanlin

PAGE

Library in ruins—The condition of the besieged—A round of inspection with Sir Claude Macdonald—A Japanese hero of Pekin 77

CHAPTER VII.—The Church Militant at Peitang—The severest siege—Feeding on leaves and carrion dogs—The heroic Paul Henry—Two ounces a day—A close shave 93

CHAPTER VIII.—An educated Boxer's account of the siege—The true cause of the anti-foreign feeling—Boxer superstitions—"Sha, sha"—False rumours of Chinese victories—The Legations receive water-melons from the Empress-Dowager—Letters that went astray 102

CHAPTER IX.—A Custom-house officer's account of the beginning and end of the siege—Foreign houses ablaze—The torchlit struggle in the "Street of Eternal Peace"—Chinese "braves"—A ruse of the Italians—A stormy night's fighting in water-filled trenches—The Sikhs enter the Legation . . . 118

CHAPTER X.—Life in Pekin—The Kaiser as Bill Sikes—Sheiba as police officer—General exodus from the Russian quarter to Japanese—French, ragged and dirty, busily looting—*Vae Victis*—Defilement unsurpassed—The ashes of dead thoughts . . 134

CHAPTER XI.—Triumphal march through the Forbidden City—Fairyland invaded by all sorts and conditions of men—In the Holy of Holies—The Russian quasi reception—Seven nationalities at tea 150

CHAPTER XII.—When might was right—Human birds of prey—A correspondent and the Manchu lady—The Imperial concubines remain a mystery . . 162

PAGE

CHAPTER XIII.—Russian thimble-riggers—War wives wanted—Sapolio's eggs won't wash—A visit to the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress-Dowager in the Imperial Palace . . . 168

CHAPTER XIV.—Auction sales in Pekin—Loot systematised—Missionary looters and privateers—"Moral suasion"—Elbow deep in watches—"The loot that failed" 177

CHAPTER XV.—The expedition to Pao-Ting-Foo—Disgraceful conduct of French and Germans—On a mule hunt—Ladies in full flight—A rain-drenched ride of triumph through the town—The fate of the missionaries—German plan to loot the Imperial Tombs forestalled—An Italian sergeant slightly mixed 193

CHAPTER XVI.—A punitive picnic near Pekin—Marco Polo's bridge—Dawn among the mountains—A Boxer Gibraltar of Prayer—Leaden-heeled Germans—Boxers' escape—The Desecration of White Temples 208

CHAPTER XVII.—Civilisation old and new—Missionaries past and present—A diplomatic summing-up—The story of our mistaken dealing—American clear-sightedness 216

CHAPTER XVIII.—Yehonala the Great, the Empress-Dowager 225

CHAPTER XIX.—Arms and the men—All sorts and conditions of Tommies—The possibilities of Chinese soldiers—Lessons to be learnt from the three sieges 233

CHAPTER XX.—German commercial invasion of the East—Causes of same—Why Chinese preference lies with English trading—What England must do to maintain her supremacy 248

PAGE

CHAPTER XXI.—The question of missionary work—Past blunders — Necessary reforms — Ching-Ke-Tung's proposals—The advisability of some sort of agreement between the advocates of the two dozen forms of the Christian faith in China . . . 253

CHAPTER XXII.—The harvest of war—The City of Salutes—Disappointing rumours—A Canton court—Rough-and-ready methods of justice—Eastern and Western methods of punishment compared . 264

CHAPTER XXIII.—China evacuated, not pacified—An interview with Sun-Yat-Sen—China to follow in the footsteps of Japan—The present dynasty to be done away with—The Yellow Peril a journalistic myth—"China for the Chinese"—Steps towards the desired democratic goal 279

CHAPTER XXIV.—Western barbarians and Eastern civilisation—Different aspects of family life contrasted—"Art for Art's sake"—An artistic dinner in Japan—Geishas Limited—The crass ignorance and stupidity of the West 290

CHAPTER XXV.—Concluditory 299

APPENDIX 303

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of the Author	*Frontispiece*	
Japanese and British Naval Brigade on their way to Relieve the Legations .	*Facing page*	26
French Troops on the March . . .	„	30
Officers of the 1st Bengal Lancers, with Captured Chinese Standard . .	„	30
General Sir Alfred Gaselee	„	50
Japanese on the Tungchow-Pekin Road .	„	50
Eastern Gate after Bombardment and Capture by Japanese	„	70
Eastern Gate, from within, through which the Japanese entered Pekin . . .	„	72
Scaffolding erected by the Chinese, on which they mounted Guns to bear on the British Legation	„	134
Dead Chinamen in a Street in Pekin . .	„	134
Old Gun and "Make-face" Guns on the Wall of Pekin	„	138
Sikhs a-looting	„	138
British and Japanese entering the Imperial Palace	„	154
Central Courtyard of Imperial Palace .	„	160

The Emperor of China's Private Apartments *Facing page* 170

Large Mechanical Ornament, richly studded with diamonds, found in the Emperor's Bedroom . . . . . „ 172

Marble Bath in the Garden of the White Jade Flower in the Imperial Palace . „ 228

Pool in the Garden of the Temple of the White Pagodas . . . . . „ 232

Killed and Wounded Chinamen in Foreground . . . . . „ 232

White Marble Houseboat on the Pond of the Summer Palace . . . . . „ 240

Catchin'-China Hens . . . . . „ 240

Count von Waldersee inspecting the Russian Troops . . . . . „ 266

CHAPTER I.

SHANGHAI, THE LIVERPOOL OF THE EAST — PATRONISED BY ANANIAS—REMOTELY ADJACENT CHINA—INDIAN MUTINY APPREHENSIONS—MISSIONARIES AS LIVEBAIT —KIAOCHOW—BUILDING A BARREL TO A BUNG-HOLE— CHEE-FOOLISHNESS.

FROM Cuba to Cape Town, from Cape Town to be besieged in Ladysmith, from thence carried prisoner to Pretoria—liberated to fall captive for three months to enteric — invalided home, I was quickly fit enough again to be in time to start for this new trouble Chinawards, and speculated every day of some 12,000 miles' journey from London whether I would be in time or not on arrival.

A picture was formed by my porthole when I awoke on the morning of 28th July. The upper half of the circle was blue, and the lower half deep yellow. Between the two sections was a thin, equator-like line of green—the low-lying coast of China off Shanghai. The water was coloured to this awkward tint by the fine mud with which it was saturated. We left the steamer by the tender, and the first signs of Chinese life were in the brown-sailed junks which, with a strong tide on their lee,

tacked up along the river. We passed numerous warships—American, English and French—and then a cluster of quaint Chinese war frigates, bristling with brass cannon, and gorgeous with their high poops painted and decorated with elaborate ornamentation.

The shore on both sides was flat and swampy, and rose only a few feet above the level of the water.

Nearing Shanghai, to anyone who is seeing it for the first time, the sight is an unexpected one. Were it not for the junks, one would think it was the outskirt of some English manufacturing seaport. It is very imposing and significant of the greatness of English commerce in the East. Huge redbrick factories, railway depôts and wharves are to be seen on each side until the Bund is reached. Here one is reminded rather of the Front at Brighton, or some English watering-place, by the rows of well-built, substantial European houses, the broad streets and the promenade fronting them.

Shanghai is a city of watertight compartments, socially speaking. The Chinese city, surrounded by a moat, is completely shut off from the European settlements, which in turn are more or less separated from each other. With great difficulty I got room at the Astor House, which was crowded with refugees from the outlying districts. This hotel, by the way, has since been purchased by a German,

one of the many straws that show the way the commercial tide is flowing in the East.

Within an hour of when I landed I was brought to the Shanghai Club, the focus of the male life of the community. Shanghai has a reputation as the birthplace of much imaginative gossip, and the centre of the gossip is the Club. An atmosphere of unrest and apprehension pervaded the place. Reports had come down of the massacre of the Legations. We would have to go back to the days of the Indian Mutiny to find a parallel to the state of uncertainty and anxiety in which the city existed. With no news from Pekin, little news from Tientsin, wild rumours flying around, those that were confirmed only went to show that the tide of native aggression was advancing, marking its progress with devilish massacres. There was an official confirmation that day of the murder of nine missionaries and rioting within eighty miles of Shanghai itself, at a town where the seats on the Bund were thrown into the river.

Next day I went to pay a visit to the Chinese city and to take some photographs. It was curious to find how little any of the men I met at the Club knew about the Chinese city. One man, a merchant with a very big business, said that it was eight years since he had been inside there. It struck me that it was not surprising that they knew so little about the

motives actuating the Chinese when they seemed to live so perpetually enclosed within the ring fence of their own concessions.

The city is divided from the European quarters by a moat and wall crossed and pierced by bridges and little narrow gates at long intervals. The wall is broad, and built with a solid facing of heavy bricks, and on the inside of it a high paling of bamboo with the upper ends pointed had lately been erected. From the wall one gets a view of the city; but that view is simply of a flat plain of roofs stretching together, and crowded with such closeness as to remind one of the surface of the river when its brown water is ruffled into wavelets. There were beggars at the gates, and a poor, almost naked wretch, every inch of his skin covered with syphilitic sores, lay on the steps leading to the wall.

Looking over these roofs, and then going down from the wall into the streets, is like looking at a piece of ripe cheese with the naked eye, and then suddenly seeing it through a microscope—a dense mass of crowded life of grotesquely strange variety. For another reason, it may be imagined that Limburgher cheese might be implied in this simile, but in those streets Limburgher might be used as a refreshing perfume!

How different from the Japanese were these people! There was none of the vivacity, laughter and lively

chatter of those delightful, dainty creatures, who wear their hearts on their sleeves for the sun to shine on; but here each oval, smooth, expressionless face seemed like a mask of yellow lacquer, behind which was presumably a human being. The men behind the masks are practically unknown to us Europeans —and therein lies our uncertainty and peril. But however glibly writers at home may talk about these men behind their face-masks, to the most careful students of their inner life the motive power propelling that huge, glacier-like lot of people is practically unknown. Cross that little wooden bridge, go through the narrow gate tunnelling the heavy parapet wall, and beyond might be the inhabitants of Mars.

Men, women and children had a distinct aversion to being photographed, and the inquisitive crowd that followed me would always clear a space in front of my camera when I turned round.

There was a steamer starting for Tientsin the following morning. But so many passengers had booked by it that the agents positively refused to give me a passage. It was a small coasting boat—the *Knivesberg*—provided with only six berths, and the agents had already sold thirty-three tickets. Here they drew the line, firmly and inexorably—they would not sell another ticket on any account. Two American correspondents, who had travelled from

New York with me, had also tried to get a passage in her, but were refused, and had decided to wait for the next steamer.

From the desperate straits to which the Pekin garrison was reduced, it appeared to me that every possible effort would be made to send an expedition to their relief with a minimum of delay. It therefore seemed of paramount importance that I should leave by the *Knivesberg*, as, after a journey all the way from London, it would not do to risk being late for the relief. Taking one portmanteau with me and my camera, I accordingly went on board the tender with a crowd of other passengers at the time of its departure, and did not needlessly make any ostentatious parade of my presence without a ticket to the officials in charge. In due time we got on board the *Knivesberg*, weighed anchor and dropped down the river, and when well out to sea I introduced myself to the captain, and explained that I *had* to come in this manner as it was necessary that I should reach Tientsin by hook or by crook. He was a jolly old German, and said that I was welcome as long as I could find room.

There was room, just barely room for all the passengers on that small space of deck around the bridge and charthouse. The captain was kind enough afterwards to allot me a berth that was vacated at Chee-Foo. But an hour of that berth was more

than enough. The fleas were so numerous that, as a fellow-countryman of mine put it, "if they had only been unanimous, they would have been able to lift me out"!

Our first stopping-place after this was Kiaochow.[1] This town represents the price paid to Germany by China for two missionaries' lives—the two missionaries that were killed in a far-off village in the province of Shantung, killed by irresponsible villagers, who, however, may have been indirectly encouraged by the Governor, Li-Peng-Heng. Notwithstanding the doctrine of turning the other cheek to the smiter, and that "Blessed are they which suffer persecution for righteousness' sake," this territory was seized as compensation. The province of Shantung is the Holy Land of China. Here Mencius and Confucius were born, and it can boast of the Tai-Shan, the great mountain, from the summit of which, twenty-three centuries before Christ, Shun offered sacrifices to heaven. What Moses was to the Jews, Shun is to the Chinese That mountain is the Sinai of their faith.

From conversation with intelligent Chinamen and a few Europeans who have any sympathetic insight into things Chinese, it appears to me that there is nothing in later years which has made a more profound impression on the Chinese than this seizure

[1] See Appendix VI.

by the mailed fist of the Kaiser of those ports of their Holy Land. Although Kwang-Su was grievously troubled over the loss of Formosa and Japan, it was nothing to the blow that was inflicted on him by the loss of this portion of the Holy Land, wrested from his people as the price of the lives of two missionaries. He felt it so keenly, and for a time was so overcome, that he spoke of abdication. It broke the heart of the aged Prince Kung; he died in consequence in the year 1898.[1]

More than the loss of Formosa or Wei-Hai-Wei was the loss of this section of their Holy Land. It naturally worked on the religious and imaginative feelings of the people, and hallowed the aspirations of the Boxers with the sanctity of a crusade. It was more than loss of territory this—it was loss of territory combined with sacrilege. The Westminster Abbey of their national religious life was being forcibly taken from them. If two Chinese missionaries had been killed in a German village, would the German Emperor have consented to the cession of a Baltic port as compensation for the outrage? And if through force of circumstances he had to consent, would it have been surprising if his subjects had risen indignantly in arms to wrest it back? A strange pathos there is in the position of the Emperor Kwang-Su at this juncture—the impotent

[1] See Appendix I.

Emperor of four hundred million souls, when he found himself forced to put his signature to this cession of a portion of the sanctified province of his dominions. He made a great fire of the most antiquated books in his library, and swore to his ancestors that he would do his utmost to set his Empire right, and stoop to the reforms necessary to secure it against the aggression of these pestilent foreigners.

The country around Kiaochow is utterly barren. There are some who see an appropriateness in this; but it certainly will not be the fault of the Germans if it remains so. The thorough way in which they have gone about developing the place is remarkable to the verge of being ridiculous. It already possesses a hotel—which is never filled—equal, if not superior, to any in Shanghai. A big sea-front road is being constructed which is never likely to be trodden into solidity unless the whole garrison is marched up and down like sentries upon it, and huge sewer pipes are being laid suitable for some gigantic town existent only in Teutonic imagination.

There is a splendid beach and bathing-boxes. The first time we visited the beach it was completely deserted; the second time—in the evening—two German officers, in the midst of this great solitude, and dressed in complete bathing suits, were

bathing, while a soldier stood sentry over their clothes at the door of the bathing-box.

On the hills, terraced for irrigation in times past, are pine and oak trees innumerable, about two feet high. The Germans have planted thousands of them. We went through two villages—the first a mere hamlet, its narrow streetlets giving one the idea that it shrank back upon itself in a crowded heap, frightened by the straight-lined invasion.

The second was a village built on a German plan. Broad streets (for China), stone or brick houses, a wide, airy market-square, with the patronage and practically assured custom of the German colony for vegetables and such like, the shops and their occupants bore a striking resemblance to those Oriental shops with which Earl's Court has made us familiar.

The strident creaking of the laden wheelbarrows that sweating coolies haul up every hill one passes, laden with stones for fort, or barracks, or roads, seems to voice this earnest alien effort.

But there is something wanting. Is it the genius for colonisation which Englishmen possess, developed all the more because they are not spoon-fed by their neglectful Government? It will be curious to watch how this big German experiment turns out. But I think they are making a huge mistake. They cannot dragoon these people into falling into line with their German ideas. That village made in Germany is an

instance. The people are not occupying the houses any more than they would take to any German environment of life. Here, as elsewhere throughout all I have seen of China, is borne in upon me that overwhelming conviction—the belief that to have commercial intercourse with these people, which after all should be the sum total of our desire, we must leave China for the Chinese, and not plough up their old civilisation to our furrow lines of thought.

The great hope of the place rests in the railway, which will bring in trade enough to raise a barrel-town to the size of its bung-hole sewers. The theory of the Chinese regarding these latter is that they are being built by the Germans to give them a means of escape to the sea when the time arrives for driving them out.

The Germans are now engaged in digging trenches across the peninsula, inside which are their barracks and forts and European houses; and mechanical soldiers, and smartly uniformed officers, and refugee missionaries of several different Christian religions were gathered in the hotel at the time of which I am writing.

We left Kiaochow next afternoon, with a beam wind blowing and a nasty sea that made the *Knivesberg*, which was almost relieved of her cargo, toss about like an empty egg-shell. All night long it rained in torrents, and we unfortunate passengers

slid about the deck, every now and then coming into painful collision with the deck fixtures, or with each other. That lasted till one o'clock in the morning, when the wind suddenly fell, and the sea went down with surprising rapidity. The next morning was beautifully fine, so that looking from our port side over a glassy sea towards the mountainous hilly shore, streaked at the water-line with whitey-pinky sand, it looked as if we were in an inland lake instead of in the great Gulf of Pechili.

As we neared the harbour of Chee-Foo a fleet of sampans met us—we were still at full speed—and as we passed two of the crew caught on to the side with boathooks as their boat swung astern from under them, and climbed up, dropping the poles, which they flung back into the water for the man remaining in the sampan to pick up. As we entered the harbour we passed the *Kaiserin Augusta* and the *Yorktown*.

In the background is one of the Chinese forts that command the town. Our first visit ashore was to the telegraph office. It is run by a Chinese staff speaking the most fragmentary English, and goodness knows with what delay European messages went through. At the end of the campaign I heard something about it. The office rapidly became congested with telegrams, a great portion of these being directed to London papers at special rates, which

amounted to sixteen shillings a word. The risk and expense incurred by English newspapers in endeavouring to supply their readers with early war news is probably not often realised by the public. Some of the despatches sent through this office costing, say, from £100 to £300 each were often not sent, however, till their contents had become ancient history and were not worth publishing. A friend of mine got information from the Chee-Foo office that a long despatch of his had been waiting there for over three weeks on account of the congested state of the wire, and asking if he still desired that it should be sent on.

A ship had just come in from Tientsin, and we heard of the scarcity of provisions there, the heat, the flies, and the smells from the rotting corpses.

We wandered into the native city with our cameras and were soon followed by a crowd, inquisitive, dirty and surly in aspect, and probably offensive in their remarks if we had been able to understand them. They crowded round us so that it was impossible to take a photograph. We simply could not get rid of the dirty, naked children, loafers, cripples, beggars with ostentatiously displayed sores, and a kaleidoscopic assortment of smells that asserted themselves. The crowd was given to watching us closely. When we looked annoyed, they scowled, and when we

smiled, they laughed. I pointed out to my companion a Chinaman bearing a most absurd likeness (for a Chinaman) to the great and only Dan Leno.

"Look at Dan Leno!"

"Lo-ook at Dan Leeno!" cried the crowd, as if they knew all about him.

"Three cheers for Dan Leno!"

"Dree cheers for Dan Leeno!" echoed the now laughing crowd.

The absurdity of the whole thing sent us into fits of laughter, and the crowd, now considerably increased, kept repeating, "Cheers, Dan Leeno!" as if it was the greatest joke they had ever heard.

Photographing had now become impossible owing to the way the crowd had closed in front of the camera, and kept trying to look through the lens, so we had to beat a retreat out of the Chinese quarter to the Club, and be content with the snapshots we got of Chinese soldiers patrolling the streets in red and black uniforms and newest pattern Mausers, or lying about in a loose and slovenly, semi-naked condition near the tents pitched outside the Chee-Foo Bank.

At the Club I met the same type of men as I encountered at Cape Town and Durban at the beginning of the Boer war. All the talk was about the scarcity of supplies and the unpreparedness of every nation, except the Japanese, to meet the awful campaign before them, which they seemed to think

might develop into a disaster only equalled by that of Napoleon at Moscow. One man who had been with the Japanese through the Chinese-Japanese war spoke of the horrors of the winter campaign, where in one night three thousand out of five thousand Japanese got frostbitten. He considered that we were entering on a war which in all probability would last through the winter, and had in his mind the phantoms of starvation, disease and savagery which would be shown by the East in meeting the West in deadly conflict.

The difference between these people and the Uitlanders whom I met before the outbreak of the Boer war was that, in the case of South Africa, all those who were supposed to be knowledgable men spoke slightingly of the Boers. At the outbreak of the war in October they spoke confidently of having their Christmas dinner in Pretoria, and kept perpetually reiterating that one serious defeat would finish the Boers and send them back to their farms. Whereas here all was different. There was no such cocksuredness about these Uitlanders of China. These latter appeared filled with a vague and indefinite apprehension. If the African Uitlanders were so much at fault as regards the capabilities of the Boers, what was one to think might be the outcome of this war in China?

It must be recollected that at this stage what one

had to go on was that Admiral Seymour's Relief Expedition had failed; that he had had to return to Tientsin without relieving the Legations. We had heard that the garrison of the Legations had been annihilated, and that the garrison of Tientsin had barely been able to hold their own. Everyone knew that an enormous supply of arms had been imported into China within recent years—arms of the most approved and modern description—and, judging by the siege of Tientsin, it looked as if the Chinese had learnt how to use them. And now the critical trial of strength was to take place. The East was armed with the arms of the West—whether they had acquired a knowledge of their use also was a matter for speculation. Anyway, the War of the Civilisations was afoot.

CHAPTER II.

THE ALLIED FLEET OFF TAKU—THROUGH A PLAIN OF GRAVES TO TIENTSIN—SHELL-BATTERED TIENTSIN—THE START FOR THE RELIEF—WITH THE ARMY OF BABEL.

As we approached Taku next day a dense white fog lay over the glassy sea. From right ahead of us in the direction of the Taku Forts came the sound of guns firing.

What a delightful, inspiring sound it is! What a tingling it sends through one! Immediately everyone on board was in intense excitement. Were we going to land right into the middle of an engagement directly on our arrival, or, hardly that, were we going to be just in time to miss it? The fog or haze prevented us from seeing anything.

Suddenly out of the haze appeared the hull and spars of a battleship. In a moment a cloud of smoke centred in a flash burst from her side. The ship was dressed, and immediately it dawned upon us what the position was, it was merely firing a salute.

We went along between Russian, French and Japanese warships, all decorated, and passed two

Chinese men-of-war, which, however, had only the yellow ensign with the blue dragon flying from their sterns. The salute was in honour of the birthday of the Empress of Russia, which was made the occasion of an international interchange of courtesy and expenditure of powder.

We steamed into the narrow entrance towards the Taku Forts, on which appeared signs of their recent bombardment.[1] Slowly making our way up the narrow channel crowded with torpedo boats of various nations, we had finally to anchor there, as there was no room alongside the wharf. We got alongside during the night, and were waiting soon for daybreak to take the first train for Tientsin.

The Russians were in charge of the railway, their officers making their headquarters in the railway station. They were using an open shed as their mess-room, and on one end of a long table a samovar was steaming, surrounded by bottles of various liqueurs.

With that courtesy of which I was to have so many subsequent instances from Russian officers, they asked me to breakfast, and gave me details of the military position.

The expedition for the relief of the Legations had started the previous evening, but had barely gone outside the town. They were personally very sorry

[1] See Appendix II.

to be kept doing this railway work instead of having an opportunity of going with it.

A miscellaneous collection of passengers filled the train as soon as it drew up—some American soldiers, British sailors, a couple of correspondents, and some trucks with goats and sheep. A Russian military band turned out before the train started and played it off as it left.

The country between Tonku and Tientsin was a dead level swampy plain, pimpled with innumerable graves. These round mounds reminded me very much of the anthills in South Africa, except that, although some of them were the same size, the majority of them were considerably larger. I had heard about the great objection of the Chinese to having their graves disturbed, but it certainly would have been next to impossible to have constructed a railway across this stretch of land so as to have avoided them. It was a track of graves and desolation. All the houses on the way lay in ruins. There were no signs of human life along the route, except where Russian pickets were guarding the railway.

Here one got the first touch of that feeling which intensified as we advanced—a palpable breath of blasting desolation that seemed to have passed over the land.[1] It was a strange feeling passing

[1] See Appendix V.

through what had evidently been a densely populated country, but what was now the scene of tenantless houses, often roofless, frequently with charred walls, empty doors and windows, that gave them a skull-like appearance to the imagination.

The train proceeded slowly with frequent stoppages. It was midday before we reached the railway station at Tientsin.

I think it would have been very difficult in the annals of warfare to find a picture parallel to that which the railway presented. Every roof and wall was riddled with shot and shell. The boilers of the locomotives which were inside the railway shed were simply perforated like sieves, trucks and carriages were derailed, and the plaster of the walls of the shed just pock-marked with bullets.

I recollect photographing the roof of the blockhouse on the hill of San Juan outside Santiago, which was similarly marked. But this was the focus round which the battle of the first of July had waged. Here the same severity of rifle fire seemed to have been poured out over a space many acres in extent. The worst-battered part of Ladysmith when I left it showed nothing approaching this railway station.

When the train drew up there were no signs of porters of any description, still less of vehicles whereby our luggage might be carried. We were in a

dilemma as to how to get our things up into the town. But a resourceful fellow-traveller, Mr. Jameson, set us a lead which we were not slow to follow.

There was a small number of Chinese engaged in making some initial attempts to repair the railway station. They were evidently in Russian military employ. But, in the absence of any visible overseer, he immediately commandeered about half a dozen of them, and made it forcibly evident to them that they had got to carry our luggage. We were fortunate in getting them loaded and away before anybody appeared to take them from us.

This trick was resorted to at other places, and all the way up to Pekin. It did not matter what the man was doing, or in whose employ he was, and of course he was unable to explain, but as soon as a Chinaman was caught he was invariably made to carry something, or to take his place amongst a row of coolies, of whom there was always an inadequate supply for towing the river junks up stream.

We started from the station, a line of these men carrying our baggage, for my friend Jameson's house. He had just come up from Shanghai, after escorting a number of missionaries through most extraordinary dangers down from the interior. He did not know what condition he would find his house in after the siege. The prospect of finding it stand-

ing at all looked very doubtful as we advanced through the town. In the quarter close to the railway station everything was in ruins, and, further on, blocks of buildings in the centre of the town were very badly shelled in the roofs and upper storeys. There were some blocks of buildings each of which showed as many marks of shell-fire as did the whole town of Ladysmith.

Yet the astonishing thing was that throughout the siege none of the non-combatant white inhabitants were killed. It is extraordinary to think what little execution is done by shell-fire. During the siege of the Legations in Pekin there was only one casualty as the result of shell-fire. On entering the town of Santiago after the siege, where the Americans had been using a dynamite gun amongst others, there were no Spaniards killed.

In Ladysmith, considering the number of shells that had been plumped into it during the five months' siege, the mortality was surprisingly small. And as we afterwards found in the case of the Legations in Pekin, history repeated itself in this respect.

The rifle is the weapon that kills in modern warfare. The demoralising effect of shell-fire, especially on unseasoned troops, is often very great, but altogether out of proportion to the damage which it inflicts.

To Mr. Jameson's surprise, he found his house

intact, and not alone that, but his furniture proved to be in good order, and had not been looted as was the case with many of the houses. This was accounted for probably by its being made the head-quarters of General Gaselee before he left.

The relieving force having left the town on the day previous, my first anxiety was to follow them as quickly as possible. A horse to ride and a cart to carry my luggage, cameras, etc., were absolutely necessary; but on inquiring I found that every cart and horse in the town was already commandeered. A Chinese pony under ordinary circumstances can be purchased in Tientsin for about twenty dollars. Now it appeared as if one was not to be had for any money. After a couple of hours going about from pillar to post, I heard of one horse which was for sale for 150 dollars. I went to see him, and, in addition to being one of the most awful specimens of horseflesh I have ever seen, I found him so terribly lame in the off fore-leg that it would be ridiculous to hope he could travel as far as Pekin.

This was a bad state of affairs, but Jameson came to my rescue, and told me that he knew of a friend of his who had three horses. He did not want to sell them, it is true, but Jameson said that he would ask him to dinner, and try his powers of persuasion on him afterwards.

After considerable difficulty, we succeeded in

getting him to part with them for two hundred dollars each.

We learnt that the troops had already gone a distance of five miles out of the town, and determined to pick them up early in the morning, and, if possible, return the following afternoon to Tientsin, and in the meantime hoped to have found some way of getting our baggage carried.

We started off soon after sunrise, Jameson, my friend Mr. Thomas, and a young American from Yale College, who was taking a holiday trip in the East, when his sporting instincts and desire for adventure prompted him to join forces with us and go up to the relief of the Legations.

Never have I seen anything so desolate as the Chinese quarter of the town through which we passed. The miles of windowless, one-storied houses looked like rows of skulls in some vast mausoleum. The inhabitants had vanished. The hoofs of our horses sounded loud in the profound death-like stillness of the empty streets. Every house had its walls charred, and inside each was a heap of ashes or charred timbers, with here and there household utensils and fragments of pottery showing.

A lame dog limped in front of us, a gaunt and mangy beast, that looked furtively round from time to time. There were no signs of life, except that sinister dog, and others of his kind, busy on mys-

terious heaps of something from which they slunk away at our approach.

A sickening, heavy stench hung in the morning air. A smell quite peculiar and distinctive, caused by the burning of I know not what in those Chinese houses, but which was every day in our nostrils all the way to Pekin, and in the city itself.

We traversed miles of those empty streets without seeing anybody until we neared the outskirts of the town, where here and there a few decrepit and very old men and women were to be seen peeping timorously from the houses.

We next came upon the Siku Arsenal, which was occupied by the Russians, and found that we had to retrace our steps, as we were on the wrong side of the river. On the other bank the scene in the streets was just the same. No sign of life except the dogs, and here and there carrion pigs with their litters battening on the slain.

We found ourselves securely on the right track when we came upon a body of Japanese who were rapidly constructing their field telegraph in the rear of their army. In this, as in other military matters, they had nothing to learn from European sources. The light poles of bamboo, characteristically Japanese, were being planted along the road as rapidly as they marched.

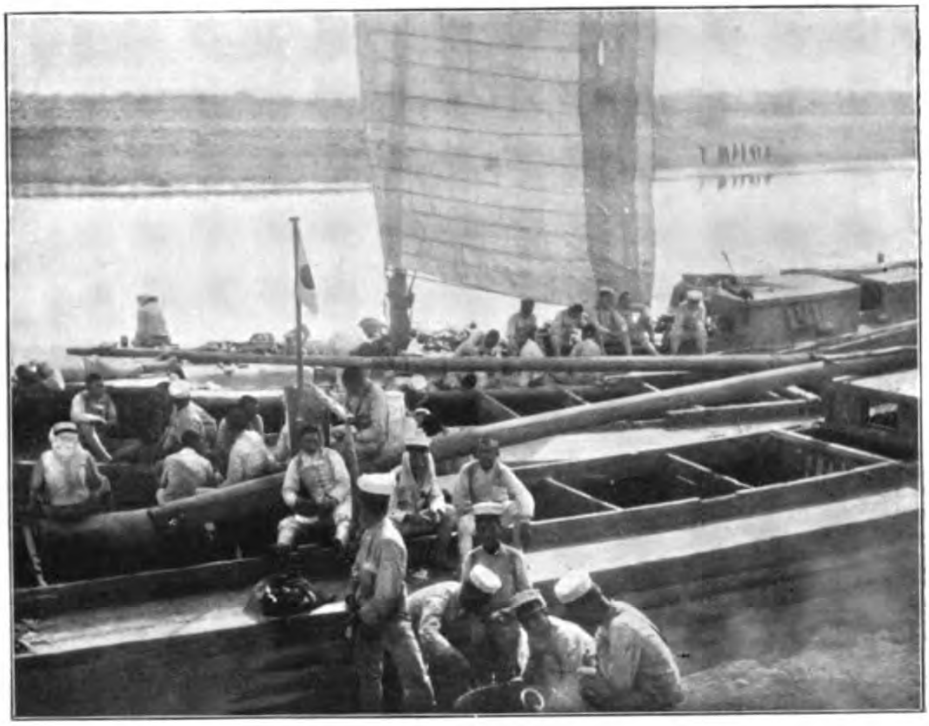
As we went along, we passed the bodies of many

Chinese lying by the wayside, or on the fringe of the fields of high *kowliang* or millet on either side. The first soldiers that we came across were some French stragglers in the rear of their forces. As we came upon them they had just espied a Chinaman with a bag on his back in a field close by. They shouted to him, and beckoned to him to come to them. He was evidently afraid to do so, and one of the soldiers ran towards him and pulled him by the pigtail, when he was loaded up and made to carry some of the Frenchman's baggage. He was an old man and protested volubly. But the prick of a bayonet made him quickly realise that his protestations would be of no avail.

A short time afterwards we picked up with the main body of the Allied troops at a point below Pei-Tsang, where a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river.

Some of the troops were engaged in crossing, and there was considerable confusion as the soldiers of three nationalities became greatly mixed up at this point. Below the bridge a whole fleet of junks, which were bringing supplies up the river, as well as carrying the British naval guns, were not able to proceed until the pontoon could be opened.

This sort of confusion was continually occurring day after day, and greatly delayed the progress of the forces. It must be borne in mind that the



JAPANESE AND BRITISH NAVAL BRIGADE ON THEIR WAY TO RELIEVE THE LEGATIONS.

roads, where there were any, were extremely bad. In many places the track was a mere pathway with fields of high *kowliang* on either side.

The order of march was being changed day after day after frequent consultation of the generals; but these latter did not agree amongst themselves as to any one of their number having command of the whole expedition.

The Japanese as a rule were in advance. But as they insisted on not being separated from their supplies, their long lines of transport mules had to pass along the road before the others could start.

In this way it came to pass that the Americans and British frequently had to march through the heat of the day when they should have been resting, instead of starting in the early morning in such terribly hot weather as was then being experienced.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLES OF PEI-TSANG AND YANGTSUN—"THAT BLOOMIN' KID" — MIXED BATHING — WITH THE RUSSIANS AND JAPS—MY BOY BOXER—UNDER THE EASTERN MOON.

THE Chinese were known to occupy a very strongly entrenched position near Pei-Tsang. The country on both sides of the river was covered with high crops, and here and there with clumps of trees that screened the groups of houses scattered over the plain. The district between Tientsin and Pekin is extremely fertile, every acre of ground being highly cultivated. Around every village were to be seen plots of ground, which were wonderful examples of the skill and knowledge of these market-gardeners, probably the best in the world.

The Japanese, Americans and British were to attack the enemy on the left bank of the river, while the rest of the Allies were to go along on the other side. The general plan of the attack was in the nature of a turning movement. The attack was commenced soon after daybreak by the Japanese, and none of the rest of the Allies took any effective part in it. The Chinese trenches were extremely well constructed, and appeared as if they were the

result of the teaching of European military instructors. The action commenced with an artillery duel, in which the Chinese made very creditable practice. After this the Japanese developed their attack, and captured one line of entrenchments after another with the utmost dash and gallantry. These little soldiers show wonderful quickness and activity.

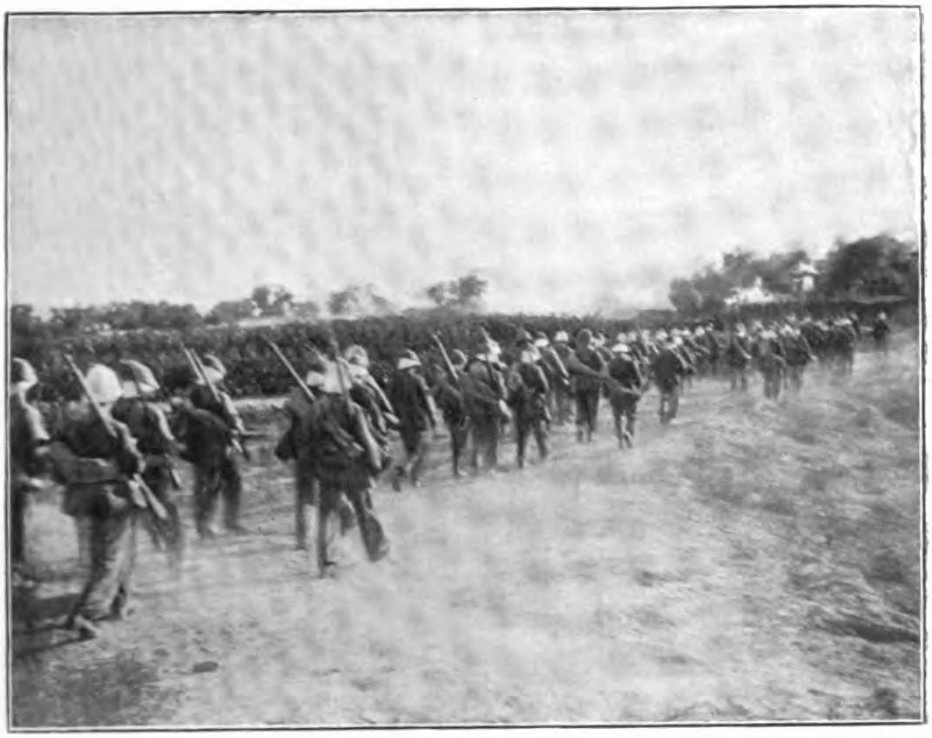
It was an excessively hot day, the sun beating down from a cloudless sky upon the stagnant air in the fields of high *kowliang*. The Japanese lost 300 killed and wounded in the engagement, and the rout of the Chinese was complete. It was then decided to follow up the victory, and push on as quickly as possible to Yangtsun, which was the most important strategic position between Tientsin and Pekin. It is here that the railway crosses the river by a massive bridge, just beyond which was the highest point that Admiral Seymour had reached in his unsuccessful attempt to relieve the Legations. A serious but not unexpected obstacle was met with in the evening. The Chinese had flooded the country on the left bank of the river, and the allied troops had to retrace their steps and cross by the pontoon bridge to the right bank, except 6,000 Japanese, who made their way along by a high, narrow path between the inundated country and the river itself.

In the morning of the 6th the British were in advance of the combined forces. The enemy oc-

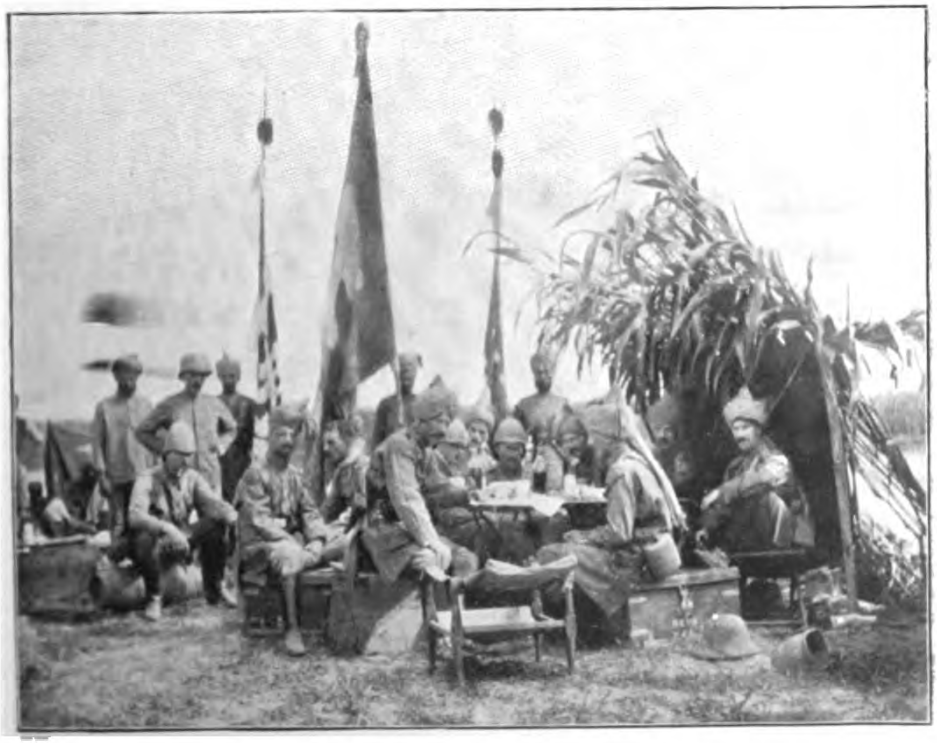
cupied an extremely strong position along the railway embankment, with their flank resting upon the village, which was close to the river where the railway crossed it. This position was attacked by the British in the centre, the Russians on the extreme left, but considerably in the rear, the Americans to the right of the British, and the 1st Bengal Lancers covering the extreme right flank.

The 1st Sikh Infantry were in advance as they extended for the attack, supported by the Welsh Fusiliers and the 24th Punjaub Infantry; the advance was covered by the fire of No. 12 Battery, R.F.A. The ground over which they had to advance was a dead level plain covered with high standing crops. At about three hundred yards' distance the enemy opened a very hot musketry fire, and also shelled the troops advancing for the attack by guns a considerable distance in their rear. The enemy's guns were not brought up to the line of the embankment. The Chinese fire was very hot, but the losses inflicted were slight owing to their firing being high and wild, and also possibly owing to the excellent cover afforded by the standing crops through which the Allies advanced.

The embankment was carried by a rush of the 1st Sikhs and the 24th Punjaub Infantry. The Chinese stampeded and fled in all directions through the thick cover before the Sikhs reached the crest of



FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MARCH.



OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BENGAL LANCERS, WITH CAPTURED CHINESE STANDARD.

the embankment. The Americans lost several men through being fired on by a Russian battery when they were close to the embankment. The only surprising thing was that more accidents of this kind did not happen. They probably would have if we had had more fighting, owing to a certain amount of confusion which naturally existed when no single general was in absolute command, not to speak of the confusion which arose owing to the difference of language.

It was evening when the last of the allied troops arrived at the village of Yangtsun. The Americans, British and French camped close to the railway bridge, having to cut down some fields of millet to make a clearance for their camping-ground. This green millet made excellent fodder for the horses, and was to be had in abundance all the way up along the march. The Chinese had torn up the rails along the railway line, and one span of the massive bridge they had endeavoured to blow up was so seriously injured as to make it impossible to render it safe for railway traffic. The scene was curiously interesting about sundown that evening. The Indian troops were very quick at pitching or breaking camp. Within a few minutes from when the order to halt was given, their fires were alight, and their bright, brass cooking vessels were to be seen all over the place, while their bakers and cooks were busily

engaged in flapping their peculiar cakes, which are something between a pancake and a griddle cake. The French expended more time and attention on their cooking, and seemed to be more industrious and successful in their foraging than any other soldiers.

Slowly and tardily the junks arrived, laboriously pulled up the stream by the line of coolies on the bank ; and great was the exasperation of those portions of the troops who had trusted to the junks to bring up their supplies. The day had been a very severe one owing to the excessive heat and dust. There had been two deaths from sunstroke, and a great number of men had fallen out through prostration from heat.

At the edge of the river bank at sunset it was curious to watch some of the devout Mohammedans amongst the troops spread their mats, and, taking off their shoes, kneel Meccawards to perform their evening devotions. Amongst their Christian companions in arms there were none to be seen similarly engaged. The progress made by the junks was so slow that the Allies had to wait on the 7th for the arrival of supplies, and the march was continued on the 8th. Hoshiwu was reached on the 9th, and the Bengal Lancers got a chance of engaging some Tartar cavalry, whom they charged through the high *kowliang*, punishing them severely and capturing a number of their flags.

Hoshiwu is a small village close to which is an arsenal in which is stored an enormous quantity of gunpowder as well as a supply of guns of the latest patterns. Just outside the village, the Chinese had made an attempt to divert the course of the river by digging an enormous trench in the direction of some low-lying ground. This work they had not had time to complete, however, owing to the rapid advance of the Allies, and it was extremely fortunate, as the consequences would have been serious if the level of the water, which was already low, had been still further decreased. This would have had the effect of preventing the junks coming up the river Pei-Ho at all.

We were to have the great battle of the march that day. So said the Japs, and they seemed to know more about the Chinese movements than any of the others; and they, as usual, were in advance. The Russians had formed the same opinion, that it was to be an eventful day.

To reach the Japs I had to pass the long column of Russians winding forward along the Peking road, that stands above the plain like a high railway embankment. There was something very big, solid and almost impressive in the sight of these thousands of men tramping on stolidly while dawn was just breaking into the clear brazen light of a scorching day.

The men might have been cast in bullet moulds;

thick-set, deep-chested, mostly fair-haired with clear complexions, they looked like healthy farm labourers carrying rifles instead of spades. I rode along for some time with General Stessels, who was at the head of the column, and had a naval officer on his staff who spoke English. The gift of languages commonly accredited to the Russians was not very manifest here, probably because this lot came from the wild east of Siberia.

The Russian uniform is nominally white, but it had been brought to an excellent shade of khaki by dust and dirt. We came to a little deserted village after passing two others on our right, and here we found a well of ice-cold water.

While resting under the welcome shade of a tree the boom of a gun came from the distance ahead. The fun seemed to be beginning, so it was time to hurry on. I left the Russians, and galloped on now through the low level plain on a path bordered on either side by high *kowliang*, too high to see over. The path was a canal of stagnant air.

The effect of the heat soon became apparent, as I came upon many Japs who had crawled into the partial shade of the stalks and leaves, and were lying completely overcome. I could not but pity our own boys and the Americans who would soon have to pass along the same road when the sun would be, if possible, still hotter.

