

LETTERS FROM CHINA



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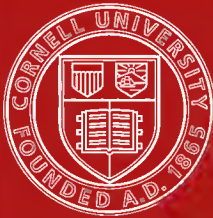
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Letters from China

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Letters from China

WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THE
EMPRESS DOWAGER AND THE
WOMEN OF CHINA

BY
SARAH PIKE CONGER
(MRS. E. H. CONGER)

*WITH EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND A MAP*
THIRD EDITION



CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1910

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CHICAGO



大清國今當禧佑康頤莊壽欽恭崇敬聖母太后

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA
(By Special Permission)

Bedicated
MOST LOVINGLY
TO
Our Little Granddaughter
SARAH CONGER BUCHAN



FOREWORD

BEFORE going to the Far East my ideas of the Orient were vague. From my entrance into China, on through seven years, I worked with a fixed purpose to gain clearer ideas. To avoid all formalities and to simplify the recording of events, I have chosen, and here present, some of my private letters written to our daughter, sisters, nieces, and nephews. In these letters many heart-stories are told. May each letter carry a ray of light into the hearts of its readers, and reveal a little of the real character of the Chinese as it has been revealed to me. Our experiences in China were unique and extreme in many ways. Through the smaller and larger avenues of the almost iron-clad customs of China I was permitted to pass and to enter places where I beheld many wonderful views of wonderful things. That others may look upon a modified panorama of these views and help to correct the widespread and erroneous ideas about China and her people, I present this letter compilation.

Since my departure from China many events have cast their lights and shadows over China's domain. An activity has been aroused that bids fair for coöperation with other nations; with one stroke the Throne has been bereft of its rulers; a babe Emperor has been enthroned. My heart's sympathy is with China, and my congratulations go across the great waters to this young ruler's father and mother, whom I have met many times, and with whom I have exchanged courtesies.

Prince Chun, the Regent of China, is the youngest brother of the late Emperor, Kwang Hsu. He is a young, fine-looking Chinese Prince. Prince Chun is affable, while dignified, in his manner. Mr. Conger, with other high officials, has several times entertained this Prince, the Regent of China. Prince Chun was sent to Germany to apologize for the murder, in siege days, of Baron Von Ketteler; he also officiated at the dedication of the Von Ketteler Monument, which was erected by China on the spot where this awful tragedy happened.

Her Imperial Majesty's forty-seven years' reign proved the heart and mind quality which made a strong character, such as history has seldom recorded. The Empress Dowager of China was a great woman, and China's great men recognized and acknowledged this fact. The many conversations awarded me with Her Majesty revealed much of the concealed force and value of China's women. Ignorance of these qualities has brought a pronounced misrepresentation of China's womanhood. May the light of understanding dispel the darkness of ignorance and reveal the true China and her people.

May the glimpses of truth, the expressions of love, in these, my heart treasures, unfold into fuller revelation love's infinitude not only for her to whom this book is dedicated, but for all who, seeking, shall find.

All official communications here used were first made public through the press before appearing in my letters.

SARAH PIKE CONGER.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA,

January 20, 1909.

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LETTERS FROM CHINA

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

July 23, 1898.

WE ARE now in China! Six months ago we were living in our Brazilian Legation, quietly and happily settled, with no thought of leaving beautiful Petropolis. One night the unexpected cablegram came that brought us to the Far East.

If one most appreciates the pleasures of the senses, Brazil is the place to stay; if the pleasures of thought, China is the place to come. It was a cross, at first, to leave our beautiful gardens and the floral hills with their tall trees, luxuriant vines, orchids, ferns, mosses, parasitic plants of many kinds, and rich foliage of vivid colorings. The fruits in Brazil are delicious. Assuredly the five senses can feast in the tropics!

What shall I say of China? My thoughts are battling with one another. Will they ever come to a settlement, so that each may occupy its own province and do its own work? I shall strive for this settlement. Here everything seems beyond the reach of foreigners. China has fortified herself against the outside world as well as against her own people. She is a country of walls. The Great Wall of China is to protect her vast empire; the city and village walls, to protect the collected masses; the palace, compound, cemetery, and temple walls to protect the individual families in their homes,

in their worship, and in their unfailing devotion to their ancestors.

Peking, to all appearances, is a city of men. We seldom see the higher or official gentlemen and never the ladies. How I long to go behind these high walls and see something of the Chinese home life! Can it be that good fortune will ever open these locked gates and invite me to enter? I dare not cherish one hope in this direction; the recorded history of more than thirty centuries tells me "No."

Peking is composed of four walled cities: first, the Native City; then the Tartar City, containing the Imperial City and the Forbidden City, the latter being within the Imperial.

The Native City is to the south of the Tartar. The Tartar City has massive walls, bastions, heavy gates, and immense gate-towers that can be seen miles away. By paying a few "cash" to the gate-keeper of the ramps, we are permitted to enter and spend leisure hours upon this wall, where we are above the filthy streets and can look down upon the strange scenes. From this height it looks like a vast city-beautiful with "the green things growing."

In the south wall of the Tartar City are three gates, opening into as many broad thoroughfares. The middle gate, or the Ch'ienmen, is the largest and in every way the finest. It is protected by a walled court with four heavy gates. Within this court are two Imperial Temples where, in passing, Their Majesties offer prayers and sacrifices. The north gate of this court, which is the Ch'ienmen, leads into the Tartar City, on and on through many gates into the Forbidden City with its beautiful roofs of yellow tile. These imperial gateways and the

roofs are all we know of this forbidden place. The south gate of this walled court is the "Imperial Gate," through which no one but the Emperor and the Imperial Court is permitted to pass. It looks as though it were never opened. The two other gates opening from this court, one to the east and one to the west, are for the mass of the people. Above the south and north gates are massive towers of marble, granite, and brick, with wonderful teak timbers forming giant columns. The Temple of Heaven is at the east and the Temple of Agriculture at the west of the broad street leading south from the Imperial Gate. In special worship the Emperor, "The Son of Heaven," visits these temples. As foreigners are not permitted to enter these high-walled enclosures, all that we can see of these temples is their beautiful capped domes towering above the protecting walls. The "Temple of Heaven," of "Agriculture," the "Sun," "Moon," and "Earth" are national temples and no idols are in them. The finest sacred structure in China is the "Temple of Heaven" in Peking.

While in South America I learned a lesson that is of great help to me here. When I went to Brazil in 1890, I was always comparing and contrasting that country and her people with my country and my people; and to me, mine were always superior. When returning home a year and a half later, I had time on my long journey to review my experiences and look over the thought treasures that I was bearing with me. To my surprise, my treasury was empty. I reflected, seeking the reason for this lack. I soon learned that the attitude of superiority I had taken made it impossible to accumulate anything. When I returned to Brazil, my attitude was changed;

I descended from my imaginary height with the determination to seek with open eyes and a willing heart and I was amply rewarded.

Now, in 1898, I have come to this far-off land and am somewhat prepared to seek, to see, to detect, to learn, and to bring into my life perhaps a little knowledge of the customs and home life of China and her people.

[TO A SISTER]

WESTERN HILLS,
August 15, 1898.

WE sailed from Nagasaki and clean, beautiful Japan, the night of the twentieth of June, passed through the Yellow Sea, and reached Shanghai, China, on the twenty-third. We left our steamship, the *Doric*, some three miles out in the bay, and with regrets we waved our last good-byes as we sailed out from under her protection. She had been a home to us and seemed like a part of our own dear country. Many times we had gone out into the unknown cities and back again to her as a refuge.

We remained in Shanghai eight days, but were only in the foreign concession. This concession is a modification of both the Far East and the West. I never saw men work before! They do the work of beasts and are treated like beasts. China is thickly populated and the people cry out against any device that takes labor and support from their poor coolie classes.

The Taotai of Shanghai made his official call, entertaining us later at a dinner which was half Chinese and half foreign, the courses alternating. The Chinese food was served in Chinese dishes and eaten with chop-



CAMELS AND THE PEKING WALL
A COOLIE AT HIS WORK
A SAMPLE OF COOLIE LABOR IN SHANGHAI

sticks, while the foreign food was served in strictly foreign style. The Taotai speaks English well, and so does his secretary, who was educated in America. Toasts of welcome were given. The Taotai's wife was not present; in explanation he said, "My people do not approve."

We reached Tientsin on Independence Day. The American Consul and his wife held a reception, thus happily remembering our country's birthday. We came by rail to Peking, or rather to the station five miles from the city. Three members of the Legation met us with sedan chairs, Peking carts, and the necessary mafoos, outriders, coolies, and baggage-carts. Our procession was formed, and we started for Peking.

China seems to be one vast graveyard. Many, many graves, anywhere and everywhere, lay along our route to the city. After entering the gate of the Native City we still had quite a journey before reaching the gate of the Tartar City. Many of the streets were crowded with men. China surely is the country of the "blue gown." We at last reached the wall of the American Legation compound and entered the large gate, where Colonel Denby, the American Minister, met us. We had reached what was to be our home! It was not prepossessing; the compound, however, was quiet, clean, and green. As we looked out of our windows and doors, it seemed almost as though we were looking into the woods. This was refreshing. A "compound" is a walled enclosure divided into courts with buildings. We remained in the American Legation compound three weeks before coming to the Hills.

Foreigners had gone for the summer to the Western Hills, fifteen miles from the city, or to the seashore.

Those who go to the Hills live in temples, and our temple, "San Shan An," was ready for us. We came out on ponies and donkeys. Our Chinese head boy with the many other servants moved what we needed. The dishes, glassware, sewing-machine, and like breakable things, had to be carried by coolies in baskets. We told our head boy what we wished to take with us, and he saw that it went. I never knew such wonderful servants in my life; they are quiet, gentle, kind, and willing. Each knows his own work and does it. We tell our head boy what we wish done, and he hands it on down to the one whose place it is to do it. We have many servants; this is a necessity here. Their wages are small, but in the spring and autumn we are expected to give them suits of clothes. We provide their dress suits, all their official hats, coats, boots, scarfs, and cuffs. At their New Year's season we are expected to give them a half-month's wages. Then, too, there is a "squeeze," or commission, on everything that comes into our Legation home. The servants are economical, and get along with the simplest equipment for their work. They bring good results from what we would call impossibles. We ask for something that we wish to buy; they will say, "No got; no have Peking; Chinaman can make." And they do "make" and make it well. The paper on one of the rooms in the Legation was soiled. I asked if there were pieces like it; they looked and said, "No piecee — Chinaman can make." An aged man came, looked carefully at the wall, and in a day or two I received a dozen pieces of paper about two feet square, decorated by hand in the same pattern and colors as that on the wall.

When I first went into my kitchen I was heart-sick;

it seemed to me there was literally nothing with which to work, not even a range. I said to Mr. Conger, "We have an empty kitchen, no cooking-stove, or range,—what can we do?"

"There is nothing of the kind to be obtained here," was his answer. "See the cook and learn what is needed and I will send home at once for the kitchen necessities."

The cook was interviewed, and his reply was, "All proper. Can get pans, and all proper."

I looked in surprise and visited the kitchen again. Across one end was a piece of masonry about six feet long, three feet wide, and two and one-half feet high. This masonry had three small holes in the top, with loose bricks placed about them. At the front were corresponding holes for the fire. There was no chimney! High in the room was an opening for the smoke to escape. There was an old-fashioned, foreign brick oven in a corner near this Chinese range. It seemed to me that no meal could be cooked upon such a thing, but the cook and the first boy insisted that it was "all proper," and the work then begun was continued. They have prepared many excellent course dinners upon it. These Chinese have methods of their own for obtaining results, but their methods are not ours. At first I tried to have them learn my way of doing, but I have already concluded to tell them what I want, and let them get the results in their own way; I am rarely disappointed.

The wheelbarrow men and others, who do work elsewhere apportioned to beasts and mechanical contrivances, eat little else than two bowls of rice a day, and wear little clothing. Civilization (so called) brings the thought

to this country that their physical bodies cannot have strength with such food, nor keep healthy with so little clothing, and that their bodies will wear out in a few years. Yet these toilers are strong, do their work well, and are of good cheer.

In our household the head boy manages the house work. He brings me the expense account, itemized in English, day by day; at the end of the month he brings in the entire expense account of all the departments. The other servants do work according to their grade. The coolies never give any personal service; the "boys" do that. I have learned to ring the bell and tell what I wish done, and the right one is told to do it by the one who responds to my call. If the boys did the coolies' work, there would be no need of coolies. These servants never trespass upon one another's rights.

It proves itself an axiom — "There are no idle people in China." They work steadily on, whatever the circumstances, never showing nervousness in any degree. They work for hours consecutively, sleep when and where they can; they will even sleep while sitting on a moving camel, and I have seen them literally use a stone for a pillow. Many hidden meanings in the Bible are revealed to me here; as this nation has retained from generation to generation many customs common in Bible times.

The Chinese are quiet and accurate in their methods. They handle large columns of figures, make delicate calculations, and no amount of confusion or jostling disturbs them; they work calmly on and seldom make mistakes. In Japan and in the foreign concessions I noticed that the banks employ the Chinese for their

most important detail work. When in one of the large banks, I asked why the Chinese were employed in these responsible positions. The reply was: "The three principal reasons are that they are honest, self-possessed, and accurate. They move so quietly that we are astonished at what they accomplish."

In these Western Hills are many temples composed of numerous courts and one-story buildings within a walled enclosure. We are greatly pleased with our temple. The priests and the worship of the gods are apart from us. There are diplomats and many American and English missionaries in the Western Hills for the summer. I wish that you might see our temple home. From our broad veranda, with our field-glasses we can see the city fifteen miles away. Intervening is a far-reaching valley of green fields dotted with cemetery groves. All is quiet and restful. There are stone walks in many directions over these hills, and we take long strolls and donkey rides, as our ponies cannot climb the steep, rough paths. The donkeys are small, but sure-footed and carry us with safety. The donkey driver follows afoot encouraging the little beast to go faster or to be careful. The Chinese seem kind to their animals, but I am told that all are not so kind. Yet I have seen little cruelty in China. Cruelty is a dark thread woven into the fabric of every nation and this thread weakens the fabric.

[TO A NEPHEW]

WESTERN HILLS,
September 15, 1898.

WE left the Western Hills for a trip to the Great Wall and Ming Tombs on September 12. The outfit for the journey came from Peking, and to our amazement it consisted of a mule litter, which litter is composed of a driver, his pack donkey, and a large chair carried upon the backs of two mules.

There were also four donkeys to ride, one donkey for pack, and four donkey-men; two carts, two men, and eight mules. In addition to these we took three ponies, first *majoo* (stableman), head boy Lu, second boy Liu, first cook, and a coolie. Think of all this preparation for a four days' journey for four people! I assure you we formed an imposing procession. Mr. Conger started out on a pony; daughter and niece on donkeys with dark-blue velvet saddles trimmed with red, and about the donkeys' necks full strings of sleigh bells decorated with red tassels; and I in the mule litter. Each of the girls had with her a driver dressed in blue, who followed afoot. We took turn about in the litter, one hour each.

The country is well cultivated, producing broom-corn, beans, millet, and buckwheat. But few acres go to make these Chinese farms. They are mere gardens in comparison with Iowa farms, yet they are larger than any we had seen before in China. Such thrift! Every part of every crop is utilized. The farmers live in villages, and none but the dead occupy land that can be used for crops. In some parts of the country there are isolated graves; in other parts there are private ceme-



PEILO ON THE AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS
COLUMNS OF A GATEWAY ON THE AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS
GATEWAY ON THE AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS

teries, walled in. Within these walled enclosures are shrines, temples with idols, monuments, stone walks, and beautiful evergreen trees. We tiffed at one o'clock with same courses and form as when at home. The food, table linen, dishes, and flowers were brought with us.

At three o'clock all was packed and we were on our way to Nankou, which we reached about six o'clock. We rode through the gate into the open court of the inn, which is dooryard and barnyard all in one. Our rooms were ready for us; but a Chinese inn is unlike anything we had ever seen. This inn is a compound containing many courts and one-story buildings. Each room is furnished with a stationary *k'ang* across one of its sides or ends. These *k'angs*, or Chinese beds, are from five to seven feet wide and about two feet high, walled and covered with brick. Under them the Chinese build a fire in the winter. These *k'angs* are covered with reed matting, and upon each is a small, low table. Each room is also furnished with a table about three feet square, two chairs, and two stools, or benches. The floors of the rooms are of brick, and there are paper windows and doors. At each stop we had two rooms and both were furnished the same; never more, and never less. Aside from these furnishings, our boys brought with us everything that we were obliged to use. Head boy Lu settled all bills, and the second boy Liu attended to the table and its belongings, and the packing of the mule litter. The coolie washed the dishes, made up the beds, and packed them. Every one had his part to do, and did it. Our duties were to put on our hats and gloves, mount our donkeys, fall into line, and go. There is peaceful beauty

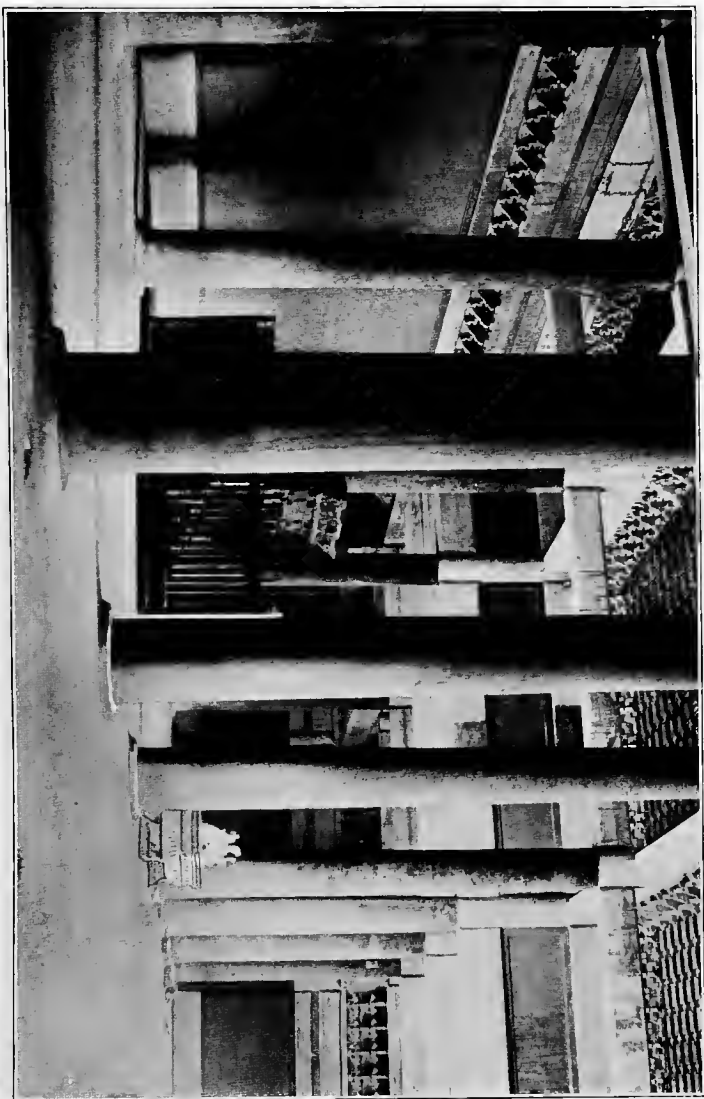
until we reached an elevation where we could catch a fine view of the mountains and of this wonderful coiling, climbing, leaping thing. This Wall is wonderful indeed! It speaks of great engineering, great labor, great time, great expense, and patience without end. Its endurance tells much of the thought that was put into it; thought symbolical of protection, unity, strength. This Great Wall of China was built more than two hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ, and the work was finished in ten years. Think of it, over two thousand years ago! It begins at Shan-hai Kwan by the sea and climbs over the mountains, across the northern boundary of China proper, until it reaches the desert of Gobi, north of Thibet. It is fifteen hundred miles long, about thirty-five feet wide, and varies in height from thirty to fifty feet. The facings are of brick several feet in thickness, the interjacent shell being filled with stone and earth stamped solid; it is surmounted with a paving of brick similar to that of the facing. It is said that it took an army of three hundred thousand men to protect the builders, and more than a million men to build the wall. But your encyclopædia will tell you all this — why should I go on?

Three monuments remain to remind the generations that the Emperor Ch'in Shih was a great man: first, the Great Wall of China, which he built; second, the title Huang-ti for Emperor, which he was the first to adopt; third, the name China. Still this man is remembered in China as a burner of books and a murderer of scholars, rather than as builder of this wonderfully aged wall, or founder of this immense and long-standing empire. We ate our picnic tiffin in one of the towers upon the Wall, and later we went through the gate into Mongolia, against

which China was fortified. As we sat on the rocks in Mongolia musing and looking upon that aged, yet well-preserved, wall structure, and tried to realize that men over two thousand years ago walked upon that soil, made and placed those steadfast bricks, we were brought back to the "now."

Here came quietly along an orderly drove of about two hundred swine from the mountains of Mongolia. On close observation we discovered that each foot of each beast was shod with a leather sock to protect it from the sharp stones. Foolish, do you say? Not one of them seemed foot-sore, and they travelled on at their master's bidding without rebellion. I call this a wonderful phase of patience and economy. Patience in making and tying on those eight hundred socks, and economy in keeping the feet well, thus enabling these swine to make their long journey to Peking. Patience and economy are marked characteristics of the Chinese. At three o'clock we turned regretfully from one of the great wonders of the world and started down the mountains back to Nankou. The day was comfortable and closed with a brilliant sunset.

September 14. We were off at seven o'clock, carts and all. We started for the Ming Tombs, and the carts for Ch'ang P'ing Chou. Along the way we passed through fine fields of fruits and grain, with beautiful mountains on the left. We finally entered a large amphitheatre, with high hills almost encircling it. A rocky river-bed passes through this amphitheatre, and there are ruins of granite bridges ages old, with arches still perfect, grand in their magnitude. At the foot of these hills and encircling this amphitheatre are the walled tombs of thirteen of the Ming Emperors of the last Chinese dynasty.



TEAK COLUMNS IN ONE OF THE ROOMS AT THE MING TOMBS

We arrived here at ten o'clock and obtained entrance to the gate leading into the walled grounds of the tomb of the Emperor Yung-lo, who reigned from 1403 to 1424. This tomb is the largest and finest of the thirteen. The main building in this enclosure is built of teakwood from Siam. For five hundred years this structure has stood the angry storms and the burning sun, and looks as though it might brave them for two thousand more. This building will hold many thousand people. We were told that if the Emperor ruled ten years, then ten thousand people must visit the place on the anniversary of his death and pay homage; if he ruled fifteen years, then fifteen thousand people must come; always a thousand for each year. Each Emperor builds his own tomb. We passed through this large building, with its colossal pillars of solid teak trees at least four feet in diameter and forty feet high. As we passed we noted Chinese inscriptions on the walls; the large centre-piece, with its furnishings; the altar, and the floors of polished squares of marble. From this building we entered a court across which ran a broad stone walk to another building, the tomb proper. In the centre of this walk, midway between the buildings, is a long, massive fountain, so covered with decorated stone that the water is completely concealed. A crevice in the masonry permits the people to crowd in their handkerchiefs and draw out water with which they wash their eyes to heal them. Many of our servants took advantage of this privilege. On either side of the stone walk is a building completely covered with glazed yellow tile, for the burning of joss money. At the end of this avenue is still another large building and the last. Here we found an altar directly in front of the door, and facing the first entrance.

The gates and doors opening into these courts and buildings are in a direct line with one another, thus giving the Emperor's spirit an unobstructed outlook, as it sits upon this altar-throne. We passed up through broad, poorly lighted tunnel passages, to the top of this building, which was builded into and against the high bluff. Here we found a large plain marble tablet with an immense granite arch over it. This tablet faced the first entrance and was in line with it.

We left this place of the dead questioning what life-thought could have been manifested so long ago, to place those man-made memorials with the enduring! Those glazed yellow walls and roofs are still reflecting light with a glow.

The direct road between Peking and the Ming Tombs was builded as many years ago as the tombs. This road also proclaims the thought of endurance. We took the broad, stone-paved road for Ch'ang P'ing Chou. On our route were more well-preserved bridge abutments, and arches centuries old. About three miles from the tombs we passed under a beautifully carved, massive stone gateway, or *peilo*, and entered the wonderful avenue of marble men and beasts. It was strangely imposing. First in line on each side were four priests, six or eight times natural size, cut out of solid blocks of granite and exquisitely carved in detail. They faced the centre of the avenue. After the priests were eight warriors on either side, making twenty-four statues in all. These warriors were carved with the same careful precision. Then followed twelve pairs of animals, one of each pair standing, and the other lying down. There were four horses, four unicorns, four camels, four elephants, four



STONE ELEPHANT ON THE AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS
STONE PRIEST ON THE AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS
STONE WARRIORS ON THE AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS

lions, and four tigers, in all twenty-four. We passed through two other gateways with high, erect columns standing as if defying time and time's destroyers. These three gateways were alike aged, but different in structure; all were massive and beautifully carved. The quality of that thought-force which placed those giant monoliths centuries ago has held them there; and those bridges cannot collapse with this inherent power through and through them. I was in the mule litter when passing from the tombs through these gates and this avenue; the litter passed outside the avenue, thus giving me a view of both front and back of the statues and also a picturesque view of the procession of pony and donkey riders, which were passing among these immense men and animals. Never shall I forget this thrilling dream-picture of my life!

We reached Ch'ang P'ing Chou at one o'clock. Our carts had gone ahead; clean rooms and a most delicious tiffin awaited us. We were soon off for Shaho; again we passed through fine farming country, beautiful and well cultivated, reaching our destination at seven o'clock. Accommodations here were not good; *k'angs* were old and rough.

September 15. At six o'clock we left for home; and it was "Sweet home." We reached the Hills without serious or harmful accidents, and all went well from first to last. The servants were at all times kind and thoughtful; the litter-man managed his mules and chair with tact and ability. His mules and donkeys obeyed every word. The cart-men were prompt and skilfully managed their mules, carts, and luggage. The donkey-boys were attentive and watchful in their constant stepping

either at the heads or heels of the donkeys. There was no fuss nor flurry; everything was done for us quietly and on time. Each thing on the carts had its place assigned it before leaving the Hills, and it stepped into it each time of starting and held it until it returned to the Hills. I put the bedding into boxes as it was to be used on our trip, and then the coolie packed it each time in just the same way.

We reached home about noon, September 15. The old priest, boys, amahs, and coolies were standing out to welcome us. Everything in the house and yard was in perfect order; the rooms had been made fresh and clean, and bouquets of wild flowers made them bright. The first boy, Lu, settled with the men for carts, mule litter, and donkeys, and they slowly wended their way down toward the city of Peking.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

December 16, 1898.

OUR life in China is a dream from beginning to end. A strange dream, too! I wish that I could tell you of it. The whole line of Chinese thought is foreign to all other world-thoughts. At first it seemed to me that the Chinese had no method in their ways of doing, but I have since come to the conclusion that they have great method, and that they cling tenaciously to this method. There is a wonderful book opened before me; I try to study it, but I no sooner get an idea from one page than others turn and present conflicting ideas: it all seems incoherent, and thought becomes like a troubled sea.

While I am studying the Chinese people, they are studying me with a quicker, keener perception than mine. Their almost unerring memory, their quick discernment, and their ready adaptation of "this" and of "that" is a power to them. And all this is but another expression of their marvellous economy. This economy extends even to their thought-processes; nothing is lost; everything is used to advantage. They read your varied expressions of face and tones of voice, and when it is well to understand you they are wise; when it is better to be ignorant they are blank. As servants, I have become very fond of them. I cannot write about the higher classes, as I do not know them.

The "squeeze" is a business with the Chinese — it is a percentage, and I take it to be a part of their system. The brightest and keenest oftentimes get the most. They get a little more and a little more from you until you are unwilling to stand it any longer, even in your most devoted and best servant, and you tell him it is best for him to go; or he, suspecting that you are going to discharge him, comes to you and says, "I think, Madame, you best get another servant; I go. My mother sick." He does not wish to go, and says so; but in saying this to you he does not "lose face" by being dismissed. If any servant says his father, mother, grandparent, or any one else is sick and he must go, it is best to accept the situation and let him go. Many times there is trouble among the servants themselves, and some are forced to leave.

There are departments in the servants' bureau; the first cook is at the head of the kitchen; first washerman at the head of the laundry; first mafoo at the head of the stables; first gardener at the head of the outdoor work

on the premises. The house-boys and many coolies are under the direct charge of the first, or head, boy. All these different departments report to this head boy and bring their monthly accounts to him; then he makes out the whole bill of each and all for the month.

When we first came into this network of servants and watched their accounts, we thought it wise to make some changes. To illustrate, we saw that each department was buying its own coal, a little at a time. We thought it better to buy the quantity needed all at once and all use from one bin. No objection was made. It was not long, however, before complaints came to us. The cook could not cook well; the washerman could not wash and iron well; grates would not warm the house well. We asked what was the trouble, and found that each must have his own coal. "Don't like this coal." We understood. The coal "squeeze" was cut off from these departments. They did as before and all was harmonious. We find that it is the great exception where a foreigner can buy the daily necessities for his home as economically as can the heads of these different departments. We have learned this from people of long experience in China, and also from our own short experience.

Each morning there is brought to me a statement of the expenses of the preceding day. Not long ago I called my cook to me and said, "Your bills are too high; they must not exceed a stated amount." He told me many things that made them high, but I held my ground in a positive way. He then said, "Madame buy." I detected his game and laughed to myself, but said, "No, that is what I have you for. It is your business, not



OUR FOUR "BOYS" AT THE DINING-ROOM ENTRANCE FROM THE COURT
OUR SECOND BOY, WITH HAIR UNBRAIDED
OUR HOUSE BOYS IN "FULL DRESS"

mine. If you cannot do it for that amount, I shall try to find some one who can." After talking a while in Chinese, the boy said to me, "Cook say, he try." That seemed to be settled, for we live just as well and bills are as I wish them to be. This cook has been in the American Minister's kitchen for thirteen years. Our servants are at their best when we have company. The more company, the more "squeeze." They love money and they count it by the littles. The Chinese system of living is so intricate and so well learned and adhered to by all classes, that it "passeth understanding." I have thus early learned that I must be sure of my position and then with kindness, but firmness, hold it, and I gain my point.

The Chinese seem to pet all vegetation, as well as animals, into their bidding. The donkeys, mules, and horses will mind their masters and be guided without lines. I have often thought that vegetation partakes of the nature of the people caring for it. Even inanimate things bespeak the thoughtful or neglectful care bestowed upon them. Here, where the people are so vastly different from other people, this is more pronounced; but I will not enlarge upon this subject now.

While you are young let all things, as well as people, speak to you, and listen to them. Everything has a thought back of it, and, if we will, we can discern that thought. Even the poorest, most insignificant thing, has its warning, if nothing more.

In reply to your inquiry I think it well for you to visit China for a year, but not with the thought of making it your home. You are young, and I suggest that you place yourself where many of the best opportunities will pass your way. Entertain these opportunities as they

come, and permit them to make your living stronger and better. At your age do not forsake your home land and wander into the unknown. Mr. Conger receives many letters of inquiry about opportunities for young men in the Far East, and he does not portray the coming in glowing colors. It takes an almost iron-clad character to withstand the multiplied temptations that beset the foreigner in China. He is almost wholly self-governed. Many of your "whys" will be answered during your one year's stay in this far-off, strange land. You will receive a heart-welcome from us all.

[TO A NIECE]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
December 17, 1898.

IT has been some time since I last wrote you, and as history has been active here, I am going to turn to my diary and write some of its pages. A storm has long been brewing in the atmosphere of thought.

September 19. Troubles for the missionaries in Hochou. We are still at the Western Hills. Mr. Conger has gone to the city.

September 20. It seems wise to return to the city and stay there, as rumors of unrest are coming from different parts of the country, and Mr. Conger thinks it best to be at headquarters.

September 23. Moved from the Hills to Peking. This day the Empress Dowager resumed the reins of government. There are rumors that the Emperor is ill and that we shall soon hear of his death. However stormy the day may be within the unknown Forbidden

City, without all is quiet and everything apparently moves on in perfect peace.

September 26. There were six Chinese men beheaded at four o'clock this morning. These men are said to have been friends of the Emperor. Rumor says that the Emperor was planning to imprison and kill the Empress Dowager, that she heard of the plot, and that now she jointly rules with him by a compelled edict issued by himself. The Empress Dowager made him Emperor, but in the hour of need he calls her to his assistance.

September 29. The Emperor tried to escape. He reached the wall, but was brought back and imprisoned on an island in the Imperial grounds. Many Chinese who are friends of Western customs and enterprise fled from the city, or hid away. The trouble seems to be that the Emperor and his advisers wish to adopt Western ideas, even to the discarding of long-time customs and cutting off the queue.

There is great delay in the opening of the Imperial University, of which Dr. Martin, an American missionary, is to be President for the "West," and a Chinese for the "East." Dr. Martin says that this institution will surely open, at least in part, this coming November. Apparently there is much trouble and distrust among those in authority. As the season advances, more dangers threaten.

September 30. Foreigners were attacked by a mob on their way from the railroad station. Some of the Legation people and several missionaries were in the trouble. The missionaries could speak Chinese, but their protests had no effect. They went to the police station and asked for protection. The answer was, "We can

give no assistance outside of our charge and precinct." At the station the foreigners took carts and chairs in which to return and chose another route, hoping thus to attract less attention. When the mob spied the chairs, it ran for them with yells, stones, clubs, and clods of dirt. The chair-bearers dropped the chairs and fled. One gentleman had two ribs broken; others had their clothes torn, but were not severely hurt. The chairs were badly broken. Word was brought to Mr. Conger, and he at once sent to the Yamen and police station for protection. He then went to the mission; all the missionaries had gotten in and were safe in their compound. We soon learned of the others who were attacked; none were killed. A meeting of the Diplomatic Corps was called at once. The Corps is having much difficulty and anxiety in knowing just how far to go, now that winter is coming on and Peking will be frozen in from the outer world. The Ministers wish to do nothing to endanger friendly relations with China.

The British, Russian, Japanese, French, German, Italian, Austrian, and American Ministers asked their Governments for Legation guards and the requests were granted. The outbreaks are against foreigners in general. The mob cries: "Foreign devils!" "Kill!" "Kill!" The Yamen sent word to Mr. Conger that protection would be given.

October 1. Only a little disturbance to-day. There have been three holidays, and this seems to be the cause of the excited outbreak.

Rumors are afloat — "Emperor poisoned." "Emperor ill, very ill." "Emperor on throne with Empress Dowager." "Emperor imprisoned." "New Emperor

chosen," etc., etc. There is no way for the public to know the truth about these rumors; the work is done behind the scenes, in the Forbidden City.

October 5. English and other marines are at Tientsin with guns. They boarded the train to come to Peking, but were ordered to leave or the train would not start; so it came without them. It is stated that the Empress Dowager doubted the loyalty of fourteen of her eunuchs and caused four of them to be strangled.

October 6. Marines have not yet arrived. Rumor says that the Chinese wish the train to bring their own troops first, then foreign troops may come. The word has gone out to the common people that the Emperor is a friend to Western ideas, and is adopting them too rapidly, and that the Western nations are coming in upon China to divide her among them. This has aroused the Chinese to drive all the foreigners from their country. The Empress Dowager is regarded as a strong character.

October 7. The English, Russian, and German marines came from Tientsin and marched up Legation Street escorted by Chinese officials. These marines are cared for in the compounds of their respective Legations. It is a new sight and a sad one to see these foreign troops march into this capital city. Can we realize what such a condition means to a nation?

October 8. It is reported that several eunuchs were beheaded through the orders of the Empress Dowager; she doubted their loyalty.

October 13. More rumors about the Emperor. Some say he is dead; others say he still lives. Discontent and confusion are surely in the atmosphere, but apparent quiet

reigns. It is thought that the Empress Dowager is becoming frightened.

October 15. Word comes from Washington that the Chinese Minister there says that the Emperor and Empress Dowager are working in harmony. This is not true, as all here well know. Another cablegram from Washington states that the American marines are on their way to China to act as Legation guards.

October 16. It is rumored that more eunuchs were put to death for taking, without permission, warm clothing to the Emperor, who is in prison.

October 18. The Empress Dowager issued an edict asking for foreign doctors to visit the Emperor to see if they could detect the cause of his illness. The French Legation doctor was chosen, and was accompanied by a French interpreter. The Empress Dowager was present, with others. Nothing serious was reported. This settles for a time the whereabouts and the condition of the Emperor.

October 23. More troubles. Foreign inspectors of the new railroad were attacked. Three foreigners were injured. The attack was made by undisciplined Chinese soldiers from the interior, who came here for a review. We see many of these troops about us. Some companies have the *jingal*, a large old gun that takes two men to carry.

November 5. Lieutenant Dutton in charge of eighteen American marines, with Gatling gun, was escorted by the Chinese Government through the streets of China's capital, and into the American Legation compound. These are picked men for this special duty. They are fine-appearing men, every one of them, and they are our

own people! These marines occupy four rooms of the Minister's house. The commanding officer occupies one room in the office building. All are in close quarters, but this is the only place of shelter for the winter.

November 8. Marines are guarding us night and day with the utmost care. They perform their duties with promptness, and there is much about this obedience to law and order that I greatly admire.

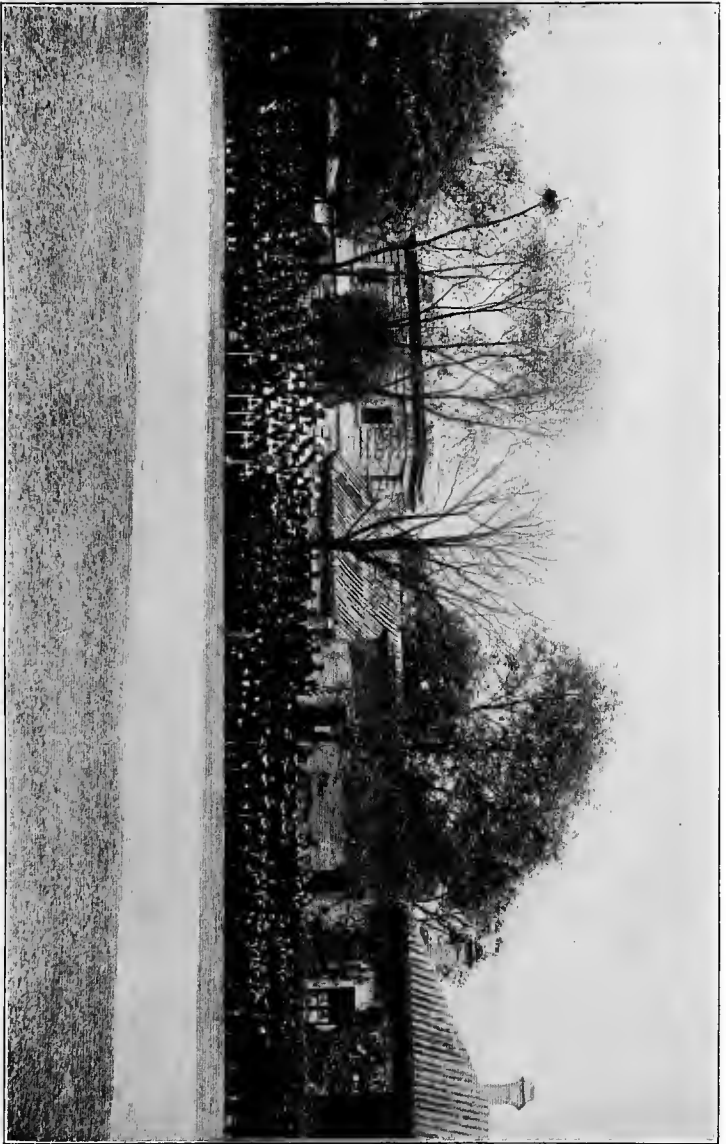
The thought was conceived to have the pictures of these eight Legation guards taken in one group, so they came together in the large grounds of the British Legation. The American marines marched to this Legation bearing the Stars and Stripes. None of the others had their flags with them. The eight different guards drew cuts for their places to stand; the American guard drew the centre and there the men stand in the picture with their flag waving! The American officer said afterwards, "No one seemed to object to the flag, and I, surely, could not, for it would have broken the men's hearts to give it up." Think of it! Was there ever such a picture? The marines of eight nations peacefully standing side by side in a foreign land, and — well, look at it, and study it.

The Japanese Minister with official papers from his country had an audience to-day with the Emperor and Empress Dowager.

November 24. Our first Thanksgiving Day in China! This national day is always observed at the American Legation in Peking. All the American missionaries and other Americans are invited to spend the day with the Minister and his family. At eleven o'clock about seventy people joined in song praises and listened to the patriotic sermon delivered by Dr. H. H. Lowry, of the Methodist

mission. Although Dr. Lowry has been in China for thirty years and is devoted to his work, he loves his home land and keeps in touch with her people and her affairs. At one o'clock fifty-six persons partook of a Thanksgiving dinner in our home. The house decorations on this Thanksgiving day were beautiful. Chinese potted flowering trees, potted plants, and cut flowers smiled their happy welcome. Many large American flags played a conspicuous place in the decorations. When at home we love our flag, but when abroad we almost worship at its shrine. Over our gateway the Stars and Stripes waved the day through, proclaiming protection, peace, and good will. Good wishes were wafted across the great waters for loved ones, our president, and our country; praise songs and patriotic songs were enthusiastically sung, and loving thoughts were sent echoing and re-echoing on their long, long journey; but they soon reached their destinations, for they went on love's wings. Out of respect for our national day each Legation, as customary, hoisted its flag and left it floating until the sun proclaimed, "The day is ended."

There was one cloud that cast its shadow over this bright day. Our marines had gathered in one of the rooms to join in our thanksgiving; the services had not yet opened when it was quietly whispered to Mr. Conger that one of the marines had the smallpox. He was in our very house, and as all the marines had been exposed, with quiet dignity they withdrew from the services. Mr. Conger thinking it best to tell those with us, made the announcement. Almost as with one voice the missionaries exclaimed, "You cannot frighten us in that way; we come in contact with smallpox nearly every day of



MARINE GUARDS OF EIGHT NATIONS

our lives." A doctor visited the patient, and arrangements were made at once to remove the patient to the Nan T'ang Catholic hospital. His comrades fearlessly stood by him, tenderly prepared his reclining chair, and tucked the covers about him. They never ceased their watchful care until the hospital doors received the afflicted one.

November 25. Other simple quarters were prepared for the marines outside, but connecting with the Legation compound.

December 16. A sad day! One of our American marines died from smallpox at the Nan T'ang hospital. In time of our great need this hospital has most kindly opened its doors, received, and with watchful care attended, the smallpox cases among our marines.

December 17. To-day, with all the honors that kind, true friends could give him, the marine was buried in the little British cemetery just outside the city. Already his comrades are arranging for a beautiful marble stone to be erected to his memory. We all mourn his loss.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

December 20, 1898.

CHINA is the oldest continuous nation in the known world — is older than man has recorded. She has held her gates and doors barred against outside influences and peoples. She has conceived, developed, and carried into practice, within herself, a thoroughly organized and almost unchangeable system of laws and customs that for many centuries have made her self-sustaining and independent.

Marks of reigns prior to the authentic dynasties are visible, but recorded history does not claim them; it gives them over to imaginary gods and their imaginary doings. By constant manœuvrings the foreigner has at last succeeded in prying open a little the locked door. Let us look through the door that stands ajar. What a view! What a revelation! It is not all dark, as we had supposed. The sun shines upon a vast territory that has the many climates of the globe. The soil is rich and yields a variety of agricultural products. There are wooded lands of great value; we find the earth has its valuable treasures in mines of gold and other precious metals. There are large beds of coal, and quarries of granite, marble, and jade; perhaps jewels unthought of are in China's domain. Although there are large, empty river-beds, China's water supply is not beggarly. As we look and reflect we detect the working hand of a mighty nation. This vast empire, ruled by its crowned Emperor, has lived right on in spite of many direful upheavals and overwhelming cloud-bursts. Methodical accuracy and adherence to fixed principles have kept China purely Chinese. The nation differs from other nations in general and in detail. It is claimed by some recognized authorities that quite authentic events can be traced back to 3000 years B. C. A nation of five thousand years' standing, or even of four thousand, is no child nor an imbecile.

China has the oldest language now spoken upon the globe. Records show that this language is the mother-tongue of a far greater number of people than any other language of the past or present. It has undergone few changes; the written characters of China are over four

thousand years old. They were originally cut upon strips of bamboo; these strips were then tied in bundles and each bundle was called a "book." These "books" were carefully guarded. In the Ch'in Dynasty they were burned. Some were hidden away as great treasures, but few were saved. Later, a reproduction from memory was written, but much of the quality and quantity of the former production was lost. Characters have been added to the language only when it was necessary to express new ideas or when new requirements demanded them. The Chinese love and respect for education, and perhaps their great thought of economy, have kept them from dropping any character, so the number as estimated ranges from 250,000 to 260,000. Each character in this language represents a complete idea, but its meaning is modified as it takes its place in relation to others. The alphabet is a stranger to the Chinese language.

What can be learned of China's early history portrays a civilization superior, at that date, to that of most parts of the outer world. Astronomy seems to have quietly, but positively, imparted its unfailing light to mankind, civilized or uncivilized, through all periods; and this unfailing light appears in the first glimpse we have of China's existence.

To-day, the world is seeking with earnestness to learn about the hitherto unknown Orient. It will be compelled to work patiently, diligently, and with a good spirit, if it would learn much of China and her people. The outside man with his aggressive force cannot recognize and know the true value of the inner man. If we can win the heart of man or beast we have won a victory for influence and power. The fable of the bar of iron

lying upon the cross log to be broken, serves to illustrate this point: The hammer said, "I can make it yield"; but at its first fierce blow, it flew from the handle and fell upon the ground, helpless. The axe then said proudly, "I can succeed." It struck two or three blows and its broken edge was worthless; it left scarcely an impression upon the bar of iron. The saw then stepped forward and said, "I, with my sharp teeth, will soon sever it." As it drew its teeth to and fro, they were all broken; the iron remained the same as before. A quiet, warm flame said, "Let me try, it might yield for me." The little flame twined itself about the iron in a gentle, loving way, imparting an influence that finally made it yield and fall apart. Thus it is with aggressive force and winning consideration.

The Chinese are skilled as sportsmen, athletes, sleight-of-hand performers, and contortionists. They are great lovers of music, theatricals, and other amusements, with styles peculiarly their own. They are also great lovers of children and pets. While they have always had their liquors and wines, intoxication is seldom known. They are an industrious, patient, secretive people, with wonderful memories that serve them well. Their education is classical, severe, and peculiarly China's own; and it is the only road to high political recognition and honors. The results of their many labors are remarkably fine in richness, durability, and beauty. Their architecture is unique and each part in detail has its meaning. A special significance seems to be woven into all their thoughts, whether they are manifested materially or not. The manifested affects the unmanifested; the seen influences the unseen, and vice versa. They do not

recognize the advisability of changing their pursuits; hence they strive to perfect their work, taking no account of time or labor. The sons follow the callings of their ancestors. Ofttimes the secret of producing certain styles of art and other fine productions is so carefully protected that it is buried with the producer, thus enhancing the value of these treasures to fabulous prices.

The religion of China is built upon many theoretical ideas, and is modified by them. It is a combination of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and other teachings. The rituals or sayings of a religion do not make up the real character of persons or nations. All religions have some of the true and good in their teachings, and the value of these teachings depends upon the depth to which they enter the hearts and minds of their advocates. Individuals and nations differ according to the God they truly worship in the secret chambers of their hearts.

When I first came to China I found that workmen would come and work on Sunday just the same as any other day. I called my head boy and said, "I do not wish these workmen here pounding to-day; it is Sunday." He respectfully replied, "Chinaman don't know names of days; he has dates. If you send him away to-day he lose one day's work." I reflected upon the situation. From that time they have commenced their work for me on Monday, or such a day as to finish before Sunday. My ideas of right should not be so arbitrary as to deprive them of a day's wages. Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year their temples and shrines are open for their worship. They enter and perform their religious services, then pass on to the performance of their daily labors.

The Chinese are not a warlike people; they wish to be let alone and have no desire to intermingle with other nations. They wish to live, to die, and to be buried in their own land and under their own Dragon flag. I will not write you about China's treaties with other nations, her opium war, and other earlier and later wars, her political career with its bright and cloudy days, and how she is treated by foreigners. You can read and reread of these things in many books. But I will try to portray for you in my letters what I see, and my impressions. Perhaps you can read between the lines and catch many ideas that I do not write.

[TO A NIECE]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
January 8, 1899.

IN December Mrs. Gamewell kindly went with me to visit "The Woman's Winter Refuge," a home for aged, destitute Chinese women without relatives. This home is a Chinese compound with several houses. There are paper windows, stone *k'angs* covered with matting, a few benches and tables, and earth floors. The aged women who have no place to stay, except in the street, lie close together on these *k'angs* with simplest bedding, small pillows, and no sheets. Their much-treasured bathroom is the crudest of the crude. They have the simplest food, but no tea. Their clothes are old, poor, and patched. The thought is simply to keep them from freezing and starving, and not to encourage them in the desire to be helped. To me there was nothing — literally nothing — to be called a "home." Those who know how the masses

of the Chinese live say, "This is good and all right." I tried to be pleased.

Lady MacDonald, of the British Legation, is President of the Association that has this home in charge. I, of the American Legation, am Vice-president; Mrs. Pritt-wit, of the German Legation, is Secretary; and Mrs. Brazier, of the Imperial Customs, is Treasurer. These officers form the Finance Committee which raises money for the support of this home. Nearly all the missions in Peking have representatives in the Executive Committee, which does the work of the Association. What would the members of the Home for the Aged, in Des Moines, Iowa, think of this meagre institution! In the United States, what we call an educated thought, has made it possible to bring out better results on a higher plane, and also to bring together people with stronger characters in a Home, but I doubt if they are more grateful.

Oh, this strange, strange old country! Its hidden meaning I cannot find. I wish that I could know what these Chinese think. I look at them and wonder what is under the calm surface. Sometimes I see them unobserved and they are merry, full of fun, and have innate grace. In everything our standpoints and modes of action differ. We seem to be travelling in different directions — growing farther apart. Will the time ever come when we shall be of one mind?

Mr. Conger, the girls, and I visited a Methodist Mission Sunday School. First the Chinese students of the mission school came with dignity into the fine large church. Then the gate opening into the street was unlocked and the street children came running in. The

church was well filled, over seven hundred being present. There are many classes, of four and five pupils each. Chinese boys and men taught boys and men; Chinese girls and women taught girls and women. These street people gave good attention. Our American workers took us from class to class through the church; each child and each adult seemed to mind his own business and attend closely to the lesson.

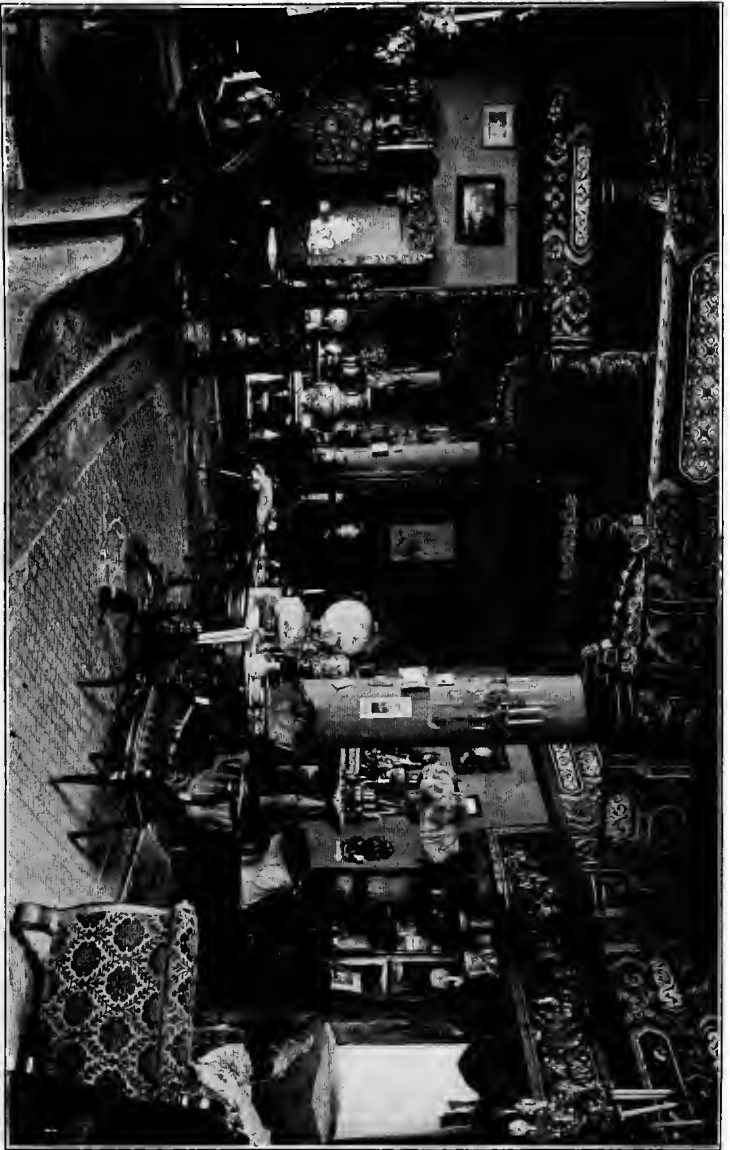
We returned to our places in front of that mass of people where we observed, as a whole, what we had seen in detail. The bell rang, and all was attention; it was announced that kind friends from America had sent them beautiful cards! They were advertising cards. Would that the ones sending them could have seen the joy they gave to these poor children whose lives are almost devoid of sunshine! We felt richer when we left the church.