Next I came upon the Japanese Field Hospital Corps—a little army in itself, with the most beautifully complete equipment of its kind I have ever seen. There was nothing to compare with it in any other army. Light, neat, serviceable, there was not an inch of space wasted, nor an ounce of unnecessary weight.

Further on the *kowliang* was not so high, only just level with the heads of the Japs, which made their yellow and white hats look in the distance like field flowers mingling with the long green leaves as one caught glimpses of their column winding through the bright shining green ahead. It was very interesting to see the Japs preparing to go into action.

It is simply wonderful how quickly they move. They seem to do everything at the double. Nothing can be prettier than to watch them at work.

They had kept their uniforms much cleaner than the Russians, and the movements of the little white figures could be followed distinctly even at a considerable distance.

It is astonishing to watch the rapidity with which they bring up their little field-guns and unlimber them smartly right in the firing line. Cheery, bright and intelligent, they are all keenly patriotic from general down to private. They were desperately anxious to push on, and the progress of the rest of the force had been through a country decorated with the white flag with the red rising sun in its centre.

They must have brought a multitude of these along with them, as every village and point of vantage gained in our progress was thus beflagged.

I am inclined to think that the Japanese have probably the best infantry in the world to-day, because in addition to assimilating ideas that could be usefully learnt in Europe, they have really improved upon them by the neat and practical way they have carried them out.

Taking the Allies all round, there is none that can lecture the other without giving an opening for the reply—*tu quoque!* A horrible lust of cruelty developed amongst the private soldiery of all nationalities, and pervaded them like some subtle miasma emanating from this evil-smelling land. Tommy Atkins is no aureoled twentieth-century edition of St. George, but there were things done by some of his companions in arms that he stuck at.[1]

He has still some feeling of mercy left for the women and children, even though they be those of his cruel enemy. For instance, that very day I noted yet another case of his refusing to take part in an outrage being perpetrated by another "foreign devil"—this time a Jap—and a feeling of keen regret seized me to think that such a rich torrent of Whitechapel as T. A. poured forth was being wasted on a fellow who could not understand a word of it.

[1] See Appendix V.

But it was soon evident that there was to be no great battle after all that day. A few shots were exchanged between the Japs and the enemy, and then the Bengal Lancers got a chance, that they gallantly availed themselves of, by sweeping through the high *kowliang*, scrunching and crashing, horses plunging, the tall green-plumed stalks waving and bending, the glitter of their leaves mingling with the bright gleam of the lances, and leaving a track behind like that of a whirlwind, from which they emerged with bloody blades and four captured standards.

After three days of just twelve hours each in the saddle, I decided to try a spell of travelling in one of the river junks, and turned my horse over to "Boxer" with instructions to ride him to the next encampment. Boxer is a great boy. He was a thorough out-and-out Boxer, and was taken prisoner red-handed at Tientsin by the Germans, and told off to a man to be shot; but Boxer just laughed in the face of that fair-haired, blue-eyed German as he was going to shoot him, and the German felt that he could not shoot at that laughing face, so Boxer laughs on, reprieved through his second lease of life, and, perhaps to laugh the better, polishes his teeth and gums with a rough silken cloth, and Boxer has the most beautiful ivory.

We had four coolies towing the junk up-stream who had to be carefully watched in order to prevent them from bolting into the *kowliang*, and leaving

us in the lurch. A great number of coolies had succeeded in getting away in this manner, but at intervals the corpses of others were to be seen—of those who had just failed in the attempt.

That evening it seemed as if an immense gun had been fired over our heads quite close to us. It was the explosion of the powder magazine at Hoshiwu. A big, mushroom-like growth of dun grey cloud, magnificent in the thick density of its volume, rose up far behind us, enough to impress the Chinamen for miles around with some idea of the earthquaking force of the foreign devils. That great mushroom of powder smoke was now slowly mingling with the clouds, and the coolies were pulling our boat along by a long line from our masthead noiselessly, while a swishing gurgle of water fringed the floating room in which I sat.

It was a surprising thing on this march that the troops did not suffer more owing to drinking the filthy water of the Pei-Ho. Those that travelled by the junks were obliged to drink it, and many of those in the camps along the banks did so rather than go to the trouble of drawing it from the nearest well. It perpetually appears to be the case with Tommies of all nationalities, that when they become really thirsty, orders or officers are unable to prevent them drinking, no matter how injurious the water may be. It was bad

enough for bathing purposes, but the heat was so intolerable that, in the evenings, the men were glad to have a chance of a swim even in such soup-like fluid. One tried to forget the burden of corpses that it was bearing downwards—corpses of women as well as men.

I was having a swim one evening when my foot struck against something, and, looking round, I saw the yellow-skinned cheek and shoulder of a corpse drifting past me. It rather put me off bathing for a day or two. It was generally understood that many of the corpses of women were of those who had committed suicide.[1]

On the arrival of the Allies in Tung-Chow, they were actually to be found in the water in the act of drowning themselves, and several were hauled out and forcibly prevented by the soldiers.

It was a curious contrast, this tranquil movement in the track of war. The coolies were pulling up the junks before and behind us on either bank, on board which were Cossacks, Indians, Japs and Tommies and the Naval Brigade. The sun had just gone down, and showed the glare of a burning village behind us, and the flames of another pulsating the column of smoke that rose from one ahead. Over a small lakelet of water we glided silently past a line of Chinese boats, captured by the Japs, all

[1] See Appendix V.

lined up on the shore. From them over the stillness of the water came the crying of a little child—the querulous teething cry of a baby too young as yet to have "any language but a cry". On this water-track of war, torchlit with burning villages along which was moving the army of Babel, this little cry alone was familiar to them all.

"Just listen to that bloomin' kid," said a Tommy near us, and a rough, grizzled-looking Cossack on the boat behind, hearkening to the cry, said something to a fellow near him which in Russian I am sure meant "Just listen to that bloomin' kid," and at the sound a turbanned Sikh, seeming to hear an echo from his home by the far-off Indus, sat up suddenly, and smiled the reflection of the smile that lit up the face of the Cossack.

Our boat arrived at the British camp at Matou about 5.30 on Saturday evening.

The wonder is that we arrived at all. We stuck six times, had collisions with junks belonging to every nationality in the Allied Force, carried away our rudder, nearly dismasted a Cossack boat, and lost our tempers every ten minutes with the thermometer about 110° in the shade, if there were such a thing as shade or thermometer thereabouts.

I had been looking forward to a day in the boat, so that I might quietly write a letter in what I thought would be a sort of peaceful aquatic study.

A journey down to Epsom on Derby day would have been a tranquil opportunity in comparison.

When the junks arrived, and their crews of cosmopolitan amateur bargees disembarked, we found that the British troops had been resting all day, and were going to march in the cool of the evening.

Hitherto the hottest part of the day had been invariably selected for marching, with disastrous results, even the Indian troops not being able to stand what they had no experience of in India.

There was no necessity for going along the dusty road with the troops, so we waited until about ten o'clock to follow them.

It was a glorious night as three of us started together.

The full moon was high in a cloudless sky, and a light haze hung over the fields. A whiter one rested like a twisted veil of gauze along the course of the canal.

We all had a general idea of where we were to go, and individual discrepancies of opinion as to the exact path to be taken. It was all very well as long as the road of the railway embankment continued along the edge of the canal, but when we got down on the plain, with paths like a railway junction, things became slightly more involved.

Mile after mile we rode on without seeing a human being. We stopped occasionally to light matches and consult the compass, or dismounted

to examine by matchlight or moonlight the foot-prints and tracks on the road.

There was not a sound to be heard, except, as we passed by trees, the rustling, whirring crescendo and diminuendo of the grasshoppers, or "knife-grinders," as they call them in China, which term is fairly descriptive of their noise.

We rode through a village absolutely deserted, its empty houses looking very ghostly in the moonlight. One side of the street was in deep shadow. The very narrow ones leading off from it looked and smelt like dark sewers. The dogs were still there, and slunk round the corners silently. They would have barked at us undoubtedly if the village still held its usual inhabitants, but now shrank away noiselessly.

The fear seemed to be on them that was on the whole land—an impalpable terror seemed even to have affected these ghoulish devil dogs. Their sinister companions, the black pigs, would also start up unexpectedly from under our horses' feet, and scurry off, disappearing into the black shadows. But in their final both dogs and pigs it must be owned, fared better than their masters.

After emerging again into the open country, we calculated after a while that we had covered ten or twelve miles, and should have reached the British camp by this time if we had not gone wrong altogether.

The shadows were stretching longer as the moon

went down, and it was anything but a nice prospect to wander in the dark through a country infested with our murderous enemy.

We had stopped again to examine the road for tracks at the bottom of a slight slope covered with high *kowliang*, when we heard a noise above us, and immediately after we caught a glimpse of first one and then another figure running in our direction.

We could vaguely make out by the uncertain light that the upper half of their bodies was naked. We lost sight of them in the *kowliang* which rustled as they apparently approached.

"Who is there?" one of us shouted. A voice came from the leaves in a tongue unknown to any of us.

I drew my revolver, thinking we were fairly in for it now.

One of them stepped suddenly out into the moonlight, shouting something again, and then we recognised the new-comers. They were the Sikhs apparently engaged in looking for water, as each carried a brass bowl in his hand.

I certainly felt a sense of relief at the discovery, and we all felt gratified to find from them that the British camp was quite close. Most of the men were already asleep when we arrived, and so were we in a few minutes, lying on the grassy slope round a quaintly ornamented tomb.

CHAPTER IV.

IN TUNG-CHOW—AN ORGIE OF PILLAGE AND RAPINE—RE-DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH—A DISAGREEABLE NIGHT VISITOR—WITH THE JAPS TO PEKIN—SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE ALLIES—AN ENGLISH OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN—PEKIN REACHED—ATTEMPT TO STORM THE GATEHOUSE.

We slept soundly with our saddles for pillows, and woke in the morning with our clothes drenched with dew, also a soreness in my right hip reminded me that when one has to make one's bed on the ground, it is always worth while, no matter how tired one may be, to scoop out a hole for the hip joint.

The British camp was already astir, and I pushed on after the Japs, who were in advance. No opposition was offered to their entering the city of Tung-Chow, although the walls were just as strongly and formidably built as those of Pekin. The Japs and Russians had already entered. They were going through the shops, stores and rich houses of this wealthy city.

Tung-Chow is probably richer commercially than Pekin. All the river trade down to Tientsin passes through it, and it contains even richer pawnshops than Pekin itself. These pawnshops are very im-

portant institutions in China, not only because they contain rich securities on which money is advanced, but because they are used as storing places for valuables by the general public—jewellery, costly furs, precious jade, and works of art of all sorts and descriptions are to be found within them. And for those who were intent on looting, no greater find could be discovered than a prosperous pawnshop.

Apparently about three-fourths of the inhabitants had fled the city. Nearly all the houses and shops were deserted, all the well-to-do inhabitants had left, and their houses were in most cases left in charge of one or two trusty servants.

Going along the streets, we passed groups of soldiers here and there helping themselves to fodder for their horses from the grain shops, breaking open the doors or windows of shops that were closed, and ransacking their contents.[1] Hovering around them, vulture-like, were some of the lowest class of the native population, whose desire to share in the spoil was sufficiently strong to overcome their fears. It was a curious sight to watch that great wealthy town almost deserted by its inhabitants, and completely at the mercy of the soldiers. Imagine Liverpool or Manchester being in the same position. Yet the soldiers realised that with all this wealth lying at their mercy, they could not carry away

[1] See Appendix I.

much. Men were to be seen tying up bundles of the best they could cram into the smallest possible compass, and then throwing their bundles aside when they discovered something better.

It was difficult, almost impossible, for officers to keep their men under control in the labyrinth of these narrow streets. And there was one section of the town at least in which the Russian soldiers appeared to be doing just what they pleased. They seemed to be giving themselves up to the intoxication of a veritable orgie of looting and rapine.[1]

Passing along the sunken road between the city wall and some high ground on which houses were built, I could hear the shouts of Russians mingled with screams proceeding from the houses. There was a sheer drop of considerable height between the walls of the houses and the stony road below. At the base of the cliff two Chinese girls were lying. Their legs were bundled under them in a way that showed they had jumped from the height above. From their richly embroidered silken tunics and trousers, their elaborate coiffure and their compressed feet, they were evidently ladies. They were moaning piteously, and one of them appeared to be on the point of death. Their legs or hips had apparently been broken or dislocated by their jump. As I went towards them, the one who appeared least injured

[1] See Appendix V.

shrank from me with an expression of loathing and horror, until I offered her a drink out of my water-bottle. Her delicate, childish, little hand trembled violently on mine as she drank eagerly from it. The other was almost too far gone to swallow. The hoarse cries of the soldiers, mingled occasionally with a sobbing scream, came from the houses above, telling what they had tried so desperately to escape from. They lay there helpless, evidently in excruciating pain under a brazen sun that beat down on the deserted, dusty road. There was no one within reach to come to their assistance. And there was nothing for it but to leave them there, as many under similar circumstances had had to be left during our previous march of several days. This scene was typical rather than singular. In a large number of Chinese houses in the villages we passed on our way up, and in Pekin itself, it was no unusual sight to see an entire family lying dead side by side on the *kang*, where they had suffocated themselves, or to see them suspended from the rafters of their houses, where they had committed suicide by hanging.

The Japs and Russians billeted themselves in the houses. I selected one that had been left in the care of an old man-servant and his wife in which to occupy the night. It had just been entered by two or three Cossacks, whom I turned out. These great,

rough, half savages are really very biddable; they were quite amenable to authority confidently assumed, even without any reason, such as mine. By so doing I earned the profuse gratitude of the old servant, who showed me over the house, and explained to me that its late occupant was a scholar, one of the *literati*. There were a quantity of books there, and he must have been an art connoisseur and collector, for the rooms were full of curious *objets d'art*. Besides this, in a couple of rooms were large presses of black mahogany, and solid camphor-wood boxes filled with costly garments of fur, silk and embroideries. He made tea for me, and then I got him to bring paper, ink and a writing-brush, and I wrote a notice which he affixed to the outer door, intimating that this house was the property and Tung-Chow office of the *Daily Express* and *The Sphere*, and that there was no admittance except on business. The notice probably did not convey much to the Russian and Japanese soldiers. But when some of these managed to make their way in, I led them sternly to the door, pointed to the notice, and signed to them to be gone. And they bewent.

I left the house in the afternoon intending to return and sleep there, but coming back in three or four hours, found that my notice had not acted as an effectual protection.[1] The house had been

[1] See Appendix I.

thoroughly ransacked from top to bottom, the presses had been burst open, the camphor boxes disembowelled of their contents, windows and mirrors had been broken, and fragments of porcelain and china were mingled with the embroideries and draperies that strewed the yard, and were knee-deep on the floors of the rooms. Pictures hanging on the walls were slashed and scored evidently by bayonets, and therefore probably by Russians, who always carried them fixed to their rifles. In the centre of the yard sat the old man with his arm bleeding from a bayonet thrust, and his wife beside him trying to staunch the flow of blood. This scene may be considered typical of hundreds of houses in the same town. So heaped were the rooms with chaotic piles of wreckage that I could not sleep there, but went out to the British camp, which was outside the walls.

At a great pond on the edge of the town I passed some hundreds of Japs having their evening bath. Their native habits of cleanliness they carried with them everywhere on the march, and in their camps one perpetually saw numbers of them, wherever water was to be found, bathing or washing their clothes.

The British camp was at the edge of the river, and the soldiers were not allowed inside the town. Very stringent orders had been given by General Gaselee that day against looting, and some men had been severely punished. If the other generals had

taken the same view of the looting question that General Gaselee did, the campaign of the Allies would not have been disgraced by the plundering of innocent people in the way it was.

By the way, what a fine specimen of manhood he was to have in command of the British forces—a pair of bright, deep-set eyes under dark eyebrows, then a heavy, grey moustache, and a broad, well-filled-out chest, splashed with the colours of many ribbons. The chest must indicate the straight back behind, which cannot otherwise be included in the picture, because you must sketch him full-face, as somehow or other that is the way he faces you and everything else. The straight back, broad chest and full, level look are all part of the inward as well as the outward man. If it were desired to make a Pekin Expedition picture of him, he might be drawn riding at the head of his staff, or depicted up to his knees in the mud under the watergate, racing for all he was worth to be the first to relieve the Legations; or, with the glorious background of the Temple of Heaven behind him, he might be shown on the white marble steps pointing indignantly to a broken piece of the carved balustrade, and giving *toko* to certain officers for allowing the men to commit such an outrage; or he might be taken bending in a characteristic attitude to listen attentively with his best ear (one is slightly deaf) to some less towering interrogator.

GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE.

JAPANESE ON THE TUNGCHOW-PEKIN ROAD.

To get his face expressive of a "big, big D," you would have to speak to him first of the delights of commanding a composite force worked on a plan of watertight compartments.

The duty of a diplomatist to lie abroad for the benefit of his country he considers quite outside a soldier's duty. At the game of war he would take on any players, or even I believe all together, if they came that way, with equal readiness. But there are other games he does not care for, and what "isn't cricket," and what is not in the rules of the game, he will not stoop to. When other officers of other forces agreed to do a certain thing, or to start at a certain time, he presumed they would do so. If, in order to gain some advantage, they exceeded the numbers agreed upon, or started before the agreed time, why, "*machi*," as they say in China, he was not going to do it.

Cruelty to women and destitute people who have not taken to flight, but remained, possibly secure in the consciousness of their own innocence, he abhors.

Proud of his troops, and justly of every detail of their performance during the trying relief march, he was a fine specimen of an English officer and a gentleman, a specimen that his countrymen might well feel proud of in that International Military Tournament.

I dined with the Bengal Lancers, who had their

mess in a great open timber yard by the river bank. We all slept in the open in that same yard, and those who could find some sawdust thankfully took possession of the softer couch it afforded. I do not know how long I slept, but I was awakened by something touching my face. It was with an uncomfortable feeling I realised it was one of those carrion dogs.

The night was dark, and there was only an indistinct hairy outline with pointed ears, but his filthy breath stank unmistakably. He darted away as I awoke; but, lurching through the gloom, were the shadowy forms of many others of his kind. These loathsome brutes were particularly annoying when camping on the ground at night, and one had a disagreeable feeling that they might bite off a sample to investigate as to whether the sleeper was really a corpse or not. It was difficult to get much sleep with these ghoulish brutes around, and I got into the saddle with the first light of day. We all felt that momentous things were going to happen before sundown.

Leaving the British camp, I rode along through a populous suburb outside the southern wall. The air was laden with indescribably foul smells, which never seemed so bad as in these early morning hours. Then I passed through the narrow gateway which pierced the enormously thick walls, and from there

had to make my way to the gate on the opposite side, from which the Tung-Chow road led to Pekin.

A most extraordinary sight the streets of the city presented.[1] The narrow streets, filled with densely-packed houses, were still shrouded in shadow, as the sun had not risen. Yet they were alive with moving figures. Thousands of the very lowest class of the population who had been invisible on the previous day turned up from goodness knows where, and were now bent on looting the houses of their more wealthy countrymen who had forsaken them. A complete and extraordinary redistribution of wealth was in progress, a redistribution far more drastic, sudden and practical than had ever been dreamed of by the most advanced socialist.

Filthy, half-naked beggars and coolies staggered along under bundles of furs and rolls of silk. Others carried tables and chairs on their heads. All were scurrying like ants, one line going up one side of the narrow streets, and another continuous line on the other. And then what a picture the opened shops presented on either side! The fronts of nearly every one were bashed in, and the contents tossed about topsy-turvy, and mixed and shaken together more thoroughly than by an earthquake. These were the gleaners of the harvest of loot, of which the Allied soldiers had started the reaping the previous

[1] See Appendix I.

day. But, on the whole, I should say that the gleaners got more than the reapers.

Tung-Chow is not a city of rich palaces, temples or yamens, but of wealthy merchants, rich pawnshops and prosperous tradesmen. How curious it would be to know what was the final result of this redistribution of wealth in Tung-Chow! How terrible must have been the sufferings and hardships endured by its inhabitants who had to take to flight so suddenly!

I led my horse into a shop where there were many kinds of grain, some quite unfamiliar to me, in barrels, and let him help himself to what he preferred, a task to which he addressed himself with considerable industry. Then I pushed on to the West Gate, which was surmounted by Japanese flags and held by Japanese soldiers, and came up with the Japs as they were marching along the great stone road from Tung-Chow to Pekin. It is made of huge blocks of stone, and stands several feet above the ground on either side. Worn by centuries of cartwheels, the edges of the blocks are rounded off, here and there odd ones are missing, and rapid travelling on it would break the springs of any vehicle in the world.

The Chinese had fled from the houses on either side of the road, except at one where two or three old men had tea prepared and melons sliced up, which they offered to us with much *kow-towing.*

It was a hot, tiring day marching along that paved road. The country on either side was beautiful and luxuriant. Here, as in many other places on our march up, the country was strikingly reminiscent of English scenes, with its clumps of old trees and its luxuriant fields, until the curved gable of a joss-house or a richly carved or moss-grown tomb destroyed the illusion. All along the road were numerous wayside joss-houses deserted by their priests and their josses overthrown. The Japanese advance guard captured several natives, and, as far as could be learnt from them, it appeared that the Chinese were preparing to make a stubborn resistance at the walls of Pekin. If this were to be the case, it might be that the Allies would have a sufficiently difficult task before them to delay the relief of the Legations for several days.

The Japs advanced to within about three miles of the Eastern Gate, and then halted for the night. As they were to make an early start in the morning, and to prevent any chance of being left behind, I pushed on with two or three other correspondents to the most advanced picket that they had on the road. Here about seven or eight Japs were stationed in a joss-house. Of course it was deserted by the priests, and one or two of the big, gaudily painted idols were knocked over. There was the usual courtyard inside, surrounded by dwelling-rooms, one of which

we took possession of. The inhabitants had fled, but a couple of dogs still hung about the deserted premises. This picket was a considerable distance in advance of the main body of the Japs. A couple of my friends who were possessed of Pekin carts and mules brought them into the courtyard and unharnessed them.

As night came on a drizzling rain began to fall, and one of the dogs kept howling dismally. It was not a cheerful spot that ruined and deserted joss-house. About nine o'clock we heard some desultory firing on our left at a considerable distance. Half-an-hour later a few shots, apparently fired not so far away, came from the direction of the Eastern Gate.

However, tired with the day's hot marching, we turned in. But it appeared to me that I had only been a few minutes asleep when I found myself being shaken violently, and one of my *confrères* telling me to turn out at once. The crackle of irregular rifle-fire was in the air, and the sound seemed to be coming from three sides of us. The night was dark, and, with mules and carts to encumber us, our position was not as comfortable as it might have been. What if the Japanese picket should fall back and leave us to be surrounded by a horde of Chinese? Momentarily the rifle-fire increased, and appeared also to be coming closer to us. I went out of the door to see if the Japs were still there. They were still in

front of the joss-house, keenly on the alert, and peering into the darkness. The man in command said something, but what it was I could not understand. However, my companions were already harnessing the mules and putting them to the carts, and it seemed clearly the best thing for us to fall back on the main body. "More hurry, less speed." The only light we had was the end of a spluttering old candle found in the joss-house. To add to the confusion, a couple of mules developed a more than ordinary amount of mule-like obstinacy. As I was saddling my horse the familiar whistle of a bullet sounded in the air above my head, and the pitter-patter of rifle-fire all around was on the increase. However, we managed to get the horses saddled, the mules put to the carts eventually, and started back along the rocky old road.

Some distance behind we came upon the main body of the Japs. One obliging little fellow, who was on sentry duty outside a ruined house, pointed to his rug, which was on the ground, for me to lie on, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep again.

I woke with the steady tramp of marching men in my ears. There were the Japs plodding along the road at my feet. It was the first twilight of early dawn, and their forms were shadowy and indistinct. It had a dreamy effect. Midway between sleeping

and waking I saw General Fukushima pass close beside me with an angry expression on his face, gesticulating to a couple of officers who rode beside him. In a few minutes I was in the saddle again, and, meeting a Japanese officer who could speak English, learnt from him the meaning of the firing last night. It appeared that the Russians had made a premature attack on the wall before the time that had been agreed upon by the Generals. They had been fighting all night, but apparently without much success, as the Russian General had sent to Fukushima after midnight for reinforcements. But the latter refused to accede to his request on account of his having begun the attack before the appointed time. The story runs that the officer who brought Fukushima the message said that if they had support from the Japanese the combined force could succeed in making an entrance through the wall into the city, and that Fukushima replied, "What about the Americans and British?" Whereupon the Russian officer, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Why need we trouble about them if we can do without them?" But that Fukushima replied that he had undertaken to begin the attack at a certain time, and he should stand to his undertaking.

The day that was now breaking I felt was to be a momentous one. The fate of the Legations would probably be revealed before night. I pushed on by

the side of the stone road, and got to the head of the Japanese column. I had just reached the advance guard when the sound of rifle shots came from the thick wood with high undergrowth that spread on either side of the road at this point. The sharp, bitter whir of bullets passing close sounded like whip-cuts. The Japanese deployed quickly into the cover on either side. Quite suddenly the fire increased, and in a few seconds we were in the middle of a brisk, but extremely mysterious, skirmish. A Japanese was dropped alongside, and wounded men appeared from the wood, being carried by their companions.

The main body had halted, and for ten minutes this desultory firing went on. The bullets came swishing and pattering through the foliage from the invisible foe. Suddenly the shrubs parted quite close to me, and a Russian officer jumped his horse into the road. He spoke excitedly to the nearest Japs, but could not make them understand. I knew him, having met him with General Stessels. He could speak a little English, and told me excitedly that it was the Russians the Japs were engaging, and that already a couple of Russians had been killed. As Fukushima's staff was only a few yards behind, the state of things was promptly explained, and orders were given immediately to cease firing. What gave rise to

the mistake was that some Chinese snipers had fired a few shots on our left, to which the Japs had replied. The Russians, who were still farther to the left, were tickled up by this, and opened fire in reply, and so these two portions of the Allied Troops became engaged in a little skirmish, the trees and thick undergrowth effectually screening them from each other.

The march was resumed after this incident, and on we went, until, rounding a slight bend of the road, the great wall of Pekin and the massive gatehouse came into view. At the end of the road outside for about a quarter of a mile from the wall, were streets and lanes with various-shaped houses packed closely together, then a moat traversed by a broad stone bridge, and beyond rose the huge gatehouse impressive in its suggestion of massiveness and immobility. The actual gate did not appear from outside, but was round on the right of the gatehouse. There was first the outer gate which led into a large yard, and then an inner one which pierced the wall itself.

I went along the street with the leading Japanese. The houses were all closed, not a living soul was visible. Our footsteps echoed on the flags, and when we halted the only thing that broke the stillness was the sound of a racking cough, as if proceeding from some very old man or woman

in one of the shuttered houses, and probably too decrepit to get away.

On the right hand side of the main street of this suburb was a magnificent temple, on either side of the entrance of which were two immense stone lions. There was no sign of life or motion on the wall or gatehouse. Gradually the main body of the Japanese came up, and, as they arrived, halted, occupying the middle of the road. It was strange that the Chinese had not opened fire. Could it be that, as at Tung-Chow, they had abandoned the town, and that we were going to capture it without opposition?

Line after line of the white-uniformed figures came up alongside. An air of expectancy was on everyone's face. They talked but little, and one could hear that strange old racking cough coming from the closed house.

Then they filed up the street gradually. Their way was curved, and, as the soldiers rounded the bend, the great Gatehouse Tower, a menacing mystery, confronted them at the end of the street. There were some moving right forward, and some Japs were going towards the gate, when spit, bang, patter —a hellish fire at short range swept on the crowded mass of Japanese troops. The whistle of the Mausers and other small-bore rifles was familiar to my ears, but a new note was sounded by the Chinese gingals.

Just as men take care of their new hats, and girls their newest clothes, so, when there was a sudden hail of deadly missiles, helter-skelter everybody made for the side of the street as fast as he could. A little Jap on one side of me was hit through the ankle, another on my left was shot through the arm. The former was hopping to the side of the street, when I just put my arm round him, and we bundled into a blind alley, which seemed to be one of the receptacles for all the dirt and refuse of the neighbourhood. We drew breath as we crowded in, and I found myself alongside of General Fukushima. The lame duck of a Japanese and I sat down inside, and two or three others. It was perfect shelter, but the bullets were pattering like hail on the wall outside us. There was a swinging sign from a pawnbroker's shop in the next building which jerked and swung as the bullets hit it. The men on the opposite side were crowded close to the houses, and bending low to escape the fire.

Ours was a very smelly, dirty, little place, the smelliest I think that I have ever been in. But any place was good enough to get away from the storm of bullets that were pattering on the wall outside. Then orderlies darted up to the General, and stood for a moment without, until we made them get in for shelter.

Turning to me, Fukushima said, "In twenty

minutes we shall have blown up the gate, after which we will take it by assault".

Then the Japanese engineers went forward one by one until twenty minutes passed and expanded into half an hour. With cheerful and unwavering gallantry these men went forward to blow up that gate, across the open space over the bridge, from which they could be fired on by hundreds of Chinese. The attempt was absolutely hopeless. It was not that there was any wavering amongst them after ten had been shot. It appeared as if the whole lot would not have wavered if they were ordered to follow by their officers. But it was a task that the bravest man could not accomplish. When the first went forward in the expectation of success, and under a hot fire, the men were ordered to advance up the street. They did it at the double, starting with their little "One, two, one, two" cry, cheery and singing. Then they sought shelter farther up, for there was no use in assaulting until the gate could be blown up, and the Chinese on the wall effectually prevented their doing so. The street being now clear of the Japs, who were sheltering on either side, the Chinese fire slackened. And then it was realised that the attempt on the gate was impossible. The Japanese artillery was then brought into action on some elevated ground beyond the suburb and opened fire on the wall and gate.

The next six hours presented one of the most picturesque scenes that I have ever witnessed in war. There were sixty-four guns altogether playing on that gate, some firing shrapnel only, some firing time fuse and impact shells. It was a bright, clear day, without a cloud in the sky. The shells kept whooping over our heads, and little puffs of smoke over the gatehouse and over the wall showed where the shrapnel were exploding. But the great, solid old gatehouse stood steadily while it was being pock-marked all over by the shells. There was a grey tiled roof over it. Here and there, where a shell struck the edge, a piece would be taken out like the bite of a child on a piece of bread and butter.

I went to have a look at the gunners, and there saw one of the brightest war pictures I have ever seen. Their guns were of very light calibre, some of those tiny ones which on the way up they pulled with them almost right into the firing line. There were the little Japs, looking very dapper in their white uniforms with their yellow-streaked caps, all working like marionettes at their guns. Then came the sound of the sudden kick back of these little war dogs, as they spat their rather impotent projectile against that great mass of centuries-old masonry. There was practically no reply from the wall. About three or four shells were sent back, and one was near to having disastrous effects. On the rickety

roof of a Chinese house had gathered General Yamaguchi, General Fukushima and the military attachés of the English and American armies, when one of these shells burst right over their heads. About two yards lower and it would have got the whole crowd. It would have been a simply immense bag for one shot. It was very pretty to watch the Japanese gun practice, and extremely good gun-practice it was. One could imagine what consternation that rain of shrapnel must have been occasioning in the streets behind the gate, but it was really doing little damage to the gate itself. At the latter they might as well have been firing from so many pea-shooters.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT TO A TEMPLE—A WELCOME BATH AND A BUDDHIST HOST—A VEGETARIAN DINNER—THE GATES BLOWN UP—THE JAPS ENTER PEKIN—DISAPPOINTMENT AT FINDING THE LEGATIONS ALREADY RELIEVED.

AFTER waiting for some time, I went up the street again, and entered the great temple on the right hand side, the outer courts of which were by this time occupied by the Japanese. One part was being used as a field hospital, and already the wounded men were being treated by their surgeons, their instruments were spread out, and the hospital orderlies quietly working amongst rows of stretchers as if they had been settled there for the past week.

The temple had a series of great courts, in one of which huge memorial tablets, with elaborate inscriptions and richly carved, were standing in rows, some of them borne on the backs of stone tortoises, the Chinese emblem of immortality. Court after moss-grown court succeeded each other, the foliage of the trees harmonising delightfully with the brilliantly tiled roofs and heavy wooden columns, painted enamel and tarnished gilding. Beyond those courts occupied by the Japanese everything

was most peaceful. There was a hush of sanctity about the place, and inside the temple chambers an aromatic odour of incense hung in the quiet air. Yet in the clear blue above the shells whooped in their curved course, and the gingals responded with a sullen sound.

But beyond these courts of the temple were what appeared to be the presbytery and cloisters of the priests. After traversing a labyrinth of passages I came upon closed doors. Hearing some sound within I knocked repeatedly, and finally one was opened by an old man. He was in a terrible state of fright, and I tried to reassure him with pacific demonstrations. He opened the door, and with innumerable bows showed me in. Within was a beautiful court, surrounded by delightfully cool, furnished rooms. In the courtyard some beautiful flowers were in bloom, marble-topped tables and polished chairs of dark wood were around. Everything was spotlessly clean in this sacerdotal dwelling. There were only three or four very old servants remaining.

I pantomimed to him that I was excessively hungry and thirsty, and wanted something to eat and drink. He was only too anxious to satisfy my wants, and in a few moments the old fellows were fussing about in the kitchen preparing something or other. A small boy turned up mysteri-

ously. He seemed greatly interested in the whooping of the shells overhead. There was a well in the centre of the courtyard which presented a delightful opportunity of getting a bath, for which I had been longing for the last four days. It was just that long since I had taken my clothes off, and they felt as if a sardine-opener would be the most appropriate means of divesting myself of them. I started the small boy to work the bucket in the well, and soon was enjoying the exquisite pleasure of pouring the ice-cold water all over myself. When I had enjoyed this to my heart's content, one of the old chaps was gesticulating with mysterious signs to one side of the court. Following his indications, I found myself in a room which appeared to be an immense sacerdotal wardrobe, drawers and presses of all sorts filled with clothes were round the walls, clean, well-washed linen and underclothes, and the most elaborately embroidered vestments were lying there carefully folded. There were gauze garments, ideal for bathing wrappers, and I arrayed myself in a complete suit of the most comfortable of them.

By this time my find had been discovered by a couple of other correspondents and one of the military attachés, who quickly followed my example as regards the bath and change of clothes. When they had finished, our sacerdotal hosts had laid out

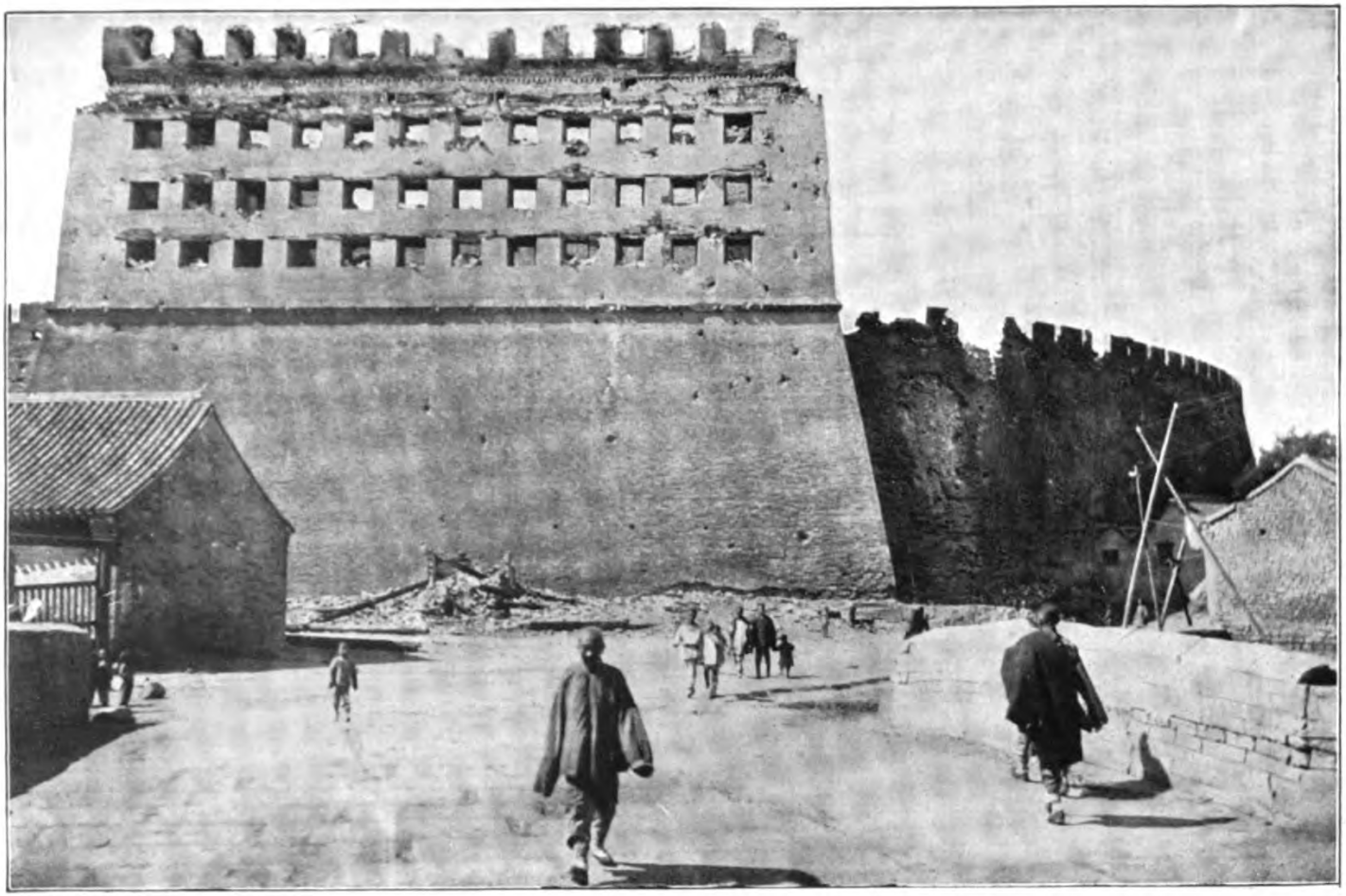
tea in one of the rooms—delicious tea. It was served in delicate porcelain cups, and it was followed by various vegetables and vegetable soups. They appeared, from the gesticulations of one of them, not to have any fowl or meat. Of course they had no bread, but they gave us some well-cooked rice, and wound up the repast with some sweet and sugary cakes. They brought up pipes and Chinese tobacco, and we enjoyed a delightfully quiet smoke after our feed.

There was a soothing Buddhistic calm about the place. What an ideal spot for monastic contemplation! What an air of perfect tranquillity about it! What a complete withdrawal from the world! The old pictures about the walls, as well as the flowers in the strong sunlight, were ideal for that complete renunciation of things mundane by which alone devout Buddhists can hope to reach Nirvana. But still the silence was broken every few minutes by the whoop of shells overhead. It was difficult to realise the drama that was being enacted outside those peaceful walls. But we had to interrupt our quiet siesta, and go out and see what was in progress.

General Fukushima had determined to make another attempt to blow up the gate as soon as the darkness would give cover to his engineers. The firing had ceased, and we could see the opera-

tions in progress for the final effort which was shortly to be made. The houses on both sides of the long street had by this time been occupied by the Japanese soldiers, and as darkness came on many of the men lay down to get a little sleep, whilst others occupied themselves in going through the contents of the shops. It was with difficulty that I found space to lie down. The Japs were rummaging all over the back of the shop in which I was, and I had just dropped off to sleep when I was awakened by a loud explosion, quickly followed by another. I knew what that meant. It was the gate being blown up at last.

In a few seconds outside the doors the Japs were passing up at the double. Everything was awake now. There they were running forward with their "One, two, one, two" war chant. The Chinese had opened fire again from the wall, almost as hot as that wherewith they had greeted us in the morning. The Japanese had to get along by creeping close to the houses on either side. It was a fine night, and the moon had just risen. There was no use in returning the Chinese fire. On they went on both sides of the street, taking advantage of every projecting corner. Gusts of bullets stormily swept down in their faces. Then the men halted at the last corner. There was a broad open space until the gatehouse itself was reached. The fire was very severe on the



EASTERN GATE AFTER BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE BY JAPANESE.

bridge. The Japs were pressed close to the wall behind every coign of protection. But my goodness, how they did enjoy it! How they sang and cheered! It was sufficient to shout "*Jow ju Nippon*" (Long live Japan), and a ringing cheer answered.

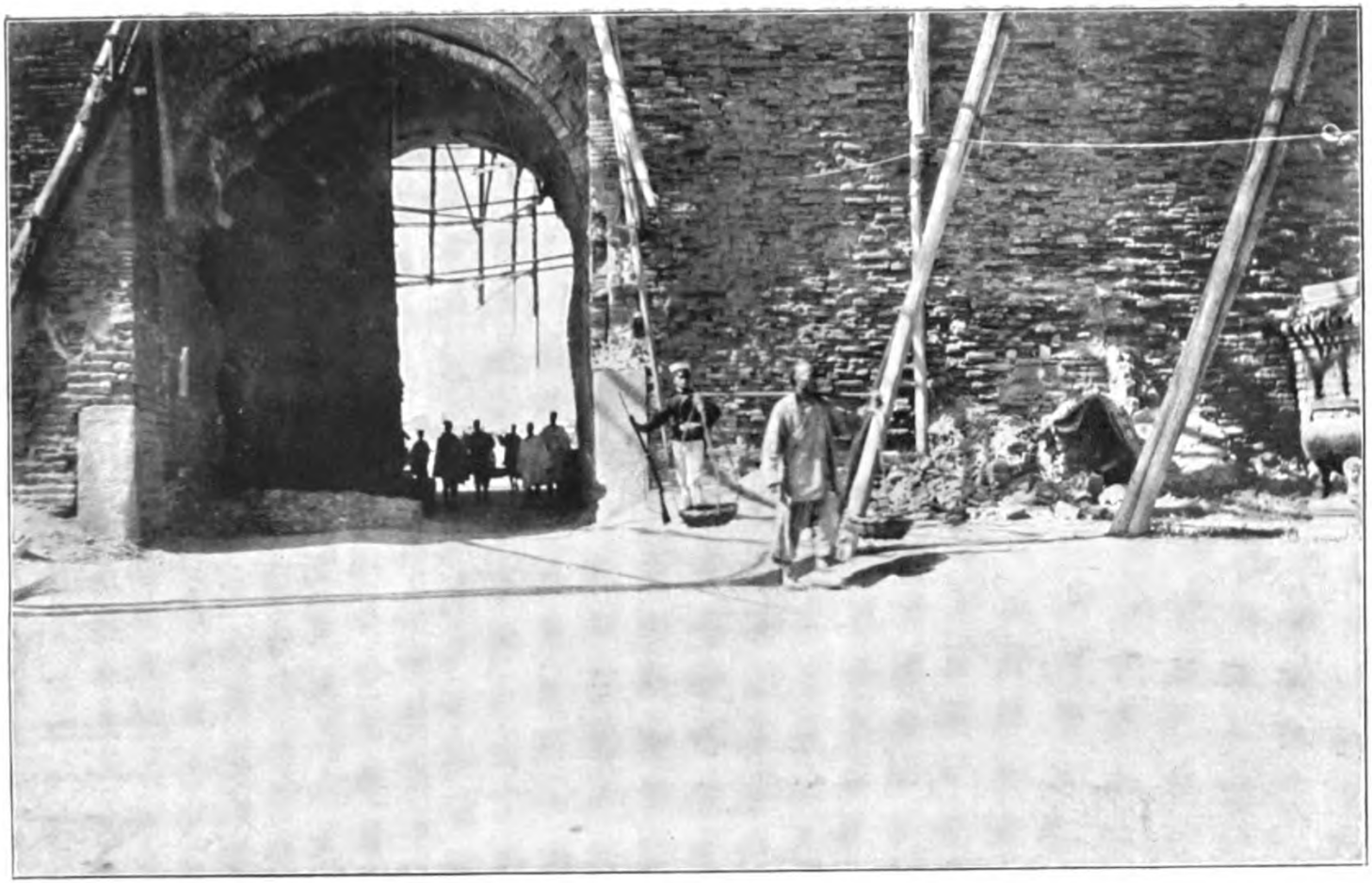
They went forward across the open space in batches. I went with the rush of a lot of one of them, and did a hundred yards in my record time. From a high wall above us the Chinese kept firing away. There was deep shadow below outside the walls, and when we got under the heavy gate there was protection from fire. And thus a corner of the courtyard was passed. Here the scene was stirring and dramatic to a degree.

The Chinese still kept firing from the high walls above us, every shot making a hundred echoes in the courtyard; the white uniforms of the little Japs showed up even in the inky shadows, and their fixed bayonets gleamed. There was a rattle of accoutrements and of steel upon stone, and all the time they sang.