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
January 8, 1899.

THE kaleidoscopic views increase! China is surely a strange land, but each day I see more to count as of value to me. The Chinese as a class do not have severe, grieved, anxious, revengeful, unresigned, or unhappy expressions on their faces. They do not grieve over their misfortunes, nor do they rejoice over their successes; both the ill and the good they take as due them.

Our house boys do not look like married men with families, but they are. They are so quiet, attentive, careful, tasteful, and exact about their work that they seem more like well-bred girls than men. They wear



OUR LEGATION DRAWING-ROOM

long gowns, sleeveless jackets, broad white cuffs, velvet hats, and boots. Our *amah* (maid) is married, but has no children; so she and her husband have adopted two boys. This *amah* looks after things in our private rooms, helps us dress, and makes the coolies "walk." If they neglect their duties she says, "Naughty coolies," calls them to time, and they come back and do better. The servants anticipate our wishes, and in their watchfulness, know them quite well.

Their religion does not give them a Christmas Day, but they know that ours does. As we opened our front door on Christmas morning we saw on either side of the steps a little evergreen tree in a pretty painted porcelain pot. These trees were decorated with many styles of most intricately cut paper people, animals, birds, bats, and flowers in colors. On the soil in the pots, were clay birds beautifully covered with feathers, and by the side of one pot was a good-sized, toy Peking pug dog, chained. We appreciated the kind thoughts that prompted the gifts. Everything, trees and all that was upon them, brought their message; and first boy Lu told us what they said. What all the little things as well as the larger ones stand for is wonderful! Everything has an underlying meaning; the simplest things are not "common" when you hear what they say to you. Do you think it strange that I am becoming interested in these people? As our Christmas callers might not be able to understand the many good wishes that these gifts are forever proclaiming, we took them into the library with our other dear gifts. I can never tell you what a field of thought opened as I sat meditating upon that scene before me. I wish that I could write of it accurately. Into that Christmas

room a new thing had entered; it brought a soft light in its simplicity that lighted anew all that was there.

On New Year's Day the four house boys came to the library before breakfast and, with a Chinese courtesy from all at once, the first boy said, "Madame, Happy New Year." This compliment was given each member of our family. After breakfast the other servants, dressed in their best, came into the large hall to pay their respects. There was a host of them. The first boy said, "Madame, servants want to wish you well." We went to the hall and each servant courtesied with right hand to the floor to each one of us. This was done in a quiet, dignified manner, but with smiling faces. They went in a body to the office, "to wish Minister well," and to each Secretary and Secretary's home in the compound, according to rank. After this was over, the first boy came again and again until all the servants of each Secretary had paid their respects. Later, the first boy came once more and said, "Madame, soldiers want to wish you well." We stepped to the door and in front of us stood in line twenty Chinese soldiers who saluted us. These soldiers have been guarding the American Legation at the gate of the compound since the troubles in the Fall.

On the fifth of January the members of the Tsung Li Yamen and other Chinese high officials made their official New Year's call. Three days before, word had been sent to all the foreign Ministers that, if agreeable, the members of the Yamen and other officials would pay their respects in person. They came in three companies of ten or twelve in each company. These men of wealth and high official standing came in sedan chairs,



CHINESE OFFICIALS MAKING THEIR NEW YEAR'S CALLS
JANUARY 1, 1905

lined with fur, and each carried by four chair coolies in uniform. Many outriders and men on foot accompanied them. They were not expected to see the ladies, but the ladies saw them. These men were richly dressed in the finest of long sable garments; rich, heavy silk and satin undergarments; velvet and fur boots, sable hats with official buttons; and peacock feathers. Their long strings of valuable beads were rich with jade and costly jewels. These men were rather fine looking and had exceedingly polite manners. Mr. Conger and his Legation staff received them just outside the door. Our four boys in uniform stood on either side of the steps, ready to assist if needed. These officials were escorted to the drawing-room and shortly to the dining-room, where a table was spread for them. They remained about three-quarters of an hour. When cards announced the coming of the second company, the first company took its departure. The second company remained until the coming of the third, then withdrew. The entire visit was interesting.

There is another thing that I must tell you about — something of more importance than these New Year's calls — the visit of the foreign Ministers' wives to the Imperial City. It is stated, and said to be true, that Her Majesty, the Empress Dowager, had never seen a foreign lady, and that a foreign lady had never seen her. The idea was conceived that Her Majesty be asked to grant this audience, as the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps wished to pay their compliments to Her Majesty on the event of her sixty-fourth birthday. After much delay and manœuvring the audience was granted.

December thirteenth was chosen as the day for the

reception. At ten o'clock a mounted Chinese escort sent by the Yamen went to each Legation to escort the ladies to the British Legation, as Lady MacDonald was Dean. Each lady was in a sedan chair and had five chair-bearers and two mounted mafoos. We started from the British Legation at eleven o'clock for the Imperial Winter Palace. We formed quite a procession with our twelve chairs and sixty bearers. The Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, Mr. Colligan (Spanish), and four interpreters joined us here, in chairs, with eighteen mafoos and sixty mounted escorts. Each Chinese was dressed in his official rank uniform. When we reached the first gate of the Winter Palace we had to leave our chairs, bearers, mafoos, escorts—all. Inside the gate were seven red-upholstered court chairs, with six eunuch chair-bearers each, and many escorts. We were taken to another gate inside of which was standing a fine railroad coach presented to China by France. We entered this, and eunuchs dressed in black pushed and hauled it to another stopping place, where we were received by many officials and served with tea. This railroad passed through a beautiful city, clean and imperial. After a little rest and tea-sipping, we were escorted by high officials to the throne-room. Our heavy garments were taken at the door, and we were ushered into the presence of the Emperor and Empress Dowager. We stood according to rank (longest time in Peking) and bowed. Our first interpreter presented each lady to Prince Ch'ing and he in turn presented us to Their Majesties. Then Lady MacDonald read a short address in English on behalf of the ladies. The Empress Dowager responded through Prince Ch'ing. Another low bow on our part, then each lady was es-



LADIES OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AND FOUR INTERPRETERS WHO ATTENDED THE FIRST AUDIENCE GIVEN TO FOREIGN LADIES BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

First row, left to right: German Minister's wife, Dutch Minister's wife, British Minister's wife, Japanese Minister's wife. Second row, left to right: French Minister's wife, Russian Minister's wife, American Minister's wife.

corted to the throne where she bowed and courtesied to the Emperor, who extended his hand to each. We then stepped before Her Majesty and bowed with a low courtesy. She offered both her hands and we stepped forward to her. With a few words of greeting, Her Majesty clasped our hands in hers, and placed on the finger of each lady a heavy, chased gold ring, set with a large pearl. After thanking Her Majesty, we backed from the throne and took our places as before. Again we bowed low and backed from their Imperial presence.

We were then escorted by many officials, eunuchs, and highly painted and decorated young Chinese women to a banquet-hall, where a large table was bountifully spread with Chinese food. Prince Ch'ing, Princess Ch'ing, and five other princesses sat at the table with us. Princess Ch'ing was dressed in most exquisite embroideries, rich satins and silks, with pearl decorations. She was not painted, but her hair was richly dressed. The young princesses were beautifully and carefully gowned in rich, finely embroidered, bright-colored satins. Their faces were painted, their hair was extended and elaborately ornamented with pearls, tassels, and flowers. Their long nails were protected by jewelled gold finger shields. Everywhere with us were Chinese interpreters, who spoke well both English and French. After this feast we were invited into other rooms and served with tea. The table was cleared away, and we were invited back to the banquet-hall. To our surprise, there on a yellow throne-chair, sat Her Majesty, the Empress Dowager, and we gathered about her as before. She was bright and happy and her face glowed with good will. There was no trace of cruelty to be seen. In simple expressions she

welcomed us, and her actions were full of freedom and warmth. Her Majesty arose and wished us well. She extended both hands toward each lady, then, touching herself, said with much enthusiastic earnestness, "One family; all one family." She presented the Empress, the Emperor's wife, who gave her hand to each. The Empress, a beautiful young Chinese lady, wore the rich clothing and valuable decorations of her Imperial rank.

The Empress Dowager bade each lady good-bye, then preceded us to the theatre building. With our large escort we followed, and saw a Chinese theatre at its very best. Interpreters explained the plays, and tea was served frequently during the hour we were in the theatre. Again we were escorted to the banquet-hall and seated as before. We were taken then to other rooms and the banquet-table was removed. Once more we were permitted to see Her Majesty; she was seated in her throne-chair and was very cordial. When tea was passed to us she stepped forward and tipped each cup of tea to her own lips and took a sip, then lifted the cup, on the other side, to our lips and said again, "One family, all one family." She then presented more beautiful gifts; alike to each lady.

After this wonderful dream-day, so very, very unreal to us all, we reached home, intoxicated with novelty and beauty. Everything had been done for us! Only think! China, after centuries and centuries of locked doors, has now set them ajar! No foreign lady ever saw the Rulers of China before, and no Chinese ruler ever before saw a foreign lady. We returned to the British Legation and in happy mood grouped ourselves for a picture that would fix in thought a most unusual day — a day, in fact, of historic import. December 13, 1898, is a great day for

China and for the world. Think of this! English was the first language spoken at Court to Their Majesties by foreign women. English, modified, is the commercial language of China, and in its purity has been carried to the very throne of China by a woman.

My first boy tried to impress upon me what a great thing had come into my life. He said, "Madame, much great thing come to you. Emperor come down from heaven. No foreign lady see him, few Chinese men. He came down from heaven. You very blessed. Cook say, no one see Emperor. He great. He come down from heaven." He was unusually earnest; evidently he wished to impress upon my mind the great honor and blessing we had received. The Emperor is a sacred personage to the Chinese. He is not to be seen by his subjects, nor is he to see them. He is screened and protected as he goes to the temples to worship, and as he goes to and from the Summer Palace, or the Imperial Tombs. He learns nothing of his country or countrymen by observation or contact. How can this great Empire grow in strength and glory when her rulers are in such bondage?

Everything about China is the extreme of all that we can dream. You wish something, and you say to your first boy, "Can you get?" He will say, "I see." He does see, and it comes. Beauties come out of the most impossible places. These Chinese just quietly manifest things. They are never in a hurry, never excited. They count their labor as little, and if you do not like what they have, it is "All samee; I take back."

The winters are delightful in North China. The thermometer rarely registers below zero. There is little snow and no rain during these seasons. Sometimes we

see a yellowed horizon. A colored spectre, as a rain cloud, rises and comes nearer and nearer and the servants hasten to close every door and window. It is a dust storm! These storms at times rage three days and we are compelled to bar our doors against their ill-temper. But such storms are infrequent visitors, and we are on our ponies nearly every day, summer and winter, and with comfort take two or three hours' ride. When riding during the autumn and winter we see large numbers of camels carrying coal to the city from mines twelve and fifteen miles distant. One coolie has a train of several camels fastened tandem by means of a rope. The last camel in each train wears a large bell and the constant striking of these bells makes a concert of noise devoid of harmony. We are told that there are five thousand of these camels coming every day into Peking. It is not hard for us to believe this statement, for we see an almost endless caravan of these methodically stepping, slowly moving, ugly-looking men and beasts. These thousands of camels spend the summer on the plains of Mongolia. They leave Peking with shaggy, dirty coats, limp humps, and skeleton-like bodies; and return to duty in the autumn with fresh, beautiful coats, upright humps, and plump bodies. The camel drivers are almost as mute as the beasts they drive. Study this picture, there is a lesson in it; each station in life has its demands; these demands vary as do the views from the base to the top of a high mountain.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
February 1, 1899.

THE following is found in the ancient books of China and is handed down to the present time, believed and sanctioned: "The powers that be are ordained of Heaven." Believing in the power of bad as well as of good, the Chinese accept the bad or the good that comes to them. They do not believe in change, and this idea, unmodified, has come down to the people of to-day. I am told that history records few attempts to modify the Chinese form of government — a government that has reached over a far greater period of time than any other system of authority on earth. Surely there must be virtue in a cement that will bind together a great people unbroken through many centuries. Those who know the Chinese best tell me that they are cautious, slow, and conservative; that they have a sturdy independence of character and a strongly developed love for their rights. They rarely adopt the methods of other people, but reach the same end in their own way. I have already seen much in the Chinese character to respect, and much that, to me, is unattractive and bitter; but I try constantly to keep in mind the fact that there are bitter herbs and poisons to be found in other lands.

As I am here and watch, I do not wonder that the Chinese hate the foreigner. The foreigner is frequently severe and exacting in this Empire which is not his own. He often treats the Chinese as though they were dogs and had no rights whatever — no wonder that they growl and sometimes bite. Would that more of the Christ-spirit

could be shown them by these people coming from Christian lands! Neither the "young West," nor "young America," has all in its store of knowledge. Might it not be well to watch and search? Even in the "dark" nations unknown lights might be discovered.

I often liken the intricate system of this great empire to a clock; it has its wheels, great and small, with their many cogs, each doing its own part. Foreigners, ignorant of its mechanism, come along and say, "I don't like that cog; it is objectionable, and I'll remove it." Thus they break into a system that through the centuries has been worked out, and that gives to each wheel its necessary, decisive work. In this breaking of cogs, the whole system is disarranged, and no better one is put in its place.

The will of the Emperor is the final command and the highest officials must obey. They often struggle with their many duties early and late, with scarcely time to eat or sleep. These officials are said to be the hardest-worked people in the Empire. All classes seem to be slowly, but diligently, industrious. As I am with these Chinese and study them, I feel that there is a deep, reserved force in their character that will some day show itself in unknown directions.

The worship of the Chinese ancestors, so far as discovered, is as old as the race, and is the most deeply rooted of all their religious forms. The Chinese make pilgrimages to their tombs twice a year to petition the gods to care for and protect the departed souls of their ancestors. This worship has its virtuous and elevating effect upon these people. They show their parents the greatest respect and consideration while with them, and visit their tombs with a living thought.

If no children come to a family, they buy or adopt a child that they may have one or more sons or grandsons to visit their graves. Our second amah came to me a few days ago and said, "First amah have little boy baby." I asked if I might see him. It was granted me. A strange man was holding a small, bright-looking child inside his coat against his bare body. I said, "Amah, your baby? Where did you get it?" "I have no baby," she replied; "this man have many, can't feed 'em. I buy baby. My sister has small baby and keep my baby." The baby went to the sister that day.

An amah was here with one of my guests from Shanghai. This amah approached her mistress asking if she could go out into the city and try to adopt or buy a little girl-child as her own. She explained, "I once married, unhappy, had no child. Servant tell me of little girl, I get her cheap. I take her home my muder, and we raise her and marry her nice man, and I have home old age." She added in a most forlorn tone, "I sorry, I no child." If they have no children they are poor indeed, for they have no one to mourn over them nor to worship at their graves. Love for children is one of their greatest passions and it seems to be a redeeming one.

The amah went to see the child, but came back without it, as the price was too high. She seemed to be a good woman, so I said, "I will go to a mission and see what I can do for you there." I had in mind the many hundreds of street children that I saw at their Sunday school. She said, "Oh, thankee, missie, I very glad. I take girl, pay school, and she grow nice girl. I get nice husband her, and they go my house, and they give me chow when I old. I no child. No one give me chow. I give muder chow.

Muder die; no one give me chow. I old; no one mourn my grave."

I went to the mission and stated my case and two of these good people listened patiently to my story. They have been in China for over thirty years and know the language and the people. They quietly said, "People here have to be very careful in giving what they call assistance. If we should in any way render assistance to this woman and any misfortune should befall any of them, they might come back on us, or on you, or any one who interested himself in this woman or child, and cause a great deal of trouble. It is better to let them do their own work in their own way, unless you know just what you are doing, and for whom. This woman may be all right, but she may be buying this girl to make her a slave. She may be filling up the dance houses, or she may wish the child for a worse fate. She may be buying many little girls with this same story. She says that her husband is a bad man. If she has a husband, any child that she takes as hers, he may have if he chooses, and have more supervision over the child than she could hold."

I returned home wiser, and these words stared me in the face with a piercing, living glow: "Mind your own business and let others mind theirs." Our ideas of help to others are often slavish, and do not lead up to liberty. Let us watch that we may do the right thing in the right way for individuals and for humanity.

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

February 2, 1899.

THERE are educated Americans here who have spent many years striving to learn of the inner lives of the Chinese, to get near to them, and to teach them a "broader" thought. China is little by little opening her doors to the world, but she does this reluctantly. Foreigners cannot imagine how completely she has lived to herself, until they come among her people. While other nations have mingled, modifying one another, China has walled herself in, not allowing one ray of thought to enter or go out, for century after century. Her ideas of right and wrong are foreign to ours. I am much interested in talking with those who have been here longest and who have mingled most with this strange people.

In China the natives are so purely Chinese that the foreigners stand out as distinctly foreign. In Peking the Austrian, Belgian, Dutch, English, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Spanish, and American, with their marked individual characteristics, form an interesting color picture; but the positive, individual colors shade off into a blending that is quite harmonious as a whole. How do these foreigners appear to the Chinese? Many times I feel ashamed that we do not appear more like civilized people. Our ignorance and extreme prejudices make us appear in a bad and untrue light; we are really better than we seem. If we strive with patience and good will to understand Chinese life and its expression, many of our prejudices will pass away, and we shall be able to see more clearly.

Except on some special days, the many temples are open day and night. The priests hold all the joint service; the worship of the masses is individual. The form is simple, and occupies only a few minutes. I have often seen these people at worship. In the temples there are in front of the Buddha five receptacles; in the centre there is an incense-burner and at either side a candle-stick and a vase. The worshipper enters and purchases from the priest sticks of burning incense, which he places in the incense-burner. There is a mat in front of the altar, and upon this mat the worshipper kneels and prostrates himself three times before the idol. A drum is sounded during this ceremony. The rites having been performed, the worshipper goes about his work. Sometimes worshippers hold these sticks of burning incense while prostrating themselves, and then afterwards place them in the burner. What these temples with their different gods and the ancestral worship mean to these devout people, or say to them, I have not yet learned. What is in their ancestral halls, or what their ceremony is on their worship days, I will not try to write you, for I know nothing of them save what I have learned from books; you, too, can go to them for information, so I will write only of what comes under my own observation.

The honor of woman is her child-bearing, and the more boys the greater the honor. The better classes of Chinese women never see foreign men and seldom meet men of their own people. I am told that they do not labor; a noble life-work is done if they bear even one or two children. I wish that I could see these ladies in their home life. If I ever do, I will let you rejoice with me. As men perform the rites at the graves, it is neces-

sary for every man and woman to have a son, either their own or adopted. Of their extreme superstitions I have as yet had little opportunity to learn. The strange wonders that I meet in this strange land are bewildering and far beyond my comprehension.

You will be interested in hearing about the queue. The hair of the Oriental is always straight and jet black. The beard is not allowed to grow until honors and age permit. The queue is a symbol of Chinese manhood. In infancy and childhood the head is either clean-shaven, or patches of hair are left as fancy may dictate; this hair is braided into little queues. When the boy reaches the age of thirteen or fourteen, the queue, the proper badge of manhood, is permitted to grow. The queue is not originally Chinese; it was introduced about two hundred and fifty years ago by the Manchus. The first Manchu Emperor of China commanded all of his subjects to shave their heads and adopt the queue. This created intense excitement, as the Chinese thought it signified slavery or degradation. The Emperor wisely left this decree untouched and shrewdly issued another. The second decree commanded that all persons convicted of crime should cut off the queue and let the hair grow. The officers were to see that this edict was obeyed. The Emperor also issued a decree that the badge of mourning for the death of a parent should be unshaven head and uncombed queue for one hundred days. The queue has become almost a superstitious reverence among the Chinese. It is their great pride. Some heads of hair are beautiful, heavy and long; others are made up of switches of false hair, or silk. There is an etiquette of the queue. It must be braided in special style, and tied

with a black cord and tassels; the black cord is removed and a white cord takes its place in mourning. They coil the queue about the head to protect it, or for comfort; but on meeting a friend, they uncoil it and leave it hanging down their back before recognizing him. Under no circumstances is it proper for a servant to appear in the presence of his master or mistress with his queue coiled. Not long ago our first boy, Lu, whom we brought with us from Shanghai, came to me smiling, but with tears in his eyes, and said, "I got letter from home, wife die." He picked up his queue and said, "See, I wear white cord." He had a white cord braided in his queue, and wore it until after their New Year, then it disappeared.

I must tell you more about this boy. Perhaps three months afterward he came to me and said, "My boy here; Madame want see him?" Of course I did. He brought a young man almost as tall as himself.

I said, "Lu, this is not your own boy."

He said, "Yes, Madame, my own boy."

I asked if he should like to have their pictures taken together.

He was much pleased and said, "I fix him." They left, and in a short time Lu returned and said, "Madame, see my second wife?"

In surprise, I said, "You married? When, and where?" I knew he had not lost one day; he was always at his post.

He replied, "Chinese different from foreigners. Mudder choose wife; boy bring wife me. She second wife now." He brought her to the hall, not into my sitting-room, as he did his boy, and said, "Madame, see second wife? She out here."



LU AND HIS FAMILY

I said, "Bring her in."

He replied respectfully, "Madame better see her out here." I did. She gracefully courtesied and bowed in the Chinese manner. When we went outdoors to have the pictures taken, she leaned upon the son's arm because her little feet would not let her walk alone.

When we were outdoors I looked at Lu and said, "Lu, that cannot be your own son."

He said, "Yes, Madame, my own proper son. His mother die. I marry young. Got this boy when twenty-one. He is eighteen now; I thirty-nine. He my proper son."

We believed it later, for his son afterward became our third boy and he was his father over and over in looks and actions. He was very clever, and his father extremely so.

First boy, Lu, said, "A little while I send second wife back mudder; she old." Later our amah said, "Lu's wife 'Sing-song' girl. No little feet; put on little feet. Lu pay much money. Lu buy her." We kept Lu little more than a year.

We have another first boy, Wang, and we like him very much. He is quiet and manly and keeps all quiet about him.

[TO A NEPHEW]

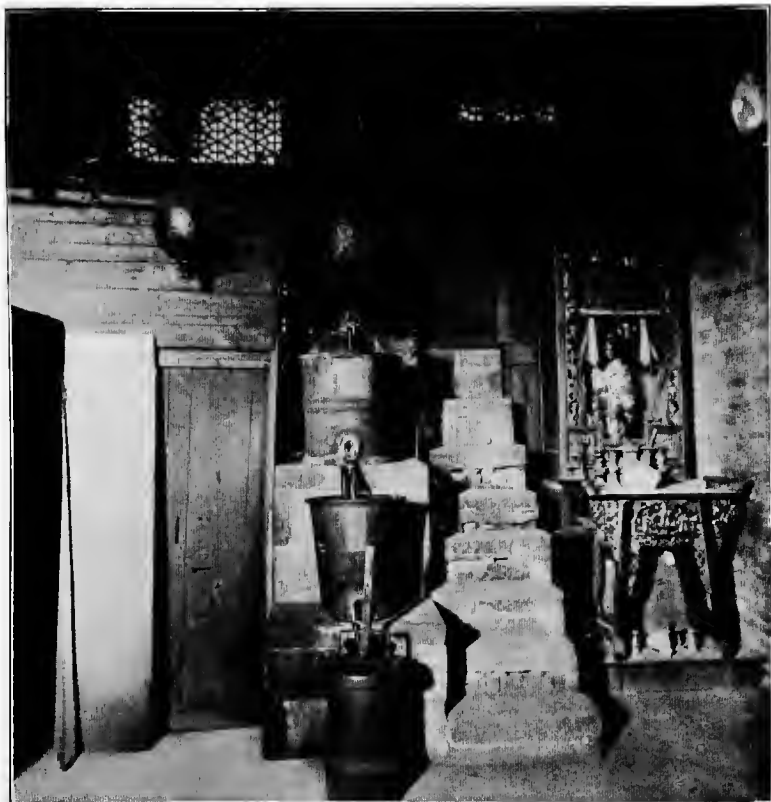
AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
March 12, 1899.

IN answer to your letter I am going to talk to you about one of the rich treasures which I have found; the Peking Observatory! This Observatory is situated on the top of a spacious masonry, towering many feet above

the wall of the Tartar City, and is built against this wall to the east. An open brick stairway is the mode of ascent. The Observatory is most surprisingly wonderful. Many of the astronomical instruments are over three hundred years old, and they are in a state of almost perfect preservation. They are always exposed to the changes of the seasons, always in the open, yet they are without corrosion. These massive instruments are so nicely poised upon their axes, or pivots, that I can move them with comparative ease. Their mountings are wonderful in design, execution, and material, and are strictly Chinese; many of them in the form of dragons. The bronze material in these instruments is heavily mixed with gold and is so unyielding that none of the fine, complicated, mathematical dial plates are effaced, or even dimmed. Each line seems to stand out as boldly and accurately as if in the first year of its long existence. The art and knowledge of this perfect work has been lost. There is no telescope among these instruments.

A temple is at the foot of this tower and here there are two of the oldest and finest of all the instruments. They are said to date back more than five hundred years. In the temple is a "water clock," which is simply a series of receptacles through which the water oozes with accurate pressure and time. There are sun-dials everywhere, and this historic spot would not be complete without them. I often visit this Observatory, and my interest grows more intense at each visit. My thought reaches out to know more, and to understand what these voiceless messengers would say to me. I catch a little whispering each time, and go away rejoicing.

Every age seems to have reverently recognized the



WATER CLOCK
ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, PEKING

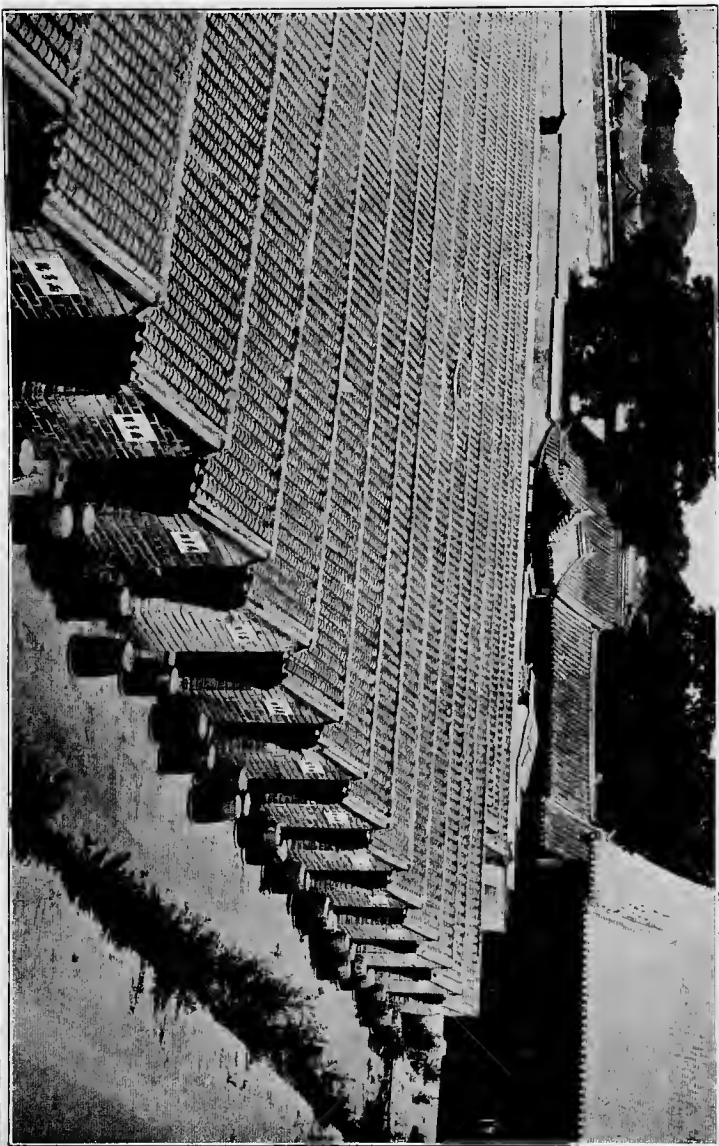
heavens as a watchful, unchangeable, never-failing friend, always true to man physically and spiritually. It was early learned that through these myriads of bright lights, simple and complex problems could be accurately solved. Through this avenue the earth opens up its hidden secrets; the ocean shows its might; in fact all nature sings in one grand chorus that echoes and re-echoes with an increasing harmony through every part of God's great universe. The Life, Truth, Love that never fails is so indelibly stamped in the brilliant heavens that all mankind has recognized it, looked up to it, and humbly clasped its proffered, helping hand. Through the star-lit heavens the year has been determined, the seasons named, and months numbered. All that this vast universe has said, is saying, and will continue to say to mankind, will never be known. The vibrations of the sunbeams tone and intensify the rich and varied colorings of nature in all their grandeur.

Every time we visit the Observatory, with its college of hidden learning, we leave it with reluctance.

The Examination Halls are near the Observatory. Many thousands of Chinese men of learning assemble here once in two or three years to test their knowledge. The second and third degrees of scholarly education are here granted. These halls are long, shed-like buildings about four feet wide and two or three hundred feet long, all facing the south. They have an open front and a passageway of four feet between them. The roof extends so as to keep out the intense heat of the sun. These halls are divided into compartments about three and one-half feet square and are furnished with a board seat and a board in front of the occupant upon which to write. The

scholar who is being examined must remain here for three days without going out. His necessities are brought to him. After three days he can go out for one day and then return for another three days. The ninth day finishes the examination. They eat, sleep, and write in these cells. Some come time after time for the degrees here offered. Some ambitious aged men die in these narrow, barren compartments, working for their honors. For the last two degrees they come to Peking from all parts of the Empire; the first degree is taken in other Provinces. There are rooms, or cells, to accommodate sixteen thousand applicants, but at this time only about eight thousand occupy them. Those who pass this examination receive the highest and last degrees given these toiling, ambitious scholars. I intentionally use the word "scholar," instead of "student," because these men merit the distinction of the term.

The subject they are to be examined upon is given them after they enter their cell and they have no books. The examination consists of a reproduction of the classics from memory, and the writing of essays. These examinations are rigid and are the stepping-stones to the high official places in the Government. Great memory is a strong and most helpful characteristic of the Chinese; they have been schooled to it during the long existence of their nation. Earl, or Viceroy, Li Hung Chang told us with pride that he took his examinations in these halls fifty years ago. His son said, "I also took the examination, but did not win the degree. In China it is no disgrace to have failed; it is an honor to have tried." Viceroy Li Hung Chang speaks no English; his son speaks it fluently. As I look at these Examination Halls, sym-



EXAMINATION HALLS, PEKING

pathetic feelings mingled with sad admiration go out to these scholars who come to them. This is only another way of working, sacrificing, and suffering for glory.

For several days we have been having delightful guests, and we planned a trip to the Yellow Temple and the Bell Temple about six miles distant. Twelve of us went on ponies and in chairs; the riders had their frolics in speeding their horses, then in the shade of some tree they waited for the coming of the chairs, the bearers of which were speeding on in the spirit of the occasion. There were five distinct nationalities represented in our party, but Joy's spirit is so universal that we were one nationality that day.

We first visited the Yellow Temple. This temple is very old, and its pages of history have been lined and interlined. Some of our party would tarry and listen for answers to their questions, others would look, pass on and out and feel no inspiration in this dense atmosphere. In some shady spot they would await the coming of the loiterers. One of the finest and most beautiful treasures of this temple is the large marble tower built in memory of Buddha. It is deeply carved in bas-relief and the carvings portray Buddha's existence from his first conception in mortal life on through the many phases of mortal living, and still on into the imaginary beyond. This tower is a stationary panorama, and time is the propelling power urging the intent observer to move on.

At twelve o'clock we reached the Bell Temple. Each rider had his accompanying mafoo, who took his horse in charge. The mafoos walked the horses quietly for about thirty minutes, then removed saddles and bridles, watered the horses, stabled them, and fed them. The

chair coolies dropped down in the shade for a time, then washed, and ate their tiffin. The guests passed on into the temple proper. Our servants had preceded us with tiffin necessities. We were escorted into rooms, where our very own home wash-bowls, pitchers, and towels awaited us. Tiffin was announced, and there in a large room was a table with twelve plates and a real home hot-tiffin, with its courses. Upon the table were pickles, sweets, and lovely flowers. My servants had done it themselves! They knew what was to be done, and I let them do it in their own way. The guests exclaimed, "Marvellous! Marvellous!" It was wonderful, for everything had to be brought from home by the coolies, even ice and distilled water.

After our refreshments we were shown from building to building with our longing thoughts centred on the Great Bell. Where was it? None too soon were we in the august presence of that historic, talking thing. With intense wonder the world talks back to it. This bell was cast about five centuries ago, and weighs fifty-three and a half tons. It is second in magnitude, but is the largest hanging bell in the world. It is completely covered, inside and out, with Chinese characters, extracts from the Buddhist canon. We passed under this wonderful bell dome; we looked at it; we felt of it. It was really there, hanging from that immense frame of mighty timbers. The keeper swung the end of a large hanging timber against this monster bell, and in tones the sweetest, most melodious and resounding, it sang us a song of days gone by. It struck eternity's chord, and we all loved it. The five nationalities rejoiced in one accord. We climbed to the story above, where the crown of this bell was on a

level with us. Wang handed me a string of cash which he had brought from home, and said, "See luck days. Tell fortune. Make wish, throw cash at hole top bell; hole receive cash, good luck." The many cash were eagerly taken; the heart-wishes were made, then with eye intent on the hole and a steady hand, again and again the unfaltering, but usually unsuccessful, effort was centred on that one point. Enthusiasm ran high until every cash was gone. Beneath this hole was a temple boy picking up the coins as they fell.

People come and go, and this aged bell tells a little of time's centuries to each, and in wonderful tones sounds a sweet welcome and a cheering good-bye. These tones vary in proportion to the quality of the sounding-board receiving them.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
April 26, 1899.

CAREFUL following of the intricate thought-methods of the Chinese is the only way to reach accurate conclusions about China and her people, but this careful following almost baffles the most diligent student. The other day I was talking with an English gentleman who has spent much time in China, and who has made a study of the language and the people. He said, "On my return from America, after completing my course of study there, a Chinese scholar said to me, 'I have watched your progress in studies since you were a boy, and I would say to you, if you would take up and pursue for a time the Chinese classics, it would be of great value to you; I will direct and help you.'" The gentleman acted upon this

suggestion. He told me enthusiastically that he found mines of thought in these classics — thought that is world-wide in its scope and bearing.

I become very earnest in my desire to get behind the scenes; to see the source, the cause, of all of these mysterious portrayals of honor and worth. The nice distinctions in ideas and bold adherence to them, from the most scholarly sages down to the coolie classes, are perplexing and yet extremely interesting to those who try to understand them. The thought of economy — to protect and save — reaches into and through every part of this entire Empire. To these people nothing is, or should be, lost. Their steadfast unity of thought is the cement that has kept this vast domain together, even when other nations have declared that its end was near.

Between 1122 B. C. and 249 B. C. was China's great period in literature. In 550 B. C., Confucius was born. His moral and philosophical teachings have been far-reaching, and have influenced and moulded the lives of more people than those of any other writer in known history. As learning transcends all else in importance in China, Confucius has become a saint to her people. He is considered the embodiment of wisdom, a true leader and philosopher. He was not the founder of a religion, but is revered as a sage. In Chinese literature there are the Nine Classics. I am told that on these nine books are founded Chinese religion, ethics, philosophy, education, and etiquette. The spirit of the classics is essentially lofty, moral, and good.

The large temple in Peking built to Confucius is massive and impressive in its solemn grandeur. Many buildings are in this temple, and these buildings are of

marked individuality. In the finest temple building is a large tablet to Confucius, before which the Emperor worships. There are also tablets to Confucius' closest followers. Each of the many tablets placed in the buildings, walls, and outer courts of this large temple enclosure is in memory of some great Chinese sage or scholar. There are catafalques with large tablets resting upright upon the backs of turtles; these catafalques always face the south. In gratitude for what Confucius has done for China, temples have been erected to his memory in prominent places throughout the Empire, but not until the first century of the Christian era was a temple erected to his memory by Imperial edict. His word is quoted as law throughout the Chinese Empire, and he is considered the great peace-maker of China. His wonderful writings settle difficulties and dissensions among the highest and the lowest. He emphasized ancestral worship and the showing of great respect to parents, to the aged, and to those in high authority, or those occupying a superior rank. According to this teaching each person has his own place, and knows it, and acknowledges his responsibilities in that place. Each child is taught his relation to his parents, brothers, sisters, and other relatives; to people generally, to officers, and those in high rank, up to their "Heaven-bestowed Imperial Rulers."

Following the Chow Dynasty, which lasted to 249 B. C., and which was considered the great period in Chinese literature, comes the Ch'in. The Emperor Ch'in was noted for his good and bad works. Both are extremes. He united under one rule many parts into China; he began the great Chinese canal system; he

built the Great Wall of China; for personal glory he ordered all writings of every kind, including the works of all philosophers and even those of Confucius, to be burned. With energy he endeavored to enforce this edict literally, but he was thwarted in his designs, and much of the literature was protected for future generations. Mankind is ignorant and always will be ignorant of its great and perhaps incalculable loss sustained in that dark, selfish reign. History with its joys and its woes, its ups and its downs, its comedies and its tragedies, its ideas, true and false, unselfish and selfish, paints a varied picture of lights and shadows.

The Ming Dynasty was the last that was strictly Chinese. The Mings reigned from 1368 to 1644, when they were overthrown by the Manchus. The capital of China was moved from Nanking to Peking in 1403 by the Emperor Yung-lo. This Emperor constructed the famous Ming Tombs, forty miles northwest of Peking.

The Emperor, being the "Son from Heaven," rules supreme, and appoints his many helpers, among whom are the viceroys for the Provinces and other high officials. There are many boards through which the Emperor governs his people. The Tsung Li Yamen is the avenue through which the foreigner may have intercourse with His Imperial Majesty. The whole system seems to be wheels within wheels, and it really appears as though every official were afraid of every other official, and yet the wheels keep moving.

In the first century A. D., Buddhism was introduced into China. The Emperor Ming-ti sent an embassy to bring tidings of the "foreign god" (was it the Christ?), of whose fame he had learned. This embassy reached

India and learned of Buddha. Feeling that they had found in him the god that they sought, they returned to their Emperor with the doctrines and images of Buddhism. The Christ was not found, and apparently no conception of Him. Buddhism became the established religion of China, and shrines with their images in gold or silver, bronze, brass, clay, or wood, are found everywhere throughout the entire Empire. Without permanency, Christianity found its way into China between 500 A. D. and 805 A. D. In 1582 the Jesuits obtained a permanent foothold. About 1557 the Portuguese established at Macao the first foreign settlement on Chinese soil, and Macao still bears the appearance of a Portuguese city.

Progress in acknowledging Christianity has seemed slow to observers, but the faithful workers give thanks that Jesus' teachings have had a hearing, and that even a measure of the Christ-spirit has been revealed to this self-satisfied people.

I am going to tell you of one little "big" thing that has come into my life. It was wonderful, because never done before — a great departure for the Chinese. Li Hung Chang called upon Mr. Conger; after making his official call he asked to meet the ladies. On his first call after his visit of several months to the devastating floods of the Yellow River districts he seemed unusually happy, and I ventured to say, "Your Excellency, Li Hung Chang, if in accordance with your thought, and that of your family, I should be much pleased to pay my respects to Lady Li." His reply was, "I will see." His Excellency shook hands with each of us as he departed. We were delighted to converse with this great scholar,

high official, and strong man of China. The next day word came that his wife and family would be pleased to receive the ladies of the American Legation, on such a day and at such an hour.

[TO A NIECE]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

May 14, 1899.

ON our way to Shan-hai Kwan, the point at which the Great Wall of China begins, a Scotch railroad superintendent said, "Chinese do well when there are no emergencies — when they can continue to do the same thing in the same way; but if for any reason they have to change their actions at once, their judgment, which they have not cultivated, does not serve them quickly. This is in cases where everything is new to them. When they comprehend what is wanted they are clever in bringing about the result. It seems necessary to leave them alone and to give them time. How they gain these results you can only vaguely guess." This superintendent said that his railroad company at first had all the responsible places filled by foreigners, and that they took Chinese as students. These students are now able to occupy many responsible positions. Many of the engine-drivers, conductors, and those under him are Chinese.

Chinese coolies do the work of beasts and work with beasts in the streets and in the fields. We often see coolies with wheelbarrows heavily loaded. One man holds the handles; a strap passes over his shoulders and is so fastened as to help steady the wheelbarrow. Other coolies, one on either side, help to pull and balance. Far

ahead, a small donkey with ropes reaching back to the barrow, is doing his best. The coolies use no lines, but talk to this little fellow and guide him in this way.

We saw on the canal many boats with men hauling them. They were walking or running in a tow-path, with ropes. We saw also in the fields a man holding a plough, while a mule and an ox, with a man between them, hauled it. Each wore about his neck and shoulders a sort of yoke and harness. The use of a man between the animals is not uncommon. The Chinese often have ponies, mules, donkeys, oxen, and men all doing the same work together. But, remember, this is not all of China or her people. Still, the trait of industry is a national characteristic, and is bound to work for good.

The undeveloped power slumbering in the Chinese nature cannot now be truly estimated. The great Siberian desert has been found to have plenty of good water treasured a little below her unattractive and seemingly useless barren surface. Thus may this great mass of people be found to have beneath their seemingly barren existence the rich springs of true life ready to pour forth their living treasures.

China has received ruthless piercings from the constant "pecking" of the foreigner with his so-called progressive ideas. In the past year there have been telling strokes made by the foreigner, and at first glance it would appear that China is doomed. But, on closer examination, it almost seems that with this old, great nation, and her wonderful traits of character, this barbarous treatment by the foreigner may break the hardened crust of superstition and customs, and reveal a strength of character that will act well its part, and China may yet be found

harmoniously working with the sisterhood of nations. This strength of character surely is in her, and time must and will test its quality. True, the Chinese do not think or act as does the foreigner; but the foreigner has not made a perfect success of life through his trials, struggles, and "superior" thinking. May it not be found that the weaving together of the qualities of all nations will soften and complement the whole? I do not mean that this weaving should be by intermarriage; of that I am no advocate.

The attitude that China has always held of superiority over all the world has made her so self-satisfied that she has ignored what the outside world was thinking or doing. It may be that it will take severity to waken her to the reality that there is something beyond herself. China is not dead, nor will she die. I prophesy that she will in time unlock her barred gates and mingle and intermingle with other peoples, and, with a desire to do so, cooperate in the great struggle for a better and higher civilization. China is at present passing through an awful ordeal. She has battles within and battles without. The Chinese blot out with bloodshed all thoughts new to them, leave their thinkers headless — and press on with their bloody banner and crude weapons to defy the world. This unrest causes the diplomatic duties to multiply and become more and more intricate. The foreign Ministers work harmoniously together in their efforts to solve the knotty problems.

We continue our outings upon our ponies, our walks upon the city wall, and our social duties are not neglected. Social duty in the Diplomatic Service requires its book-keeping, which must be as accurately performed

as that of a cash book in the bank. The book must be balanced each day, and not neglected. The diplomat is dealing with nations, not with individuals. Diplomatically you have no favorites, but in your inmost heart you can have, and do have, intimate friends; and in many ways this intimacy is manifested.

Each nation's flag takes an active part in Peking. On Sunday the Legations in unison hoist their flags early in the morning, and throughout the day these flags proclaim the acknowledged day of worship in all Christian lands. The language of the flag is carefully watched. If a holiday or a day of rejoicing comes to one of the eleven nations here represented, that nation proclaims it through the waving of its flag at its height, and at once the flag of each sister nation waves back hearty congratulations. If in case of sorrow the flag goes not to its height, but bows its head midway, each sister flag bows in sympathy. Some time during the day each Minister and his staff bear their personal congratulations or condolences. Is it not well for nations, as for individuals, to have a little rhythm of sentiment in their intercourse with one another?

Thursdays are my days "at home," and on these days our rooms are well filled with a medley of foreigners. We sip our tea, partake of our simple refreshments, and have a happy visit. Each nation reveals its individuality in the Diplomatic Corps, as well as elsewhere, and it is like a feast of many courses when the members of this Corps come together. I am quite sure that this mingling gives strength and breadth in its influence. Seeing and acknowledging the worth in others always strengthens.

[TO A SISTER]

PEKING, *June 3, 1899.*

I AM going to tell you of a few things that I have seen in Peking since I last wrote. It seems strange to find all that the Chinese do is part of a system. How I should like to know something of this system! Everything I learn urges me on to learn more.

I am not afraid of the Chinese. There is nothing about them to create fear in me, but they can annoy me if I oppose their thought and their customs of propriety. It is not well for women to go out alone in Peking. If no foreign gentleman is with them, they should have a Chinese "boy" or mafoo. The city wall is a quiet, clean walking place; Chinese are seldom allowed upon the wall, and you feel safe and free. To-day daughter Laura started out alone with our guests. They walked to the tower over the Ch'ienmen, meeting no one but a wall-keeper and they threw him cash. They sat down to rest and watch the people below. A beggar came and asked for cash; they had none and paid no attention to him. Then another and another came, half clad in their filthy rags. This was a new phase on the wall. Laura, seeing the situation, said, "I don't understand this; let us move on, or retrace our steps." They retraced. The beggars followed, gathering more in numbers as they went. These half-covered wretches would run in front of them, form lines, fall upon their knees at their feet, *kotow* (bump their heads on the bricks), and yell and cry in the most horrible way. They stood on their heads, turned over and over, and kept up a loud noise all the while. These people kept increasing in numbers

and yells, until the foreigners reached the place to leave the wall and descended upon the ramp, leaving their train of twenty native escorts looking down upon them. Where these dirty, ragged people came from is still a mystery. There were two well-dressed Chinamen on the wall who saw it all. I made inquiries why these men did not stop the beggars; the answer was, "They dare not." These beggars are organized bands, and woe to the Chinamen who interfere with their business.

During the winter Mr. Conger and his secretary saw a beggar with nothing on but an old sack thrown about him. He came to them crying and with teeth chattering. In sympathy they gave him "silver." They returned shortly and saw that same fellow in a corner putting on fairly good clothes and plenty of them.

Some beggars have nothing on but a large covering over their shoulders. They carry a small stove under this rag and when cold, squat down and warm themselves. Others lie upon the sidewalk and wail and cry in the most pitiful way, and you will think they are dying in the greatest agonies. We learn this is a business with them. A friend said to me, "Do not give more than one cash to a beggar; if you give more he will tell others and many will follow you and cry for cash in the most distressing tones, and will bitterly curse you if you refuse to give more."

The Chinese never interfere with one another. For their own safety they dare not. We saw a man hauling sacks of grain; one sack was broken and the grain was flowing out in the street. Many Chinese saw it, but it was not their business and they did not interfere by telling him. Again we were passing and saw that a man with

his two baskets on the end of a pole had fallen and could not get up. The Chinese on the street passed by him and so did we; on our return the man was still lying there but was lifeless. His baskets and pole were beside him undisturbed. The authorities alone had the right to touch that dead man and his belongings. Upon another occasion we were going through the crowded streets in the Native City. An obstruction was lying in the centre of the thoroughfare; this obstruction was a dead man covered from public view with reed matting. Each person's rights are so positively and so rigidly observed that no one interferes; these systems are "as old as the hills." The Chinese will do all they can for their sick, then give them into the hands of the spirits to cure — or to kill. After they have assigned their sick to the care of the spirits or gods, they do not molest or interfere. If any person should dare to interfere he would so anger the spirits that a curse would ever follow the would-be helper, and this helper would render himself forever responsible for the sick man, dead or alive, because he has wronged the sick man, has taken him out of the hands of the spirits and caused him to be a wandering devil at the heels of the one who interfered.

The Chinese do not worship the idol, but the thought or the spirit that the idol represents. They worship at the shrine of "Long Life," "Happiness," "Offspring," "Ancestors," "Agriculture," "Heaven," "Earth," "Rain," "Sunshine." The bat means "Happiness"; the peach, "Long Life"; the pomegranate, "Many Children"; the dragon means "Power"; in fact, everything has its significance. It is interesting to listen to one who has lived long in China and who has been a

student read the meanings of the designs upon cloth, embroideries, *cloisonné*, and porcelain; there is a meaning to every stroke. Even in their gods and Buddhas they place some material thing to represent a thought. To illustrate: in their eyes looking-glasses are placed; in the heart, pearls; in the bowels, money. Do you see the thought — reflection, value, plenty? The Chinese love children. There is a mother Buddha holding a small child in her hand. Women visit this idol and pray for children and leave gifts. It is the mother-thought going to the mother-spirit for help to bear a child.

In the sight of a Chinese the worst crime that a person can commit is to take the life of his father or mother. In such a case the guilty child is sliced alive, cut up little by little; thus they destroy his spirit as completely as they can. The Chinese are terrified over losing any part of their bodies, because if any part is lost their spirits become crippled. If a man is beheaded his friends will often beg or buy the privilege of sewing the head to the body that his spirit may not go about headless. Have I not written enough to show you that persecutions are a blow at the spirits?

The Chinese form themselves into all sorts of clans, and work systematically in them. Each season has its shop goods. In the season for the lantern festival the shops are filled with all sorts and styles of lanterns, from the smallest to the largest and most elegant ones. Some are richly ornamented with beautiful, colored hangings and designs. The Chinese patience and cunning multiply the shapes and designs to a wonderfully large number. After visiting the fairy streets of the festival, all aglow in

their exquisite beauty, I was anxious to obtain many of these lanterns and went into the Native City to purchase them. Not one was to be found! These full shops that I had visited and admired a few days before, were now empty. It looked as though lanterns were unknown there. They were all put away until another "proper time" for their appearing.

When the edict is issued for changing the clothing from winter to summer, the fan shops are full of all sorts of fans. They all disappear at the change to winter clothing. Everything has its season, or "proper time."

This old, old country with customs unchanged since centuries before the Christian era, is unfolding to me many Bible mysteries. I can now understand how the money-changers were in the Temple. The Chinese temples are in large walled enclosures, the interior of which is divided into many courts and buildings. On certain dates, the merchants, by paying a percentage to the temple, are allowed to bring their goods into these courts and sell them. There are all sorts of treasures and goods gathered together here, and people throng these courts and buy these goods.

In the summer we take our rides early in the morning. We have coffee and start out for a two or three hours' ride, returning at eight for breakfast. Mr. Conger is always seeking new paths, and on our ponies we can traverse narrow byways. One morning we went into an unfamiliar street through which we could scarcely make our way. It was brilliant on either side with artificial flowers of all descriptions. Wonderful, beautiful, almost perfect they were in their imitation of the living flower. We wended our way slowly, for we were delighted and wanted

to tarry. After riding less than an hour we returned to see more of the flower street. It was empty! The flowers were gone, the people were gone! What did it mean? We asked our mafoo; he said, "Oh, no proper time now."

Mr. Pethick, Li Hung Chang's American secretary for over twenty-five years, brought word that arrangements were made for us to pay a visit to Lady Li, the wife of Viceroy Li Hung Chang. Five ladies started out in five sedan chairs with twenty-four chair-bearers, four outriders, and our head boy. After travelling about forty-five minutes we reached the home of His Excellency, Li Hung Chang. Mr. Pethick met us at the gate and introduced us to Mr. Li, Li Hung Chang's youngest son, who escorted us through courts to the reception room, where he introduced us to his mother, sister, wife, and cousin, who were standing in a semi-circle near the door. They shook hands with us, then Lady Li motioned for me to be seated at her left, with a Chinese table between us. The room was large and mostly furnished with foreign furniture. How I did wish that we could enter one of their purely Chinese rooms!

These ladies were dressed in the richest of Chinese attire — choice satin embroideries and brocades, and the finest of foreign jewels. Their hair was plain, with a large coil behind, and flat jewelled ornaments. Their faces were delicately painted. Their feet were extremely small, and were encased in embroidered shoes. Their skirts were quite long, and they wore short over-garments.

During the conversation Mr. Li asked how I liked the Chinese costume. When I told him I liked it very much, he said, "Chinese gentlemen can wear pretty colors as

well as the ladies." I replied, "Bright colors complement gentlemen as well as ladies." I think it would be a great pity and mistake to change their wearing apparel until the people themselves are changed in many ways.

Our visit was a strange delight to us. We remained about thirty minutes, talking, drinking tea, and partaking of refreshments; then paid our compliments to the ladies, and Mr. Li escorted us to our chairs. This son speaks English fluently, and is fine in looks and manners. The ladies were pretty, gentle, and attractive in every act. We were among the first foreign ladies that they had ever met; they have never met foreign gentlemen.

A week later Li Hung Chang's son, daughter, son's wife, and cousin returned our call, and the wife of the Viceroy sent her compliments. No foreign gentlemen were expected to be present, and they were not. Mr. Li told us that these ladies had never before visited a foreign home. But they were not surprised at anything. They were richly dressed in fine embroidered satins and trimmings, choice ornaments, and jewels of great value, many pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones. They remained nearly an hour and we were greatly pleased with their visit. In accordance with Chinese custom, the sister took the official chair and started out ahead of the brother's wife.

Mr. Pethick said, "You should consider yourselves complimented and much honored, because the Viceroy Li Hung Chang is very strict about his daughter. He forbids her going out, but has let her come here. This is a compliment to the American Minister and to his country."

[TO A NEPHEW]

WESTERN HILLS,
July 14, 1899.

AGAIN we are in our temple home at the Western Hills. Before coming to China I gave myself needless trouble by questioning how we could live in a temple. They are in reality walled compounds which include many buildings besides the shrine buildings. The American Minister has for many years rented one of these temples, and this we are now occupying. The place is attractive with its large trees, shrubs, and flowers. The outlook toward the city is grand and stretches over a vast plain dotted with many cemetery groves and fertile fields. With our field-glass we can recognize Mr. Conger at a great distance, when he is returning from the city. We then have time to descend the hills and walk far out to meet him. Some of the temples are very large and cover many acres with their different courts and buildings, shrines, and beautiful gardens with clear lakes and running brooks. The lakes almost invariably are well filled with gold fish and blooming lotus. Most of these Western Hill temples are very old. The buildings where the priests live and hold their worship are apart from those rented to foreigners. These priests do not interfere with us; they are kind and often let us see them in their religious services.

We spent the Fourth of July out here. A celebration we had to have, and sent to Peking for fireworks. Mr. Bainbridge, American secretary, and his wife, live in a temple about half a mile distant. On the Fourth Mr. Bainbridge arose very early, climbed far up Mount Bruce, and made a great noise with double cannon-crackers

which echoed and re-echoed. The top of Mount Bruce was enveloped in dense smoke, as though a battle were raging. We enthusiastically responded with our double cannon-crackers, and boom—boom—boom—boom they echoed back! Early we raised our large American flag and “the stripes and bright stars” waved the good tidings of our Independence Day to the great city below.

Guests from America were with us, and after breakfast we gathered upon our large veranda for our celebration exercises, with the dear flag before us. Our numbers were few, but our heart-beats were many and strong. We sang with intense feeling,

“ My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.”

We found, when too late to get it, that the Declaration of Independence was at the Legation in Peking; but we had the Constitution and we read it and commented upon its rich wisdom. We also read “The Star-spangled Banner,” because our voices refused to show the honor due the song.

Then the Chinese servants came to help us fire the long strings with their hundreds of fire-crackers. These strings they attached to a high pole, and the many crackers were very enthusiastic, each striving to be first in giving its loud welcome to the great American day. The cannon-cracker boomed its double load with wonderful vigor. Our servants seemed to enjoy the exciting, noisy part of the celebration. As you know, China is the home of fire-crackers and fireworks, and the Chinese are exceedingly clever in their manufacture. Our veranda

faces the east and is high above the path below, as the wall of the terrace rises many feet. Little half-clad boys gathered to pick up the "crumbs" as they fell. As we threw crackers below, these little boys struggled for them in great glee.

We sat under the bright folds of our national colors and talked over the many events that have brought their untold sorrows, joys, and responsibilities to our country as a whole, and to her people individually. Many rapid steps have been taken in the past year. May time prove that these steps were taken upward and onward and that they brought blessings to humanity. May the acknowledgment and praises extended to us by sister nations encourage and urge us on to still better deeds.

A Fourth of July celebration abroad does not require large numbers to make it a day of thrilling heart-beats and enthusiastic rejoicings. We love our beautiful flag, and when abroad its songs of protection grow sweeter and clearer. I love to write about our country's flag to you, for from your young boyhood we used to sing together, "The red, white, and blue." There are many countries which have adopted in different combinations these colors — hence let us hereafter sing in our hearts — "Our stripes and bright stars." My dear boy, you are almost a man now! How could you grow so tall in these short years? Mr. Conger and I are proud of the victories you have won in fighting your life's battles. They came early to you, but they have helped to form a strong character.

[TO A NEPHEW]

WESTERN HILLS,
August 4, 1899.

A PARTY of five of us visited two temples a few miles distant; Pi Yün Ssu, of five hundred and eight idols, and Wo Fu Ssu, of the Sleeping Buddha. We left our temple at one o'clock with mountain chairs, chair coolies, ponies, mafoos, servants, and donkeys and their drivers. Our pilgrimage was through a fine farming country rich with harvest. Every particle of ground except the narrow footpaths was carefully cultivated. The farms looked large, but many indistinct lines separate them into smaller tracts.

Where there are vegetables, fruit, or melons, you will see little mat tents where men sleep to protect their crops. The homes of these farmers are in walled villages. They eat at common mess-houses, and their food costs but little. We passed through His Majesty's army reviewing grounds, the walls and buildings of which are high and massive. The Emperor's outlook is securely protected. After leaving this point, our way was over a hill so rocky that the riders were obliged to dismount. The rest of the way to the temple was rough and stony, but the chair coolies never flinched. They took us everywhere without hesitation, and stopped only three times during the five-mile trip. The mafoo rode ahead on a pony; the chairs followed him; those on ponies came next, and then the donkeys. The riders were obliged to keep their ponies trotting most of the time to keep up with the chairs. I never saw such human speed up and down and over rocks as these men made. After travelling these ten miles they came in laughing and joking. The chair coolies

take great pride in their work; the leader you can soon designate, as he looks and acts superior and is better dressed.

Our first boy and mafoo went ahead and, with money, opened the gates and doors, and we entered. We first visited the Hall of the Five Hundred and Eight Idols. The room is immense; many avenues reach through and across it, with large idols, about five times life size, on either side of these passageways. These idols are sitting or standing closely together, with an incense cup in front of each. The idols are all different in attitude and expression; all are gilded and painted. We walked through these avenues inspecting and wondering what it all meant — so very much to the Chinese and so very little to us. We entered the Hall of the Thousand Buddhas; most of these are small, and are seated side by side on terraced shelves. We next came to the Hall of Heaven and found it filled with most striking and extravagant fancies. There were heights to climb and thousands of pilgrims were toiling up the rugged way to glory. This was all illustrated in bas-relief, and painted in attractive colors. Across the court was the Hall of Hell where thousands of figures were seen tumbling down the heights, headless, pierced, blood-stained, torn, disgraced, and punished in the extreme of cruel fancies. We hastened out of this degraded atmosphere of thought.

Wonderfully strange is the portrayal of the Hall of Heaven, with its fanciful climbs to glory and happiness; the Hall of Hell, with its dreadful curses, downfall, and wretchedness; of the Five Hundred Idols; and the Hall of the Thousand Buddhas. Each of these fills its own place and helps to make up a strange, weird whole. In

the ceilings of these buildings, and in other temple buildings, are painted wheels of fortune. Months and signs tell a fortune for every person. These wheels are represented as always revolving and they symbolize the wheels of life, in which the Chinese believe that all persons whirl until they reach the height of their ability; they are then cast off until ready to go higher, or lower, as the case may be, when they are again taken up. This continues until they reach the height of a Buddha, or fall to the depth of the evil one. Do we not detect their thought? Good claims its own upon the eternal heights, and evil its own in the bottomless pit of destruction.

Up and on we went, passing through massive arches and over artistic bridges. Carved balustrades encircled large aquariums, with silver and gold fish, eels, frogs, turtles, and other animal life moving quietly and happily in the clear water, amid the shade of the beautiful lotus, or in the bright sunshine. There seemed to be a home here in the alive stillness of this charming spot. The grounds are attractively ornamented with trees, shrubs, vines, living springs, brooks, lakes, grottoes, artistic paths, and wonderful masonry. We climbed many stone steps and reached the fountain-head of this supply of clear water. It was a refreshing place; the trees were trailing with vines, and at their feet nestled ferns and flowers. We climbed up and up still farther, until we reached the top of a large building of stone. Here we found massive carved monuments of stone and bronze. The view was inspiring! One side marked out our pilgrimage to the temple and our course to this great height; on the other side was an abrupt, deep abyss, beautiful and green. At the bottom of this abyss the sloping hills began to rise,

and a range of hills, which displayed on their heights both Chinese enterprise and nature's prolific gifts made a picture of rare beauty.

The Pi Yün Ssu is one of the largest temples that we have visited in China. The vast amount of thought and labor it represents in buildings, marble cutting, monuments, carved granite arches, gateways, terraces, stone steps, bridges, shrines, and almost numberless expressions of imagination's imagery, is most wonderful. The priests were attentive and kind; they showed us respect and many favors, and explained the temple and its belongings. We bade adieu to this three-hundred-year-old monument built to the gods, and wended our way down and out from under its shelter. What could have been the thought of the builders? We are dull indeed if we cannot learn lessons from all this.

We were soon on our way to the Sleeping Buddha. The entrance to this temple is through a long avenue of large trees, with a stone pavement passageway. At the end of this avenue, and leading into the temple proper, is an imposing gateway of colored tiles, with three entrances. We passed on through many places of interest, to the building of the Sleeping Buddha.

We had heard and read of this wonderful Buddha, and we had seen many pictures of it — now we saw for ourselves. What a monster! What a gross thought must have conceived it! There, lying on his side, with calm face, closed eyes, and head resting upon his hand, is this gilded wooden figure thirty feet long. Every part of the body is in proportion. His left arm is resting upon his body and his bare feet are placed one upon the other. Not far from his feet were many pairs of immense Chinese

shoes — offerings of worshippers. This Buddha is sleeping upon a Chinese *k'ang*. Standing about him are twelve crowned and beautifully dressed images; in front of him are the symbols of sacrifices for burning incense. We looked and looked. What extravagant conceptions!

Leaving the temple of the Sleeping Buddha, we passed through another temple filled with idols. In some of these old temples there is richly inlaid, deeply carved, heavy wood furniture; there are bells with richest, sweetest of tones, bells such as are not made in these days.

Our homeward trip was delightful, and we feel that we have learned a little more of the Chinese character.

[TO A SISTER]

ON SHIPBOARD, PACIFIC OCEAN,
October 4, 1899.

WE are happy members of the ship's family, and sailing away toward our dear home land. Mr. Conger is not with us, but while the distance is widening between us, every day shortens the time of our separation. To-day we crossed the one hundred eightieth meridian; this gives us two October fourths and two Wednesdays. On board ship I have much leisure, so I am going to tell you a little about China, and something of what we have been doing in the past two months.

The treaty ports of China are mostly composed of two cities in one; the Chinese native walled city, and the foreign settlement, or concession. The Chinese hold steadfastly to their habits and ideas; while in the foreign settlement everything is foreign. These concessions are beautiful; they have attractive parks, fine, broad macad-

amized streets, and sidewalks lined on either side with beautiful shade trees and flowering shrubs and plants. In fact the foreigners in these concessions can live quite to their liking in beautiful homes. In the interior, foreigners are to a great extent obliged to fall in line with the Chinese way of living. The mode of travelling in cities and in the country in North China is in carts, chairs, mule litters, on ponies or donkeys. Outside of the foreign concessions, streets and roads are unkept, and bear the ruts and wear of ages. The interior cities do not have the foreign concessions, hence they are purely Chinese. The Government sanctions no foreign enterprise within the borders of these cities; when the foreigner presumes to establish himself in them, he does so at his own risk.

Every part of the country is carefully and diligently cultivated. The Chinese fertilize with the frugal gatherings of all manure in cities and elsewhere, and the crops are luxuriant. These people are economical in the extreme. In North China the winters are quite cold, and fuel is scarce and expensive. Every part of the entire crop, from the root to the grain, is brought into use. The stalks of the larger grains are stripped of their leaves at a certain stage of development and carefully laid out to cure. Then the grain is gathered and the stalk utilized; lastly, the roots, all the weeds, undergrowth, and leaves are gathered and tied into bundles for fuel. In winter the country is barren; it looks as though nothing ever grew there, but when the spring opens, many tillers of the soil are out, digging and planting, and the fields blossom into beautiful gardens. Thus the ages go on, and the soil is not depleted.

During the afternoon of August fourth we started out for a trip to temples not far away. The old priest of our temple was sitting outside and, as I spoke to him, he replied pleasantly. When we returned everything was quiet outside, and as we entered the gate we saw many of the servants standing about. The old priest's servants were near him; he was sitting on his feet upon a lotus leaf with body upright like a Buddha, and scarcely breathing. The coolies were holding his feet crossed, and his hands in position, with head and body erect, waiting for him to die. He remained sitting in this position for five hours. Doctors came, but could do nothing for him; they said he must die. They finally took some doors to his room, spread a blanket over them, and placed him upon the blanket in the same position as before. One doctor said he might not die until morning, and that he could be stretched out upon his back. At three o'clock he breathed his last, sitting upon his feet, and dressed in his yellow robes. He was at once placed in his camphor-wood coffin. Many priests chanted their death-chant, accompanied by the clanging of cymbals and the beating of drums. The coffin was immediately sealed, decorated, and carried into the temple rooms with the gods. Priests, increasing by large numbers, came from the other temples. The chanting and wailing music grew louder, as the compound filled fuller.

We called our first boy, Wang, and said to him, "What are they going to do? What shall we do?" His reply was, "Think better go. Many days like this. Much music. Many come." A messenger was sent to the city for carts and coolies; that night all were at the temple, and by daylight our belongings were packed,

loaded, and ready to start. We mounted our ponies at five o'clock, and waving our good-byes to our much-loved temple home in the hills, we were off for the city.

Mr. Conger and his secretary, Mr. Cheshire, started August twenty-first on the American warship *Princeton* to visit all the American Consulates in China. They expect to be gone from three to four months. As they were going on a warship, the girls and I could not accompany them. I rejoice that Mr. Conger will be relieved for a time from this increasing, complicated, strenuous office work. You cannot conceive how the work in this Legation has multiplied with new questions since we came to China.

The girls and I started September fourth for our home land, and many Peking friends bade us God-speed on our long journey. They are dear, dear friends, and we know how to love and appreciate them. Friends are lamps in the darkness, and joys in the sunshine. We touched Chefoo en route to Korea. At Chamulpo we went on shore to meet the strange people with their strange ways. We also stopped at Mokpo and Fusan; at the latter place we had time to see and learn quite a little of the Korean shop and street life. These natives always dress in white, summer and winter. They seem more like the Japanese than the Chinese, still they have marked characteristics of their own. We rejoiced over this glimpse of Korea.

We were happily entertained one day in Nagasaki, Japan. At Kobe we hastened to get money changed into yen, and our baggage stored to be taken up by the next steamer, while we were off by rail to see something of the interior of the "garden country." Kyoto was our

first stop. We had permits to visit the Mikado Palace, and its beautiful gardens, also Nigo Castle. Both are historic places and reveal much of the Japanese thought. We visited temples and shops, and bought some of Japan's fine productions. We viewed, as a passing panorama, this beautiful country. We had not time in two weeks to study or even to look into causes, but we accepted as much as we could of results as we saw them. The fruit industry is limited, but rice and other grains, tobacco, and vegetables are raised in abundance. As we passed through the railroad cities and towns, we observed many large and small factories and industries. Negoya is a large and well-kept city. We found no one who spoke English, but our boy Wang, who accompanied us, managed so well that we got along without trouble. China and Japan have the same characters for their spoken and written language; these characters have different names, but their meaning is the same. Wang and the Japanese conversed in signs or writing. A Japanese professor in the Chinese Imperial University at Peking told me that the Japanese language, art, and customs originally came from China, through Korea. China, Korea, and Japan have the same written language, but cannot converse with one another in this language.

[TO A FRIEND]

*Nagato S. S.,
April 1, 1900.*

WE are within three hundred miles of our Legation home and have had a comfortable and safe journey from our home land. But now, just off from Chefoo, we have

been fog-bound for about thirty-six hours. I am sorry for Mr. Conger for he expects us at Tientsin to-day. He has no way of learning where we are nor what the matter is. He knows only that we are somewhere in the China Sea. As there is a wind this morning, we hope to move to-day.

There are many passengers on board and all are making the best of the situation. I was never fog-bound before. We cannot see anything — not even the water, nor much of the ship. Everything is wet, wet, wet! It seems as though we were deep in the sea. The Captain says that sometimes fogs detain ships in these waters for five days. I have to watch myself, not to become impatient to go on. The Captain is running this ship according to sea rules, and I must “hands off.” We are a gay company. The ship is clean; the cabins are roomy; there is good service and good food, and we are comfortable. You see we do not complain, but we do want to go on.

April 2. We are safely out of the fog, but are two days late. A ship was wrecked on the rocks and we picked up the passengers, who had been for several hours floating upon the open sea in life-boats. We waved and waved good cheer to them on our approach, and what a welcome we gave them as they stepped upon the deck! When they found that they were safe among friends, they covered their faces and burst into sobs and tears. Not a tear had come before. We heard their story and strove to help them. They had suffered from exposure and lack of food and water; they had lost their baggage, except what they had in their cabins, but no lives were lost; all were safe and well. They said that they were

very impatient to go on when they found themselves fog-bound, and they went on, to their sorrow. What strange, wonderful, lamentable, encouraging, joyous experiences come into our lives, as we travel on and on through the many phases of this world's living!

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
June 4, 1900.

SHOULD you like to hear something about the situation in China as I see it? You will hear much from other sources. As I have said before, China does not like foreigners, and would like to be left to herself; but foreigners are determined not to let her alone, and they make inroads and demands in many ways. The whole line of Chinese thinking seems to be locked from the foreigner and sealed with many secret fastenings. Chinese character is strange to the foreigner, but no more strange than is the foreigner's character to the Chinese.

The anti-foreign thought has been openly growing for many months, and for the past few months it has presented itself in organized and organizing bands called Boxers. These are composed of the coolie class. As there has been no rain for many months, and as famine threatens this great mass of people, they say there is a cause for the gods of rain not answering their prayers. They believe that the "foreign devils" have bewitched their gods, poisoned their wells, brought sickness upon their children, and are striving to ruin them completely. The Boxers come together and go through all sorts of strange rites and incantations to win back the good

spirits. They claim that many thousands of spirit soldiers will come down, sweep away the "foreign devils," and set the Chinese free. They believe that these spirits enter the Boxers and protect them against danger, so that no bullets or other weapons can pierce them. The Chinese soldiers seem to hold this belief in regard to the Boxers, and have said, "No good to shoot; can't kill them."

A spirit of discontent pervades all of North China. The army is either afraid of the Boxers, or in sympathy with them. The Chinese officials apparently fear their power, and act accordingly. The Government seems to be tottering at the throne. There is evidently discord there. The foreign Ministers went again and again to the Tsung Li Yamen, the highest officials, and urged them to do something to protect the foreigners. The Yamen did so little that the Ministers concluded that they must ask their Governments for guards. The Ministers did not wish to do this, but they were forced to do it.

Again I am going to take items from my diary. These jottings suggest our life — you can fill in the story.

April 3. In our Legation home! Happy, happy day! Mr. Conger met us at Ta Ku, in a steam launch; with our glass we saw the flag telling us of his coming long before we could see him, but we waved and waved our welcome. Our baggage was loaded on the launch and we were soon over the troublesome bar. Mr. Conger had a special car waiting, and Wang had a good breakfast for us. The Legation staff, chairs, carts, and ponies were at the station. When we reached our Legation, fireworks, given by our servants, with much ado greeted us. The servants were all dressed in their best

and were standing inside of the gate to give us welcome. Our Legation home is in perfect order. How delightful everything looks! I go from room to room rejoicing, and our beautiful Chinese things speak to me. We give thanks with full hearts that our family is together again, safe and well.

May 1. Mr. Conger has had much anxiety and work in behalf of missionaries who have been molested for more than a year by Chinese in the interior. At first these troublesome Chinese were not called Boxers; they were looked upon simply as anti-foreign people who wished to get rid of the troublesome element in their midst. This week the Boxer work grows darker and darker. It comes nearer and nearer and is now within Peking.

May 25. There is much uneasiness among the foreigners; threatening words have come to us.

May 26. The foreign Ministers of the different Legations meet and consult over these unheard-of conditions. They request, urge, coax, and threaten the Yamen to protect the foreigners. These people are always slow to act; they now seem unusually slow.

May 28. No train from Tientsin. Two railroad bridges are destroyed on a branch road. The village of Fengtai is burned. Station, cars, shops, Empress Dowager's private car, all burned! There is much excitement among all foreigners. The Ministers are working individually for their countrymen and unitedly for all. Most of them have cabled for Legation guards. The foreigners are all closely united and stand by one another. Telegrams, letters, messages, and people are constantly coming to Mr. Conger. All foreigners are

anxious. The Boxers are cruel, frenzied! Many people have been in this morning, and many urgent notes have been received. It keeps Mr. Conger busy. He is a calm, faithful worker at his post. The girls and I are grateful that we are here with him.

May 29. Anxiety is running still higher. Things look threatening. Letters, notes, telegrams, and people are coming to Mr. Conger in increasing numbers. The Ministers come together in consultation, and strive to decide upon united plans of action. They visit the Tsung Li Yamen and write letters earnestly and beseechingly asking aid of the Government in suppressing these outrages. What will the outcome be? The foreign Ministers have been asking permission of the Chinese Government to let them bring their own guards to the Legation, as it seemed impossible for their Government to protect the foreigners. The Yamen positively refused to grant this request.

May 30. To-day the Ministers went to the Yamen and after urging the matter without favorable results said, "We will give you until six o'clock to-morrow morning for a favorable answer, and if it does not come, we will bring the guards anyway." These Ministers were very sure of their point, for none of them wish to get into war with China. Our surroundings do not warrant it; we have been in no condition to bring the situation to a climax, nor are we now; but there are many warships at Ta Ku. The officials of the Yamen protested: "We cannot give an answer under three days. It would take one day to send the request to the Summer Palace; one day for the Court to reply; another to send Their Majesties' reply to the foreign Ministers." The Ministers

still insisted that they must have the answer at six o'clock to-morrow morning.

The Ministers who visited the Tsung Li Yamen were Sir Claude MacDonald, British; Mr. Pechon, French; Mr. de Giers, Russian; and Mr. Conger, American.

May 31. At two o'clock this morning word was sent to Sir Claude from the Tsung Li Yamen that the foreign guards could come into the city. By six o'clock the papers had gone the rounds of all the Ministers who had asked for guards. It had been decided by the Ministers that all the guards should come together. Telegrams were sent to Tientsin and arrangements made for them to come at once. As there had been trouble just inside the gate in coming from the station, Mr. Conger telegraphed to Admiral Kempff to be prepared to meet possible opposition. Telegram came, "Leave on special train, three hundred and fifty strong."

These are stirring times. Mr. Conger's staff met the guards at the station five miles away. Fifty-six American marines, with one rapid-firing gun, started in ahead, closely followed by the Russians. Our marines had left all baggage on the flagship *Newark*, so as to be free to fight if necessary. They arrived about eight o'clock in the evening. Arrangements had been made with the Tsung Li Yamen to keep the gates of the city open. Our guards occupy a Russian compound adjoining our Legation, and a gateway is cut through the wall into the Legation. The guards number as follows: British, seventy-five; French, seventy-five; Japanese, forty; American, fifty-six; Russian, seventy-five; Italian, forty; total, three hundred and sixty-one. The Germans and Austrians are to come later. There were no demon-



MR. CONGER AT WORK

strations of pleasure or displeasure along the way from the station to the Legations.

It seems to be the universal thought among foreigners that the "moral effect" upon these enraged Chinese people of having these troops here will be good. We are delighted to have these fifty-six American marines and naval officers with us. Among the officers are Captain McCalla, Captain Myers, Captain Hall, and Doctor Lippet.

June 1. Everything seems more quiet in the city, but bands of Boxers are reported to be active in the interior. Missionaries are still writing their suggestions and making earnest requests and appeals. They urge Mr. Conger to make the Chinese officials act more quickly and protect them and the native converts. In their distress they forget that they have been here many years and know that the Chinese mode of thought and action is not easily nor rapidly changed. And, too, our Government cannot say what the Chinese Government shall or shall not do with its own people. The Chinese converts to Christianity are Chinese subjects, and the Chinese Government has the right to protect or punish them according to its law, and they do not come under the right or power of other Governments.

June 2. Not a night passes but from one to three telegrams come to Mr. Conger. Distressing rumors of fire and outrages come from small villages. The attacks are principally against native Christian converts, as they have foreign ideas. We are anxious for the missionaries. It seems advisable for them to flee to more promising places of safety, but they are not willing to leave their missions to be burned and their converts to be murdered.

The question is, how can they serve the Christ-cause best? They are devoted, conscientious workers. The German and Austrian troops have arrived.

June 3. A quiet day in Peking, but there is a continuation of troublesome reports from other quarters. Telegrams for help keep coming. Rumors upon rumors come in. All foreign nations stand together here. Men of all classes are showing their strength of character. Mr. Conger is calm, acts cautiously, and seems to act wisely. He bears up bravely under the almost numberless pressures that are constantly brought upon him. He must not make mistakes. The Good Father will help and sustain him.

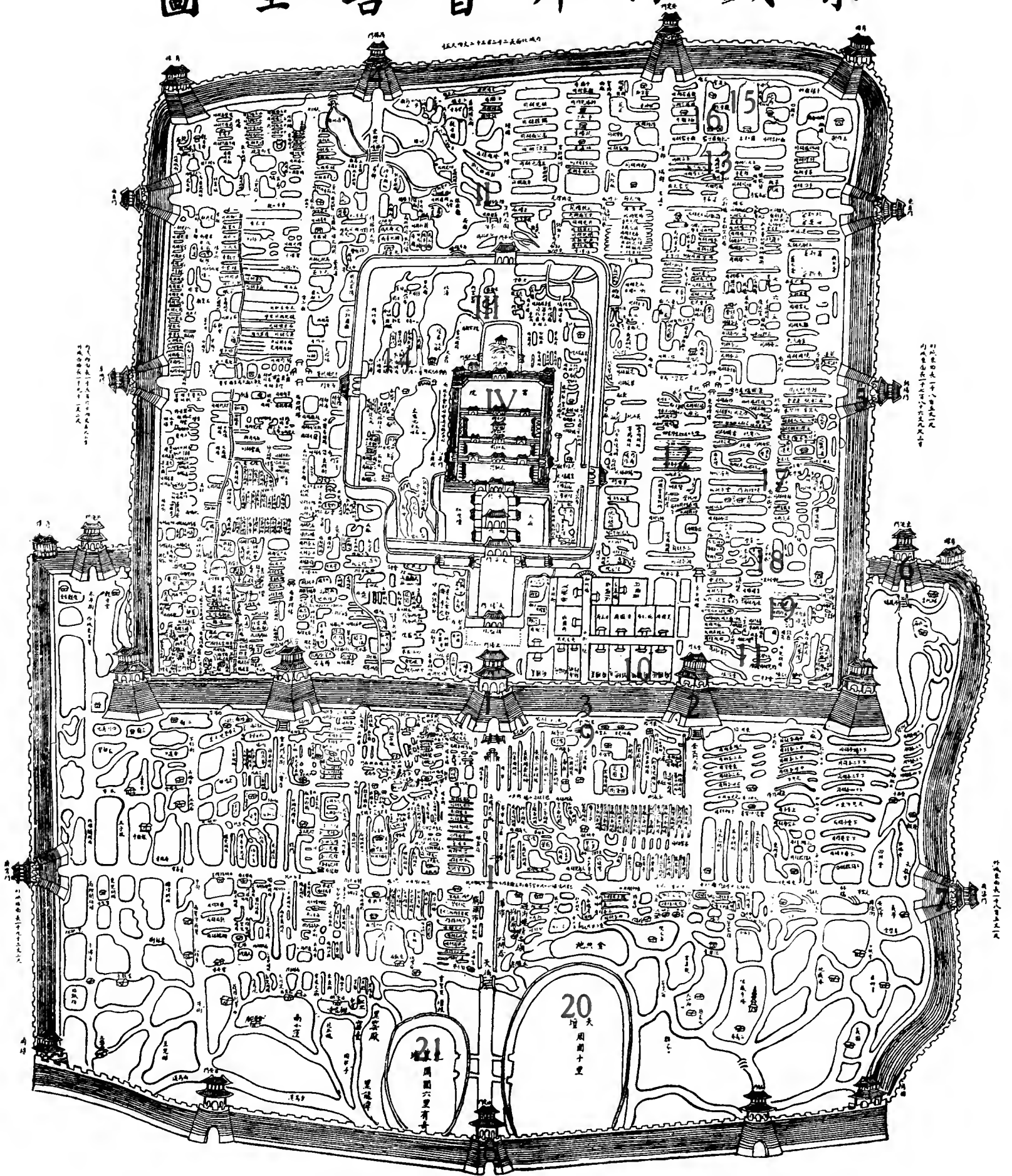
June 4. Telegraph wire cut on railroad. Other line not disturbed. Many servants are leaving. Ours as yet stand faithfully by us.

June 6. Reports come in from Tungchow and Paoting Fu of great danger. Destruction of property has begun in earnest. Laura and Mary will go to Japan on the first train to Tientsin. The Department of State cabled for information about missionaries at Paoting Fu. As yet all are safe.

June 7. The foreign Ministers keep in close touch with one another, and carefully consider all new rumors and developments. The Postal Telegraph wire is not yet cut. Excitement seems to increase outside. All is quiet in the city.

Mr. Conger visits the Tsung Li Yamen once or twice each day, as new, urgent matters come up. By getting an interview with them daily, he forms opinions of the situation at the head of the Chinese Government. It seems that the Chinese officials are not united in their

北京城內外首善全圖



MAP OF PEKING

- I. Native City.
- II. Tartar City.
- III. Imperial City.
- IV. Forbidden City.

- 1. Ch'ienmen.
- 2. Hatamen.
- 3. Wall between the two gates fortified by the besieged.
- 4. Te-shengmen. (Court fled through this gate August 15, 1900.)
- 5. Ch'i Huamen. (Russian and Japanese relief entered at this gate in 1900.)
- 6. Tungpiemen. (The gate through which the Americans entered in 1900.)
- 7. Shakuomen. (Where the British entered in 1900.)
- 8. Yungtingmen. (Gate leading into the city from the station.)
- 9. Water Gate. (Here the relief troops entered the Legation.)
- 10. Legation quarters.
- 11. Methodist Mission.
- 12. American Board Mission.
- 13. Presbyterian Mission.
- 14. Peitang.
- 15. Lama temple.
- 16. Confucian temple.
- 17. Tsung Li Yamen.
- 18. Examination Halls.
- 19. Imperial Observatory.
- 20. Temple of Heaven, British headquarters in 1900.
- 21. Temple of Agriculture, American headquarters in 1900.

opinions. It also seems that the Government is afraid of the Boxers. The army, too, seems to be afraid of them. What can there be in the future for China, or for the foreigners who have the promise of her protection? From many quarters missionaries are asking Mr. Conger for guards. It does not seem wise to divide fifty-six marines into little squads and widely separate them. Mr. Conger has cordially invited one and all of the missionaries to come to the Legation and have the same protection that we have. Dr. A., a brave missionary, came to-day asking for a guard to go across the country to rescue and bring to Peking the Tungchow missionaries. Mr. Conger thought it would only enrage the Boxers to see the foreign soldiers. He feared that the small guard would be in danger of being overcome and that the missionaries would be captured. This would give courage to the Boxers, and would make them more troublesome. It would weaken the guard here; and, too, if he did this for Tungchow, other missions could ask the same. It would be impossible to give to all. There seem to be many difficulties that make it impracticable to divide our small Legation guard. Mr. Conger thought if they would come quietly to the city there might be less trouble. Dr. A., with carts, started after them. Our house is filling up. It is not safe to remain outside longer.

June 8. Railroads still cut off. No trains to or from Tientsin. Rumors are no better. All sorts of rumors are sent out to intimidate. Some are true, more are false.

Tungchow people arrived safely in the Methodist mission. They left their mission and their belongings at Tungchow in the care of Chinese. Many are arriving

from other places. There is much anxiety about Paoting Fu missionaries. All foreigners are leaving their compounds and missions and going to the Legations and to the Methodist mission. The Methodist mission compound is the largest, nearest, and best fortified of all, hence is chosen, if necessary, for a refuge for all the missionaries. The Roman Catholics are still at Nantang and Peitang. A small French guard is at each place. They did not leave Nantang as reported.

Mr. Conger sent a guard of ten to the Methodist mission. Ten more people came to us to-day. We welcome them. I have had our storeroom filled with extras — much flour, corn meal, beans, rice, and sugar; besides chickens and other supplies. We may need all with our increasing family. We filled our coal bin and bought large kangas holding great quantities of water. It now looks as though Peking might see serious trouble. Chinese soldiers are stationed on the wall over the gateways. The Empress Dowager issues edicts but they do no good. Days of emergencies are being promised to us; the outlook is becoming darker and darker. We have tried to fill our lamps that they may be ready in the hour of need.

June 9. Another quiet night. All are safe as far as heard from. Our Captain Hall, with ten more American marines, went to join the other guards at the Methodist mission. The British sent to the Methodist mission ten guns and two men, as there were people there from the London mission to be protected. They are now quite well fortified, as they have over fifty rifles.

No report from Paoting Fu. People are anxious about their friends, and so are we. A meeting of all

foreign Ministers to-day. No trains yet. Mail came overland. The Postal Telegraph line is all right. Mr. Conger cabled to the State Department asking for more guards. Lady MacDonald called to-day. She was calm, but was anxious to get her children to Japan. These are trying days for the Ministers and they work watchfully, continuously, diligently. Mr. Conger just came in and said, "I never saw such order among the Chinese soldiers as I saw to-night. They were up in line like soldiers, guarding the streets." The Emperor, Empress Dowager, and their Court, moved back from the Summer Palace to the Forbidden City to-day. To all appearances, order and quiet attended their coming.

June 10. No attack. We are told that the Chinese generally, if not always, fight in daylight. Word has come that nine hundred soldiers, of different nationalities, Admiral Seymour in command, have left Tientsin for Peking, with force enough to repair the railroad. There was no permission from here to let them come; the Viceroy at Tientsin granted it. It has been rather an anxious, exciting day. Rumor says that four changes have been made in the Tsung Li Yamen. Prince Ch'ing is no longer President.

We have just heard that our troops are to reach the railroad station at ten o'clock to-night. Postal Telegraph wires are cut. There is no communication with the outer world, except by Chinese couriers, and these are not always to be relied upon. We do not know what reports go from here, nor the truth of what the couriers bring us. All arrangements at the Legations are made to meet the guards at the station at four o'clock to-morrow morning and escort them into the city. Each Legation

is sending from twenty to forty carts. The new summer British Legation at Western Hills was burned to-day.

June 11. The escorts started for the station at four o'clock to meet the guards. They formed a long cart procession and had a large foreign guard to protect them. The expected soldiers were not there and there was no word from them. All returned. Efforts were made all day to locate our coming troops. There may be much railroad to repair. Where can the nine hundred be? Mr. Conger at all times shows good cheer and offers a helping hand wherever he can. He is besieged on all sides; but he acts quickly and fearlessly. He does not accept all the dreadful rumors as facts. In his reasoning way he at once shows many of them to be false. If men in their extreme anxiety think he should do more for them and say unkind things, he does not let it hurt him, and replies kindly but firmly. His army life enables him to be of great assistance to Captain Myers. Mr. Conger fears that great suffering is befalling the foreigners in the interior. Our greatest hope is that they will flee for the coast before it is too late.

We should like to know where our troops are and what the outer world is doing. It seems that day by day we are narrowed into closer quarters; little by little connection with the world beyond Peking has been cut off. Now we stand isolated; both telegraph lines are gone; the railroad is gone. No Legation mail pouch; there is but little mail, and that is brought by couriers.

An *attaché* of the Japanese Legation was stoned on his way to the station and killed. Flags of all Legations are flying at half-mast. Two members of the Tsung Li Yamen came and asked Mr. Conger to stop his troops

and not let them enter the city. They begged the Ministers to turn their troops back. They said it would be much easier for Prince Ch'ing. Mr. Conger said, "No; we cannot turn them back. They must come to protect our people. You fail to do it. We are your friends, and are going to help you to protect your people. We ask nothing but protection." One of these officials said, "Other nations do not allow troops thus to enter their domains."

The questions were asked, "When your people are representing you in foreign countries are they stoned on their way to the station, insulted and struck on the streets? Is their property burned?" The reply was, "No."

Later, our first mafoo was sent to the station to see if any word could be learned about the coming troops. Chinese soldiers were guarding the gates, and on his return the gate was closed against him. He hastened to another gate and reached the Legation unharmed. Word comes that Prince Ch'ing has been arrested by his Government. Suspicious letters were intercepted. There seems to be serious trouble at the Palace.

Missions at Tungchow are burned, college and all. The libraries and accumulations of years are swept away. We learn that our mafoo dresses like a poor coolie and rides a donkey when he goes out into the streets.

June 12. An anxious night. Many foreigners are fleeing for safety to the Legations, to the Methodist mission, the Catholic Peitang and Nantang. Captain Myers keeps watch all the night through. Guards watch day and night on Legation Street, Wall Street, and from the top of the city wall. There was much noise in the Native City last night. Cannons were fired at intervals.

It seems unusually quiet to-day, nevertheless we all keep within the Legation walls. There are now eighteen in our family. Our house is full, still there is always room for more, if necessary. A courier came in at noon. He had found no trace of our coming troops. Where are they? How we look for their coming! The twenty carts are still held for them at the gates.

Four members of the Tsung Li Yamen called on the foreign Ministers to-day. The Yamen requested that the soldiers be kept in the Legation compounds and not in the streets. They tried to persuade the Ministers that there is no need for these extra troops. All is quiet in the city, but we are anxious to hear from our nine hundred soldiers. Many messengers have been sent out and have returned without tidings.

I have bought more supplies; flour, rice, meal, beans, and coal. It seems that we may have need of them.

I am writing a very long letter, and yet so little! What I have written will, however, give you some idea of our days in this troubled atmosphere. I am going to send this letter on its long journey, hoping that it may reach you. We think lovingly of the dear home folks. We are of good cheer and working our best.

June 12, continued. Good news from our coming troops; they are safe, sixteen hundred strong, and "are coming as fast as they can repair the railroad." We do not know just when to expect them. We do not anticipate any attack upon the Legations, nor upon any of us so long as we remain within our walls.

Later. Another threatened attack by Boxers is just over. We are safe! I cannot write details. How *dare* China touch the Legations?

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
From June 13 to July 20, 1900.

CLOUDS darken. Last night the Boxers kept the gates open between the Native City and this city and entered in force. Our foreign guards cleared Legation Street and Wall Street, and stationed their guns and men to guard this locality. The Boxers left for other parts of the city, and set fire to missions and foreign property. It is reported that they have killed hundreds of native Christians.

Captain Myers is a fine officer, calm and active. The guns are in the streets, and men also. All the marines and our Legation men watched the night through. The majority of the servants are acting bravely. The first and second mafoos took their beds and fled last night, but came back this morning and attended to the horses. Wang, our first boy, is calm in his constant doing. This morning so many Chinese were filling the streets and pressing forward that we were told to pack a few things and be ready to go across the street to the Russian Legation, if a fight should come upon us. Our Legation is small and not so securely fortified as are the Russian and the British. There are twenty-nine women and children in our compound. We are packed to go, but are sure, very sure, that we shall not have even a slight attack. Mr. Conger and Mr. Cheshire went fearlessly to the Chinese officers at the end of our guard in the crowded street and had a talk with them. Mr. Conger told them that if they would keep their people away from us none would be harmed. But just as soon as they pressed down the

streets they would be fired upon and great harm would come to them. He said, "All we desire is safety and if the Chinese Government cannot protect us, we foreigners must protect ourselves."

They replied, "We will do our best."

We believe that these officers will do their best. The Chinese Government surely does not wish to get into trouble with other nations; if the Legations are touched, it means war. Now, more than ever before, it looks as though the Chinese Government is to meet its doom through its own people. A change of dynasty seems to be coming fast.

This morning more large fires are kindled. These Boxers burn foreign property, and all property of Chinese who have anything to do with foreigners. They even destroy the Chinese who have any sympathy with foreigners.

We hope to see our troops to-day. The twenty carts have fled. We could not hold them longer, and our marines must come from the stations unguarded and unaided. Mr. Conger says that we shall have a guard on the wall to help open the gates for them.

June 18. Many strange and trying things are coming into our experience. The Boxers have burned all the mission buildings, and the destruction of lives and property is fearful. They fired the large Catholic mission, Nantang, with its cathedral built in 1600. This mission cared for our smallpox patients a year ago. The Catholics have a still larger mission, the Peitang, and a small one in the East City. The buildings of this smaller one were first burned. The French Minister tried to guard both the Nantang and the Peitang, but he found that he was

weakening his force by dividing his troops; so the guards were united and sent to the Peitang, thus leaving the Nantang unprotected. He could do no more.

The Nantang was fired, and the devilish work done there I have no desire to try to describe. Twenty Russians and ten American marines, with Mr. Pethick, an American, and others, who speak the Chinese language, went out as a guard to rescue the people at the Nantang. The Boxers fled and the guards worked. Four of our men brought over four hundred refugees past this Legation. As these people of all ages and conditions in life — many hungry, burned, wounded, and slashed — marched by, it was a pitiful sight. The strongest among them were carrying the aged and helpless. They were taken to a large compound within our guarded quarters and are cared for by the Legations. Later, the Russians came in with large numbers, and still later our six men came with wounded and burned refugees. They stopped in front of the American Legation, and our doctor and a Russian doctor cared for them. They were in a sorrowful plight. Such fortitude I never beheld, as these people manifested during the dressing of their wounds. No shrinking, nor cry of suffering was expressed. Our sincere sympathy was with them. Hearts warm into one great love in times like these. In the afternoon the English and Germans sent out a rescuing guard, and they brought in many. These refugees are all Chinese, but they are Christians, or those who are in some way connected with foreigners.

This same day there was much noise in the Native City. The German Minister with some of his soldiers went upon the wall and saw ten Boxers going through their incantations before an excited crowd. These men

from the wall fired into them, killing seven Boxers. Later some of the men from the Methodist mission went to the gate and asked for the gate keys. The gates were locked and the key was taken to Captain Hall, of the American guards at the mission.

That night there was a terrific din in the Native City. The cry was, "Kill! Kill!" It sounded as though madness itself were set loose, and even though the wall was between us it seemed as though we could not escape the fury of these enraged people. About twelve o'clock all was still, and we wondered what would follow. There was nothing more that night, but "watch" was the word; and all did watch. The next morning large fires were kindled in the Native City. Every store that had foreign goods was set on fire. The wind was blowing, and the fire spread over the very best and most thrifty parts of their city. Large shops and many of China's most beautiful things were burned. There is no way whatever for these people to fight fire. They have to let it burn until there is no more fuel to feed the flames. Mr. Conger, with guards, took us upon the wall to see the burning city.

Why did the flames devour so many innocent people, render so many homeless, moneyless, and cut off the daily supplies of thousands of the poor coolie class? The fire burned all day and spread toward the west. About eleven o'clock in the evening we went again upon the wall. The city was still burning to the west. The fire was not coming toward us, nor toward any of the Legations, as they were north of the eastern part of the burning city. The fire had gone north to the Ch'ienmen, the gate through which we pass in going to the railroad

station, and the large tower building over the Imperial gateway was burning. It made an appalling sight. Any misfortune befalling this Imperial gateway is a "very bad omen; some great misfortune is coming to the Throne." But it was the work of their own hands.

My thoughts went out to our brave men who are striving to come to our rescue. Without doubt they could see the fire and the burning tower, and would fear for our safety; but we are safe and we still feel that no harm will come to the Legations; that the Chinese Government will try to protect us, and that our brave men are worth more in a battle than ten thousand Boxers. The Boxers are afraid of firearms.

We have been fenced in a little more and a little more, until now we do not go outside the guarded streets. It is difficult to get Chinese to carry a message to the Tsung Li Yamen, and Mr. Conger has found it almost impossible to get Chinese messengers to carry word to and from our coming troops. One of the American Legation ice coolies, an ugly-looking old fellow, said that he would go. He did go twice, and now he is off again. Poor old man, where is he? He should have been in yesterday. Either he has been captured by Boxers, or Captain McCalla is keeping him to guide the troops into the city.

We are shut in, and our coming troops, who started sixteen hundred strong a week ago last Sunday, must now get into the city as best they can. Twice last week members of the Tsung Li Yamen called on Mr. Conger; both times they came to ask him to stop the coming of his troops and turn them back. They made the same request of the other Ministers. A most positive "No" was the answer from all. Last night while we were at dinner

Mr. Conger was called out and asked if he would see members of the Tsung Li Yamen. He sent word that he would. Mr. Cheshire, Chinese secretary of the Legation, and a guard went to meet them and to escort them through our fortified city.

About ten o'clock this evening four members of the Tsung Li Yamen entered our Legation gate. They said that at five o'clock they were at the palace and that the Emperor and the Empress Dowager wished them to come to the American Legation, as it was friendly to China, and to say that they deeply regret what has happened through the fires and other destructive measures. They promised that the disturbances should stop. Mr. Conger told them that they were repeating the same old story. They do not stop it. Their people have been murdering our people, destroying and burning property, and danger threatens everywhere. If our troops had not been here, the Legation would have been sacrificed. They asked and urged that the coming troops go into camp outside the city gates. Mr. Conger most positively said, "No; they will come to the Legation, and if they are not enough, plenty more will come."

They replied, "We know the foreign soldiers are far better than ours."

Mr. Conger said, "All we desire is peace, protection, and a harmonious relation with your people. You do not give it to us and we foreign nations are obliged to call upon our countries for the protection that you should give. We must bring our soldiers to our Legations. Your own people are so afraid of the Boxers that it is with difficulty that we can send a messenger, even to the Tsung Li Yamen."

Things have gone from bad to worse and the Chinese do not stop the fiendish work of the Boxers. How can the Ministers trust the Tsung Li Yamen, or believe one of their promises? While the Chinese officials were here, the guards fired some volleys which made the members of the Tsung Li Yamen quake. I am glad they came, for it shows them the situation of things and the feeling of the American Minister. Mr. Conger assured them that his Government wished China no harm, and would not harm one of her people except in self-defence or protection. He told them they could see that all foreign property not protected by foreign troops had been destroyed and people persecuted and cruelly killed. Evidently the Government does not know how to act. These officials renewed their good promises and were safely escorted out of our "guarded city."

All the small buildings west of the Russian Legation have been torn down, and everything that will burn has been hauled away and dumped into the canal; the brick and stones are built into fortifications across Legation Street and the marines are at work strengthening their breast-works. We believe that this very work has already saved much suffering. The Boxers dare not approach these barricades.

The first rain for weeks has fallen to-day. No word from our coming troops as yet. Word comes — rumor — that the telegraph wires are down between Tientsin and Shanghai. But all the port cities can help themselves; there is a way out. Tientsin has been greatly threatened. The Native City there is alive with Boxers. We cannot often hear how they are prospering in Tientsin, or elsewhere. Our position is now as though we

were on board ship in unknown seas and battling with a terrific storm.

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,

July 7, 1900.

WHAT can I write? What a prolonged, dreadful dream! Who can tell it? It cannot be told, nor even imagined, but I will try to write something of our experiences. We kept getting into closer and closer quarters; the darkness thickened; still we kept hoping, looking, praying for our coming troops.

On the afternoon of June nineteenth a letter from the Tsung Li Yamen came to Mr. Conger. Mr. Cheshire read it, as it was in Chinese. He arose at once and said to Mr. Conger, "Let us go to the office." In a few minutes I saw Mr. Conger hasten out of the Legation. Later, I saw Mr. Cheshire, and he read to me the message which had been sent by the Yamen. The following is its substance:

"We learn that foreign troops are to fire upon our forts near Tientsin, hence we break off all diplomatic relations with your Government and ask you to leave Peking in twenty-four hours. No further protection will be given by us."

Every Minister had received the same message, and all hastened to the Dean—Mr. Colligan, Spanish Legation—to hold a diplomatic meeting. It was out of the question to go; to leave our fortifications here and go across the country was sure death. A message was sent to the Yamen, "Impossible to leave in that time," etc., etc. The Ministers requested an audience with the Tsung Li Yamen. No reply came that night. They wished to go to the Yamen the following morning at nine o'clock. Still no reply. The German Minister

decided to go alone, as he had other business with the Yamen. The others thought best to wait for the reply. He started with his interpreter, two mounted mafoos, and two chairs. They had not gone more than three-quarters of a mile before they were attacked. One mafoo rushed back to the German Legation; the other went to the Tsung Li Yamen. The interpreter was badly wounded and was taken into the Methodist mission. He is still alive. The Minister, Baron Von Ketteler, was shot through the head. Word was sent at once to the Tsung Li Yamen, and they found only the two chairs, badly crushed.

It devolved upon me to bear the word to Baron Von Ketteler's American wife. While I was with her the order came to go at once to the British Legation. I helped her to pack a few things and we went together. Lady MacDonald took her in charge. I returned to the American Legation at about three o'clock and found that our people were moving to the British Legation. Everybody was busy, busy. The hour for immediate action had come. A missionary from the Methodist mission came to Mr. Conger and said, "The order has come for us to go at once to the British Legation; what shall I do with our Chinese Christians?" Mr. Conger replied, "Bring them. I do not know how they will be fed, but it is sure death to them if they are left behind. Bring them."

They all came and are here.

The Chinese were taken to the Fu where there were other Christian refugees. The foreign guards have ever since been holding the cross streets, Legation Street, and Wall Street, and protecting the Legations on these streets.

The Austrian, Dutch, and Belgian Legations have been burned, also the Imperial Customs, and all the missions, including the large Methodist mission. After we came here, the Dutch Legation, west of the American Legation, was set on fire and the wind took the flames up to our very walls, even burning the quarters of the American marines. Then the wind changed and fanned the flames away from our walls. Think of it! Our Legation was saved! Another day, fire was set to the east of the American Legation and again the flames did their work of destruction up to our walls, and then went out. Again the Legation was saved! All rejoice, because the situation of this Legation means much to all. The Germans, with other helpers, protect and hold the wall near the Hatamen to the east; and the American marines, with the Russian, hold the city wall at the west near the Ch'ienmen.

The Chinese placed a big gun near the Ch'ienmen and opened fire on our men. If the wall were to be forsaken, the Chinese could come from the east and west and throw their shells right into the British Legation, where we have come for safety. The position on the wall has been most dangerous. Six of our American marines have been killed and twelve wounded. Among these is our efficient and much needed Dr. Lippet, who is now in the hospital. The hospital is filling up too full, as our men must take more and more risks in building barricades and in driving back the enemy. The Chinese are building strong breast-works, and are fortifying and digging to plant mines. Our barricades on the wall have to be built at night. The Chinese crept closer and closer upon our men behind the breast-works. They had built a large barricade about forty feet from ours, and had dug trenches

and built barricades around the bastion up to the very foot of our large barricade. This was an exceedingly dangerous position for us. It was too near, and must be taken, or the wall abandoned. Plans were carefully made and the time was set for the attempt. Mr. Conger talked with the Ministers and had a private talk with Sir Claude MacDonald, the Dean as to troops, and then with our Captain Myers. The responsibility was great, as the undertaking was a desperate one, but its awfulness could not make our men falter.