The final rush was through the inner gate; the tall massive wooden doors bossed and studded with iron had been blown inwards. One of them was still partly in position, and lay slanting downwards from the top, the other was blown almost to the ground. The deep circular archway of the gateway overhead made an ebony frame for the ivory moon-

light picture within. We ran along the slanting door, and as I jumped from the end of it to the ground I almost jumped on top of a soldier who was in the act of skewering a Chinaman to the earth with his bayonet. He squirmed and wriggled like a worm as he received prod after prod. The corpses of many Chinamen lay around. A tumult of fighting had been here. From the gatehouse above, where the Japs were engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with the defenders, their progress could be followed by the cheering and rattle of musketry. Gradually it slackened, and finally ceased altogether. The great white street stretched up from the gate; all the houses were roofless and in ruins as far as could be seen from where we stood. The Japs were forming up in a hollow square, and were then going to proceed along the broad sloping pathway which led to the top of the wall. On the top of the wall itself lay the corpses of many Chinamen, and on the wooden floors of the gatehouse were many, their blood making dark pools on the dusty boards. A badly clad lot they looked, yet they had certainly defended that gate with great stubbornness and determination.

When the Japs had formed up along the wall they appeared to muster about a thousand men. Far ahead of us to the right, in the direction of the Legations, a great fire was burning. We took it to



EASTERN GATE, FROM WITHIN, THROUGH WHICH THE JAPANESE ENTERED PEKIN.

be a beacon light, probably kindled to guide us to the relief of the besieged. The Japs marched on briskly along the wall, which made a very good, well-paved road with a loopholed parapet on the outward side, and here and there embrasures with dummy cannon. There was an immense number of these solid castings in the shape of guns all the way along the wall. Thousands of long gingals and piles of modern rifles were lying scattered around.

It was a bright moonlight night that lit up the city gloriously. But what a city of ruins it looked! On our right hand side there appeared to have been a great conflagration. There was hardly a roof left standing, and only the walls of the one-storied houses remained. On our left, over the wall, the waters of the moat shone in a white silvery band, and beyond the level country stretched away as far as the eye could reach.

Tramp, tramp, the iron-shod heels of the soldiers rang on the stony road, and every now and then their bugles sounded alternately from one part or another of the long line. Those far behind sounded like a silvery echo of those in front. A good effect those bugles had calling to each other in the clear moonlight air. We had been marching for about half an hour when all of a sudden rifle-fire opened ahead of us. The column halted, and those in advance took shelter in the embrasures, while some

of the advance guard deployed and opened fire in reply.

The mass of white-uniformed Japs right on top of the wall formed a murderously easy target, especially to fire from the town within. They were ordered to crouch down, only the buglers standing up, as they played some of their quaint sounding airs. Then the Japs fired some volleys along the wall, and the fire slackened in front, and we proceeded again. We immediately came upon the corpses of several Chinamen still warm, also upon tents pitched on the wall, made of dirty canvas, stretched on laths. A fire was still burning, and cooking utensils, clothes and gingals and a couple of flags were lying about. This was the last opposition we met with. The beacon light ahead of us was burning brighter, and as we approached it our excitement grew as to the fate of the Legations. There was a high pagoda on the angle of the wall which we were approaching, and our course from that would branch off at right angles. General Manabe himself marched at the head of the column.

What was our surprise then to come suddenly on a picket of the Russians who had evidently got in before us? It was only imperfectly that we could learn anything from them, because we had no language in common, we could merely guess that they were trying to tell us that the Legations had

been relieved. This was really a shock and disappointment and greatly damped our spirits. Being the only English correspondent with the Japs, I had been flattering myself that I was going to be the first journalist in in the relief of the Legations.

It was now after midnight, and the march from this on seemed tedious and wearisome. We passed the Observatory on the wall, with its marvellous instruments of delicately carved bronze, and, descending from the wall at the Ha-Ta Gate, made our way along Legation Street. Even in the dim light we could see the desperate nature of the struggle that had gone on there. We had difficulty in making our way over the high barricades which traversed the streets. There were few houses in Pekin more than one storey high, but here in Legation Street there were a number of buildings of European design, all the upper storeys of which were simply riddled with shot and shell.

General Manabe and his officers made for the Japanese Legation, and there I learned that my friend, Colonel Sheiba, whom I had met in the Cuban war, when he was Japanese military attaché to the American army, had escaped unhurt, and that, excepting a few casualties, the Legations were safe. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning. With considerable difficulty I found my way through a labyrinth of ruins to the British Legation. There

on the ground men were sleeping; the *tingah* was filled with stretchers. Everyone was asleep. Seeing an empty stretcher, and without any further inquiries as to whom it belonged, I lay down, and scarcely had my head touched the pillow than I was fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

PEKIN AFTER THE RELIEF—A LABYRINTH OF BARRICADES AND RUINED HOUSES—AMERICANS WITHDRAW FROM ATTACK ON IMPERIAL CITY—THE HANLIN LIBRARY IN RUINS—THE CONDITION OF THE BESIEGED—A ROUND OF INSPECTION WITH SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD—A JAPANESE HERO OF PEKIN.

WHEN I opened my eyes in the morning a singular scene presented itself. The British staff had occupied the *tingah* the night before, and they, with the officers of various regiments, were making their toilets. The press censor seemed an appropriate man for me to borrow shaving materials from, although, to do him justice, he did not take many shavings off my despatches. The khaki-turbanned Indians and orderlies were moving about busily. We enjoyed a really good wash, for most of us had not had one for several days. Sir Claude Macdonald had considerately prepared breakfast in the big dining-room of the Legation. In clean, respectable, civilised-looking clothes, he and many others of the Legations made some of the relievers feel rather ashamed of their dirty, disreputable condition. In the dining-room where we breakfasted there was a large portrait of Her late Majesty

at one end of the room, which was tilted out at a slight angle from the wall. A round shot had passed through each wall of the room and out behind it without touching it.

It was curious on going outside to hear the sound of bullets whizzing overhead. The ladies of the Legations had grown quite accustomed to these sounds, and walked about in their white draperies as if the whistling were that of so many birds. The sounds of cannonading came from the wall, and up there with some little difficulty I made my way. It was difficult for any stranger to get about, owing to the inextricable mass of barricades and ruined houses that fringed the Legations. On reaching the top of the wall, close to the Legations, I found a French battery of artillery firing in the direction of the Imperial Palace. In the outer courts of this there was a brisk fire going on, for the Americans had entered, but the Chinese were stubbornly resisting from the walls and the buildings on top of them. A great column of smoke was rising from the north-west, and smoke was also arising from the direction of the Peitang, where the Roman Catholic Mission was known to have been besieged, although the fate of the men of the garrison there was still undetermined.

The Americans had taken possession of the two outer courts, and were attacking the big wooden gate

which alone now separated them from the Palace itself, when they were ordered to desist from any further attack. It was understood that this was after a consultation amongst the Generals, as they had decided to leave the Palace intact. As soon as they ceased firing, the firing of the Chinese also stopped.

It was strange that at this juncture the Allies made no effort to push forward and capture the Emperor and Empress-Dowager, who were known to have left the city only the evening before, and who by this time could not have reached any considerable distance in their flight. How greatly it would have simplified negotiations afterwards if the Emperor and Empress-Dowager had been detained at the Palace in Pekin instead of being allowed to make their escape to the distant province of Shansi. This was an instance of the absurdity of having a campaign worked by a sort of military board of directors on a plan of limited liability.

On descending from the wall, I came upon the ruins of the Hanlin Library. This building immediately adjoined to the British Legation, and had been deliberately set fire to in order to burn the foreigners out. Nothing showed the bitter hatred of the Chinese throughout the siege more clearly than their action in this, or what they were willing to sacrifice in order to carry out their intention of

expelling the hated foreigners from their country. The library was absolutely unique. There was nothing like it in the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere, and, without removing the books or valuable printing-blocks, the whole place was set fire to one day when the wind was blowing in the direction of the Legations. This sacrifice was without the result they desired, however, as by marvellous good fortune, soon after it had been set alight, the wind changed round and blew in the other direction, which, combined with the efforts of the garrison, prevented the flames from spreading to the Legations.

Close to the Hanlin was the Imperial Carriage Park. Here, on going through a breach in the wall of the Legation, an extraordinary sight met the eye. It was as if a gorgeous sunset had fallen to earth.

The long roofs of yellow tiles glowed luminously across the lawn in broad bands of yellow light above walls of terra-cotta. The Imperial carriages and palanquins in scarlet and gold were lying around on the thick grass. Huge umbrellas of blue, purple, yellow and pink were stuck in the ground; piles of harness and rich trappings were lying in heaps mingled with flags, rugs, silks, brass bells and drums, while quaint and fantastic gilt ornaments of grotesque splendour were strewn about everywhere, flooding the high grass with pool patches of colour.

The dark-complexioned turbanned Sikhs were encamped in the park, and were bringing out the contents of the carriage-shed and piling them on the grass. In the background an ominous column of smoke rose from the grounds of the Imperial Palace itself.

The conquerors were simply wallowing in spoil.[1] At intervals the boom of a sullen gun came from the northward and the distant rattle of musketry.

It was curious to watch the various things that were brought out—piles of bearers' liveries that had apparently been thrown down anyhow, all moth-eaten; alongside were long rows of presses in which the wearers had not taken the trouble to hang them, and silken standards embroidered with the five-clawed dragon; rich embroideries of the peacock-feather pattern; coats of arms wrought in delicate workmanship on cloth of gold, among which the Sikhs walked knee-deep. As I watched the rain began to fall, and tangled masses of draperies were trodden into the wet ground and dripping grass as the men were ordered to carry off the most valuable to be stored for future distribution.

There was, of course, a lot of tinselled rubbish, but there was something impressively gorgeous about this adjunct to the Imperial Palace that stimulated the imagination in speculating as to what might be

[1] See Appendix I.

beyond in the inner sanctuaries of its courts and chambers.

Although the Legations had been relieved, the relieving troops brought with them practically no supplies of food, and for the first few days there was the utmost difficulty in obtaining sufficient for the relievers and the relieved. The Allied troops had carried with them barely enough to last the journey. Now, the Chinese having fled from the town, there were none to be found who had courage to recommence trading. There was no meat to be got—at least there was no beef or mutton. I partook of an excellent lunch on the first day, however, at the house of Mr. Brazier, consisting of rissoles of mule, which were extremely good, far better, in fact, than the beef rations we had been getting on the way up, and this we washed down with a few bottles of very old wine, which he had carefully preserved during the siege to celebrate the day when the relief should come.

All the inhabitants were in high spirits that day. But one was struck by the emaciated, washed-out appearance of most of the young men who had so gallantly taken part in the defence of the barricades. The most pitiable sight, however, was that of the children, of whom there were many in the Legations.

Several had died during the siege, and most of those that remained were pale, washed-out, little

skeletons, showing how terribly they had suffered from want of sufficient nourishment.

I got a room on the second floor in the Student Interpreters' quarters. The windows half-way up were barricaded with bags of sand. The bags in the window of this room were made out of window-curtains, table-cloths and blankets. Lady Macdonald had even given the curtains of her dining-room for that purpose. There were thousands of bags manufactured out of all sorts of materials which bore as eloquent testimony as anything else to the severity of the attack and to the determination of the defenders. On the wall opposite the window, making a line with the top of the bags, I counted twenty-four marks of bullets and one hole about the size of a cricket-ball which had been made by a round shot. This room might be taken as a fair sample of the rest of the buildings.

It was lucky that there was no rising ground anywhere close to the Legations, and so, as they held a portion of the wall close to the Chinese, these were prevented from directing a downward fire upon the compound. It was curious, though, that throughout that afternoon an intermittent whistling of bullets being fired by snipers came from the surrounding ruins notwithstanding that they were scoured at intervals by the Allied troops. The utmost confusion prevailed throughout the day. Some of the

missionaries brought in complaints to General Gaselee that their converts, who had so gallantly assisted in the defence, were now being robbed and ill-treated by some of the Allied soldiery. They, of course, were unable to distinguish these Chinese from the others, and did not understand a word of their language. And invariably when there was a doubt as to whether the natives were Boxers or not, they were given the benefit of the doubt by concluding that they were Boxers.

To quote General Chaffee: "It is safe to say that where one real Boxer has been killed since the capture of Pekin, fifty harmless coolies or labourers on the farms, including not a few women and children, have been slain. The Boxer element is largely mixed with the mass of the population, and by slaying a lot one or more Boxers might be taken in." [1]

A couple of days after the relief I had an interesting opportunity of inspecting the lines of the Legation defences, and of making the round of them with Sir Claude Macdonald. The siege of the Legations commenced on 21st June, three days after the Taku Forts had been bombarded by the Allied troops.[2] This attack took place on the 17th, without formal declaration of war, and it would be interesting to know what was the real effect on the Chinese of this action. It will be recollected that Rear-Admiral

[1] See Appendix VII. [2] See Appendix II.

Kempff of the United States Navy did not take part in this action, as he intimated to Rear-Admiral Bruce that he did not feel authorised to take part in an act of war against a Power with whom his country was at peace.

On the 22nd of June, Sir Claude Macdonald, at the request of the Russian, French and Italian ministers, and also of the American and Japanese, took command of the entire garrison of the Legations. It was very fortunate for the garrison that they had a man of Sir Claude's military experience to take the command. For the first few days before he did so there was a considerable amount of confusion, which was not to be wondered at considering the mixture of nationalities which made up the defending force. Things were very different, however, from the time that he assumed the command, and from men of various nationalities I heard the highest tributes paid to the ability with which he conducted the defence. The barricades and line of defences were roughly in the shape of an oblong square, the south end of which was formed by the Tartar wall of the city, which is sixty feet high and forty feet wide at the top. At the north-western corner of the square is the Su-Wang-Fu, which was the weakest part of the defences, and was held by the Japanese under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Sheiba, with the assistance of nearly two dozen marines and

almost as many volunteers. This intervened between the enemy and the east wall of the British Legation. If it had fallen the Chinese would have been able to attack the latter at a range of forty yards, which, in addition to the attack on the other side, would have probably made the Legation compound absolutely untenable. Going round the line of barricades, it was perfectly astonishing to observe how every foot of these defences was pitted with the marks of Chinese rifle-fire. Sir Claude Macdonald's military experience is sufficient guarantee that he would not be likely to make exaggerated estimates, and no one seeing these marks would be surprised at his computation that in the attack of one night alone the Chinese must have fired at least 200,000 rounds.

Due north of the Legations we came upon two very elaborate gun-platforms about twenty feet square. They were most elaborately constructed, and built up to the level of the thick, heavy wall which surrounded one of the Palace enclosures. The construction of each platform must have given occupation to about fifty men for at least a week, something like 800 timbers having been employed for each battery. A sloping gangway about twelve feet broad led up to the platforms, and a gallery supported by similar scaffolding was continued just below the coping on the top of the wall, which was loopholed

for musketry. The artillery used by the Chinese was two nine-pounder Krupp guns. But from this platform guns were fired, throwing one of them a seven pound, and the other a fourteen pound shot. The range from this to the wall of the Legations was 200 yards. The bombardment from these guns went on, at irregular intervals, for over ten days. One hundred and fifty rounds were fired into the Legations and the Hanlin building, yet the only casualty was an old Chinese woman who was killed by one of these round shots.

It was very surprising that the Chinese did not bring a larger number of modern guns to bear on the Legations, as a large number of them were found in the Imperial city. The French contingent discovered one lot of a dozen Krupp guns of the latest pattern with leather coverings on the breaches and caps on the muzzles, which looked as if they had not been taken off since they were delivered from the factory. On inquiring from several Chinese for an explanation of this, I could never get a satisfactory reply. One man told me that he believed that all those who understood the working of these guns were down taking part in the siege of Tientsin. After the siege there was a story of a book of elaborate instructions for using them that was found, half of which had been translated from English into Chinese, but the latter half had not been finished. On the north-east

corner, adjoining the British Legation, were the ruins of the Hanlin Library. Some few of the books had been saved from the conflagration, and were brought into the British Legation. Behind the Imperial Carriage Park and the British Legation compound there was only a narrow lane separating the two lines. From a building in the Carriage Park the Chinese started to dig a mine, but instead of driving it straight, in which case it would have gone under the separating walls, and would have penetrated beneath the student and teachers' quarters, which were crowded with women and children, it swung round in a semi-circle to the right, and ended at a point in the Carriage Park behind that which it had started from.

Behind the British, the Russian Legation was situated, and between the Russian and the wall the United States Legation. On the Tartar Wall, immediately behind, the Americans had erected a fort which they called Fort Myers, which was separated by only a few yards from the Chinese barricade on the same wall. From this point to the Chien Gate Towers is only six hundred yards. It was there that the Chinese had the point of highest elevation from which to command the Legations with their guns.

It was curious to see how the Chinese had managed to advance along the wall under cover

of a species of sap or stone wall, and they had erected a tower from which they could fire on our barricade from a distance of only twenty-five feet.

Next to Sir Claude Macdonald there was no one who distinguished himself more in the defence of the Legations than did Colonel Sheiba. Where so many were brave, it was indeed an honour to receive at all hands, from men and women of all nationalities, the praise I heard bestowed upon Colonel Sheiba; his resourcefulness, untiring energy and the cheerfulness of him and his little men were imparted to those who came in contact with them.

"One felt the better for it for the rest of the day after meeting Colonel Sheiba," a lady said to me. His position—the Fu—was across the canal, and opposite the principal gate of the British Legation, and no place was attacked with more continuous severity.

The men he had to defend it with were twenty-three sailors and eighteen volunteers — Japanese gentlemen—and when relieved only eleven sailors and fourteen of the volunteers were surviving.

There were some pretty stories about them. One day, when there was a very fierce attack being made on them, which had lasted for some hours, they were being very hard pressed, when

a messenger was sent across from the British Legation to know if they wanted assistance. "Thank you," replied Colonel Sheiba; "when I want reinforcement I will send for it."

He was subsequent to the relief in charge of the policing of the Japanese portion of the city, and was kept busy riding all over the place from eight in the morning until eight in the evening, as if he had only come out fresh with the column, and had not done a stroke of work for the past two months.

It was only after considerable difficulty that I was able to catch him at his quarters, where he had asked me to look him up. He and some other officers had just finished breakfast, and were sitting round a low Chinese table enjoying the post-prandial cigarette before starting out. The breakfast had been cleared away except a box of Turkish delight.

I noticed how very much thinner and more worn Sheiba looked as he came forward to greet me, the singlet in which he was dressed showing that he had literally worked himself to the bone; but he had lost none of the quick alertness of manner or sunny smile, and the grasp of the small hand with carefully trimmed nails was as firm as ever.

The room they were occupying was part of Prince Su's palace, and the grounds around it, with summer-

houses, an artificial lake, populated now by a large number of white ducks and the traces of the landscape gardener's work, showed how pretty it must have been before the siege.

"That was the narrowest escape I had," said Sheiba, showing me two bullet-holes in the side of his blue gold-embroidered tunic as he put it on. They were on the left hip, and it seemed wonderful that the bullet could have made them without touching his body. "Strauss and Dr. Morrison were hit at the same time, as we were walking along together."

As one went round the lines of defence there were signs everywhere that the enemy had fully realised the importance of the place, which was really the key to the whole position. If the Japs had failed to hold it, the enemy would have had a long line of wall from which to shell the British Legation, with only the breadth of the canal intervening.

Sheiba was curious to hear particulars of the siege of Ladysmith, but there was nothing in common. Here there were only a few yards separating the besiegers from the besieged. At one spot they were at either side of the same wall, over which the enemy used to throw stones, blocks of wood and petroleum.

He told me one day they heard the Chinese making a loophole through it. Several of the Japs waited at

the spot with loaded rifles as the work on the other side proceeded. They waited until the plaster was moving in the act of falling inwards, and then shoved the points of their rifles through, and fired a volley through the aperture, killing several Chinese. They had afterwards to abandon the wall, however, and fall back upon another, which Sheiba had prepared.

In fact he had a series of lines prepared with admirable foresight, so that when even the dogged gallantry of his men could no longer accomplish the impossible, he was able to fall back from one to the other, and the enemy found they had all their work to do, to recommence *de novo* a few yards farther on.

Colonel Sheiba is a bad man to interview on the doings of himself or his men, because of his extreme modesty.

It is easier to learn of Japanese exploits from men of other nationalities. He was warm in his praises of English, Americans and the rest, except the Austrians, who, he thought, should have been able to hold their Legation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHURCH MILITANT AT PEITANG — THE SEVEREST SIEGE—FEEDING ON LEAVES AND CARRION DOGS—THE HEROIC PAUL HENRY—TWO OUNCES A DAY—A CLOSE SHAVE.

It was not until two days after the Legations were relieved that an expedition was sent to relieve the garrison at Peitang. The cathedral of Peitang was barely a mile from the Legations, and it would have been naturally the first duty of the French to relieve the mission, as it was composed almost exclusively of their compatriots. They finally made a move in this direction, but sent back for reinforcements, and were reinforced by the Japanese.

The garrison was still being vigorously attacked when we arrived. They went by way of Coal Hill and across the beautiful bridge that traverses the lake, which was then covered with lotus in full bloom. On coming through the gate which separated the Peitang quarter from the Empress-Dowager's palace, they came upon a number of Boxers who were surrounding the mission. Many of these they hemmed in against the wall, and a French machine-gun being trained to bear upon them, they were slaughtered, and

their bodies lay there in heaps. Fighting went on through the streets in this quarter, and for a week afterwards hundreds of unburied corpses were lying there in a way that made it surprising that there was no outbreak of disease in consequence.

The Japs were the first to arrive at the line of barricades. The garrison at first, when they saw these swarthy Oriental-faced little warriors, thought that it might be a fresh ruse on the part of the Chinese to obtain an entrance. They were reluctant to admit them, and it took some explanation to make them understand the really surprising situation—that it should fall to the lot of the heathen Japs to come to the rescue of this Christian garrison. Much has been written about the gallant defence of the Legations, as public attention was naturally focussed on them, but the siege of the Legations was almost child's play compared with the siege of the garrison at Peitang. The regular troops defending the mission consisted only of thirty French and twelve Italians, who at the last moment had been spared from the Legation Guards. That was the force whose duty it was to defend those five thousand feet encircling the Peitang.

Long before the siege was ended their ammunition would have given out but that the Christian clockmakers among the refugees occupied their time in making Lebel, Mauser and other cartridges.

Thus was the real object of the Boxers in placing mannikins on the wall to draw their fire defeated, and the three thousand four hundred souls within the walls of the Peitang enabled to endure one of the most bitterly contested sieges of modern times. The greater part of those besieged consisted of children from the male and female orphanages. A body of volunteers was formed by the Fathers from all the adult converts who were capable of bearing arms. They provided spears for them, made by fastening knives to the end of long poles; and in addition to these weapons they were possessed of forty marine rifles and seven or eight muskets. But the bravery and determination with which these Chinese soldiers fought is another instance of what good soldiers they would make if properly trained and led. They are implicitly obedient, capable of the most arduous hard work, and can subsist on the meanest fare.

From the embryo days of the siege, when the Boxers were wont to call their forces together by means of red balls flung into the still evening air, the three thousand odd defenders had suffered many things, both mentally and physically. In addition to the fears inspired by the advent of so many refugees from Patchou with the news that the missions there were almost entirely destroyed, and that the river was blocked with the bodies of massacred Christians, they had to contend with the

treacherous friendliness of the Chinese municipal officers.

"You have nothing to fear," so the Governor of Pekin assured them; "the Boxers will not dare to attack the Peitang."

But the appearance of bands of these fanatics in the neighbourhood of the cathedral somewhat negatived the Governor's subsequent assertion that he had had special orders to protect the Pekin churches. And on 10th June the mask was thrown off, the Chinese regulars appeared amongst the attacking force, and the telegraph wires were cut between Tientsin and Pekin, and also between the latter city and Pao-Ting-Foo. Thus was the Peitang cut off from the rest of the world, and left to defend itself as best it could.

Gradually, as from day to day the Boxer assaults grew more determined, famine stretched its skeleton claws over that brave band. The man who had furnished them with grain refused to supply them, intimidated with threats of death by the Boxers. But in vain the latter burnt the houses in the neighbourhood, threw inflammable pots into the compound, or on to the roofs of the houses, poured upon the mission a hot fire, that from the artillery alone sometimes amounted to five hundred rounds a day, or shelled the cathedral with dogged, hatred-born persistence—the Peitang stood, and for the

most part its defenders lived, worn, exhausted, but not hopeless.

Among the victims of the siege no one's loss was more sincerely deplored than that of the gallant Ensign Paul Henry, the leader of the thirty French marines told off to defend the mission. The unfailing cheerfulness and quiet devotion of this plucky boy of twenty-three contributed largely to the salvation of the besieged. Night and day he worked unceasingly and untiringly to secure their safety, until his death on 30th July from a gunshot wound plunged the garrison into sincere and heartfelt mourning. "We wept but once during the siege," writes Mgr. Favier, "and it was on this day."

Thereafter things grew darker, and, as starvation loomed close, carrion dogs feeding on dead Boxers were eagerly chased, killed and eaten, and the leaves of trees and the roots of plants came to be considered palatable food. Latterly the garrison had been subjected to a novel and particularly annoying mode of attack, which took the shape of projectiles in the form of rockets which were landed in the enclosure and set fire to the roofs of buildings in various places. These were despatched by an ingenious gun manufactured by the Chinese themselves. By a brilliant sortie a field-piece was captured from the Chinese, together with some ready-made ammunition, the latter of course being keenly appreciated by the besieged. But

the worst form of attack was that of the mines, which the Chinese drove right inside the lines of defence. There were four mines exploded inside the compound, and there was another which undermined the foundations of the cathedral itself, which would have probably been used if the relief had been delayed a day or two longer. Other mines besides these the besieged had cleverly fought by counter mines, so that the space in front of the cathedral when I saw it the day of the relief presented the appearance of a huge rabbit warren.

"You Christians shut up in the Peitang," ran one of the numerous messages arrow-sent into the midst of this shot-riddled, mine-shattered, half-starved community, "reduced to dire misery, eating the leaves of trees, why do you so obstinately resist when you can do nothing? We have cannon and mines, and can blow you all up in a short time. You are deceived by the devils of Europe; return to the ancient religion of the Fu, hand over Mgr. Favier and the rest, and your lives will be saved, and we will supply you with food. If you do not do this, your women and children will be cut to pieces."

But still they held on, and of all the Christian converts within the walls of the Peitang not one evinced the slightest disposition to respond to the Boxers' reiterated requests to surrender. And at last, on 15th August, the Boxers themselves cried to

them, "The devils of Europe are coming; we shall die if need be, but you will all be blown up first!"

That will add yet another to the long list of unfulfilled prophecies. But still it was a close shave. The rations in the garrison were almost completely exhausted on the day of the relief. For a week previously they had been reduced to two ounces of rice per head per diem. And only two days' rations at this meagre rate remained.

That the fight for life had been severe, nothing testified more plainly than the state of the garden of the mission itself. There not a blade of grass was showing above the ground. The roots of the grass itself had been torn up and eaten by the last few starving animals within the besieged compound before they had been killed, and the trees were absolutely stripped of their bark as high as the beasts could reach. The cross on the cathedral hard by was broken, and its Gothic architecture additionally fretted by the scoring marks of shot and shell. But I think nothing told more forcibly the ordeal through which the garrison had passed than did those gnawed and naked tree-trunks.

I was shown round the mission soon after its relief by one of the Sisters. The Mother Superior, seventy-eight years of age, who had spent forty years of her life in China, lay dying—a daughter of Count Jaurias, of Château Jaurias, near Bordeaux.

She had belonged to the Order of Sisters of Charity since her eighteenth year. When I saw it, the Cathedral Church was being used as a hospital. Coming from the glare of white light outside, it was some moments before I could distinguish anything in the gloom within. By degrees one made out the rounded forms of little children lying on the floor. Above, the stained-glass windows were broken in many places, and the roof perforated where shells had entered, letting in shafts of light that fell aslant the gloom. High up on the wall, one lit up a figure of Christ, that with bowed head and extended, nail-pierced hands seemed to point in eloquent silence to the little suffering children below. The entire floor of the church, even up to the extinguished lamp of the sanctuary, was covered with them. In one explosion alone eighty children were killed and a still greater number injured. Many more were ailing for want of sufficient food. The other children, who were helping the nuns, moved noiselessly about among the prostrate forms. The hushed silence of the sanctuary was only broken by a low moaning, or the querulous sobbing of little children weary with pain. The Sister brought me to see one little mite whom she called the "first fruit" of their recommenced labour.

It was a strange story that of this little child. The French soldiers who occupied that quarter of

the city had come upon a house, where, stretched on the *kang*, side by side, were the bodies of all its occupants. They had committed suicide on the advent of the Allies. As the soldiers had not time to bury them immediately, intent as they were on pillaging and looting the neighbourhood, they threw lime on the bodies. After two days, when they came to throw their remains into a pit which had been dug for their burial, they found that the youngest victim was yet alive, and carried her with her hair still caked with lime to the nuns.

In the midst of these ruins these good women, mostly of gentle birth, were striving to recommence their labours, and nurse and teach and feed the children that remained. But, conversing with them, one perceived underlying their heroic resignation a strain of very human despondency and disappointment. Their talk here was not of compensation. It was merely of how they could get their ruined mission-house fit for work again—the work for which they had left father and mother and friends in far-off France.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EDUCATED BOXER'S ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE—THE TRUE CAUSE OF THE ANTI-FOREIGN FEELING—BOXER SUPERSTITIONS—"SHA, SHA"—FALSE RUMOURS OF CHINESE VICTORIES—THE LEGATIONS RECEIVE WATER-MELONS FROM THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER—LETTERS THAT WENT ASTRAY.

AFTER the Relief I was anxious to get, if possible, an account of the siege from one of those who had taken part in it on the side of the assailants. This was naturally difficult, as there were practically no prisoners. I was fortunate enough, however, to meet a young Chinaman named Chuan-Sen. He was a Manchu of good family, a very cultured and intellectual young fellow, with a fair knowledge of English. It would be a pity to interfere with the quaintly-worded account he wrote for me, which is in many respects the most interesting I have seen of the siege. Chuan-Sen lived in the Tsung-Li-Yamen during the siege, and translated all the communications from the Legations. There were 300 Boxers using the building of the Tsung-Li-Yamen as a barracks, so he had the fullest opportunity of studying them and their code of superstitions as well as their actions.

Chuan-Sen took about a week to write the following account. He has long been known to many Englishmen as a reliable and trustworthy man:—

"The drill of militia in all districts for local defence has been introduced into China very long since, but it has not been approved till last year. In Tsae-Chou-Fu of Shantung very often the inhabitants assembled together, and formed bands for evil purposes, which were called the 'Big Sword Societies'.

"They thought their bodies were bullet-proved, and no weapons could wound them. As their societies became greater and greater, they took advantage of militia drill, saying that they would kill the foreigners, and calling themselves Yi-He-Tuan, which means righteous and harmonious militia.

"They expressed that they had the power of taking the souls of spirits into their own bodies when they were boxing, which made the foolish people sincerely believe their doings, but those who were wise still deemed it as superstitious.

"Why were the people so anti-foreign? The case was that the Chinese Christian converts took advantage of the missionaries sheltering them in lawsuits before the magistrates concerning property. Thus, when these people declared that their resolution was to slaughter the Christians, very many people were glad to join the society.

"The Boxers were gradually spreading to Tientsin, Chi-Chou, Chuo-Chow and Pao-Ting-Fu and some other districts. Those Boxers who belonged to the *Kan* (a word for the north direction) group had red cloth on the heads, around the waist and legs; while those who belonged to the *Chien* (a word for the north-west direction) used yellow cloth instead of red. Their weapons were only spears and swords, which were not all sharp.

"It was rumoured that they were so easily fed that one pint of rice would be sufficient for several hundred persons, and that they could pass the seas and oceans by means of using pieces of cloth instead of ships. In Tientsin there were societies of red lanterns, which consisted of young girls, who could walk in the air if they held a handkerchief in one hand and a red lantern in the other, which could help the Boxers to burn the missionary buildings.

"Most of the people did not believe this, and considered it superstitious conduct, as others could not see them when they were walking in the air. Till then, none of the Pekinese practised boxing. Shortly afterwards a merchant of the Chinese city, a native of Chi-Chou, came back from home and learnt how to box. The young men, or rather boys, knowing him, asked him to teach them to box for playing purposes.

"In Chuo-Chow, Chi-Chou and some other districts round Pekin the Boxers prepared altars, which were

composed of matsheds, in which they placed tablets with names of spirits written on. In each shed, or altar, there was a certain number of men, and each man got a sword or a spear. Before boxing, the men first knelt down in the yard towards the south-east, burnt a '*piao*' (which was composed of three sheets of yellow paper) incense, and knocked their heads.

"After doing so, they again all kneeled down before the tablets, and each made, on purpose as I supposed, a strong breath with a great noise; after one or two minutes all stood up and began to box. Before finishing the boxing, every man had to expose his back for several cuts given by another man with the blade of a sabre.

"The Empress-Dowager knew that it would be harmful, and wanted to suppress them, but did not like to kill all of them, as there were among them good people, who had no real intention of attacking foreigners, and who were simply induced to do so owing to their want of wisdom, so she sent Kang-Yi and Chao-Shu-Chiao, the leaders, and advised the accomplices to stop boxing.

"During these days the Dowager was living in the Imperial Garden, and was amusing herself as well as possible.

"Since then the Boxers gave more trouble. One of my friends told me that he saw a few Boxers who were admitted to the city, and destroyed two people

near the Imperial River bridge. A rumour said that some old women were sent out by the missionaries to put dirty blood on the doors of some of the houses, and that if it were not cleaned by the Boxers the inmates of the house would all become fatally mad.

"Such superstitious power had never been heard of in foreign countries, so I thought it was the Boxers' design to make people know that they could dissolve such calamities.

"Outside the Hai-Tai Gate two women, who were considered to put dirty blood on the door, were killed at once. A rumour said that the red lantern girls could pull down high-storied houses with thin cotton strings, and could set fire to the house simply by moving a fan, and also said that they had the power of hanging a rock of several pounds on a hair.

"Upon a certain day there were several Boxers passing along Chia-Min-Hsiang, amongst whom a young one was captured by the German guards. It was then rumoured that this Boxer was so well-exercised that he was not slightly wounded, though the Germans tried to dig his eyes out.

"In the evening, shortly after my arrival at my house, large numbers of persons, carts and horses were running eastward from the main street inside the Hai-Tai Gate; all the men of the shops were hurried to shut their doors; some one cried out that the Boxers had entered the Hai-Tai Gate.

"After a moment some concentrated smoke rose to a great height, and a noise of firing guns was heard. By judging the noise and direction of the smoke, I knew it was the American missionary building near the entrance to Hu-Tung, inside the Hai-Tai Gate, which was burnt down by the Boxers.

"The Boxers as they were walking northward ordered every shop to burn incense. Then the English hospital, the house of Yu-Keng, present Chinese minister in France, all the shops thence southward to the entrance of Teng-Shi-Kou, the American church in Teng-Shi-Kou, the French church at Pa-Mien-Tsao, the dwellings of the professors of the Imperial College were burnt one after the other.

"According to what the people said, the way in which the Boxers burnt the churches was that they only used a bundle of incense, read charms, and told all the bystanders to cry 'Burn' loudly, and then they threw the incense into buildings which caught at once, but all those houses next the churches were left in safety.

"Thus the people believed that the Boxers actually possessed the souls of spirits in their bodies, otherwise the houses in the neighbourhood would have caught fire too.

"In the morning of the next day the fire was yet in a fierce state; the smoke was so much that it looked like big masses of clouds. In the street the

Chinese Christians were running about because they were too anxious to take refuge.

"In Teng-Shi-Kou several Boxers came crying 'Sha, sha' [kill, kill] loudly with swords in their hands. As they were passing along, two Christian women, each having a little child in her arms, met with the Boxers. When they were just going to kill those Christians, I was in such a sorrowful state that I could not bear to see them die. Then I turned back on my journey, and walked towards the Hai-Tai Gate. In the main street I saw several dead bodies, which I was told had been killed by the Boxers.

"Some time later very concentrated smoke was rising up violently. It was found that the Boxers set fire to the medicine shop in Ta-Cha-Lan, outside the Chien-Men. At first the Boxers did not allow the shops in the neighbourhood to remove their goods, saying that the fire would only burn the one which they wanted to destroy, but could do no harm to any other.

"But two or three others began to burn, and the Boxers wrote charms on yellow papers, which, so they said, could stop the fire where they were pasted.

"After a few minutes the fire spread to such an extent that they allowed the shops to extinguish it with water, but it was impossible. In the theatre house a man tried to put down the fire with dirty water, which gave the Boxers excuse; so they said

that the god of fire became angry for the dirty liquor, therefore the fire ruined those that were innocent. This fire destroyed about two square *li*, including a gate of the Chien-Men. Since then very few people believed the Boxers.

"It was reported that forty or fifty Boxers in Shue-Fu-Yuen were shot by foreign soldiers, who, when they were going away, were told by the people that these dead men could become alive again when the old Boxers touched their bodies with their hands. The soldiers hearing this, turned their way back, and spoiled the bodies with the swords on their muskets.

"Tung-Fu-Hsiang suggested that, as the Boxers could not burn the foreign Legations, assistance with soldiers should be rendered. This plan suited the mind of Prince Tuan's party, as they presumed the foreigners in Pekin were the chief number of all in the world.

"Thus the Chinese troops guarding the Legations were increased with orders to resist the Boxers, but virtually they would besiege the Legations.

"In the evening the Tsung-Li-Yamen, under Imperial Orders, sent despatches to the different Legations, telling the Ambassadors to leave Chiao-Min-Hsiang (Legation Street) within twenty-four hours, for the Admiral demanded from the Chinese the forts at Taku,[1] and thus the peace had been

[1] See Appendix II.

broken, and saying that if they would not do so bombardment would be inflicted.

"The Boxers and those foolish were very glad, and said foreigners had been enemies for forty years, now it was the time to take revenge by sweeping over all the world. In the streets written informations were pasted on the wall by Boxers saying that the fifth moon was changed to the eighth moon, and Legation Street was changed to 'cut up foreigners' cock-crowing'. In the evening Boxers set fire to the telegraph station outside the Hai-Tai Gate.

"On a certain day before noon I was told that the German Ambassador was shot to death in the main street of Tan-Pai-Lou by the soldiers on his way to the Tsung-Li-Yamen.[1]

"In the evening it was reported that at Taku seven foreign vessels wanted to enter the port, and were shot so they sunk and six were captured. People who did not know much about foreign countries were glad to hear the victory, and said that they were sure it was time for the Chinese to take revenge for their former defeats.

"But I said that this victory could not be true, for we had never gained a victory like this during the war with the Japanese. They said we had the help of the Boxers. I asked them how could they destroy war vessels?

[1] See Appendix III.

"They said that the Boxers could burn them simply by pointing at them with their fingers. I knew that they were foolish, but I durst not say any more, or they would tell the Boxers that I was a betrayer.

"The Boxers lately got the power of killing any person they wished, therefore when they saw any man, woman or child they disliked, they killed at once on the road. Fire continued every day. Some people said that there was very little food and ammunition left in the Legations, and that they would die of hunger in a few days.

"Though the attempts proved fruitless, the Catholic church in Hsi-Shi-Ku had been attacked four days. Some Boxers said that part of it had been destroyed, but very few people believed. Prince Ching suggested that it was against treaty and international law, and also unreasonable to attack foreign ambassadors; moreover, it would be impossible for a weak country like China to resist several powerful nations.

"Prince Tuan, hearing this, became very angry with him, and said that now so many people arose at the same time, they must kill every foreigner in the world.

"Five hundred of Tung-Fu-Hsiang's soldiers were killed and wounded during the attack upon the French Legation. The Boxers could not burn the

Catholic church at Hsi-Shi-Ku, so cannons were necessary to be used.

"The Tsung-Li-Yamen was afraid that Boxers would destroy its buildings, and asked Prince Tuan to send some Boxers to guard it against the soldiers from plundering the treasury. The Boxers at once wanted to kill the head cook, who is, of course, a cunning man, for the food he prepared was very bad.

"The Boxers as they themselves said, but not all true, could distinguish the Christians from the Buddhists by a mark of a cross on the temple or forehead. During these days rumour said that at present there were some persons who could put a cross mark on one's forehead simply by blowing with the mouth or with a fan.

"On this account most of the people went to the Boxers' altars to be examined. About nine-tenths of the people who did go to the altar had the cross mark on the head. Some people said that in the Chinese city a mark of a cross could not be cleared off without paying a tael of silver for each. People thought that this was the Christians' magic power, but I believed it was the Boxers cheating them, for I had never heard the Christians possess magic power.

"In the streets some yellow papers pasted on the wall said that on the seventh day of the

seventh moon all the people should wrap their heads with red cloth, and on these four days—seventh and fifteenth days of the seventh moon, and first and ninth days of the ninth moon—they should not eat cooked food, otherwise Niu-Lang, a spirit, would not help the people to pass the calamity, and also foreigners could not be stopped from firing.

"A proclamation was issued by the metropolitan commander-in-chief of infantry, in which rewards of fifty taels of silver for the capture of a living foreign man, forty for a woman, and thirty for a child were offered.

"One day when I was in the Yamen a man ran in suddenly and said that there were Christians in Chao-Tang-Tsu-Hu-Tung, the lane just opposite the one in which the Tsung-Li-Yamen is situated.

"The Boxers in the Yamen immediately ran to the house showed to them by the messenger. When they arrived the house had already caught fire. Some yellow Boxers captured the holder of the house, and sent him to Prince Chuang's house to be examined.

"Now no persons could be put to death without being sent to Prince Chuang's house to be examined.

"One day a long succession of firing guns was heard. It was the bombardment of the British Legation.

"In the morning of the twenty-first day, when I was walking in the main street at Tan-Pai-Lou, I saw one of the Jung-Lu's soldiers talking with several passers-by, and I overheard that early that morning a few foreigners came out of a Legation (which he could not recognise) and begged a commander of the troops to forgive them, and they would fight no more.

"They promised to stop fighting in Tientsin too. In the afternoon a foreigner came out and was caught by a few of the soldiers, and he said he wanted to see General Ma. The reason was that their provisions, ammunitions were not sufficient.

"An Imperial Decree was issued in which the Empress-Dowager regretted the death of the German Minister and the Japanese Chancellor, and ordered the Viceroy of Chih-Li and the metropolitan prefect to arrest banditti and protect the Legations, and to send the missionaries and merchants home. On hearing this, the Boxers said the foreigners would soon be all killed, and she was silly.

"The Empress-Dowager ordered the Tsung-Li-Yamen to present some water-melons to the foreign ministers. The Boxers seeing this became very angry, and said that it was done by the Yamen privately, but that it was not ordered by Her Majesty.

"On the twenty-ninth day Chang-Lin, a former vice-president of a board, brought about two thousand

Boxers to Chin-Chia-Tun to attack the Christians, who fortified their place with trenches and guns, so the Boxers were wounded before they could go near it, and therefore were defeated.

"Two, or perhaps more, of the students of the Pekin University were killed by the Boxers, for they had foreign books.

"On the first day of the seventh moon a telegram came from the American consul at Chee-Foo, in which it was stated that very large forces of all nations were at Taku ; and that no American was wounded, except a little loss of property ; and that he asked Mr. Conger to write with his own hand the true condition of the siege.

"On the second day the Tsung-Li-Yamen sent a good deal of vegetables and about a thousand catties of flour to the Legations. The Boxers in the Yamen looked at this with an angry frown.

"On the fourth day another telegram came from the American Consul at Chee-Foo, which said that the admirals of all nations were anxious to know the condition of the siege.

"On the sixth day it was reported that the English had promised that the seven nations would inflict no trouble upon China. Germany was very angry for the death of her ambassador ; Russia was eager for getting land from China ; France allied with Russia ; Japan was watching for Russia.

"On the tenth day it was reported that a few thousand soldiers were defeated by the Tartar General Shou-Shan, but that the Russians occupied most of the Manchurian territories.

"In the midnight of the eleventh the Tsung-Li-Yamen wanted me to go to Prince Chuang's house, so I put on my official coats; I doubted very much, because I feared that he would kill me; I could but go.

"On the twelfth day when I arrived there I found that several of my friends had already been there, and I knew that several letters were presented to Prince Chuang by a Chinese who was trusted by foreigners to deliver them in Tientsin.

"Prince Chuang and Duke Lan treated us in a friendly way, for now they understood that people who knew foreign languages were also useful to them.

"They asked us to translate these letters, which they would submit to the Empress-Dowager for her perusal. As these letters came from the Legations, I think it is not necessary for me to repeat them.

"A man told me that Li-Peng-Leng commanded one hundred thousand soldiers, who dispersed before they met foreign troops; he felt extremely shameful, and committed suicide. Some people who escaped from Tung-Chow said that foreign soldiers were not many, but the Chinese soldiers did not fight at all.

"On the twentieth day, hearing the sound of firing cannons and guns, which continued around the city, people knew that foreign troops had arrived, so they were in a state of great excitement. Now they hid themselves so as to avoid the flying bullets.

"The Empress-Dowager escaped, and Prince Ching knew the city could not be defended, and distributed flags of truce to the soldiers, and ordered them to put them on the city wall.

"This is all the news I heard during the siege. I think that all known to foreigners is unnecessary for me to write in details."

CHAPTER IX.

A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF THE BEGINNING AND END OF THE SIEGE—FOREIGN HOUSES ABLAZE—THE TORCHLIT STRUGGLE IN THE "STREET OF ETERNAL PEACE"—CHINESE "BRAVES"—A RUSE OF THE ITALIANS—A STORMY NIGHT'S FIGHTING IN WATER-FILLED TRENCHES—THE SIKHS ENTER THE LEGATION.