Sixty marines went upon the wall that night to meet hundreds of Chinese. Captain Myers said to his men, "Men, when I say go, every one of you go. Remember there are three hundred women and children whose lives depend upon our success to-night. If we succeed, they live; if we fail, not only are our lives sacrificed, but their lives too. *Now go!*" They did go; no obstacle stayed them. In five minutes the Chinese were routed and the grand barricade built by them was taken. God be praised! But our grand Captain Myers was wounded. The enemy had planted old spears in their barricade and Captain Myers ran against one, making a bad wound on his leg. Not all came out as well as did Captain Myers. One Russian and two Americans were killed.

Mr. Conger counts the night of the second and the morning of the third of July, as the most anxious and trying period of his whole life. He felt responsible for the attack and its outcome. He keenly realized what depended upon those sixty men. They attacked and routed hundreds of Chinese soldiers from behind their heavy fortifications. Their work that night was a brave, a mighty one. These days try men to their very depths.

The Germans have lost eight of their men and several are in the hospital. They were compelled to abandon the wall at the east, and our marines and the Russians now guard both ways. The Chinese big gun to the west does not fire in a direct line on the wall, because of their own men; but has been turned on the Legations.

Yesterday I went to the American Legation with Mr. Conger to make a more thorough search in my boxes for things that could be used in the hospital and for sand bags, and to pack away some things that were standing about. As the quarters of the marines had been burned, our house was opened to them. Many things that could be used in the hospital, or made into sand bags, were at the first need turned over for common use. The bolts of new cotton, cretonne, sheeting, pillow casing, new tablecloths, napkins, and towels which I had just brought from America, and older ones, were turned into the common store. Bed-nets, pillows, mattresses, blankets, spreads, springs, draperies, dishes and provisions, dresses, skirts, shoes, clothing of all kinds, everything useful in fact, was turned over for use in the common cause. Others did likewise. Everything had to be done to make up even the simple requirements of a hospital; but our hearts and hands, with a will, make it the best we can.

Mr. Conger helped me all the morning and our searching paid us. We went about the Legation to see what had been happening since I left it. The office building is in a deplorable state. Our dear home and the beautiful trees are a wreck. The dining-room has been turned into a drying-room for the hospital laundry and our other rooms into sleeping-rooms for the marines. Our kitchen is their cook-room, and our long butler's

pantry is their mess-room. We passed out of our compound and returned to the British Legation. Not an hour later a friend came in and said, "Mrs. Conger, here are the pieces of a shell that went through the roof and into the room where you and Mr. Conger were working this morning." Pieces of shell entered five rooms. Later, our flag was a target; a shell struck the roof of the gateway building, and the pole and flag fell through the roof together. The marines snatched the flag and up it went again in the top of a tree nearby. The British flag has been shot down once, but it was soon up again. The German flag fell yesterday and the firing is too great for them to hoist it. All day to-day the Chinese have had a big gun turned on the French Legation, but with little effect as yet. As a usual thing they shoot too high. There is firing about us nearly every moment, but this we do not mind. It is the terrific attacks that make us walk the floors.

We have horse and mule meat to eat. With the many stores that we had on hand and the quantities of flour, meal, rice, beans, etc., that we bought in case of need, we have been able to get along very nicely. Our family has had horse meat once and it was not bad. We also had mule meat once; I did not like it as well as the horse meat, still many people think it better. Only one of our horses has been sacrificed for food; we are willing to let them go and have turned them in to be used when needed.

We are all one now — the foreigners here are one people. Every line of communication with the outer world has been cut off since June fourteenth. We have looked and looked for our coming troops, but have not for an

hour during day and night ceased our work of fortifying. Between the Legations there were abandoned Chinese shops in which were many things that we could use; there were also three foreign stores well filled. All were emptied into the British Legation and used. We not only found thousands and thousands of yards of cloth for sand bags, for hospital use, and for clothing for those who fled from their houses with just what they were wearing, but kitchen utensils, buckets in which to carry water in case of fires, stores of coal, two thousand bushels of wheat, seven Chinese grist-mills, and a small flock of sheep.

The British Legation is large, about seven acres, and has excellent water in abundance. Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald, the British Minister and his wife, and their Legation helpers, have been most kind in their untiring work for the comfort of all these people who have come upon them. The first week that we were here, the Chinese tried to burn us out. Our men and women worked heroically and the fires came only as far as our Legation walls.

Word has just come that the French Minister at his Legation heard distant cannon. Can it be our coming troops? We have been hearing sounds and seeing lights for so long that we listen very little to rumors. We offer secret prayers each moment for the coming of our troops. Perhaps we have not yet been tested enough to be relieved. Some nights and days the firing has been most frightful. At first it was Boxers who attacked us; now it is the armed Chinese soldiers with their small arms and large foreign guns. There were hundreds and thousands of the Boxers, and now it is hundreds and thousands

of soldiers that are fighting us and striving to drive us out. The blowing of their horns, their yells, and the firing of their guns, are the most frightful noises I ever heard. It seems as though they were right here with us. The balls are continually whizzing by. When a general attack is made, the bell in the tower rings rapidly to tell all the men to be ready to do their best. This was exciting at first, but night after night of this firing, horn-blowing, yelling, and whizzing of bullets, has hardened us to it, or perhaps taught us to trust more in a greater and more loving Power.

Our hearts ache for the brave men who are fighting day and night for our safety, until the coming troops can reach us. We have sometimes thought that our troops have not left Tientsin, or that a greater calamity has befallen them than us. We have not heard from the outer world since June fourteenth, and now it is July seventh.

We did nothing to celebrate the Fourth, except to wear our little flags, attend to duties here, and send loving thoughts homeward. Mr. Conger and I went over to the American Legation and got a silk flag and placed it over the graves of the six American marines. Many of the foreigners and all of the Diplomats called and congratulated us upon our Independence Day. They are always very prompt about those things. Mr. Conger spends most of his time at the American Legation consulting with the officers and encouraging them.

This morning I made my rounds, then went off in a little nook by myself to read. I opened my Bible to see what lesson was there for me, and turned to Second Corinthians, first chapter. These words in the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses were my message: "For we

would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of our life: But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead: Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us."

What think you? I read aloud to Mrs. W. We looked at each other and wept together.

We have heard from our coming troops. They came within thirty miles of Peking and were obliged to return to Tientsin to increase their force. Their sufferings and losses have been heartrending. The Boxers and soldiers combined made a strong army, and the determined thought to wipe out foreigners and their ideas has become wild and angry. The foreigners who have known the Chinese longest and best say that they have never before seen anything like it in their character. They make attacks in the dark and the rain, a thing they would not heretofore do in their warfare. They are reckless, fierce, cruel, and determined.

But it must be that God knows our needs. He has given or shown help to us in many ways during these days of test. God's loving hand alone saves us. I will try sometime to write in detail the many, many ways in which we recognize His saving power. The booming cannon send their shells right at us; they sometimes burst over our heads, sometimes they go beyond, but not a fragment touches us. When the enemy, after many attempts, gets the range to harm us, and a few shells would injure our buildings, then the hands of these Chinese

seem to be stayed. Not once have they continued firing to the entire destruction of one of these buildings or walls. How could this be true if God did not protect us? His loving arm is round about us.

These words from the third and fifth Psalms have been a refuge: "But, thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head. I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about. . . . Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God; for unto thee will I pray."

Our little band has watched, worked. When the Chinese burned their Native City, the wind took the flames from the Legations to the west. Only think of the food that was stored by the Chinese within "our fortified city"! We are grateful for the horse meat that we have had each day for weeks. Our stores and rice are getting low, but we do not think that our supplies will give out until our troops, fifty thousand strong, arrive.

Our mule is gone and our ponies are all gone but one, daughter Laura's. First of all Mr. Conger's pony had to be eaten, as he hated foreigners as bitterly as do the Chinese. He would snort, strike, kick, and jump at foreigners, and would not touch a proffered morsel that the other ponies would eagerly eat. Two mafoos were obliged to stand at his head to conceal Mr. Conger while he was mounting. Then all was well, and the pony seemed happy.

One morning very early the door into the hall quietly

opened, then closed. After a few moments it opened again. I said, "Is that you, Wang?"

He said, "Butcher take Miss Laura's pony; I think more better he take mafoo pony."

I replied, "All right, Wang, you go and tell the butcher that we wish you to choose from our ponies."

While our ponies were all turned in to the general supply, we were caring for them at the American Legation. Later I talked with Wang.

He said, "Miss Laura's pony save to the last. I told mafoo lock stables, and told guard let no one get ponies."

I said, "Wang! Our ponies are common property now. We are just taking care of them. But you are right about Miss Laura's pony, and if he is not needed we will keep him for her; if needed, let him go too. It is all right."

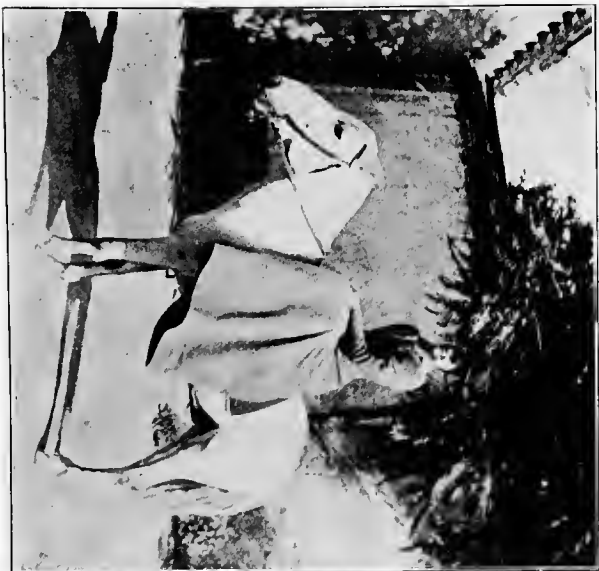
Our days are full of active waiting, and our hearts' deepest, truest beatings can never be recorded. All join me in loving good-byes.

[TO A SISTER]

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,
July 15, 1900.

WE are foreigners and refugees in the British Legation. Many of us are learning the meaning of "refugee."

We have to be exceeding careful of our ammunition; we use it only when necessity compels. The fires kindled to weaken and destroy us have strengthened and helped to protect us. They have made an open space all about our quarters and the space is watchfully guarded



“MISS LAURA'S PONY” — SAVED BY WANG



MR. CONGER'S PONY — THAT HATED FOREIGNERS

by our men. If the Chinese start to make a raid from any direction, our men rally and pour heavy volleys upon them. They think us stronger than we are. Our cunning baffles them, and they seem to be superstitiously afraid. It is not the battles that wear upon our men, but the constant and intent watch lest they should be caught napping.

Not only do our men watch from the house tops and the wall, but from deep in the ground, as they have to guard against mines. All along the north and west we have dug trenches to intercept the laying of mines. The French Legation has been almost wholly destroyed by mines and fires. We hear loud noises in the direction of the Peitang. What can be the fate of those poor people! We cannot hear one word from them. We have tried to get messengers to bring us word, but without success.

Over twenty couriers have been sent out to get word of our coming troops. Only two have gotten through to Tientsin and returned to us. All sorts of clever schemes are laid for concealing messages.

Laura, dear girl, was physically weak when we went into the siege. At first when the severe attacks came upon us she was almost frantic, and she grew weaker and weaker. It seemed as though the ravaging enemy could not be stayed. Their yells and howls could be heard mingled with their awful firing. You cannot know how it sounds. I gave her one thought to ponder, which I think has been helpful to her. It is this: "When you are becoming frightened, turn your thoughts to some blessing and give thanks to God with your whole heart." Gradually she grew calmer, and for more than a week she has been getting stronger, eating more, sleeping more,

and working all the time. She does not undress at night yet, but there are many who do not. She and Mary are two dear and helpful girls.

Our boy Wang is always trying to prepare something delicate for "Miss Laura." One day, on our little square table with our allotted food, was a plate with two small rice birds upon it. I asked Wang what they were and where they came from. "For Miss Laura. I put rice on floor; small bird come. I shut door and window; catch bird. Cook make 'em Miss Laura." This is only an illustration of his thoughtfulness for her. This man at the head of our servants is willing and ready to do anything for us or for others that is in his power. Our servants who are left to us boil and filter many bottles of water each day for the hospital, care for Captain Myers, run errands, and fill bags. Their ready hands and willing hearts find much to do in many directions. Most of our nine servants who came to the British Legation with us are doing general work with the mass of the Chinese refugees. We are all working.

Daughter Laura has full charge of the food supplies and looks carefully to the amount and quality of each meal. As there are nine in our family this is no small task. When we gather to partake of our scanty food we all stand while Dr. Martin raises his hands and in a clear voice asks the dear Father to give us more grace, more patience, more gratitude. Surely this is the food we most need.

Our dining-room, sitting-room, reception room, and sleeping-room, all in one, is an active workshop through the day. Two sewing-machines are in constant use. Nothing was ready for the hospital, and as it is filling, increas-

ing demands are made daily. With constant work, the supply has been sufficient. Lady physicians turn nurses; college teachers turn cooks; ladies turn servants for the sick and wounded. The true sister is not found wanting. Women serve in these capacities, as men must serve in other ways. There are sick children and adults to be cared for, and loving hands reach out to help them. The mounds in the open space to the south of us speak of heart-sorrows. The hour is most testing.

[TO A NEPHEW]

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,
July 18, 1900.

AS YOU are always so deeply interested in knowing what we are doing, I am going again to my diary and will send you some items from its pages.

July 8. A Japanese was severely wounded this morning and an Austrian captain killed. It nearly breaks our hearts to lose one of our number, or to have one disabled. Captain Myers is somewhat better. Two American marines have been suffering from chills and fever, but are better. They are cared for in our Legation home. Dr. Lowry has taken Dr. Lippet's place since he was wounded. He fearlessly goes into the most dangerous places when duty calls.

This morning three quarts of bullets were picked up that the enemy had fired into the American Legation. They are to be melted and made into balls for the big gun belonging to the Italians. All the temple candlesticks, vases, images, in fact everything that can be melted, have been gathered and moulded into ammunition. Moulds

had to be improvised to do this work. There are no idle hands in these quarters. There are no sand bags to be made to-day, nor other sewing to be done. I visited the hospital twice, as usual, to see what supplies were needed. More draw-sheets, aprons, and pillow cases must be made to-morrow.

A large iron ball just fell below our window, but it did no harm. The ball is still warm. Another, at least six inches in diameter, went whizzing through the walls of the British Minister's dining-room. Fortunately it passed near the ceiling, so it did no damage aside from knocking off a corner of the frame of Queen Victoria's portrait. The Chinese are firing their big guns by far too much for our comfort.

Many of the native refugees at the Fu are to be removed to buildings on Legation Street. There is some sickness in the Fu and it is feared that it might spread by having the coolies go back and forth. What should we do without the Chinese coolies? They are necessary and efficient workers in building barricades, digging ditches, putting out fires, and in doing all sorts of manual labor. The British held communion services to-day at Sir Claude's home. The French Catholics held services, as did also the Russians at their quarters, and the Americans at the chapel. Our many American missionaries occupy this chapel as their home while in siege. This is our first opportunity for general worship, our first relief from sewing. The other Sundays were full to overflowing with bag-making and sewing for the hospital. The men have no relief; they cannot for a moment leave their watchful guard.

There is a bell tower, with a hanging bell, just in

front of this chapel. This bell serves us well and its call can be heard throughout our fortified city. In case of general attack from the Chinese it rings furiously for all to rally. In case of fire it tolls, but the rally is just as quickly made as before. The foundation of this tower is used as a bulletin station, and here the cable despatches, messages, edicts, and rumors are posted. Laura and Mary copy many of the most interesting for me.

The new improvised gun, well named the "International," after being tried at the American Legation, was brought over here and is now firing at the guns pointing on the Fu. It cannot be fired often, as it kicks itself out of position. The men are at work trying to fix up another gun. The evening was quiet, but at ten o'clock terrific firing from small arms, big guns, and the horrid *jingals* began, and lasted about thirty minutes; then followed more moderate volleys. At three o'clock the Chinese with yells, horns, rifle fire, and cannonading, were set loose. The skies were brilliant with flashes and noisy with whizzing bullets and bursting shells. Our brave men have learned to use their ammunition only when it is really necessary to sweep down upon the enemy in their raids. The Chinese are not so careful of their supplies. It is most wonderful how we are protected day and night. The Almighty Hand is above us and we trustingly know it.

A fire was set in the Fu by the Chinese, and raged for a time. It is under control now, but it has burned most valuable buildings and rich treasures belonging to Prince Su, a wealthy Chinese official and one of the hereditary Princes. If this fire does not spread, it will help our men by leaving an opening where they can detect the position

of the enemy. The Fu, or part of it, has now about two thousand Chinese refugees in it; these the enemy are trying to destroy, but they are too furious to execute well their devilish designs. The Fu seems to be their present objective point.

July 9. Two years ago to-day Mr. Conger presented his credentials to the Emperor of China. How many events have been crowded into these two years! and what a beginning of a third! Last night was noisy most of the time after ten o'clock. At three was a general attack, but our tower bell did not call for a rally of our people. The attack was fierce for about twenty-five minutes. Later the big guns boomed at intervals.

We are making more sand bags, as many of the first we made are bursting. Some of them are of richest silks, satins, and fine embroideries; others are of the coarsest cottons and hemp. Everything available is used. The fine texture of some of them cannot stand the rains, hot sunshine, and heavy weight. These sand bags suggest to me the people who are working here side by side; people of all callings working together in one common cause. Here in this awful peril rank is little recognized, and much less claimed. A lady of title, position, and wealth, and in deepest sorrow, looked most appealingly in my face to-day and said, "No title, no position, no money, can help us here — these things mock us." She is right; each one stands for the good he can do. We are all working for a common cause and giving the best that is in us. "Be strong and of good courage. I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." (Joshua 1:6, 5.)

July 10. It is becoming difficult to get material for sand bags. This morning soldiers' blankets were cut

up. In fact everything is used that will hold sand. I visited the hospital and took a new supply of draw-sheets, pillow cases, and bandages. They wish more bandages and pajamas for the patients. Laura and Mary quickly made five pairs of pajamas, and later I took them to the hospital. Two pairs were white, three pairs were made of the girls' blue and white window curtains. To-night the girls have found more cloth and to-morrow they will make it into pajamas. Material at times seems to be getting very low, but in the hour of need more is discovered.

I would love to say to you many things that pen and paper can never say. I love my religion as I never before knew how to love it. It is surely refuge and strength in time of need. As the clouds thicken, we have to watch that we may not stumble.

Our new gun, the "International," manned by our American gunner, is booming at times and shakes the buildings. The noise is great. This is fine for us, as the Chinese are frightened at noise. The evening was quiet until about nine, then stray shots began to cut the leaves and branches above our heads. At eleven, the whole north seemed to be coming down upon us. The blowing of rallying horns, yells, volleys, and booming of cannon, were most fearful. Our "International" made the greatest noise for us. We are having most delightful weather — wonderful for this season in Peking; surely it is most divinely given. Our dear Laura has conquered herself by her untiring thought and work for others. She is calm and helps to fight many battles of this dreadful siege. God is helping and sustaining her. My two dear girls! How could I do without them! They never murmur over their privations. The doctors and nurses

at the hospital say that the sick and wounded are doing well.

Mrs. M. sent for her sewing-machine. Some of the missionaries are making trousers for our marines. Their change of clothing did not reach them from Tientsin. These marines are sorely tried, for their clothes are soiled and warm and they have to wear them day and night. Another sewing-machine was brought to us from the German Legation. The Spanish Minister brought two pictures from his Legation that his daughter had painted and sent to him. He asked if they might be hung upon these walls and then if he might come to see them each day. He told us about these pictures and his daughter and his family. He handled the pictures tenderly and requested that he might hang them unaided. He is here alone, the only member of his Legation, and he had no good place to hang these pictures that he loved.

July 11. Firing commenced about three o'clock. One man was killed and four wounded; thus our ranks are thinning. We cannot spare these brave men. There is but little firing to-day, still we are not idle. Work is the order for all. A call came for sand bags for the Fu. These bags and more supplies for the hospital are being made. It is said that Prince Ch'ing's troops and Prince Tuan's are fighting each other. We hear distant cannonading and there are not so many soldiers and Boxers fighting us as usual. We are shut in so completely that we do not know what is going on outside. We hear nothing of our coming troops. The enemy's big guns on the wall keep in their places and play upon us at times. Our "International" now and then speaks in its terrifying voice. Work on the wall continues. Last night

guns and flags that the enemy had left were captured; this was a dangerous thing to do. In an attack upon the French Legation eighteen Chinese were captured. After examination they were put to death. Great efforts are made to dispose of the Chinese killed on the wall the night of July third; the stench is dreadful.

July 12. Less firing during the night than we have had for some time. This morning no one was reported as killed or wounded; we rejoice. All the morning the big guns were firing at intervals. The French Legation was severely attacked and two soldiers and two civilians were wounded. This is a common grief. There were many brave acts during the day, through which rifles and flags were captured. The "International" is taken to all parts of our fortified city.

"Our city" reaches from the German Legation at the east, south of Legation Street, to the west side of the American Legation. This secures a passageway to the city wall between these two points. North of Legation Street our domain reaches from the French Legation, east, to the Russian, west. This includes eight Legations. The German and the American Legations are south of Legation Street; the French, Italian, Japanese, Spanish, British, and Russian are north of Legation Street. The Fu is on the north between the Legations. In this district there are many other buildings, both Chinese and foreign, which are of value to us on account of their supplies.

It is getting quite hot. I never saw such swarms of flies, mosquitoes, and fleas. Our people strive to keep the animals and dead Chinese buried, but they are often beyond our safety line and it is very dangerous to attempt to reach them, even under cover of the night.

Mr. Cheshire was on the wall with a relay of coolies last night and goes again to-night. He is one of the ablest workers. He never sings his own praises, but is always on duty with a cheerful heart, willing hand, and a head full of good judgment. His knowledge of Chinese and his willingness to use it often cause him to do double duty.

How long — oh, how long shall we be tested in this awful way?

Psalm 27:14: "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

At seven o'clock there was a fierce, general, and prolonged attack. It was simply terrifying. Our tower bell rang furiously, calling every man to his post; he was there! The hard, incessant firing lasted one and one-half hours; from seven o'clock on through the night there was no quiet. The Chinese had undermined the French Legation wall and planted a mine to blow it up. It did great damage. There were two fires set in the Legation. The enemy seems to know that if they can rout us out of this stronghold, they will gain a great point. They make severe attacks upon the French and German Legations and upon the Fu. For several days their united efforts have been in these directions. These points are east and southeast of us. Our brave men do wonderful work.

Dr. Martin is with us. He rises very early each morning and goes to his post at the gate, where he questions all Chinese who enter, and examines their passes. He scarcely leaves, except to eat his simple food. There was a fire south of the German Legation stables, and with

these severe attacks from that direction the situation darkens. This last general attack is the most determined and prolonged of all, and the bullets and shells come into this Legation in a terrific way. The enemy seems to have the range more accurately than before.

About six o'clock the Chinese made a raid down Wall Street from the east. Our men turned volleys upon them, killing many and turning back the rest. The Chinese gained nothing. Upon the city wall, to the south, there are now stationed about twenty-five American and Russian marines. The Japanese, Germans, and French are suffering so many losses that their numbers are few. They still hold their Legations and the Fu. Legation Street has many barricades built by our men in order to save themselves if driven back. The Germans were routed from behind the first barricade to the east and took refuge behind the next. The Chinese followed in large numbers. The German captain gave a quick order for his bugler to blow the "attack." He did so, and they all turned, twenty of them, and fired volleys upon the Chinese, many of whom fell and many ran, leaving rifles and ammunition. These brave Germans regained the lost barricade.

July 14. A dreadful night! Angry firing was kept up the night through. The booming of the big guns shook the very earth and seemed to threaten destruction to all our fortifications and to us. This morning the thunders of the heavens joined the thunders of the guns, and for a time they seemed to vie with each other. When the heavy rainfall came, the firing grew less, but it continued from some points all day. The bullets whizz above our heads. The Chinese often fire high, for which

we give thanks. There were five men wounded in this awful fight, and one killed. Last night our people built a barricade east of the bridge; so if the French and German Legations have to be given up, the men can be protected in their flight. Must these brave men be compelled to leave these Legations which have cost so many lives to save! It surely cannot be. Let us hope and trust to the last.

Word just came to us that the French were obliged to give up a large portion of their Legation. The mines that the Chinese lighted killed two hundred of their own men. There were two Frenchmen burned. The first mine completely confined the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*. The second explosion relieved him. His wounds were slight. A most marvellous escape! The Minister's house burned during the night. It is thought that the rest of the French Legation can be held several days longer. The "International" was taken to the French Legation for duty this afternoon. Much of the wheat, and five grist mills were brought over here for greater safety.

The following message has just been received by the foreign Ministers, and posted at the bell tower:

(Translation of letter sent July fourteenth to Sir Claude MacDonald.)

"For the last ten days the soldiers and militia have been fighting, and, to our great anxiety, there has been no communication between us.

"Some time ago we hung up a board expressing our intentions, but no answer has been received, and, contrary to our expectation, the foreign soldiers made renewed attacks, causing alarm and suspicion among soldiers and people. Yesterday the troops captured a convert named Chin su Hai and learned

from him that all the foreign Ministers were well. It caused us great satisfaction. But it is the unexpected that happens. The reinforcements of foreign troops were ever so long ago stopped and turned back by the Boxers; and if in accordance with the previous agreement we were to guard Your Excellencies out of the City, there are so many Boxers in the Tientsin Taku road that we should be very apprehensive of misadventure. We now request Your Excellencies to first take your families and the various members of your staffs and leave your Legations in detachments. We would select trustworthy officers to give close and strict protection and you should temporarily reside in the Tsung Li Yamen, pending future arrangements for your return home, in order to preserve friendly relations intact from beginning to end.

“But at the time of leaving the Legation there must on no account whatever be any single armed foreign soldier, in order to prevent doubt and fear on the part of the troops and people leading to untoward incidents. If Your Excellencies are willing to show this confidence, we beg of you to communicate with all the foreign Ministers in Peking to-morrow at noon to the limit of time and to let the original messenger deliver your reply in order that we may settle in advance the day for leaving the Legations. This is the simplest way of preserving relations that we have been able to devise in the face of unavoidable difficulties. If your reply is not received by the time fixed, even our affection will not enable us to help you.

“Compliments PRINCE CH'ING and others.

“Sixth month, eighteenth day.”

A reply has been sent to-day on the part of the foreign representatives declining the invitation to proceed to the Tsung Li Yamen and pointing out that no attacks have been made by our troops, who are only defending our lives and property against the attacks of Chinese Government troops. The reply concludes with a statement that if the Chinese Government wishes to negotiate, it should send a responsible official with a white flag. This communication was signed by Sir Claude MacDonald.

July 15. A messenger sent out five days ago returned saying that after leaving the wall he was taken to a temple, beaten, and then sent to the Imperial City, to Jung Lu's headquarters. Here he was kept two days, given a letter with proposals of peace, then taken back to the temple, and with a Chinese officer and some soldiers returned to the Water Gate. He was horribly beaten.

A short but severe attack about seven o'clock.

I cannot tell when this letter will start on its journey homeward. What can the dear home folks be thinking of us? Of course you know absolutely nothing.

[TO A NEPHEW]

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,
(*Siege Days*), *July 20, 1900.*

ITEMS from my diary will give you some idea of what we are doing from day to day.

July 15. The night was not quiet, but the attacks were short and fierce. A terrific attack came upon us about two o'clock to-day like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Fortunately, the whizzing shells passed over us too high to do us much harm. A British student, Mr. Warren, was badly wounded during a severe attack in the evening. We cannot spare him! The Chinese send up signal rockets, which give orders to fire and to cease firing. They seem to be promptly obeyed. Our brave men on the city wall see these signals. There is much watchful work being done by special active committees. If the good deeds of each individual were recorded, a commendatory article would be written of each person.

The members of the British Minister's staff gave up

their homes in this Legation to their sister Legations, and gratefully are we crowded together in our allotted quarters. This staff have gone to their Minister's home, or elsewhere. Many foreigners outside of the Diplomatic Service are crowded in smaller houses, or in open pavilions. Without being here, no one can imagine our direful situation. There is too much at stake for us to stop and complain over anything. Our hearts are opened in one great praise song, for in this awful tornado the dark clouds separate above our heads and show that the sun is still shining. The magnitude of the mighty Power protecting this little spot of earth, in these awful days, is far beyond human conception. The Ministers and their helpers stand for the foreign nations, and have their important places; the sturdy, intelligent men of the Imperial Customs are ever active; the missionaries know the Chinese language and people, and are scientific, practical men, quietly doing their best; the marines of the eight nations are brave men and are doing mighty work day and night.

We have dismantled our home; everything has been taken that could be made into sand bags, used in the hospital, or on the city wall. Others have done likewise. This is the time to share what we have — God will take care of our future needs. Common trials make us willing to respond to common demands.

July 16. The Chinese gained ground on the city wall from the Hatamen. We deeply regret this, because it weakens the position of the Germans, and the Chinese crowd down nearer our men on the wall. The Germans and French had a severe struggle again last night. They have been truly brave in their sore trials. We are mourn-

fully saddened this morning. Commander Strouts (British), ranking officer of foreign troops, when on his way to the Fu with marines, was badly wounded. We cannot afford to lose our officers. Their men need their good cheer, bravery, and practical knowledge. Our men are not now going one by one, but two by two, and even more rapidly, and our hearts are sorely grieved. Later, word comes that one of our American marines is badly wounded in the breast. Dr. Morrison was also wounded this morning. Dr. Lippet is doing well.

Our wounded marine died this afternoon and was buried in the Russian Legation, with his comrades who have fallen. Mr. Conger, Mr. Bainbridge, American missionaries, and several ladies were present to bury him. Mr. Conger made a few remarks, Dr. Wherry read a Scripture lesson, Dr. Smith then spoke feelingly, and Dr. Martin offered prayer. The remains were wrapped in the American flag and then lowered into their earthly bed. Mary and I placed flowers in the grave. All remained until the grave was filled, then we placed green branches upon the seven mounds and a small silk flag among them for all. Captain Myers is still suffering from his wound. Captain Hall is not well to-day and is off duty. Captain Strouts and Mr. Warren both died from the effects of their severe wounds. The English service was read on the way to the grave. Many followed in a long procession. Both were buried in one grave, with the impressive English service. During this service two shells went whizzing over our heads and burst just beyond us.

In the midst of the service Mr. Conger was hurriedly called away. There was a cablegram of some sort in code. The same messenger brought it who had been whipped,

who had come with the letter from Prince Ch'ing, and who had been sent back with a reply. Mr. Conger and his staff worked diligently with the message to make something out of it. It was evidently from the American Government code book, but by whom, when, or where it was made, could not be detected. Of course, it means something. It is food for guessing, and creates much interest among the Ministers and others. This message was said to have come from General Jung Lu's headquarters and was under red cover. It read as follows:

“Communicate tidings, bearer.”

Mr. Conger sent the following answer in Department code:

“For one month we have been besieged in British Legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre.”

Accompanying this cablegram was the following letter to the Tsung Li Yamen, dated July 17, 1900:

“Thanking you for the partial telegram sent me, I enclose reply, as you suggest, which I shall be glad to have forwarded to the address named in the original cablegram, but which you have omitted in the copy sent me. I will also thank you to send me the original cablegram entire.”

July 17. Two men wounded during the night.

All up and down the streets outside our guarded city are Chinese soldiers with white flags. A message has been sent to the Chinese officers that we would not fire on the white flag, and now all seem to be using it. What can this quiet mean to-day? Our guards are just as watchful, if not more so, when all is quiet. A letter from the Yamen to the Ministers last night said they

would bring more Chinese troops into the city to protect us, and troops did come through the Ch'ienmen. But such protection as they have been giving us we do not much enjoy. Can they be planning a trap for us? Let us trust not.

The Chinese kept on building a barricade on Legation Street West. Our men put up a notice, "Stop work, or we will fire." The "International" was taken over, and as the work was not discontinued, our men fired. For a time there was some firing on both sides. To-day a messenger from General Jung Lu came asking if Chinese officials cannot hold a conference with our officials to discuss the situation and arrange terms. He said that General Jung Lu gave orders to cease firing. Not one shot was fired at the German Legation last night.

July 17. During the afternoon, Mr. Conger received the following reply to his note:

"We have just received Your Excellency's note together with the cablegram you sent. The cablegram of yesterday was from His Excellency Wu, transmitting an inquiry from the Secretary of State asking if Mr. Conger was well.

"We now enclose a copy of Mr. Wu's cablegram for your perusal. The reply you sent we will transmit to Mr. Wu, to be by him sent to the Honorable Secretary of State.

"Compliments, PRINCE CH'ING and others.
"Twenty-first day, sixth moon."

The following is a copy of the cablegram sent by His Excellency, Wu Ting Fang:

"The United States cheerfully aids China, but it is thinking of Mr. Minister Conger. The Honorable Secretary of State inquires after him by cablegram which I beg to be transmitted to him and get his reply.

"Fifteenth day, sixth moon."



HIS EXCELLENCY TSAI CHIEN, IMPERIAL CHINESE
MINISTER TO JAPAN



HIS EXCELLENCY WU TING FANG, IMPERIAL CHINESE
MINISTER TO AMERICA

We are almost paralyzed. We cannot give expression to our pent-up flood of delight. The cablegram was dated July 11, 1900. Only think, the return message will reach Washington within six days! It was sent July sixteenth.

After Mr. Conger received his explanation, he went over to the bell-tower headquarters and to the chapel and told them all about it. English and other nationalities came up and listened. An Englishman said to Mrs G.: "No other Minister but an American would take the trouble to explain matters to his nation's subjects."

In the distance, we hear the blowing of horns and now and then the booming of cannon. We cannot know what it means and where it is. The stillness here is almost frightful. Arrangements were made to-day between "Prince Ch'ing and others" and our foreign Ministers that firing and the fortifying work should cease.

July 18. A quiet night. How strange it seems! There were only stray shots heard. Every one outside seems to be resting, and so are we, yet we are always on the watch. We went over to the American Legation to-day. Captain Hall is recovering from his illness.

A messenger sent to Tientsin by the Japanese Minister returned to-day. He brings the following message:

"The forts near Tientsin at Ta Ku were taken July 14. Troops start for Peking about July 20. Waiting for arrival of more troops."

When will they reach us?

Thus we see that our Seymour "coming troops" are not coming. They met with great reverses and had to return to Tientsin. What their trials and losses were

we do not know. This touch with the outside world is worth much to us. We know that our relief has not yet left Tientsin, but it is coming!

A Chinese official came to-day to hold an interview with the foreign Ministers. He informed them that the Viceroy Li Hung Chang has been recalled to this Province from the South. It seems that in time of trouble they call on him for help; in time of peace, they are afraid of him. There has been almost absolute cessation from firing through the day and evening. If the Chinese officials could, by a few orders, stop all firing in the hottest of the fight, why did they not do it before? Much goes to show that they did not intend to protect us. Only think of it! They are allowing their armies to fire upon the representatives of eleven nations! What terms can they hope to receive from these nations? Before the Ta Ku forts were taken, Chinese around us were terrific in their anger. Now they pretend to be friendly and cease their firing upon us. This seems to be done to save themselves after they see that they cannot easily destroy foreigners nor make them give up.

No new patients in the hospital. All are cheerful, and most of the men are doing well. Let us hope that no more of our brave men will be sacrificed. The French Minister received a message through the Tsung Li Yamen. It must have been sent by his Government about the fourteenth. Mr. Conger prepared a second cablegram to be sent to the Department of State. The French, Russian, and English Ministers prepared cablegrams and asked the Tsung Li Yamen to forward them to their Governments. The Yamen replied, "We sent the American Minister's first message because arrange-

ments were made for it. We cannot send more." The Tsung Li Yamen has been sending messages to its Ministers in foreign countries to remain at their posts and hold peaceful relations with the powers. What an absurdity, when they have ordered the Ministers of foreign countries in Peking to "leave in twenty-four hours." After which time, they "will give no protection."

Mr. Conger visited the Fu and all the Legations. The German Legation has suffered greatly from shot and shell, and the French still more. No word has as yet been received from the Peitang. On clear days, the cross on the cathedral stands out boldly. It must be very hard for the people there. They can hear nothing from here or elsewhere, and cannot know the situation. At times, we have thought that the big guns were turned upon them, but could not know, as they are four miles from us.

July 20. Perhaps our much-looked-for relief can start from Tientsin to-day.

The weather is unusually fine. Our bomb-proof cellars are half full of water, but we have not been obliged to enter them as yet.

Well, my dear nephew, what do you think of the history that is being made? Only a small portion of it will ever be handed down for future generations to ponder.

[TO A SISTER]

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,

August 7, 1900.

THERE is great excitement inside and outside of Peking. Edicts from the Throne have been sent to the

different Provinces to hasten troops in defence of their capital, but they do not respond freely. Excuses come from the South, so we learn from Chinese Gazettes, of which Dr. Martin has succeeded in obtaining thirty copies. We see by edicts and other official matter that the Government has been in sympathy with the Boxer movement, and that the Empress Dowager seems to have "mothered" it. Now, it appears that the movement has been too much for the Empress Dowager, as she has embittered and aroused the whole world against China. It occurs to me that the translation of some of these edicts would be of interest to you.

EDICT

"Concerning the wretches who have been burning houses, robbing, and killing the people these many days, they have caused this region to be all in disorder. It is ordered that the Governor General and Governors and the high military officials should clearly ascertain the circumstances and unite in reducing to order and quiet the confusion, and root out the cause of the disturbance. Cause all places to know this general edict."

EDICT

"They also, on account of the minds of the people in the city being excited and the difficulty of maintaining a complete defence, discussed with the various foreign Ministers the question of detaching troops to give them safe escorts to Tientsin in order to avoid doubt and apprehension. We direct the Grand Secretary Jung Lu to select in advance trustworthy civil and military officers of high rank to take trusted troops, and when the foreign envoys have fixed the date for leaving the city give them safe conduct on the road. If there should be evil doers who lie in wait to plunder, these are to be immediately killed. Let there not be the slightest remissness. Before the envoys leave the capital, if they have telegrams to send to their countries, provided they are not in code, the Tsung

Li Yamen is promptly to arrange the matter for them without delay. This will exhibit the great desire of the Throne to treat the people from afar with tenderness."

EDICT

"Of late there have been in the neighborhood of Peking many cases of wanton robbery and murder by bad characters feigning to belong to the Boxers. If no strict distinction is drawn, internal dissensions will be added to foreign trouble, and the state of the country will be indescribable. Tsai Husu is ordered to keep those members of the Boxers who have made submission under strict control, and expel all persons pretending to belong to it as an excuse for raising trouble. All cases of gangs collecting to commit murder from motives of vengeance are to be dealt with under the laws against brigandage. There is to be no mercy shown to further disorders."

The Chinese are exceedingly superstitious; rumors say that Prince Tuan, the father of the heir apparent, called a large number of the Boxers to his palace before the final outbreak, to see them go through their surprising and wonderful incantations. He was persuaded that they were sent by the gods to save China from the foreigners; hence he presented his convictions to Her Majesty, and she consented to witness their mesmeric power. The Empress Dowager, too, was persuaded that they were sent by the gods to save China. The Chinese Empire and the Boxers joined hands to fight the outside world and everything foreign, and to bring back the former China and her doings. They surely have fought frantically. Impressed as were the Empress Dowager and Prince Tuan, according to their superstitions, they were compelled to heed these impressions or the gods would fiercely rebuke them. Evidently there is a division of opinion in the Imperial

Palace, and this division has brought about two factions. Since we have been in this confinement, messages have come to the Ministers signed by the Tsung Li Yamen with official covering and in official style. Other messages have come signed "Prince Ch'ing and others"; these did not bear the official air through and through. These little straws signify much to the Ministers.

All is quiet now. We expect our troops about the twenty-eighth, but we still keep our barricades in repair and build them higher and stronger.

July 22. Still in this dreadful confinement! There has been very little firing since the sixteenth. Under cover of night, the Chinese work industriously on barricades. They will do our men much damage if they again open up their firing, but under no circumstances shall we give the enemy the least provocation to begin anew their devilish work.

Sir Robert Hart comes to see us nearly every day, but will never eat one morsel of our food. He says that he must eat no one's food but his own these times. To-day he talked a long while about China and her people. He told me that the Boxer movement is very old, and that it was at first an almost purely patriotic movement, encouraged and supported by leading people in China. He also thought it not doomed now; it is so deeply rooted that he believes it will have a long future. The Chinese seem to act as though they thought this year's labor a struggle for their existence. The edicts emanating from the Throne have been recklessly daring. This year has two eighth moons, or months, and superstition says that this is very unfortunate to the Throne. Some calamity is to befall the Empire if not prevented through sacrifices.

There are no new patients in the hospital. All are doing well.

July 25. Terrific firing again about two o'clock this morning. This is the first great firing since the night of July sixteenth. The messenger, disguised as a fortune-teller, got off to-night with the concealed messages.

July 26. The three letters from the Tsung Li Yamen were, first, an invitation to the Ministers to telegraph to their Governments that we are "all well." They state that our Governments will be anxious for our welfare. These telegrams must be written in full, using no code, and must not describe the situation. Second, they advised the Ministers to go to Tientsin, and offered to escort them, as they were not sure that they could protect them in Peking. They are trying many ways to get us out of our fortified city. The third letter was about cablegrams. These letters were of little value. Later, the fortune-teller messenger returned, as he could not get beyond the Chinese soldiers' line. As yet, the messages are not on their way to Tientsin. It seems almost impossible to get any word to or from the outside world. We get rumors, but do not know how much to believe.

I still visit the hospital twice or more each day. I offered to nurse, but was told that I was doing my duty in my present capacity, and was asked to continue. I have nothing to do with the food for the hospital except to furnish from thirty to forty bottles of boiled, filtered water each day. Wang and the cook, under my supervision, look faithfully to preparing and delivering this to the hospital. They never complain, and more trustworthy servants I never saw.

July 27. Father Conger's birthday. Dear man! How we loved him!

A man representing himself to be a Chinese soldier has, for a good *cumshaw*, been communicating with the Japanese. He reports the progress of our coming troops; says that they are fighting their way through a strong force of Chinese; that the Chinese are fortifying themselves at Tungchow; and that forty thousand of their troops are to join them there, and have taken nine big guns with them. None of this may be true.

This morning Captain Poole took us through the Hanlin College. This is one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most valuable educational institutions in all China. This compound contained one of the most valuable collections of treasures and records in Chinese history. Some of these dated back three thousand years. The Chinese themselves burned this wonderful college with its many beautiful buildings filled with China's choicest productions. The destruction of these treasures is not only a calamity to China, but to the whole world. It was set on fire June twenty-third by the Boxers. While visiting the ruins, I picked up fragments of books and tablets. It made me heartsick to see those valuable, finely wrought, well-preserved records of history, quantities of them, trampled under foot. This college was twelve hundred years old. My visit to its ruins was a sad one.

July 28. This morning the little beggar boy returned who was sent out as a messenger July fourth. He took a letter to Tientsin. He went as a beggar, which was his profession before the missionaries took him under their charge. On his way to Tientsin, he was captured by the

Boxers, and made to work for six days. His progress was interrupted, but the little fellow succeeded in reaching Tientsin with his message. He started on his return trip July twenty-second and met little opposition. I heard the boy tell his story, and I assure you it was of vital interest. He said that our troops had not yet started from Tientsin. The letter he brought to us is vague. There are nineteen hundred of our troops at Tientsin, and they are holding the city. More troops are coming. The letter did not indicate when they would start for Peking.

Captain Myers is quite ill and is threatened with fever. He was moved to the hospital to-day, and we are anxious about him. Mr. Conger took us to the hotel and to the French and German Legations. The terrible wreck of these places is exasperating. The hotel-keeper and his wife have done much effective individual work at the hotel. They have turned what is left of it into grist-mills, stables, and storehouses, and remain there themselves. The upper story is a complete wreck. They have built a barricade of great strength across the street. We went from the hotel into the French Legation. Only a small corner of this Legation is held by our people; the rest of it is in the hands of the Chinese; flames and mines have of late made it a sorry place. We then visited the German Legation. Some parts of it were beautiful, but other more exposed portions were literally demolished. We returned to our besieged home with much accumulated food for heart and mind.

After our round of duties, we attended the religious services at the Russian chapel. The Russian Minister escorted us in. This was the first service of the Greek

church I ever attended. The people stand throughout the services and seem very devout in their worship. Although I knew not one word they uttered or sang, I caught much of the spirit of the occasion, and came away with one rich thought to enlarge upon. They use no musical instruments in their churches. There were about twenty singers in their choir. Before singing, the leader would give the key-note from which each one was to catch his higher or lower note. Each listened, looked strictly to the leader, and caught the harmonious key-note and all sang together in sweet harmony. Why do we not listen more diligently and attentively to catch the harmonious "key-note" of our Leader, our Lord and Master, and thus make our different tones one chorus of sweet harmony?

Gifts of flour, water-melons, vegetables, and ice have come from Their Majesties. We are using all but the flour. This we are not going to use until it is badly needed, as we are warned against it. There are questions whether or not there could be a plot to poison us. Mr. Conger is still watchful day and night. He always visits the chapel and bell tower on his return from the Legation and freely gives what information he can. Many say to me, "Mr. Conger is a strong support to us all. His judgment we can trust, and his good cheer has power in it." He often says that we must not be impatient for troops to arrive, as there is much to be done to move a large army in a strange land fortified by the enemy.

July 29. Mr. Nestergard, the insane man who escaped from us, has returned. He reports harsh treatment. We cannot tell what harm or good he has done us by his visit into the enemy's camp. He told Dr. Martin

that he informed the Chinese of our situation in order to save his own life, and that he assured them that they fired too high to do us much damage. The Chinese are building their barricades higher so as to be able to fire down upon us. It makes much work for us, as our barricades must go up correspondingly high. A reward of five thousand dollars was offered to any man who would take a message to our coming troops and bring one back from them.

The Chinese were seen building a barricade which would give them command of the canal to the city wall. The Italian big gun was fired at the builders. A reply came back and shot our gunner through the hand. With a glass, the Chinese fortifications can be seen from the second story of our office building. The "Chinese officer" reports to Japan's Colonel Shiba that our coming troops are really approaching Peking. He reports progress from time to time for three hundred dollars each report. A messenger was despatched to the troops. The message was concealed under an old soiled plaster on his stomach.

July 30. There are many rumors afloat. Ten thousand dollars is now offered by the Russian bank to any messenger who will take a message to our coming troops and bring an answer back to the Ministers.

A letter from the Tsung Li Yamen suggests that we let the native Christians out into the city, and that they will be cared for by the Government. The Yamen does not wish to have us burdened. This sounds well, but we cannot trust these promises.

August 1. Colonel Shiba received a message from Tientsin that on the twenty-sixth of July our troops had not yet started.

Mr. Conger took us upon the city wall. Without seeing it, no one can conceive what ingenious work has been put into the holding and strengthening of the position on that wall. It is marvellous! The deep ditches and high barricades silently give their protection. There are many loopholes through which our men can watch the manœuvres of the enemy. These holes are not the safest places in our besieged quarters. There is a dangerous one at the top of the ramp leading to the wall. For some time, our men could not detect the position of a troublesome sharpshooter. Finally they discovered a dark spot high up in a tree, and that spot at once fell.

The messenger sent from the Japanese Legation returned, but would not answer any questions. He was in Tientsin three days after the letter was given to him to bring to Peking. He would not take pay for his services. What can this mean?

More calls for sand bags keep coming in. We made seventy to-day for the German Legation. The marines, watching continuously, are forbidden the privilege of doing anything aside from eating and sleeping when off duty. At midnight, when Mr. Conger and others were burying one of our American marines who had fallen in our defence upon the wall, a Russian marine was passing on his way to his rest. He halted, then stepped to the open grave, and jumped into it. With care, he removed every stone, and softened this marine's last resting place by pulverizing the soil. Those about him protested, as he needed sleep. But he said feelingly, "My brother on the wall," and continued his work of tenderness. He helped to lower his comrade into the grave, then smoothed the flag winding sheet, tucking it in gently at head and feet,

while he continued to repeat, "My brother on the wall." This Russian marine did not leave that spot until a mound rose above the level earth. These brothers on the wall spoke no common language of the tongue, but they spoke the common language of the heart.

We have just learned that two members of the Tsung Li Yamen have been beheaded; one was friendly to foreigners, and the other had been abroad. It seems that they are doing everything to weaken their own Government. They are evidently trying to cut down and out every person and thought that is foreign, but this is beyond their power.

To-night we are under the greatest excitement. Mrs. Lowry received a letter from her husband at Tientsin, and she unselfishly read it to a gathering, anxious crowd. Five messages came to Mr. Conger, one to Captain Myers, one to Sir Robert Hart. All rejoice! Mr. Conger, Laura, and the staff went to work with a will to get the messages out of cipher. As fast as they were gotten out, they were given to the people at the bell tower. The troops must be on their way; ten thousand for advance guard, and more to follow! Mr. Lowry is coming as interpreter. They had a terrific time in Tientsin, and had given up all hopes of seeing us alive. How we do rejoice to hear something, even though at the date of the messages the troops had not started from Tientsin. How we pray that no disaster will befall them! It is very late, but there will be little sleep to-night.

August 4. More edicts have been translated, and strange ones too.

The Ministers held a meeting to consider the Tsung Li Yamen's proposition of going to Tientsin. They let

the matter of asking the Tsung Li Yamen for food go over to another time, as they think the request unwise until it is actually necessary. Our troops are too near to give the enemy any idea of our weakness. Another foreign Ministers' meeting was held this afternoon. These meetings to consider leaving Peking are to kill time, as the Ministers have no idea of going. All are sending despatches in cipher to their Governments through the Tsung Li Yamen.

A Chinese soldier said to our men to-day. "Your troops half-way Peking. Had big fight. We dead; you live." Which meant to him that we were victorious.

We are now under fire all day and all night. Our men are falling and our hospital is filling. Rumors of our troops are continually coming to us, and we weigh every word with eagerness. It is my constant prayer that my fear may not overcome my loyalty to my faith. These are testing days. A telegram came to Mr. Conger bearing the Consul's name at Canton, China. It is in Chinese code and Chinese politeness. It was a request to give a statement of the situation in Peking. Mr. Conger thinks it unwise to answer. The weather is fine, and is most remarkable for Peking at this season. The evening is beautiful. The locusts have silenced their shrill songs, and the Chinese have not commenced their threatening noise. This quiet is rest.

August 6, Monday. The quiet of last night was broken at about two o'clock when the firing began in earnest and the battle was on. This was the hardest and fiercest since the night of July sixteenth. It lasted about thirty minutes. The bell in the tower rang furiously. All were on watch.

A letter from the Tsung Li Yamen to-day stated that they regretted that the foreign troops started firing upon their troops and that a battle ensued. The facts are that our men did not start the firing. A Chinese barricade at the Fu began to fall, and it is thought that the Chinese took fright, supposing that the "foreign devils" were after them, and so began the conflict. The attack started at the Fu and extended around the whole line. Letters frequently pass between the Tsung Li Yamen and the foreign Ministers. After visiting the hospital, I went to see the American Legation. Wang and the coolies got some *k'angs* and boards, so that our beds are no longer on the damp floors. The fleas, flies, and mosquitoes are in swarms. We are trying to clean our house at the Legation somewhat so that we can move at once when our troops come, as the British will need their Legation. I have spent much of to-day in reading and writing.

The horses are decreasing in number; our rations are getting less. However, we can hold out still longer. Mr. Conger was consulted again to-day in regard to asking the Chinese Government for food. He thinks it would be a great mistake to do this, as it would weaken our position in their sight.

There was an auction to-day of things brought into the compound, and I sent Wang to get what our servants needed. We went the rounds of the British Legation. The work that has been done is wonderful.

[TO A FRIEND]

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,
August 13, 1900.

IT has been some time since I wrote to you, and it seems much longer than it has really been. I am now having a little more time to write, and not one moment has been lost. My thoughts have turned lovingly homeward. In my intense desire for its day to appear, I have almost seen the mind's wireless telegraphy. I often question why we so tyrannically limit our expression of thought.

The black clouds of these days I shall not try to depict to you. May their darkness pass away and show a brighter sky. I will let my diary tell you just a few happenings that you may see a little of the situation before our allied troops arrive. *They will come!*

August 8. Much firing during the night, but none of our brave men were brought to the hospital. Another night, and we are still safe. This is the fiftieth day of the siege. Many have fallen, and forty are in the hospital. A communication from the Tsung Li Yamen informs us that Li Hung Chang has been appointed Plenipotentiary to consult with our Governments upon the situation. No word from nor of our coming troops. We hope and pray that our Governments will not, in believing that we are lost, do anything to retard or abandon their coming. If they can only receive the cablegrams from their besieged Ministers, they will not.

August 9. Much firing in the night. There were several attacks, but none of our men were wounded. Most of the patients in the hospital are doing well. Captain Myers is very ill. Fine weather continues;

it is not hot, nor is there too much rain. Great sanitary care is taken. Our food is getting low. Let us not lose trust now when we should have learned to have more trust. We have been miraculously saved many times during these past weeks. Dog meat has been served to the Chinese to-day. Heretofore, horse meat has been given to them. For the coolies at the Fu a food has been made of slippery elm leaves, grains, and a little meat and its broth. We are all told to serve short rations. No messenger came to take messages to the Tsung Li Yamen. There has been considerable firing all day, but no battles. Sir Robert Hart brought me a poem written by himself, surely a choice gift in the siege. We look forward to his eleven o'clock visits with great pleasure. He never detains us in our work.

August 10. No word from the allied forces. Where are they? Rumor says, "On the way." We cannot believe anything unless a messenger brings the word. A Frenchman was badly wounded yesterday. Captain Myers is getting better.

Later. Messenger returned from troops! They are on their way! Coming, coming, "fifty thousand strong!" They may be here in three or four days. Let us rejoice and give thanks!

Four despatches came to Mr. Conger. One was from the Department of State, doubting the authenticity of a cablegram they had received from him, and asking him to put in "sister's name." He answered "Alta." This sister lives in Washington.

No trouble south of Chefoo. The Tsung Li Yamen was asked to open their markets to us.

August 11. Am spending some of my time at the

American Legation, as it is quiet, and I am now writing at my own desk. There has been much firing to-day upon this Legation from the high tower on the wall. One ball went into the girls' room since I have been at my desk. I picked it up while warm and shall take it to them. No more word from the coming troops. Mr. Conger sent answers to his despatches through the Tsung Li Yamen.

August 12. My dear mother's birthday. Blessed woman! She gave much sunshine to others, and the memory of her warm love tells us that the sunshine has not lost its glow.

There was much firing during the night. One Frenchman was killed and one Austrian wounded. More firing to-day from every side. Last night the Germans were under heavy fire. To-day the big gun on the wall near the Hatamen boomed several times, and many shots came into the American Legation. Chinese soldiers are going out of the city. Can it be that they are going to meet our coming troops? Two more Frenchmen have been killed, and a German and a Russian wounded. Thus our ranks grow less, and yet we do not lose heart.

The Tsung Li Yamen asked an audience with the Ministers to consult upon terms of amnesty. Surely, we are at war only to save our lives. When they do not fire, all is quiet; we fire only when it seems very necessary. Rumor says that our troops are not far off.

August 13. The most noisy night of all. One continued battle! Every man is watchful, and there is little sleep. All positions have to be guarded, as we cannot tell what the Chinese are planning to do. The most quiet section may prove to be the most dangerous to us.

Not one of our men was wounded last night. Foreign Ministers were to meet members from the Tsung Li Yamen at eleven o'clock, but word came that they had not time to meet the Ministers to-day. They regretted that the foreign troops had fired on the Chinese, killing one officer and twenty-six men. We did not begin the attack, nor did we keep it up.

The missionaries are looking well to the care of their Chinese girls. To-day we were taken through their quarters. These Chinese women and girls, guided by the missionaries, are helping in many ways.

The other day I said to a scholarly Chinese, "Will you help to fill these sand bags?" He replied, "I am no coolie." Then I in turn said, "I am no coolie either, but we must all work here and now. I will hold the bag and you come and shovel the sand." I took a bag and a Russian-Greek priest stepped forward and filled it. He spoke no English and I no Russian, but we both understood the language of the situation. Other people rallied about us, and we soon stepped aside. Our work was finished. This scholarly Chinese was of the American Legation's staff helpers. As rank is so respected in China, and as the Chinese do not wish to degrade the ranks, this man, from his point of view, could not fill sand bags. Mr. Conger talked with him, saying, "Your life as well as ours is to be protected here, and you must do your part or we cannot feed you." The man was in hiding three days. As our coming troops did not come, and he was near to starvation, he came to the front, willing to do what he could.

[TO A NIECE]

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,

August 14, 1900.

REJOICE! All nations rejoice and give thanks. *Our coming troops are outside of the city wall.* We can really hear them firing! What a happy family in this Legation! We are waiting, and have learned how to wait. And yet, we cry aloud, "They are here! Our coming troops! Rejoice! Rejoice!" Warm clasp of hands and eyes full of tears tell better the language of the heart than words.

Mr. D. came over from the American Legation and told us the glad news at two o'clock this morning. Excitement runs high as we listen to the raging battles outside. We are trying to look our best to receive and welcome our brave rescuers. There are cannons, to our knowledge, stationed on the city wall and pointing east to fire on our approaching men. How we hope and pray that our brave men will succeed in getting into the city without bloodshed! We are confident that they will come whatever the cost.

During the entire night the firing upon us was more fierce, determined, and constant than at any time before. It seemed as though the enemy would break through our barricades and overwhelm us. Our people watched and used our treasured ammunition more freely than they had dared to use it before. Volley upon volley from the enemy's smaller guns was fired, and the big guns on the city wall and on the Imperial City wall boomed their deadly shells into our midst. Strange work, surely, after what the Tsung Li Yamen sent the foreign Ministers in a

message last night, "We have ordered that no firing shall go from our men during the night," etc. This only shows their cruel treachery. It seemed that they wished to throw us off guard and destroy us. They knew that our allied troops were near the city wall. We have never been caught napping by their soothing words.

During the night, men from the Imperial Customs, who know the Chinese language, heard the Chinese behind their barricades saying, "Don't be afraid. We can get in. Come on." Another said, "Impossible, we can't do it." They did not do it. Our rapid-firing guns, small arms, and "International" gun, guided by our brave men, did wonderful work. Our Colts Repeater stopped the firing from the Imperial City wall. All combined fought the enemy back with an effective will, but our brave gunner was badly wounded in firing the "International." It is a crazy little thing, and, at times, refuses to act well its part and often is most dangerous to its nearest neighbor. Our sympathies are with our gunner, who has been so faithful in his duties all through the siege. In fact, our marines as a body have been brave, faithful, and untiring from beginning to end. They have never faltered even when standing at the most dangerous post. The city wall is a testing-place, and they have fought most bravely there and elsewhere. Would that I could sing their true praises so loudly that the whole world could hear them, and so sweetly that "Well done" could be echoed back to them!

The foreigners in our besieged city of Legations are thoroughly organized; each has his important part to perform; all recognize this and work accordingly. The foreign Ministers are at the head; they plan the steps

taken and are responsible for them. The staff members of the Legations, the young men students, the customs people, the missionaries, and other foreigners, are the executors. They form committees which are most efficient and harmonious in their workings.

When Mr. Conger gave his answer to the missionary who asked what they should do with their native converts, he knew not how well he spoke. He said, "Bring them. I do not know how we can feed them, but they will surely lose their lives if they do not come." We should have been lost without them; they are our manual laborers. They work with a will, and do the part that no foreigner among us could do. As the Ministers have their Governments back of them, they can speak with recognized authority. With united thought, they watchfully and untiringly perform their responsible labors. All the Legation and customs people, missionaries, and other foreigners, assist their chiefs' work, either as volunteers or in committees. Better work was never done. There are superb organizers among the missionaries. They know the Chinese and their language, and have worked day and night with little bands of Chinese in building barricades and fortifications, digging ditches, running grist-mills, looking after sanitary conditions, filling and carrying sand bags, in fact doing innumerable necessary things. As there were no foreign laborers in this siege, these Chinese Christians did the work that otherwise could not have been done, and without the missionary leaders they would have been unable to carry it to a success. The band of women have not fallen behind in bravery, endurance, good cheer, tenderness, and untiring work for the wounded and sick; nor have they failed in performing any duty

that women can do. The best that men and women put into this siege will remain unwritten.

I must tell you about our servants. Nine of them went into the siege with us. The rest fled. These servants are not all Christians; some are called "heathen," but, in justice and truth, I must say that I never saw the Christ-spirit manifested more beautifully than these so-called heathen manifested it. Under most trying circumstances, they were patient and watchful to do all that they could. Our head boy, Wang, is not a coolie, but he did coolie work and every other kind of work most attentively. Some day I will tell you in detail of the good deeds of our servants in these trying times. All servants were turned over for general work, except those positively needed by their masters. A record of each individual's self-sacrificing deeds would fill pages. To single out the few would be injustice to the many. Ofttimes, those greatest in good deeds are most shrinking in proclaiming them. The workers are too busy to question other people's actions. Differences of opinion yield in these days. The leading thought is not "Who shall be greatest?"

We have been up and striving to work ever since two o'clock this morning. We are watchfully waiting and listening to the welcome firing of our brave, strong, allied troops in their sure coming. I try to write a while, then try to do something else in my waiting. You cannot know our feelings! I am going to leave you now and — well — get Wang and begin to get ready to move home! When will our allied forces get through the city gates?

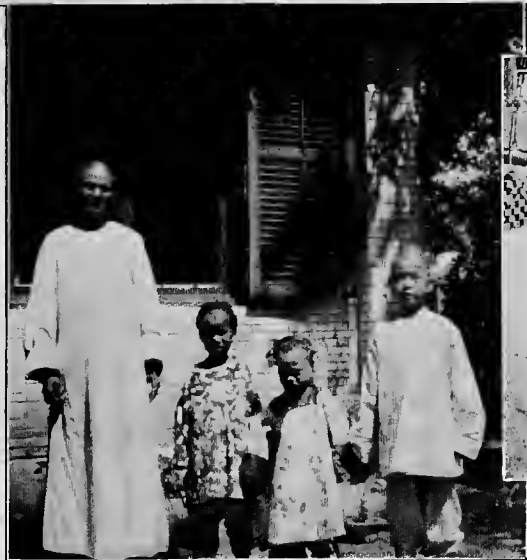
[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
August 19, 1900.

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon of August fourteenth, the British-Indian troops entered the Tartar City through the Water Gate, and into the Legation they came amid the cheers and rejoicings of the besieged. Others followed, and the rejoicing increased. All of us welcomed those British-Indian soldiers as heartily as though they had been of our own nationality. The allied army was our army. General Chaffee with his artillery and brave men opened the fortified gates. His army pressed forward, scaled the walls and, without faltering, was among the first in helping to thwart the enemy and to set the captives free. What a day! No one can tell it! We had been waiting, watching, listening, since two o'clock in the morning for the appearing of those brothers who were just outside the city walls.

I attended to my allotted duties, then tried to write our glad tidings to our dear ones. I abandoned this effort, and began to move home! What a wonderful uplifting came with these words — "going home." Only think of it! We had a "home" to go to. The mass of our siege band had no door of their own opening for them. But I cannot write the intensity of that day.

The allied troops have taken possession of the cities. These cities are divided into eight sections. Each of the eight armies is apportioned to one of these sections to govern as its very own. Our servants have all returned, and we have moved back to our dilapidated Legation home, cleaned it, and gathered up the fragments. Never



LITTLE PAUL WANG

"FIRST BOY" WANG AND HIS FAMILY, BEFORE THE SIEGE
WANG AND HIS THREE CHILDREN, RESCUED AFTER THE SIEGE

were people more thankful for a mansion than are we for this shelter. Our house is full to overflowing, and we give most grateful thanks that it can be so. Our first boy, Wang, is a general in helping us. He has a wife and four children, two boys and two girls. The eldest boy is in Tientsin. His wife and three children were out in the city during the siege, he knew not where. Their house was looted, then burned, and for seven weeks they have been wandering beggars. He could not hear one word of them. On the fourteenth, after the allied forces had come in, he came to me and said, "Madame, I go find my family." After a few hours, he came back happy, wife and children safe with him. The children were naked and the wife poorly covered. Their story is a sorrowful one.

General Chaffee and the other American officers came at once to see us. General Chaffee warmly greeted us with tears in his eyes. "We heard the fierce firing last night," he said, "and knew that you were still alive. We pushed forward, but when the firing ceased for a time, we were sure that we were too late, that all was over, that you were massacred. The awful thought of defeat, of failure, came over me. But it was not defeat!"

On the morning of the fifteenth, Mary and I went upon the wall and to the Ch'ienmen tower, where our men with artillery were firing from the wall upon the Forbidden City. The yellow tile roofs quaked and three gates opened. Five of our brave men and Captain Riley fell. The sight of these guns bombarding the Forbidden City gates was wonderful to us. We were in a battle! But we were free and felt no fear with our own American soldiers. The work of the Chinese upon the wall was beyond our

greatest conception. Barricade after barricade was strongly built and fortified the entire way to the Ch'ienmen tower. They were digging an underground channel to blow up our large barricade taken the morning of July third. A few days more and they would have finished their work. The sight on that wall and the city from it seems like a terrible nightmare. We see the city in ruins all about us — ruin wrought by the Chinese themselves.

I paid my usual visits to the hospital to see the wounded and sick. It is heartrending to see them suffering in bondage while we are free. Each Legation is preparing to take care of its own people, and thus relieve the British.

The Ministers' hands are full. They are besieged with important work. Missionaries are actively striving to find quarters in which to gather their scattered converts. The missions are swept entirely away. Even the foundations have been taken up and carried off. The Chinese have striven to erase every landmark of the foreigner.

The Imperial Court left the city through the north gate the morning of the fifteenth. The armies did not pursue. The American army took the Temple of Agriculture for its headquarters, and the British the Temple of Heaven just opposite. Both temples are in the Native City. The Peitang and its many people crowded together were not completely overcome. They fought an awful fight, and their story is horrible. We could hear nothing from them during the siege nor extend a helping hand. I visited the brave sisters and heard their sad, bitter story, and saw the fearful wrecks. I cannot write details now.

On August sixteenth, some of the missionaries invited me to go with them to a large palace that they thought of renting if possible, for their mission work. I was delighted to have the opportunity to enter one of these Chinese palaces. We were shown through the many buildings, courts, and gardens. We came to one building where there were three coffins. We were told that the Chinese ladies were greatly terrified by the actions of the Boxers and Chinese soldiers, and when the foreign soldiers entered the city, they thought the most horrible doom was theirs. Many committed suicide, and, in this palace, four Princesses jumped into an open well. Three were drowned; one was taken out alive. The intense sufferings, sorrows, and sacrifices befalling these people no words can depict. They secretly tell their story and help to color the stream of time.

I have been too busy to write a connected letter. A strange panorama with new and almost impossible scenes is rapidly passing into our lives. Each hour is filled with awful nightmares, and I cannot see how we are to awake from them.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
August 20, 1900.

WHAT a tangled wilderness of ideas! What a conglomeration! Will law and order ever come out of it? What an unheard-of situation! There are eight foreign armies established in the very capital of China. The Emperor, Empress Dowager, Empress, and their Court have left all and fled to parts unknown. China is without her ruling head.

Mr. Conger and I took a ride on the wall around the Tartar City. We ascended the ramp at the Ch'ienmen and remained on the wall its entire length, fifteen miles, to the Hatamen. The sights were horrible. The best parts of the Native City and large tracts of the Tartar City are in ruins. The streets and homes are deserted. Not a Chinaman was to be seen except as he wore the colors of some one of the foreign nations. The shops with their treasures were abandoned by their owners. The Boxers first, and then the Chinese soldiers, took what they wished, and the foreign soldiers culled from the remains. From the wall we could see outside as well as inside of the city. The British cemetery is totally destroyed. The monuments are broken down, the graves opened, the wall is carried away, the chapel is burned, and the large trees planted by the British are sawed off level with the ground and carried away. Trees of native planting remained everywhere untouched; those of foreign planting were destroyed. By courtesy of the British, Americans were buried in this cemetery. Calm reigned everywhere. Where had that awful tumult gone — and the people who made it?

Many countries here represented recognize spoils of war. Our Government does not. It claims that it was not warring upon China; that it sent its armies to relieve and protect the besieged foreigners in North China. Our Government has issued strict orders against all looting.

Our house is full of people; we have sixteen or eighteen at the table each meal. The American officers we also welcome to our home. Our gratitude to them for their long forced marches, their sufferings and sacrifices

made to relieve our direful situation, is unbounded. The first convoy of foreigners, forty in number, left this morning for Tientsin. All started from the American Legation. There is a telegraph line between Peking and Tientsin established by British and American armies. It is often cut, but is soon repaired and in constant use. The office is here in our Legation. All the eight armies work harmoniously together; but, when in foreign countries, the British and Americans are considered almost as one people. We often hear it said, "You think alike, you speak alike, and you act alike."

Many Chinese are coming to Mr. Conger for protection and assistance. He never turns them away without hearing their story and helping them if he can. A little paper from him often protects their goods and provisions from confiscation and enables the owner to sell them. Every foreigner in trouble is turned over to his own countrymen, but the Chinese have no one to whom they can appeal.

August 23. German troops came to-day, also more American cavalry, numbering about three hundred. These Germans and this cavalry did not reach Tientsin in time to join the allied forces in their march to Peking.

August 24. You see, I am writing just a little as I find time. Mr. Conger has his hands more than full. General Chaffee ordered his large four-mule ambulance and an escort of twenty-four cavalymen, and took Laura, Mary, and me to the Peitang, through the Imperial City, and to Coal Hill. At the Peitang, we were graciously received. The sisters and helpers showed us through the grounds and buildings. The whole mission is a terrible wreck. Its condition cannot be truthfully

described. Five mines were planted and fired under them. The first was immense; it blew up and buried seventy children, killing them all. The others caused great damage and loss of life. Not any of the sisters were injured, although the house they occupied was destroyed by shells and mines. The French and Italian Legations sent guards to help protect the Peitang at the beginning of the siege. There is not one room in the whole compound that is not injured; and, with one or two exceptions, they are not fit to occupy. Thousands of bullet holes are in the fine windows of the beautiful cathedral, and shells show their marks everywhere. The large organ is shot through and through. During the siege this cathedral was a shelter for hundreds of homeless Chinese, and many still take refuge here. Their food got very low and their suffering was great. Our hearts went out to them from the British Legation and we tried to send messages, but we never succeeded.

Monsieur Favier said to us, "The first flag I saw with my telescope was the American flag." He stood the siege like a hero, and the sisters were true heroines. The Sister Superior was buried yesterday. She did not fall until her siege work was finished. Sister Angel was kind to us, and so were the others. We left our good wishes with these brave people and drove into the Imperial City and up to Coal Hill and the first pagoda. We walked to the other two pagodas. The view was fine from this height. It was our first visit to this hitherto forbidden spot.

Congratulatory cablegrams and telegrams from many parts of the world are bringing their rich messages. Our



CH'IENTHEN TOWER
THE GREAT TEMPLE FOR IMPERIAL WORSHIP, IN TEMPLE OF HEAVEN



President McKinley, in the fulness and broadness of his big heart, sends the following:

“WASHINGTON.

“CONGER, AMERICAN MINISTER,
PEKING.

“The whole American people rejoice over your deliverance; over the safety of your companions; of our own and of the other nations which have shared your trials and privations; the fortitude and courage which you have all maintained, and the heroism of your little band of defenders. We all mourn for those who have fallen, and acknowledge the goodness of God, which has preserved you and guided the brave army that set you free.
WILLIAM MCKINLEY.”

[TO A SISTER]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,
September 13, 1900.

STRANGE things happen here. The encouraging and discouraging events follow one another so closely that they almost seem to go hand in hand. There are some awful things happening as the fruits of war. Armies bring not only blood stains, but heart stains.

Dr. Leonard has just been in. She brings most horrible word from Paoting Fu. All missionaries there and in that locality have been most cruelly persecuted and massacred, as have also native Christians and others who have shown friendship for the foreigners. Most heart-rending reports are coming in from different quarters. We fear that not the half has been told. What can it all mean? I cannot believe that all this unselfish, steadfast, sacrificing work of love in China can be for naught. It may be that these unheard-of, undreamed-of cruelties

will revolutionize mission work here and at home. The deep thinkers for right and for the spread of "love to God and good will toward men" will work as never before to solve the question of Christian duty.

The awful treachery and base cruelty of the Chinese high officials and the people governed by them are without a parallel. Can we ever forgive and forget? The Christ-spirit alone can help us. What is it in the mortal that gets so angry, so revengeful, so furious, as to want to torment, to kill, to destroy? The Chinese in this fired consciousness have made most costly sacrifices. There was no method in their madness. In their frantic raids upon us, our watchful, well-organized men would pour such volleys into their midst that they would be obliged to retreat, or every man of them fall. Our brave men! How they did watch and work, day and night, every hour, and every moment of the hour! The raging tempest was terrifying, but God smiled even amid the frowns and storms of men. Through our watchful trust, we saw those smiles. Frown for frown will never clear the atmosphere. It is the good will and the love-thought rising above it all that enables us to see the clear sky. We did watch, pray, and trust, and in that awful darkness we did feel, even though we could not see, God's hand guiding us.

I am sometimes asked, "During the siege, who did the best work?—what nation?" Those in that awful siege knew no nationality. We were one people. The allied army coming to us was "our army." It was truly welcomed as "our army"—"our rescuers"—on that blessed morn. Gratitude to the dear Father barred the door against the wrangling, "Who shall be greatest?" All did the best they could, and that siege brought under



TEMPLE OF THE MOON, IN TEMPLE OF HEAVEN
OPEN ALTAR, IN TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

one heart-beat the nations of the world. That heart-beat had enough of the flowing Christ-blood to keep it alive. Thought was focussed on China in those dark days, and jewelled blessings of loving prayers for the besieged were not lost. They sparkled with us.

Prince Ch'ing fled with the Imperial Court, but returned to-day and went to his palace, which is protected by soldiers; but the whole city about him is in ruins. The Emperor, Empress Dowager, Empress, and their Court, are still in hiding. Li Hung Chang is on his way to Tientsin. There are about fifty thousand foreign troops here now, and still they come.

September 4. The Russian Minister has been ordered by his Government to move his Legation to Tientsin. It is published that a reward of fifteen dollars, and twenty dollars, and fifty dollars, is offered by the viceroy of this Province for the heads of foreigners. Prince Ch'ing is with Sir Robert Hart to-day.

Foreigners can enter many places in Peking that have heretofore been locked and barred against them. One of these places, the Temple of Heaven, we have visited. Can it be that I have really entered that forbidden spot which I have viewed from afar and longed to enter? It is imperial in its grandeur. There are three beautiful temple buildings, besides buildings and furnaces for burnt offerings, and many Imperial buildings which the Emperor, his Court, and escorts occupy when there. The largest and finest of these temple buildings is for the "Ruler of the Universe." The Emperor of China, the "Son of Heaven," bows at this shrine and offers many burnt offerings. The Emperor has forsaken his god at this temple and fled far away. The vast Imperial grounds

of the Temple of Heaven are headquarters for the British army. Through the kindness of the British officers, we have been permitted to visit every part of this beautiful temple. The buildings for preparing the burnt offerings and furnaces for consuming them add another strange open book, explaining Bible days. The Temple of Heaven is wonderful in its magnitude, extreme beauty, and extravagant richness. I am now permitted to wander through these grounds and buildings at my will. Sacrilegious, you say? We will not contend. The Temple of Agriculture is headquarters for the American army. Our home people have made this — China's holy place — very familiar to us.

The city is a strange sight, changed as it is by the events of the past year. It is under foreign military rule, forsaken by the natives, and ruined. The armies sweep the streets clean.

The British Legation is a sorry sight. It was a home for many during those trying days, and thousands of sand bags were filled from its gardens. All the unnecessary walls were pulled down, and brick walks were torn up, for barricades. Lady MacDonald was a most kind hostess and all her Legation people fell in line to help her. Grateful hearts sing their praises.

September 10. The bugle calls are sounding night and day. While we rejoice in their stirring melody, they bring to mind a strain of sadness. General Chaffee says that he has a band out from Tientsin, and he hopes that it will give us pleasure. With a permit from General Chaffee, officers took Laura, Mary, and me through the Forbidden City. The real Forbidden City! These officers ordered opened many buildings and pri-

vate rooms of the Emperor, Empress Dowager, and Empress, and we passed through them. We saw many elegant furnishings of the Court; jades, porcelains, brass, ivory, lacquer, bronze, wood carving, immense mirrors, brilliant decorations, embroidered hangings, fine large rugs, and objects of beauty that I cannot name. These are collections of the most precious Chinese treasures. New scenes opened our eyes in great surprise. Large, gorgeously decorated throne buildings, with their costly thrones, and many other buildings with their beautiful, valuable treasures, were opened to us. Their Majesties, their Court, and their high officials had never before even suggested to the foreigners that China had such wealth stored from view behind her high walls. The Japanese and Americans are protecting these treasures from vandalism. The front entrance to the Forbidden City is through many gates to the south. All the important buildings face the south. The bronze urns, incense burners, caldrons, deer, storks, dragons, and other ornaments in the Palace courts, are exquisitely fine. Not a thing was molested in these halls, private buildings, or grounds. Beautiful things were standing around, holding their proper places.

For some reason the Chinese are opening their shops in the Japanese quarters and not in the other parts of the city. Many are even moving back and placing themselves under the protection of the Japanese. When Mr. Conger and I rode on the city wall around the Tartar City, we saw much of the destruction by Boxers, Chinese soldiers, and foreign troops. The Chinese made great preparation during the siege to fortify the west and north against successful invasion. Many

large cannon and smaller guns were in position on this part of the city wall. When the foreign troops came in at the east, the Chinese troops fled and left all. The Chinese had made little preparation against attacks from the east, hence the slight resistance, except to the north-east, where the Japanese entered. To the west and north are the gates nearest the Imperial City through which the Emperor, Empress Dowager, Empress, and their Court departed on the morning of August fifteenth. They left in a simple way, using Peking carts and ponies. The soldiers on the wall ran, leaving their many big guns, their small arms, swords, flags, clothing — everything. Their tents were still standing, and under them were their brick *k'angs* with arrangements for building fires beneath. It is midsummer. Can it be that they thought of keeping us in confinement until the cold of winter was upon us? The teapots and cups were standing on stools and *k'angs*, just as though they were using them when the danger alarm was sounded.

The Observatory and Examination Halls have not been destroyed. These astronomical instruments have stood in their stately glory through the flashing, thundering, pouring, and almost tornado storms of four centuries. It would seem cruel for anything to move them from their sentinel watch. As we came to this spot, so dear to me, we dismounted and climbed up to these instruments. They stood so high and proud on the east wall that our allied forces made a target of them, but only a few shot and shell left their awful marks. These fine old instruments, standing above and below, show no wear of time, although centuries have passed over them. They are like China herself; and if let alone



BRONZES IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY



they will stand upon their dragon thrones for centuries to come.

[TO A NIECE]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
September 28, 1900.

THINGS seem uncertain here. The Autumn is passing and the Winter is fast coming on with its bars of ice shutting the doors to the outer world. The five thousand camels with loads of coal are not coming into the city daily, nor even at all, as they formerly came. The question of fuel for the winter is a serious one. Necessities bring high prices now, and what they will bring before the Winter is over can only be guessed. You cannot conceive how difficult it is to obtain things to eat, to wear, to furnish our empty homes comfortably. Everything went from our homes into the general fund during those darkest days, and it is difficult to replace even the things most needed. General Chaffee received orders not to get over thirty days' supplies. It looks as though we might be ordered from here before the Winter opens.

The Russian Minister with his Legation has not yet left for Tientsin. He is waiting further orders. The German Legation is ordered to leave with the other Legations. No one seems to be moving. It must be that the powers are consulting in regard to the situation. There is much guessing, but nothing known. We are packed and ready to move on short notice.

September 16. A party of British and Americans went out to-day on an expedition to the Western Hills and other parts, to scatter the Boxers who are said to be

rallying at those points. They took cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and expect to be gone about four days.

September 17. Dr. Morrison returned from the Western Hills and reports that the temples were taken. They routed about six hundred Boxers without resistance. The Boxers left carts, mules, guns, swords, spears, ammunition, clothes — everything, as they were taken by surprise.

September 18. Part of the expedition to the Western Hills has returned. The British remained, as they wished to burn the temples. Our General Wilson would not listen to the proposition of destruction; he consented only to the capture of arms and ammunition. We expect to hear of the temples in ruins.

September 23. Mr. Conger and I took a long walk to see the effects of the siege upon the surroundings beyond our own fortifications. The Chinese had built barricade after barricade. Why did they fear us? Their fears and superstitions evidently kept them from coming right in upon us. We saw the places where they planted their big guns. They made great preparation, then failed to use the results of their labors. The platforms built inside the Imperial City wall for their cannon were wonderfully large and strong, and yet our firing into their portholes made their gunners flee and stopped the cannons' mouths.

We visited the Imperial carriage park and elephant stables, which are now occupied by the British. The chariots and chairs are extremely gorgeous and massive. The gold, silver, embroidered yellow satin, yellow silks, and brilliantly decorated elephant trappings are simply beyond description. Seventy-five years ago these chariots

were drawn by elephants with the richest of decorations. The chairs were carried by many men. The stables are large buildings, with yellow tiled roofs and other Imperial ornamental colorings.

Some people feel very revengeful and cry out against showing mercy to the Chinese. They say, "Burn every town and village!" This seems like an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." We should not sting ourselves with our own malice; we should pluck it out and cast it away. It is true, the cruelty of the Chinese toward the foreigners has been extreme, but the Chinese wish to be let alone in their own land. When will this dark cloud scatter and let in the bright sunshine, so that we may see the outcome?

We learn that Sir Claude MacDonald is to go to Japan; that Sir Ernest Satow is to come here. We deeply regret losing Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald.

Li Hung Chang is still in Tientsin; rumors say that he is detained there by one of the foreign Governments.

September 28. It looks as though our Government were expecting its Minister to remain here in Peking. We are all packed to go at once, if necessary. Four of the Governments, Russia, Germany, France, and Holland, have ordered their Ministers to leave Peking.

A cablegram received to-day orders our marines and the Fourteenth Infantry from Peking to Manila.

Our awful experiences have taught us how to be thankful, and we give thanks that we have this home, bare as it is, for ourselves and for others. You may not hear from us often, as our every moment is full.

[TO A NIECE]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
September 30, 1900.

THE siege is raised and we are energetically free. While we rejoice over our freedom, we are not unmindful of the price paid for it. Many lives were most cruelly sacrificed, and we sorrowfully lament. The allied armies are here and occupy not only the city but the surrounding country.

I am not going to write the things that you learn from other sources, but mostly those things that have come into my personal experience. I am improving the opportunities to visit and learn about the hitherto forbidden places. Poor China! Why cannot foreigners let her alone with her own? China has been wronged, and in her desperation she has striven as best she could to stop the inroads, and to blot out those already made. My sympathy is with China. A very unpopular thing to say, but it is an honest conviction, honestly uttered. Even the Chinese soldier was true to his gods. On the city wall we saw standing many shrines, simple and small, yet complete in detail.

Mr. Conger and I visited the Red Cross hospital, which is under the auspices of the Russians. The locality and entire compound are very desirable. The buildings are new, large, and comfortable, and are owned by a wealthy Manchu. We went from here to the Tsung Li Yamen. Here we sat around the table where the Chinese officials received the foreign Ministers in consultation, and where it was arranged to massacre all the foreign Ministers on June twentieth, when they should meet in session on that

day. The enraged mob could not wait, and Baron von Ketteler was sacrificed; the others were saved.

We were shown through the different buildings and on into the Imperial College. Everything is in ruins. Dr. Martin has been the respected foreign President of this college for twenty-nine years. It is sad indeed to see so much destruction of what was the pride of this long-lived nation. These time-honored treasures and native productions were not only of value to China, but to the whole world, and the whole world will mourn their loss. China did worse than she knew.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
November 16, 1900.

THERE is no Chinese Government here to hold the Chinese or the foreigner to law and order. The Throne is empty. Every nation represented here is standing on its honor. Each one is acting for itself, and no other nation can say, "Hold"; "Stop"; "Going too far." One of the most heartrending acts to me is the removing and carrying away of the exquisite bronze instruments at the Peking Observatory. These old, historic treasures were more than valuable and beautiful. They have stood on their sentinel watch between four hundred and five hundred years. They belong to China and can never act as honorable and beautiful a part elsewhere. The venerable Examination Halls are in complete ruin. Our Government has given strict orders against looting; it recognizes no spoils of war.

The Chinese Court has not yet returned, and it is in

such bondage that it cannot soon return. The Joint Note and the detailed Protocol must be completed before their safe coming can be assured. The foreign Ministers and their Governments are faithfully working to bring about a peaceful settlement.

The siege and what has since followed have given the nations knowledge of one another far beyond what written history can ever record. A common sorrow united them with a common interest unknown before, and an influence has gone out that is golden. The united prayers of all nations and creeds were with us in those awful days; and we, through love, saw love's protecting care. What war means I can now comprehend. It is selfish, destructive, cruel.

Yesterday a full, rich American mail came to us. How we feasted at love's bountiful table! Letters, letters, letters! How could the pouch hold so much treasure? These letters are real feasts to us, even when they come, as many do, from those we have never seen.

[TO A FRIEND]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,
November 24, 1900.

I CANNOT tell you the amount of good cheer your short letter brought me, and the intense gratitude that goes back to you. Your letter tells a wonderful story.

Prayers, rich and earnest, during the awful siege, went up in one devout petition for the safety of the foreigners in North China. We caught the sweet answer and saw God's hand in power to save and protect. It seemed so near that fear fled, and trust was enthroned. Those dark



PRINCE CH'ING, PREMIER OF CHINA, ONE OF THE NEGOTIATORS
IN 1900

days of terrifying storms are gone now. When in that deafening din and narrow confinement I thought of Daniel in the lions' den, and earnestly prayed that each of us might be a Daniel and overcome the raging elements about us. We all worked, did our best with what we had, but Love's hand saved us. The world will never know what that siege cost, nor how that cost will bless humanity. The Christian world did its loving work and carried its rich life blood with it. I often question why a siege must still rage against us; why the home press fires its cartridges at us. Mr. Conger often says to me, "Never mind; we have no time to fear them, or strive to dodge them. We have important work to do. 'Truth will out,' sometime." I never saw any one put away falsehoods so completely, and march right on, as he does. This attitude saves him. He knows what he has done, and what he is now trying to do. There are persecutions akin to persecutions of the physical body; these are persecutions of character with malicious intent to kill — the latter are more dastardly than the former.

The foreign Ministers are faithfully at work striving to formulate a peace document to present to Prince Ch'ing and Viceroy Li Hung Chang. These two strong men represent the Chinese Empire here. Each foreign nation has its individual interests differing from those of other nations, and each also has its individual methods of working; hence the progress is slow and most difficult. The nations are coming nearer together in sympathy and in thought, than ever before, and they cannot now afford to encourage the Chinese by dissensions among themselves; they must stand as a unit. They manifest remarkably good feeling. May the Hand of Right guide them, bless-

ing all humanity. Mr. Conger's heart is in his work, and his mind is free from the thought of revenge. He receives from his home Government rich encouragement for his successful work.

We are exceedingly grateful for our home, which was marvellously saved from the flames and from man's raging storms. But no one can imagine how difficult it is to get things to eat and things to make us comfortable; let alone the things to beautify and make our homes attractive.

[TO A FRIEND]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
November 25, 1900.

I TRULY appreciate your letter, for well do I know that your time is full of the many important duties of your work. That you deem it one of your pleasures to write to Peking, makes me very grateful. Ever since August 14 we have been receiving from both continents multiplied messages from loved ones, from old and new heart-friends, and from friends whom we have never seen. God alone opened the door for these rich messages to enter.

The hours of testing, perplexing work have not by any means passed. The siege was a bomb that burst into the whole world, and most trying times are upon us. Let us hold fast and pray as never before that patience, forbearance, good will, charity, wisdom, understanding, and love may do their good work and bring about a just settlement, with its stability in Right. The nations are in many ways doing wonders; may these wonders multiply and scatter the dark clouds that cast their dense shadows.



VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG, ONE OF THE NEGOTIATORS
IN 1900

With a better understanding than ever before the world is battling for right, and it must not halt; now is the mighty hour, even though discouragements come thick and fast. Falsehoods come in from many quarters and have a tendency to place far in the future the settlement between China and the nations. But through all the bright sun is still shining, the clouds come and go, and the eleven Ministers stand together. They are exercising great patience and are giving diligent labor to the formulating of a document of reconciliation. Something is being accomplished and the Governments are giving their Ministers patient assistance. Our Government gives Mr. Conger much encouragement and freedom of action; this makes him cautious and watchful. President McKinley and Mr. Conger were staunch friends as colleagues in Congress, and that friendship has never lost its life but has grown into broader branchings. The expressions of trust and encouragement received from Secretary Hay — diplomat, statesman, nobleman, and true friend — have been strength to Mr. Conger. The foreign Ministers in Peking are workers. I am so situated as to know much of their quiet work. There was no moment for them to stop their labors before the siege, during the siege, nor is there now. These eleven Ministers are compelled to be patient, cautious, and diplomatic in their intercourse with one another, in order to clear the rocks and sail harmoniously together.

The Emperor, Empress Dowager, and their Court will not return to Peking this Winter; apparently they cannot. Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang are authorized to negotiate with the nations.

[TO A NEPHEW]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,
December 12, 1900.

HOW time does hurry to increase the number of days behind us, and how many pages of history is it storing!

We are becoming well acquainted with the American and British officers, and they add much to our pleasure. The girls are on their ponies nearly every day and are truly thankful that they did not leave Peking directly after the siege was raised. The horrors of the siege have been allayed by the bright joys of the past two months. General Chaffee and the other officers are always thoughtful of our comfort and are continuously adding to our pleasure.

On the tenth of October Li Hung Chang arrived in Peking. This encouraged decisive diplomatic work. After a short stay in Tientsin the Russian Minister, with his Legation, was ordered by his Government to return to Peking. None of the other powers left Peking. The Fourteenth American Infantry left Peking for Manila with marked formality. All parts of our army here united in escorting this regiment out of the city. Mr. Conger and a British General led the escort. These men, with the allied forces, came to our relief on August 14. Through rain and heat, dust and high grain, forced marches and severe firing, they marched on and on to the very walls of Peking. These walls they scaled; they opened the barred gates, and with other armies moved on through them; they passed under the Water Gate, on into the British Legation and rescued the besieged. They are heroes. May they march on in safety to other glories. Our

sincere gratitude, fond remembrance, and earnest prayers go with them. Few comprehend the depth of feeling that the rescued holds toward the rescuer.

There are most heartrending accounts coming to us of the fate of the missionaries in Paoting Fu and other parts of the interior. When the enraged brute propensities dominate man's intelligence, they make a hell of suffering. In some instances the Boxers took these Christian martyrs and tied one foot to one hand, hung them on a pole, and two men carried them about. At times they would tie their two feet and their two hands together and men would carry them hanging on a pole. One set of Boxers under orders to kill, would take them a long distance, then tell them, "We have orders to kill you, but we can't do it. We will let you go and look out for yourselves." Soon another set of Boxers would overtake them; then followed more travel and persecution. Others were disgracefully and cruelly treated, then slashed and beheaded with shameful ceremonies of savagery. Some were fastened in their homes, then the buildings were set on fire. No one was allowed to escape from the consuming flames. These are only illustrations of the most horrible treatment given the foreign Christians.

The native converts received, if possible, even worse treatment. An illustration of the superstitious fear of the Boxers is shown in the case of a child of four years. Little Paul Wang, a child of one of the native Christians, had two sword wounds, one spear wound, and was thrown into the fire three times. He manifested such tenacity of life that the leading Boxers bowed to him, and turned him over to the village elders, saying that Buddha was protecting him. Is it strange that human indignation

cries out in its agony for bloodshed in return for these horrible outrages? But the Christian heart knows that the eternal, immutable law of justice prevails. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." But, oh, how our hearts ache!

An expedition of English, French, German, and American officers went into the interior to Paoting Fu and other places to rout and destroy the Boxers. No guns were fired. One large army of Chinese soldiers saw our foreign troops coming, and did not attempt to fight. They said, "We will neither fight nor run," and they did not. It is not the policy of the allied forces to take prisoners, as they cannot care for them. No one was harmed and peace reigned.

Just as soon as possible after the siege was raised, the hospital in the British Legation was removed, and each nationality took its own sick and wounded. Then Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge, of the American Legation, gave up their bright, airy drawing-room to Captain Myers and Dr. Lippet, as a hospital, and crowded themselves into very small quarters, as much of their building was badly shattered by shot and shell. This was quietly done, without one word in regard to discomfort; they never tell of their sacrifices, nor of their good deeds. Two lady physicians, Dr. Leonard and Dr. Mackey, turned nurses and devotedly cared for Captain Myers and Dr. Lippet.

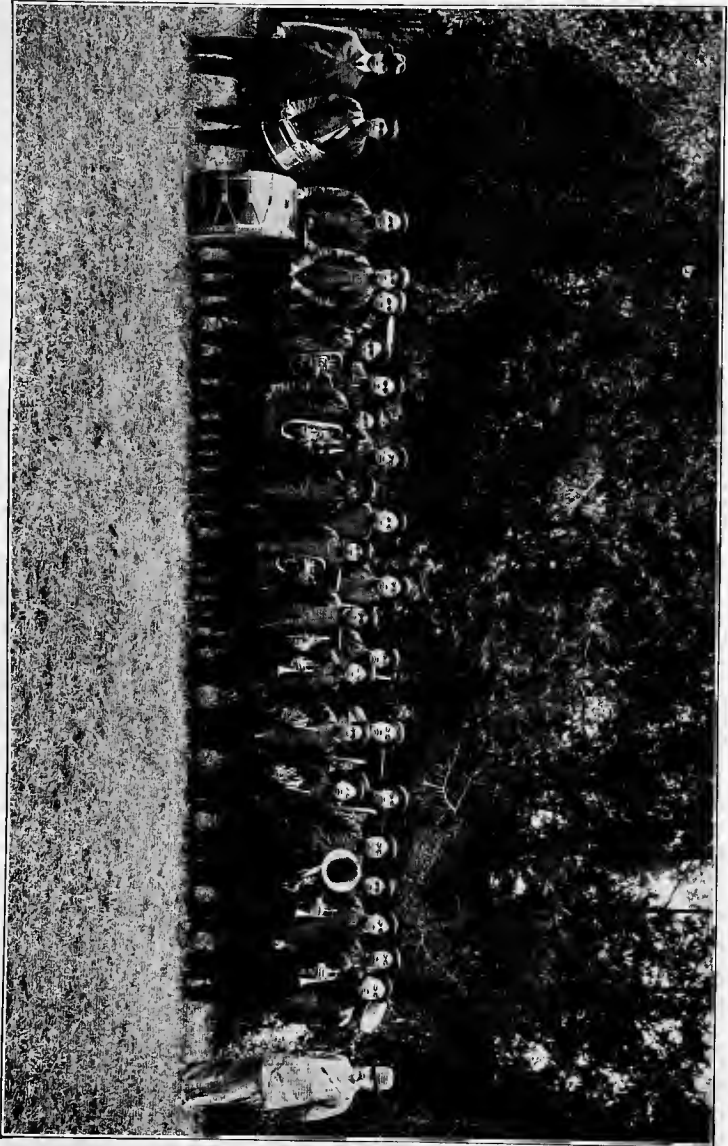
For their rescue and protection, the Christian Chinese are showing their gratitude to the foreign Ministers and army generals in unique and impressive ways. These expressions are very different from those that other nationalities would give. The banners they leave I will take

home with me; but the well-dressed, bright-looking bearers with their grateful sayings, and the long procession of men with banners, decorated palanquins, and tables loaded with ornamented trays of fruits, cakes, nuts, and sweets, and the impressive ceremonies of these occasions, I can only carry in living mind-pictures. Some day I will try to tell you of them.

On the eighth we were invited out to the American camp at the Temple of Agriculture, to witness a flag raising and to tiffin with General Chaffee and other officers. The infantry formed on the east of the large open marble altar; the cavalry, mounted, on the south; the artillery on the west, and the band on the north, with the officers who were conducting the ceremonies. At twelve o'clock the band began to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." Every one was on his feet, heads were uncovered, and the flag began to rise. Up, up, up, it steadily and slowly went, and when the last note sounded, it was at the top. Thrilling cheers greeted it in its triumphant waving. Many nations have great respect for their national airs, and will always rise to their feet and with bared heads stand while they are being played or sung. There is no nation that should have the united respect of its people more than the United States of America. Why should not one and all of us — men, women, and children — rise to our feet at the first sounded note of our national air, thus showing respect due our great country? The other day two Russian soldiers entered a well-to-do Chinese home and went through it, looting, and insulting the women and children. The husband and father protested, but to no account. Finally, he brought out a piccolo and began to play the Russian national air.

The two men dropped all of their loot, stopped their bad behavior, and became men of honor. They stood erect and silent before this musician and listened to his sweet music. When the last note was sounded, they saluted and passed out into the street empty-handed. Every nation and every individual has a note in the rhythm of life, which, if struck, peals forth its sweet melody and the brotherhood of man is heard and felt. I asked a Russian Grand Duke the meaning of this great respect for their national air, a respect I had not noted among other nations. He replied, "It is a prayer."

You may ask how this Chinese knew Russian music. In Peking, there is an English gentleman, well known, and beloved by both foreigners and Chinese. This gentleman is Sir Robert Hart, Inspector General of the Chinese Customs. His firm friendship manifested in generosity of thought and action endears him to all who know him. He is a lover of music and believes in its good influence. He formed a Chinese band of forty pieces, hired these men, paid their instructor, bought their fine instruments, music, uniforms, and everything pertaining to a good band, then invited foreigners to lawn parties, outdoor concerts, dances in his ball-room, dinners, and Wednesday "at homes." When the siege came upon us, Sir Robert, with the other foreigners, was compelled to flee for his life from his beautiful home, gardens, and all his belongings, to the British Legation. His band men fled far and near. This Chinese with his piccolo was one of these men. Truly no good thought nor act is ever lost. I said to Sir Robert, "If there were no other harvest from the wealth you have put into that



SIR ROBERT HART AND HIS BAND

band, the saving of that Chinese family was harvest rich enough." He smiled and his heart spoke through his eyes.

On the sixteenth, Li Hung Chang came to see Mr. Conger. After his official call, he asked to see the ladies, and remained about thirty minutes. He seemed to think eating horse meat during the siege quite a joke and talked and laughed about it. He thought we should forget eating horse meat now. We told him that it was not our food that we remembered with feeling, but the killing of our people, and the effort on the part of his countrymen to take our lives. He said a private decree had been sent to him by Their Majesties with regard to the punishments of the leaders of this great uprising. He told the substance and said that he would send a copy. The punishments are too insignificant even to be thought of, let alone being considered.

Li Hung Chang said to Mr. Conger, "I wish you would use your influence with your colleagues, and persuade them to think that these punishments are sufficient for my people." Mr. Conger replied, "I must first persuade myself that they are sufficient before I can use my influence with my colleagues in that direction." Li Hung Chang looks quite well and seems no weaker than when he called a year ago. He surely has a mighty problem on his hands to solve for his country. He could not take much comfort or encouragement from this Legation to-day.

The British are bringing the railroad through the city wall up to the front entrance of the Temple of Heaven. There are hundreds of coolies making the grade. Two coolies with a pole carry between them less than a bushel basket of dirt and empty it upon the grade. This man-

labor takes much time. From this opening in the city wall to the old station, the railroad seems to be in almost a direct line and passes through a very old and large Chinese burial ground. There are hosts of coolies at work removing large coffins and small ones of stone and metal. In thousands of cases, the coffins cannot be moved or have become disintegrated; so baskets are filled with the bones; each basket is marked with the name, and all are carried to long, deep trenches, in which they are placed. As the Chinese reverence their ancestors, and twice a year devotedly make pilgrimages to worship and offer sacrifices at their tombs, this railroad work of the foreigner must be to them a most heartrending affair. The railroad could have gone a little to the right or left of this large, old cemetery.

I have much sympathy for the Chinese, and yet I do not in any way uphold them nor excuse them in their fiendish cruelty. They have given the foreigner the most sorrowful, most degrading, and most revengeful treatment that their fiendish ideas can conceive. But the facts remain the same; China belongs to the Chinese, and she never wanted the foreigner upon her soil. The foreigner would come, force his life upon the Chinese, and here and there break a cog of the wheels that run their Government so systematically. Even if we grant that China's condition has been improved by these invasions, what right has the foreigner to enter this domain unbidden and unwelcomed? The foreigner has forced himself, his country, his habits, and his productions upon China, always against a strong protest. It kept getting worse for China, and she recognized the fact. At length, in one last struggle, she rose in her mistaken

might to wipe the foreigner and his influence from her land. Could we, after taking these facts home to ourselves, blame the Chinese for doing what they could to get rid of what they considered an obnoxious pest that was undermining the long-established customs of their entire country? Their methods, however, are most lamentable. It seems to have been the thought from the beginning of this Chinese uprising to wipe out completely the foreigner and all his invading thoughts and works. The Chinese seemed willing to make untold sacrifices to accomplish this end.

The foreigner has never lost sight of the fact that the Chinese officials wished to show them all the concealed disrespect that they dared; but, to what extent, they did not guess until now. Heretofore, the foreign Ministers, on their official visits to His Majesty, have been escorted through a side or back gate and received in a simple, inferior throne room, poorly furnished, and arranged for this special occasion. Since the raising of the siege, the foreigner has been passing through the front gates and has entered most beautiful throne buildings with Imperial furnishings. They are elaborate, attractive, and rich in their Oriental beauty, color, and grandeur. The Tsung Li Yamen is a dirty, cheerless, barren building, where the Chinese officials receive the foreign Ministers. All this goes to show the contempt with which the Chinese regard the foreigner.

To divide China among the nations would mean wars and a standing army large and strong. The bitterness of the Chinese would grow deeper and more active, and they would sting their venom into the foreigner with a poison not yet calculated.

[TO A FRIEND]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
December 13, 1900.

THE siege was a reign of terror to those here and elsewhere. The world felt the spell, and the united prayers of all the nations and creeds were wafted upward in despair of mortal power to save. These upward thoughts scattered the dark clouds, and saving Love smiled through.

The foreign Ministers are continuously and diligently working to adjust matters on a peace basis. Thus far, there has been no serious clashing; the progress is necessarily slow, but it bids fair to come to harmonious adjustment. After the Ministers with careful thought and work have come together on certain points, there are eleven Governments back of them to approve or reject.

Mr. Conger never had his hours crowded so full of important questions upon which he must not make mistakes. We cannot, as yet, hope for a visit home, but we greatly wish that we might return in the Spring. The city has been cleaned by the allied troops. Each army seems to vie with the others in keeping its allotted portions of the city as though on dress parade. The harmony existing between the different armies is remarkable. The little difficulties that might, under other circumstances, grow into big ones are soon settled. We sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when China will be the ruling power in Peking and in the entire North as well as in the South of this vast, rich, old Empire. The Court is hundreds of miles away at Sian Fu. May Truth and Right show us the way!

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

December 31, 1900.

ONE of these swift coming and going days was the greatest of the whole year — the Christ Day! How we did think of the loved ones across the great waters! We were content in the thought that you were all giving thanks and rejoicing with glad hearts. We hoped that our love greetings had taken to you good cheer from us. These small gifts were so freighted with love and good wishes that I am very sure their fairy wings took them over difficulties and caused them to reach you in time for the Christmas feast. We had very little to do with here, but thought and planning caused that little to do much. To each missionary, to the hospital nurses, and others, I sent a card bearing a Christmas thought. To each of the wards in the hospitals I sent flowers; and faithful Wang, our first boy, helped me to make wreaths and crosses, which we tenderly placed upon the graves of the brave men who fell in our defence. When General Chaffee came into the Legation on Christmas Day, he saw the flowers upon the graves in our garden, and when he entered the house, he warmly took my hand in both of his and feelingly said, "Thank you for these beautiful flowers that you have placed upon the graves of my men." This was enough. It does not take much, after all, to touch the heart and make it thankful.