THE siege of the Legations has been so frequently told that it would be of no interest going over ground so familiar. But an account of the first and last days of it given to me by De Courcy, of the Imperial Maritime Customs, may not be without interest. He may be considered as one of the victims of the siege, because it was the result of his extremely hard work—work that gained him the commendation of Sir Claude Macdonald in his despatches—that brought on an illness from which he died at Tientsin a few weeks afterwards:—

"It is the beginning and end of any important event that leave a deep and lasting impression on the mind of one who has taken even a small part in its stirring incidents, and for picturesque effects the first and last days of our siege cannot be surpassed. The investment officially began on the 20th, but our first taste of coming evil came on the 13th.

"For days the Boxers had been streaming into the

city, but on Wednesday, the 13th, they made their first open appearance in Legation Street. Foreigners walking to the club in the morning were thunderstruck at seeing a cart driven by a man in full Boxer uniform, red sash and broad sword, coming along our street, without any attempt to conceal the Boxer insignia, while another ruffian similarly dressed sat on the shaft, and inside the cart a girl, presumably a Christian, was lying bound hand and foot.

"A carter led the mule, and we were all too much taken by surprise to stop them. The cart rattled along till it reached the German Legation, where Baron von Ketteler was standing.[1]

"The impudence of the whole proceeding was too much for the fiery Teuton, and with one bound he jumped out into the street and knocked down the foremost Boxer with his walking-stick. Three marines came to his aid, and in a minute the Boxer was a prisoner in the German Legation.

"The other desperado jumped out of the cart, and ran for his life, pursued by the marines. Fear lent him wings, and he outpaced his pursuers, and reached Prince Su's 'Fu,' or palace, the 'Su-Wang-Fu'. Meanwhile the cart, carter and girl had disappeared as mysteriously as they had come, and although the hue and cry was at once raised, they vanished as if the earth had swallowed them up.

[1] See Appendix III.

"In an hour it became known that the prisoner was to be shot in a few days, and two hours later proclamations appeared as if by magic on all the walls in the foreign quarter, warning us that one hundred foreign devils would die for every Boxer killed! We laughed at these notices, although we felt nettled that they should be posted so easily without our noticing anyone putting them up.

"At five o'clock we were all in the Club listening to the latest rumours. Till our troubles commenced no one had any idea of the high development of the imaginative faculty of the foreigners in Pekin, but certainly we turned out some who for picturesque and consistent lying could compete with a fair chance of success with Baron Munchausen or Major Gahagan. We all stood round in a circle listening to the latest fabrications and laughing at the bare idea of the Boxers daring to attack us in the capital, when the Club coolie rushed in, his yellow face green with terror, to tell us that the Methodist Mission in the Ha-Ta-Men great street was in flames.

"The Club was empty in a moment. Those who had been loudest in their laughter at the possibility of trouble in Pekin snatched out of their pockets the revolvers they had secretly been carrying for days, and rushed for home. A huge rolling mass of smoke could be seen from the direction of the Ha-Ta-Men, and our worst fears were confirmed. A furious yell

of 'Sha, sha' [kill, kill] came to our ears, and a ghastly sound it was!

"At once the firing broke out. The Italians rushed down to the Ha-Ta-Men, and fired point-blank into the yelling crowd. Their machine gun swept the street, and the screaming, shouting, swearing mass of Boxers and rowdies surged up the Ha-Ta-Men great street, burning and pillaging.

"Meanwhile the other Legation Guards had not been idle. The Russians and Americans held the west end of Legation Street, the Italians being at the east up to the Ha-Ta-Men. The Germans occupied tbe south bridge of the canal, and the British the north; the French held the south end of Customs Street, the Customs Volunteers, armed by Sir Robert Hart with repeating Winchesters, the centre, commanding the exit from the great temple, and the Austrians commanded the north.

"The sturdy little Japs, with their cheerful password of 'Nippon,' maintained communication between the Americans and Customs position and the British.

"The minutes as they passed seemed like hours; first a great blaze from the centre of the Ha-Ta-Men great street announced the burning of the London Mission, then the whole city was lit up with dots of flame; here the Leng-Hsi-Kourh Congregational Mission, there the Tung-Tang (East Cathedral,

Catholic), here the Presbyterian Mission, there the South Cathedral, and soon we grew tired of counting the number.

"Each detached foreign house became a huge bonfire, but still the anxious Customs men, on the wall of Sir Robert Hart's garden, could see no flame arising from their old quarters in the Kon-Lon-Hu-Tung, a mile and three-quarters away. We still thought that the Government would protect its own property, but at last another glare lit up the sky, and all knew that the Government had given over even its own employés.

"At last the French and Austrians were given their chance. The Austrians with their beautiful machine gun were lined up the Chang-An-Chich (the Street of Eternal Peace, as the Chinese name implies), commanding the continuation of Customs Street, or, as it is styled by the irreverent, 'Bob's Lane'. A small detachment of French was being sent to their aid.

"Everything had been quiet after the first ten minutes, when a few volleys scattered the half-hearted Boxers, who had attempted to set fire to the Imperial Bank of China (so ardent is the patriotism of these Boxers that they destroy indiscriminately Government railways and Government banks !), but about 10.30 lights were seen approaching.

"These increased in number, and soon the Austrians

felt sure that a mob of several thousands was approaching with torches to fire their Legation and the Customs. They waited until the lights came within a hundred yards, and then bang, bang, bang went their gun, and volley after volley rang out, and it seemed that nothing could live under that hail of bullets.

"I heard one of the Customs Volunteers telling the story a few minutes afterwards to a less fortunate comrade who was posted near the Japanese end, and so 'out of the fun'.

"'They came up silently,' he said, 'about ten or twelve deep, all along the street as far as we could see. When they came close up, the Austrians let them have it; and my God! if you had seen it! At the first volley the centre of the line of torches was simply wiped out, and after the fourth there were only a few lights to be seen. But what I can't understand is that not one sound, not one moan, was heard.'

"So we all felt certain that, on the principle that the dog that does not bark is the one really to be feared, we would have more on our hands that night. About ten minutes later a huge blaze was seen in the middle of the street, and the Austrians could stand it no longer. So half their number, with a few of the Customs Volunteers not on duty, rushed up the street for two or three hundred yards,

kicking in every door, and firing a shot into every house.

"'And what I can't understand,' I heard the Austrian commander say when they returned, 'is that our men found only a few dead bodies; they must have carried their comrades away very quickly.'

"When it was light, in early morning, we went up the street. In the middle of the street where we had seen the fire, some four hundred yards away, we found the remains of an old woman, burnt to death with joss-sticks, but riddled with our bullets!

"But for dramatic effect the second night of our siege could not be beaten. A foreigner, armed only with a shot-gun, went to the Ha-Ta-Men in the evening, and, pointing his weapon at the keeper's head, made him lock the gates and hand over the keys. Meanwhile Baron von Ketteler, hearing a rumour that the Boxers were practising outside the wall, brought up eight marines, and, finding the report true, fired two volleys into them, killing twelve and wounding eight.

"An hour afterwards we heard the most terrible and awful sound that we had ever imagined. The sky was rent with yells of 'Sha, sha' [kill, kill], and the whole city seemed to be battering at the gates and thirsting for our blood. It was the yell of wild beasts; no pen could describe it; and our blood simply froze in our veins.

"It was not the fear of what they could do—most of them, in fact almost all, were only armed with swords; but it was our first dreadful peep into the depths of a Chinaman's heart, and we saw there the deadly, undying wild beast hate of the foreigner that we had barely guessed at before.

"We have faced for two months (and more if we count this week) a constant rain of bullets and shell-fire, but nothing touched us as deeply as that. It shook every nerve, and we simply tingled with the horror of it.

"Meanwhile we heard the Chinese bugle going in the distance with its hoarse cry that sounds so like "murr-der!" and suddenly we heard what we took to be a quick-firing gun blazing away outside the gate; then flames shot up just outside, and we knew it was the great spirit store on fire; then the flames spread, and the whole Chinese city (foreigners live in what is—very inappropriately now—called the Manchu City) seemed in flames.

"It was a glorious, yet awful sight. Nothing seemed able to stop this fire. A breeze was blowing strongly, and as we followed the course of the flames, we guessed correctly that street after street was being caught in the embrace of the fire-demon.

"Our nerves were shaken already by the sudden revelation of ravenous hate in the wild-beast yells of the foul, yellow wretches outside the walls, and

before the flames we felt powerless. The Boxers had no rifles it is true, but had they not the most dreadful weapon in the world—fire; and what human power can combat its force?

"Our hearing then seemed terribly acute, and we all distinctly heard heavy guns in the distance. It was only the Chinese troops firing as they always do at intervals in the night, away in the Va-Hai-Fyr, but to our excited ears it seemed the report of Admiral Seymour's guns in the distance coming to our relief.

"We had heard the same sound night after night for two months, but we hailed the sound as gladly night after night the first week as we did every night till August 13th, when we heard the Russian guns outside the gates!

"The siege dragged on as other sieges do. We soon grew accustomed to sudden fire-alarms and so-called 'attacks'. After a week we even became reconciled to horse-flesh, brown rice and black bread.

"We learnt where it was safe and where it was unsafe to walk. In one detail only did our siege differ from others. Defeat in any other siege of modern times meant only dishonour, with us it would have meant dishonour and extermination!

"Our last two nights were by far the worst we had during the siege. There can be no doubt that a general assault was intended on both occasions,

but the Chinaman's cowardly heart failed him, and the 'braves' remained behind in their loopholes, from which they kept up an incessant and well-directed fire.

"There is something venomous in the report of their Mauser rifles. The harsh, crashing sound of the report seems to be consistent with the feelings of hate of the soldier that fires it. But perhaps this is fancy. Every attempt was made on both occasions by their officers to urge the men into a general assault. The barricades of the Customs Volunteers and the British Marines in the Mongol Market were only ten or fifteen yards distant from those of the Chinese, so every word could be heard distinctly.

"'We are many, they are a mere handful—come on!' shouted the officers.

"'No good, no good' [*pu hsing, pu hsing*], replied the 'braves'. Then by common consent the officers called on the Boxers present to lead the way. 'You say you are invulnerable, you go first.' Two huge Boxers rushed out, but the two foremost Customs men picked them off at once, and the rest stopped.

"In the Su-Wang-Fu the same thing was repeated on the nights of the twelfth and thirteenth. The Italian position was only twenty yards from the enemy, the Japs about the same distance, and the

extreme outpost held by the Customs Volunteers was only a matter of ten or twelve yards from the Chinese barricade.

"On the last night but one the Chinese concentrated all their attack on the Italian position in the Fu, and on the Mongol Market in the British Legation.

"In the Fu the Italians hit upon a happy expedient. They got a huge supply of empty petroleum tins, and, when the Chinese attack was at its worst, they told off the Christian coolies to hammer away at these with sticks. The din was tremendous, and the yelling of the Italians most amusing.

"By the time the coolies were tired of beating the tins, and the Italians and Japs had once more exhausted their small Chinese vocabulary, the fire of the Chinese had ceased, nor did it commence again for some twenty or twenty-five minutes.

"In the Mongol Market five solitary Customs Volunteers stood beside their loopholes close up to the Chinese position; some British Marines were posted further to the right. When the Chinese spoke of charging, some amusing interchange of compliments took place as with the Italians. The Chinese were invited to 'come over and see the place,' and when they refused

to come, were urged to 'go home and nurse the baby'.

"But though our men joked with the enemy in the Fu and in the Mongol Market it was a matter of jesting in earnest. If the Italian position in the Fu had been carried, the Japanese would have been compelled to abandon the Fu; and if the Mongol Market had been stormed, all communication between the British Legation and the Russian Legation would have been cut off. It was necessary to put a bold front before the enemy, as they always seemed to fear that we had some trap laid for them in case of attack.

"At seven o'clock on Monday the 13th we heard, as we thought, thunder in the distance. It was raining slightly at the same time, and it seemed very probable that the sound was merely thunder, and not the report of big guns.

"At 7.30 the storm burst on us suddenly in all its fury. The thunder pealed, the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down in torrents. Instantly above the din of the storm we heard the familiar 'Sha, sha,' and we knew that our last fight was beginning.

"We rushed to our trenches in the Fu, but they were now half full of water. On our way to the trenches the bullets were simply striking the houses and trees around us like hail. This night the

Chinese changed their tactics. They directed their whole main attack on the Customs barricade, although they kept up a heavier fire than usual on the Italians.

"The position then held by the Customs was an extreme outpost a few yards distant from the Chinese, and quite apart from the other defences. Many of us had often protested that the position was not of the slightest advantage, but Colonel Sheiba, who generally knows what he is about, said that it must be held at all costs. We crowded—five shivering men knee-deep in mud—into the trench and awaited developments.

"There must have been at least 500 or 600 men in the position opposite, and only their ignorance of our numbers saved us. Above our trench we had a wall facing north and east. During the night this wall was almost entirely demolished by rifle-fire alone, and at one time, though only five yards away, I could not even see the wall for the smoke of the rifle-fire.

"We remained there wet and miserable from 7.30 till after two o'clock. About 8.30 we heard a new sound, a machine gun going bang, bang, just fifty yards to our left! This was a new development—we never knew the Chinese to have a machine-gun before! We listened for a quarter of an hour, and suddenly a furious burst of 'Sha, sha' came from the Italian position.

"The machine-gun seemed to go more fiercely than ever, and the 'Sha, sha' became a wild yell that drowned all else. Then came another surprise. As we listened, not knowing what this could mean, we suddenly heard a bugle call that we did not recognise. 'That is the Italian signal for retreat,' said one man. We sent him away to find out, but he did not return for half an hour.

"Meanwhile the bugle call continued, and a whistling sound came from the Japs. Could it mean a general retreat? We could not leave our posts without orders, and the enemy were pouring volleys thick as hail on our barricade. And still the rain poured down, and the lightning flashed, and the crashes of thunder became louder and louder.

"Our physical discomfort became almost more than we could bear. We tried to keep our rifles dry, but it was impossible. At last we felt sure that the Italians had retreated. Everything became quite quiet in their position, so in order to deceive the enemy as to our number, we fired five rounds each in quick succession at the enemy's barricade. We then shouted and cheered as if we had something to cheer about, and to our surprise the fire ceased.

"Then our comrade returned with the joyful news that the bugle was merely the call for the attack sounded by the Japanese. The machine-gun, too, was an Austrian one, sent over specially to the

Italian position, as there it could play most readily upon the men attacking us.

"Firing continued all night. At two o'clock we suddenly looked each other in the face. No one spoke. We listened carefully. There could be no doubt about it! It was the sound of heavy guns quite close! We simply rent the sky with our cheers. The Chinese could not understand what was the matter, and after firing a few volleys ceased for about ten minutes.

"Perhaps they too were listening. At four o'clock the sound was nearer, and as the day wore on towards noon the guns seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

"I shall never forget the entrance of the Sikhs into the Legations. We were sitting in the Mongol Market chatting and listening to the guns, when suddenly some one rushed in to say 'The troops are in the city!' We could see no foreigner. It was an English-speaking Chinaman who brought the glad news.

"We simply went mad with excitement. We jumped in the air, knocked each other down, shouted and howled.

"Others ran to the loopholes and fired wildly at the Chinese.

"Then we all wanted to run to Legation Street to meet them, but von Strauch, our commander,

would not let us quit our posts. One man broke away, saying 'I'm not on duty,' and in a few minutes rushed back: 'The Sikhs are in the Legation'.

"Discipline restrained us no longer. We ran, yelling and howling with joy to the Legation lawn, and the scene that followed is indescribable. Besieged Pekin simply went mad with delight, and nothing could be done during the remainder of the day except run here and there, and greet the soldiers as they came in and ask foolish questions.

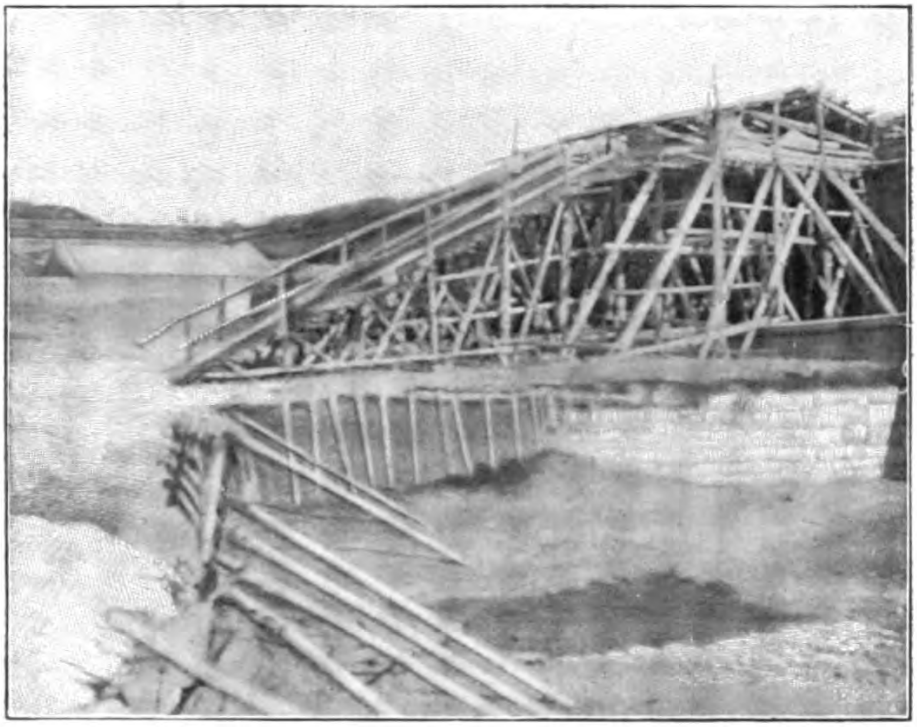
"Next morning we discovered two mines already laid, with powder and fuse complete. If the troops had come one day or one night later, God only knows what the result would have been!"

CHAPTER X.

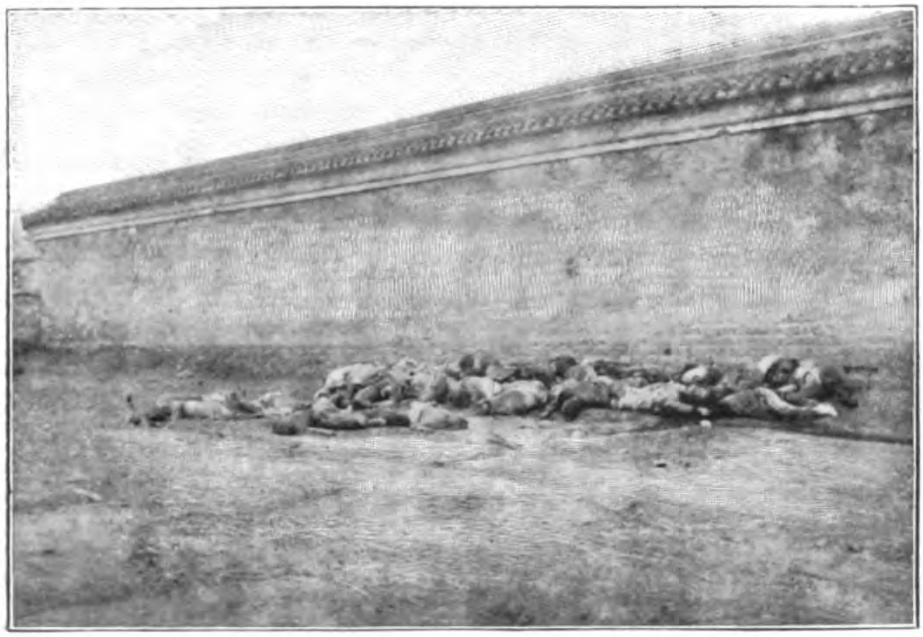
LIFE IN PEKIN—THE KAISER AS BILL SIKES—SHEIBA AS POLICE OFFICER—GENERAL EXODUS FROM THE RUSSIAN QUARTER TO JAPANESE—FRENCH, RAGGED AND DIRTY, BUSILY LOOTING—*VAE VICTIS*—DEFILEMENT UNSURPASSED—THE ASHES OF DEAD THOUGHTS.

On September 6th I made a complete circuit of the town through the sections held by each nationality of the Allied Forces. I went first along the wall of the Observatory, which had marvellously escaped bombardment. The solid stone platform on which the instruments stood had been hit in several places, but the instruments themselves had only suffered trifling damage. The wonderful bronze carving looked as fresh as if it had only been made a month ago, and each pivot carried its weight of revolving metal with delicate accuracy of balance. There was a big Russian camp below the Observatory, and all this section of the town was in the possession of the Russians.

It was a very desolate-looking tract of crowded houses. There was no sign whatever of any return of commercial activity. Most of the doors were shut, and here and there knots of half-naked Chinamen and wholly naked children stood aim-



SCAFFOLDING ERECTED BY THE CHINESE, ON WHICH THEY MOUNTED GUNS TO BEAR ON THE BRITISH LEGATION.



DEAD CHINAMEN IN A STREET IN PEKIN.

lessly round with a frightened, hungry look about them. Troops of natives doing coolie-work were employed hauling grain, forage and bundles of looted stuff under the severe superintendence of their task-masters. There were evidences of looting and wanton destruction everywhere, and throughout the whole section there was a look of everything being paralysed and blasted by the visitation of this northern horde.[1]

Then I went into the Japanese quarter—everything was quite different there. Riding along Ha-Ta-Men Street signs of business and returning confidence were everywhere apparent. It is a peculiar looking street, the centre of the roadway being about four or five feet higher than the side-walks. About half of the shops were open, or half open, in a tentative and timorous-looking fashion, but all along the pathway in front of them, on mats or sheets of paper, little stocks of wares of various sorts were displayed for sale. Vegetable merchants were in the majority, selling onions, leeks, lettuces and sweet potatoes. There were numbers of little fruit stalls with red apples, melons and cherries, and the chefs of the modest kerbstone restaurants were busily plastering dough, around rough repellent-looking balls of meat or grease, while their customers stood licking their lips, awaiting to be served. Old women, Oriental Salmon & Glucksteins, sat beside

[1] See Appendix I.

sheets of brown paper, on which were little piles of tobacco ready for sale.

As I went along I met Colonel Sheiba on a round of inspection of the Japanese quarter. He said it was not so interesting as the siege. It was very interesting, however, to go round with him, and watch him carrying out his duties. Coming round a corner, we saw some Japanese soldiers bargaining with uplifted fingers with a vegetable dealer. Sheiba dropped on them instantly, and appeared to be rating them soundly. I could not understand this proceeding, as it was clear that the men were ready to pay for the goods—the money was actually in their hands. He explained to me, however, that the Japanese soldiers were not allowed to buy anything individually, as these thrifty Tommies might beat down prices so low as to discourage trade. All their supplies were bought by the commissariat, and fair prices given. The result was quite obvious, for here in the Japanese quarter one saw more Chinese trying to recommence business in one street than one saw in all the other quarters put together. Colonel Sheiba's office was in the house previously occupied by the Prefect of Pekin. When we arrived there was a crowd of about thirty Chinamen waiting with complaints and grievances. As he went through them, it was clear that they were mainly of two classes—the first complaints against

the Russians for robbery with violence and for outrages on women ; and secondly, complaints of the owners of houses, who came back to find their shops or houses in the occupation of strangers. Sheiba's greatest trouble was with the Russians. Only the day before he had to send a squad of men with fixed bayonets to drive a lot of them out. He continually made arrests, and handed over those arrested to the Russian General, but had no idea as to whether they were punished or not.

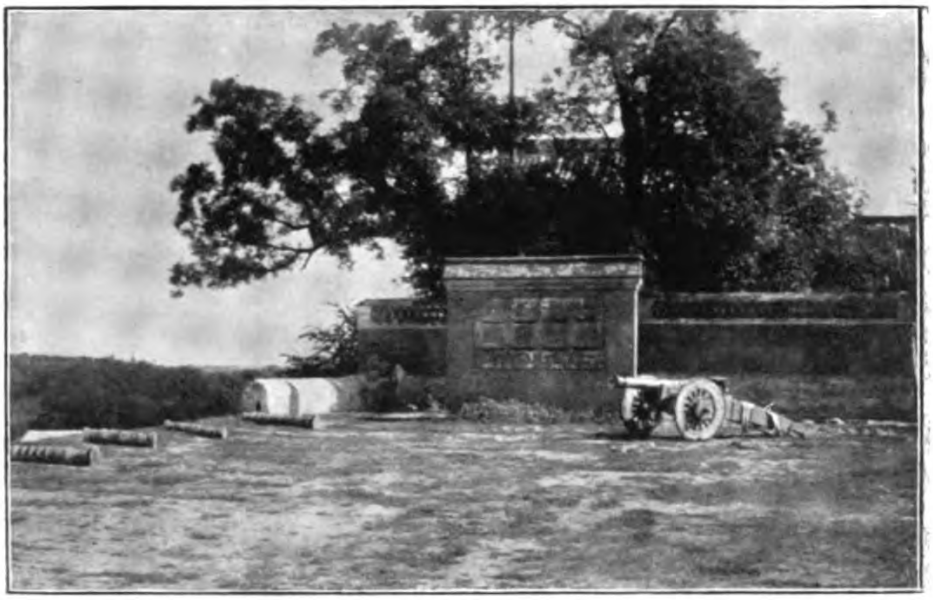
There were a few complaints of the Sikhs also during the first fortnight, but after that they were most well-behaved. At any time they were willing to obey when ordered out of the Japanese province, but with the Russians it was quite different. They had always to be driven out by force. The population of the Japanese quarter was being rapidly increased by migration from the Russian. The latter thereupon prohibited those leaving from carrying away their goods with them ; yet still the Chinese went, leaving all their belongings behind them rather than endure the horrors of life in the Russian quarter.

At a point where the Russian territory touched the Japanese, near Coal Hill, and where there were no Russian sentries, a perfect stream of poor people, carrying bundles and staggering under tables, chairs and beds were moving into the Japanese quarter.

The French quarter began on the other side of Coal Hill, and their province, an area of desolation under a reign of terror, extended over the north-west portion of the town. Fires had been particularly severe in this district, but in the houses that had escaped there were no signs of the people coming back to occupy them; nor were there signs of any attempts at recommencing business. I did not even hear the cry of a single vendor of vegetables.

Nearly all the natives to be seen were working, drawing carts and carrying burdens under the direction of the French soldiers. Crossing the great marble bridge, I met a non-commissioned officer with five coolies carrying an immense vase of old *cloisonné* of rare and beautiful workmanship.

Amid the ruins of the houses the soldiers were searching for the gleanings of the harvest of looting. This, which appeared to be their chief occupation, had brought their uniforms to a perfectly ludicrous state of ragged dirtiness. Two Bengal Lancers were overheard one day by one of their officers talking about the French. One was explaining that they were Europeans, but the other replied, "Yes, but I think only sweeper caste". The English and American were better than the French or Russian quarters, but a long way behind the Japanese. I asked my boy one day why he did not buy us some grapes; but he said that all the



OLD GUN AND "MAKE-FACE" GUNS ON THE WALL OF PEKIN.

SIKHS A-LOOTING.

vegetable dealers had given up bringing them, as they used to be taken from them by the soldiers on the way in.

A great spirit of fear held this vast city of ruins still. There was an almost impalpable shiver of horror in the air hanging over the track of this war without wounded prisoners. Of the million inhabitants of Pekin, the greater part had not as yet ventured back.

With the aid of a very intelligent interpreter I endeavoured to collect information about the occurrences of the past couple of months from the Chinese themselves, but it was no easy matter to get those to speak freely who would have been the most interesting. They were all quite communicative, however, about the misfortunes of themselves and their families, and very curious stories many of them had to tell.

Nearly everyone had some relatives about whose fate he was uncertain. Those Chinese who took refuge in the Legations before the siege were then trying to learn whether their relatives outside were alive or dead. One of our servants had a wife and two children somewhere, but he had not the remotest idea in what direction to go and look for them, and so came philosophically to the conclusion that it was better for him to stay where he was, and earn some money to help to carry them through the

winter if they turned up, than to start out on a wild goose chase after them.

There was a wail in the voice of a young Chinaman (they marry young over there) who told us that his wife of sixteen had been one of the five girls carried off by the Russians.[1] He had got news that one of the five had died, but which of them it was no one knew.

A young Chinaman was lunching with me one day—in any civilised country he would be considered a gentleman—he had fought in the Legations through the siege and got wounded; but that did not protect him, for since the relief he had been three times robbed, by Russians, by French, and finally by Japanese, the last only finding a pocket-handkerchief to deprive him of—worth about thirty cents.

A story has gone the round that when the French General was remonstrated with by his Allied colleagues about the frequent occurrence of disgraceful outrages upon women, he replied: "It is impossible to restrain the gallantry of the French soldier".

A man who arrived at that time from Tientsin told of having seen the beheading of a Chinaman by the Japs, and this story, with the alteration of the names of places, was being repeated all along the track of war. This Chinaman had accepted two dollars from two Russian soldiers to act as a guide. He brought

[1] See Appendix V.

them to a house where there was a woman living with her husband and two children. They outraged the woman, killed one of the children by tossing it on their bayonets, and wounded the husband mortally; but before the latter died he was able to give the name of the Chinaman who had brought the Russians to his house, which led to the execution of that treacherous fellow-countryman.

Even before the husband died, the woman took the child that still remained in her arms and jumped with it into the canal, where they were drowned.

The civilised Allied Forces have seen many curious sights on their march up and on their arrival at Pekin, and not the least curious was the number of houses where the inhabitants had committed suicide just before their arrival; sometimes, as in a house at Yangtsun, a row of bodies would be found hanging in the central yard of the house, or sometimes lying poisoned side by side on the *kang*.

News travels fast in China, and in advance of our march the people seemed to be thoroughly aware of the fate that probably awaited them. Although nearly the whole population cleared off before our advance, there were many, especially women, who could not get away, and who were unable to travel with their tiny, compressed feet, except in carts or on the backs of their servants. And it was principally these who, finally in the last extremity, committed suicide.

As the Chinese have agreed to erect a monument to Baron von Ketteler in Pekin in commemorative apology for his murder, it appears to me that there is an opportunity for the Allies to erect one also. It might be of pure white jade, which the Chinese women love, which in its translucent depths seems to hold the bright Eastern sunlight with the lingering clasp of a caress, and might bear an inscription saying that it was erected in honour to the memory of the women and girls of the province of Pechili who had sacrificed their lives to preserve their chastity.

To any man who went through those days with open eyes it was plain by what fears they were driven to this. It is said that each man in the Legations kept a bullet for the women in case the attacks of the Chinese should at last prove successful, when the time would come to save them by its means from worse than death. These Chinese, ignorant of the methods of civilised war, when they heard the guns of the invaders, and saw at night their path torch-lit by burning villages, evidently thought that the time had come for their wives and sisters, as well as for themselves, to save themselves by suicide.

There are things that I must not write, and that may not be printed in England, which would seem to show that this Western civilisation of ours is merely a veneer over savagery. The actual truth has never been written about any war, and this will

be no exception.[1] The cry of "Sha, sha" [kill, kill], which the Boxer mob shouted outside the Legations, has been answered from Europe by the German Emperor's speeches for "Vengeance, vengeance," and in paying a visit to the house of the prefect of the German section the effect of his speeches was everywhere apparent.

Entering the prefect's office with Baron X., a wretched-looking Chinaman guarded by four soldiers with fixed bayonets was kneeling on the floor before him, with his hands tied behind his back. He was being interrogated by the prefect, and seemed in abject terror, his breath coming in palpitating gasps. Our entrance was apparently inopportune and unwelcome, and the prefect asked us to wait outside, mentioning that we might presently have the opportunity of witnessing the execution of some Chinamen.

The men in question were waiting in the yard, and trying to learn from the soldiers what was going to be done with them. Their curiosity was gratified by one fellow, who took a cartridge from his belt, placed it in his rifle, and then put the point of the rifle to the Chinaman's chest. A sickly expression came over the prisoner's face—he understood.

One of the five seemed to be suffering from an intolerable thirst. He begged water from the soldiers, but they only grinned. He spoke to the Chinamen

[1] See Appendix V.

that happened to pass by, but they seemed afraid to bring it. Finally, one ventured to bring some, and he was hustled out by the soldiers, and struck behind with their rifles. Sounds of blows came from the prefect's office at intervals, and at each a grin of amused satisfaction overspread the faces of the soldiers. Presently the door opened, and a wretch staggered out. There was a shocking gash across his forehead over his left eye, from which the blood was streaming, and frightful weals across his back. The thirsty criminal seized the opportunity, seeing his guards' attention momentarily distracted, to get a drink from a coolie that was passing with a kettle.

It looked as if he were trying to swallow the spout, such was the mad eagerness with which he drank. I wonder how many days he had been without water. The fellow who had been beaten by the prefect was barely able to stand—swaying on his legs; the flies settled on the gash in his forehead, and the blood flowed into his eyes, as, his hands being still bound, he was unable to wipe it away.

We understood that the five men were to be executed for looting, and the other was reluctant about giving some information, or, at least, such was the opinion of the prefect. Eighty-three men had been ordered to be executed by him during that past week.

The extremely harsh measures adopted by the Germans had kept the natives from returning to their section of the town, and now that the summer was over the Allies were face to face with the very serious problem of how to get a supply of fuel and food for the winter.[1] Sir Robert Hart told me that abundant supplies would be brought in if proper protection were given to the natives. But the Japs were the only people who from the beginning offered adequate protection to traders, while the Americans and British more tardily followed their example.

Passing along the long main street leading from the Chien-Men through the Chinese city, of which one side was American and the other English, I noticed there was not a single shop open, and only a few vegetable dealers trying to trade. About a dozen blind beggars asked alms from passers-by. On one closed shop a notice was pasted, " We please all most noble foreign armies protection ".

The inhabitants of Pekin were not to be found even in the neighbouring villages. Sir Robert Hart told me that they had cleared off to a considerable distance. He was apprehensive that there would be terrible suffering in that district before next spring. The horrors of invasion, insurrection and destructive conflagrations would, he feared, be outweighed by those of famine and the sufferings of hundreds of

[1] See Appendix VII.

thousands of houseless and penniless people from the intense cold of winter. And, moreover, that was the second year of scarcity, owing to want of rain in China.

In ordinary times one coal mine alone outside Pekin used to send in 1,500 tons daily during the winter. Now the stock of coal was practically nil, and there was no prospect of getting a supply. Our Indian troops would be sure to suffer from the cold during the coming months, and it was generally hoped that no more would be sent up to increase the difficulty of the position.

The victors would have their share of discomforts, but woe to those vanquished men, women and children during the coming six months!

Scant mercy had been shown them throughout. In civilised warfare there is generally some little respect shown for the priests and places of worship of the conquered people, but here there was none whatever. Horses were stabled in the temples, and the art heirlooms of thousands of years of the nation's life to be found therein were frequently mutilated and destroyed when they were not stolen. In the street where I lived in Pekin for a whole week were to be seen, day by day, carts passing backwards and forwards laden with books which were being brought to be consumed in a huge fire burning in a yard outside the Palace wall. Thousands of books were thus

treated, so that the whole street was littered with their fluttering leaves to such an extent that I could not get my little Chinese pony to pass there without getting off and leading him, for he shied continually at the fluttering papers. Day after day this literary holocaust continued. When the wind was in the direction of my house a fine black snow kept perpetually falling, and covered the roofs and courtyards with these ashes of dead thoughts. Hundreds of the books were written in the quaint characters which showed that they belonged to, and were written by, Lama priests; many of them had probably found their way there from the bleak steppes of far Thibet.

They were printed with those wooden blocks by which these barbarians practised the art of printing for centuries before the time of Caxton. Many of them also were in manuscript, which must have meant years of labour, and hand-painted pictures illustrating some of them were occasionally to be found. They were all alike consigned to the same funeral pyre, and thousands of volumes of unascertained, but perhaps considerable, value were thus lost to the world for ever.

As the bleak, cold wind from the plains, with the shiver of approaching winter in it, swept down the deserted street at night, and moaned dolorously through the ruined houses, rattling doors

and flapping paper windows, it lifted those torn book leaves, and swirled them round in a fantastic dance of death, until one could almost imagine one heard the lamentation of the ghosts of their long dead authors—priests, hermits and scholars—mourning over the ashes of their life-work.

Just think of all this, ye smug-faced hypocrites of the West! Think of it when you put your hands into your pockets and add your names to well-advertised lists of subscriptions to public libraries, if you have intellectually the elasticity of your waist-coats at that before-lunch period of the Sabbath, when going churchwards under your shining silk hats to hear soothing doctrines cooed from the pulpit! Try to imagine yourselves in the place of these Chinamen. And then for a few minutes try to realise if your actions have been consistent with the God of your churches.[1]

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

Go back on the history of your first contact with this peaceful people, your aggression,[2] your first war with them, waged because they wanted to prevent you selling them a noisome drug, the subsequent wars and robberies because they preferred the religion of their fathers to yours. Think for a minute or two

[1] See Appendix XI. [2] See Appendix VI.

of this latest campaign! Think of the massacre of that coolie-laden junk at Taku,[1] the conduct of your soldiers, the violation of their women, the desecration of their temples, the burning of their books, the robbery of their scientific instruments by an Emperor who loves to pose as an archangel made in Germany! Just think of it all quietly for a few minutes, and if the Almighty has not already maimed you by depriving you of the sense of humour, you ought to be afforded enjoyment in this contemplation of yourselves. But I think He has long since justly deprived you of any vestige of this. To people who, seeing through the surface of things, look at the actualities, there is an awesome sadness not unmixed with fear for the future in this contemplation of this conflict of the West with the East, a feeling in no wise diminished by the contemplation of this last robber raid. And this last robber raid fully equals what has gone before.

A wind of blight
From the mysterious far North-West we came,
Our greatness now their veriest babes have learned.

[1] See Appendix IV.

CHAPTER XI.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY—FAIRY-LAND INVADED BY ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN—IN THE HOLY OF HOLIES—THE RUSSIAN QUASI RECEPTION—SEVEN NATIONALITIES AT TEA.

EVERYTHING combined to make the triumphal march of the Allies through the Palace as brilliant in appearance as it was historically interesting. The British contingent was paraded shortly after seven o'clock in one of the high-walled yards adjoining the Carriage Park. The Chieng-Men, or South Central Gate, was the one they were to enter by.

Without waiting for the British to start, I went to the outer yard of the Palace, where the Allied Forces were to assemble before entering. Nothing could be finer as regards scenic effect than the background and surroundings of this immense space, and here was presented the first of a series of magnificent tableaux which were to be continued throughout the progress of the Allied Forces to the Northern Gate.

The number of civilians that were to be allowed to enter with the troops was very strictly limited. One of the Generals was understood to have originated the idea that no war correspondents were

to be allowed to go with the troops. I formed one of the deputation that waited upon General Barrow to explain to him the interest which the public at home would take in this historic march, and the desirability of our being allowed to go with the troops and give an account of it. He thoroughly appreciated the reasons we urged, and arranged that the British correspondents were to march through with the British troops. Nevertheless from the foregoing facts, a correspondent who refused to sign a short petition which I drew up, has made for himself an imaginary grievance, and makes it the occasion for some caustic and disparaging remarks on General Barrow and the members of General Gaselee's staff, while I doubt if there ever was a campaign where correspondents were treated with such invariable courtesy and consideration. And there was a total absence of irksome and unnecessary restrictions by the censor, which often by their unreasonableness are a source of considerable irritation to the war correspondent.

There was a glorious sun in a cloudless sky, which lit up the numerous white marble terraces, balustrades and flights of elaborately carved steps, making them glisten as if only made yesterday, and the tiled roofs of Imperial yellow, and the tops of walls that were similarly tiled, glowed and sparkled as if they still held captive the radiance of a gorgeous sunset.

There was an unconquerable and excellent glory about this old Palace, and a sense of almost sadness in the invasion of its sanctuary. But there was not much feeling of this kind amongst these visitors. They had the curiosity which they would have in seeing a dime museum, a conquered kraal, or a wax-work show.

The Japanese were already on the ground when I arrived, looking very dapper in their white uniforms, and some of the Russians also. The immense court where the troops assembled before starting might have held fifteen times the number of men without being crowded. It is in the form of a T, with the gate of entry to the Palace at the end of the upright. Just before the gate is a white marble bridge, with carved balustrades on each of the three roadways across it.

At one end of the upright of the T is another gate surmounted by a lofty gatehouse, and beyond this is the gatehouse of the city wall, which had caught fire the night before, and was still sending out volumes of smoke aslant the sky. Through the interstices of the pavement a crop of grass and luxuriant weeds was growing, a rich vivid green which softened the glare of the pavement, and at a short distance gave it the appearance of a meadow. The arrival of each contingent was very effective. First the music of a band was heard in the distance, then far away, entering in at each of

the gates, the troops would appear with a flutter of colours, gleam of bayonets, and the rhythmical swing of marching men. New arrivals were saluted as they passed by those already on the ground.

I would like to suggest the triumphal march through the Palace to Mr. Slater of the Alhambra for his next ballet. The most brilliant colours of his scene-painter's pallet will not be able to match those of the original. If ladies are necessary, he could trot out the Imperial concubines, who, as a matter of fact, were invisible. For a comic element, I think he would have to fall back on the Ministers. They marched in a body immediately behind General Linovitch and his staff. They were of all shapes and sizes, and every variety of costume: a figure resembling a suit of clothes hung out to dry on a pair of golf sticks, strode along beside a little one of bobbing rotundity, suggesting a pair of pince-nez stuck in a German sausage, and at the other side of this was a Mephistopheles in tweeds. Several wore riding gaiters. Mr. Conger had on a pair of white gloves, some carried umbrellas, and one a little bag. I would have thought that it probably contained his lunch, but that it seemed to me that it looked rather more distended and heavier when I saw him with it later coming out.

A well-known savant, who had only just arrived from Europe, put his foot into it when he went up

to one of the group during the march and inquired of him, "Are you ALL press correspondents?"

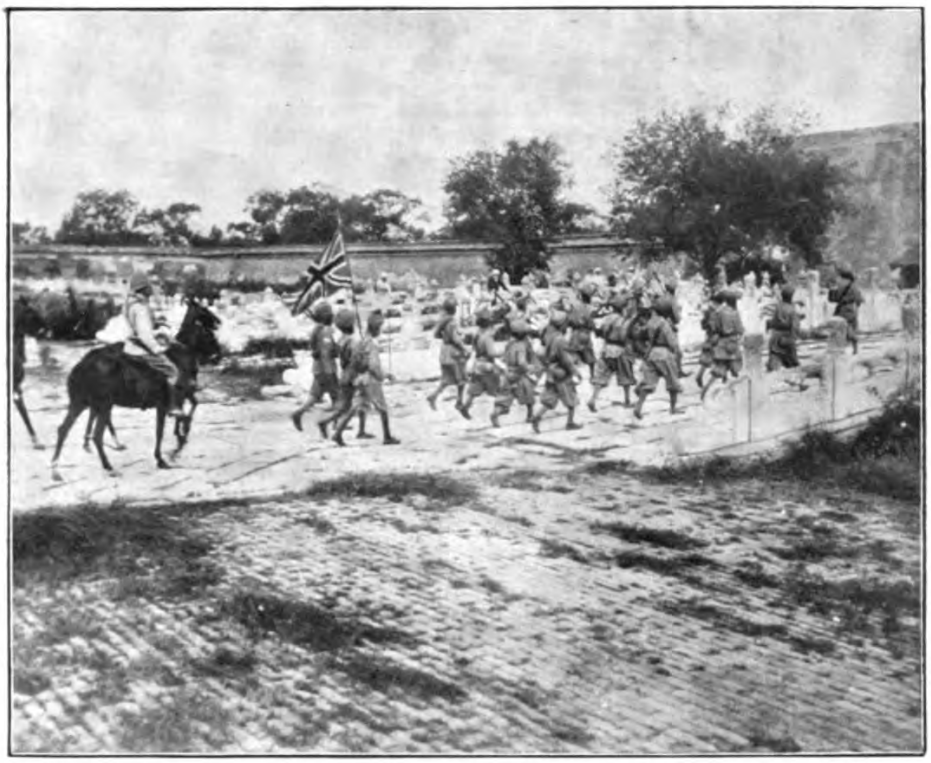
"Monsieur, nous sommes tous ministres," was the reply given in tones of ill-suppressed indignation.

Hard upon my arrival in the courtyard came the British contingent, headed by the Pathan bagpipes. They approached along the left arm of the T, and a splendidly smart and workmanlike show they made with the deep yellow khaki of the turbanned Sikhs, the fluttering red and white pennons of the Bengal Lancers, and the travel-stained uniforms of the Naval Brigade.

After the Britons came a second contingent of Russians along the main avenue, bringing up the number of their troops to considerably more than that of any other force, which was outside any right they had whatever.

After these the Americans arrived. A splendid looking lot of men they were. Their dark khaki uniforms, bore signs of wear and tear, their parade drill was, may-be, not as smart as the others'; but their grit, their determination, their courage were unsurpassed.

The French arrived next, and lined up alongside the road in time to stand to attention and salute the Germans, who followed with band playing and colours flying. As these Germans marched up along the broad, paved road, and fell into their appointed posi-



BRITISH AND JAPANESE ENTERING THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

tion, they offered to the Allied Force an object lesson of the perfection of parade drill—their alignment was as straight as if they were pressing against invisible rulers, and their step was as the heavy footfall of a single man.

Last came the Italians, with crape on their colours and on the arms of their officers, in commemoration of their murdered monarch. Then there was a short wait for the arrival of General Linovitch, and the officers of the various forces mingled and chatted in tongues which they understood imperfectly and spoke worse. But there were courteous salutations everywhere, and a general sense of gratification was felt.

When General Linovitch had finished riding round the lines, he and his staff approached the marble bridge, where he stood while the Twelfth Battery fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

The scene at this moment was striking and picturesque to a degree. Looking from the gate, with its terraced house looming high above us, in the immediate foreground were grouped the gray-bearded Russian General and his staff in their white uniforms with blue trousers. The rich carving of the marble bridge shone in the sun, the pavement glistened like sunlit water, till it lost itself in the sedge-like grass, where lines of Russians stood under glittering bayonets. There were lines of little Japs with their yellow-banded caps and standard of the

rising sun; blue rows of Frenchmen beneath the tricolour, and streaks of almost orange khaki here and there enlivened with patches of colour; backgrounding it all were the terra-cotta walls crowned with a line of tiles of the Imperial yellow that shone like burnished gold against the bright blue of the cloudless sky.

The Russian band struck up, and as the brass instruments blared echoingly round the court, General Linovitch, accompanied by a brilliant staff, rode through the Palace gates.

The ground of each succeeding court was higher than that which preceded it, and the white marble steps were broader and more richly carved. One seemed to be perpetually approaching a climax which never arrived. The vast proportions of this many-gated entrance avenue were really grand in conception, and stimulated the imagination to a pitch of expectation almost mixed with awe.

The feet of the foremost ranks tramped iron-nailed across the marble pavements, scabbards clinked and clashed on the steps, and the brazen voice of the band wound itself about the roofs and walls.

We were in the heart of the Forbidden City, our sacrilegious feet were violating the Holy of Holies, yet there was a feeling of great disillusionment, an immense anti-climax.

In the first great chamber we entered, dark and

gloomy-looking, was a tawdry throne coated with dust as thickly as the heavy yellow carpet on which we trod. Across another court we went, as full of weeds as that outside the Palace, and then into another chamber with another throne little better than the one before, great vases of *cloisonné* so dirty that the pattern was hardly visible, and over everything seemed drawn a shroud of dust, dirt and decay.

From here we went along a side passage, which led into a space crowded with trees so close overhead as to produce quite a twilight below, here there was a grotto, and close by a few rooms, belonging to some of the officials of the Palace.

It was curious to notice by what adroit management of details the Russians managed to give the whole of the day's function, especially this latter part of it, the appearance of a big reception on their part, in which they were acting as hosts, and doing the honours accordingly to the rest of the Allies.

General Linovitch received each General as he arrived at the top of the steps. The extreme cordiality of his greeting to the French was most marked. He stood and led the cheers, waving his cap above his head the while.

Such enthusiasm was not certainly called forth in the spectators by the aspect of the men. In plain words, they were simply a disgrace to their

countrymen, who were so fond of crying "Vive l'armée". There was every excuse for their uniforms being dirty after the long march up, but that the faces of many of the men should be so too was quite inexcusable. Some of them had the blue covers turned up over the backs of their white helmets, and some had not, which gave them an additionally patchwork appearance, and their step, bearing and alignment were all in keeping with their costume.

After the troops had passed, the Generals, Ministers and many of the officers strolled towards the Palace to have a look through it at leisure. I had gone ahead in order to get some photos of the private apartments, when, just inside a bower of trees, I was invited by some Chinamen to have tea, which was laid out on the verandah of a single-storied dwelling-house.

Cushions were placed round, and, in addition to most delicious tea, they had various kinds of dried and crystallised fruits and some of Huntly & Palmer's biscuits. Presently the Russian Generals and the rest came along, and within a short time we were all taking part in an absolutely unique social reunion, the East meeting the West, the vanquished acting as hosts to their conquerors in this delightful bower of curious trees in the centre of the Forbidden City.

Alongside us was a sacred grotto, among the stones

of which grew lovely ferns, which, unlike other things about, were flourishing on neglect, and high above us, supported on its crutches, rose a great rotten tree-trunk, which some might say was an ominous image of the Chinese Empire, provocative of the remark "Why cumbereth it the ground?"

The ladies came in to join the party, and there was literally a babel of voices around. The mixture of languages was such that one would frequently be in doubt as to which would be the right one of the seven being spoken in which to ask one's neighbour to pass the teapot.

From here we strolled through several of the multitudinous apartments of the Palace, but the result of the whole was distinctly disappointing. Everything had the appearance of the family having gone to the seaside. Curtains were down, making most of the rooms quite dark; dust was on everything.

Although much had evidently been stowed away, there were still numbers of interesting and beautiful ornaments about some of the apartments—china, carved jade, books and pictures. People were anxious to get some little souvenir of their visit to the Palace, but were shy about taking anything; after a while some of them got over that shyness.

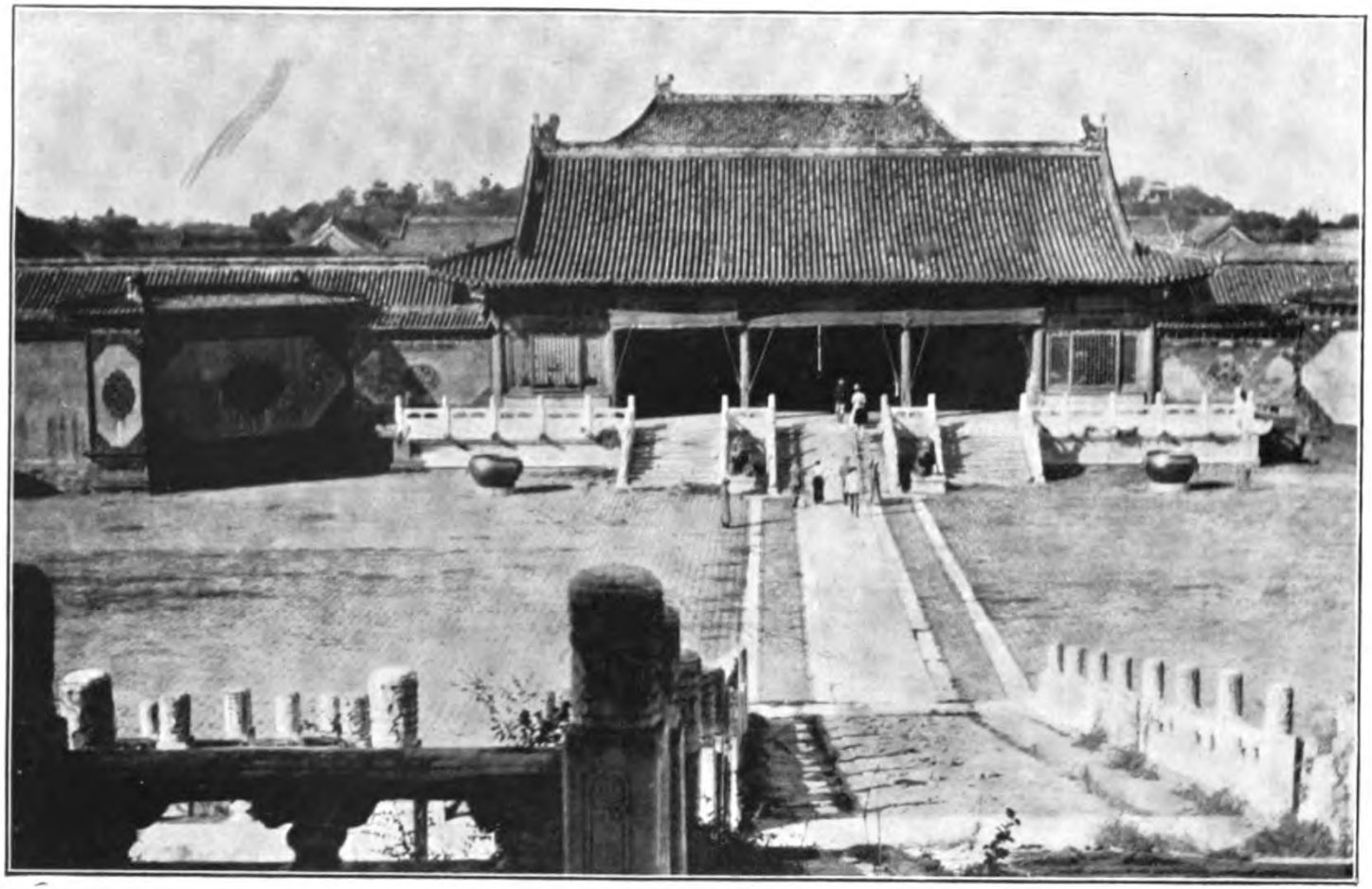
I was watching a Minister examining a carved and inscribed tablet of jade in one of the Emperor's

rooms. He put it back in its place and walked on. Then he seemed curious to examine it again, and did so carefully for a few moments. Then he put his hands in his pockets, and seemed intent on contemplating the pattern of the ceiling. He apparently got so interested in it that he must have forgotten that he had not put back that bit of jade in its stand. There were some, however, who went in for looting in a more barefaced fashion. There was one dark room where a lot of stuff was stored away in boxes, which were opened and a number of vases taken from them, principally of jade.

A Frenchman managed to take away a gold-carved vase by crushing it with his knee, and putting it under his coat.[1] Another was being carried off by two Englishmen, when they were seen by a mandarin, who complained to an English officer, and they were made to give it up. All the articles taken were of small value in comparison with those too heavy to be conveniently pocketed, and to the immense treasures which were probably securely secreted in this mysterious Palace.

There were very few Chinamen to be seen during our march through the Palace. Three or four at the first gate, and solitary, unarmed soldiers standing at doors along the line of our route. Not a vestige of expression was visible on their wrinkled, yellow

[1] See Appendix I.



CENTRAL COURTYARD OF IMPERIAL PALACE.

faces. One or two of the ministers of the Palace appeared, and later, after the march through, several more old gentlemen, many of them decorated with the peacock's feather, which they wear hanging down their backs from the inside of their hats. The last British officer to leave, whose duty it was to see that all his countrymen had left the Palace, told me that after it was all over, quite a large number of mandarins and retainers of all sorts came out of places where they had remained in concealment while we were inside.

The march of the troops across the great courtyards, up and down the marble steps, and through the dimly lighted halls, was very picturesque, and the tramp of their nail-shod boots over this forbidden ground was suggestive of many reflections. This column of Western soldiers seemed like a knife entering into the very heart of this old Eastern civilisation, and probing and laying bare a fistula of cankerous decay. Yet it was rich in gorgeous rottenness and decay most royal. Splendid *cloisonné* vases of wonderful workmanship stood level with men's heads. The Imperial banners, down which the five-clawed dragon writhed in gold, hung moth-eaten on the walls, while under our feet were everywhere thick, rich carpets. It will be many years before the City of Pekin can possibly recover from this terrible visitation of fire and pillage.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN MIGHT WAS RIGHT—HUMAN BIRDS OF PREY—A CORRESPONDENT AND THE MANCHU LADY — THE IMPERIAL CONCUBINES REMAIN A MYSTERY.

THERE were many curious things happening in the days that followed the occupation.[1] For the first three or four days everybody was on the "loot," or almost everybody. The pawnshops were, of course, the greatest finds, for the private houses had already been ransacked from one end of the city to the other. The temples were not spared, but after a short time guards were put outside the principal ones, and pillage was put a stop to. The troops had to be quartered in the different districts, and their officers took possession of the houses of well-to-do Chinamen. It was difficult, however, to find houses that were fit to live in. There had been an immense amount of pillaging and destruction done in the city by the Boxers who had come in from the country side, there had been various vast conflagrations caused by these same Boxers in different districts, and now finally came the invasion of the Allies. The lowest scum, the riff-raff of the Chinese popula-

[1] See Appendix I.

tion, still lurked about the streets, and carrion crow-like were "on" to pick up anything that was left from the previous looting and pillage.

There were practically none of the better-to-do inhabitants who remained in their houses. Sometimes servants were left in charge of them. But they did so at considerable risk, because as likely as not they might be considered Boxers by any of the soldiers, and treated accordingly. As General Chaffee says in his report, there is no doubt that many an innocent native was sacrificed by the Allies on the mere suspicion of being a Boxer.

The civilians, including the war correspondents who came up with the Allied Forces, had to find lodgings for themselves, and anywhere near the Legations it was extremely difficult to find even one or two rooms which were any way habitable.

An English correspondent, after having spent a couple of hours going through houses in search of a place fit to lodge in, came upon an establishment which had evidently a short time before been a luxuriously furnished Chinese gentleman's abode. There was an artificial garden with rockeries, and a variety of plants and flowers, and shattered remains of furniture and ornamentation of the most elaborate and artistic description. Penetrating from the outer courts, he went through one after another of the deserted rooms, and just caught a glimpse of an old

Chinaman disappearing through a door which he had closed behind him. After hammering at this vigorously for some time, it was opened, and an old shrivelled yellow face appeared at the aperture. As he shivered in the doorway, the Chinaman jabbered volubly, and seemed to protest vigorously against the correspondent's further progress. This door opened into an inner courtyard surrounded by rooms which had not been quite so badly wrecked as those outside. He walked from one to another, but found them all unoccupied except one. In this he found a young girl, who had been sitting on the *kang*. She stood up and retreated into a corner as he entered. She was evidently a young Manchu lady, and like many of her race extremely beautiful. Her trousers and coat were of richly embroidered silk, her black hair was ornamented with jewelled combs and rows of pearl ornaments of peculiarly involved pattern, and the coil of her hair was carried over a delicate carved stick of white jade, somewhat in the shape of a flat paper-knife. She was absolutely terrified at his approach, and he had the utmost difficulty in persuading her of his harmless intentions. Her feet were not compressed like the Chinese ladies', but she held herself upright with a distinction and dignified grace that was very charming. Her delicate hands were trembling violently, and although he could not understand her language, she held them

out with a gesture of supplication which could not be misunderstood. Although her face was powdered and her lips rouged, these disfigurements would not have prevented her from being considered anywhere an extremely handsome girl. He tried by signs to reassure her, and then endeavoured to point out to the old man that it was dangerous for her to continue to wear these pearl ornaments in her hair, which would probably be too great a temptation for any marauding soldiers that might wander by.

She understood, or rather partly understood, quicker than the old man, and, snatching them from her head, threw them at his feet. He picked them up and returned them to her, and then a gleam of surprised understanding enlightened her face. She evidently could not believe that there was a foreign devil who could behave in this manner.

It was surprising how she came to be left behind in Pekin like that. All the better class of people had managed to get away. He tried to indicate to the old man that it was a mistake for her to continue wearing the clothes she had on, and so far succeeded that on his return next day he found that she had changed them.

The foreign devil used to go and visit them almost every day, and brought them some rations. It was quite a week before her ladyship unbent, then she became very gracious, and used to have tea ready for

her visitor. And one evening when he arrived, she produced a guitar-like instrument, and sang to him in a high falsetto voice. But Chinese music is an acquired taste.

Every other evening he used to call and see this mysterious girl. They first carried on a conversation by means of signs and gestures, and then she developed a taste for learning English. She would point to things, and then repeat their names after him, and it was wonderful how quick she was at picking them up.

After this had been going on for about three weeks, he went to the house one evening and was surprised to find it tenantless. The old man and the mysterious girl had vanished completely, for good and all.

Except the Imperial concubines, who were still in the Palace, she was the only woman, save the wives of some of the lowest coolies, who remained in Pekin. The flight of the Emperor must have been extremely hurried when the Imperial concubines were left behind. Although the Emperor and Empress-Dowager's apartments were entered in the Palace, no one had a chance of seeing these ladies. General Wilson was one of the first to enter the Emperor and Empress's apartments, and he asked a Chinese official, who was showing him round, to be allowed to see the ladies. But the old man objected. General

Wilson explained to him that he insisted on seeing them; that he, the official in charge, could not refuse, as he, General Wilson, was there with his soldiers, and could force an entry if he so desired. But still the old man protested; and finally put it to General Wilson that if he were to allow him to see these women whom he was left in charge of, sooner or later, when the Emperor returned, it would certainly cost him his head. He put it so forcefully that his head would be the price of gratifying the General's curiosity, that the latter sacrificed his inclinations, and left the old man the assurance of keeping his head.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUSSIAN THIMBLE-RIGGERS—WAR WIVES WANTED—SAPOLIO'S EGGS WON'T WASH—A VISIT TO THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS-DOWAGER IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

It was interesting to watch the clever moves of Russian diplomacy. Although the Russian troops had treated the Chinese most outrageously, from the massacre of three hundred coolies[1] in a junk off Taku all the way up to the occupation of Pekin, yet after that occupation the Russians began to pose as the best friends of the Chinese.

The Russian minister would have left Pekin if he could have succeeded in getting the others to follow. The members of the Russian Legation seemed to pack up their things and unpack at least once a week. There was one thing that gave the Russians an advantage over other nations in dealing with the Chinese, and that was that there is no question of Russian missionaries with them.

To us correspondents, especially those living in the Russian quarter, the cares of householders weighed heavily. And that the Englishman's

[1] See Appendix IV.

house is his castle was brought home to one with novel forcefulness when that house had to be held against predatory hordes of Siberians. These great lumbering fellows were easily disposed of when one was on the spot, being wonderfully biddable. But one had always a fear of coming back some day to find that a clean sweep had been made of everything.

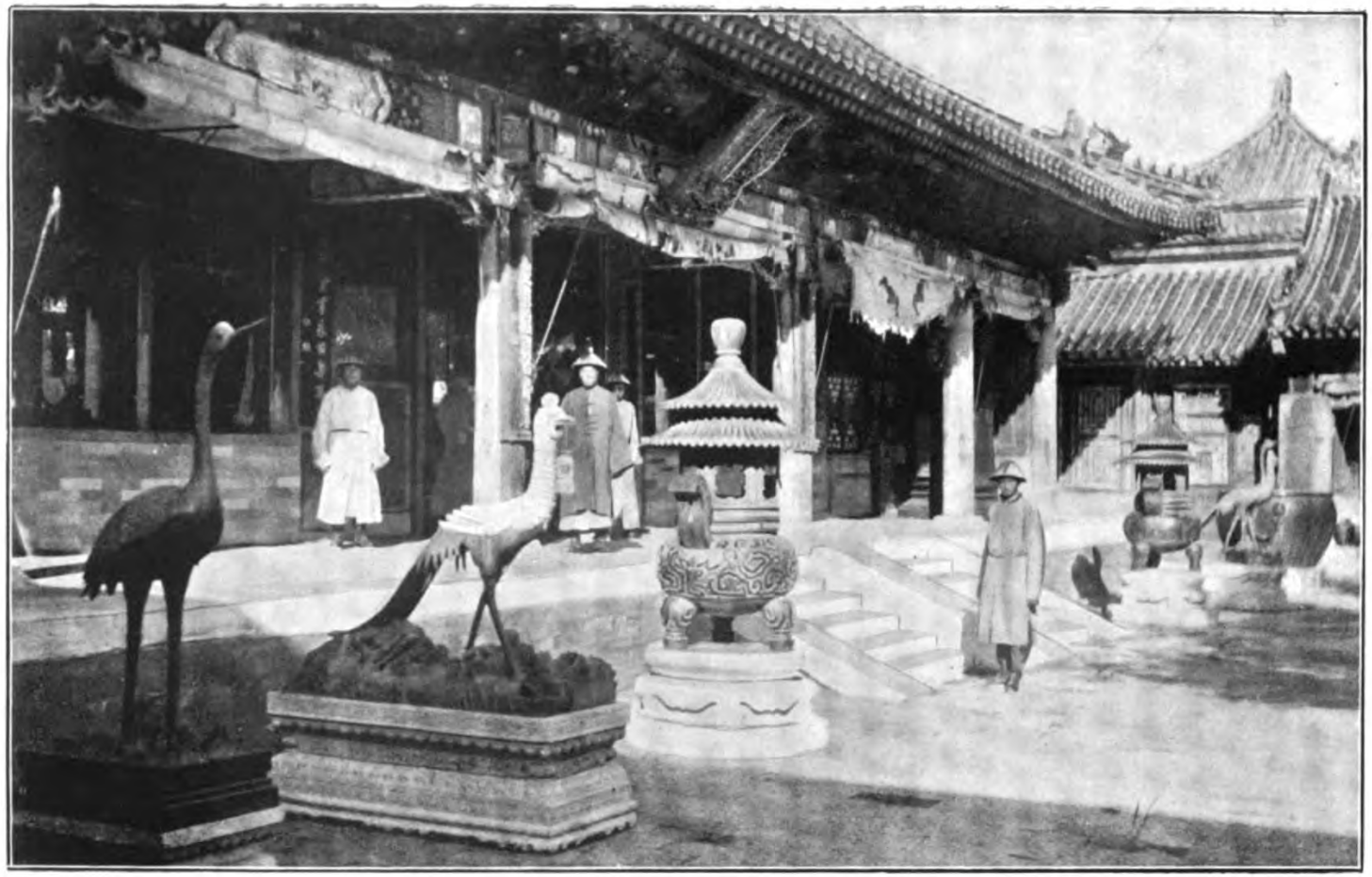
Of course we all drew army rations, and we found it desirable to go first thing in the morning along with the boy who drew them, otherwise we were likely to be landed with meat that defied the culinary skill of our chef to make it eatable.

Very picturesque and glorious in colour was the scene in the Imperial Carriage Park when rations were given out in the early mornings. The Indians had lighted their fires, and were cooking their breakfast. Gleaming brass vessels shone like gold; the white, circular cakes of dough were being kneaded, and flapped about in pans preparatory to cooking, while all about others were engaged at their morning toilet, combing their oiled jet black hair, or winding on their turbans, now of every imaginable rainbow tint of looted silk, amongst which the Imperial yellow seems to be the favourite, undoubtedly since it was the most becoming.

Latterly a good supply of vegetables, fruit and eggs was offered for sale by the Chinese around the Legations—excellent grapes, pears and apples.

Sapolio carried a string of cash, and made the purchases when I pointed out what I wanted. (My boy was called Sapolio because he didn't wash clothes, or almost anything else.) He bought much cheaper than I could, but expended a fearful amount of time and talk if not pulled up. I thought I saw an opportunity of showing Sapolio one day that I was quite capable of securing a good bargain without his assistance when a Chinaman offered me two dozen eggs for ten cents. The vendor was very voluble about them, but of course I could understand nothing of what he was saying.

Now I do not know much about eggs. My knowledge is confined to the lecture on the subject by the great Dan Leno; but although in that lecture he impresses one with the truth that "there is heggs and heggs," he does not tell one how to judge them from their outsides. When offered a china cup or saucer, the correct thing to do is to look at the mark at the bottom as if one understood what it meant, and shake the head. With a fur you invariably blow upon it. I am sure I do not know why. There being no marks or fur on these eggs, I just bought them as they stood and carried them back. I gave them to Sapolio mentioning the price, and said to him, "The thrifty man is a perpetual egg-buyer". This sounded like one of the maxims of Confucius, and Sapolio seemed duly impressed.



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS.

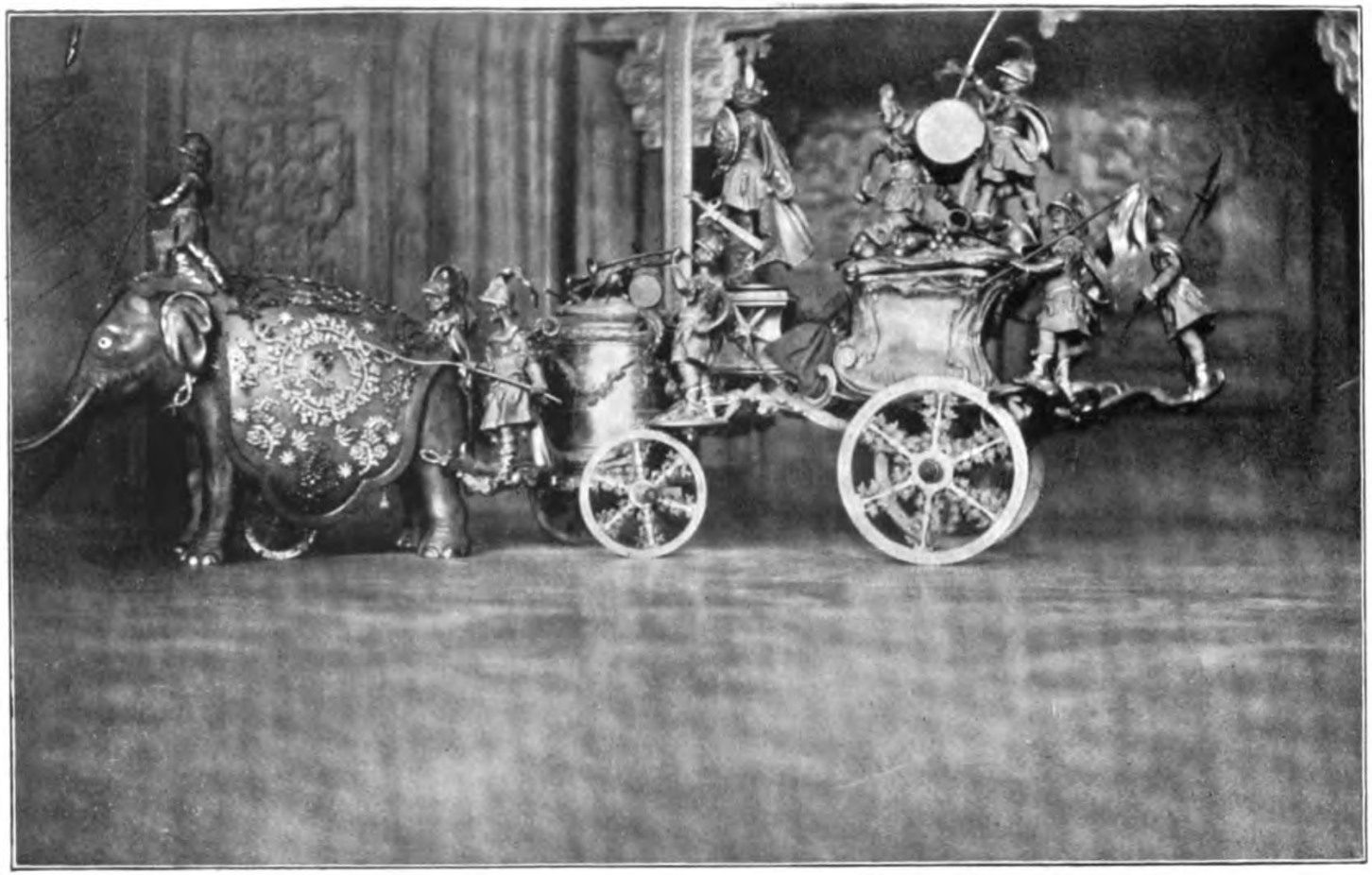
I had settled down to write a letter a few minutes afterwards when Sapolio came in, holding an egg in his hand. He said something in Chinese, shook his head, and added "No good". There was a peculiar expression on Sapolio's face, and I noticed a motion of his shoulders as if of suppressed laughter when I sent him off to fetch in the basket. Breaking one to examine it, I found that they were all boiled as hard as it was possible to have them boiled. It is a strange country, so full of contraries, that I fell to thinking if it were possible that there would be a breed of hens here that laid hard-boiled eggs. Ask Dan Leno.

The greater part of our days was occupied in running rumours to the ground. It was a wonderful town for false reports. We heard of Boxers assembling at various points of the compass, and expeditions which seldom came off going out against them. The future movements of the Legations were a constant subject of speculation.

On the day of the triumphal march through the Palace, the Imperial private apartments had not been entered, and I was on the look-out for an early opportunity of paying them a visit. This was afforded me by the courtesy of General Wilson, who I think was one of the first to enter them a few days after his arrival. He made me promise not to take anything, and I gave him my word not to take anything—except photographs.

The private apartments of the Emperor and Empress-Dowager were on the west side of the Imperial Palace. We walked along the immense white marble, grass-grown courtyards, and then turned to the left. Crossing a white marble bridge which traversed a stagnant canal within the Palace grounds, the corpses of several Chinese soldiers could still be seen just appearing above the green surface of the water. We were conducted by a wrinkled-faced old man, decorated with the peacock's feather, which he wore hanging down from the back of his hat. He appeared to be left in charge, in the position of major-domo or chamberlain of the Palace. He was accompanied by a number of servants, whose impassive faces were quite expressionless, save for a fleeting glance of hatred and resentment when we first met them. The old man's face had a worried look that was quite pitiable.

Going along several passages, the old man opened massive doors, breaking the paper seals on them, and we entered first the private apartments of Kwang-Su. There was a striking contrast between these and the rest of the Palace. The halls outside showed every sign of neglect and decay. A layer of dust hung on everything like a shroud. But here everything was kept in most excellent order. Great bronze ornaments of beautiful workmanship stood under the trees in the quiet courtyard. The



LARGE MECHANICAL ORNAMENT, RICHLY STUDDED WITH DIAMONDS, FOUND IN THE EMPEROR'S BEDROOM.

plate-glass windows that filled both the front and the back of each side of the rooms shone with crystal clearness, and most beautiful ornaments of green and white jade were arranged along them so as to catch the sunlight, and show to the best advantage the chaste artistic delicacy and refinement which is characteristic of that stone. The rooms were crowded with a large number of ornaments of Western manufacture, which were evidently presents made to the Emperor by European potentates, or possibly by concession hunters. All these looked vulgar in the extreme in comparison with the native works of art.

Both in the Emperor's and Empress-Dowager's rooms there was an enormous collection of clocks —clocks of every design and description, from those richly ornamented with dials that shone with diamonds and precious stones, to the commonest possible painted description which can be seen in any drinking saloon. If they were all kept wound up they must have been the only thing that marred the delightful repose of those tree-shaded courts, for in all else there was a delicate atmosphere of refined rest and repose, cushioned with every adjunct of Oriental luxury. One of the largest objects in these rooms was an enormous celestial globe. But, curiously enough, there was no sign of a terrestrial one. Suggestive that! Was it that the heavens

were the only appropriate study for the Son of Heaven, and China was so much the world to him that the rest was negligible?

The Emperor's bed was small and comparatively plain, but the draperies and hangings were of the finest silk. There was a wonderful mechanical toy or ornament on the floor of his bedroom—a silver elephant harnessed to a car, on the top of which was a clock. Its dial and the harness and back of the elephant were richly studded with diamonds and rubies.

On the whole the ornamentation and the works of art in the Dowager-Empress's apartments seemed richer than those of the Emperor. The two suites of apartments were almost adjoining. Over the doorway of the Emperor's apartments was the legend in gold letters, "Peace, Harmony and Repose". And yet, if those walls could speak, what a strange story they would have to tell of the tragic struggle that quietly went on within them—the nominal despot of 400,000,000 people, the Imperial radical, engaged in struggling against the forces of conservatism focussed in the person of the Empress-Dowager.

Still there is something very pathetic in the unsuccessful efforts made by this delicate, pale-faced young man, and the pathos is accentuated when we consider the ban he is under from not having

begotten a male heir. The greatest misfortune that can afflict a Chinese household from the highest to the lowest, the greatest pride in the life of the poorest coolie was denied to the Son of Heaven.

In the north-east corner of the Palace enclosure is the garden of the white jade flower, canopied with a roof of luxuriant foliage that makes a cool, green, shady twilight below. Here is the white marble bath, a quaint grotto, and rustic steps that lead upwards to a high pagoda that just overtops the trees. We were told that it was a favourite spot with the Emperor, where he often went in the early morning or evening. No monarch in the world could look from his palace upon a more beautiful prospect than is here—roofs of gold-like tiles, or exquisitely deep blue and green, vistas of carved white marble terraces, temples, domes. Immediately outside the Palace the woody slopes of Coal Hill rise precipitously, topped by the three pagodas; the trees in the courtyards of the houses of Pekin draw a veil of foliage, and at a short distance hide all the squalor of the streets, so that at this angle there is little sign of being in the midst of a city. The great wall, with its massive gatehouses, show the limit of the vast city, and beyond, through the clear atmosphere unstained by smoke, lie the blue western hills.

Pekin appears a very beautiful city seen from any

eminence, or at such a distance that the dirt and squalor of the meaner streets are not forced on one. But it is most beautiful of all from where the Emperor sees it, from the high pagoda of the Palace, from Coal Hill, or from the high gardens which overlook the lotus pond.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUCTION SALES IN PEKIN—LOOT SYSTEMATISED—MISSIONARY LOOTERS AND PRIVATEERS—"MORAL SUASION"—ELBOW-DEEP IN WATCHES—"THE LOOT THAT FAILED."

"HERE are two rolls of mandarin silk, about twenty yards. How much shall I say for the mandarin silk?"

"Three dollars."

"Four."

"Any advance on four dollars? Going for four dollars! Going! Gone for four dollars to Captain Phillips."

Then Captain Pell brought up another article out of the heap, and the auctioneer, old Dick Herring, the constable of the British Legation, took another sip of whisky and water, and held up a blue, warm silk coat, full length from shoulder to ankles, lined throughout with foxskin, and embroidered on the outside with silk.

We were expecting the winter shortly, and tailoring was rather at a premium.

"How much shall I say for this beautiful foxskin coat?" asked Richard.

His phrases were not much varied—in fact, you

knew what he was going to say before he opened his mouth. He turned the long cloak back to front and *vice versâ*, and a cataract of silver fox fur streamed from his hand to the ground.

"Two dollars," said an Indian dealer with reckless prodigality. The article was worth a hundred pounds in any part of the world.

"Three dollars," cried a corporal of the Marines from the outer ring.

"Four," said a colonel, seated on one of the forms in the inner ring.

"Five," from an American war correspondent. It has never been discovered that Press correspondents are men of means, but this loot auction was drawing them out.

"Six," shouted Dr. Dudgeon from the form. He knew the value of things, and people smiled. So the bidding ran up to twenty.

"Going for twenty! Gone! Name please. Oh, Dr. Dudgeon. Didn't know it was you, sir, or I would have sent the bidding higher."

Whereat the company laughed. Dr. Dudgeon was not the man to pay too much. Then there was put up a piece of Chinese ink, or a chunk of bird's nest soup, solid and dirty, or a Manchu lady's hairpin, and although half-a-dozen articles might have been sold in succession at less than half their market value, these trifles would be run up to a ridiculous

figure. Their intrinsic value would be less probably to a European than that of a single brace-button (which, indeed, was sometimes a precious possession in the circumstances), but the company would be seized with the humour of the thing.

Every afternoon, except Sundays, these auctions occurred under the colonnade in front of the British Legation. Sir Claude Macdonald was frequently among the crowd, and General Gaselee and General Barrow, and the officers of the staff, together with colonels, majors, captains, subalterns, warrant officers, non-coms. and men, Sikhs and Royal Marines, Royal Engineers and Welsh Fusiliers, Japanese, Punjaubis and Baluchers, employés in other Legations, Chinese traders, and even coolies, with a sprinkling of American officers and men and Germans. The sale was open and free to every one who chose to come. The Russians and the French did not choose to come.

That was loot systematised. This China expedition affair has been the biggest looting excursion since the days of Pizarro. There are different ways of looting, and other nationalities have not pursued the English way, but all were agreed that loot was the correct card.[1] It had to be. Pekin was a wealthy and populous city, full of busy marts, big houses, thriving banks, large warehouses and crowded pawnshops. Half the population rushed helter-skelter

[1] See Appendix I.

through the northern and western gates when the troops entered by the southern and eastern. Those who fled took with them what they could carry, and buried or attempted to conceal the best part of what they had to leave behind.

But hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of property was left derelict, with no likelihood of its owners coming to claim it. On the entry of the troops an honest endeavour was made by the British commander to keep his men within bounds. The Indian troops in particular required a tight rein. But there lay the unclaimed, ownerless, portable property, and meanwhile French, Russians and Germans were freely gathering it in, as well as the Chinese themselves as soon as they mustered up courage to invade the empty houses.

It became clear that the virtuous abstinence of the British troops from the appropriation of goods would not in the least help the former rightful owners, and as many of these must have been participators in the Boxer attack, their goods would, in any case, be liable to confiscation. This was the situation when the British troops were given permission to bring in what they could find.

While the wealthy houses and the crowded pawnshops were stripped of their silks and furs, the poor man's cottage was spared, and men found looting beyond bounds were court-martialled. The coolie's

necessary goods and chattels, his baskets, his wretched clothing, his needles and thread, even his paltry ornaments of artificial flowers and cheap vases, were left as they stood. Though gratitude is not, perhaps, the strongest point in the Chinese character, I cannot but think that this step, which did no one any harm, did something to enhance the reputation of British troops.[1]

There is another method of dealing with the Chinese. I will not now make mention of particular nationalities. There have been cases, and many thousands of them, where houses have been entered, and every single article that could not be carried off has been wantonly smashed, the occupants of the houses beaten and sometimes killed, the women grossly treated, mules and donkeys bayoneted and dogs shot.

British and American soldiers have had no share in such pillage.

The property taken by the British troops was not left in the hands of those who seized it, but was all put together in warehouses under guard. It was then placed in charge of a prize-fund committee, who made a selection each day of various kinds of goods, which were then put up for auction.

But this great opportunity for helping themselves was not lost by a number of civilians who had been

[1] See Appendix VII.

besieged, or who on one pretence or another had managed to accompany the relieving forces.

First of all there were the missionary looters. They had a number of converts more or less dependent upon them. This was given by them as a reason for what some people considered their stealing and holding sales of stolen goods. Their *modus operandi* was first to hoist flags over the houses of wealthy inhabitants, thereby protecting the buildings from the soldiers. Then on the doors they would affix a notice saying this was the property of such-and-such a mission. The reverend gentleman would then move into one of the houses, and start to hold a sale of the contents. When the goods were exhausted he would move on to another, and so on.

Perhaps the most successful of these privateers were men who, through being associated with mining or engineering companies, had some knowledge of Pekin, had native servants, and, above all, had some places for storing their goods.

One enterprising engineer was to be seen starting every morning with his cart and three servants for places that were known to be the residences of well-to-do Chinamen, and where sycee was probably hid. He did not trouble himself about curios or works of art, but concentrated his attention on getting the solid silver.

When the inhabitants suddenly fled from the city,

or even before that, at the commencement of the Boxer troubles, thousands and thousands of pounds worth of silver was buried under the floors of their houses. If any of the owners of the houses or any of the servants connected with them remained, it was merely a matter of getting them to divulge the place where it was hidden. This frequently required considerable pressure—"moral suasion".

"I always let my boys do that part for me," said the gentleman in question. "It is just as well not to inquire too closely into their methods. I wait outside with the cart till they have discovered the stuff. Sometimes I have to wait half an hour, or an hour, and once I had to wait two hours, but then it was worth waiting for."

A fellow who falsely represented himself as being a war correspondent, and thereby managed to get up with the British troops to Pekin, went round collecting fines on his own account from any household that he could hold up. He was turned out of Pekin by General Gaselee, but I never could see why he was allowed to take his ill-gotten gains with him.

There were stories going about of the natives being hung up by their thumbs in their own houses until they disgorged whatever valuables they had concealed. But it is to be hoped that these stories were not true. One hopes against hope however sometimes.

There were some curious finds in the way of loot, and many grotesque and amusing incidents in connection with the hunting for it.

The German Order of the Black Eagle set in brilliants was purchased from a Chinaman by a volunteer officer. The diamonds were intrinsically worth a large sum apart from the value or interest of the decoration itself. The German consul telegraphed to Berlin, and I believe it was repurchased, and eventually found its way there.

Pearls are easily portable things, and of these precious jewels with the Chinese there must have been an enormous quantity in Pekin, but not a very great number were found by the soldiers. I saw some beautiful watches set with pearls however. Watches were in great profusion amongst the soldiers.

Passing through Tung-Chow, a Russian soldier was to be seen who had possessed himself of a big box full of watches. He could literally dive his arm right up to the elbow in them. One dollar each he was selling them at.

In the Russian camp at the base of Coal Hill the men were to be seen drinking out of porcelain and jade bowls. An officer in the Welsh regiment passing one day saw a Russian drinking at a well from a magnificently carved green jade goblet. "How much?" The Russian held up one finger, meaning

one dollar, equal to two shillings, and the deal took place to the satisfaction of both.

Great opportunities were offered to the connoisseur in old china. But there were very few who knew anything about it. With this, as also with the jade, it was like buying a "pig in a poke". A number of green jade thumb-rings were found, and many were offered at the afternoon sales at the British Legation. They generally fetched about two or three dollars. There was one put up one day when two Chinamen were amongst the buyers. They electrified the assembly when the Europeans had finished, by taking up the bidding. Bidding against each other they carried up the price to eighty dollars, and it appeared as if they would have carried it higher still, had they not, as the result of a short consultation, come to a mutual understanding.

The contents of the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress were not taken, and very little indeed was removed from the Imperial Palace. One attempt at looting there resulted in an amusing fiasco.

Just inside the west wall of the Palace was a big storehouse. A party made up of members from various Legations was going through the Palace, when some members of a certain Legation commenced to break open the door of the storehouse. There was a heavy lock on it, and it took them a

considerable time to do so. They went on until Mr. Reginald Tower and Lady Macdonald protested against the proceeding, and then they, with some others, left those burglariously-inclined people still at work on the door. When eventually they did succeed in breaking it open, they were rewarded by finding a great number of boxes and cases full of porcelain. But, alas! the porcelain was all in broken fragments. It was literally the storehouse of the broken china of the Palace, which must have dated back for some hundreds of years.

But perhaps the best loot story of all was that of the three enterprising Britishers—Pricklemount, Jones and Logan—who were living together in a street in Tientsin. Jones was the first to notice something unusual one evening when it was just about time to turn in, and hastened to apprise his companions.

"Just come and look," he cried, utterly disregarding Pricklemount's friendly invitation to "have a night-cap," "these old Chinese priests next door are up to some game or other."

Pricklemount and Logan were beside him in a moment. The room they were in was on the second storey of a European-built house, and looked out on the back. The piece of waste ground behind, half garden and half yard, was separated from that of the adjoining house by a wall ten feet high. The right hand window of their mess-room enabled them

to see over the wall to some extent. Half-way down the garden they saw by the dim light of the new moon a Chinaman hard at work digging a hole. He was partly hidden by the wall, but at each stroke of the pick the moonlight gleamed on it as he raised it above his head. Then, while they watched him, two Chinamen appeared from the house carrying something between them. From their short and staggering steps it was evidently very heavy. They brought it to where the other was digging, and after resting a moment returned again to the house. In a short time they appeared again similarly laden, and repeated the proceeding four times, then the two others with shovels joined the man at his work of excavation.

Pricklemount extinguished the lamp on the mess table, and opened the window cautiously. The Chinamen were working away in silence. It must have been nearly half-an-hour before they seemed satisfied with the depth of the hole, when they lowered the heavy packages, and then on top of them shovelled in the earth, which could be heard falling as on the lid of a metal coffin.

The trio drew back from the window as the Chinamen were giving the finishing touches to their work and returned to the house.

Jones closed the shutters of the room, and then relighted the lamp. Logan was commencing to

execute a *pas seul*, but was instantly stopped; the trio looked at each other in suppressed excitement. Jones, equal to the occasion, poured out three stiff pegs, between which he divided a bottle of Apollinaris.

"It's the temple bronzes," said Pricklemount as he put down his empty tumbler.

"It's sycee," said Jones, as he followed suit.

"No," said Logan, wiping his moustache, "it's gold bars, me bhoys! Nothing else would be so heavy for so small a space."

Seating themselves in the three armchairs, they discussed the probabilities. The possibilities were unlimited. Had not Kettle yesterday bought the jewelled order of the Black Eagle, given by the Kaiser to the Emperor of China, for a mere song from a Chinaman? Had not Phipps of the Engineers found a lot of gold bars in the *kang* of a burnt house? Except for a couple of sables and a *cloisonné* vase of unascertained value, they had not been in luck up to the present, but now they were clearly in for a real stroke of good fortune.

Far into the night they discussed the best plan of action, and the details of how they were to proceed. Several pipes helped reflection; and with the third nightcap there came unanimity of opinion that Logan's theory was right, and that it could be nothing but gold bars.

They separated to their rooms, and dreamed golden dreams. The next morning showed the rubbishy yard next door looking much the same as ever. One of the priests was even then sauntering through it, smoking his customary post-prandial pipe. They had rented this house since their temple had been burned.

The trio assembled at dinner at eight o'clock. Everything looked auspicious; the afternoon had been cold and showery, and now the evening had settled down with leaden clouds from which poured a thick, drizzling rain. It was impossible to see two yards ahead out of doors.

The Chinese boys were told not to wait up, and soon after ten o'clock everything was apparently quiet within the house, and also apparently quiet within that next door. Armed with a pick and shovel, a quantity of rope, and bringing two high-backed chairs to help them to cross the wall, they sallied forth. Logan was put to watch the Chinese house, while the other two worked. The ground was soft and heavy with rain, but was easy to work; not two feet below the surface they struck something metallic.