There are many American soldiers buried in the cemetery at the Temple of Agriculture. All are to be removed to their own dear land and loved ones. Our Government has already begun the work at Tientsin.

I must tell you of a beautiful and valuable gift presented to Mr. Conger by the Protestant Chinese Christians in gratitude for what he had done for them. On the twenty-fourth, foreign representatives of different missions came with many of their native Christians, who were bearing an elegant tablet, resting upon a large catafalque, and sheltered by canopies of embroidered satins. This catafalque was carried upon large red poles by many men. This beautiful tablet came bearing respect and gratitude to Mr. Conger for the sympathy he had shown them and the help he had given them. One of the Chinese pastors made some very bright, pointed, and feeling remarks in presenting this tablet. The tablet is too large for a private home; therefore Mr. Conger has chosen for its place of keeping his Alma Mater, Lombard College, at Galesburg, Illinois. It is a beautiful thing of itself, and the thought most beautiful that manifested it. It is made of the hard teak-wood, elegantly carved, then gilded with gold leaf; the fine Chinese characters it bears tell its story.

The Chinese gifts to Mr. Conger of umbrellas with all their trappings are unique, interesting, and some are exceedingly attractive and beautiful in their Oriental gorgeousness. We shall try to take some of them home with us complete. To take a part of each gift and not the whole would be a broken story, for every part has its bearing on every other part.

On December twenty-fourth, a wonderful document, the Joint Note of the nations, was finished and handed by the Ministers to the Chinese representatives, Prince Ch'ing and Viceroy Li Hung Chang, in joint meeting. Now the Chinese Government has it to ponder, to accept, or to reject.

To-day, December thirtieth, the rejoicings of December twenty-fourth are greatly increased. A reply has come back that the Chinese Government will accept the terms of peace given them by the nations in the Joint Note. They ask only for a few explanations, which signify little.

[TO A FRIEND]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

January 5, 1901.

YOUR two excellent letters I have received, and they have had their sincere welcome. Your poem, we truly enjoyed; we have looked for it in print, but have not yet seen it. By this time, you are at home in Washington, and I trust are having a happy winter.

Affairs here are progressing, and changes come in many ways for the better. I will write to you of our army hospitals, as your Red Cross points to a living interest in that direction. I have been through them twice since you left us. They are an honor to our people and a home of comfort and plenty to the brave soldiers who are in them. Neatness, cleanliness, and warmth characterize every part. They have plenty of sunlight and fresh air, good beds, sheets, pillowcases, warm blankets, towels, and other necessities. The patients have warm, proper food to eat, and the six women nurses are reported as doing good work. Those in charge speak in high terms of them.

What a wonderful education the past year has given to the different peoples brought together in Peking! I often recall your visit and our long, earnest talks. They gave me an insight into your unselfish work of love to

allay the suffering of the sick in hospitals. The great sacrifices you make do not seem to be sacrifices to you, because your heart's love is in your thought and action. But, dear girl, meet the rebuffs with a brave heart and do not let them for one moment discourage you.

Strange world, is n't it? So much climbing to do, and so many thorns to avoid! After all, the bright Morning Star is ever shining to light us on our way, and we often hear the sweet melody of good cheer for work well done.

Our house is still full. Every room is occupied. General Chaffee is in his own quarters now, and delightfully entertains his own people and others.

The confidence that the Chinese have in the American army is surely a compliment to our officers. Colonel Wint has just returned from an expedition into the country. The natives fled as he and his men approached them, but, when they learned who they were, they remained in the villages, brought food to them, and formed long lines with buckets of water for the cavalry horses.

When the Chinese merchants and business men returned to Peking with their goods, they first crowded into the Japanese quarters, as they believed most in their friendship and protection. When these streets became far too full for comfort, the Japanese told them that they must go to some other parts of the city. They at once flocked to the American quarters, filled its streets, and here they remain. We cannot longer call Peking a deserted city. The Chinese are gaining more confidence, and so are we; but we cannot know what would be the effect if our armies were withdrawn. It is the thought

of many that it would be better for the larger part of the armies to be taken away.

The humane way in which our army has treated the Chinese has been a bright star in America's crown. No one who is not here and in the work can understand what it means for many nations with their armies to be in a land without a head. You know the Throne of China was deserted, and no power was left to sustain and protect her people.

[TO A SISTER]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,
February 6, 1901.

THE wonderful Joint Note is signed by the foreign Ministers. Happy is the day — clouds are lifting! May the sunshine of this day pass down through the coming ages. After intense anxiety and much patient diplomatic work among colleagues and their nations, a great work is done.

The different armies of the allied forces in Peking are vying with one another in their Grand Reviews. They are at their best — superb — all of them!

January 13. Six months to-day since the fearful battle at Tientsin and the taking of the city by foreign troops. Our American officers say that America has not seen such a fearful battle since the Civil War.

January 16. To-day the Joint Note was returned to the foreign Ministers officially signed by the Chinese Government. Now the work of the Protocol will begin. This detail work may be long and tedious. Our thoughts turn homeward.

January 24. The sad cablegram was received to-day

that Her Majesty, the Queen of England, died January twenty-second at three o'clock. The whole world grieves. A beautiful, long life of usefulness glows anew, and will never lose its lustre.

February 2. Burial services were read in the chapel at the British Legation for "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India." The same services were also read at the Imperial Palace grounds. The eight nations were represented by their armies in full dress — an imposing sight full of respect and honor.

The Diplomats are watchful, and acknowledge in many ways the respect and good will of the sisterhood of nations. Congratulations or condolences are invariably extended, and they often bear a concealed olive branch.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

February 25, 1901.

AS you seem to appreciate dates with their events, I turn to my diary.

On February sixth, General Chaffee received a cablegram that he had been promoted to a Major General in the regular army, and on February ninth we gave a dinner to twenty Americans in honor of Major General Chaffee. While standing at the table, Mr. Conger proposed a toast to "The President of the United States," and when dinner was half over, a toast to "Major General Chaffee." As you are always interested in what he says, I will give you the substance of his remarks:

"Authentic information has been received that the



FOREIGN MINISTERS WHO SIGNED THE JOINT NOTE, FEBRUARY 6, 1901

Left to right: Major E. H. Conger (U. S. A.), Marquis J. Salvago Raggi (Italy), M. De Giers (Russia), Baron d'A. de Wasserwass (France), Don B. J. de Cologan (Spain), Sir E. Satow (Great Britain), Baron Nissi (Jaran), Baron M. C. de Wallton (Austria-Hungary), M. N. Joostens (Belgium), Dr. von Mumm (German").

(By Permission)

President, recognizing the merit of one of our most distinguished soldiers, has conferred upon him the Stars of a Major General in the regular army.

“This is not only a recognition of his eminent public service by the President personally, but, speaking for all the people of the United States, it is an expression of their high appreciation of his loyal, patriotic, and splendid service to them and to the country.

“General Chaffee has come into his own, and his friends, whose name is legion, will all say Amen.

“None, anywhere, can felicitate him more heartily than do his friends gathered around this table to-night. Yes, I will make a single exception. There is one who I am certain will enjoy the promotion more than any one here. She is even now smiling through her glad tears, and sending him on the wings of mental telepathy a loving message, which is this moment being registered by his own quick heartbeats.

“She has watched with loving interest this evolution of a Major General; has seen with justifiable pride a small bar appear in each end of his shoulder straps; she has seen these doubled; then replaced by golden leaves; and then observed these, like the hair on her hero's head, turn to silver; has witnessed these in turn driven out by the proud American eagle. Now he is dethroned, and two brilliant stars will henceforth permanently take his place. Methinks, I can hear this woman's glad rejoicing. Will you not all join me in extending congratulations to the wife of General Chaffee?

“General Chaffee, you have been greatly honored, but forty years of such splendid service as yours deserves even greater rewards. To have fought with Grant in

the Wilderness; to have stood for years, like a stone wall, between savages and the pioneers of the West; to have won the victory at El Caney and made the salvation of Cuba possible; to have hastened half-way around the world, compelled an immediate movement of the allied forces from Tientsin, battered down the gates and scaled the walls of Peking, and with the heroic efforts of brave men, saved the beleaguered prisoners from a terrible death, is worth a dozen stars.

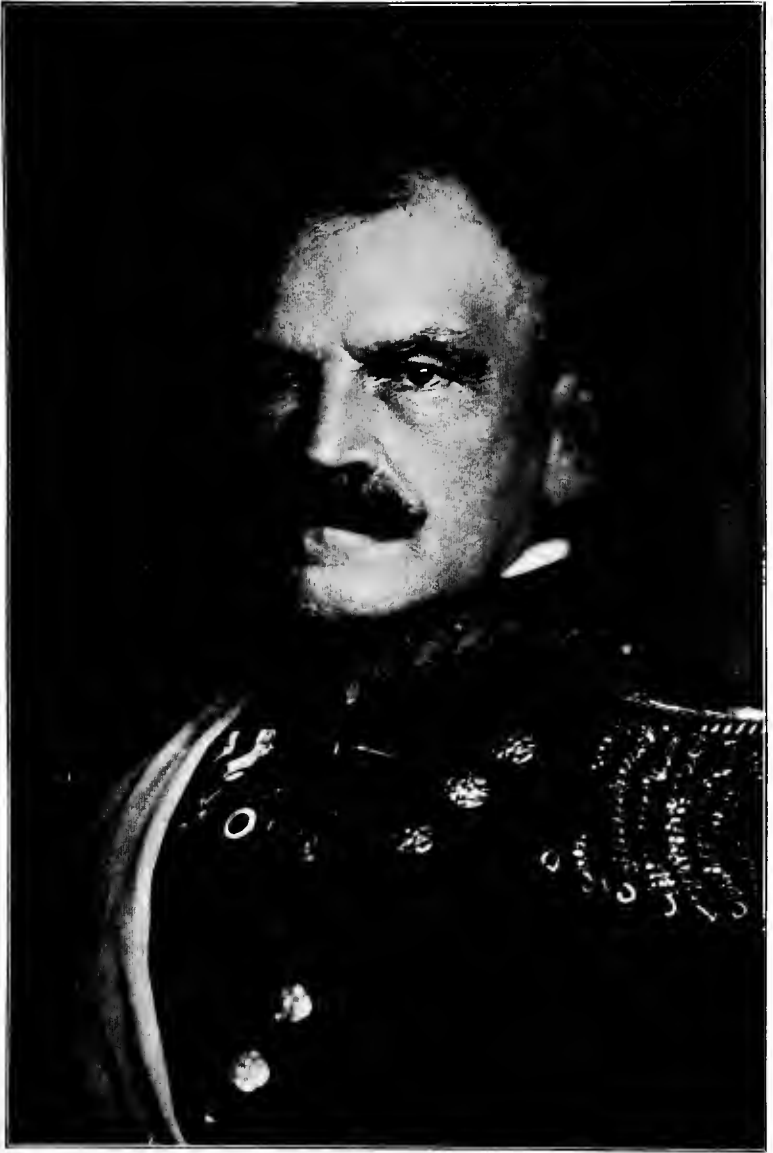
“The President has made no mistake, and both he and the country are to be generously congratulated.

“I ask you, my friends, to rise and join me in this toast to our distinguished guest, Major General Adna R. Chaffee, great soldier and good friend. May his new stars lead him to heights to which his eagles could never carry him, and may prosperity and happiness attend him to the end.”

Major General Chaffee was at his best, and all seemed happy. He climbed to this height from the ranks; and we all rejoice with him.

February 23. Mr. Conger cabled to the State Department to-day asking a leave of absence. He has been here three years without rest; he has remained through the coming of the troubles, the climax of them, and until the negotiations are well started. The Joint Note has been completed and signed, and the Protocol begun.

February 24. A welcome cablegram came to-day, and we are all rejoicing. We are going home! Many of the Diplomats and others have brought us their congratulations. We shall soon be with you and other loved ones and dear friends.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, U. S. A.

(By Permission)

[TO A NIECE]

STEAMSHIP, *March 29, 1901.*

WE left Peking on March eleventh and remained over night at Tientsin. Consul Ragsdale took us for a long drive and pointed out the places made historic by the fearful engagement of last summer.

The battles at Tientsin were terrific. The Chinese showed courage beyond the imagination of those who know them best. They were determined, fought bravely, and put the foreign armies to a bitter test. The walls of the Native City are being levelled to the ground for a boulevard. This must be a sickening sight to the Chinese. Ta Ku, by order of the foreigner, is bereft of her forts. We spent a few days in Shanghai, then went to Hong Kong. Captain Green invited us to the bridge to see the beautiful bay. As we were weaving the big ship among the hilly islands, the scene before us was most beautiful. We were cordially entertained in this British port. Captain McCalla received us on board the *Newark*. All the salutes and attentions that could be shown a Minister were extended. Some of the marines who were in siege with us were on board, and we were truly glad to see them. After two days' stay in Hong Kong we sailed for Canton. What can I say more than you read in books about this wonderful place? This ancient, thrifty, unique, massive, condensed city fascinates me. Everything here is Cantonese. Each of the great cities of China stands out from all the others with its own individuality. In visiting Shanghai, we see Shanghai only, not Tientsin, nor Peking, nor Canton. The interior cities also have their own peculiar individuality, their

own industries, and their own dialect. The written character with its meaning, however, remains the same throughout the entire Empire. The seeker for information finds it at every step in China, and this information is so varied that it becomes intensely interesting.

I am in the land of the so-called heathen. We have been taught that a heathen is superstition, cruelty, and ignorance personified. But I find that these characteristics, in a degree, can be traced in what are called the enlightened Christian nations, in individuals composing those nations, and in myself.

One of the richest lessons I have learned in the Far East is to endeavor to root out of my own character what I condemn in the character of others; and to water and carefully nurture the little tendrils in my own living that I admire and commend in others. This I call striking at the root.

The foreign settlement in Canton is on an island and is barred from the city at night by a locked gate. This island has large buildings two and three stories high with broad verandas. The climate and vegetation are quite tropical. Broad streets, palms and other fine trees, beautiful flowers, shrubs, lawns, parks, gardens, and shady paved streets combine to welcome the foreigner and give him an attractive home.

There is no way to traverse the very narrow streets of Canton except in chairs or on foot. Some of them are not over six feet wide; others are from eight to ten feet in width. The buildings are from two to four stories high. Little shrines are at the doorway of each shop, and the streets are gay with bright, fancy, hanging signs. No animals are seen in the city, as all labor is done by men

and women. Women work here on boats and in the streets, a thing which they seldom do in North China.

Our trips are most interesting. Each shop has its specialty of silver, carved woods, ivory, embroideries, silks, drawnwork, feather ornaments, jewelry, fans, porcelains, brasses, curios, fireworks, linens, shoes, clothing, markets of meat, and markets of vegetables.

When we were visiting one of the large temples, our Chinese guide told us of many of the religious forms which had been handed down through the centuries. I will tell you of one in which we were deeply interested because it was entirely new to us. We came to a large Buddha with all its belongings, and added to these were "Fortune Blocks," two blocks shaped like a long-necked gourd cut in halves. These halves were placed together by the person who came to have his fortune told, then dropped upon the floor in front of the Buddha. If the flat sides were down, that was good fortune. If one was down and the other up, it was half good luck; if both were up this indicated bad luck. They do this three times, and if the favor of the god is with them, they undertake to carry out their desire; if against them, they abandon it. The guide illustrated the custom in this way; "I wish to take some trip or enter upon some business enterprise. I go to this Buddha and take these blocks and pray this Buddha for his hearing; then I drop them. What this Buddha tells me through these blocks I believe to be true and listen to him."

The Consul took us to see three pirates in cages. These prisoners were in the streets where they could be seen while being tortured. They are compelled to stand with toes barely touching the floor, and are tied up by their

hair and in other ways. Their hands are chained together. Each cage is just tall enough and wide enough for one man. They remain in them all day, but are let out at night, though still kept in close confinement. Some are sentenced for six months, others for a year, for many years, or for life, and still others are sentenced to starve. The object is to make the punishment equal to the crime. It is said that Li Hung Chang, although severe, wrought a good work here in behalf of law and order. It was with deep interest that we visited this wonderful old city with its strange temples, guilds, shops, and narrow streets. The inhabitants of Canton seem to be a good class of Chinese; they are industrious and thrifty.

There are many unspoken and unwritten thoughts in my mind about the Chinese. While I repudiate and abhor many of their customs, thoughts, and deeds, I truly admire many of their characteristics. The foreigner has proved to be an obnoxious invader. In return, the Chinese are revengeful. The punishment, according to their laws, is no more than equal to the crime. The foreigner would do the same thing, only differing in methods. It is a war of ideas, in which each is striving to sustain his own. China, with her long-established wheels within wheels all working together, does not wish to have the foreign nations touch and disarrange this systematic working. There is a broad, deep gulf between China and other nations. Foreign nations seem determined to change the granite customs of China, and China struggles for their preservation. What will the outcome be? This generation cannot answer this question.

Mr. Lee Chee and the American Consul made arrangements for us to visit the home of one of the highest man-

darins, a most influential and wealthy Cantonese Taotai, and to dine with him. At half-past six o'clock we started into the dark Native City in our chairs, with an escort of soldiers bearing torches. The gates along our extended journey were opened on our approach and immediately closed behind us. Everything looked weird; the men standing around their dim lights looked suspicious. It was a dismal, dreary sight. The narrow streets looked more narrow with their limited, flickering lights. Our many lanterns and torches were ahead of us, on the sides, and behind. Each ward of the city has a gate, which is locked at night. These were opened for us to pass, then closed again. After a ride of about forty-five minutes, we reached the palatial home of this official. We passed through many courts and stopped in a large one at the door of a building leading to the drawing-room building. We are told that this Mr. Chow Tung Sang is Justice of the Peace. As merchant and banker he stands among the most wealthy men of South China. As we entered the large *p'eng* court filled with many chairs, Mr. Lee Chee met us and introduced us to Mr. Chow and his wealthy mandarin brothers. They escorted us into the ancestral hall, gorgeous with its tablets and belongings. Here we were presented to Mrs. Chow, and tea was served. Their little fourteen-year-old son entered and was introduced. Later we were introduced to their eleven daughters. All had exceedingly small, bound feet. They were all richly dressed in bright colors and elegant ornaments. The scene was bewildering in its beauty. Their faces seemed to be almost enameled in white, and then daintily painted in red, with a deep red spot upon the lower lip. We were invited into Mrs. Chow's private apartments.

These were astonishingly beautiful with rich carvings, embroidered hangings, and the richest of Chinese furnishings. We were informed that this was the first time that foreigners had ever entered these private rooms. This visit was unfolding rare pages of Chinese culture and home life. There were many rooms, and all were harmoniously clothed in elegant grandeur. With modest, quiet demeanor, these sealed doors were opened to the foreigner. We were then escorted into a theatre and seated at a dinner table in front of the stage. The stage was well lighted with gas, and both stage and costumes were gorgeous, brilliant, and rich. The play, a special one for the American Minister, was the story of the promotion of a high official to still higher honors as a reward for notable services. The star performers came first upon the stage to give the Minister and his party a welcome and to extend good wishes. Mr. Lee Chee kindly interpreted the play in its advancing stages. The people, surroundings, music, singing, acting, costumes, stage — everything, formed a brilliant, harmonious whole. Back of everything the Chinese do is a meaning which asks for a response. Foreigners do not know the language of these long-time customs, and seemingly disregard the polite harmony so clear to the Chinese. It grieves me not to be able to express to them my appreciation and gratitude when they show respect and honor. They have established systems of etiquette which do not change. These they teach thoroughly to the young. In all classes, they know what they are expected to do under different circumstances, and strict adherence to these rules of etiquette is almost sure to bring good results. The Chinese ladies were above us in an open veranda. There

were many other tables in the room, and seated at these were other Chinese officials. We remained until half-past ten. We were privileged to take our departure when we wished, but the Chinese remain all night at these notable feasts.

When the play was ended, the one for the American Minister, we were shown through other apartments furnished with the finest Chinese productions. The son bade us good-bye at the table. Mrs. Chow came out again and cordially and politely extended her good wishes. The daughters we did not meet again. I need not assure you that our evening was a delight to us.

Marked honors were shown the American Minister here as elsewhere in our trips, as China has great respect for our Government. We carry many treasures from Canton in hand, mind, and heart.

Happy, happy farewell to the strange old city!

At Hong Kong, Sir Henry and Lady Blake entertained us at dinner. Sir Henry is the Governor General of this British island. When dinner was about half over, Sir Henry and all arose and drank to the health of the British King. He said that it has been customary the world over, where England reigns, to drink to the health of the much beloved Queen, now to the King. They have a fixed hour for all to show this respect and honor. In this way, each hour of the twenty-four, he is remembered. We bowed assent, as we realized that the sun never sets on the British domain. A beautiful custom, to remember with good cheer the ruler of one's country.

Admiral Kempff sent a launch, and we visited the great *Kentucky*, one of our best warships. It is mighty in its power, and its mechanism is wonderful. The playing of

the band, the salutes of men and guns, the official attentions, the perfect order and cleanliness of the great ship, all bear a dignified grandeur. As our launch moved out, the vessel began to fire her many guns in honor of the American Minister, who stood with head uncovered in view of the ship until the last gun was given. As we left Hong Kong and passed out of the bay and by the *Kentucky*, the band played, and our flag was dipped three times to the American Minister. Captain Green of our steamer *Nippon* hoisted the American flag and dipped a response.

We are now truly homeward bound.

[TO A NEPHEW]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

December 20, 1901.

I HAVE returned later than Mr. Conger from our delightful visit to our home land, and I am now with him in Peking. Our Legation home extends its warm welcome.

You ask about preparation for work. My revered father used to say, "Remember there is always a chance for him who prepares himself for a chance." This preparation is made by working from principle. Uniformly and steadfastly stand for it in all your living. Principle is so imperative that we cannot mock it if we try. Your opponents, or those not of your opinion, will respect your honesty. If we are dishonest to principle, we belittle ourselves in our own sight and we cannot do our best. One writer, in speaking of China, says:

"We are inclined to measure this people by a yard-stick of our own construction, the model of which is formed in our-

selves. They are right or wrong, wise or unwise, according as they copy or depart from the fashion which we have arbitrarily set up, the ideals formed within the essentially narrow limits of our personal surroundings."

This yard-stick has not the principle of which I am speaking.

The American marines, our first guards, arrived in Peking in November, 1898, and remained until March, 1899. These men were in every way an honor to our country and an honor to themselves. They were permitted and trusted to go out into the city, and they never abused that liberty. When they left Peking Mr. Conger wrote for them a strong letter of recommendation to Admiral Dewey at Manila. To-day, in talking with Mr. G., one of the missionaries, he said, "The marines told me that they were delighted over the letter Mr. Conger wrote to Admiral Dewey about them, and that they should not be surprised if Mr. Conger shook hands with them when they left." Mr. Conger did not know of this thought, but, as they were standing in line just before starting, he stepped in front of them and spoke a few words of good cheer and good-bye and shook hands with each man. They were pleased, as it is not a common thing for a foreign Minister to show such attention to men in the ranks. They gave three cheers for the American Minister and three cheers for the American Legation at Peking, then again three cheers for the foreign citizens at Peking. They carried away with them the good will and respect, not only of their countrymen, but of the community. Why? Because there was principle at heart. They had earned these prizes. They had prepared themselves to receive them.

How much has come into our experience since the departure of those men! It seems years ago. Other guards have come, fought, and died. Armies came and relieved us, and are here now. Only think of it! Eleven nations are working together for peace, and they are doing the work on foreign soil and in an enemy's city. Such a situation as this the world has never known. May better things come to China and to the foreign nations!

The old year is drawing to its close, and the Chinese are making great preparation for the coming of the new. "The Chinese year is lunar, the beginning being marked by the first new moon following the passage of the sun into the constellation of Aquarius, imposing limits of January twenty-first as the earliest date and February nineteenth as the latest." There are usually twelve moons in a Chinese year. Sometimes there are thirteen moons, then two moons bear the same number. Last year there were two eighth moons. This occurrence is considered by the Chinese as a bad omen. The burning of the tower over the Imperial gate was another bad omen. They feared their gods in 1900.

The Chinese celebrate the birthdays of their gods. As there are gods many, there are celebrations many. To illustrate: One night I noticed unusual lights, music, and feast-making in the stables. I asked my first boy, Wang, the occasion for this. He replied, "Mafoos celebrate birthday of god for stables. They ask god care for horses — care for work all year." It is a universal celebration among the mafoos. The cooks celebrate the birthday of the kitchen god. Thus it is through the long list of celebrations in honor of the gods to whom they look for help in their work.

I have never told you of our "chit-book" system; it helps us to know just what we are doing. We prepare our packages, write our notes, letters, or invitations, then take our "chit-book," a blank book for this purpose, and write the name and address of the one who is to receive this package or letter; we then ring the bell for the first boy. He places the Chinese address upon the package or letter, then starts a messenger off to deliver it. The receiver "chits" or checks it with his name, and back the "chit-book" comes to us and we know it is all right.

There is another messenger about which I am going to tell you. One of China's old-time customs is the use of carrier pigeons. These little things of beauty serve their masters well. Many important messages and business transactions have been entrusted to these birds, as they are trustworthy whether the distance be short or long. The merchants, brokers, and other business men gather at the Board of Trade very early in the morning. After they have learned the rate of exchange and other business, they fasten a message to the tail of the pigeon. Then, in order to frighten away the hawks, they choose a whistle from their almost endless variety, fasten it to the bird, and send this little messenger out to find its destination. These whistles are made of bamboo or gourds in many shapes, colors, and weights. Some are large with many low-toned pipes; others are small with higher tones. Some have many pipes like an organ and are artistically made. Early in the morning the air resounds with this musical chorus of myriads of piped whistles which are fastened upon the birds in such a way as to catch the wind. Each bird knows his

home and hastens to it. The messengers despatched, the master's work is done, and he chats with his friends over his cup of tea.

The Chinese formerly built for all time, and never with the thought of repairs. There is much in China to-day over twenty centuries old which proclaims the quality of their substantial building. The Great Wall of China, the Grand Canal, the arched bridges, the temple walls from three to four feet thick, the pagodas, the Great Bell still perfect in its fifth century, the wonderful astronomical instruments of the Peking Observatory, and many other structures tell a mighty story of the strength and cohesive power that builded them. After the large gateway was opened in the city wall above the Water Gate, it was necessary to remove an arched bridge which spanned the canal. This bridge was built of fine marble with many cemented and bolted layers. This cement and these metal bolts defied the power of blasting. They had been holding their place for five hundred years, and they challenged man to remove them. Only constant picking and blasting made the bridge yield. In a language of endurance it contested every inch of the invasion. Such qualities in the hearts and minds of a people forge a nation that is hard to rend asunder. What is the quality of the new "progress," about which we hear so much?

When will the pendulum of time stop its constant swinging, quiet its noisy ticking, and let eternity's low sweet voice be heard? Did you ever think if we tarry a moment and listen we can catch whisperings of this sweet silence even in this mortal living? Some do catch them, and these whisperings vitalize history and live

beyond any written word. Eternity's gift is the Now; eternity's light is ever silently sparkling in this Now; with an intuitive eye we recognize this Now; with delight we inhale the fragrance of this Now; with acuteness we hear the melody of this Now; with sensitiveness we feel this Now; and with gratitude we taste the joys of this Now. Eternity is mental, and eternity's gifts are mental. Recorded history is only the memory of the expressions of thought. Some of these thoughts bear so much of stable truth and eternal life in them that they stand the tests of time. The Bible is the Book of all books that proclaims most their stability. To-day, its every page glows for mankind as never before with the activity of Life, the joys of Truth, and the tender protection of Love.

May you enter this activity, taste these joys, and be conscious of this protection always.

[TO A SISTER]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,
March 9, 1902.

MY recent visit to a special service at the Lama Temple was full of interest. The service was a peace-offering to the god of peace and prosperity. With chanting and other music, about two hundred Lama priests entered the large hall of worship. In the centre, in front of the altar on which were burning candles and incense, sat the living representative of the long line of Lama priests. He was in his altar chair, and was dressed in rich robes. In front of him was a table and upon it were a bell, a rattle, holy water, and other articles of worship, which he used at intervals during the ceremony. The other priests sat

on three long rows of stools on either side and seemed to be classified and to take their parts according to their order. Their chanting, ringing of bells, clapping of cymbals, tinkling of rattles, drinking of tea, burning of incense, kotowing, and putting on of rich robes and knight-like hats; the marching, the placing before them of a skeleton image, the chanting, counting, and hand manoeuvres connected with much else, awakened a strange line of reasoning as I stood there for an hour intensely interested. While in this temple, I noticed there was burning oil in small brass cups before the Buddhas. This oil is of the very best, and gives a white light which never goes out. Is not this a little thought-ray from eternity's pure radiance? I left the Lama Temple with food for thought, research, and reflection.

There were no Chinese women in this great hall of worship. I meditated. My thoughts turned to the past and to the different stages of the world's worship. This problem presented itself to me, and I took it home to work upon: Why should the worship of the Supreme Creator, Protector, and Sustainer of all good be so hedged in by forms, ceremonies, laws, and rituals, as to bar out woman?

The death of the great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, efficient diplomat, and China's strong adviser and worker, is lamented the world over. In youth, he was studious and ambitious to win the honors of his country. This he surely did. The Examination Halls conferred upon him their highest recognition of work well done, and opened the way for him to bear the highest official positions of this vast Empire.

Shortly after Li Hung Chang's death, a very large



HIGH PRIESTS IN THE LAMA TEMPLE

announcement card was sent to his friends and the Diplomats. Mr. Conger and his staff called and paid their respects. As we had exchanged calls with the ladies of the household, it was asked if it would be in accordance with their wishes for us to pay our respects to the dead and to extend our sympathies to the living. This privilege was cordially granted. We passed through court after court filled with people and with quantities of gifts, expressing sympathy, high esteem, and honor. This was our first visit to a Chinese house of mourning. The sounds of wailing music, the coarse white sack-cloth of the mourners and servants, the many banners, the almost numberless signs of sorrow, the food, the altar with its shrine and shrine accessories, all combined to make the scene weird, yet so intense that we partook of the spirit of the solemn occasion. Mr. Williams, our Legation Chinese Secretary, accompanied us to the shrine room, where the son of Earl Li Hung Chang received us. After a few moments of condolence, we took our leave. The ceremonies were prolonged into days and weeks. The burning of funeral emblems took place at proper times; the wailing music continued, and offerings and sacrifices were made that foreigners know not of.

The son said that if we so desired he would inform us when the procession would start on its long journey. We assured him that we should feel honored. There had been many shrines and resting pavilions erected along the route; nothing was left undone that respect, honor, and wealth could bestow. To comprehend, even in part, the meaning of a Chinese funeral procession, we must see it and study it, for each part has its meaning, and each

performer has his duty in the great whole. Any language would beggar a description of this wonderful procession bearing the remains of Viceroy Li Hung Chang out of Peking. It extended miles and was brilliant in its colorings, in its embroideries and strange designs. There were rich silk and satin embroidered canopies, umbrellas, chairs, and emblems representing high Imperial, official, and scholarly honors. The catafalque bearing the remains was of the largest, richest, and most beautiful. The great number of uniformed bearers and escorts were in accordance with this Viceroy's high rank. All composing this early morning ceremony helped to form a bewildering picture that was slowly moving away from us. We could not know its meaning, and we could never see it again. Man surely approved the deeds of this strong character, from China's Imperial throne to her humblest subject. This whole picture was, to me, out of the realm of reality, and yet I knew that each part of this wonderful procession held its deep meaning and was real to those people. I mentally cried out, "Halt! tell me!" I have seen in China many small and large funeral processions, but this one, in magnitude and splendor, surpassed all that I could extravagantly imagine; therefore I shall not try to describe it. In the streets and upon the wall, we saw it in detail and as a whole. Outside of the city wall was a shrine building to which we were invited during a special service. The large, beautifully and richly covered catafalque stopped in front of this building and the sons entered and performed sacred rites. Then the long, gorgeous, extremely Oriental procession passed on and on until only the memory of it was left.

The remains of this great man were taken to his home

in South China. Li Hung Chang was born in 1823. He lived to the age of seventy-eight years and served his country most ably. Age did not make him halt in his proficient service. His sons cannot hold office nor perform any official duty until after the season of two years' mourning closes. His grandson will bear his title.

A marked exception to the general rule that political preferment must come first through the test of the Examination Halls is seen in one of the most able of China's statesmen, Yaun-Shih-Kái. He is of a strong family, and has proved himself most proficient in meeting his country's needs. In 1898, he shrewdly baffled the plot to take Jung Lu's life and to imprison the Empress Dowager. The defeating of this plan caused the *coup d'état*, and the Empress Dowager was called back to the throne. During the Boxer uprising, Yaun-Shih-Kái maintained peace in his Province and thwarted these bloodthirsty men in their fiendish designs. Strong men are coming to the front from many directions and stand battling for the preservation of China.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,
March 14, 1902.

ACCORDING to my list book I have not told you about the return of the Imperial Court to Peking and into the Forbidden City.

On January seventh the Emperor, Empress Dowager, Empress, and their Court returned to their forsaken capital. This was a wonderful day. The future will detect more in it than the present understands. It must

have been a mighty Hand that lifted the heavy, blood-stained curtain between China and the eleven nations, and made it possible to lay down animosities and extend friendship's hand warm with pledges of forgiveness and good will. O Father of Love, help us to know Thee better, and still better.

For months, there had been extensive preparation made by the Chinese to get everything in "proper" order for the return of the Court, and they surely did well. Paint, plaster, and decorations upon the old and the new buildings made them smile a bright, cheery welcome to Their Majesties. As the massive gateway towers had been burned, in their place were improvised towers bedecked with royal emblematic decorations in the Imperial colorings. Between the lines of Chinese soldiers, who were kneeling with bowed heads, the Court passed with more than the usual display and ceremony.

The Chinese had prepared a building, to which they invited the foreign Diplomats to witness the return of the Court. Order characterized the entire proceedings, as China's high officials, army, and large escort, attended the Court into the city, through the cities, and on into their Forbidden City, which is so sacred to them. This was all done in the midst of eight large armies of eight large nations. It was a brave act on the part of China, but she passed into the quiet, sacred solemnity of the pledges of peace, and was not harmed.

A few days later, six foreign Ministers presented their credentials to the Emperor in an audience. For the first time in China's history, the foreign Ministers entered the Forbidden City, and entered it at the front gate. After the official ceremony with the Emperor, they were for the



GENERAL YAUN-SHIH-KAI

first time received by the Empress Dowager. On January twenty-seventh, the gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps were received in a body; the ceremony was formal, dignified, and most respectful. The Empress Dowager was seated on the throne.

On February first, the Emperor and the Empress Dowager received the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, the wives of the Commanders of the Legation Guards, and the children, in an audience. A wonderful day it was! Can we not catch glimpses of a distant union as the rounds in the ladder take us upward? Who could desire to cast one shadow across this path of progress? Many days of preparation for the occasion came and went, and on the beautiful morning of February first, the Dean of the Corps, the ladies, children, and interpreters met at the American Legation and, after refreshments and picture-taking, left for the Palace. The twenty-nine green sedan chairs with six or eight bearers each, the Chinese mounted escorts, and the mounted Legation guards and mafoos made an impressive procession upon our long ride to the Forbidden City. We passed along the high wall, into and through the Imperial City, on and on to the second east gate of the Forbidden City. Here we all left our green official chairs and took red Imperial chairs, which were carried by black-robed eunuchs to the court gate of the Palace, where we were received by high officials and escorted to a waiting-room, where tea was served. Chinese officials announced the hour for audience and led the way. The Dean and other guests followed in order. Chinese court women took our arms as we passed out of the waiting-room and attended us to the door of the throne building. On our way through the courts, we passed up marble steps with

most wonderfully carved marble slabs in the centre, and carved white marble balustrades, and on through gorgeous passageways. These passages are massive in structure and brilliant in decorations. They have heavy, yellow, extended tile roofs supported by decorated teak-wood columns. Standing on the broad platform at the top of the white marble steps of the last pavilion in its glow of colorings and decorations were the Princesses of the Court, and, at either side, the high officials. They were all attired in rich, Oriental costumes and adornments. Their natural grace of manner and extreme courtesy intensified the beauty of the scene. The picture was a fairy one, and yet the bright sun was shining upon a living picture. I never saw its equal in artistic beauty. The Chinese study the effect of color and the multiplied shades of color. Never have I more greatly desired the power of innate and cultured art of word and pencil to express what I felt and saw in that native Chinese picture. It stood for far more than extreme beauty. Would that the tip of my pen were clever enough, and that the daintiness and richness of my ink were so quality-blessed that they might tell this valuable story. These Princesses, with a gracious recognition, turned and passed before us and took their places near the Empress Dowager.

At the door of the throne room we halted, fell into our rightful places, and entered, bowing three times at intervals as we approached the throne of Her Majesty. She sat back of a long table, upon which lay a beautiful coral sceptre. As we approached, the Empress Dowager smiled a recognition to me, as I was the only one of the group of ladies she had met before. As the Dean of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, I addressed Her Majesty

on behalf of all the ladies. Mr. Williams, American Secretary, interpreted for me. I said:

“Your Majesty, the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps have responded with pleasure to your kind invitation for this audience; and we most heartily congratulate you and all the Imperial Court that the unfortunate situation which led you to abandon your beautiful capital has been so happily resolved, and that you are now permitted to return to it in freedom and in peace. Your safe return to Peking and to this undestroyed palace will furnish pages to future history little comprehended at this time.

“The events of the past two years must be as painful to you as they are to the rest of the world; but the sting of the sad experience may be eliminated, and we sincerely hope that it will be, through the establishment of better, franker, more trustful, and friendlier relations between China and the other peoples of the earth. The world is moving forward. The tide of progress cannot be stayed, and it is to be hoped that China will join the great sisterhood of nations in the grand march. May all the nations, united, manifest forbearance, respect, and good will, moving on to the mutual good of all.

“The recent Imperial Edicts give promise of great good to your people and to your vast Empire, and it is our earnest prayer that God may preserve Your Majesty and the Emperor and guide you to the fullest fruition of this promise.”

When I finished reading, Prince Ch'ing stepped upon the throne and, kneeling to the Empress Dowager, took from her hand her reply. Then followed the presentation of the ladies and children according to rank. The Empress Dowager took the hand of each lady and child,

and this finished the formal ceremonies with Her Majesty. We were then presented to the Emperor, who took the hand of each lady. After these presentations we were escorted to another large room, where an informal reception was held. The Empress Dowager was there and as we entered she asked for "Kang Tai Tai" — my Chinese name — and I was presented to her. She took my hands in both of hers, and her feelings overcame her. When she was able to control her voice, she said, "I regret, and grieve over the late troubles. It was a grave mistake, and China will hereafter be a friend to foreigners. No such affair will again happen. China will protect the foreigner, and we hope to be friends in the future."

"We believe that you are sincere," I replied. "By knowing each other better we believe we shall become friends."

The Empress Dowager then asked if there were any other ladies present who were in the siege. Mrs. Bainbridge of the American Legation and Mrs. Saussine of the French Legation were presented. She again turned to me, extending both hands, and took mine with a few uninterpreted Chinese words. And then taking from one of her fingers a heavy, carved gold ring set with an elegant pearl, she placed it upon one of mine; then from her wrists she took choice bracelets and placed them upon my wrists. To each lady she presented gifts of great value. The children and the interpreters were also kindly remembered.

From here we were escorted to the banquet hall, where three long tables were spread with the choicest Chinese food. We were asked to be seated. A vacant chair was at the end of the table, at my left. As the Empress Dow-

ager entered we all arose. She came to this vacant chair, took her glass of wine, and we did likewise. She placed her glass in my left hand, gracefully pressed my two hands together, so that the glasses touched, and said, "United." She then took my glass, leaving me hers, and raised the glass to all, and all responded. Then cups of tea were served. The Empress Dowager took one with both hands and placing it in mine, lifted it to my lips. After all were served with tea, we were invited to be seated. The Empress Dowager then took a filled biscuit, broke it, and placed a small piece of it in my mouth. She paid like compliments to other Ministers' wives, and placed a morsel upon the plates of other guests at the same table. Chinese Princesses, three of whom I had met at the first audience, were seated with us. They smilingly bowed a recognition and offered their hands. The Empress Dowager's adopted daughter, the Imperial Princess, and her Princess niece, stood by her and showed us thoughtful courtesy. The appointed Minister to England, kneeling, acted as interpreter. We talked about the returning of the Court, the loss of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, the Chinese schools which I had visited, the meeting of higher Chinese people, the edicts, and other events in this line. Our conversation was not in the least labored.

The Empress Dowager again and again assured me that such troubles as those of the past two years should never be repeated. Her manner was thoughtful, serious in every way, and ever mindful of the comfort and pleasure of her guests. Her eyes are bright, keen, and watchful that nothing may escape her observation. Her face does not show marks of cruelty or severity; her voice is low, soft, and attractive; her touch is gentle and kind.

The Empress, the Emperor's wife, was with us before we entered the banquet hall. She is young, beautiful, and has most attractive, gentle manners. She was richly dressed, jewelled, and daintily painted. The Emperor was in the banquet hall at times, either sitting or standing. He is rather small, with a young, bright face; his eyes give expression to his smile. He did not impress me as being a frail person.

When we arose from the table, the Empress Dowager said, "I hope that we shall meet oftener and become friends by knowing one another better." She passed on to the other tables, talked with the ladies and children, and then left the room.

Through beautiful apartments and grounds we were escorted to our chairs and, as we passed out from the Imperial Court, the gates of the Forbidden City were locked behind us. We departed with the same ceremony with which we came. This historic day cannot do harm; surely its deeds must have enough of life in them to root, to branch, to blossom, and to fruit into strength for the nations. After this audience, the Diplomatic Corps requested the Chinese Court to present no gifts at future audiences.

There were sharp and bitter criticisms of the ladies' acceptance of the Imperial invitation. Individual bitterness still has its poison and would keep the breach open and even widen it if possible; but national wisdom, through peace negotiations, seeks to close the breach. Pressing the thorns of sorrow and revenge deeper into our hearts will never lessen the sting of the horrible past nor permit us to rest in peace.

These are strange days here in this strange land, but

they are most interesting and instructive. Never before have we been permitted to see so many of the Chinese officials as we are this winter. The frequent association, socially and politically, brings a better understanding between the Chinese and foreigners, but it is going to take much patient work and forbearance before they can think and act in harmony.

[TO DAUGHTER LAURA]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
March 16, 1902.

YOUR letters we look forward to with a love that is warm and true. Bless your dear heart! You are always doing good—manifesting that Good which never fails. God is with us. Love reigns, let the human seeming be what it may.

The siege at Peking, the awful troubles, the fearful sacrifices, introduced the different nations of the earth as they never had been introduced before, and opened the way to a broader knowledge of one another that is big with promise. What China and the other nations have done during 1900 and 1901 is beyond any human power to tell. The wonderful Joint Note, the Protocol, the safe returning of the Imperial Court to its undestroyed palaces, which had been protected and turned over to the Chinese Government by foreign troops, all now show that the nations did better than they knew.

Being Dean of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, I was brought in close contact with the Empress Dowager at the audiences given to the ladies. I have not written to you of the second audience, February twenty-

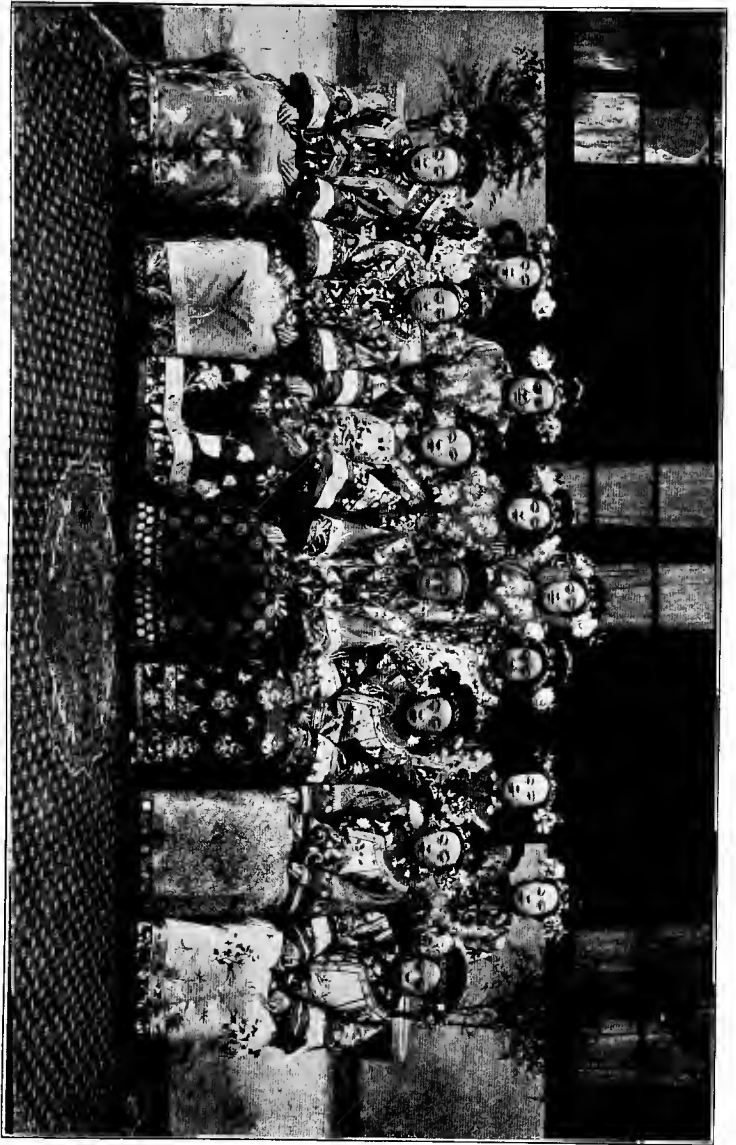
seventh. While much of it was like the first in ceremony, there was much that was not formal; our visit was delightful and full of womanly significance. The foreign Ministers requested that no presents be given to the ladies by the Court. The Empress Dowager, after sitting with us at their bountifully spread table, took us into her own apartments. When we were taken into the most private room, Her Majesty seemed greatly pleased and waved her hand toward a richly draped and cushioned *k'ang* that reached across one end of the long room. At the back of the *k'ang* there was a shelf filled with beautiful jade and other ornaments, and seven rather small clocks, all running. At the end of the *k'ang* was another shelf on which were dishes of fruit. Her Majesty got upon the *k'ang* and motioned for me and others to do the same. She took a small jade baby boy from the shelf, tucked it into my hand, and with actions interpreted her unspoken words, "Don't tell." I took the dear little thing home, and I prize it. It showed good will, and I do not intend to let go of that thought. We drank tea and chatted informally. I must tell you right here that the Empress Dowager is learning English. I will have to explain how when you are with us. I knew this before we went, and strove all the while to detect her efforts and to acknowledge them. After the audience was over and we were quiet in our dear home of comfort, I was truly grateful that I could see the good spirit manifested in that woman whom the world has so bitterly condemned.

Your father and I talked the situation over, and I said that I believed I should and could return the compliment of the Court in a simple way acceptable to the

Empress Dowager and the high officials. It has occurred to me that I could invite the Court Princesses to a tiffin. He said that it would do no harm to try, and told me to consult Lien Fang, who could present the matter to Prince Ch'ing, and that he in turn could see the Empress Dowager and ascertain her position before I issued my invitations. They seemed greatly pleased, and I sent back word for them to please make the selection of the Princesses, and send a list of names according to rank. This they did. The day was set, and invitations were sent out. I will not write their names, as that would not make you any wiser, but I will tell you who they are: the Empress Dowager's adopted daughter, the Imperial Princess, the Empress Dowager's niece, who is a sister of the Empress, Prince Ch'ing's two wives and three daughters; the granddaughter of Prince Kung, Prince Ch'ing's son's wife, a lady who had married into the "order," but is a widow, and the little Chinese Court interpreter; these were our "honorable Chinese guests." There were eleven of them. I wanted this tiffin to be the very best that I could make it and the house to look its best. Our servants one and all entered into the spirit of the occasion. I told Wang that I wanted flowers, flowers, flowers everywhere. The little potted trees filled full of red and white buds and blossoms came into the compound in processions. We placed some in cool, dark rooms and some in the warm sunshine. When needed, they were aglow with living smiles in abundance, to welcome the Princesses who love them. They are all potted in decorated porcelain *jardinières*, and so were the large palms that were placed here and there through the rooms. Some of the flowers were banked, while

others stood alone singing their praises. No one can appreciate these dwarf flower-trees without seeing them. You really want to talk to them. The patient, gentle Chinese thought makes them do just what they desire them to do. The Chinese change them from one pot to another when in bud or in blossom and the plants do not bow their heads or look hurt, but keep their beauty and smile right on.

We hung on the wall the banner that the Empress Dowager painted and gave to me. We also hung fine Chinese embroideries showing that we appreciated their beautiful, choice work. The rooms were very pretty when ready for the Imperial ladies. The large dining-room had its long table stretched to its utmost. Flowers arranged low reached its entire length. The decorations were in dark pink and green. We had red menu cards, as red is the Princesses' color. The plate cards were in red Chinese characters. I invited all the ladies in the American Legation and army post to assist at this tiffin, and one lady from each American mission to assist as interpreters and otherwise. They entered most enthusiastically into the spirit of entertaining these Court ladies, the highest in China with the exception of Their Majesties. There were eleven Chinese and eleven Americans present. The Americans came early and had their parts assigned. Each knew how to receive the Chinese ladies and how to go to the table; each had her number and knew just where to fall in line. Promptly at half-past twelve o'clock the procession entered the American Compound. The yellow Imperial chair, with gold knob, came first with the Imperial Princess, then followed the red chairs bearing the other Princesses, then green chairs



COURT PRINCESSES AND OTHER LADIES WHO ATTENDED MRS. CONGER'S TIPPIN AT AMERICAN LEGATION,
PEKING, DECEMBER 26, 1903

with others of lesser rank. The third daughter of Prince Ch'ing was in a red Princess' cart and the "little interpreter" was in an official cart. What a sight! The compound was full. The yellow chair came to the door and I stepped out to receive the Imperial Princess, whom I had seen twice before. I took her hand and we walked into the house. The others followed according to rank. Each Princess had with her eight eunuchs and there were several minor officials in attendance. Aside from the officials and eunuchs, there were nine bearers to each chair.

My missionary assistants were most proficient, and ere long had indicated to each American the Princess whom she was to escort to the table. We had tea, after which I took the hand of the Imperial Princess and led the way to the dining-room, the others falling at once into line. When in our places at table and while standing, I said, "Let us lift our glasses filled to the brim with the best of good wishes for the health and happiness of the Emperor, the Empress Dowager, and Empress of China and to the prosperity of their people. May China and America continue in their friendly relations!" Mrs. Gattrel at once interpreted my words. Then the Imperial Princess without hesitation said, "I bring the greetings of the Empress Dowager herself to this company, and she hopes that the pleasant relations that now exist between America and China will always continue as they now are."

We were seated. The little Chinese interpreter did not seat herself with the others, but stood behind the Imperial Princess' chair during the toasts. Then, courtesying and bowing low to her, she passed to each Chinese lady in the same manner. All recognized her, and she

then was seated. As she did not rank with these ladies, she asked permission to sit with them. The Chinese are taught etiquette from their earliest childhood. Their grace of manner, gentleness, politeness, and respect are most beautiful and attractive.

The Chinese ladies, without apparently doing so, watched every movement and used fork, knife, or spoon as I used them. They surprised us with the ease with which they handled knives and forks for the first time in their lives. We had five interpreters at the table, so our conversation did not lag. We arose and left the table as we came to it. Eunuchs were standing about and many were in the drawing-room ready at all times to serve the ladies. We served tea, played duets on the piano, sang, and looked at pictures. I had two baby pictures, and the ladies looked lovingly upon them and asked if I had more. I wish that you would get little fancy pictures of babies and children and send them. We talked, drank more tea, and then came the good-byes. I escorted the Imperial Princess to her chair, sent a happy message to the Empress Dowager, and recognized the others as they passed. And so the grand procession passed from under the American flag and into the streets of the Dragon flag. Chinese soldiers were stationed about the gate and to the east. Many hundreds of soldiers, with heads bowed, were standing along the route to the ladies' homes, and all Chinese were kept from the streets through which the procession passed, but thousands were standing elsewhere enjoying the sight.