Clearing away the earth, they found they were on two metal boxes, and on lifting them to the surface saw that there were two others below. Logan came to lend a hand lifting them out, as

they were heavy. They had just landed them on the surface, and Logan was turning back to the house, when he saw an indistinct figure a couple of yards from him just gliding in that direction. He bounded forward, and caught the loose cloak of a Chinaman. Transferring his hold to the pig-tail, which he twisted round his hand, he pressed a revolver to the side of the man's head; after a writhing twist the fellow remained perfectly still, evidently divining that it would be better for him not to make a sound.

Logan held him with his face turned away from the others, whom he told to hurry up as fast as they could. They had great trouble getting the boxes over, Pricklemount falling from the top of the wall and nearly breaking his neck, owing to the wet rope slipping through his hands as he was hauling up the first box. Then Jones toppled over one of the scaling chairs, and came a cropper with the last box on top of him. However, they managed to get the four over at last.

Then Logan brought the Chinaman to the door of the house, and motioned to him that he had better not show out again when he went to join the others. Although it was not clear what would be the contents, it was quite obvious it must be something very valuable to be put up in soldered boxes—so they thought as they brought them into the hall. They

shut the door, and then, feverish with expectation, they brought one upstairs. The lamp was turned up. The box was covered with clayey black mud, as were the hands, knees and most of the clothes of the three. They were all wet to the skin—but what did that matter! On scraping off the mud, the tin looked like an ordinary kerosene tin, and still had the smell of oil about it.

Logan had a hammer and chisel ready to prise it open, when he saw the ordinary opening was in its place. He opened that first; immediately there was a still stronger smell of kerosene. He put in his finger, and withdrew it covered with oil. "Well, I'm damned!"—and he seemed to express the opinion of the other two.

After an interval of blank silence, Jones suggested that it was probably a crafty Chinese dodge to conceal the gold bars effectually by filling up the tin with oil. So they emptied the contents into a washing basin, but found there was oil, oil, nothing but oil.

Hoping against hope, they brought up the other tins, and went through the same process—with a like result.

Wet, muddy, dirty to a degree, with clothes torn, Pricklemount with his head cut, and Jones with bared knuckles, the floor of the room and the stairs caked with footprints of black clayey mud, and the

whole place reeking with the smell of kerosene, the situation was beyond words. Jones, just as twenty-four hours previously, silently poured out three stiff pegs, and split a "Polly" between them. They drank in silence and in anger too deep for words.

The following day, before tiffin, a polite message was sent round from their neighbours, the priests, saying that, following the regulations against keeping kerosene stored in houses, they had buried four tins of it in the yard; that they believed some servants of the most noble officers had taken it during the night, and that they would feel greatly obliged if their excellencies would be good enough to return it.

After a consultation, a reply was sent back that the oil was taken purposely, as it was also against the regulations to keep oil stored in backyards, but that it would be kept for them, and any quantity they required given at intervals when sent for. It is a great thing to "keep face" in China. Whether "their excellencies" had done so or not is a matter on which their minds will never be quite satisfied. Logan averred that he saw one of the priests wink the other eye when passing the next day. None of them knew how the story got out—whether it was the frightful smell of oil which hung persistently about the room, or through their servants, or through the priests; but anyhow it was all over the town how the Blank Battery struck oil.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EXPEDITION TO PAO-TING-FOO—DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF FRENCH AND GERMANS—ON A MULE HUNT—LADIES IN FULL FLIGHT—A RAIN-DRENCHED RIDE OF TRIUMPH THROUGH THE TOWN—THE FATE OF THE MISSIONARIES—GERMAN PLAN TO LOOT THE IMPERIAL TOMBS FORESTALLED—AN ITALIAN SERGEANT SLIGHTLY MIXED.

EARLY in October word was received from Chinese sources that some English missionaries were confined in the gaol at Pao-Ting-Foo, also that at Jung-Ting-Foo there were several Roman Catholic priests and nuns, together with some Protestant missionaries, to whom they had given refuge when in dire straits. With the intention of releasing these people, and making inquiries into the murders and outrages committed in Pao-Ting-Foo against the missionaries, two strong forces, composed of British, Germans, French and Italians, started for Pao-Ting-Foo, the one from Tientsin and the other from Pekin.

Sufficient notice was given to the troops to be prepared for this expedition, and on the 11th of October the Tientsin column set forth, taking the river Hun-Ho as their course, General Bailloud being in command. And on the following day the Pekin column, under General Gaselee, started direct for

Pao-Ting-Foo. As great jealousy existed among the Allies regarding the order of march, it was decided before leaving that each nationality should have the privilege of daily leading the expedition in turn. As neither the French, Germans nor Italians possessed cavalry, our Indian Lancers scouted for the column. Some few days before the 12th of October the French force proceeded nine miles along the road, and at Lung-Cha-Chow, the terminus of the Pekin railway, awaited the main column. It was here subsequently that the British took three girls in a dying state out of a well, into which they had been thrown by a composite force of Germans and Italians who had just passed through. This method of disposing of their outraged victims was frequently adopted by the soldiers as the safest way of hiding their misdeeds and escaping the consequences.

The British force, consisting of about 1,300 men, accompanied by the Indian Bagpipe Band of the 26th Baluchers, preceded the column on the first day, followed by the German force, about 2,000 strong, with whom came the Italians, 700 in number. The Germans were accompanied by their brass band outside the city gates. The new harness upon the German horses, their brand new guns and cooking apparatus straight from the factories in Germany, attracted much attention. The Italians threw in their lot with the Germans, the British

providing them with a transport as they came up too late for commandeering on their own account.

In those six days' march the weather was splendid, the nights were frosty and the days deliciously cool. Thus none of the troops fell out with sickness or were otherwise incapacitated. But perhaps best of all were the Indian contingent, the only ones who were prepared to camp out. The French, Germans and Italians sought invariably for billets in the nearest villages and towns, and it was this arrangement that gave these troops an opportunity of disgracing the names of their respective countries, of which some of them were not slow to avail themselves.

Of course the Germans were supposed to be perfectly equipped, but all the canvas they carried consisted of those little fly-tents, suitable for just sheltering a single man when on outpost duty. Another interesting point that may be noticed here was that the expedition was calculated to last for twenty-one days; whereupon the British took exactly that amount of rations, whilst the Germans contented themselves with seven days' provender and the French three. The Italians, as I have said before, threw in their lot with the Germans, and things looked rather blue for them until they met with the Tientsin column. Still, it will easily be seen that there was a big deficiency in the larder that had to be filled up somehow or other. And as

a matter of fact the deficiency was principally supplied by foraging and looting.

But owing to the fact that the runaway Chinese army from Pekin had crossed that same route shortly before us, we did not find foraging an easy matter. Whole villages, some of them the former homes of Christians or Boxers, had been alike indiscriminately destroyed and absolutely denuded of their inhabitants, whilst the railway had been torn up, and, such was the malignity of the Chinese, the very sleepers carried miles away from the line and buried.

Every contingent of the Allies was desperately short of mules and ponies, so permission was severally accorded to buy mules from various villages in the more remote, and consequently not depopulated, neighbourhood. As a matter of fact, this was not so easy to do as it sounds. In the first place, as soon as the news that we were coming spread in the wonderful fashion it does in China, the natives living six or eight miles away would immediately drive off with their mules to the hills, often hooking a team of six or eight mules to a cart laden with terrified women and children, who were almost too frightened when surrounded to grasp that we wanted only the mules, and not their charming company. Of course strict orders had been issued by General Gaselee that, whenever possible, animals or forage taken should be paid for.

But this was usually a very difficult matter, for when you had run a likely animal to earth, the owner, terrified with the consciousness of having done his utmost to hide the mule, and fearful that loss of life might be the penalty inflicted, hastened to deny volubly that he had ever set eyes on the beast before; and despite all the reassurances that we could give him, he would persist in denying his claim. Certainly both Chinese and mules showed an ingenuity in this game of hide-and-seek that is rarely to be equalled. Often we came upon animals securely hidden beneath sheafs of *kowliang*, where they lay as peacefully and quietly as sleeping babes until their hiding-place was discovered. And then —well, they just proved their right to the name of mule.

It was amusing to see what an extraordinary idea our neighbours across the Channel had of their importance in this expedition. For the first two days' march we were simply astonished to find that in all the populated villages we passed through we were met by the inhabitants armed with a number of French flags. It seemed curious that the French should have elected to take up so much storage room in this manner instead of carrying more food; and it was not until our journey was half accomplished that we learned the reason of this universality of the tricolour.

It seemed then that the French had stolen a march upon us, and were already at Pao-Ting-Foo. That a column had started from Tientsin ostensibly for the purpose of relieving some French missionaries in the hills we knew, but as they had taken the former station-master at Pao-Ting-Foo with them, it was plain that that was not their ultimate object. And the Chinese really believed that the French flags they had been presented with would protect their property from all the other Allies. Such conduct, as may be imagined, caused no little disgust amongst the other portions of the Allied soldiery. But the reason for it spelt commercial interest. The French had much at stake at Pao-Ting-Foo. Possibly in their place we would have done the same.

And certainly they must be given credit for their forbearance in remaining without the town, face to face with the Chinese sentries, for five days after their arrival.

The French occupied the gates of Pao-Ting-Foo for two days before they became aware by chance that some English missionaries were prisoners within the city. Thereupon the French colonel made inquiries, and found that a Mr. and Mrs. Green and child, and a Miss Gregg, had been prisoners in the common Chinese gaol for six weeks. He ordered them to be handed over to him immediately,

which was done with a very bad grace. It is a pity that more actions of this kind cannot be scored up to the French. They would help to erase the painful memories of some of the most terrible incidents of the war—that at Lung-Cha-Chow, for instance, when, having had one grim experience of French soldiery, the hapless women and children fled to the other side of the river, then in possession of the British, for protection. It was here, too, that the British commanding officer, Bignall, subsequently refused to allow any of the foreign Allies to camp in the town. He had allowed it once, and bitterly regretted it.[1]

Meantime a portion of the first French force had proceeded upon their original errand, *viz.*, the release of some French missionaries at Jung-Ting-Foo, sixty miles distant from Pao-Ting-Foo.

During the Tai-Ping rebellion in China some years back the Roman Catholic nuns suffered dreadfully at the hands of the Chinese, in consequence of which all Catholic missions under the charge of nuns were fortified, to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the outrages previously perpetrated. This soldier-like method of protecting the missions caused the missionaries of other denominations to observe sarcastically that the Catholics were wont to partly fortify houses wherefrom to preach the gospel.

[1] See Appendix V.

Nevertheless, when trouble came, all those Protestants who could were glad to take advantage of the protection thus offered to them by the Catholics. Moreover, in many instances the Catholic fathers sent word to all missionaries, irrespective of denominations, to come to them for shelter if in danger of molestation from the Chinese.

That these fortified missions were a power the Chinese knew they had to reckon with is nowhere better instanced than at Jung-Ting-Foo. Here the Roman Catholic chapel possessed a small tower, and the Chinese believed that in this tower guns were mounted (which was not true), and that, if they were brought into action through any rising on the part of the Boxers, the city would be destroyed. Thus they deemed it best to leave these premises severely alone. This mission extended its protection not only to many Protestant missionaries, but also to several railway engineers, who were safely escorted to the coast by the French.

Before leaving Pekin, our engineers organised from the Indian contingent a troop of mounted sappers, whose duty it was to repair the road, build bridges, etc., for the Allied column. These dusky soldiers built a bridge across a river half way between Pekin and Pao-Ting-Foo, which broke down just before the French force crossed. The German and British forces immediately set to work to repair

the damage, the Indian troops actually wading waist-high in the cold water at their work. The French, when asked to assist, refused, remarking that they were not coolies, thus throwing an unmerited reflection on our coloured soldiers. However, General Gaselee, with commendable courage, immediately ordered our troops to cease work, and left the French to make their way across as best they could.

Two days before we arrived at Pao-Ting-Foo a large Chinese army crossed our track. Some of the Germans followed it for sport, and they said that the Chinese fired upon them; but in any case they had no killed or wounded, while the Chinese lost thirty or forty men and two guns. But it was no fight. Indeed, throughout the whole of this expedition the Chinese soldiers may be described as almost friendly. We met several of them looking for this portion of their army that the Germans had fallen in with, and, after commandeering their horses, mules and arms, let them go.

In Pao-Ting-Foo itself after the arrival of the two columns—the Tientsin, which had the rougher time of it, taking two days longer to make the journey—things were in a sorry state. The governor of the city had already made himself scarce; but an old general of eighty years and a cavalry colonel were at once arrested, although, owing

to some secret influence, it was some time before the Fan-Tai and Nei-Tai were made prisoners, notwithstanding that the first-named was eventually proved to be deeply implicated in all the misdoings.

This Fan-Tai was the same man for whom General Gaselee, wrongly advised by his interpreter, Jameson, actually waited two hours outside the city gates on his arrival for the sake of an interview, a mistake that those who knew the Chinese well were certain would be unfavourably interpreted to the strength of the attacking force. The Fan-Tai came out in his chair, escorted by many petty officials, and in a dignified manner made General Gaselee welcome, and offered plenty of food and fodder for the staff and their horses, but nothing for the men.

The British troops camped outside the walls, the remaining Allies billeting in the villages adjacent. And nobody was permitted to enter the city until the three days of grace, which had been given by General Gaselee to the Chinese garrison of the town to quit, had expired.

The following evening, though it rained in torrents, and indeed proved to be the only wet day we had, was selected for a sort of triumphal procession through the city. Thirty men from each nation rode from the north gate to the south, and from the east to the west; during which time the Chinese watched stolidly from their windows the

strange spectacle of the foreign devils drenched to the skin, with uniforms rendered dank and clinging with rain, and hats converted for the nonce into temporary waterspouts, trying to "keep face" and look imposing in spite of the obvious, and not to be disregarded, efforts of the elements to the contrary.

Thereafter, with the removal of the Chinese garrison some six thousand strong, the Germans and French took up their residence in the town, and pillaged and looted as far as lay in their power. Not much, however, awaited the would-be looter there. For Pao-Ting-Foo had been cleared out as clean as a whistle by the cunning inhabitants as soon as ever news was received by them of what had happened at Pekin. Boxes, locked, in plenty were found and broken open, and discovered to be mostly empty, or only containing ornaments of poor value. Almost everything had been taken to distant towns. But a few heavy ornaments and articles of clothing were left. Therefore there was no looting done here, for the best of reasons—there was nothing to loot.

The women fared fairly well in Pao-Ting-Foo. And there were no scenes of barbarous atrocity to equal that dastardly act of some Cossacks outside Pekin, who tore the child from its mother's breast, spitted it with a sword to the lintel, outraged the woman, and murdered her afterwards.

Further particulars as to the trial of the chief offenders at Pao-Ting-Foo would have been forthcoming but for the officiousness of one of the understrappers attached to the staff, which caused members of the Press to be excluded. General Richardson was appointed president of the court of inquiry, but on the French remarking that "*Il y va de l'honneur de France,*" he withdrew in favour of the French commander. Save for the fact that the capital punishment sentenced on the offenders was duly carried out, nothing more was known.

Had more stringent action been taken in the first place it is probable that many would have been saved. That past master of equivocation, the Fan-Tai, declared that no foreign lives had been taken within the city. The explanation lies in the fact that those unfortunate missionaries were just conducted without the boundaries, and there met their fate.

Seventeen missionaries were massacred in Pao-Ting-Foo. They were first taken to the most sacred and ancient temple (which was afterwards razed to the ground in part punishment before the troops evacuated the town), and forced to kneel before the images of Chinese deities. Afterwards they were taken to their homes, including the English missionaries, the Bagnells, their houses set on fire, and some of their poor, unfortunate selves thrown in the flames.. Indeed, lucky were those who perished

in this way, and were saved from the horrible treatment which was meted out to two unfortunate American ladies, Miss Gould and Miss Morrell. These ladies were taken from their houses, stripped of their clothing, and carried, suspended by the hair and feet, from bamboos borne on the shoulders of coolies, to the city gates. On their arrival, Miss Gould was found to be dead, but poor Miss Morrell, having a stronger constitution, lived to be made march naked through the streets of the city, followed by a jeering and insulting mob, and afterwards taken outside the gates, her breasts cut off, and then her head. But enough. The repetition of these horrors is to little purpose now that their unfortunate victims have been released from their sufferings by death.

Whilst we were outside Pao-Ting-Foo we went to I-Chow and took possession of the Yamen. Troops were not permitted to go into the town. But some Germans found a lot of loot, especially silver. We afterwards discovered that most of the bullion taken from Pao-Ting-Foo was hidden in I-Chow.

Finding that the Germans were about to visit the Imperial Tombs, and knowing that many ornaments of considerable value were to be found there, our cavalry proceeded there at once, and informed the Chinese officials in charge that we would assist

them to take their things of greater value to some place of safety, as the Tombs would probably be looted. Acting on the hint, the Chinese immediately removed the bulk of their valuables to a temple over the hill in a hollow, whilst an escort of our own soldiers, commanded by a gallant relative of "Bobs," remained on guard until after the Germans had passed. Still later on a pretty assortment of trifles was picked up from that queer graveyard of many tombs encircled by walls, near which pretty little temples did sentry-duty over the last resting-place of the Chinese Emperors. Jade, *cloisonné*, incense-burners, bronzes, many of them hundreds of years old, still remained, and were speedily appropriated by the invaders.

One amusing incident occurred at Pao-Ting-Foo. An Italian contingent consisting of twenty men (infantry) under a lieutenant went out one day scouting. They did not return at night with the exception of one of their number, a sergeant, who stated that the small force was surrounded by thousands of Boxers, and begged that reinforcements should be sent. The British turned out their cavalry at 8 P.M., and spent the night searching for the missing force. It was not until next day that they learnt that the garrison at I-Chow had been similarly alarmed by another Italian, and that they too had had a wild-goose chase. Shortly afterwards the missing men turned

up with the astounding intelligence that they had seen nothing whatever of the Boxers. Then the truth came out. The whole thing it appeared had been concocted by these two men to conceal their over-liberal potations of *San-sou*, a Chinese spirit. But they had missed each other in the dark, and one had landed at I-Chow and the other at Pao-Ting-Foo. Hence their sin had found them out.

On the main column leaving Pao-Ting-Foo, Germans and French were left, also outposts at Jung-Ting-Foo. And those villages, wherein missionaries were known to have been ill-treated, were burned.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PUNITIVE PICNIC NEAR PEKIN—MARCO POLO'S BRIDGE—DAWN AMONG THE MOUNTAINS—A BOXER GIBRALTAR OF PRAYER — LEADEN-HEELED GERMANS — BOXERS' ESCAPE—THE DESECRATION OF WHITE TEMPLES.

We had several little punitive expeditions, punitive picnics, or international field-days whilst in Pekin. One may be taken as typical of the whole. One afternoon we started—the English at three and the Americans at four—and went out through the western gate of the Chinese city amid dense clouds of dust.

It was three or four inches thick on the road. Outside the wall is a stone road, which means a raised path, as if of colossal dominoes, fixed at varying angles with gaps at irregular intervals, and deep ruts in places, where thousands of cartwheels have made an impression after centuries of jolting.

I do not know how many miles of it there were. The American gun-carriages and drivers had a terrible time, but got over it without a smash, whereas one of ours got temporally knocked out, and on the way we passed a Chinese gun lying by the roadside with a broken carriage wheel. There

were about 800 English and a slightly greater number of Americans composing our portion of the expedition; two battalions of Germans, with whom two guns were to co-operate, also some Japs who were to leave Pekin in the morning. A number of Boxers were known to be in the temples in the western hills. The English and Americans by making a détour were to attack them from behind, and if possible drive them down into the plain between the hills and Pekin, where they would be met and dealt with by the Germans and Japs.

We got into a little walled village about seven o'clock. It was just dark, and the first drops of what was to be a heavy shower were falling. We, as well as the Americans, had an enormous baggage train, considering our number of men, and there was plenty of confusion in the narrow streets when all the mules, waggons and carts got crowded into them. Those Indians are very quick about settling down, however, and it was not long before I was tucking into a cold dinner with Major White and the officers of the Field Hospital Corps.

We occupied a little house outside the village just next to Marco Polo's bridge. This great structure looked peculiarly strange in the twilight. At the end of the street one suddenly came upon a huge stone-faced embankment, which stretched right and left as far as the eye could see.

At its base was a level plain of sand, as if it had been left by the receding tide, and out at right angles to this, giving the illustration of a pier built out into the sea, stretched the level bridge until its farther end was lost in the darkness. There was little water in the shifting channel of the Hoang-Ho, but the gigantic buttresses that faced up stream like the bows of ironclads must be none too heavy for the enormous volume of water when that immense river is in flood.

I slept in a dhoolie, and a dhoolie is a most excellent combination of tent and four-poster to sleep in.

It was a chilly night, with some showers, and, my goodness, how some of these poor Indian bearers bivouacking around coughed! Several of them were already suffering from chest complaints; but I could not help thinking of how much worse it would be when the really cold weather came.

I like the sound that awoke me about two o'clock—the tramp, tramp of marching men in the night. Men do not talk much, or talk loud marching in the dark. There is a sort of fascination in the sound, mingled with the rumbling rattle of artillery waggons and guns. It is nice to be able to lie in bed and speculate where all these silent men are bound for, or what foes may face them before the dawn; but it is infernally uncomfortable to have to turn out in the dark, saddle one's horse, and follow them.

Compensation came in seeing the gradual painting of the dawn amid the mountains of this strange land. Behind us stretched away towards the east a dead level plain, and the first sign of coming light was the outline in irregular serrations of the mountains in front, with contours reminding one of the Drakenberg as seen from Ladysmith.

A great inky canopy of rain-cloud had passed away from their summits, and white wisps of mist, like curled veils of gauze, lay on their purple sides or filled sheltered crevasses like snow. As the light increased a steep rocky promontory appeared in the foreground of the foothills, streaked with white walls and terraces, with a pagoda on the extreme summit standing out above the clustering trees. It had a wall completely surrounding it half-way down, giving it the look of a fortress as well as a temple and monastery.

This Gibraltar of Prayer was ideally suited either for defence or for the delights of heavenly contemplation. It commanded a deep gorge through which the river emerged from the hills, as well as the plain which lay below. A handful of men might keep an army from scaling its wall-like sides.

Clear above the lower world in white marble terraces or cloisters, shaded by the dark foliage of white-trunked pines, one caught glimpses of delightful sanctuaries looking out on the purple mountains behind or the

plain in front, rich as a Chinese embroidery in tints of yellow and green. If meditative monk is ever to reach the Buddhist Nirvana, it is surely from amid such surroundings.

As the full light of day made all the details of the landscape clear, we saw how beautiful was the country we were entering on. It reminded me very much of the Puy-de-Dôme district in France. All the plain and the lower hills showed signs of diligent cultivation, and teeming richness of soil clothed the surface with a ripe harvest.

High up on the mountains were numerous temples. Towards our left southwards was one of the largest, where there used to be 300 monks. Last year members of the French Legation occupied it, but not since then have Europeans stayed there, and its priests have been particularly disagreeable to foreigners.

Within an amphitheatre, or, more correctly speaking, a horseshoe of hills, was the temple in which we expected to find the Boxers. The Americans and English were to approach the horseshoe from the outside, and drive them down into the frog of the foot, where they were to be met by the Germans on the plain. The horseshoe pointed west, and the temple was on the south side of the shoe.

The north side had not been covered when our men reached the south and west. Our attack was

completely successful as far as taking the enemy by surprise was concerned. Our men were all along the edge of the steep ridge above them before they knew anything of our approach.

There was a temple below, with a high white pagoda and marble terraces, stairways, artificial stone ponds, richly-carved tombs and tiled roofs, as rich in colour as the plots of flowers between them. We had hived Boxers in sacerdotal cells. The men seemed to be preparing breakfast when we opened fire on them. If they ever had any idea of defending the place, there was no chance of doing so once the heights above were occupied; but, anyhow, it was just a question of "*Sauve qui peut*".

Several flights of steps and steep paved slopes shaded by trees led up to the temple, but below, on the level of the plain, there was a clear open space. They raced across this, making for the opposite slopes, which, culminating in a broken ridge, formed the other heel of the horseshoe. There was no sign of the Germans anywhere. There were a few fields of *kowliang*, and scant cover of one sort or another when they had crossed that perfectly open space of about two hundred or three hundred yards.

Here every Chinaman had to expose himself as a fair target for the English and Americans above him, and the target practice was distinctly bad. There were only six bodies stretched on that open

space, so that each side may claim to have shot the lot without having any reason to brag about their marksmanship.

The Germans were too slow in coming. They were late for the time appointed for their arrival, and even if they had been up to that time, they would still have been too late to co-operate effectually with the Americans and English. The Japs on the right of the Germans got no chance of doing anything. The American soldiers took possession of the temple, which was occupied during the summer months by Mr. Squires, of the American Legation, and his family. There was a notice over the gates which read : " By Imperial decree, this temple is appointed the headquarters of the Pa-Ta-Chu Boxers ".

How complete was the surprise was shown by a quantity of dough being just ready for baking, and signs of a meal just about to be cooked.

I saw the bodies of only six dead Boxers within the temple. The report was that we had killed a hundred. But I believe this to be a gross exaggeration. It is curious how battlefield rumours such as that, by being repeated through an army, finally come to be believed on little or no foundation of fact.

The Germans came up after it was all over. From what I have seen of the Germans, I am inclined to agree with the criticism of a Japanese colonel on them. " They have too much drill—drill," he said ;

"it hampers their movements. I am a great believer in quick movements."

There was no valuable loot got from this temple, merely a number of fur coats and other stuffs. There was a plentiful supply of clean mats, and as I left the Americans were making themselves comfortable in most delightful quarters in the rooms of the temple, or on the shady marble terraces that look out from the mountain side across the rich plain towards Pekin. But their tenure was short-lived indeed: the very next day avenging Christian dynamite blew the temple into ruins.

CHAPTER XVII.

CIVILISATION OLD AND NEW—MISSIONARIES PAST AND PRESENT—A DIPLOMATIC SUMMING-UP—THE STORY OF OUR MISTAKEN DEALING—AMERICAN CLEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.

THE history of the intercourse between the West and the East is the history of vulgar aggressiveness punctuated with crime. The Chinese were a self-contained, self-supporting and self-satisfied people, self-satisfied with their own progress and civilisation long before the West became civilised. They had reached that stage of progress, of civilisation, which put them in the position of being selective. Hundreds of years before the Elizabethan era they had quite reached the point which the West had attained in the sixteenth century.

The first intercourse or communication we had with the East was through Mohammedan missionaries. These missionaries were missionaries in the pure sense of the word. They taught the doctrine of their faith without any ulterior motives, political or social, without any desire for extending the domains of the Prophet; and if they were not cordially received in China, they were at least given a fair field. And in the spiritual and intellectual

domains they made what conquests they could, and these conquests were by no means insignificant.

Then came the first Christian missionaries from the West, and they worked similarly to the Mohammedans. The greatest among them was Francis Xavier, and throughout the East, both in China and Japan, he had thousands of followers; and in Japan to the present day, surviving through centuries of internecine warfare, there are still villages filled with Christians, whose faith has been handed down by their ancestors, who were converted to the Catholic faith by Francis Xavier. Neither Mohammedans nor Christians, as far as these first missionaries were concerned, had any military, political or diplomatic support. They simply went to teach the doctrines of the Prophet or of Christ. And they made such progress that at one time it looked as if the vast millions of the Chinese, and the greater part of the smaller population of Japan, were in a fair way to abandon the doctrines of Mencius, Confucius and Buddha for those of Christ and Mohammed. All through China, even to the present day, we find the footprints of these missionaries in the books and astronomical calculations of the Jesuits, in those marvellous instruments in graceful bronze of the Astronomical Observatory at Pekin, which up to a few months ago were to be seen there, but now

have been carried off as loot and sent to Germany; and in the bridges and buildings throughout the country the almost obliterated footprints of these missionaries can be seen.

This is the period of Chinese missionary work when missionaries went carrying their lives in their hands, willing to sacrifice them without compensation, without damages, without levying tribute from people who refused to be converted.

And after this period there is a blank, for then began the political and social aggression of the West. It would seem as if all sense of humour was lost to us Westerners, and that in all the books that have been written, all the magazine articles, and the reports from correspondents, and the letters from residents, no sense of the real proportion of things has illuminated the narrative therein contained.[1]

A well-known and justly highly-esteemed diplomat said to me one day in Pekin: "If a man had in his private capacity engaged in such transactions with the East, he would be blackballed from any decent club".

And this was the summing-up in one phrase of our diplomatic intercourse with the East. This old, aristocratic people was in the position of an English gentleman living in a house on his own domain. He did not want to have intercourse with the people

[1] See Appendix VII.

about him; he did not want to have his domain intruded upon. It was his own, a fee-simple of his country; he had all he wanted within his domain, and they had no right of trespass. He was a peaceful man, and had learnt so much of what we call civilisation that he objected to fighting. He had reached the standard where the rights of a question are the supreme and final court of appeal. In all his commercial dealings the rights of a contract, whether written or verbal, were the essentials of the contract itself. And then the first excuse for trespass, the first excuse for invasion, was found by the outsider, when he insisted on his right to sell intoxicants to the servants of the proprietor of this fee-simple domain.

Can any student of history, can any quiet observer, find anything parallel to the excuse for our first aggression in the East, such as that of the Opium War? Surely some better plea might have been found for getting in than this! The eternal sense of humour might, at least, have come to the rescue of the West. But of all pretexts, of all pleas, they selected for the completion of this grotesque history the introduction of opium for making their first war on the East![1]

Here was a drug which was unknown to the Chinese; they were utterly unacquainted with its

[1] See Appendix VI.

use. It was introduced by European traders from India, and then, because there was interference with its importation into the country, the Europeans made war. We made war, the people who go about with Bibles, and forcing those Bibles down people's throats whenever they get a chance. And for what? They made war because some of these traders insisted that the Chinese should smoke this opium which sapped the vitality of the young men of the nation, that they should continue to develop the taste for this horrible, soul-sapping drug. One could understand it, at least anyone who has any understanding of the Pharisaical make-facishness of the English mind, if they had waged this first war on behalf of the Bible, if they had seen fit to drive in the maxims of the gospel by means of Maxim guns. But this was in an earlier stage of Pharisaical development.

"Take away your opium and your missionaries, and you would be welcome," was Prince Kung's verdict some years ago; whilst Wen H'siang added, "Do away with your Ex-Territorality Clause,[1] and merchant and missionary may settle anywhere and everywhere".

It is probably convenient to us to forget this first point of disagreement.[2] It is probably convenient to us to forget that upon the Chinese refusal to be

[1] See Appendix X. [2] See Appendix IX.

dosed with this drug, and our merchants insisting upon selling it, we embarked in a costly and unjustifiable war—costly, not to us, but to the Chinese, whom we defeated. But it does not follow that that recollection was so easily obliterated from the Chinese mind. The opium war drove in the thin end of the wedge, and it is delightfully suitable and appropriate to everything that followed. We have been making an interesting attempt at the end of the last century, an interesting experiment, the futility and absurdity of which might be shown by recent history in China.

Representatives of various nations assembled at the Hague for what is called the Hague Conference.[1] The nations of Europe found that the greater part of the male population, and the greater part of the revenue of their respective Governments, were being absorbed by their respective armies. And the Hague Conference was an effort in the direction of leaving these contests to be settled by resorting to the higher tribunal of reason and arbitration. It is not surprising that the Chinese civilisation, so much older than ours, arrived at this Hague Conference hundreds, if not thousands, of years ago ; and that civilisation relegated the occupation of the fighting man to that position in the scale of things which he should naturally occupy.

[1] See Appendix I.

But what a stupid failure this has been to China, when they found that they had to deal with a civilisation in the embryo stages of development, which was only just arriving at the Hague Conference idea of things! It was not the policy, and it certainly was not the practice, of any nation of the West to leave any subject of dispute with Eastern nations to any tribunal of arbitration, if there were any tribunal high enough. But still, I think I am wrong in saying there is no tribunal high enough, because there is a high tribunal and a great tribunal, the tribunal of individual and national conscience, before which the big questions of right and wrong can always hear a verdict. As there is to each man living the tribunal of his own conscience, the tribunal which speaks clearly, if inarticulately, to men in the dark, so there is the tribunal which is the sum total of the voices of the individual consciences speaking to the souls of the nations.

In intercourse between nations which work through diplomatic channels, the ideas of right and wrong are naturally lost, because it is a contest of individual intellects trying to get the better of one another. The questions of right and wrong disappear, and they very thoroughly and completely disappear in our diplomatic relations with the East.

Of all the Allied Powers engaged in this religious invasion of China, the one that carried out the most

wholesomely decent policy was the United States.[1] Speaking to General Chaffee, he said to me, "I came up here to relieve the people in the Legations, and the sooner I get out the better pleased I will be".

From the beginning of the expedition, as well as in the negotiations, the United States pursued a reasonable and unaggressive line of policy and conduct. Their Admiral was the only one to object to that outrage, the bombardment of the Taku Forts without the declaration of war,[2] and thereby kept himself clear of the inexcusable outrage that was committed by the others. The conduct of the United States troops, if it was not altogether everything that could be desired, at least showed up favourably in contrast with that of the Russians, French and Germans. And then the sums realised by the sale of the goods which the American soldiers had looted were handed over to the poor of Pekin. There was something very wholesome and instinct with the feelings of clean-handed honour in all the dealings of the country which was the development of our new civilisation with the oldest civilisation on earth. Perhaps it is because its diplomatic conscience is not yet matured into the cheese-like rottenness so odoriferously offensive to the intellectual nostrils of undiplomatic but fair-dealing people.

If I were an American I should be conscious

[1] See Appendix VII. [2] See Appendix II.

of a feeling of very genuine pride for the conduct of the military and diplomatic operations in this late campaign with China. In the autumn people attributed it to the Damocles sword of an approaching election, also to the lesson that was being learnt in the Philippines as the consequence of efforts at expansion. But the election passed and the policy was not changed; and if there is any country which is likely in the near future to rapidly develop its commercial intercourse with China, it is certainly the United States. And as far as I have been able to learn from American business men, consuls and diplomatists, they seem to have got the idea of the soundest policy of all, namely, that of developing trade with China, not by grabbing territory, and not by aggression, but by leaving "China for the Chinese," and dealing with them by right, and *not* by might.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YEHONALA THE GREAT, THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER.

I HAVE the utmost and most complete admiration for the leading motives which actuated the Boxers. If I were a Chinaman I would be a Boxer, and, as I view them, I think that ninety per cent. of the vigorous men who love their country if they were translated from the West to the East would share the ideas of the Boxers. The following of their methods is quite another matter, as is any sympathy with these methods. But as "*Autres temps, autres mœurs,*" so do other civilisations require other methods. And then, if I were a Chinaman, the instincts of thorough and self-satisfied conservatism would animate and possess me; my highest admiration, the service of my life and sword, my most strenuous efforts would be given in allegiance to the Empress-Dowager, Yehonala. Nothing would be farther from my mind than a servile and enforced adoption of Western methods as the result of bullying aggression. I should absolutely abhor the so-called reformers, who, content with a slip-shod acquaintance with Western civilisation, would

advocate its forced adoption by my own country. The focus and rallying point of my aspirations, the flagpole of my enthusiasm, would be centred in the personality of the Empress-Dowager. Every action of her life is absolutely consistent. Every action of her life is from a Chinese standpoint intensely patriotic. Of the great female characters in history, she does not so much stand alone as she stands at the head of those who are in many ways like her. Between her and Catherine of Russia and Good Queen Bess there are many points in common; between her and the late Queen Victoria only the point of having been acknowledged as ruler by a practically equal number of the inhabitants of the globe. But as far as history tells us of it, and its inhabitants sprung through space from out the obscurity of the ages, she is the woman of greatest dominions, of greatest manlike spirit of all her sex who have exercised actual control of the lives of the denizens of its surface.

It is worth while pausing a moment on the history of this remarkable life, because so many untrue stories have been told about her, and so much gossip and fancy is attached to her early history as almost to make a true narration novel. She was not a slave, nor a beggar girl from the South; but was born of Manchu parents who were resident in Pekin. To all eyes, Western or otherwise, the thoroughbred

Manchu women are beautiful; and as a girl all accounts agree that amongst this race of beautiful women she was easily the first.

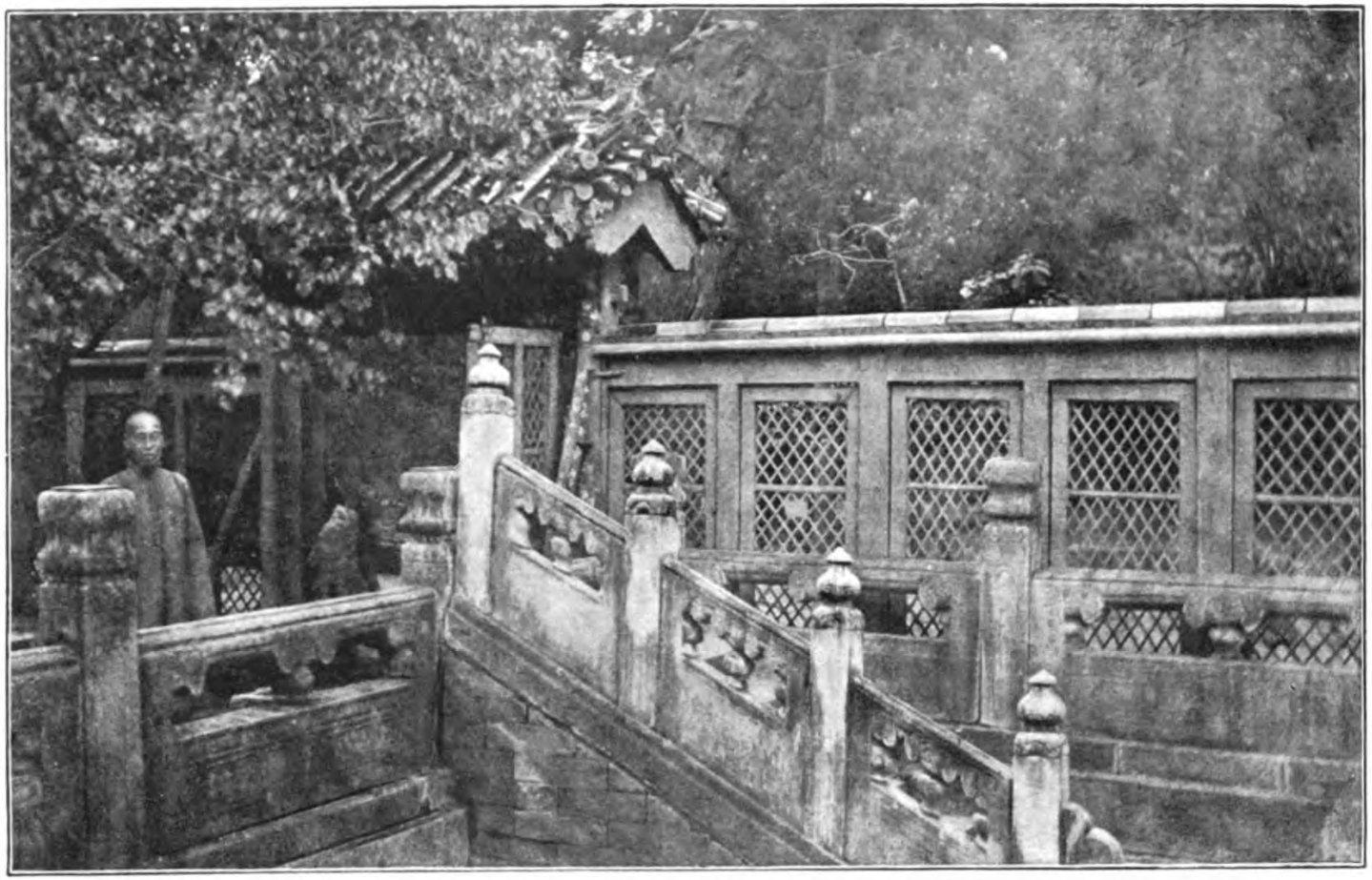
At the age of sixteen years she was selected by the Imperial Procurators for the seraglio of the Forbidden City; that seraglio at whose doors even the Generals of the Allied Forces had to stop; that seraglio which was the one spot in all Pekin whose sanctuary has never been invaded. The inner sanctuaries of the temples were defiled, but the beautiful women of the Palace remained throughout the occupation of the Allies, and the peacock-feathered major-domo of the Palace kept their seclusion inviolate. This custom of selecting the most beautiful girls for use in the Royal Palace obtained amongst the Jews, and still obtains in most of the Oriental countries.

Yehonala, on her admission to the Palace, realised the opportunity offered to her, and determined to avail herself of it to the utmost. Instinct with boundless ambition in addition to her beauty, she gathered into her hands every weapon of intellectual power. Amongst a nation of highly cultured and intellectual men, she grasped instinctively the power of intellectual culture, and we learn that she applied herself assiduously to the study of Chinese literature, in which she quickly became proficient. Her personal charms made her easily first in the favour of her Emperor lord. But this was only the stepping

stone for the ambition of this great woman. It would have satisfied most of her sex. The luxury of that glorious Palace would have lulled the ambition in most. There is a wonderfully refined charm about those marble terraces, the richly carved marble bridges that span the lotus pond, and the pagodas on the slope of Coal Hill that overlook the gold-tiled roofs of the Palace below, beyond which, on one side is the great city of Pekin, its dirt and squalor screened by the foliage of trees growing in every house yard, and effectually screening on the other side that portion of the city that stretches away towards the blue Western hills. There is no capital in the world that presents from its palace such a beautiful view. The roofs and minarets, pagodas, temples, towers and monuments show up, and all the rest, at least in summer-time, when I saw it, was veiled in green.

The late Emperor, Hsieu-Fang, abandoned himself completely to the delights of his Palace, and of these delights the greatest beyond compare was the beautiful Yehonala.

Entering the Palace in the fifth rank of concubines she rose rapidly, till after the birth of her son she reached the status of Imperial Consort. But *this* position was only a step on the ladder of her ambition. The Empress was still there, and Yehonala was jealous of the Empress. There can be no higher



MARBLE BATH IN THE GARDEN OF THE WHITE JADE FLOWER IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

tribute to the wonderful charm, magnetism and power of her personality than that she soon conquered the heart of the Empress herself, so that on one occasion the latter, her defeated and supplanted rival, took her part and interceded on her behalf with the Emperor.

As early as at the age of eighteen she was actually Empress of China. She absolutely ruled the Emperor, and through him his 400,000,000 of subjects, and, most wonderful of all, ruled the Empress herself.

Half a century has passed since those early days when the Emperor Hsieu-Fang was the willing slave of the young Manchu girl, Yehonala, yet the rulers of China are still at her feet. It is said that her restoration to Pekin would be a frank admission by the Powers, despite all their boasts and threats, that they had actually been outwitted, if not beaten, by the Chinese Government, and that the position of foreigners in China would be immeasurably worse. Possibly so; and if, as acute observers have it, the seeds of a great revolution are germinating in China, it may be asked who is the real sower of these seeds, if not the greatest ruler China has ever seen, Yehonala? Yet that revolution will not be against her, but against those who are sucking her country's life-blood.

Many are the legends around her name, most of

them unfitted for staid British ears, and many of them traceable to British pens and tongues. If I were a Chinaman, I should know enough about the East to estimate at their true value all the stories of horrors and murders, all the scandalous coupling of a great name with the historic crimes of Messalina, Catherine of Medici and the Marchioness of Brenvilliers. I should smile—being a Chinaman—at the nonsense talked about the Empress-Dowager's Palace enjoying its eternal round of pleasure; and, as a set-off against these Peeping-Tom anecdotes, I should instance one or more of the many acts of patriotism for which Yehonala will be famous in history. Who does not know, that knows his China at all, of those hundred million taels—about a million and a half in pounds sterling—which a grateful country presented to the Empress-Dowager in 1894 on her sixtieth birthday? All of that went in pleasures, junketings and general wastery, of course! Nothing of the kind; for Yehonala paid most of it into the exhausted war-chest of her country. Who is it, when six nations are banded against her, who despairs not of her country, but alike in youth and age holds her firm faith in China for the Chinese? Yehonala. To whom is it that the old statesman, Li-Hung-Chang—coolest and clearest head in the Empire—looks for inspiration? The answer is the same, whether it is given by the long-headed American

diplomat, or that Englishman who knows China better than any man since Gordon. All who have ever approached Yehonala witness not only to her power, but her charm, her patriotism, her sincerity, her indomitable will.

In estimating the work of the Empress-Dowager, it should be borne in mind that in order to defend her kingdom against the *arriérés* Europeans, whose infant civilisation has taught them no higher logic than that of brute force, Yehonala had to put back the hands of the clock with a vengeance. She had to teach a highly-civilised nation that to save its very existence it must drop logic and take to its fists. Then when the fists failed, there was the notable lesson of the Jameson Raid to be learned, and China had to be armed with the newest weapons. But for the muddled attempt of the reformer Kang-Yu-Wei to turn what should have been an arsenal into a school debating society, China might still have been silently preparing to avenge the sacrilege of Kiao-Chow by some German Magersfontein.

The end is not yet. A life such as Yehonala's is not crowned with failure. Europe has given an exhibition from the coast to Pekin of its newest armaments and its oldest barbarities. True, it has used its beautiful weapons of precision for the most part on harmless villagers and unoffending men, here and there by lucky chance striking down some stray

soldier. Still the bloody manœuvres have taken place, and China has learned at last the Christian lesson of the Church Militant in its highest development as a smokeless killing machine. As nothing in old days escaped the vigilant eyes of Yehonala, let not those who are too ready to sing a *De Profundis* over China fancy that this final exhibition will be forgotten. It is said by those who know her best that Yehonala's unbroken purpose is to drive the Christians out of her tortured and pillaged country. We have taught her much of late months, and that which we have left unsaid, South Africa has supplied.

Already all over China silent men are working, waiting God's good time. If I were a Chinaman I too should have my Lee-Metford, or Lebel, or Mauser, and private little workshop of all but explosive bullets for German and Russian stomachs. Then, on some eleventh of October, in Yehonala's coming greatest year, we would troop in not by tens or hundreds, but by hundreds of thousands, and offer the willing service of our trained eyes and our lives to one of the greatest women the world has ever seen.

POOL IN THE GARDEN OF THE TEMPLE OF THE WHITE PAGODAS.

KILLED AND WOUNDED CHINAMEN IN FOREGROUND.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARMS AND THE MEN—ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF TOMMIES—THE POSSIBILITIES OF CHINESE SOLDIERS—LESSONS TO BE LEARNT FROM THE THREE SIEGES.

AFTER spending five months with the British forces in the early part of the war in the Transvaal, and then having an opportunity of campaigning with the Allied Forces in China, it was extremely interesting to make comparisons between them. The greater number of the troops we employed in China were drawn from the army of India. As regards the French forces, they at all events during the original march to the relief of the Legations were drawn from the troops which were stationed in Tonkin. But the French troops that subsequently arrived direct from France, as well as the German contingent, may naturally be taken as average samples of their respective armies. It is true that outside the siege of Tientsin there was very little serious fighting. The engagements on the march up were not severe, except that outside the eastern gate of Pekin itself. The action here, however, was entirely confined to the Japanese. If this campaign did not afford opportunities of observing the various troops

under severe strain of battle, it made up for it in a way by testing their qualities, resources and equipment for campaigning under exceptionally trying circumstances. The weather during August, when the march for the relief took place, was desperately hot, far surpassing anything that I experienced in South Africa. The roads, where there were any that might be dignified by that name, were extremely bad, the dust was intense, the supply of water of the most inferior quality, and the expedition, not being under the command of one general, added irksome difficulties by the uncertainty of the movements of its constituent parts from day to day.

Fighting is not the sole duty of the soldier in the field, although it is his *raison d'être*, and of almost all his other duties apart from that we had ample and varied opportunities of contrasting their merits. The Japanese infantry were a surprise and a revelation to most of the Allies. Notwithstanding the enormous trouble they have taken with their cavalry, it is immensely inferior to every other arm of their service. This is not to be wondered at when we reflect how little the Japanese are accustomed to horse-riding at home, and what small opportunities they have of acquiring that knowledge of the management of horses which comes instinctively to the English groom, or to the Irish farmer's son or field labourer. The lack of efficient cavalry is with the

Japanese largely compensated for by the extreme mobility of their infantry. They appear to do everything at the double. All their soldiers seem to be perpetually kept in the best of hard training. If they have not horses at home, they have plenty of rickshaw men, who consider thirty to thirty-five miles of running not an excessive day's work.

Often, watching the Japanese manœuvring in the field, it occurred to me that if the men of her entire army had not served an apprenticeship between the shafts of the rickshaw, they must at least have passed through some training equally severe. On the expedition to Pekin they carried with them a number of light calibre guns, which they pulled into action, and kept right in the firing line. In every detail of their camp equipment, food supply and field hospital corps, there was a neatness of packing and arrangement which apparently resulted in their carrying all their requirements in about a third less space than any of the others. The simple fare of the Japanese soldiers was ideal for campaigning. Broadly speaking, it consists of rice, with what might be called a flavouring of strong-tasting dried fish and mysterious brown condiments suggestive of curry. As they have modelled their fleet on our own, so they have drawn from the French and German armies a selection of their uniform and equipment. The colour of their uniform at home

is dark blue. But during the expedition to Pekin their uniform was white, which would have been murderously conspicuous in operations against any other force that was composed of less bad marksmen than the Chinese. This is now to be abandoned, and is to be replaced by something in the nature of khaki, and their heavy round German caps by straw hats or helmets, which will give more protection against the sun, although not looking so smart.

Although the officers of all the Allies were immensely struck by the discipline and equipment of the Japanese, close observers were still more attracted by the underlying soldier spirit which animates them. An inherent spirit of soldiering seems to possess every little Jap as a natural heritage. They seem to love fighting for fighting's sake. They appear to enjoy the whole thing as schoolboys do their games. They take their killing much more kindly than the others, and appear to be much more familiarised with the idea that it is part of the game. Indeed there is a zest, and a verve and go about them when in action that I have never seen in any other troops. There were numerous gallant instances in the siege of Tientsin of their utter disregard of death. And outside the gates of Pekin it looked to me that ten men who were killed in their attempts to blow it up, might apparently have been indefinitely multiplied at the command of their officers without any danger

of faltering. When at ten o'clock at night they advanced to take the gate by assault which they had failed to force in the morning, it was immensely attractive to observe the gaiety and hilarity with which they charged forward to the attack. All movements such as this they accompany with singing.

At night, in the camps on the way up, what I had mistaken for some Buddhist evening prayer, when the soldiers tramped round like a human prayer-wheel, was, I subsequently discovered, the chanting of a war-song which had been composed by General Fukushima himself.

The interesting thing to observe will be to see how the Japanese behave when they are getting the worst of it, how they will conduct themselves when they are outnumbered, or when under the strain of a losing fight. From a sporting standpoint, I'll be inclined to lay six to four on a Japanese against a Russian regiment. Some German officers with whom I discussed the matter regarded the Russians as the best war soldiers of the lot. The Russians were intensely like the preconceived idea one is inclined to form of Russians. Solid, deep-chested, heavy and hardy, they gave one the idea of big, heavy farm labourers with a rifle instead of a spade upon their shoulders. They never moved with anything like the quickness which characterised the

Japanese, yet they plodded on with a dour stubbornness which gave the impression that if their movements were not quick, they represented a weighty momentum difficult to arrest. Although uncouth, and frequently savage in their behaviour, they yielded a child-like, or almost slavish, obedience to their officers, and on these officers should lie the blame of the innumerable outrages committed by them, from which they might have been restrained if kept properly in hand.

Of the many tips which one force got from another, the Russians, for instance, had an admirable system of carrying with them on the march a sort of locomotive kitchen, which consisted of a huge cauldron underneath which was a coal fire. The contents of the cauldron, which appeared to be the Russian equivalent for Irish stew, were hot and ready for the men at any halt in the march. How delightful such an institution would have been to Tommy in the miserable cold hours between two and four o'clock on the veldt of a South African morning!

As regards the French force on the expedition to Pekin, although the later comers were better; in discipline, and in equipment, and the conduct of the men composing it, it was absolutely beneath contempt. Unless the art of foraging and looting can be considered soldier-like qualities, they appeared to me to lack every other.

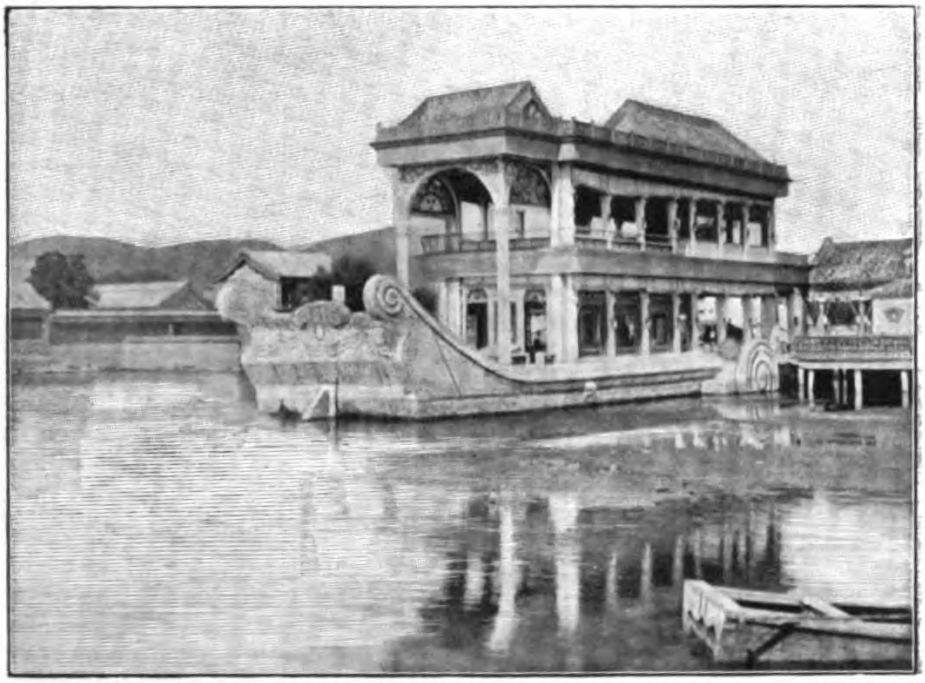
I looked forward to seeing great things from the Germans, but I must say that I was immensely disappointed. As far as parade-ground drill was concerned they were admirable; as the mechanical and automatic resultants of the efforts of the drill-sergeant they were unequalled. But they appeared to be heavy and slow in their movements. On one little expedition outside Pekin for the purpose of surrounding a body of Boxers, which was undertaken by a combined force of British, Americans, Japanese and Germans, the encircling movement proved a failure owing to the Germans arriving an hour late at their appointed position. Discussing the Germans one day with a Japanese officer, his criticism on them was, "Very good soldiers, but I tink too much drill-drill".

If the Germans suffer from too much mechanical "drill-drill," the Americans certainly suffer from the opposite. Self-reliance, resourcefulness and individuality of action are all very desirable qualities, and the United States soldier has these admirable qualities well developed, but they need a lot more discipline and drill. Perhaps the democratic feeling of the States does not lend itself so easily to discipline. Each one of Napoleon's soldiers was supposed to carry a marshal's bâton in his knapsack. The American soldier has taken it therefrom to be a marshal unto himself, thinks himself quite as good

as his superior officer, if not better, and more than any other soldier is given to grumbling, and seems to devote a lot of his attention, which should be concentrated on merely obeying, to expressing his individual opinion. The United States soldiers are far and away the best fed in the world. Their standard of comfort, not to say luxury, is immensely higher, and would be absolutely ruinous in an army the size of any of those of Europe.

Comparing the various forces, as I had an opportunity of observing them in China, with those of our own in South Africa, I am filled with a much higher idea of the latter than before I had such a standard of comparison. Our army, composed as it is in part of Colonial regiments, is now a combination of various admirable qualifications. The resourcefulness and individuality of action which is the most admirable thing in the American army was quite equalled by men who composed such regiments as the Imperial Light Horse, the South African Horse, Brabant's Horse, the New Zealanders, the Canadians and the Australians.

The inspiring, ingrained fighting spirit of the Japs is identical with that of the Irish regiments, who are probably the best fighting men in the world. The chivalrous gallantry of gunners in action which Zola wrote of in *La Débâcle* I saw in quivering vitality at Elandslaagte and Reitfontein, and *in*



WHITE MARBLE HOUSEBOAT ON THE POND OF THE SUMMER PALACE.

CATCHIN'-CHINA HENS.

engagements during the siege of Ladysmith. I believe that our artillery is unsurpassable. Long-range critics talk disparagingly of our soldiers in the Transvaal. Germans prose of how things should have been done, forgetting that the little expedition they sent out to China was kept waiting for a month at Tientsin before the men could start for Pao-Ting-Foo owing to the non-arrival of some essentials of their equipment—when it used to be my delight to ask their officers on the verandah of the hotel after dinner when they expected their waterproofs to turn up.

Far be it from me to think of posing as a military expert or a sort of composite military attaché to the Allied Forces. I speak merely as an observant outsider. In riding to hounds one soon learns the men one would select to ride against the pick of another pack. One feels in his "innards" the man he would go tiger-shooting with, although it would be another matter to put down his reasons in writing, and much more so with soldiers in the field.

From what I have seen in South Africa and China, I feel and know it—luminously know it in the marrow of my intelligence—that for that South African job, if it were to be done over again, I would select the British. They have done not only as well, but better than any other nation would have done. Many things might have been done better, but when

I saw the others there were everywhere signs of their probable failures being infinitely more numerous.

There are only two armies that, granted the possibility of their being landed in South Africa, could have conceivably tackled the job. These are the Japanese and the Germans. The Japs would probably have failed from their want of efficient mounted infantry or cavalry; the heavy, beer-blown Germans would have been worn down by their mobile antagonists, their scientific *pince-nezed* officers notwithstanding. The physical training of the polo-playing, cricketing, footballing British officer is worth more in war work than we are apt to imagine.

The Chinese have a saying that as the best iron is not made into nails, so the best men are not made into soldiers. Yet I believe that China is capable of producing almost as good an army as any in the world. Hardy, capable of enduring extraordinary fatigue, obedient and intelligent, the Chinese cannot be expected to produce an efficient army so long as its officers are composed of scholars learned in the tactics of Confucius and skilled in the use of the bow and arrow.

It is interesting to consider what light may be thrown, or what lessons may be given, if any, on the effect of modern weapons on future warfare from the campaign of the Allies in China. Owing

to the poor fight made by the Chinese, there may not be much to be learnt. Still it appears to me that there is more shown than would be expected from a casual consideration of the campaign. From the Chinese we learn nothing, unless it be that arms of the best description and latest pattern, and an unlimited supply of ammunition, are absolutely useless unless the men are properly led. I have a very firm belief that the Chinese are capable of being made into excellent soldiers, but that will never take place as long as they are officered under their present system.

In the Russian army, when the attack is developed and the fighting line makes the final assault, the last words of command from the officers are, "After me!" The Chinese soldiers have never been led by their officers. Their position is always in the rear of their line. It is never a question of "After me," but something equivalent to "Go on before me". This being the actual as well as the intellectual attitude of their scholarly qualified officers, the poor fight they made is not to be wondered at.[1]

But there is a great lesson to be learnt on the other side from the defence of Tientsin, the Legations in Pekin, and the mission at Peitang. The

[1] The Chinese soldiers fought well at the siege of Tientsin, at the defence of the eastern gate of Pekin against the Japanese, and Monseigneur Favier praised highly the bravery of the Chinese who fought in the defence of the Peitang.

lesson to be learnt from these is the enormously increased power of defence which is given by modern arms. This lesson we have been learning in the South African campaign, and here it is emphasised, corroborated and confirmed. The numbers of the attacking forces at these three sieges in China were out of all proportion greater than in any instance in South Africa, the fight was carried on at closer quarters, and the marks left by rifle bullets alone show that the firing was a great deal hotter, and what was lacking in accuracy might be considered to have been compensated for by its severity.

If the walls of Pekin had been defended by the Chinese with anything like the same stubbornness, the siege of Pekin would unquestionably have continued to the present day. What a light these three small sieges throw on the power of defence which is now in the hands of any garrison or fortified town in an invaded country! Looking forward with the light of these experiences, it is quite clear that with anything like equal forces on both sides, a future campaign will be only terminable either by the complete exhaustion of the material resources of one of the combatants, or by a strategical position of stalemate having been arrived at.

All the armies of the great European powers may now be considered so practically equal in numbers that no one of them could bring to bear the pre-

ponderating force which would be necessary for successful invasion. None of them can possibly bring over any extended line of action a force of even two to one, not to speak of the proportion of six or eight to one, which may now be taken as absolutely necessary for successfully attacking an entrenched position.

When we come from the consideration of the armies to the consideration of the men that composed the Allied Forces, although there was a very marked difference between their fighting and campaigning qualities, yet I do not think that anyone would say that these qualities differed so much as to make, say, 25 per cent. difference in their efficiency, when all were practically armed with equally effective rifles.

The Japanese infantry won the admiration of all the officers of the Allies, and rather confirmed me in what has been a pet theory of mine for a long time past, and that is, that it is absurd to put a size limit to soldiers. I do not see why there should not be regiments composed of the smallest-sized men, always provided that they are fit and strong.

In a celebrated Irish duel, where one of the combatants was extremely diminutive and the other very large, on somebody remarking that it was not a fair fight, Shiel, who was the small man, replied,

"If you chalk out my size on him, we will consider any hit I make outside the line doesn't count".

The smallest man offers the smallest target, and anybody who has lain under fire behind one of those stones on the South African veldt, just the size of his head, knows what an uncomfortable feeling is given by the extent of his overlapping margin. In addition to offering a smaller target, a regiment of small men would take less to feed and would be easier of transportation. There is no reason why their kit should be heavier in proportion to their size than that of a regiment of guards. Perhaps another lesson which might be gained from the Chinese campaign is the possible usefulness of the marines. The rapid mobility which can be given to this portion of our forces by our fleet in landing them quickly at any point on the coastline in a way suggests their being considered as the mounted infantry of the sea. The excellent work they did in China, both in the defence of the Legations and in the relief, as well as that they had previously done in Natal and the siege of Ladysmith, marks them for being considered a more effective and more important arm of our service than they have hitherto been generally esteemed.

The only way in which the Chinese can possibly be of use to us is in the direction of trade.[1] The

[1] See Appendix VII.

country is so densely populated that it is no dumping-ground for the surplus population of the West. The policing of any portion of the Chinese Empire which Westerners would like to occupy would be so costly that the trade consequently resulting from it would be only an insignificant compensation. Our best return to be got from China will be by leaving "China for the Chinese". As soon as they are forced to swallow more of our civilisation than they want, they will be forced also to assimilate our ideas of armament. The question of arms and the men will then be a very formidable one for us as soon as the vast number of men that are capable of efficiently using their arms have been properly drilled and trained how to use them.

CHAPTER XX.

GERMAN COMMERCIAL INVASION OF THE EAST—CAUSES OF SAME—WHY CHINESE PREFERENCE LIES WITH ENGLISH TRADING—WHAT ENGLAND MUST DO TO MAINTAIN HER SUPREMACY.

No one travelling around the principal cities and ports of China and Japan open to European trade can fail to be struck by the number of Germans he is perpetually meeting. Tientsin, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, Kobe and Yokohama all alike seem swarming with them. In Tientsin, Shanghai and Hong-Kong they have German clubs, at Canton and Chee-Foo they have not, and consequently one hears as much German as English spoken at the clubs to which both nationalities belong. On every steamer and at every hotel one is constantly thrown with them, and their names over the shops and on the brass-plates of offices are everywhere to be found. Speaking to members of the old-established British firms, one finds it freely admitted that the Germans are creeping in to all branches of business, in some places rapidly, in other places slowly, but in every place surely. One hears various reasons given for this. Many British business men in the East lay all the

blame on the British Government and the British Consuls. These men say that the German Consul is perpetually working, and working hard, to further the commercial interests of his countrymen; in any dispute or disagreement with the Chinese he does not take up the position of judge between the parties to the dispute, but acts as counsel retained to do his best for his client, to fight his corner for him, and squeeze every particle of advantage that can possibly be gained out of the other side. The German Consuls seem to be thoroughly posted in business affairs, and keep a keen eye to every opening for further development. They are consequently a source from which the fullest information and statistics are always readily obtainable. Complaint is made that British Consuls know little and care less about business, and that no assistance of up-to-date or reliable information can be obtained from them.

On asking the Germans themselves how their rapid commercial progress in the East is to be accounted for, their reply is unanimous as to the reasons. First of all, they say, they work harder, and for much longer hours per day than the British. The average German wants to make enough money in a few years to go back to Germany. The harder he works the sooner his term of exile will be over. He does not go in for racing ponies, and has not time for cricket or tennis like the Britisher, who

would as soon think of giving up one of these relaxations as he would one of his daily meals or his cocktail before tiffin. In order the better to do business with the Chinese, the German studies them and their language, so that he need not rely altogether on his *comprador* as the Britisher does. He is determined to do business with them somehow, and is willing to meet them. If he cannot get a wholesale order, he will supply in retail quantities; but he will get an order somehow. He knows the Britisher has had a long start of him, and can afford to be more independent, but he is determined to do everything possible to equalise these advantages.

It was interesting getting the views of one or two Chinese merchants on the subject. It was quite clear that their preference lay with doing business with the English firms. The Chinese merchant is one of the best business men in the world, and one of the straightest. Once he has made a bargain, he is absolutely to be relied on to carry it out, which cannot be said of his neighbours, the Japanese. The men I spoke to had a keen appreciation of similar merits in the best class of English houses. They said that cases of goods not being up to the sample, and such like complaints, were much oftener to be experienced from the Germans or Americans than the English. One of them said to me, "You English are honest mer-

chants, but too proud; you think there is no one in the world like yourselves, and that Chinamen are dirt". Another said to me, "English lose very much business and money by not taking the trouble to learn Chinese".

From all I observed and could learn, it is evident that business competition has become much more keen in the East of late. What was good enough for the past will not suffice for the future, if England is to improve, or even maintain, her commercial position. The advent of these plodding Germans is certainly a nuisance. The life of the average well-to-do British man of business in the East has not been an unpleasant one. Out early on the racecourse for a gallop on his pony, then to his office until, say, a quarter to twelve, when he goes to the club, where all the local news is discussed over a cocktail, and not a few business transactions concluded at the bar. Then his office is closed during that important function of the day, tiffin, until about two; then back to his office until it is time to go for a drive, play a game of tennis, or a rubber of whist at the club before dinner. All his actual business with the natives is carried on through his *comprador*. He seldom comes in personal contact with them. I have met men in Shanghai, old residents, who have told me that for over ten years back they have not been inside the native city. It

is surprising how astonishingly little they appear to know of the real life of the Chinese amongst whom they are living. They live altogether apart. At Hong-Kong wealthy Chinamen are building palatial houses on some of the best sites on the hill, and are invading a quarter that was exclusively British, but no mingling whatever takes place. When Lady Blake called on some Chinese ladies, whose position as wives or concubines was rather undeterminate, a section of Hong-Kong society was greatly shocked.

It appears abundantly evident that if we are to keep pace with the Germans, it will be necessary to work harder, to study our customers and their language more than we are doing, and to get as much assistance from our Government as is given by the German Government to their merchants and traders.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE QUESTION OF MISSIONARY WORK—PAST BLUNDERS—NECESSARY REFORMS—CHING-KE-TUNG'S PROPOSALS—THE ADVISABILITY OF SOME SORT OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE ADVOCATES OF THE TWO DOZEN FORMS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH IN CHINA.

THE most casual consideration of this war of the civilisations would be incomplete if we were to leave out the part taken in it by those whose lives were devoted to the preaching of the gospel of the Prince of Peace. This question of missionaries is a delicate one. The most sensitive feelings of a large number of people in England and America are so liable to be hurt. I have seen the subject gag the mouths of diplomats, politicians, prominent army officers and men in all manner of high official positions. If the sympathisers and supporters of missionaries in America were not such a strong body as they are, some leading American politicians and diplomats I have met would not be afraid to ventilate the sentiments which I know they entertain on this subject. It is curiously interesting what different opinions you hear expressed in private by sensible men throughout the East compared with those which

appear in any of their public utterances, printed or otherwise. Not having the votes of any constituents to cultivate, I do not feel hampered in giving expression to the convictions which are forced upon me from observation of missionary work in China.

I have a profound conviction that the same conclusion would be arrived at by any ordinary, unbiassed, common-sense person from a study of the evidence. The early history of missionary work in China shows conclusively that the Chinese were not excessively bigoted as regards their religious beliefs. In fact they approached the doctrines taught by the first missionaries with rather an open mind. Intelligent Chinamen have frequently referred to the fact that there never has been any persecution of the Mohammedan missionaries as such; and that serious opposition to, and persecution of, Christian missionaries only commenced with the beginning of foreign aggression.

First the missionary, then the gun-boat, then the land-grabbing—this is the procession of events in the Chinese mind. If we were endeavouring to evolve a combination of circumstances which would absolutely ensure Christian missionaries being thoroughly hated by the Chinese, we could not have surpassed the present position.

Assuming the principle of "Do as you would be done by," apply the position of our missionaries in

the East to England for instance. Say that Chinese missionaries had obtained an entry into this country by a clause in a certain treaty, and a clause which, parenthetically it must be remarked, is a forgery. Thus, as a matter of fact, every missionary passport to China at the present day bears upon it the seal of Ananias, the indelible stain of as low a piece of cheating as ever diplomacy can show.

When the missionary starts preaching his strange doctrine, one of the immediate effects is that any converts he makes are practically rendered exempt from the laws of the country in which they are living. The converts that a Chinese missionary would make around Covent Garden would *de facto* be outside the jurisdiction of the police magistrate sitting at Bow Street, and for the judgment of any legal dispute, or the punishment of any misconduct, would have the right to have their cases tried before a representative of the Chinese Minister in Portland Place.

One of the many causes of irritation to which this gives rise amongst their fellow-countrymen who do not adopt Christianity is the exemption, in the case of villagers, from contributing to the expenses of the village festivals. As Christians they cannot, or do not, subscribe. Yet they are spectators all the same. Christianity, in fact, gives them a free pass to the local equivalent to our race meetings and theatres.

And then if the exasperation of the people rises to such a point that in some place or another a missionary is killed, there follow fines and penalties, or the annexation of a portion of the country. It must always be borne in mind that the taking of life is regarded in the East much more lightly than it is in the West. Whether this is so because lives are so plentiful in that teeming population, or because, according to the doctrines of Buddha, each one has more than one life to live, I leave to speculation.

Then with many missionaries there is an utter disregard to the prejudices of the people, as, for instance, in the sites they select for the erection of their churches. The "Fengshui," an expression which perhaps is best translated spirits of bad and good luck, for those unversed in Chinese superstitions, may appear childish and unintelligible; and therefore we seem to think that they have as little right to indulge in belief in it as they have to indulge in the exclusive possession of their own country.

Again, the Chinese missionary in England might fail to see why the Londoners should object to the erection of a Buddhist temple in Hyde Park, or on a nice suitable open space in the heart of Westminster. Under a similar system to that on which we are working our missionaries in China, he would appeal to Portland Place, and any such childish objections would be quickly over-ruled. The question

will have to be faced plainly, and faced right away now, as to whether we are to regard missionaries as the advance skirmishers of our acquisitive civilisation, or whether our West-Gospel bringers are to try back for the motives which animated the apostles and the early missionaries, and teach the doctrines of Him who came to bring "Peace on earth, good-will towards men".[1]

If I were a missionary I do not see why I should object to persecution. A soldier takes his wounds, or his possible death, as part of his day's work. Even in the nondescript capacity of war correspondent, I had to go through three diseases which are incidental to campaigns, and be twice wounded. And if the soldier takes his killing as kindly as may be, I do not see why the missionary should not do so. Or if he is not prepared to do so, I do not think he is worthy of the high calling that he has adopted, for inconceivably higher is the vocation of the missionary to that of any soldier. I do not understand this muddling of things. There have been more helpless Chinese labourers killed in North America alone than there have been Europeans killed in the whole of China.

Besides, every missionary swears allegiance to Him who said that His kingdom was not of this world, and whose password to world-winning was,

[1] See Appendix XI.

"Turn the other cheek to the smiter". More glorious than the traditions of any army is the heritage left by that army of martyrs, a heritage not of revenge, but of forgiveness.

> Mailed in the perfect panoply of faith,
> First in the foremost of their files, who die
> For God, to people heaven in the great day
> When God makes up His jewels.

I do not mean for a moment to insinuate that missionaries have all lost the spirit which animated the apostles and the early martyrs. It was to be seen in the cases of many missionaries whose lives were taken during the past year, and the nuns and priests in the Peitang garrison are striking instances. I think that in the near future there is likely to be more persecution of the Christians than in any previous time in the country, because I consider that after this recent expedition foreigners will be more thoroughly hated than before. We are face to face with the situation that if the Governments of the various nationalities who send missionaries object to the manufacture of martyrs by the Chinese, they will either have to protect them when they go into the interior, or they will have to prevent them from going. It has literally come to this, that the missionary houses and churches will have to be fortified like our blockhouses in South Africa if missionary work is to be safely and effectively carried on.

There is one mode of carrying on missionary work which I am surprised is not more developed than it is. I mean the education of young Chinamen to be missionaries, and to go out and preach the doctrines of Christianity to their fellow-countrymen. Chinese civilisation is such a mass of complicated and intricate manners, customs and prejudices, that the average man is really like a bull in an intellectual china shop with regard to them. The most intellectual and cultivated missionaries commit many mistakes in this direction; but a large number of doubtless well-intentioned people, men and women, go out who are neither intellectual nor cultivated. It cannot be too often insisted upon, and must be constantly borne in mind, that the Chinese are not savages. They cannot be dealt with as we would deal with the South African natives. However we may trample on and disregard their feelings in dealing with them politically, as the heavy boot of a soldier might tread down the complicated structure of an ant-hill, yet in missionary work their sentiments must be treated with consideration if any progress is to be made. Native missionaries who are sufficiently educated and intellectually equipped would be in sympathy with the feelings and prejudices of their own countrymen in a way that could not possibly be expected from outsiders. It may not be an easy matter to train and educate these for the work, but the effort would

surely be amply rewarded if only a small percentage turned out well.

It is a curious commentary on the actual success of missionary labour in China that so few native Chinese have been ordained into the priesthood of any of the various forms of Christianity which for so long have been preached to them. Socially and intellectually it seems to be only the lowest classes of the adult community that, apart from children, become converts to Christianity. And it is surprising that amongst the young children the missionaries bring up in the Christian faith, they have only succeeded in very few cases in educating them up to the standard of fitness for ordination.

It will be curious to observe if we learn any lessons as far as missionaries are concerned from the campaign of last year. But up to the present this hardly seems probable. The first practical step that should be taken would be to abandon the exterritorial rights of missionaries and their converts. I have discussed this with several conscientious and intelligent missionaries. One of them, a man of many years' experience of mission work in China, expressed the opinion, which was also held by many others, that if the rights were done away with they would lose more than half their converts; but that the moiety that remained would be worth the larger number, because these would unquestionably be

genuine, and would have no ulterior motive for continuing to profess Christianity.

The advisability of allowing women missionaries to go into the interior is very debatable. Chinese notions of propriety are grievously shocked by women missionaries. When a young unmarried woman does not live in her father's house she is understood to be a concubine. China is likely to be in the immediate future in an extremely disturbed state. The prestige of the Government has received a severe shock, and the whole country is honeycombed with secret societies. In the present state of feeling it is practically impossible for the Government to be responsible for the conduct of the people in the remote districts. If the policy of compensation and revenge for the deaths of the missionaries is to be carried out, it seems like tempting Providence to allow them to penetrate into the remote interior, unless it be for the purpose of using them as livebait for catching provinces, as the German Emperor did in the case of Kiao-Chow.[1]

As I write I see that, according to the *Morning Post*, the pro-foreign Viceroy, Ching-Ke-Tung, author of *China's Only Hope*, has formulated plans for the settlement of the missionary problem, which he has forwarded to Sir Chi-Chen-Lofengluh, Chinese

[1] See Appendix VI.

Minister in London, with the request that he shall present them to the British Government.

He proposes the appointment of an international commission to investigate and determine the methods of missionary work. The recent troubles, he mentions, originated in difficulties between native converts and non-Christians, and to prevent their recurrence he recommends the enforcement of the following regulations :—

> "Converts shall present their complaints to magistrates instead of to missionaries. Before building chapels and houses missionaries shall present the plans to officials, so that no question as to the value of the property may arise in the event of its being destroyed. Missionaries going into the interior must understand the Chinese language and literature and wear Chinese dress. The missions must investigate the character of converts before admitting them to membership. Missions to be prohibited from shielding criminals and notorious characters."

In addition to these most reasonable suggestions there are many others which, in the interests of Christianity, might with advantage be considered by missionary bodies themselves. Owing to the number of Protestant faiths, of which there are over two dozen represented by British missionaries in China,

they do not even agree upon the name of the God whose doctrine they are teaching, for the Deity is called by no less than six different names, besides those of the non-Protestant bodies, who have chosen names of their own. Would it not be well that these various missions should have a conference, and come to some agreement amongst themselves on points such as this?

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HARVEST OF WAR—THE CITY OF SALUTES—DISAPPOINTING RUMOURS—A CANTON COURT—ROUGH-AND-READY METHODS OF JUSTICE—EASTERN AND WESTERN METHODS OF PUNISHMENT COMPARED.

I LEFT Pekin just before the river got frozen. Coming down the Pei-Ho, with its extraordinarily winding course from Tung-Chow to Tientsin, we travelled over 110 miles of country. On both banks, and as far as the eye could see, the land was covered with a rich harvest of all sorts of crops which this fertile land yields in such luxuriance. But beyond the lines of coolies towing the river junks up-stream there was no sign of human life. The grain had already dropped from the high stalks of the *kowliang*, the tissue-paper-like casings of the Indian corn floated on the water everywhere and fringed the margin on either bank; while grain, strange to European eyes, showed clearly by its orange-brown colour that the time for its gathering was passing. Little vegetable gardens, chess-boards of careful cultivation, stretched down to the water's edge with flaccid, blackening leaves lying on the ground above the matured tubers. In the clear, bright sunshine of those calm autumn

days it was particularly strange to walk through one of the numerous villages of this densely populated country of a few months ago. At a short distance there was little to show their present condition, the brown mud walls of the houses showed here and there through the usual screen of clumping trees, but when the actual streets of the village were reached, one saw on either side roofless houses, eyeless windows, and within black heaps of ashes mingled with the *débris* of the mud roofs. Doors and fragments of broken furniture lay about the streets. High rank grass was choking the gardens and invading the cement threshing-floor which should now have been covered with golden grain, and the path round the mill with its big stone roller, where the mule or the donkey should have been circling. A ghastly touch was given to the scene by a skeleton or two lying in blue rags, picked so clean that the pigtail was separated from the skull by the famished carrion dogs that skulked about, or wandered down to the river bank in search of food, to be shot by the soldiers on the junks travelling up and down. I reached Tientsin in three days.

I do not suppose that ever before was there to be seen such a collection of various uniforms as we had in the streets of Tientsin then. In Pekin each nationality was more or less confined to its own quarter, and there were not many places except about

the few stores and bars in Legation Street where they mingled together.

But here, in all the principal streets, one met men of all nationalities. The variety of costume even amongst the men and officers of each army was very great. The French, for instance, had four completely different types of uniform, and when these were multiplied by six one could imagine what a sartorial kaleidoscope one of the principal streets would become.

Such saluting surely never was seen, such a touching of hats and caps and helmets, and turbans and fezes, and such a clinking of heels. The men, not content with saluting their own officers, saluted those of the other armies and officers, especially the Germans, French and Russians, who saluted each other indiscriminately. The nondescript suit of khaki worn by the writer somewhat puzzled the soldiers. The politeness of the Japanese invariably led them to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Some of the effects of this international intermingling were very noticeable, especially amongst the British and Americans. One evening at the band promenade in the park five British officers were sitting on a seat when a French officer of their acquaintance came along. They all stood up sharply, saluting almost in the German marionette style, and when he had sat and chatted with them for

COUNT VON WALDERSEE INSPECTING THE RUSSIAN TROOPS,

a time, repeated the performance on his leaving them.

The American soldiers' salute in Tientsin was quite different from what I had seen previously. Hitherto it had been a perfunctory movement of the hand and arm in a loose and careless fashion, which if expressed in words would say, "This is just a darned freak of our fool-drill that we go through, but don't imagine that I consider the person I salute in any way really my superior, quite the reverse".

Now he will just be —— if he is going to be inferior to those German sentries in the ridiculous straw hats that move like a cuckoo clock. I have never seen Americans drill as smartly as they did one morning in the street I was living in when they were being watched by groups of critics from various armies. They can outdrill the Germans when they like.

There was a knot of little Japs who kept up a running commentary of discussion amongst themselves, next them a turbanned group of Indians, while some Germans and Russians looked on in silence, but intent with critical observation.

"One touch of liquor makes the whole world kin." To look at one of the few bars open in Tientsin or at Pekin would have done the Czar more good than reading the resolutions of the Hague Conference. He would have seen his own soldiers swearing vows of eternal friendship with the English,

Americans and French as if the millennium of eternal peace had dawned. At a certain stage of saturation the difference of language was rather an advantage to sociability than an obstacle, because each could be voluble in his own tongue without interrupting the other. Patriotic toasts continually punctuated the proceedings. "Vive l'armée," a German would call out, a Frenchman "Ze Queen English," "Yer bloomin' Kaiser" one of our Tommies, and they would drink impartially to each. Six foot odd of a great big American I saw one day coming out of a bar just chock-full of drink and benevolence. A little Jap sentry was standing outside the house next door. The American, seized by some sudden impulse, lifted him up like a child and kissed him. For a moment it looked as if the indignation of the Japanese would result in immediate bloodshed—but it didn't. The sentry's face just beamed instead into that jolly Japanese smile.

There were rumours in Tientsin that a very formidable rising was in progress in the neighbourhood of Hong-Kong. Like all the rumours in China, I found the report of the actual state of things was greatly exaggerated. I was curious if possible to get with the Chinese troops who were engaged in quelling it, in order to have an opportunity of seeing what a Chinese army in the field would be like.

For this purpose I journeyed down to Hong-Kong. Although I knew the great commercial importance of this port, I was not prepared to find it such a beautiful city as it is. The slopes of the wooded hills which rise from the waters of the harbour, covered with magnificent, solidly built houses, with stately porticoes, impress one greatly with the importance of this Carthage of the East.

Discovering that the rebellion had been suppressed, I went up the river to pay a visit to Canton. There were a large number of French men-of-war lying off the Bund. And there were vague rumours going about that some movement on the part of the French was in contemplation.

Nothing gives one a greater idea of the teeming density of the population than a visit to the native city at Canton. It is almost inconceivable that they can live so closely packed together, and one is filled with the idea of the impossibility of policing or governing such a town should some Western power take possession of it, as there then seemed to be some idea that France might do.

Fringing the land population of Canton there is what might literally be called the floating population, or the population that live afloat in their boats and do not possess any dwellings on *terra firma*. I hired a chair and guide on my arrival and went into the native city.

Soon after entering it, in one of the best streets in the city, lined up on either side with the finest shops, my chair had to stop and squeeze to one side in order to allow another that was approaching to pass.

The other was preceded by a curious *cortège*. First came about a dozen young boys dressed in red livery, in a very dirty and disreputable condition (I mean the boys *and* the livery), then some police and a few soldiers, or servants, mounted on very small ponies, and there were a number of men who kept braying on trumpets and beating drums—heralds I presume—celestial heralds.

As the chair passed, touching mine, an old gentleman with keen eyes and a rather fine, broad forehead scrutinised me through the black gauze window of his vehicle. When the procession had passed, on inquiring from my guide what it was, he told me it was a judge going to his court close by.

I told him to follow, although he intimated to me that possibly I might not be a very welcome visitor. It was with some difficulty we got our chairs turned in the narrow street; and when we got to the courthouse, a good-sized building with portals adorned with the usual stone lions, the mandarin had already entered.

We had some difficulty in making our way in, the entrance being crowded by a dirty and evil-

smelling rabble. The courthouse was a large-sized room, at the farther end of which there was a long table on a slightly raised daïs, at which the mandarin was seated, preparatorily wiping a pair of large tortoiseshell rimmed spectacles as I entered.

His guards, or servants in uniform, were ranged behind him, and a couple of clerks of the court, apparently, on either side of him. I was hardly well inside when an important looking old fellow of extreme corpulence, presumably the usher of the court, came up and began speaking volubly to me with his face about three inches from mine.

I referred him to my interpreter, whom I told to inform him that I was merely a visitor from England desirous of paying a visit to his honourable court, and that in my own country I was a judge myself (of occasional boat races).

After considerable talk between them, the usher pushed the rabble aside, and gave me a place in front of the crowd that formed a semi-circle, leaving an open space in front of his worship.

The culprit was kneeling on the ground between two policemen, his hands tied tightly behind him. He was a thin, very sallow-looking man of about forty-five or fifty, with a most sinister and scared look on his face.

His eyes kept shifting continually from the judge to the witnesses, and then would wander round the

court with a quick, cowering glance, like that of a trapped beast. Altogether he reminded one rather of a rat in a cage at whom the terriers are yapping.

He was up for stealing gunpowder, but whether this was in any way connected with the rather abortive rebellion which Admiral Ho was then engaged in suppressing I could not quite make out from my interpreter. A large number of witnesses were examined, each of whom *kow-towed* before the mandarin as he was brought in, and was examined on his knees.

It would have been interesting to have been able to follow the cross-examination. The mandarin had all the appearance of being a particularly shrewd and experienced man at his work. As a rule he spoke quietly, sometimes apparently just coaxing out unwilling answers. But once or twice he let out with a terrible wrath that resembled the manner of an Irish Crown prosecutor, and reminded me forcibly of a forensic luminary who used to be known as "Peter the Packer" in the days of Balfour's Irish Coercion Act.

The trial dragged on tediously, but the audience seemed deeply interested, and my interpreter told me that the prisoner was sure to be convicted; and that the punishment, whatever it was, would be inflicted immediately after the sentence was passed. The air of the court was horrible, crowded as it was

on a day that was uncomfortably close even in the open air.

I was just on the point of deciding that I had had enough when I was told that the judge was going to pass sentence. He spoke for some time—summing up I presume. The prisoner was a study during this. His eyes were riveted on the judge, his lips were dry and parted, and his breath came in short gasps.

Suddenly a most piercing scream made me fairly jump as it burst from him. It was like the squeal of terror of some animal. Then the gaolers fell on him and dragged him off, mainly by his pigtail as far as I could see, to the adjoining yard, howling and struggling all the time.

The crowd in court just tumbled and rushed out to the yard, where there was a heavy cross-beam in the centre, held up by two strong uprights. Under this the gaolers or executioners were engaged with the still screaming and struggling prisoner, but the excited crowd kept pressing round, and it was with difficulty that the police could keep them back.

Presently the nature of the punishment was evident. Cords that passed through pulleys in the cross-beam were hauled by some of the muscular, half-naked gaolers, and the culprit, still struggling and screaming, was hoisted aloft by his thumbs, his great toes and his pigtail. He was stripped of all

his clothes except his short blue trousers. My interpreter explained that he was sentenced to be kept there for an hour, during which time he was to receive seventeen lashes.

Even without the lashes the punishment appeared pretty painful; his head was drawn back by the pigtail, and his body glistened with profuse perspiration.

Presently a great hulking, muscular fellow, the executioner I was told he was, came along with a rod in his hands. He spat on his hands, and gave a couple of preparatory cuts in the air with his rod. That there was going to be nothing perfunctory in the discharge of his duty was evident from the first stroke across the back of the prisoner, which left a nasty mark. The wretch howled worse than ever, and kept up a torrent of gibbering talk and supplication.

I had heard a lot of how stoically Chinamen can bear pain. Certainly he was not a specimen of it, for he showed every evidence of being the most abject coward. Before half-way through the seventeen strokes blood was drawn.

The mandarin, who was present at the carrying out of his sentence, looked on indifferently, not evincing any of the keen interest or appreciation of the spectacle shown on the faces of the spectators. The strokes were inflicted at intervals, and I did not

wait to see the finish of the sentence, as the whole scene combined with the variegated smells and heat was nauseating.

As mere imprisonment would have no effect whatever on the lowest classes of Chinamen, more drastic punishments must be adopted. I fancy an occasional sentence like this would have a salutary effect on some of the wife-beating savages of our slums.

Here is another instance of what I consider the immense superiority of Orientals over us. If a man is convicted of having deliberately committed a serious crime, with us the punishment is painless death, or at most confinement in a State hotel, called a prison, where he is supported at a cost of about £30 a year to the community. He has no trouble and no cares upon his mind; he is often getting as good fare and as good lodging as in the ordinary state of things he was accustomed to, and he leaves the hotel with a vague but indelible mark of criminality upon him; whereas in China, in the punishment of a crime, he is severely hurt—he is hurt so severely that it appeals to the nature of the habitual or instinctive criminal.

An instance came under my observation the other day of the effect of prison-hotel life upon some of the habitual occupants of our State hostelries. There was an old woman who, after a long term of imprisonment, absolutely refused to leave the gaol, and had

to be ejected by force. She had positively to be put out by the warders, and her parting salute to them was, " All right, me bhoys, I'll be wid ye soon again ".

Outside, she went down the nearest street and deliberately bashed in a sheet of plate glass with a pair of boots she had snatched from the counter of the shop, and within a couple of days she was again enjoying a fresh term of imprisonment at the expense of the State.

It is all very well for people who are not criminals to take humanitarian views as to how criminals should be treated. There is a certain class of crimes which are not suitable for treatment by the Oriental methods. But, on the whole, I think the hurting punishment of the East suits deliberate crimes of violence better than our punishment suits them in the West.

On account of some of the punishments they inflict there is a tendency to generalise to the idea that the Chinese are really a cruel race. The contrary is absolutely the case.

The worst crime in the eyes of the Chinese is parricide, and the worst punishment is accordingly meted out to it. It is called the Punishment of a Thousand Deaths, where slices are taken out of the body of the culprit until he dies.[1]

With us if a man deliberately, and with malice

[1] See Appendix VI.

aforethought, kills his father or mother he is painlessly put to death, electrocuted in America or quickly killed by hanging with us; or in some countries of Europe not killed at all, but receives life-long support at the expense of the State. The dastardly fanatic who took the life of the Empress of Austria is an instance. It may be thought that the punishment of solitary confinement is really greater than that of hanging, the guillotine or electrocution. It may be so to a sensitive or highly strung individual. I question if it is so to the average criminal mind.