Some of these first ladies of China had never seen foreign ladies before; the others had seen them only at audiences given by the Empress Dowager. These

Princesses brought four hundred and eighty-one servants with them including the sixty soldiers at the gate. The higher the person in rank, the more servants he brings.

Your father gave a dinner the other night to Prince Ch'ing and the other highest officials of the Court. They brought two hundred and thirty-two servants. This was the first large dinner given in Peking by a foreign Minister, or any foreigner, to the highest officials. They were a happy, dignified body.

After the wonderful return of the Court in peace, the Empress Dowager opened the doors of the Palace, invited us in, and we accepted the invitation. Why should we not return the compliment? When this tiffin was over — and it was pronounced a complete success — I was truly grateful. If the Empress Dowager and the husbands had not consented, the ladies could not have come to my home. Their acceptance was a wonderful departure from old customs. These ladies are all Manchus. They wear their hair extended at the sides with rich, elaborate hair decorations. Their hair is black, heavy, long, and combed with greatest accuracy. Their faces are painted white and pink, with a red spot on the lower lip. They wore many jewels and gold jewelled finger shields for the protection of their long nails. Their gowns were most exquisite in texture, embroidery, and coloring. These ladies formed a beautiful picture. I cannot give it to you as I saw it there and shall always see it. Photographs of these Princesses in black and white would not fairly represent them. I am a great admirer of the Chinese costumes both for ladies and gentlemen.

After the ladies had gone, Wang came to us all smiles and said, "Might stay hundred year, never see like this.

Servants come from all Legations to see who come. The front gate and street blocked against Chinese. They all come back way. They say to me, 'You see ladies? You wait on them?'" He laughed and said, "They think very great; all eunuchs serve big ladies. No like this ever before." I had five house-boys in uniform serving, and they looked well and did well. They were delighted over their unheard-of privilege in seeing these ladies.

My dear girl, I bow my head low in most earnest prayer that love and love's wisdom may be revealed to me in all my intercourse with the Chinese, as well as with the other nationalities, and with my own dear people.

[TO MY LAURA]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,

March 25, 1902.

OUR people are insane about coming to Peking, yes, insane to get to Peking and see. They reason like this: The American Legation is there; the American army is there; it is safe to go, and we shall be protected. Many come to your father with letters and some without. Public accommodations are literally nothing for taking care of visitors. In this country women, travelling unprotected or without an escort, are considered the lowest of the low. If people travel, it is wise to comply with the customs of propriety. To illustrate this point: Before my return, when your father was here alone, Wang came to him one night saying, "Mr. Minister, lady at door wishes to see you." Mr. Conger replied, "Invite her in, and I will see her."

“What can I do for you?” was his greeting. She was an American, and had come from the train, bag in hand. How did she get here? She introduced herself as Mrs. — and said, “My father and you were young men friends. I often hear him speak of you. I wished to visit Peking, but my friends would not come farther than Japan. Knowing that you knew my father, I came without them.”

Mr. Conger asked her for her father’s card or a letter from him. She had none! He kindly explained the situation, and rebuked her for coming to a strange land unprotected and without credentials of any kind. He told her that he was alone and could not take her into his home, but that he would send his boy Wang with her to the best inn for the night. Wang returned and said, “Very bad! No proper place for lady!” Your father meditated. “This woman may be all right — she looks it. What if my daughter was in a strange land unprotected?” The battle was fought. He went to Mrs. Bainbridge, the Secretary’s wife in the Legation, and presented the case, asking if she could take this woman for the night. A bed was made on the sofa. Wang went for the woman; she returned with him and was saved. Later it was proved that her statements were true. This is only one of the demands of attention in this line. Your father’s good judgment guides him through the little waters as well as the greater ones.

After our tiffin to the Princesses, they sent an invitation to the same eleven Americans and to Mrs. Uchida, the Japanese Minister’s wife, to tiffin with them. We made arrangements for all to go together and went in chairs, carts, and on ponies. There were six chairs with

eight bearers each, seven carts with their escorts, and each lady had two or three outriders and two or three amahs. We had nearly one hundred servants, but we were obliged to have them in order to conform to Chinese custom. The Princesses had four hundred and eighty-one servants when they came to our tiffin. Well, we got there! The Princesses met us in the court and welcomed us most graciously. We have met these ladies now four times and feel quite well acquainted. Each took one of us by the hand, escorted us into the house, and tea was served. We had not been there long before two eunuchs entered, each with a pretty new basket with red satin pad upon which was a beautiful little black dog. Around the neck of each was a rich collar with gold bells, tassels, and other ornaments in most fanciful arrangement; there was also, for each dog, a gold-mounted harness with a long silk cord and gold hook. One little dog was placed in my lap and the other in Mrs. Uchida's and we were told that the Empress Dowager had sent them to us. I have been wanting one of these dogs ever since my return, and to think of its coming in this way! I was delighted. He is a bright little fellow, full of life, not at all afraid, and he now rules the household.

I had not been long rejoicing over my dog when I was asked to see the feast that the Empress Dowager had sent to me. I stepped forward, admired, and expressed my appreciation. There were six decorated yellow boxes filled with Chinese candies, candied fruit, and other Chinese sweets. They looked beautiful; when I reached home I found them awaiting me. After mine were taken away more were brought for Mrs. Uchida. Tea was again served. then we were invited to the dining-

room. Each Chinese lady escorted a foreign lady. How I wish you could see these living pictures! Before we were seated, the Imperial Princess lifted her glass of wine and read a toast to us. Those of our party most conversant with Chinese said that the characters used were in the best style of Mandarin. A young Chinese girl translated it into English and I replied for the foreign ladies. We were seated, and good cheer, lively conversation, the Princesses in their rich clothing, their dainty ways and graces, made the day glow with enjoyable beauty. I am truly grateful to have this little knowledge of the inner lives of these strange yet attractive people. It is best to pause before we condemn people of whom we know little. We visited in a friendly way until nearly three o'clock, then we took our departure. Each Chinese lady had learned to say "Good-bye," and laughingly, distinctly uttered the words.

We returned home feeling better for having visited with the Imperial Princess and the other Princesses of the Chinese Court. You remember who told me to nourish every little tendril of kindness that it might grow strong.

Your father and I often take our rides together over the places so familiar to you and Mary. But these places seem to be losing their old customs and putting on new ones. Where are the five thousand camels and their masters which were bringing coal into Peking before the troubles of 1900? In our rides these days we never see them. The men and animals are gone. It takes management to get our supply of coal now. Fuel is scarce and expensive, and so is everything. We miss our dear girls at every turn, but the joys in their wedded lives cancel all our selfish regrets.

PEKING, *May 9, 1902.*

DEAR MRS. CONGER:

A LETTER has come from Mrs. — asking me to answer some questions in regard to your attitude toward the Empress Dowager. I enclose the part of her letter in which she asks these questions. Will you please tell me just how you would like to have them answered? Or perhaps you prefer to answer them yourself. I feel that it is necessary to give Mrs. — as correct an idea as possible of the whole affair as she reaches a great number of our thinking women through her paper. She had, unfortunately, heard only the newspaper criticisms before she came to Peking, but she seemed very glad to get all the light that she could, and the broader, truer view. I think it will be necessary to mail a letter to her to-morrow, if it reaches her before she leaves Korea. A boat leaves on Monday and not another for two weeks.

If I did not think that this would do a great deal of good, I should be sorry to add to your many duties.

Most sincerely,

MAUD MACKEY.

The part of the letter enclosed and referred to above is as follows:

“Send me a note to Seoul, Korea, before end of May. I may use it in print. Mrs. Conger’s party: (a) Was it a luncheon? (b) What is the foundation for newspaper reports that Dowager wept on neck of Mrs. Conger? (c) Can you get for me copy of Mrs. Conger’s speech on that occasion? (d) and substance of what Empress said? (e) Has there been an interchange of social courtesies since party No. 3, when Imperial Princesses re-

ceived? (f) Was hers a luncheon, or reception, or what? I am sorry that I was not more awake on this subject when in Peking, so as to get satisfactory data in case it seems best to send a brief article home. I find myself half inclined to write in advocacy of Mrs. Conger's cause, though when I first heard of it, I was quite of another opinion."

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
May 10, 1902.

DEAR DR. MACKEY:

IN answer to your letter of the ninth I will say, there is so much connected with what has passed and with the steps that led to the events mentioned that a statement of a few facts will signify but little. For the sake of the reading public, I often regret the remarks and criticisms of the press, because they are many times misleading. If the opportunity had been given me, I should have been pleased to talk with your friend about the different phases of Chinese character with which I have come in contact. I am willing to answer your friend's questions, as I do not see that they could do any harm and, on the other hand, but little good, as they signify so little.

(a) I gave a "tiffin" (mid-day meal) to eleven Court Princesses. It was the first time that any of these ladies had ever entered a foreign home, and several of them had never before seen a foreign lady. It was an historic day and the details are intensely interesting.

(b) The Empress Dowager did not weep upon my neck. After a dignified ceremony in the throne building, we were invited to a reception room. Her Majesty asked

for Mrs. Conger and I was escorted to her. She took both my hands in hers and said with emotion that she deeply regretted the terrible troubles and our great suffering during the siege. She said that it was a great mistake, and that it should never happen again. She declared that the foreigners should henceforth be protected in China. There was nothing said by either of us about forgiving and forgetting. Her Majesty's manner in the banquet hall was dignified and earnest and our conversation was full of interest and instruction for me. I was seated for more than an hour with Her Majesty and was astonished and pleased with her varied conversation and courtesies. The details in a picture enhance its beauty and value, so did the details add to this event. I cannot write them — they are better told.

(c) Enclosed please find a copy of what I said at the first Imperial audience given by the Empress Dowager to the Diplomatic ladies after the Court's return, (d) also Her Majesty's reply. (e) There have been interchanges of social courtesies since the Imperial Princess received. (f) It was an elaborate luncheon and the Imperial Princess was assisted by many Princesses.

I have been living among these Chinese people for nearly four years and have tried to learn about them and from them. While there is much that I find undesirable, I also find in their characters much to admire. That I might learn of the home life of the better classes, I have patiently and carefully watched to discover and improve opportunities to enter every door that opened to me.

My feelings and actions toward Her Majesty and her people I have reason to believe are well taken. I would not make the breach wider between the Chinese and the

foreigners. I should like much to have the Chinese see the better side of the Christian nations. Would that we had the Christ-spirit so rooted in our hearts that we could forgive and forget! Then, we should lessen heavy burdens instead of increasing them. True, the past records dark, awful days in China, but what do we gain by hugging tightly the poisonous thorns of revenge? The detailed story of the foreigner and the Chinese is a long one. Can the foreigner "throw the first stone"? Surely this is not a one-sided relationship. All the nations will have to repent, forgive, and labor patiently if they would become friends with China. The wonderful Joint Note carried out in the detailed Protocol gives a pledge that they will be friends. It is hoped that China and all the nations will prove their sincerity.

I trust that I have answered these questions in such a way as to serve the purpose of your friend.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER LAURA]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

October 3, 1902.

I KNOW of your deep interest in what takes place here in Peking, hence I write to you of the many things that come to us. I feel assured that you do not weary of hearing about the audiences and the part your father and mother take in them. All have the same regular forms, yet each has its own individuality.

Our last audience was at the Summer Palace, which you will remember is twelve miles distant. This audience had its marked departures, and of these I am going to write you. We all started in our sedan chairs with the

usual escorts and the usual form. The roads had been levelled and spread with yellow soil for the recent use of the Court. The morning was fine, and we started with our long procession at eight o'clock. Although our cavalcade of chairs, carts of coolies as relays, mounted men, and hosts of escorts, passed through streets massively lined on either side with people, everything was quiet and scarcely a sound was heard. "The city of the blue gown" had turned out its common people in their clean clothes and bright colors to see. Each seemed intent on what he saw. To me there is a fascination in these street scenes, and they furnish me many topics of thought as I pass on alone in my little house, shut away from their touch. I look through my curtained windows and see it all.

After leaving the city gate we passed through a beautiful avenue of large trees along the east side of the Imperial Canal. A two-hours' ride in our chairs brought us to an Imperial temple. Here we were received by Chinese officials and escorted to Her Majesty's furnished apartments to rest, sip tea, and partake of other refreshments. We remained here about twenty minutes and then were conducted to the Canal, where there were a steam launch and seven artistically decorated Imperial house-boats. There were tables lavishly spread with Chinese food, fruits, wines, and sweets. Tea was again served, and the other refreshments were passed. The Dean and other gentlemen were taken by the officials to a boat by themselves. The Ministers' wives and those highest in rank were asked to enter Her Majesty's private boat. This boat took the lead. We were attentively served and everything was harmonious. It was a beauti-



CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE
MARBLE BRIDGE AND PAVILION AT THE SUMMER PALACE

ful sight as these many boats with their brilliant colorings, flags and streamers waving, passed in and out of the many turnings of the watercourse. There were thousands of Chinese following, on either bank, curious to see, and yet the utmost order prevailed. It was a noiseless procession. Mounted soldiers were on the banks attending us until we passed under the Court's white marble "camel-back" bridge.

Our "fleet" sailed through the Water Gate under this arched bridge, and we were in the crystal waters of the Summer Palace Lake. How beautiful! We passed on and on, feasting upon the fairy scenes of dreamland. It all seems unreal, fanciful. We saw the island, with its high rocks, glistening yellow tiled roofs, grottoes, marble terraces with their white, carved marble balustrades, large bronze statues, and gardens with flowering shrubs and spreading trees. We passed near the historic seventeen-arched white marble bridge, which reaches from the island to the eastern shore, where there are a large pavilion and the famous bronze cow. Still on we went, taking in the varied scenes peculiar to China's imperialism. We approached a wonderful shore. The midday sun was shining upon the bright colorings. The white marble wall with its carved balustrades, the Chinese officials in their Court uniforms, helpers dressed according to rank, and hundreds of eunuchs, all combined to form one of the most remarkable pictures that I ever beheld.

I will not repeat in this letter the story of our reception at the throne, of the feast, and of the walks. I will take up the thread where the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, Empress, Princesses, and foreign ladies entered the Imperial boats and sailed over to the island. Her

Majesty and all were most gracious to us. When we had landed, climbed the high steps, and reached the broad veranda, the Empress Dowager stepped to the marble balustrade and looking upon the wonderful scene stretched out before her, spoke my name. I went to her and she took my hand in both of hers. Looking at the scenes about us and beyond us, she said, in a tender, thoughtful way, "Is it not beautiful?" I never saw anything like it; it was beautiful! It was a brilliant scene. The clear water about us; the fleet of Oriental boats, with Her Majesty's flags and streamers flying; the bluff shore opposite, bedecked with its Imperial Oriental architecture and colorings; the beautiful flowers, and the gardens, all combined their extravagant beauty to gladden the eye and warm the heart. As a whole it was wonderful; in its detail, still more wonderful.

We were served tea and refreshments, then we took our departure. The Empress Dowager, the Emperor, the Empress, the Princesses, and the Court attendants came out upon the high terrace and watched us as we left. Their colorings are so dainty, and yet often so bold in their harmony, that no photograph or painting can do Chinese costumes or Chinese decorations even a partial justice.

We passed on and on in the Imperial boats, under the camel-back bridge, and out of the beautiful lake of the Summer Palace, taking with us the remembrance of a happy day. Would that our dear Laura could have been with us!

[TO MISS PETHICK]

PEKING, *November 13, 1902.*

TO your letter of inquiry about your brother, whom we hold in the highest esteem, respect, and admiration, I respond with sad pleasure. He was among the first Americans in Peking who won their way into our hearts. His strong mind was stored with most valuable information, which was dressed in the graces of culture and modest refinement. We loved your brother, and so did all of his many friends. While he was a true friend to the people of his own country and to the Chinese, he was also a true friend to every nation here represented. Each and all turned to him, and he responded, but never in disloyalty. He knew the Chinese and their customs. He was Li Hung Chang's secretary for many years; he knew their language, and dug deep into Chinese knotty traditions.

I would sometimes say, "Oh, Mr. Pethick, that looks very bad!" just to hear him reprove in his gentle way, "You do not quite understand." Then he would quietly explain to me, and it was always a joy to listen. I often took a piece of embroidery, *cloisonné*, brass, or porcelain, and asked him to read what it said. Every leaf, flower, fruit, animal, insect, in fact everything has its hidden meaning in Chinese art. He had studied these meanings, and willingly gave them to others, for they were much to him in their unbroken story. Through him I learned much of the Chinese character, and through his illuminated thoughts I could see much to admire. His disappointment in the Chinese, and his active work during the late troubles, seemed to wear upon him.

He had lived a quiet physical life for years, and when the siege was upon us he did not spare himself in any way. His knowledge of the Chinese language and people called him on duty beyond the strength of a stronger man. We did not realize this, as all were doing their best. Many fell during the siege, and many fell later. He was never well after those awful days. He did not seem to rally permanently, and each relapse added to his sufferings. His Chinese servants had been with him long, and were the kindest of the kind. During the last weeks of his illness army nurses were with him, administering to his needs. He did not seem to be a constant sufferer; the last of his earthly hours were spent in quiet.

He was laid in a foreign casket and brought to our home in the American Legation, where services were held. The offerings of flowers by friends were beautiful and bountiful. The rooms were filled with his friends, and loving hands tenderly placed him in his last earthly bed, covered him over, and left behind them a mound of rich, beautiful flowers.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

January 9, 1903.

I AM going to tell you a little about our visit from General and Mrs. Miles, and their party of nine. Mr. Coolidge, Captain Brewster, and ourselves had the pleasure of entertaining them. They were so enthusiastic over what they saw and what was done, that it was a growing pleasure to keep doing for them. Your father and I gave three dinners, of twenty-two plates each, in their

honor. One was for General Miles to meet the Chinese high officials. This dinner was at five o'clock, as the Chinese do not like our late banquets. All the highest officials were here. We ladies, by invitation, went over to Mr. Coolidge's for five o'clock tea. He had to be at the dinner, but he invited others to be with us, and asked me to preside at the tea table. Mr. Coolidge's home is beautifully repaired, arranged, and furnished. He has excellent taste, and his wealth serves him in a quiet way. At this tea party the house was lighted in an artistic manner. Mr. Coolidge works for the interest of the Legation; he is an American through and through.

When the guests were about to leave the dining-room, Mr. Coolidge came over with the message from your father that if we would like to meet the Chinese officials, we might be in the drawing-room when they returned from the dinner. There was no doubt in our minds, I assure you. We were in time to hear the toasts, which we greatly enjoyed. Both Chinese and Americans were at their best, and strong thoughts, as well as complimentary ones, were given in a dignified, pleasing manner. Prince Ch'ing, General Miles, and your father did the toast-making; your father, of course, speaking first. We were greatly pleased to hear through the open doors these pointed speeches and sparkling jokes, that all seemed to enjoy together. We received the gentlemen in the drawing-room, when they entered; but we remained only a short time and then withdrew. At eight-fifteen all had taken their departure, and we ladies, in company with General Miles, Colonel Maus, and your father, sat down to our dinner. The table had been prepared anew for us in its proper size. Every one seemed

surprised over the work that was going on while there was so much to be done. There was no confusion whatever. Our floral decorations were truly fine, on the table and in our rooms. The chrysanthemums were in their glory. The colors of flowers were changed at each dinner, as were also the table embroideries. The first dinner was in white and green; the second in pink and green; the third in yellow and green. How I did wish that Fred and Laura could step in with their encouraging approval!

Your father asked for two private audiences at Court, one for General Miles and one for Mrs. Miles. Both were granted. The gentlemen were received on the twenty-seventh. We were proud of our American men, as they came together and started for the Palace. The ladies' audience followed on the twenty-eighth. There were ten in our party, including my private interpreter, whom I had permission from Her Majesty to bring. Mounted Chinese officials were sent as our escorts. At ten-thirty, the escorts taking the lead, ten chairs started from our Legation, with our private mounted attendants. In this private audience every attention was shown us by Chinese officials that the public audiences of the nations receive. After we were presented by your father to Their Majesties on the throne, we followed them into a reception room where tea was served and we were permitted to visit informally with the Empress Dowager and to meet the Empress and the Princesses. Her Majesty talks freely, but the Emperor says nothing. We were next escorted by Princesses and eunuchs to Her Majesty's private reception rooms, which are large and richly furnished with Chinese treasures. Their Majesties occupy that part of the For-

bidden City to the east that the foreigners never entered while they had it in charge. Here we had a visit with the young Empress, the Princesses, and the bride of the Emperor's brother. This young lady is the daughter of Jung Lu. After again drinking tea we were escorted through another court to a feast room. Princesses and guests were seated at tables. I sat at the Imperial Princess' right, Mrs. Miles at my right. Shortly the Emperor and the Empress Dowager entered; all arose. Imperial chairs were brought for Their Majesties, and all were asked to be seated. We sat over an hour and had a feast of conversation. The Empress Dowager spoke very highly of your father, of our Government, of General Chaffee, and of our soldiers. Her knowledge of what had been done surprised me. After talking with her head eunuch she said, "I am having prepared a scroll for each lady present and I will write upon them the characters 'Long Life' and 'Happiness.'" We then returned to her reception room, where she stood by a table and wrote these characters with a master hand. When she had finished her eighteenth scroll she sat down in a yellow chair and other chairs were brought for her guests. Tea was then served. After a few more words we took our departure, feeling satisfied that we had spent a profitable and happy day. This private audience was the first ever granted foreign ladies. Do you note the departure from old-time customs and the opening, little by little, of the locked doors? I detect and appreciate it as Mrs. Miles or any newcomer cannot. Her Majesty sent to Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Maus other gifts, and a "feast" for their long journey. Above all else we appreciated and prized our scrolls, written by Her Majesty's own hand and placed in ours.

On Tuesday morning General Miles and his party left us and started on their long trip through Siberia.

Thursday was New Year's Day. We received as usual, and it was a full, full day. During the morning the Legation corps of Chinese servants paid their respects. Callers began to come early after tiffin, and continued late. The new year, with its many duties, has begun in earnest. First of all I have been writing letters and letters, as I am acknowledging our Christmas gifts. Laura's yellow pillow graces the centre of the largest sofa in the drawing-room; it is a beauty and has received many compliments. Your father and mother have read their books together, with loving thoughts of their two dear children. The rug-man brought two large pine trees in hand-painted porcelain pots. The trees were elaborately decorated with beautiful silk, satin, and velvet flowers and butterflies of different kinds. They were beauties, and stood ten feet high, welcoming us in their bright colors. I knew nothing of this gift until Christmas morning. This was his expression of gratitude for what we had done for him after the siege. Hidden in the depths of gratitude there is always a treasure.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER LAURA]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

June 20, 1903.

THIS date is one we all remember. Only think! Three years have passed since the awful siege days, during which great national and personal events have been written on memory's pages. What wonderful heart-joys have come to you and to us! Surely, sincere gratitude is ours.

You left your father's home in 1901 to make a new home with another. And now, in 1903, you bring a joyous promise into your life and into ours — a little daughter and granddaughter! The cablegram, "Girl," stirred anew the fountains of love. Our message, "Love, congratulations," flew on electric wings back to you. We welcome our little granddaughter with open arms and full hearts.

Now, turning our thoughts to Peking, I will write some of our late experiences. First I want to tell you of two private audiences given by Their Majesties. Admiral Evans, his staff, wife, and other ladies, came to Peking and we had a most delightful visit with them. Father asked for two Imperial audiences, one for gentlemen and one for ladies. His request was granted, and June fourteenth and fifteenth were set apart. The reception of the gentlemen by Their Majesties was ceremonious; that by the officials was most cordial. Both the dignity of Their Majesties and the cordiality of the officials met with the sincere appreciation of their American guests. On the fifteenth the ladies were received, and a happier, brighter day Her Majesty has never given to us. Crowning the Imperial graces was the womanly tenderness that bade us draw near to her. At an opportune moment Her Majesty congratulated me most heartily upon the coming of my little granddaughter. It was through Lady Yü that the Empress Dowager learned of the great joy that had come to us.

For many months I had been indignant over the horrible, unjust caricatures of Her Imperial Majesty in illustrated papers, and with a growing desire that the world might see her more as she really is, I had conceived the idea of asking her Majesty's permission to speak with

her upon the subject of having her portrait painted. I had written to the artist, Miss Carl, and found that she was willing to coöperate with me. The day of the audience seemed to be the golden opportunity for me to speak. With intense love for womankind, and in justice to this Imperial woman, I presented my subject without a doubt or a fear. Her Majesty listened, was interested, and with a woman's heart conversed with me. As the result of this conversation, the Empress Dowager gave consent to allow her Imperial portrait to be painted by an American lady artist for the St. Louis Exposition. The work is to begin in August. Only think of it! That this portrait may present to the outside world even a little of the true expression and character of this misrepresented woman, is my most earnest wish. I do not, my dear girl, forget the dark days of the siege, the sufferings, the bloodshed, the sorrows; but I would not have this darkness bury in oblivion all the bright rays of sunshine. I have most earnestly wished that our home people could see Her Majesty as I have many times seen her. I well know that these departures are testing, but I always feel that the Empress Dowager can meet them successfully. Her intuitive ability to perceive and conceive is not easy to surpass, nor even equal, by man or woman.

Laura dear, I write very plainly to you because you will understand your mother. I am a seeker in China, and am interested in Chinese productions. I recognize their beauty, then I wish to know something of the people who produced them. The search is a delightful one, and I am rewarded with more than "crumbs."

The number of Chinese homes receiving us is increasing, and many hidden things are revealed to us. While

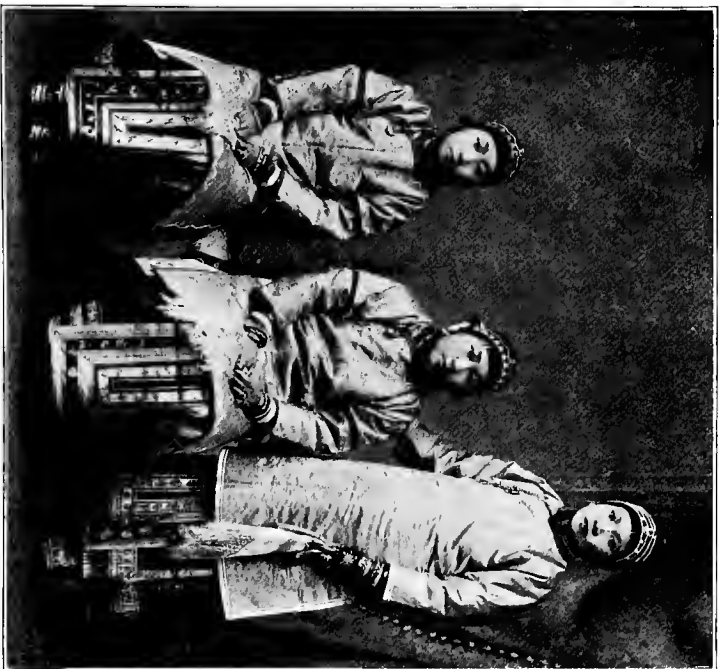
visiting the delightful home of Duke Jung, and being cordially entertained by the attractive ladies, we were taken into and through the ancestral halls of this noted family. It is not a usual thing for guests to be invited to enter Chinese ancestral halls. The fact that we were invited to enter this sacred place revealed the hostess' desire to interest and please us. We were led through artistic courts, with the pleasure-giving flowers, lakes, summer houses, rustic bridges, rockeries, and gardens; we ascended a covered walk with balustrades on each side. This entire passageway was most artistically painted with the bright colors that the Chinese know so well how to blend for the richest effects. At the end of the walk we came to the veranda which leads to the ancestral halls.

The steward of the palace went ahead with the key. We followed with the ladies of the household. When the great doors were opened, we quietly entered. The ladies bowed low. Directly in front of us was an elaborately carved turtle, on which stood a facsimile of an Imperial palace. It was about five feet long and four feet high, covered with yellow tiles, such as are seen on the Imperial buildings. The decorations of lions' heads and rampant dragons were such as we had so often seen in the Court Palace. The marble steps leading up to this miniature building, the red lacquered pillars, the elaborate carving on doors and windows, were all in their man-made perfection.

The doors of this miniature palace stood open; and inside, facing the doors, was a carved throne upholstered in yellow satin, and on the throne stood the tablet of their great ancestor, The Empress of Ch'ien Lung. We were told that the Emperors of China being the sons of Heaven,

none of their posterity were worthy to worship them except their successors to the Throne; hence the Emperor Ch'ien Lung's tablet was not in their ancestral halls. Besides this miniature Imperial palace there were four green-tiled and purple-tiled palaces, indicating ranks in multiplied details. While the story of the Imperial Prince, and the "iron-capped," or hereditary, Prince, is of marked interest, I shall not tarry here to tell you of them. Down through the generations from the days of Ch'ien Lung (1736-1796) to the father of the present Duke these tablets have been preserved and worshipped. In each of these miniature palaces is placed the tablet of the father and mother, except in the first Imperial palace, which held the mother's tablet only. Before each shrine stood an incense-burner, cup of burning oil, candles, and the various symbols used in worship.

On the floor were satin-covered cushions, on which the worshippers knelt when offering sacrifice. The anniversary of birth, death, New Year's Day, and other days, are commemorated. The worship consists of the offering of fruits and cakes to the departed spirit; the burning of incense; the pouring out of wine; the nine prostrations, when the worshipper lifts the wine cup each time to the level of the forehead. This ceremony finishes the form of worship. The utmost formality is observed by worshippers. The men put on with great care all their official regalia and present themselves as spotless and adorned as though they were kneeling before a living emperor. This devotion in memory of their ancestors, as well as the respect and love shown the members of the living families, and the honor shown their superiors in age and rank, is one of China's graces and redeeming features.



THREE HSU SISTERS



WEN TAI-TAI, NIECE OF DUKE JUNG, AND HER
LITTLE DAUGHTER

These halls were more bewildering to me than anything that I had yet seen in China. The meaning was so securely concealed that in ignorance I mentally cried out, "What does it all mean?" I eagerly accepted the information that these kind friends offered. Only think of it! We stood before the tablet of the Empress of Ch'ien Lung, and a long line of the Duke's ancestors. We were in wonderland, with guide-book in hand that we could not read, and these unfamiliar wonders bore unfamiliar names. How strange they all were! As we stood there, in fancy flitted that wonderful Ch'ien Lung reign and its fine productions that have borne the test of time, and that to-day the outside world acknowledges of great value. With hearts warmed with gratitude for the great privilege these Chinese friends had so kindly given us, we took our departure. Another day's picture, with its strange but new colorings, is hung in my mind's gallery for me to study.

In the past six months many more of the Manchu and Chinese ladies of rank have been added to our list of acquaintances. The circle increases, but I advance with caution. There are strange new events coming rapidly into our lives. Even the wives of high officials, both Manchu and Chinese, are opening their doors to us, and I am entertaining them in return. My former ideas of Chinese ladies are undergoing a great change. Mingling with them in their hospitable homes and in my Legation home removes much of the ignorant prejudice that I held against them. To-morrow we are to be entertained at the palace of Princess Shun, the sister of the Empress and niece of the Empress Dowager. I greatly admire this Princess. As strict formalities are laid aside, and we meet and talk out of our true selves, we become friends.

Your father's ever willing, ready, and efficient counsel and help encourage me onward.

Many requests come to me for privileges and opportunities through me to get different things and messages into the Palace to Their Majesties. I have not seen my way clear to grant these requests. I have adhered strictly to the principle of not abusing the favor I have won. Never have I tried to bear to the Imperial Court personal ideas, however much they might favorably appeal to my own approval. No, I never took any Chinese question nor requests of foreigners to Her Majesty. Questions of my own I did take to her. She never evaded nor refused to answer and act favorably upon any question that I laid before her. When Her Majesty told me anything I relied upon what she said, and she never failed me. I have visited their Chinese schools, their industries, the country, the Great Wall; I have marked their profound admiration for their Imperial rulers, studied their Imperial edicts and customs; I have noted their love and respect for ancestors, parents, children, for all sorts of pets; I have observed their care for the aged, blind, and crippled; I have tried to learn something of their feast days, their ancestral tombs, and many other things that would interest Her Majesty and show her that I too am interested in China and her people. Her Majesty has bestowed upon me many hours for conversation; and knowing this little, I could speak of it, and Her Majesty in turn would enlarge upon the topic and give me much more information. At one audience I spoke of the native school that I had lately visited and told Her Majesty what I saw and of the deep interest I felt in those bright boys. I casually said, "Such bright boys will be a power in

their honorable country. As foreigners are with you, if some of your ablest youth could be educated abroad as well as at home, would it not enable them to meet and understand the incoming ideas?" Her Majesty assented and said, "They shall be sent abroad." A few days later I was delighted to read the following edict from Her Majesty's "pencil."

The following Edict was issued on the twenty-third of the Twelfth Moon (February 1, 1902):*

"Our international relations are of the utmost importance. At the present time when we are seeking to restore prosperity to the people and the Government, we ought more than ever to gather together those of superior merit. If those who go abroad will devote themselves earnestly to the investigation of foreign methods of government and the sciences of those countries, we may hope to increase our talents as in some measure to meet the needs of the Government. At present there are many students from the various Provinces, zealous in acquainting themselves with current affairs, who have gone abroad to study in foreign schools and learn a profession. This practice has never obtained among the Imperial Clansmen and the Eight Banners, and it is urgently necessary that they become more liberally educated. Let the Imperial Clan Court and the Lieutenant Generals of the Eight Banners select young men from each banner between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, of good character, intelligent minds, and sound bodies, and prepare a list to be sent to the Grand Council, who may report to Us and await Our appointment of an official to re-examine and make a selection of a certain number, who shall be furnished with means and sent abroad to travel and study, availing themselves of the opportunity to familiarize themselves with foreign methods and enlarge their experience, that they may assist the Court in its purpose to cultivate talent for the services of the Government.

"Respect this."

Whether or not our conversation in regard to foreign

* Translation from the *Peking Gazette* of February 1, 1902.

education had its influence, I care little. The edict has gone forth. At the audience following I expressed my pleasure. I also spoke of her edict against foot-binding, and asked if it would have an immediate effect upon her people. Her Majesty replied, "No; the Chinese move slowly. Our customs are so fixed that it takes much time to change them."

Whenever I found that we had customs at all in common with theirs I would speak of the Chinese customs, then state that our country has similar ones. To illustrate: they have a Moon Feast, wherein they bring together the harvests of the land and give thanks and eat in honor of their Moon god. I had taken great pains to learn from the educated higher class of Chinese ladies the meaning of this feast, and at the following audience I said to Her Majesty that I had taken great interest in their Moon Feast just past, and that I had officially acknowledged her bountiful gifts at this season, but I asked Her Majesty to accept my personal thanks. Then I enlarged upon the thought back of their feast and said that we in America had our corresponding Harvest Moon. She listened with great interest, and her bright eyes and face grew brighter, as I told her of our harvest-moon season, our national Thanksgiving Day, and its customs similar to those of their Moon Feast.

In speaking of cemeteries I told her that we too had beautiful burying grounds with monuments and tablets, grass, flowers, shrubs, trees, lakes, and bridged streams. I said that we often visited these beautiful, much-loved spots, and carried freshly cut flowers in loving memory of our departed dear ones. The thoughtful Chinese generally seem surprised when I tell them this. I have been asked,

"Do you not forget your ancestors? Do you remember them too?"

At one private audience Her Majesty said to me, "Should you like to hear of our departure from Peking on that dark day after the foreign troops entered?" I replied that I should be much honored to listen to Her Majesty, and added that I had carefully avoided any allusion to this subject lest it might grieve her. She then related in a vivid way the incidents of her flight and that of the Court; she told me of their trials and privations, and of their long journey in carts. This great ruler knows and remembers events as they pass. Her Majesty cited to me many things of which I thought her totally ignorant.

The Chinese are thinkers, and their unfailing memory is a wonderful key for them. In teaching them to think in foreign lines I sincerely hope that much foreign learning will not clog their memories. When the foreigner and the Chinese are not arbitrary and are willing to yield a point, they work quite harmoniously together. To illustrate: you know that "pidgin English" is the foreign business language of China and that this language is composed of English words with Chinese constructions. The embellishing words are dropped as superfluous. The Chinese of the different Provinces can converse in "pidgin English" when their own dialects will not permit them to understand each other. Thus you see, this compromise is helpful to all.

The Joint Note and the Protocol have brought many changes. The two changes which will interest you most are — first, the Tsung Li Yamen is now changed to Wai Wu Pu, and holds its former position near the Imperial

Court; second, the foreign Ministers when presenting their credentials are to enter the front gates and be received by Their Majesties in the Forbidden City.

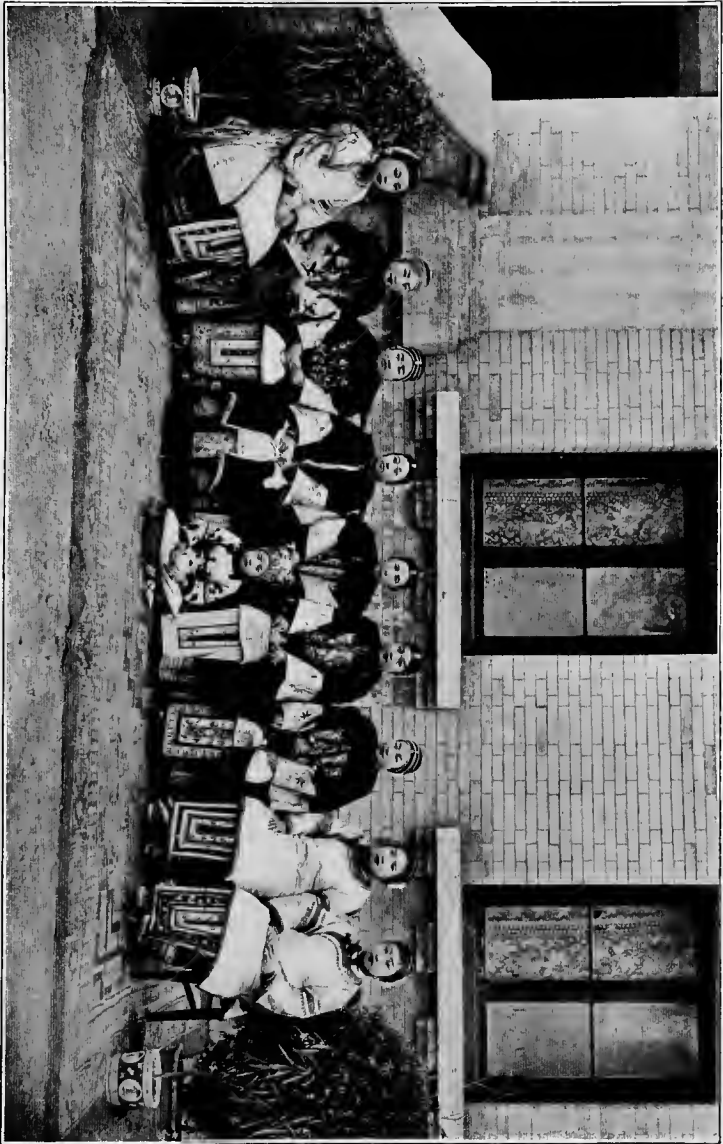
There has been no rain for many months, and the "drought devil" is ravaging the country. The destruction and lack during poverty's reign are appalling. Prayers and sacrifices do not appease this devil. There is a superstition of long standing that when all else fails, China will call upon a very old iron tablet for help in her direful need. This tablet is carefully and religiously taken from place to place. It has at this time been taken from its resting-place and is on its journey of restoration. May China's trust be pure enough to touch the hem of Christ's garment and be saved. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. Since I wrote to you about superstitions, much work has been done in my heart and mind to clear away the rubbish that I might see the soil in which superstitions are rooted. I find that the quality of this soil in all nations varies only in proportion to the quantity of its different innate ingredients. If planted and nourished, superstitions will grow everywhere.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

June 21, 1903.

WE have received from Her Majesty the Empress Dowager, yellow silk boxes containing two beautiful jade ornaments for our little granddaughter, and we forward them to you to-day. This was a great surprise to us all. Of her cordial congratulations to me at the audience on the fifteenth I have already written you, and now comes



WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF HIGH CHINESE OFFICIALS ENTERTAINED IN OUR LEGATION HOME, MARCH 24, 1903

this thoughtful recognition of our joy. These gifts are beautiful, but I prize even more than the gifts the thought that made Her Majesty bestow them upon our baby. They will tell you their own story. It will interest you to know that these are Her Majesty's first gifts sent to a foreign little one.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

July 20, 1903.

THE attitude which the foreigner holds toward the Chinese does not have a tendency to bring to light the best in himself, nor in them. It may be that the Chinese see an undesirable man in the foreigner. The littleness of revenge, and the boldness of self-asserting superiority, are not the most attractive characteristics of mankind. They seem at times to rival the good in a man and put it to a severe test, but they never efface or even tarnish it. When the battle is fought and the smoke clears away, the good is still there and at times is revealed in all men. I have just witnessed a street scene which called forth these remarks.

At our annual meeting for the Woman's Winter Refuge we discussed the advisability of owning our home, and methods of raising money for this purpose. As I do not approve of writing to individuals for donations, I suggested that each member of the association act as it seemed best to her. I said that if they would grant me one hundred or more copies of the reports, I would send them, sealed, to my friends in China and elsewhere. I also said that I would mark in my report

what seemed important to us, but that I would write nothing. Then, if it appealed as a need to these friends, they would respond to that need; if not, no answer was required. Over one hundred of these little messengers are on their journey. Do you not see, my dear girl, what journeys back to us will be free-will offerings?

How your father and I would love to have you and Mary with us in our home life and in our social duties, in our investigations on our ponies, yes — everywhere. But our two girls were captured, not by the Chinese in 1900, but by our American officers in 1901. If we loved them less we would grieve for them, but their greatest happiness is ours.

We have three large bays and two white ponies now. They are all single-footers, and are among the best here. They seem to like our little races as much as we do, and when we strike the usual places away they go. When we reach home the boys and coolies are always in the outer court ready to help us dismount; with us, they pet and reward our ponies with bits of vegetables.

Of late I have been able to get some very choice things. I have been wanting them for some time, but how to secure them I did not know. The Princesses and Chinese ladies help me to obtain their beautiful robes and other articles not on public sale. Friends — seekers after treasures — bring many things to me from their delving into the unexplored regions, and kindly take me into byways where time, unmolested, has deeply buried things of rare value.

If I enter a Chinese shop which is widely opened to the public, respectfully look at some of the few good things in sight, price them, and say nothing about the

inferior ones, the shopkeeper will show me an inner room with more good things and fewer poor ones. If I then appreciate the good, he will take me into another room beyond, with still better goods and more of them. I have been taken into and through six different rooms, until, in the last, all things were of the best. Is not this true in all our earthly living? If we recognize and know the good, more will be revealed to us. To me there is a great joy as I pass on and on step by step into the rooms of their heart-treasures. They love these choice productions of ages and really pet them. These merchants so quietly explain what these things stand for that I become friendly and acquainted with them; and when they or their kindred come to my door and ask permission to remain a few days, I gladly welcome them, and sometimes they do not leave me. Everything great or small which I have collected has its little story in my memory book, and in this story is a ray of joy. This seeking, with a thought to learn in detail something of what I see, has brought into my possession most beautiful and valuable things. To illustrate: I saw a number of incense-burners upon the floor. I liked the shape of them, so I asked the price. I was answered, "They have no value. Take them all if you wish." I took one of the dirty heavy things, as the shape still attracted me. When I reached home, Wang took this incense-burner, began to cut into it, and then said, "I boil in dried apricot sauce." When he returned he brought to me a polished, gold-surfaced, deeply carved, beautiful incense-burner with a date of over four hundred years ago upon it. Nothing of this was suggested before the cleaning process. It was the shape only that had attracted me. Such things of great value

are seldom found, but little things often come my way — far more of them than I can give a home. It is not quantity that I strive to collect, but good specimens of the different lines of China's best productions. We are remaining here so long that I do not hasten in this happy work. Through these productions I am learning much of the people who made them.

One investigator who was visiting the Far East said to me, "I concede that China's art has more effect upon foreign art than the foreign has upon the Chinese. You take a piece of China's art and place it anywhere away from home, and it gracefully and honorably holds its place; but a beautiful, dainty foreign piece of art seems out of place in China."

I replied, "Yes, and can we not find the reason for this in the thought that conceived and executed these different styles of art? The Chinese production has a positive meaning throughout its whole construction; and with these accumulated expressions in thought-symbols it portrays a culture that graces any drawing-room, library, gallery, museum. It has something to say and, in dignity, calmly says it. Every color or combination of colors, with their many shades; every flower, tree, plant, fruit, or vegetable; every bit of water, rock, plain, or mountain; every animal, reptile, bird, bat, or insect — in fact everything that holds a place, speaks a silent language that is felt, although it may not be heard nor understood. You see, each symbol is individual, even though it helps to make up the whole. Each knows its place, knows what it wishes to impart, and is at home with its associations. China's art is like a scholarly man, at home everywhere. If we take foreign art

to China, its richest effect is lost. It is likely to look common or out of place, because its setting is not in keeping. It comes without a fixed meaning, and is not at ease among these talking things. It is like a beautiful person without depth of thought."

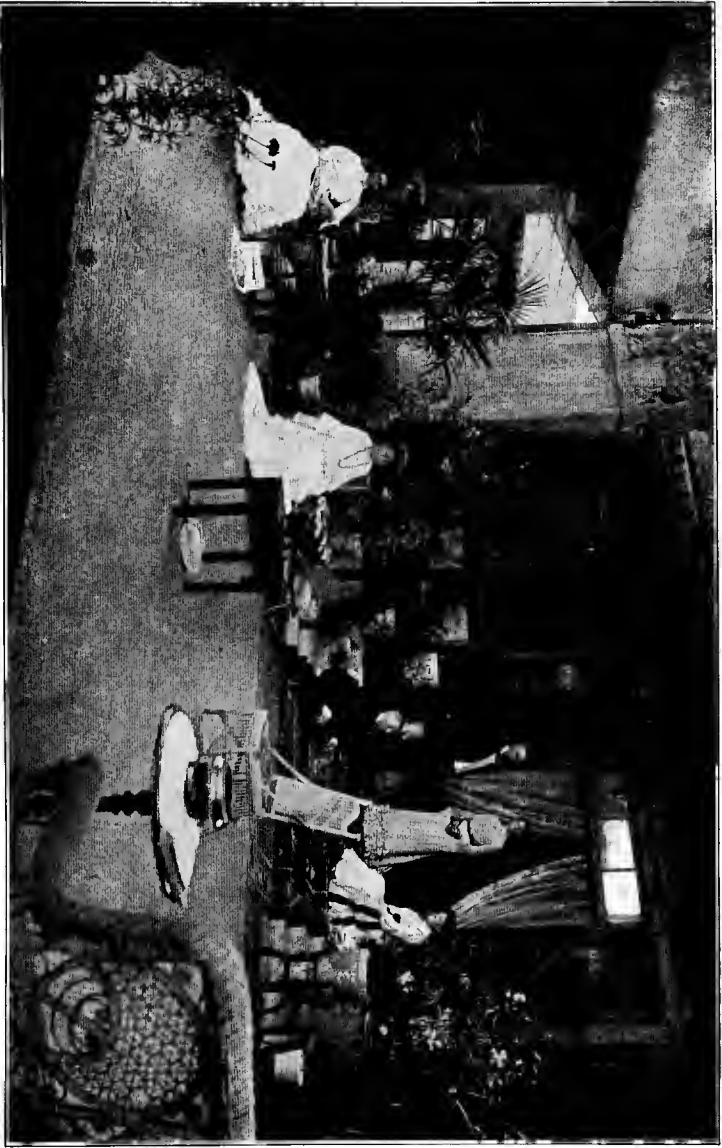
During the social season we give two diplomatic, customs, or official dinners each week, besides the small social or complimentary dinners and tiffins to friends or people bringing letters from friends asking special favors.

You recall that your father had the old temple on Canal Street repaired, and that we moved from our old Legation home to these new quarters. The Koreans bought the former Legation, and we were obliged to vacate. This old temple compound is composed of many courts with their many buildings. This temple and other buildings in the Legation quarters are divided so as to accommodate the Legation officials in their work and to provide homes for them.

There is one large court in common for all. The Minister has four courts and their accompanying buildings. In the summer three of these courts are *p'eng*, that is, covered and curtained with reed mattings supported by a framework reaching far above the surrounding buildings. By a system of ropes and pulleys the top is rolled and unrolled, and the curtains are hoisted and lowered. With a little care these courts are always cool. The court into which our drawing-room and dining-room open is *p'eng*. A large matting covers the paved floor; tables, chairs, and sofas are placed in groups. Evenings, there are from fifty to one hundred small and large different colored lanterns hanging high and low; upon the tables globed candles are standing. Near the

centre of this temple-court stands an immense bronze incense-burner which is converted into a lantern with its many colorings. In this court there is also a large temple-bell about five feet high and three feet in diameter, hung upon a strong hardwood frame. On either side and within the court is a large evergreen tree, and at the base of these trees flowers and plants are banked. At either side of the steps leading to the drawing-room are wonderful white marble tablets yellowed by time. Upon these tablets are deeply carved dragons, and Chinese characters that recall long-forgotten history. These tablets tower above the cornice of the building. Standing alone and in groups are beautiful hand-painted jars with large flowering and foliage plants. We receive our guests in the drawing-room; but after the dinner is finished, we pass into this court to spend the remainder of the evening. On our days at home we receive our guests in this court. The air is fresh, and the beautiful trees, potted plants, shrubs, many flowers, and delightful guests make the day truly a happy one.

To get out of the city for a few days your father planned a trip for us into Manchuria to Mukden and Newchwang. In the interior from Newchwang there are rich jade quarries. The extensive building by the Russians in Newchwang was bewildering. It looked as though they had come to stay and were building on their own soil. It was hard for China to be neutral and not protest. If she had openly protested, the status of the war would have been more complicated, and allies might have joined Japan and Russia in their awful battles; all through that unheard-of invasion upon China and her people she stood bravely neutral. Important des-



ENTERING THE COURT FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM

patches kept coming, and your father felt that we must return to the Legation.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

July 25, 1903.

I MUST tell you about my birthday. You know the Chinese often ask the ages of people. About two months ago the wife of the Grand Secretary, Mrs. Wang Wen Shao, his granddaughter, Mrs. Kao, and others were calling. One asked my age, and I told her. They were at once interested, and asked when my next birthday came. Wang got the double calendar, Chinese and foreign, so as to make sure of the date. They talked a little while by themselves and then asked if they might call upon me on that date. I said that I should be greatly pleased to receive them. They said the sixtieth birthday is one of great note to the Chinese. I asked one of the ladies who was assisting me if she thought they were in earnest, and if they would remember. She replied, "They surely are in earnest now." Weeks passed. When we returned the call, no allusion was made to my birthday. We had planned our trip into Manchuria for July, but I told your father that we must get back by the twenty-fourth. We returned the twenty-first. The next day a messenger came from the ladies with compliments asking if I had returned and if I was well. On the twenty-third gifts began to come. Four most elegant, large embroidered birthday hangings in glass cases, lovely fans, beautiful ornaments, fragrant flowers, boxes of choice tea, boxes of delicious fruits, lotus seeds,

four hams, a large cask of wine, and many small decorations came to me. Each gift brought within itself its own words of greeting. Her Majesty sent me rich, beautiful gifts some days before. How she learned about this day I never knew.

Imagine, if you can, my surprise and my feelings! Our faithful servants gave me beautiful expressions of good wishes. Wang helped me to hang the banners and place the other gifts in the most approved Chinese style. I learned the number of those coming. They all arrived at twelve o'clock, bringing their happy greetings. We had our tea, and while thus seated Wang came into the drawing-room with a yellow card and two large yellow boxes. We all knew that Her Majesty had sent them. The lids were raised, and when a large lotus leaf was removed, there were revealed beautiful flowers and large, rich peaches. I took one of the flowers and placed it in my hair, then passed them to each lady, requesting that she do likewise. All were delighted. The ladies examined the different flowers and pointed to the peaches, earnestly talking among themselves; then one lady said to me, "Her Majesty has given you the best wishes that she could give any one." As we passed out through a hall leading to the dining-room, Sir Robert Hart's band began to play in the outer court. The Chinese seldom give any expression of surprise, but this was too much, and their faces betrayed the inner thought. We passed on into the dining-room, and here through Miss Campbell a surprise awaited us all. The room was darkened; and upon each end of the long table was a large birthday cake, with sixty small colored candles all burning. After a

short time the artificial lights were removed and the bright daylight appeared.