The Eastern method seems to me infinitely superior, and I doubt if those anarchists who love to make targets of potentates would be so nimble with the triggers of their revolvers, or with their knives, if they thought that the punishment for their crime would be nice, juicy, little slices taken out of their breasts, then out of the fronts of their thighs, then out of their arms, then out of the calves of their legs, and that this would probably go on for about half an hour before death would come to their release. We, with our Pharisaical humanity, in showing our kindness to criminals, show our cruelty to their victims. There is not a paper that we take up that we do not see some of the roughs and Hooligans of the East End of our big towns committed for so many days' imprisonment for beating and ill-treating their wives, and the mere fact of their being such habitual

criminals shows how inadequate and undeterring our punishment is. But does not any reasonable man think that, in place of fourteen days or a month, if some of those gentry on conviction were tied up and hung by the toes and the thumbs, and while thus suspended given so many lashes until they shrieked and howled, that it would be more merciful to their victims, and that it would strike a fear and terror into their cowardly souls that would quickly have the effect of changing them from habitual into at least occasional criminals?

It is all very well for us to sneer at the Chinese and their ways. But their experience of mankind has been very much older than ours, and the outcome of their experience is not always to be laughed at or sneered at because it differs so much from our own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHINA EVACUATED, NOT PACIFIED—AN INTERVIEW WITH SUN-YAT-SEN—CHINA TO FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JAPAN—THE PRESENT DYNASTY TO BE DONE AWAY WITH—THE YELLOW PERIL A JOURNALISTIC MYTH—"CHINA FOR THE CHINESE"—STEPS TOWARDS THE DESIRED DEMOCRATIC GOAL.

THE withdrawal of the Allied soldiery from China makes it interesting to consider at the present juncture the state in which they have left the country. China is a country of chronic revolutions. In one part or another of the vast Empire there is usually one in progress.

The insurrection which took place last September near Canton attracted comparatively little attention, as it was completely overshadowed by the operations in progress near Pekin. Nevertheless it was extremely interesting, more so from what it portended than from what it actually accomplished by its organisers and leaders. There are a greater number of men who are anxious for reform in the government of China than outsiders are apt to realise. Many of these reformers consider that the realisation of their aspirations is only to be found in the overthrow of the present Manchu dynasty.

The insurrection of September last was conducted by men of this opinion. It would be within the recollection of the reader that some years ago there was a certain Chinaman named Sun-Yat-Sen who was mysteriously captured in the streets of London, brought into the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, and there held prisoner for several days. During that time a vessel was chartered by his captors, and lay in the Thames in order to carry him to China. They intended to send him there on the pretext that he was a lunatic. He had been studying medicine in London, and, fortunately for himself, succeeded in getting a message carried from the Legation to a medical friend of his outside, who brought the facts of his incarceration and imprisonment to the notice of Lord Salisbury, who thereupon insisted on his release.

Subsequent events proved that the Chinese had knowledge that he was studying something else besides medicine. He, it was, who was the leader of the rebellion last September.

As there were exaggerated reports up north about the magnitude of the southern rebellion, I went down to Canton for the purpose of seeing something of Chinese fighting, either on the side of the rebels or Imperial troops. But when I arrived in Canton I found that the insurrection had suddenly collapsed, and that all the rebels had returned to their homes.

I got some interesting glimpses of the Imperial troops and of their quaint armament, which is composed of a mixture of the most modern rifles and field-guns with the bows and arrows of centuries ago. I saw them practising with the latter at targets when riding on horseback at full gallop, and taking apparently as much interest in this practice of archery as they did in rifle practice. This is not so much to be wondered at when we consider that the Chinese officers are men who have been successful in examinations in which they have shown their proficiency in the use of the bow and arrow as well as in their knowledge of the tactics of the time of Confucius. From what I saw of the Chinese soldiers here as well as of Chinamen in general all over the country, I came to the conclusion that a Chinaman is capable of being manufactured into a really good soldier. He is very quick to learn anything taught him, he is obedient, hardy, capable of enduring great fatigue, and either extremity of heat or cold, and is extremely simple in his mode of living. With great individual strength, he combines a fineness of hand and touch which would enable him to manipulate with facility the most delicate machinery of our modern killing machines.

But none of these qualities can be used or brought into play until he has officers capable of teaching and leading. The present men are incapable both from

temperament and qualifications. Their qualifications are antiquated and on obsolete subjects, their temperament is that of scholars, not of fighting men, still less that of leaders of fighting men. The Chinaman would make a very different soldier if properly drilled, taught and led.

I did not meet Sun-Yat-Sen in Canton, but came upon him unexpectedly in Japan, where he had taken refuge, and was living under a Japanese name. Finding out his address I wrote to him, asking for an interview, and received a courteous letter in reply, written in perfect English.

I went that evening at the time appointed. He was living in the Chinese quarter of the town of Yokohama. With some difficulty I found my way through the labyrinth of streets to the house where he was living. The street was a dark one, and there were no lights in the front of the house he was occupying. In answer to my knock a tall young Chinaman admitted me, and led the way along a dark passage, and opened the door of a brilliantly-lighted room beyond.

A smart, dapper young man in European clothes stepped briskly forward with outstretched hand to greet me. At first there was little of the Chinaman about him, his brisk manner, the nervous firm grasp of his hand, with just a faint Oriental lingerage of a caress about it. He spoke English almost perfectly,

with the slightest possible American accent, which was accounted for by his having spent many years in America, and only one in England.

The table in the middle of the room was strewn with books and papers, and the walls lined with books and maps. The books were chiefly English, with a few French among them, and were all dealing with war and the subjects connected therewith.

Carey on *Minor Tactics*, the last edition of Block's book, somebody on explosives, a history of the Franco-Prussian war, and a whole lot of later books which had just appeared on the South African campaign were there. It was a perfect arsenal of warlike literature. He spoke quite freely about his late campaign, and, taking down a map, gave me the history of it: how it started before he was properly prepared, owing to the premature action of some of his followers; how, starting with only three hundred poorly armed, they had captured weapons and ammunition from the Imperial troops; how in twenty days they had won six battles and taken possession of five towns; and how after twenty days' fighting his little army had increased to twenty thousand men, and they found themselves absolutely without further supplies of ammunition, owing to the non-delivery of the same, which had been bought from a Japanese contractor.

He was not personally conducting operations, as

he was engaged in preparing a neighbouring district to rise. His friends who were leading it decided that there was nothing for it but to disband and send their men back to their homes now that they had not a single cartridge left.

"But if I had been there myself they would not even then have been disbanded," said Sun-Yat-Sen.

It was still more interesting when we came to discuss the ultimate aims and object of the insurrection. His ambition is to revolutionise China in the same way that Japan was revolutionised thirty years ago—to "Japanese" it, to use his own expression. He is convinced that there is no chance of doing this otherwise than by doing away with the present dynasty, and deposing the present Emperor. Although he quite admitted the desire for reform which had been manifested by the Emperor some time before, yet he believed that Kwang-Su was too much handicapped, too powerless, surrounded as he was with conservative influences, ever to accomplish anything. Even should the powerful influence of the Empress-Dowager be withdrawn, in whose presence is focussed and concentrated the very convergence of conservative influence, he feared it would be of no avail. When an Imperial despot turns reformer he is apt to go too fast. And this was the fault committed by the young Emperor, according to Sun-Yat-Sen.

I asked him about the people themselves, whether they were not against reform. But he replied that that was not so, not if reform was decided upon, urged and ordered by those in legitimate authority —by their natural leaders. It would then take place as quickly as it had done in Japan.

Here he waxed emphatic and spoke with the conviction of absolute knowledge. He warmed up to enthusiasm almost, as, pacing up and down the room, he spoke of the results of such a reformation of his countrymen.

"They are much cleverer than the Japanese," he declared. "They belong to a higher order of intelligence; they are quicker to learn; although more robust and powerful, they are equally superior in refined delicacy of artistic temperament and the essentials of success in the initiative arts."

Stopping short in his walk, he added slowly and impressively: "The Chinese would do in fifteen years as much as it has taken the Japanese thirty years to accomplish".

I pointed out to him that if that were so, that if they were so apt to learn, and that if in their rich country industrial developments progressed at anything like the same rate as they did in Japan, the competition from China would be a very great and serious menace to the trade of Europe.

"Oh, no," he replied, "that is a mistake, or at

least your view of it is extreme. You must recollect that the result of such industrial development would also mean a rapid rise in the standard of comfort of the Chinese people. With that raising of the standard of comfort would be an equivalent increase of the cost of living that would entail a similar increase in the cost of production. Therefore, the Chinese manufacturers would not be able to undersell the other nations of the world in any alarming or disastrous measure.

"You must recollect," he further pointed out, "the better class of Chinese, and all classes to a lesser degree, are people who thoroughly enjoy comfort in their domestic life. They are a self-contained, self-supporting people. The Empire produces everything the Chinese people want. And they are no more anxious to push their goods on foreign peoples than they are anxious to have foreign trade thrust upon them. There is no Industrial Yellow Peril any more than there is a Military Yellow Peril, unless, indeed, a military reformation should be thrust upon them by the necessity of protecting their own existence, so that conscription should be thrust upon them as it has been upon France and Germany. But the Chinese are a pastoral, peace-loving and industrial people who hate war and militarism."

Sun-Yat-Sen appeared to have quite a large follow-

ing of sympathisers and supporters amongst the wealthy young Chinamen, the majority of whom have been educated in America and Europe. Their support, financial and otherwise, was given "on the quiet," for foreign education and experience had imbued them with the idea of necessity for reformation, although the time had not yet come for openly declaring themselves.

When asked as to what he would substitute in the event of overthrowing the present dynasty, he said that what they would prefer would be a republic. As he pointed out, there is already in existence all the machinery for a great democracy in China. For practical purposes it is already democratic: the governors of the great provinces, under them the governors of the districts, until we reach the Chinese villages with their headmen. And what more democratic institution is there in the world than that vast system of competitive examinations, which puts it within the power of the poorest villager in the Empire to attain by his own intellectual efforts to the highest positions in the State?

So far from Sun-Yat-Sen being discouraged by the results of the insurrection, he said that he and his friends were quite pleased and full of confidence from the discovery that his followers could so easily defeat the Imperial troops, and capture arms and ammunition from them. During the twenty days' war the

fighting was carried on entirely with the captured arms and ammunition. He made no secret of the fact that when the time was ripe he was going to have another try, and the only fear he had about the result was that some of the European powers might interfere on the side of the Empire.

The prospects of peace in China are, first of all, menaced by revolutionists, of whom Sun-Yat-Sen may be considered a type. They are menaced to a still greater degree by the *Ih-Hwo-Ch'uan* (Boxers). Indeed, as far as they are concerned, the country is farther from being pacified than it was before the European invasion. And I think the agitation against foreigners is only awaiting a favourable opportunity to burst out again fiercer than before as soon as the Allies leave. Already throughout the Empire they have distributed placards broadcast describing how the Chinese Emperor has given the "foreign devils" a month to clear out of the country, under penalty of being driven into the sea. The placards are illustrated with coloured pictures representing the foreigners being swept into the sea by the Chinese. These will doubtless have their effect amongst the lowest and most ignorant classes only, but throughout every class of the population it is unquestionable that the late invasion has greatly intensified the national hatred of foreigners. The actions of sections of the Allied soldiery are chiefly

answerable for this feeling throughout Northern China. The fact of Pekin and the Imperial Palace having been occupied by the Allies, to the minds of those less ignorant than the people who swallow statements such as those on the Boxer placards, must unquestionably affect the power and prestige of the present Emperor and the Manchu dynasty.

This time last year, when I returned invalided from South Africa, I was laughed at when I publicly stated that I believed that the war in South Africa would not be over till the following Christmas. I formed the conclusion that there would be about 10,000 Boers who, with unreasoning doggedness, would continue to fight stubbornly to the bitter end —until the last cartridge was fired.

And now, from what I have seen of the Chinese, I am fully convinced that, so far from the country being pacified, still greater trouble will come from there, trouble from the Boxers, who, however ignorant or fanatical, are actuated by feelings of the purest patriotism. "China for the Chinese" is the underlying motive, and its complement hatred of the foreigner has been immensely intensified by the foreign visitation. The tracks of war left by the Allies from Pekin and Pao-Ting-Foo to the sea, with sacked towns, burned villages, desecrated temples and violated shrines, are left to inflame their feeling and make them still more hate the foreign devil and despise his creed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WESTERN BARBARIANS AND EASTERN CIVILISATION—DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF FAMILY LIFE CONTRASTED—"ART FOR ART'S SAKE"—AN ARTISTIC DINNER IN JAPAN—GEISHAS LIMITED—THE CRASS IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY OF THE WEST.

WHAT is a barbarian? In many Chinese edicts we see the term perpetually applied to those people outside the Celestial Kingdom and to all those who are not Chinese. The Japanese are far too polite to use such a word. Yet I have spoken to Japanese artists who, in referring to European taste in art, have used a word equivalent to barbarous. The average freeborn Briton travelling round the world carries with him, or is supposed to carry with him, his Bible and a taste for Bass's beer and beefsteak. According as a country does or does not possess these essentials, and according as its attributes of civilisation are removed from his own standards of perfection, so does he regard its inhabitants as more or less barbarians. (I was rather amused watching a play in Tokio once where the villain of the piece was a red-whiskered Englishman in a loud cross-bar suit, who was always shown on the stage with half a dozen bottles of Bass beside him.) When we

bear in mind how much Britishers despise their next-door neighbours across the Channel for their defective beefsteakialities, it is not surprising that such a feeling should be greatly intensified when they come in contact with a civilisation so much more alien and remote from their own as that of China and Japan. It needs only a quiet observation and the smallest degree of intellectual elasticity to be forced to the conclusion that the advantages are not altogether on our side, and that there is great scope for the East to send social missionaries to the West. Socially I think we have far more to learn from them than they have to learn from us. And, curiously enough, if such a mission were started it would not be to teach us entirely new things, but in many ways it would be recalling us to points which we have hurried away from in the rapid onrush of our material civilisation for the last couple of hundred years.

The central idea, the social pivot, the focus of the life of the civilisation of the East is to be found in their idea of the home. The home is the centre of gravity of their existence, round which everything else revolves. In China it is the all-vivifying, all-pervading idea of social life, of religion and of government. The life of the family is not only of to-day, but extends back into a venerable past, and is the hope and the care of the future.

For us the dead past buries its dead, and the flowers that we lay on the newly-made graves quickly wither on the freshly-turned clay on which we have left them—except where the place of the natural ones is taken by those delicately ironical representations in the shape of tin waterproof imitations which save the mourner the trouble of renewal.

As to the love of the Chinese and Japanese for their children it has to be seen to be appreciated. Those wise-eyed little mites, who before they can walk sit perpetually enthroned upon their mothers' backs throughout the live-long day, are a source of so much joy and adoration to their parents that one feels no surprise not to hear them cry as other children do. I only recollect hearing a child cry once during a two months' stay in Japan, and then there was an excuse for its dolorous plaint, because its mother was shaving its little head with a blunt razor and no soap. It must be obvious to the student of any Western civilisation that the cult of family life is on the decline. The ties and obligations which hold children and parents together are visibly slackening, and this is the more obvious amongst those nations which have been taking the lead in the material progress of our time.

Take the United States for instance. There, the father is coming more and more to be regarded as

merely a dollar-grinding machine. The tendency is for both sons and daughters to cast themselves loose from parental ties and strike out afresh for themselves, and for parents to be as little responsible for them as they are for the maintenance or happiness of the parents themselves in their old age.

Anyone who is familiar with life in the East End of London will appreciate how little the worn-out toilers, when old age incapacitates them from work, can rely on being kept out of the Union by their children. With the experience of nearly two thousand years of the progress of Christendom, it is not surprising that a short time ago we should hear the present occupant of the Papal Throne raising his aged voice to recall the attention of the West to how rapidly the idea of the family was being lost, as Leo XIII. did in the Encyclical Address to the Catholic Church on the subject of the Holy Family.

From the more important teaching as regards family life these Oriental missionaries might then endeavour to tell us something of the fine arts in the East, and yet more of the spirit which animates their artists. They would be able to show us that "Art for Art's sake" with them is no empty phrase. It would doubtless surprise many Westerners to know that a Chinese painter would not think of selling his pictures for money, but paints them for his own pleasure, and gives his work as presents to his friends,

and would as soon think of selling a picture as an English girl would of selling a kiss.

The Japanese would have a lot to tell us about bringing art—and that the highest and best art—into the utensils of everyday life, and that there is nothing demeaning in expending the best work on things one handles and uses every day. What a lot they would have to tell us of the cultivation and their love of flowers, a love which seems instinct in the poorest peasant, and in the more cultured classes is carried to an exquisite degree of refined development. A Japanese incense party, where different qualities of delicately aromatic incense are passed round, and the pastime consists in placing the different qualities in the order of the beauty of their perfume, would almost suggest that the West had neglected the cultivation of one of the five senses.

At a dinner at the Carlton the other night it was forcibly brought to my mind what a lot they would have to teach us regarding the enjoyment of such social functions. A perfect din and rattle of plates and knives filled the air, a mob of undisciplined servants charged tumultuously about, garish lights lit up vulgar ornamentation, and one had almost to shout to be heard across the table, while a band of music outside ineffectually endeavoured to drown the din within. There were flowers, it is true, but their profusion was no compensation for the utter

lack of artistic arrangement. There was a complete absence of that repose, that restfulness, that calm which is considered, and justly considered, amongst Easterns as the essential atmosphere for the enjoyment of a social repast. Japan has raised entertainment to the level of a fine art. Their tea ceremonies, as we have badly translated "Cha-No-Yu," better rendered as "the fine art of welcome and hospitality," are an instance of those influences which prevent the Japanese from drifting into the meretricious gaudiness so blatantly *en évidence* in restaurants like the Carlton, and keep alive that purity and simplicity of taste which is so characteristic of Japanese art. Five is considered by them the best number for a dinner party, as with a larger number separate conversational groups are apt to be formed. The Japanese gentleman has rooms specially built for these parties, and rooms only just large enough to hold his guests comfortably. One scroll is hung in the *kakamono*, and in front of it one ornament, and afterwards a solitary flower. It would be considered by them extremely bad taste to confuse or disguise the attention by a variety of ornaments.

A Japanese lady once showed me a photo of the drawing-room at Sandringham, which greatly amused her, and which she kept as a curiosity—(she was too polite to say as a curiosity of barbarism). But

she said laughing, "Is it not just like a curio-dealer's shop?"

The dinner which actually precedes drinking the tea is served by the host in person, thus doing away with the intrusion of even their deft and quiet-moving servants. Every cup, every plate is an individual art treasure from the godown in which the host's artistic treasures are kept in a seclusion that his most intimate friends have never penetrated. They have probably never seen the same picture or the same ornament twice in the *kakamono*. From the soft mellow music of the old gong which summons them to the repast, through its various stages until the rare and beautiful bowl out of which they have had tea is passed round for appreciative inspection, an air of refined repose has characterised the whole proceedings.

These social missionaries might progress from giving us some insight into these things to the introduction of another institution which would be an unquestionable advantage to our civilisation. I refer to the *Geisha*. Supposing that they were successful in grafting the Japanese idea, the Western edition would work out somewhat thuswise. Take, for instance, a bachelor coming up from Oxford or Cambridge, or say a merchant coming up from Liverpool or Manchester, instead of having a solitary dinner at his club, if he wished for the relaxation of

vivacious female companionship, he would go to the telephone and ring up "Geishas Limited," and send word that he wanted one or more to dine with him that evening. There, at the restaurant appointed, would in due course appear a girl with the dress, appearance and manners of a lady. Whatever her looks might be, whatever her attractions, she would unfailingly be bright, intelligent, well-mannered, and above all entertaining, for her being entertaining would be her *métier*, her occupation, her *raison d'être*. And, contrary to what is most frequently supposed from a mistaken acquaintance with this institution in Japan, she would not be in the least facile or accessible. Our ideas of feminine Japan are too much based on the circumscribed experiences of holiday travellers, or books of the caddish bad taste of Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthéme*. We do not judge of the women of England by those of Leicester Square, nor of Paris by those of the *Moulin Rouge*. Amongst the accomplishments of these *Geisha* girls music and singing would be the most important. There seems much more refinement and comfort in bringing the music and singing to you than in going to the singing and music. A party of men dining together would not be driven to adjourn to a music hall afterwards. They could order it as part of the *menu*.

But these Oriental missionaries, in addition to

introducing such an institution, would have a field for their labours in raising their clients and customers to the standard of Japanese enjoyment in the enjoyment of it. I present the idea gratis to any enterprising people who are troubled with the question what to do with our girls!

But Orientals would have little to teach us in what the Chinese call "make face," which enters into many actions of our daily life quite as much as it does into theirs. How thankful we should be that it does not also enter into our religious life! How thoroughly the Chinese must be impressed with this by their recent experiences of our latest Crusaders![1] I was listening the other day to a gentleman descanting "on the darkness that enveloped those Pagan barbarians," and I was thinking of another darkness or blindness, which prevented the speaker, and many like him, from seeing the least gleam of light in the East. Yet it does not require much hand-shading of our intellectual eyes to see that *Ex Oriente Lux.*

[1] See Appendix V.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUDITORY.

THE history of our intercourse with the East from beginning to end is the history of "make face" with our consciences.[1] Our whole intercourse with the Chinese has been neither honest, serious nor reputable. It is only the slang word "rot" that epitomises our Pharisaical conduct. Whether we have bluffed them or not remains to be seen. Personally I do not think we have. The Chinaman has an intensely human, reasonable, level-eyed way of looking at things. He is admitted to be absolutely honest in his commercial ideas. The rights and wrongs of any subject are luminously evident to his intelligence.

Now, to my mind, the events of the past year have fittingly climaxed the history of our contact. The Viceroy of Canton in 1847 said that "if a mutual tranquillity is to subsist between the Chinese and the foreigners, the common feelings of mankind as well as the just principles of Heaven must be considered and conformed with". As far as sustaining a mutual tranquillity is concerned between China and the foreign Powers, we have

[1] See Appendix IX.

now reached a point in which we have outraged every "common feeling of mankind". We have fired on their forts, captured them without any declaration of war; we have (and I speak of the common action of the Allies) initiated a campaign by massacring a shipload of helpless coolies;[1] from that we have progressed through their country up to its capital, disregarding all the rules and customs of civilised warfare as laid down in the regulations of the Hague Conference. We have violated their temples and their shrines, we have outraged their women, driving them to such a pitch of exasperation and despair that they have committed suicide in thousands. We have sent marauding excursions throughout the land encircling Pekin, and, finally, we have imposed the overpowering burden of indemnity, not alone on the actual offenders, but on the whole of the law-abiding population of China, who had nothing whatever to do with the outrages on foreigners and on the people of those provinces whose viceroys were most friendly to us. And thus the climax is reached of this awful history of the vulgar aggression of the West against the East.

But does anybody think that this is going to be the end? It is not so. The War of the Civilisations has but begun. The pages of a chapter of its history only have been cut by the bloody bayonets of the Allies. "The common feelings of mankind," "the

[1] See Appendix IV.

just principles of Heaven," amongst which are included ideas of compensation and revenge, are deep in the hearts of this justice-loving people. And then what is to happen? We hear a lot of the progressive party in China, and whatever progressive party there is will be quickened into activity by their experiences of Westerners during last year. The first result of their learning the lesson that has been forced upon them will be to take up the arms of the West, to begin to learn their use as Japan has learned it.

I do not think that China will ever become an aggressive power. But it is quite capable of becoming as effectually defensive as is Japan. It has more reasons for becoming a self-contained and defensive power than Japan has, because it contains within itself everything necessary to the intellectual as well as the physical life of the people.

Peter the Great sent a mission to Pekin, and there never since has been one more handsomely entertained than that was. But the Chinese had no use for Peter's commercial intercourse any more than they have for ours. And turning back a valuable trading caravan which the Czar had sent, they said "that trade was a matter of little consequence, and was regarded with contempt". This Western trade has been forced upon them ever since.

The principal direction in which their future efforts for reform are to be made is, according to

a recent edict, the army. Of the things they have got to learn from us, this is the chief. Once that big population have raised their army to anything like the proportions of those of European countries, they will then for the first time, but finally, be able to hold "China for the Chinese" against the rest of the world, as the Japanese have succeeded in doing with Japan. They will "stoop to conquer," stoop to the butcher-level of our Western civilisation, and hold us out. The Japanese have shown them an excellent and neighbourly example. The selective little Japs have learned all we have to teach, and now, when it suits them, they turn their teachers out. We can see it in every one of their big commercial undertakings. They use the teachers as long as they are useful, and then, as in the case of the *Nippon-Usan-Kaisha*, the fourth biggest steamship company in the world, they oust the English and Scotchmen to make room for the Japanese.

What Japan has done on a small scale, China, when she takes it into her head, can do on an immensely larger one. Then the nation "that witnessed the rise to glory and decay of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Greece and Rome," will be able to fling defiance in the face of the West,

> Though all the loud lung'd trumpets upon earth
> Blared from the heights of all the thrones

against her.

APPENDIX.

WHEN I was a small boy at school, there was a fellow in the class with me who was greatly troubled with the difficulties of punctuation. One day he finished up his English essay by putting a row of commas, semi-colons and full stops at the bottom, with a note to the effect that the master might use them as required. So with this Appendix. After writing this book I did not think it was much good. But it is not too bad—in spots. And some of the spots might be improved by taking something out of the Appendix as required.

I.—China was represented at the Hague Conference with the nations of Europe, when the following rules of war were drawn up, amongst others, and agreed to :—

RULE XLVII.—Pillage is formally forbidden.

RULE XLVI.—Family honour and rights, individual lives and private property, as well as religious convictions and liberty, must be respected. Private property cannot be confiscated.

RULE XXVIII.—It is forbidden to loot a town or place, even if taken by storm.

But the history of the late campaign in China is a daily record of the violation of these rules by the armies of each and every one of the Allies in a greater or less degree. The Japs probably violated these rules least. It is difficult to determine who carries off the palm for the most flagrant

violation of them, whether it be the French, the Russians or the Germans.

The Germans carried off the beautiful astronomical instruments erected on the wall of Pekin in the seventeenth century, which act of vandalism is in direct contravention of Article LVI. of the rules of war of the Hague Convention.

It was agreed at the Hague Conference that "the property of communes, that of religious, charitable and educational institutions, and those of arts and science, even when State property, shall be treated as private property.

"All seizure of, and destruction, or intentional damage done to such institutions, to historical monuments, works of art or science, is prohibited, and should be made the subject of proceedings."

Yet look at the way the temples have been defiled and their religious art treasures looted!

General Wilson, of the United States army, says: "It was but a few days till the palaces had all been ruthlessly despoiled and looted of their valuables; but this was done mostly by Asiatic and European soldiers, much of it with the concurrence and supervision of their officers.

"The city was occupied and parcelled into sections by the conquerors, the temples were desecrated, and the sacred places were occupied as quarters and camps without the slightest regard to their religious or secular character. . . . Every Chinaman who was suspected of being a Boxer, or was seen across a field with even a hoe-handle in his possession, was shot without compunction. . . . Pillage, killing, burning, rapine and wanton destruction of property, as was the custom of primitive men in times of war, seem to be yet a part of the practice of European and Asiatic

armies. . . . It was no uncommon case for the women to throw themselves into the well, or into the river, to drown themselves for fear of a worse fate. This was especially the case at Tung-Chow, where some of the foreign troops gave unbridled license to their passion for rapine, robbery and destruction."

If there had been any sense of justice or fair-play animating the Western nations, a large allowance should have been made in fixing the amount of indemnity, on account of the enormous destruction of property in China by the Allied troops.

II.—A fit opening to a campaign in which the Chinese were to be treated throughout as savages, notwithstanding that they had been admitted to the Hague Conference, was the bombardment of the Taku Forts without a declaration of war.

General Wilson says: "It was doubtless considered by the Chinese as tantamount to a general declaration of war, and as such was made the occasion, if not the excuse, for giving a free hand to the Boxers against the entire foreign colony in Pekin. The report of the surrender of the Taku Forts reached Pekin on the second day after the event, and on the same afternoon the Tsung-Li-Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office, served notice in writing on each foreign minister . . . to leave Pekin within twenty-four hours, under promise of Chinese protection." If the forts at the mouth of the Thames had been suddenly bombarded and demolished without any declaration of war by the fleet of a foreign power, it is quite possible that the ministers of that power in London might have fared badly at the hands of a London mob.

III.—On the morning of the 20th, Baron von Ketteler went to the Tsung-Li-Yamen in order to explain the decision of the Ministers in refusing to leave, and was shot in the streets. In reference to this murder of Baron von Ketteler the following facts should be borne in mind. A short time previously two men, "unmistakably Boxers, were captured by the Germans brandishing their swords on Legation Street itself. The men were shot. It is believed that this precipitated matters." This certainly appeared to me an extremely high-handed and provocative proceeding. What would have been thought of the Chinese Minister in London or Washington who would have shot two Englishmen or two Americans for "brandishing their swords" outside his Legation! There is a significant piece of evidence which goes to show that from this von Ketteler was a marked man. A report reached Shanghai, and was published in the papers of the 16th, that he was murdered on the 13th. A report was sent from Port Arthur by the Russian Admiral to St. Petersburg, that he had been murdered on the same day. Yet it was only when we arrived in Pekin that we found he had not been murdered till the 20th!

IV.—One of the numerous outrages which so distinguished that abominable campaign, so disgraceful to our Western civilisation, is the massacre of over 300 helpless coolies in a junk off Taku by the Russians. These coolies were brought over from Chee-Foo to work at unloading vessels for the British. The junk in which they were living went ashore outside one of the forts occupied by the Russians. The Russians opened fire on them and killed over 300 in cold blood.

Now these coolies were in British employ, yet no protests appear to have been made either by the British Admiral, whose ships were anchored within sight, nor has there been any diplomatic remonstrance so far as I have heard. It is part of the nigger treatment of the unfortunate Chinese that no compensation should be given to the 300 families in Chee-Foo, of which these were the bread-winners. The world will never know the true history of the Russian campaign in Manchuria. But the following glimpse contributed by Mrs. A. Little to *The Times* of 15th July is of interest :—

"You see when Gribsky telegraphed from Blagovestschensk asking what was to be done, the Governor of Khabarowka telegraphed back: 'In war, burn and destroy'. . . . You see they just took all the Chinese and forced them into the river on boats that could not carry them, and when the women threw their children on shore and begged that they at least might be saved, the Cossacks caught the babies on their bayonets and cut them to pieces. . . .

"Then there is a photograph, taken by the request of the Governor, of Aigun as the Cossacks left it, utterly destroyed, only the great, strong chimneys standing upright, not one inhabitant left in it, a city of many thousands I was told. Then there were photographs of the Chinese city of Sahaline, exactly opposite Blagovestschensk, as it was before the massacre, the finest house of the richest merchant, since dead, the curved roofs of the ornate temple, etc., and then, most striking of all, of the religious service of thanksgiving held there after the massacre. 'Not because of the massacre,' said the photographer, 'but because it had ceased to be Sahaline and become a Russian

outpost.' It had certainly ceased to be Sahaline. People there still declare the river was choked with the multitude of Chinese people—unoffending, peaceable inhabitants—suddenly thrown into it, and there was another photograph of the ruins of what had been the Sahaline, with a party of ladies over from Blagovestschensk in the foreground enjoying the prospect, and the ruins still smoking behind them, again the solid chimneys alone upstanding. In the photographs of the religious service there was a great Russian cross in the centre, and an altar and several popes round it, General Gribsky at the head of his staff on one side, and all the dignitaries on the other, all solemnly returning thanks to Almighty God that they had utterly blotted out a city of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, who no one on the spot even alleges had raised a finger against the Russians, but who had till that time been chiefly engaged in driving their carts, carrying their burdens, and serving in their shops or houses. Man, woman and child, they had been given over to slaughter, and, to judge by appearances, the same had been the case with every Chinese settlement all along the right, or Chinese side, of the Amur river.

"Major-General Orloff, in command of the expeditionary force into Manchuria from the West, is said to have been reprimanded, some say because he appended to every one of his telegrams to headquarters, 'I entreat to be allowed to spare the peaceful inhabitants'. People have tried to put down the excesses in China to the Russian forces there, consisting largely of Amursky Cossacks; but the people I have asked all say, 'Cossacks do not like killing; only if one of them is killed they get savage, or if they get orders from their officers then they will kill every one'. 'But do

their officers ever tell them to kill every one?' 'I do not say that it is right,' was the answer I got. 'I, of course, belong to the Hague Conference,' etc., etc. It seems but too clear that the Russian idea is, as some of them will state in conversation, that from the outset you must strike terror into the breasts of the foe, and that it is, after all, the most merciful course in the long run."

V.—I brought back a picture by a Japanese artist, which was exhibited in the Yanaka Bijitsuin, in Tokio. But my publisher, Mr. Longman, says that it is not fit for you, reader, and that it is not fit for publication. Mr. W. T. Stead has, however, published it in the *Review of Reviews* for June of the present year. It is only an expurgated edition of war that you ever get, not the realities. After all, real war is a pretty sweaty, evil-smelling, black, blood-stained thing that might disturb the afternoon tea party of your intellectual decorum.

VI.—In that, to my mind, altogether admirable system of Chinese punishment, where the criminals are hurt in punishment for their crime, and in proportion to the heinousness of it, instead of being, as with us, lodged in State-maintained hotels, called prisons, the punishment fits the crime. Therefore the severest punishment is for the most hideous crime. The most hideous crime, according to Chinese ideas, is deliberate parricide. Its fitting punishment is that which is called the PUNISHMENT OF A THOUSAND DEATHS. I have a picture by a Chinaman of this, but I do not suppose Mr. Longman would like to publish it. He is a most terribly humane man, although I have only yesterday discovered the redeeming feature in his character, that he is a M.F.H.

In the Punishment of a Thousand Deaths the criminal is bound up, and, thus absolutely helpless, slices are quietly cut off his arms, his legs, and so on. Now, although China has committed no crime whatever against the West, the Punishment of a Thousand Deaths is being inflicted upon that unfortunate country. Great Britain first takes a bit, because the Chinese will not take to the consumption of a poisonous drug out of which Englishmen make money. Then France takes a slice, then the German Emperor comes along and carves out a bit from the tenderest portion of the anatomy of China, after Japan has had its piece. Now Russia is taking the big fleshy, flabby slab of Manchuria, and blood, in the form of this indemnity of £65,000,000, is flowing copiously from every province, and will flow for the next forty-two years, unless the Chinese will "take up arms against this sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them".

In the interests of truth and justice, it is to be hoped that this indemnity will never be paid. If she stoops to our butcher-level, she can easily arm enough of her population to drive Westerners out altogether, or keep them as peddlers of their wares at her doorstep. The process of the Punishment of a Thousand Deaths thus being inflicted on this peaceful nation is roughly set forth in the following tables :—

THE PUNISHMENT OF A THOUSAND DEATHS.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.

Slice.	Cause.	Result.	Loss of Territory.	Population.	Monetary Loss.
First Chinese War, 1840-42 (Four ports opened. China bled heavily.)	Introduction of opium insisted on by Great Britain	**Nanking Treaty,** 1843. (Foreigners might live and trade at *Amoy, Foo-Chow, Canton* and *Shanghai*)	Hong-Kong ceded (area 29 sq. mls.)	250,000	49,500,000 taels
Second Chinese War, 1856-58 (Six ports opened. More bleeding.)	Mutual misunderstandings. Part of *Arrow* crew seized by native officials on charge of conspiracy	**Tientsin Treaty,** 1858. (Right to have British minister at Pekin secured. OPIUM TRADE legalised. Ports opened—*Newchang, Chee-Foo, Swatow, Hainan, Kuengchow, Formosa*)			4,000,000 taels
Third Chinese War, 1859-60 (More cutting and carving.)	Taku Forts fired on envoys on way to Pekin in pursuance of Tientsin Treaty	**Treaty of Pekin,** 1860. (An ambassador to reside at Pekin. *Tientsin* to be opened to trade)	Part of mainland & town of Kowlung, already leased, to be ceded		Indemnity of Treaty of Tientsin to be raised to 8,000,000 tls.
1886. **Burmah** annexed Gradual extension of British sphere of influence along **Yangtse Valley**			171,430 sq. m. Course = 3,000 miles, 2,000 navigable	7,605,560 190,000,000	
Port Hamilton seized temporally by British fearful of Russian occupation.					
1898. **Wei-Hai-Wei** leased as long as Russians hold Port Arthur (comprises, besides port and bay, island of Lui Kung, all isles in bay, and belt of land 10 Eng. m. wide extending along coast)			270 sq. mls.	118,000	
1898. **Kowlung** Concession, including territory on mainland opposite Victoria, and adjacent isles and waters as far as Deep Bay on east and Mirs Bay on west, leased for 99 years			400 sq. mls.	100,000	
1899. **Anglo-Russian** Agreement. Gt. Britain not to oppose concessions north of Gt. Wall; Russia reciprocating in Yangtse basin.					

N.B.—**In each of these tables there should be added to the monetary loss the proportion to be paid to each country of the indemnity of £65,000,000 of 1901.**

THE PUNISHMENT OF A THOUSAND DEATHS.

France and China.

Keynote of policy: ostensibly missionary work, masking political aims.

Slice.	Cause.	Result.	Loss of Territory.	Population.	Monetary Loss.
Treaty in 1858 Convention of Pekin, 1860		Led to understanding in 1865; ratified 1894			60,000,000 taels
1861. Cochin China acquired			23,160 sq. miles	2,400,000	
1862. Cambodia acquired			40,530 sq. miles	1,500,000	
Tientsin massacre, 1870	Missionary troubles				£160,000 and apology
1884. Annam acquired			88,780 sq. miles	5,000,000	
1884. Tonquin acquired			119,660 sq. miles	12,000,000	
1893. Laos territory acquired			91,000 sq. miles	40,000	
1898. Bay of Kwang-Chan-Wan leased	On account of German, Russian and British aggression		Leased for 99 years		
1899. Islands commanding entrance to Bay leased					

THE PUNISHMENT OF A THOUSAND DEATHS.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

Slice.	Cause.	Result.	Loss of Territory.	Population.	Monetary Loss.
1685-89. War with China	Disputes between Chinese and Russian soldiers and settlers on banks of Amur	**Treaty of Nerchinsk,** 1689	Russians only retained one bank of a portion of the Argon river, an upper affluent of the Amur	There is an alliance between Russia and China, offensive and defensive. The characteristic peculiar to Russian expansion is "it creates a system which assimilates the natives".	
1715. A considerable number of Russians settled in Pekin					
1718. Peter the Great's mission	Desire to extend trade	Abortive			
1727. Frontier again demarcated		Leaving east boundary as before, but rectifying west from Argon. A caravan allowed to visit Pekin every three years (unsuccessful)			* £1,431,664 2s
		1858. Amur province obtained			
		1860. Whole coast of ManchuTartaryfrom mouth of Amur river to frontier of Corea			
1895. Liatung Convention between Russia, Germany, France and Japan		All gained concessions			
1899. **Anglo-Russian** Agreement. Practically hands over to Russia		Manchuria	362,310 sq. mls.	7,500,000	
		Mongolia	1,288,000 sq. mls.	2,000,000	
1901. Russian military occupation of Manchuria recognised					

* During rebellion in Turkestan, Russia occupied Chinese territory in Central Asia; and only gave up part of it when war was threatened, and she had received a promise of *nine millions* metallic roubles to be paid in six equal parts of £238,610 13s. 8d. towards her expenses.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A THOUSAND DEATHS.

GERMANY AND CHINA.

Slice.	Result.	Loss of Territory.	Population.
1861. First expedition under Count Ehlenberg	Traders suggested that their Government should seize a portion of China for foundation of a "German Australia," and		
1898. Two missionaries killed by villagers	Kiao-chow occupied in 1898 (99 years' lease)	Area of Protectorate = 200 sq. mls. exclusive of bay	60,000

N.B.—It is alleged that later on the Germans will use Kiao-chow as a negotiable bill of exchange when Russia desires this port, and content themselves with another.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A THOUSAND DEATHS.

JAPAN AND CHINA.

Slice.	Cause.	Result.	Loss of Territory.	Population.	Monetary Loss.
1873. Amount paid by China to Japan for the evacuation of Formosa					500,000 taels
1894-95. War with China	Alleged interference of China with Corea	**Treaty of Shimonoseki.** (Right of Japs to occupy Liatung Peninsula; subsequently ceded on payment of another 30,000,000 taels)	**Formosa** ceded to Japan (13,458 sq. m.), and the **Pescadores** (85 sq.m.) (Absolute independence of Corea recognised)	2,745,138 52,405	200,000,000

N.B.—ITALY demanded a lease of *Sa Mun Bay*, but was refused.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A THOUSAND DEATHS.

UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

Event.	Cause.	Result.	Loss of Territory.	Population.	Monetary Loss.
1880. Treaties of Pekin		All American citizens forbidden to take any part in the opium trade			
1900. The Open Door	U.S.A. insists that, when partition of China *does* come, each nation shall grant the following requests:—				
	(1) That it will in no way interfere with any treaty port or vested interest within any so-called "sphere of interest" or leased territory it may have in China.				
	(2) That the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all ports which are within such "sphere of interest" (unless they be free ports), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties so leviable shall be collected by the Chinese Government.				
	(3) That it will levy no higher harbour dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such "sphere" than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality; and no higher railroad charge over lines built, controlled or operated within its sphere on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such "sphere" than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationality transported over equal distances.	All Governments addressed, *viz.*, *Great Britain*, *Russia*, *France*, *Germany*, *Italy* and *Japan* are said to have given a favourable answer to this			

N.B.—In each of these tables there should be added to the monetary loss the proportion payable to each country of the £65,000,000 Indemnity of 1901.

VII.—"If a mutual tranquillity is to subsist between the foreigners and the Chinese, the common feelings of mankind, as well as the just principles of Heaven, must be considered and conformed with." In 1847 the Viceroy of Hong-Kong, in making a concession allowing that city to be opened to trade, took the opportunity of writing the above to Sir John Davis. But that guileless Chinaman had yet to learn that "the common feelings of humanity," as well as "the just principles of Heaven," are the very last things which actuate foreigners in dealing with the East.

VIII.—In thanking Mr. C. Arthur Pearson of the *Daily Express*, Mr. Clement Shorter of *The Sphere*, and Mr. J. A. Spender of the *Westminster Gazette*, for allowing me to use in book form occasional passages or illustrations that I have contributed to their papers, I only acknowledge one of the least of the many courtesies I have received in my journalistic intercourse from each of them. And I have to thank my friend, Mr. W. J. Hernan, special war correspondent of the *New York Journal*, for the assistance he has given me in Chapter XV. concerning the expedition to Pao-Ting-Foo.

IX.—"The extension of civilisation itself has made each generation more busy than the last, and has deepened the sense of constant anxiety and responsibility." This pronouncement refers only to our Western civilisation, which, mistaking speed for progress, is propelling us like a herd of Gadarene swine over an abyss of God knows what.

X.—In every book written about China references will be seen to our "Rights" there. They are most frequently referred to as "Treaty Rights". The real name for them

is "Robber Rights". If a burglar, forcing his entrance into a house, knocks a man down in his own hall, and holds him down, throttling him, until he promises to let him in again, this might be called by various names in the West, but the promise thus exacted in the East is called "Treaty Rights".

XI.—Out of this vast scene of war and terrible rapine it would be an agreeable recollection if one could think that some of the missionaries raised their voices in merciful protest against the outrages committed by the Allied soldiery. But no such voice was heard. They stood by silent spectators of this crucifixion of Christianity. General Gaselee and his officers were unceasingly active in restraining the soldiers under their command. General Chaffee went farther, and is said to have sent a letter of protest to Count von Waldersee on the conduct of some of the Germans. I would feel curious to see the text of the letter which that fine type of a blunt, old war-soldier wrote. I can never imagine him writing or speaking anything except just plainly what he thought. When his letter was returned to him by the Field-Marshal, I feel sure that any apology he may have made was for the form, and not for the substance, of what he wrote.

Looking back on the entire prospect of this campaign, there is no question that the cause of Christianity has thereby received a severe set-back. The hatred which the Chinese felt for foreigners is now immensely intensified, and slow as was any real progress of Christianity in China before, it will undoubtedly be slower still in the years immediately to come.

Within the radius of an eighteenpenny cab-fare from

where I write, I think there is plenty of spiritually-productive work for all the missionaries in China. And within the radius I speak of they would not first have the task of weaning the people away from the doctrines of Confucius or "Buddha, him all-wisest, best, most pitiful, whose lips comfort the world"; the very breathing—the life—of their social, as well as spiritual, being. When the Chinese see the German Emperor using missionaries as livebait to catch a province, and the French insisting upon being given another as the price of a few members of one of those religious orders they have expelled from France, it is no wonder that from that stricken, bullied, cheated people the cry goes up to the empty heavens,

> To my own gods I go.
> It may be they shall give me greater ease
> Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

THE ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY PRESS LIMITED