We talked of the different customs of China and America, and their significance. The band was still playing, and Mrs. Wang Wen Shao remarked, "I'd rather hear that music than talk or eat." I said if they would partake of the food we would soon go where we could see the band playing. I told them they were Chinese musicians playing foreign music upon foreign instruments. I sent word for the band to rest from their playing and partake of their refreshments.

After we had enjoyed Her Majesty's delicious peaches and their language, I arose and said, "Ladies, we have partaken of the bountiful good wishes of Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Dowager. Let us arise, lift our glasses, and unite in extending to the Rulers of China our heart's best wishes for health, success, and happiness." As is customary, these ladies graciously acknowledged the good wishes expressed for their Rulers.

We invited our guests to take seats in the large hall opening into the court where the band was playing. None of the ladies had either seen or heard a band with foreign instruments playing foreign music. They watched them until the last note was sounded and the last musician had left. After our Chinese guests had departed, my American guests sat down with me and we talked it all over. My efficient helpers told me more in detail the sayings of our Chinese guests. These helpers are of the best, are in sympathy with my efforts, and efficiently and willingly assist me. Without these co-workers I should be helpless, as I am ignorant of the Chinese lan-

guage. I write these detailed accounts, because in this way only can you get a little knowledge of the Chinese character and inner life. I am striving to know them through intercourse with them.

To-day the official cards of these ladies' husbands were brought by a messenger with compliments of these ladies, their good wishes, and hopes that their visit did not weary me. I sent my Chinese card in return, with my compliments and appreciation. They have a time for doing everything, and they seem never to fail in performing the duties of that time.

We are to visit one of these Chinese families very soon. These visits give me a good idea of Chinese homes. They are large compounds, with many buildings, courts, grottoes, watercourses, artistic bridges, beautiful gardens, large trees, and pavilions of Oriental beauty. I am delighted to enter and see these things, they have been such a mystery. I can now see how the sons can marry and bring their wives home to their father's palace. The palace grounds are walled; in this large enclosure are many compounds for the homes of individual families. Upon many of these homes as elsewhere the destructive siege has left its mark suggestive of better days.

I must tell you of three Chinese sisters. Their father, His Excellency Mr. Hsu, is a scholar and the President of the "Board of Rights." These sisters are enterprising, industrious, studious, and accomplished. We often see them and their handiwork with needle and brush. I have, hanging upon the wall, a beautiful banner which Her Majesty painted and gave to me. On the second visit of these sisters they asked permission to look about



AFTERNOON IN THE COURT

my room. When they came to this valuable, highly prized banner, they seemed much pleased and said, "Our father wrote that poem, there is his seal." The Empress Dowager gives to a scholar a subject for a poem; then she illustrates it in a colored painting. As I become better acquainted with these attractive, lovable young ladies and know that their father wrote that poem, there is added to the former joys that this banner has brought to me, another joy, true and living. The eldest of these sisters was recently married and we were invited to see the wedding gifts. Their mother is a quiet, unassuming lady, and a delightful hostess. The "feast" was elaborate.

I have learned to fully enjoy much of the Chinese food which my prejudices at first would not allow me even to taste; politeness, however, urged me to pretend to taste, and finally common sense persuaded me that it was wise to really taste; and now I am fond of it. Prejudice is so blind that it will not see; in fact it does not wish to see, and so bars out many blessings that might come to those who give it a home and nourish it.

One day when these sisters were calling, I casually made the remark, "Our country has just had a birthday, and we visited the Western Hills to celebrate." Then I told of our celebrations. I made the remark that our country is a child, and very young; and that China is so very old that perhaps the date of her birth is forgotten. The eldest sister first spoke about China's age in dynasties, then spoke of Columbus's discovery of America, of the landing of the Pilgrims, of our troubles with England, the seceding of the colonies, of our Declaration of Independence, and many other things. Where did she

learn all this, and how could a Chinese lady desire to know it? We talked for some time upon education, and this topic gave me the opportunity to ask where she found her information. She replied, "American missionaries have translated into our language many books on history and other subjects for their schools, and these we buy and study." These sisters are loyal Chinese; they are students of their own country, and with bright faces they talk intelligently of their own customs.

At their home they showed us their library, paintings, gardens, and their exquisite needlework. They are most respectful to their mother, charming with one another, and cordial to their friends. After this sister was married, she and several other married and unmarried ladies called. The highest in rank asked if they might meet the Minister. The unmarried ladies arose and asked permission to withdraw to the library. I said that Mr. Conger would see them in the drawing-room. The married sister at once said, "But the unmarried ladies are not privileged to meet gentlemen." Then she said, "I am free now, I can see. I have a teacher in painting, and learn many new things."

Some time later this married sister left Peking for her Southern home with her husband's people. A few weeks after she left, the two sisters sent me word that they were in mourning, and asked if they might come and tell me of their sorrow. They came and told of a sister unknown to me. Many years ago this sister was betrothed to Li Hung Chang's son. The son died. A pitiful story followed. This sister went into seclusion for many years, withdrawing more and more from her own family. Of late she had literally refused to take

food or drink, and she had at last committed suicide. In the sight of the Chinese that was the act of the heroine. She could not have given her life in a more commendable way. I asked if this sad news had reached their married sister. They said no, Chinese never bear sad news to a bride in the first year of her married life.

After this bride had gone to her husband's home I received letters from her which showed the line of her interests. Her husband went abroad to college, so she returned from the South. Soon after her arrival, she called upon me, and in the course of our conversation I asked what line of study she was now pursuing. She said that she was still working upon missionary translations, and remarked that she was greatly interested in Professor Jenks' monetary system. It did not concern me to know how deep was her knowledge of this intricate subject, but I was concerned to know that she had heard of it, and was interested. The Chinese steadfastness to an idea and their great memories permit them to delve deeper, and with clearer understanding, than can the average foreigner.

You will be interested in the interpretation of the flowers the Empress Dowager sent on my birthday. As I have said before, there is a symbolism in everything Chinese, and I know this symbolism adds a charm to a gift already beautiful. The peach and oleander blossoms express the wish for "long life," "rich in sustenance and beauty." This sentiment associated with the peach is universally understood, but I have found no one who could give an account of its origin. The lotus leaf indicates "purity and modesty." "The superior man, like the lotus, although coming through mire, is untainted;

although bathed in sparkling water and rising in beauty is without vanity." The aster means "superior to circumstances." These blossoms still appear after frost falls, and express the thought of unfading beauty. The orange marigold, "beautiful in age," is fragrant and brilliant in the declining season. These sentiments frequently appear in Chinese verse and often accompany rich gifts.

Early one morning this spring we were riding toward the Summer Palace where the Court was spending the summer months. Yellow soil was being spread upon the streets leading into the Forbidden City and we knew that this indicated that the Court was going to enter. In a secluded place in the court of the city gate we dismounted and awaited the passing of the yellow chair, the many red ones, and their large number of attendants. Two days after I was paying a visit to a Princess who had been one of the Imperial party, and I asked for what purpose the Court returned to the city. The answer was given in a quiet, clear way, "The Empress has charge of the domestic industries of the Empire. This is the season for the silkworm, and the Empress with her Princesses visits the Forbidden City and offers prayers and pays homage at the shrine of the god of the silkworm. They beseech his support and protection of this little worm during its industrious work. After the worm has finished its labors, again Her Majesty and her Princesses visit this shrine and offer praises of gratitude for the answer to their prayers."

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

August 24, 1903.

I HAVE more to tell you about Her Majesty's portrait. I wrote to Miss Carl, the artist, to be here near the first of August in order to be ready, at Her Majesty's summons, to appear at the Palace. We were silent upon this subject; no one knew of the coming event. On an auspicious day early in August we were summoned to the Court, and the work was begun. The day was a bright one, and Her Majesty seemed happy as she received us informally and cordially. The Emperor was present for a short time, then withdrew. The Princess, Lady Yü, and her daughters in their midsummer dress were truly attractive. Lady Yü and her daughters were most helpful as Her Majesty's interpreters; you know they speak English fluently. Eunuchs and slave girls stood about the room ready to serve.

While Her Majesty was posing for her portrait, two eunuchs knelt before her with communications. Her Majesty took one and perused it, then took the other. All was quiet, and the intensity of her expression while reading spoke volumes. I was truly thankful for this incident, as I was enabled to see the deep, thoughtful expression of this keen, watchful Empress Dowager of China. Her Majesty's Imperial robe and adornments far surpassed the richness and elegance of those worn at the audiences for foreigners. A charcoal sketch was made, and the likeness pleased all.

After a "feast" our Imperial hostess took me by the hand, and we led the way through corridors and courts

to the theatre court. As Her Majesty talked with me, she placed upon my wrists two beautifully carved bracelets. We were seated on the veranda opening from Her Majesty's private rooms, facing the theatre. The large stage, of itself a fairy building, was elaborately decorated, and the performers were all in harmony with their surroundings. Yellow programmes were handed to us, and Her Majesty explained the play, which we greatly enjoyed. The Empress Dowager and the Princesses were most cordial, and imparted good cheer to their guests. When we took our departure the Princesses accompanied us through the court. The magnitude of this portrait-painting is beginning to grow upon me. What will the end be? Miss Carl has not come in since we left her, but messages frequently pass between us. She is, however, getting along nicely. Untold attentions and privileges are bestowed upon her.

The Legations are progressing slowly in their building. Difficulties keep arising as the workmen are not familiar with foreign methods. The Italian Minister told me that they had trouble with one of his contractors in putting up his Legation buildings. The contractor, it seems, fell short of funds, and the Minister insisted that he must pay up. The man begged for mercy and said that he was bankrupt, that the Fates had worked against him. The Minister said that he could not listen to such talk, but the man still begged and insisted that he had no money. Finally he left without reconciliation. In a few days a large Chinese coffin was brought to the Minister, with the message: "This coffin is all that I have. I have kept it for years; but as you insist that I must pay you, I bring and lay at your feet my last and my all."

Kotowing, he begged him to take the coffin and forgive the debt. The Minister, horrified, told the man to take the coffin and depart. When we can realize what the coffin means to the Chinese, we can somewhat realize the great sacrifice this man was making.

Our Legation is going to be substantial and fine. It may take two years to finish it. Mr. Nealy, the government architect, is very particular and thorough about every part. He works many hours a day, and every day; I never saw greater perseverance and endurance. Your father makes his daily visit to the new Legation to note the progress, and gives words of encouragement.

The war clouds are gathering. Can it be that two civilized nations will fight the awful battles of bloodshed? Japan is contending for her existence. Russia is keeping still and awaiting developments. The outside world is looking on and declaring that it desires a reconciliation without bloodshed.

[TO A FRIEND]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
August 30, 1903.

HOW the days fly, and the months pass, and the years — not one of them long! Each bears more sunshine than clouds. Friendship's love is among the joys of living. It faithfully warms the heart and reassures.

The Chinese ladies do not retrace their steps, nor cease to open their doors to us. On the contrary, they manifest a growing interest to receive me and my party and to be received in return. If they cannot come, they send tokens of remembrance to us.

The Chinese have many feast days. On these occasions the Empress Dowager sends to the Diplomatic ladies, as well as to her own people; plants, fruits, cakes, and other gifts according to the day. One season she sent me eight painted porcelain pots with fine black stands. These pots were filled with most thrifty bush peonies bearing many exquisite pink blossoms and buds, and I have preserved not only the beautiful memory of these blossoms, but their petals. I have a pillow filled with them and have covered it with the Imperial yellow embroidered in unfading flowers; so I keep fresh a precious memory by preserving as nearly as possible its outward expression. At another time she gave four similar pots and stands filled with rich orchids; at still another, four large acacia trees full of buds. At times she sends most exquisite flower baskets made of wired white jasmine buds. These baskets are composed of many small baskets decorated with silk tassels of many colors and one very large yellow tassel hanging from the centre. The baskets are filled with different colored flowers, each bearing its good wish in a silent language. Her Majesty sends cakes and fruits of different kinds, in round, Imperial yellow boxes decorated with gold characters and Imperial dragons. Sometimes she sends yellow silk boxes bearing birds' nests, sharks' fins, shrimps, or tea. Among Her Majesty's choicest gifts to me are banners and fans of her own painting.

The Chinese are very systematic in all that they do. Twice a year an edict is issued by the Emperor indicating the day when his subjects shall change to winter or summer clothing. The winter clothing is dark and is lined with fur or wadded; hats and shoes correspond with the cloth-



STARTING FOR THE PALACE TO SEE HER MAJESTY'S PORTRAIT
OUR CHINESE CART IN ITS WINTER DRESS

ing in weight. The summer clothing is light in weight and color, white and light blue prevailing; here again hats and shoes correspond with the garments worn. One day you may be out and see every one in winter clothes; the very next day you may see every one in summer clothes. One day in the spring I was making calls, and it seemed warm in the cart. On my return I said to Wang, "Tell Mafoo I wish him to take the side paddings out of the cart, take out the glass windows, put in the netting and curtains, and put all the awnings up." Wang returned and said, "Madame, Mafoo say, 'No proper time put summer dress on cart. Mafoo and carter wear winter clothes, cart wear winter clothes.'" I said, "All right, wait for proper time."

In the winter, when alone, we dine at half-past seven, in the summer at eight o'clock. Without one word from me, when they change their clothes they change the dinner hour. Do you see the system they observe? I am quite methodical myself, and it appeals to me. They have a certain kind of jewelry to wear each season. At one Imperial summer audience Her Majesty took from her person a beautifully carved ornament with small and large pearls, corals, and tassels, and hung it upon my pin. At the next audience, which was late in autumn, I thought that I would wear something that Her Majesty had given me, so I hung this gift where Her Majesty had placed it. My boy Wang saw it, and quietly said, "No proper time wear that summer ornament." I said, "Very well. It must rest in its box until its proper time comes."

This boy watches me very closely, and I encourage him to do so. I have a black satin, fur-lined Chinese coat that I wear when going to dinners in the winter. I put it

on to wear to a Chinese dinner. Wang again came to me and said, "More better you wear light, long, foreign coat." Off it went, and my own "lady's coat" was donned. He seems very jealous for me, and wishes me to please the Chinese, as he knows that I do not wish to offend, nor to merit their ridicule.

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
November 8, 1903.

I JUST wish that you could realize what lovely, valuable things come my way, now that I know them and with delight recognize them. Things are so much like people — they gladden the heart or sadden it. Do you not see it is recognizing the good in them that gladdens and attracts, and the non-recognition that sickens and repels? If we look into the hidden meaning of things or the inmost heart of people, we find the attractive form expressed or suggested in a greater or less degree.

Wang came to me one day recently and said, "Madame see Moon Feast?" I did wish to see it, and went to the outer *p'eng* court where I saw a well-filled table and around it were the house boys and the head servant of each department. This Moon Feast is yearly celebrated throughout China, and rejoicings are offered for the harvest of the summer. Thus the mind idealizes events, and the heart-beats vitalize them.

I know of no better way to answer your questions about Chinese art than to send you a letter that Dr. Headland wrote me in answer to some of my inquiries upon the same subject. You have breathed the atmosphere of art



MOON FEAST OF OUR SERVANTS



for so many years that you can appreciate the great work that Dr. Headland has done in diligently collecting choice pieces and studying them to get a knowledge of their worth. I have often wished that you could listen to his enthusiastic conversations upon the many lines of Chinese art. Dr. Headland writes as follows:

During the past seventeen years in China, I have studied carefully, as you know, her porcelain, her bronze, her jade, brass, embroidery, tapestry, lacquer, carving, and pictorial art, and I do not hesitate to say that her painting is by far the most attractive of them all. In this she has always led the Orient, as it is well known that all Japanese art is but a copy and modification of the Chinese masters.

In her painting she has two styles, the Northern and the Southern. The former has always used a good deal of color, while the attraction of the latter is in the calligraphy, or brushwork. In each of these styles there are a great many schools, and during the latter part of the Ming and the present dynasty there has come into vogue an eclectic school, which has tried to embody the beauties of both styles; and some of her greatest artists belong to these two dynasties.

I have traced back the history of her art to about 1324 B. C., but little can be found worthy the name till two or three centuries before our era. From that time we have connected history.

She has a regular system of drawing. She began her painting by frescoing, and mixed her paints the same as did the old Italian masters — pulverized minerals mixed with glue and water. The great stimulus to her art was religion — the introduction of Buddhism — and its first progress was realized in the decoration of temples. The golden age of her painting, like that of her literature, poetry, and music, was during the seventh and eighth centuries, about seven or eight centuries earlier than our own.

She has no art schools, technically so-called, though each master has always had a great number of pupils who either became his followers or established schools and methods of their own.

Among their artists they have the realistic, the naturalistic, the impressionist, and finger-painting, together with others for which we have no adequate English names — such as outline drawings and *pai miao*, a species of fine outline drawing of the clothing while the faces and hands of the figures are natural.

You know, of course, that they have had many well-known lady artists, and among these will always be placed, I have no doubt, your friend, Her Majesty the Empress Dowager, and her teacher, the Lady Miao. In my collection of more than five hundred paintings, prints, and rubbings, I have seven of the Empress Dowager's and one by Lady Miao. This last was painted by Lady Miao at the request of the Princess Shun, sister of the Empress, and given as a present to my wife.

The studies of Chinese artists embrace all those of the West; landscape, peach-blossoms, and bamboo, flowers, figures, animals, birds, butterflies, insects, fish — in fact, anything that can be drawn or colored. Their point of view in landscape is usually from an elevation, the only point from which one can view the landscape. It is on this account that it has often been said that they lack perspective. I think it can be shown that in their horizontal scrolls they have as good perspective as we have, while in their perpendicular or hanging scrolls, they have a feature of perspective that our artists have never yet used.

One of the difficulties in Chinese drawing and painting is that a mark once put on can never be covered or erased. They work with India ink — falsely so-called, for it is Chinese ink — and water-colors, on either silk or paper specially prepared for this purpose, and as both their colors and their ink are indelible, a mark once put on is there forever.

Chinese art, like almost everything else Chinese, is an acquired taste; but after we have once acquired it, it becomes a passion.

Very sincerely,

ISAAC T. HEADLAND.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER LAURA]

PEKING, *December 15, 1903.*

YOU will be interested to hear of a visit made us by Dowager Princess K'e and the ladies of her household. One of the party we had never met before. The subject of the siege was brought up by these ladies, and they talked of their great losses of property, treasures, and dear ones. I asked this stranger where she was living at the time. She told me, and I said to her:

"I visited that palace in company with missionaries who were in search of a place to rent for their mission. We were shown through the premises, and in one room there were three coffins containing the remains of three ladies who jumped into a well near by. We were shown this well and were told that four ladies attempted to commit suicide, but one was rescued."

She attentively listened, then uncovered her wrist, showing a scar, and said, "I am that fourth lady."

With intense interest, I asked, "Why did you jump into the well?"

She replied, "We had suffered so much from the Boxers, the Chinese soldiers, and other desperate people, that when the foreign soldiers entered the city, we thought our end had come. Rather than fall victims to them, we would honorably end our lives. I was the third who made this death jump. The fourth fell upon me, turned my head out of the water, and I was taken from the well. One of the three was the betrothed wife of the Emperor's brother, the brother who has lately married Jung Lu's daughter."

When the Chinese ladies visit me, I strive to make the

visit interesting to them. I bring out the best Chinese and American productions that I have in my possession, and we talk about them. When we were all seated at the dining-table, with more enthusiasm than I ever saw a Manchu lady express, the Dowager Princess said:

“Before the troubles I would collect and look upon foreign pictures, buildings, and gardens, and they passed before me an imaginary panorama. I did wish that I could look inside the homes, and I am now permitted to look upon a living panorama.”

She is a bright, educated, intelligent lady of high rank, and is queen of her home. All seem to pay her homage, and yet, as far as we can see, her treatment of her subordinates is gentle and tender.

Through books, we have heard so much about the “cruel mother-in-law” that we have not been asleep in our watchfulness to detect this cruelty. They have their rules for showing respect, honor, and duty, and seem happy in living these rules. Such deference shown parents, older people, and those of rank I never saw elsewhere. From their earliest childhood, the Chinese are taught obedience to rules and customs.

This patient obedience they impart to their animals, fowls, and birds. They will drive anywhere a large drove of swine, a flock of sheep, ducks, or turkeys, by patiently talking to them. Mules, ponies, and donkeys will promptly obey commands without lines. Our carter never speaks to our mule nor whips him when we are in the cart. He has lines, but he seems to guide, increase or lessen the mule’s speed by gently touching different parts of the body with his whip. The Chinese love their children and animals, and pet them. Some say they are cruel

to their beasts of burden, but I have seen little beating or persecution of animals in China. True, the loads put upon them are almost impossible, but the people patiently and diligently plod under heavy loads, and so do their animals. I often look at those bulky loads and wonder how either men or animals can budge them, let alone carry or haul them.

As it is not etiquette for daughters-in-law to sit in the presence of their mothers-in-law, they arrange to call at different times. Princess K'e, the son's wife, called with other ladies. Dowager Princess K'e's palace is very large and has many courts, compounds, gardens, grottoes, summer-houses, and a large park of beautiful trees. This palace is where we tiffined with the British officers (1901) in the West Tartar City. You will remember how the rooms were decorated with rich, choice embroideries, porcelain, and elaborately carved black wood furniture. All this is gone now. Their ancestral halls are in ruins, and the tablets of many generations have been carried away or destroyed. At one time when we were visiting Princess K'e she pointed to the buildings as we passed, and in a most pathetic way said: "There are our ancestral halls. They are empty now. In nineteen hundred they were used as stables." Nothing more was said, and we walked on silently. Those halls were the tablet home of a long line of "iron-capped" princes. Centuries ago this palace had been awarded by the Emperor to one of these noted ancestors. During the occupancy of their palace by the British, this Dowager Princess asked permission to reclaim money which had been concealed and the request was granted. For this, she seemed very grateful.

Dowager Princess K'e was the first wife of Prince K'e, and there are three secondary wives with her. Two of these secondary wives have children. The Prince and the brother about to be married are the real sons of the first secondary wife. All the children, however, belong to the Dowager Princess and are recognized as her children and have their father's rank. The third secondary wife has no children; and the first secondary brought one of her sons to me with this unfortunate sister-wife and placing the little fellow's hand in hers said, "This boy is her son. I gave him to her because she was childless." To them these marriages are right, and these homes seem to be happy. Every man and woman must have children or a child to worship at their tombs.

The occasion of this visit to the Palace was a feast day; friends kept coming and going, and we met many ladies of high rank. They were richly dressed and adorned with strange, elegant jewels. Their festival head-trimmings were most elaborately decorated with fine pearls and brilliant jewels. These ladies bear close inspection with a growing admiration. While we were sitting at our feast watching the puppet entertainment, a little six-year-old Duke was brought to us. He was dressed in Duke's clothing with all the marks of rank, and came with his amah to pay his respects. Without one indication of displeasure or annoyance he gave his salutations and passed on. We were deeply interested in the little child because we knew his foster mother, Prince Ch'ing's widowed daughter, whose home is in the Imperial Palace with Her Majesty. We have met this lovely Princess in the Palace and elsewhere many times. I write

thus in detail, to so thoroughly introduce you to this family that you will recognize its members when I bring them to you again.

The new commercial treaty between China and America was signed October 8, 1903. Your father put much of his best thought and work into this treaty, and as chairman of the commission, was called to Shanghai to finish the negotiations. This treaty opens new ports, furnishes increased security to missionaries and other Americans in the interior, and gives new and encouraging facilities to foreign trade. Surely this step promises and opens the way for better understanding, better relations, and better friendships.

[TO DAUGHTER LAURA]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
January 15, 1904.

I AM going to tell you a little of what I have learned from a prominent Chinese family. You have heard of this family, as we occupied their palace during the siege. The "iron-capped," or hereditary, Prince Su, who owned this palace, had stored in its many buildings the treasures of centuries.

When the siege came, this lovely home, which was within the Legation quarters, had to be abandoned by its owners. Prince Su and his family left all in our keeping. There was great effort made to protect these buildings and treasures, but the Boxers set the premises on fire, and with difficulty a part was saved. Ashes and ruins were all that was left of the greater number of those beautiful buildings. The stores of rich, choice treasures

were burned. This palace is the "Fu" of which so much was written in reports of the siege. It was at first, and during most of our confinement, the refuge for native converts, and its high walls were fortifications against the shot and shell of our enemies. I recall these things to your mind because I have much more to tell you of this family. The Chinese suffered from loss of life and property, and from outrages far beyond the colorings of word, pen, or conception. It matters not what misconceived ideas caused this great calamity, the facts remain the same.

I never expected to meet Prince Su again or to meet his family, but it has been my good fortune to meet His Highness and his brother many times and to become acquainted with the ladies and children of their families. One sister married a Mongolian Prince who holds a high official position in Mongolia. This Princess was the first whom I met. Her strong character and intelligence appealed to me at once, and my admiration increased as I knew her better. Prince Su ranks among the highest princes in China. His aged mother was an invalid for many years, but she lived actively in the hearts of their large families and her friends. When this Dowager Princess Su died the funeral obsequies lasted many weeks, and the season of seclusion lasted one hundred days. There were marked ceremonies observed in her honor. To know what they are, even in part, one must witness them.

Through our mutual friend Mrs. Headland we sent our sympathy to Prince Su and his family in their deep bereavement. With their acknowledgment, they extended a modest but cordial invitation to the ladies of our



DOWAGER PRINCESS K'E
MONGOLIAN PRINCE AND PRINCESS, THE LATTER A SISTER OF PRINCE SU

PRINCESS SU

household to go to their home of sorrow if we would thus honor them. This was a very great departure from the almost iron-clad customs of past centuries. The day was chosen, and in a respectful, sincere manner we entered the presence of these devoted mourners. It seemed almost trespassing upon their devotion and sorrowing hearts. The deep, true sympathy, earnest thoughts, and lessons that came to me that day no words of mine can ever tell. I will only try to speak of some of the things that my eyes saw, ears heard, and heart felt. It was a sacred place to them and not one cloud of criticism passed through my mind.

In the street near the entrance stood a guard of soldiers. As we entered the first court, many were standing and servants dressed in white received us and escorted us through other courts. The nearer we approached the inmost court, the larger the number of servants who received us; many were standing as sentinels. The courts were almost noiseless except for the strains of music. Each court seemed to have its servants or attendants ranking higher than those in the preceding one. Finally, we arrived at the open door leading into the hallway and other rooms, and on into the very building and room where the ladies of the home were paying their homage.

Prince Su's married sister received us. Having married, she has gone out of this family and has become a member of her husband's family. She was dressed in coarse white, without ornaments, and received the sympathizing guests. We were at the threshold of their "holy of holies." With bowed heads we entered and passed to our seats. A very large building facing the south was

divided into three compartments. The centre faced a large *p'eng* court and was the altar-room. Just back of the shrine was a large table, and back of this table, curtained from view, was the casket containing the remains of their dear one. At the right of this altar was the room for the sons and grandsons of the deceased; at the left was the room for the daughters-in-law and granddaughters. We were at the left. Upon the floor were large white cushions, and upon each cushion was a mourner facing the altar-room, according to her rank. Through their rough white clothing, unpainted faces, unadorned persons, and wrapped heads, their characteristic features and expressions shone forth in strength and beauty. They went through their ceremonies apparently unconscious of our presence. Bells rang, cymbals tinkled, and uniformed musicians played their wailing music. Friends of rank came and paid their respects, and brought their "feasts" which were placed upon the table back of the shrine. After special ceremonies, these "feasts" were cleared away to give place to others. We were invited to the room at the right. We bowed our respects to Prince Su and to the others, but soon withdrew.

We were then taken into the large *p'eng* court. An attractive sight, and one deep with meaning, confronted us here. Dowager Princess Su's long life of rank and honors, adorned with goodness, had reaped at her death a bountiful harvest in the outpourings of loving hearts. Hundreds and hundreds of gifts filled this large court. Each was significant, and bore its special Chinese message of sympathy to this bereaved family. Aside from this large number of complimentary gifts, there were multiplied all imaginary things that could be of use, comfort,

or pleasure. No description of this full court could do it justice. The innate adaptability of the Chinese, their cleverness, gentle touch, patience, exactness, ability to reproduce, keen eye for colors and shades of color, and their rigid education in their customs, all combined to make that court beautiful and significant in its completeness. Most of the articles were made of paper or *papier-mâché*, in imitation of the real, and were to be sacrificed in fire. Long rows of blooming plants first greeted our eyes. The stands, pots, and plants looked so natural that we at first believed them so. There were trunks filled with rolls of silk and satins, trunks of jewels, fans, rich ornaments for the hair, and many sorts of toilet articles, outer and under garments, shoes and stockings. There were amahs ready to serve, mafoos, sedan and summer chairs, household chairs, stools, tables, wardrobes; in fact, everything to wear or use in a home of wealth and culture was there represented — all in paper or *papier-mâché*, and all were to be burned at their proper time and place. Many banners and decorations, lanterns and umbrellas were hanging in this court. In an outer court were emblematic animals to act their part when called upon. These services on this extreme scale bewildered me, and it may be that I have omitted to mention some of the most important things — surely I have mentioned very little.

Many days later we witnessed the long, imposing procession as it bore the remains of their loved one to their beautiful cemetery outside of the city. In being privileged to mingle with these higher Chinese under varied circumstances, I feel that I can more accurately estimate their true character.

Chinese children are quiet, polite, and lovable. They are awake in their responses and conversation, but not forward and bold. Their manners are charmingly graceful; these they are assiduously taught from their early childhood. Knowing what is expected of them, they are at home in their place. Not long ago His Excellency Wang Wen Shao's wife was ill, and I sent her a basket of flowers. The next day her little nine-year-old daughter, a lovely child, came with her amah to bear her mother's thanks and good wishes. The child brought me four boxes of fresh, choice tea. When any member of the family came into the room or rose to leave, she would rise to her feet. When your father came in, she stepped forward and with a Chinese courtesy greeted him. I wanted to take the little one in my arms and caress her, but I knew that it would be unwise to break into her lady-like ways. She was doing beautifully those things that she had been taught were proper. When the mother was free from her sick-bed she came bringing her two children, the daughter and a son of eleven years. After they had been here for a time drinking tea and chatting, the mother said, "My son would like to pay his respects to His Excellency, the Minister. Could your first boy go with him?" As your father said that he would be pleased to receive him, the young lad went to the office. Wang introduced them, and with all the grace and ease of an adult the little fellow acted his part. He promptly answered questions and after a few moments politely thanked "His Excellency" for the honor and backed from his presence. We have seen perhaps twenty or thirty children of the official and high-rank people, and these gracious manners seem natural to them. I must also assure

you that these gracious manners are not confined to higher classes. The non-official and untitled people down to the servants know how to be polite, and are so, even under most trying circumstances. If there is a raging storm within, they do not wish to "lose face" by giving vent to their feelings. I have detected charming characteristics in the Chinese of which the foreigner dare not boast. I believe in the sincerity of their friendship. I do not believe in all of their pretended friendships nor do I in the pretended friendships of foreigners. There is an active current in the true that marks out the real from the false, the living from the dead.

[TO A FRIEND]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
February 18, 1904.

THE locked and barred doors of centuries are little by little swinging ajar, and the world looks through into a house — a home — all China's own. At first, as we look we see nothing but confusion; we see no method, and everything seems to be done backwards; we see customs without meaning, education without value, religion without a redeeming feature; we are amused at the people, at their style of clothes, of wearing their hair; at their modes of locomotion; their process of tilling the soil; their ancestor worship; their attitude toward women. We ridicule their amusements, and doubt their sincerity in all things. In fact, we deride, belittle, and wofully underrate everything Chinese. We feel that with the banner of progress in our hands, with superior knowledge and wisdom in our minds, and determination in our

hearts, a reformation must come to this household that God has forsaken. What child or barbarian has come unbidden into this home? China is a nation that has stood self-supporting for over four thousand years. Dark clouds and fierce storms have come upon her from time to time, but she has baffled them, stemmed the threatening billows, and stood like a rock. She has lived to see other nations come into being, war, and fade away, while she has lived on and on without the war-thought to increase her burdens or to protect herself.

What is it that has made her life so long? Is there not some recognition of the eternal truth of God that this great old nation has woven into her warp and woof, which has made her stand? The object of my letters is to show you something of the thought of this dense population and vast empire as I have seen it. If we can detect their line of thought, we can better comprehend their actions. Let us be unbiassed, charitable, and watch to see if we cannot find that which we would assign to the good. As nearly as we can, let us look from their standpoint, as well as from our own. It may be that we shall learn lessons of value to our own living. Many books record dates and a detailed history of China. My letters record little else than my own experiences. Because I honestly wish to be a friend to the Chinese and to gain their friendship, ways have been bountifully and graciously opened to me that have never been opened before. Not long ago a lady said to me, "Mrs. Conger, how can you receive these Chinese in your home and mingle with them? I hate the Chinese." I as earnestly replied, "Because I really wish to know them. I like the Chinese." This very thought has opened the locked doors and hearts, and has per-

mited me to enter where no other foreign lady ever entered. May all my actions and words be so guided by the Christ-spirit that they may lead into love and not into hatred. True, all do not have the same desires or the same treasure accumulations. Each carries his own keys to his treasures and they do not fit all locks. I trust that I may do naught to disappoint these people, who now believe in my friendship. I sometimes feel that I have touched the key-note to the rhythm of their real hearts. The articulations of the heart are often smothered by the rebuffs, while a little calm attention, sympathy, or acknowledgment reveal tones harmonious, yet quite new to the listener.

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
April 9, 1904.

DURING the process of painting the Empress Dowager's portrait I was twice summoned by Her Majesty to note its progress, and now I have returned from a most satisfactory visit at the Imperial Palace. The portrait is finished, and there is great rejoicing to-day over the event. Miss Carl, the artist, has been working upon it for many weeks. Thursday Her Majesty sent an invitation to the wives of the Ministers and Secretaries of the Diplomatic Corps to "proceed to the palace" to see the portrait.

The Empress Dowager received the ladies informally. She was seated in an Imperial chair in one of the beautiful reception rooms. After Her Majesty had greeted us and spoken many cordial words to each lady, we were invited to see the portrait. Before we left the reception room,

Her Majesty returned to me and said that she hoped I would be pleased with the portrait in which I had manifested so great an interest. Her Majesty also said that she intended to send it to the St. Louis Exposition in America, and later she was going to present it to the United States Government. I expressed my great delight and said that from time to time I would visit its honored place and with renewed delight look upon a picture of Her Majesty's face, form, and surroundings, the original of which I had so many times been permitted to look upon with true joy.

After expressing our appreciation of the audience so graciously given, we passed from Her Majesty's presence. We were carried some distance in covered palace-chairs to a large building properly lighted for painting. Here were the portrait and the artist. Surely, Her Imperial Majesty was there upon her throne in all her Oriental splendor! Not a stroke of the brush but told its story. Everything in form, place, and color had its significance. True to the Chinese idea there were characters, symbols, seals, and decorations. All spoke a silent, but positive language, and so did each of the thousands of pearls, large and small, and each of the other precious stones, which stood out beautifully before me in their richness. But that which was far more to me was the Imperial woman sitting there in her strength of character. As I gazed at the portrait I could recall a sweet tone of voice, a gentle clasp of hand, a cordial smile that bespoke a welcome not easy for any nationality to surpass. There is a chord in human nature when played upon by woman, that woman can hear and appreciate. I do not uphold the dark bloodstains in China, nor elsewhere,—I deeply

lament them; but we should not fail to welcome the little streams of good that alone will wash out the stains. Each individual must watch the working out of this life's battle from the standpoint of his own heights, and then act his part.

I trust that the many thousands of people who look upon this portrait in America will study those eyes,— they are Her Majesty's; will study the expression of the face,— it is Her Majesty's; will study the pose and grace of manner,— they are Her Majesty's; will study the meaning of those emblems and all the environment,— they are Her Majesty's, and are true to China.

[TO A SISTER]

LEGATION HOME, PEKING,

April 16, 1904.

TO-DAY Manchu ladies tiffined with us in our Legation home. Our large table smiled a glad welcome in its dress of beautiful flowers. Missionary ladies ably helped to entertain these Princesses, wives of high officials, and members of their families who were our guests. These ladies are bright and entertaining. Before we were seated I expressed good wishes for their Imperial Majesties, for China, and for her people. As soon as I had finished speaking, a bright, educated lady, Mrs. Yu, without hesitation, lifted her glass, and said:

“May the great ruler of America, Minister and Mrs. Conger, and the ladies here present with us, have every blessing. May their lives be as the mountains which never decay, and their happiness as broad and deep as the sea, and may all their undertakings prove auspicious.”

(Interpreted by Miss Porter.) What lady could have been more clever?

It seems to me that the Chinese character is always at its best. It is dignified, and yet cordial. It is not disturbed amid unaccustomed and trying circumstances. These ladies are not hard to entertain, and, as is generally supposed, they do not talk about dress and follies. The education of the foreigner and the education of the Chinese are along different lines. If we are able to get even a slight clue to the subjects with which they are acquainted, and begin to ask questions about them, their faces brighten, and they talk fluently and intelligently.

An American admiral in speaking of the Chinese ladies said to me, "What do you ladies talk about — dress and jewels?" Before I had time to answer, Mr. Conger replied, "Quite the contrary. They talk about the Manchurian troubles, political questions, and many things pertaining to their Government." I was greatly pleased, for what he said would be received with much more weight and influence than any answer of mine.

As I wish to know the things that have hitherto been locked from me, I frequently invite different Chinese ladies to my home and ask some of the missionaries to assist me. As we converse I find that we have many thoughts and ideas in common, and I can often say to them that we have customs corresponding to theirs. We celebrate, worship, give thanks, visit cemeteries, and decorate the graves of our loved ones; we rejoice over birthdays and have feast days with thoughts akin to theirs. Our methods of expressing worship, grief, joy, and gratitude; our standards of right and wrong, of rewards and punishments, differ. They seem pleased to



YU FU-JEN, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF PRINCE TING



YU TA K'E-K'E, GRANDDAUGHTER OF PRINCE TING

learn of our customs, and I am truly glad to learn of theirs. I often tell these Chinese ladies that I recognize that our customs of etiquette differ in form, but are quite alike at heart. And I ask that we each carry out our own, as far as we can, each feeling that no offence is intended, for we are friends.

My helpers are ladies of the American missions, without whose assistance I should be almost helpless in accomplishing what I am trying to do. The Chinese and American ladies have already learned that neither is so inferior as ignorance would make them appear. We have become acquainted, and are friends. May no misunderstanding blight this growing friendship before it ripens into a rich harvest. Our intercourse is more frequent as the months pass, and compliments are given and returned.

[TO DAUGHTER LAURA]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
April 19, 1904.

THE day for laying the cornerstone of the Minister's future home in the American Legation in Peking has just passed. It has been a lovely day — sunshine without and sunshine within. Americans gathered upon American soil and under America's Stars and Stripes to rejoice in America's own way. This is an auspicious day in our country's forward march. She has this day, with a step onward and upward, planted her banner with the sisterhood of great nations in the dignity of owning her home in foreign representation. Our people at home cannot realize what this signifies in the sight of the world, or what it signifies to American diplomats who, under adverse

circumstances, are striving to maintain with dignity the honors due their country. May the merit of this departure be so apparent as to lead our Government to make greater and still greater departures in this line.

Mr. Nealy, the architect and builder, had a beautiful, heavy silver trowel made out of Chinese silver dollars and invited me to use it in sealing the cornerstone. The trowel was then placed in an exquisite inlaid Chinese box and presented to me by Mr. Nealy. It is a real treasure and my children shall see it. The short addresses of good cheer given by Mr. Nealy and your father you shall also see. They are in safe keeping with many other valuable papers which we are saving for our little granddaughter Sarah.

My visits with the Chinese ladies are becoming of more and more value to me. They are more frequent, but they never interfere with my other social duties. I am learning something of the awful sufferings and great losses of the Chinese during the reign of madness in 1900. But the deepest heart sorrows of the Chinese no one can ever know. My dear child, although you were in that awful siege, if you could go into these palace homes where I am permitted to go, all bitterness would flee before tender sympathy's awakening call. I do not approve of all that I see in their home life; but, as we differ in opinion on those points, they cannot approve of my ideas. My dear parents used to say repeatedly, "Remember that you are just as far from other people as they are from you." I find much that I admire and much that I call good in the Chinese character. If the spirit of good is there, it does not matter by what name man calls it, it will do its good work.

“The Woman’s Winter Refuge” is prospering through the workings of unselfish love. The little books of reports sent upon their message last July did their good work. Checks, drafts, and post-office orders have been coming, coming, coming to us; and not only money has been coming, but some of the richest, most encouraging words that man ever uttered. They are surely “free-will offerings.” Through these responses we have purchased our home and have money in the bank.

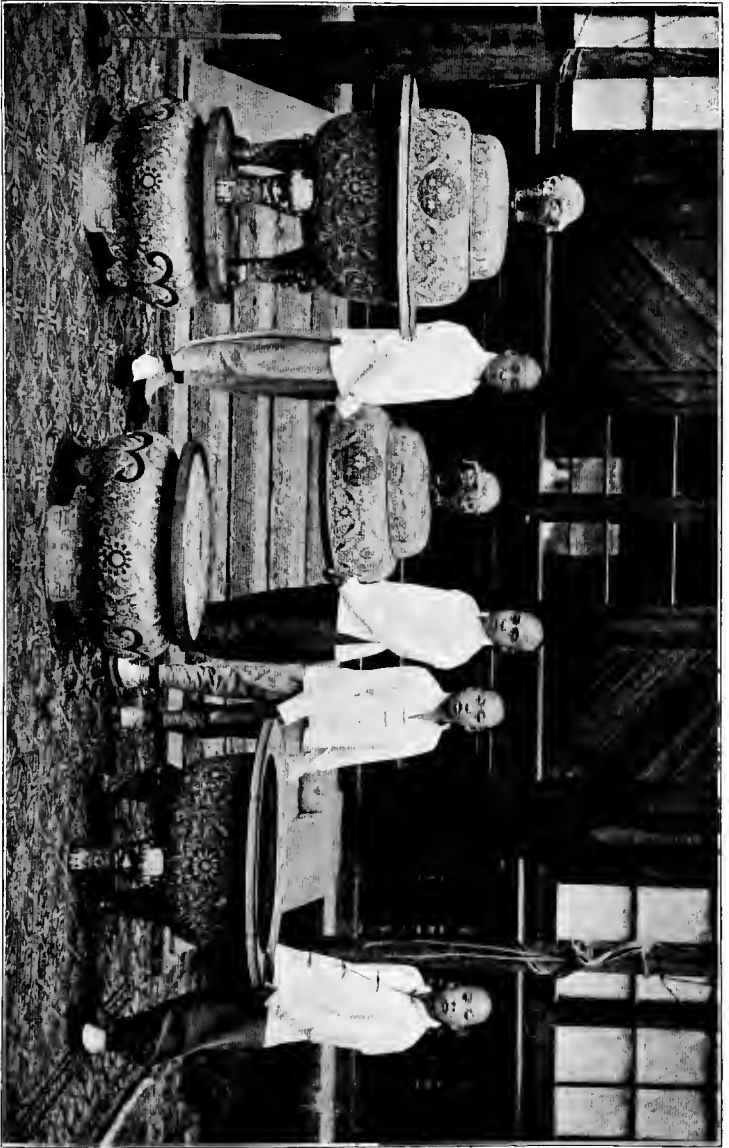
I have become much interested in the Imperial Industrial School. It is an institution that I have been visiting alone and with friends from its beginning. Its growth has been wonderful. A wealthy Chinese conceived the idea of helping his poverty-stricken street people, especially young boys. He has many under his supervision, whom he entirely supports while they are being taught. His desire was to make them self-supporting by instructing them in some line of useful work. His pathway has not been free from thorns, but he has struggled through these thorny places, and the school has grown into a prosperous enterprise. It has many lines of industries and hundreds of workers.

I love to visit the many different departments of this school and watch the gentle touch of these quiet, attentive workers. In the *cloisonné* rooms small boys are sitting quietly filling the many little cells with colors. They go right on with their work as though you were elsewhere. Everything is done by hand and hand machinery. I obtained samples of the six different processes necessary to bring the *cloisonné* to its beautiful finish. They make wonderful pieces both of *cloisonné* and enamel. This institution has upon its premises a large shop, well filled

with this beautiful work. The school also has furniture and cart factories. What is especially interesting to me is the rug factory. It is an enterprise in itself. I never tire of watching these men and boys filling in the designs with quiet accuracy. I noticed that there was no pattern before them and questioned the overseer, "Where is their pattern?" Touching his head he said, "Here it is, in the man's and child's mind. They take the pattern and study it — learn it, then reproduce it in the rug."

I looked with keener interest at those men and boys. Here is another indication of their economy and memory. They are not prodigal of their time by continually referring to the pattern; instead, they take it as a whole and work right on. Why not? I said no more, but I studied that unlimited thought that had been given to me. We, in our embroidery, work from pattern, study one or two stitches, or a part, reproduce what we have seen, and then go back to our pattern, while the Chinese take the pattern as a whole. Let us ponder this thought. There is much in it for us all. I have since noticed that this is not a new, nor an unusual, idea to the Chinese. While they do not limit their time in bringing out the best in their work, they do economize their time.

The foreigner sees much of the sober or stolid side of the Chinese character, but there is a sparkling mirth that comes forth in joyousness when you know them and call it out. The Chinese are placing telephones in their homes. Yesterday several of the ladies were visiting me. With keenest enjoyment they told some things which they learn through the telephone, but I will not tell their secrets. These ladies are quietly but surely learning many things. I find that they are interested



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL BOYS; CLOISONNÉ WORKERS

in the affairs of their own country and also in the affairs of other countries. They study the edicts and read their newspapers. At times I refer to items and events to bring out their ideas and I find that they have much information to give. My thought of these people is intensified as I get nearer to them.

The Russo-Japanese War is a terrible sacrifice. We are so near that we can almost hear the awful bombardment, feel the earth quiver, and see the ocean stained with blood. Think of it, two nations warring upon another nation's domain! The world looks on in gasping surprise. The Japanese are working in unison. Japan has clearly planned her work and executes fearlessly. History records nothing like it. May this river of blood soon cease to flow!

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
May 2, 1904.

SEVERAL days ago large red Chinese envelopes containing invitations issued by Dowager Princess K'e were received by Mrs. Headland, your Aunt Vinnie, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Edward Lowry, your cousin Lavinia, and myself to witness the presentation of the gifts intended for her youngest son's bride. This celebration was to be held the day before she was married.

Two months ago the Dowager Princess gave me a verbal invitation to the festivities preceding the marriage. We were greatly delighted with this privilege and honor extended for the first time to foreign ladies. None of us had the least conception what we should be per-

mitted to see. We knew, however, that we should not see the bride or groom, nor any part of the real marriage ceremony. This is witnessed only by those members of the family who were born under the signs of the Zodiac harmonious with those of the bride and groom.

As we entered the Dowager Princess' walled palace, with its many gates, courts, and buildings, we met three Princesses' carts and their many outriders just leaving. What a picture they made! Red carts, outriders in uniform, and horses gayly saddled! The brilliancy and dignity of these guests made us realize in part the importance of the occasion. The ladies of the household in beautiful embroidered gowns, exquisite in colorings, delicately painted faces, and elaborate, festive head ornaments, came out from the large open door and down the wide stone steps, to meet us near the centre of a paved court, which was beautifully decorated in red, the wedding color. What a picture! Would that I could portray to you the beauty, the color, the harmony, the very joy of that picture.

The grace, quiet dignity, and cordial welcome of these highbred Chinese ladies flowed from culture's fountain. After they greeted us we were escorted into a large reception room, presented to many guests, and tea was served. Soon we heard music approaching. All arose and were invited to take seats upon the veranda facing the gateway opening into a court where we could see an elaborate display of beautiful Chinese gifts coming to the new home of the bride. First came the musicians with their large gilded drums, horns of many kinds, cymbals, and other instruments. From the time they entered until all was finished, they played weird strains. The court



PRINCESS K'E IN FESTIVE ATTIRE

began to fill. On stands with red embroideries and decorated trays were rich gifts almost without number. There were over one hundred of these stands. They kept coming, coming, coming, and with great precision each stand was put in what seemed to be its appointed place. Guests kept arriving and the Princesses always went down into the court to meet them. The salutation in meeting their guests was most interesting. Each lady steps into her place and at the proper moment greets the guest. Then in order they ascend the steps; the guests taking the lead. We sat where we could see each party as it entered and was received. There was no commotion, as each one knew her place, and seemed happy in it. This idea of place is taught them from their early childhood. A Chinese lady guest explained to us the rank, decorations, and their meaning.

The court filled fuller and fuller with these gifts. I could not believe what I saw before me. It all seemed an extravagant dream-picture. After the court was filled, the carriers began to take into this bride's new home beautifully carved tables, large and small, chairs, stools, cabinets, wardrobes, and *k'ang* furniture. After these articles were placed, then began the task of carrying these court gifts into the house and arranging them. We were then invited to a sumptuous feast that was purely Chinese. After this feast we were asked to visit the new home. We again entered the court, now empty, but did not hasten to enter the home. We studied the designs of the decorations on this building. The entire front was bedecked with wedding symbols. Great *papier-mâché* dragons were twined about the large teak columns on either side of the centre doorway. The heads

and claws of these dragons reached out as if to protect the entrance. The rooms were bare until these gifts were taken into them. We entered, and such a surprise awaited us. Perfect order and composure greeted our eyes. It looked as though everything had known its place and had at once stepped into it.

The Dowager Princess opened box after box of valuable jewels and showed them to us. The pearls and precious stones were exquisite in their Oriental arrangement. We were taken from room to room. While we admired and were greatly pleased, we were continually on our guard not to be obtrusive nor to offend in the least, and we seemed to avoid the stumbling-blocks. After expressing our gratitude to the Dowager Princess and the receiving ladies, we took our departure.

As we left the Chinese palace with its Oriental buildings and colorings, we were escorted through another large court, where the bride's chair was standing in all of its red trappings, embroideries of phoenixes, dragons, flowers, and good-luck and good-wish characters. On the heavy veil of the bride, on wedding gifts and decorations, two "love characters" are united with a bar, and this union signifies two loves united. The same double characters are also used for birthdays. There were many beautiful glass lanterns hanging on large red racks. All the things in this court were waiting for the midnight hour to come that they might play their part in escorting the bride to her future home.

We passed on and out of this dreamland where we had been so cordially received and entertained, entered our chairs and carts, and our mounted mafoos, chair-bearers, carters, and other attendants started us home-

ward. Curtained in my chair alone during the hour's journey to the Legation, I had time and opportunity to recall many of the events of the past year. They came thick and fast and were aglow with the light of sincere gratitude. I have accomplished much of my heart's great desire to know the Chinese ladies in their homes; to get nearer to them and learn of them and perhaps to let them learn a little of the heart and ways of a foreign lady. What I have seen and learned, and the deep impressions made upon my thought, volumes could not relate. When I first came to China everything was wildly new and foreign to my comprehension. I had only merchants, servants, and the coolie classes with whom to deal. I was determined to study them and find the good in their natures if I could. I did find it, and this helped me to find greater things. I became very fond of my servants, and we were friends. We continue to be friends, and I consider them to be the best of servants. I appreciate the little surprises they have for us from time to time and let them know that I do. Beneath the apparently blank countenances I can detect a little sparkle of joy, and sometimes I can detect the shadows of cloud-thoughts. As a class they are very secretive, and conceal their inmost thoughts from me, as I conceal mine from them. Human nature is about the same everywhere; its traits differ in degree, owing to education and circumstances.

From my first coming into this walled and locked country, I greatly desired to see and know about the life of this people, and little by little this life has been revealed to me. Quietly, continuously, earnestly, with my heart in my efforts, I have gone right on, striving to give as

well as to receive. At each step my interest, trust, and friendship increase. To know the men only, exclusive of the women, we know not one half of a home or of a nation, because we do not see the feminine influences, nor the influence of the two combined. The man has his accomplishments, the woman has hers, and the two together make up the grand whole.

Mrs. Headland is an accepted physician and a beloved friend of many of the higher Chinese families; and her attractive appearance, winning ways, good work, good judgment, and sincere friendship have won for her a warm place in the homes of many of the high officials. Through her innate tact, broad thought, and great love for the good she may do, I have been able to come into personal touch with many of these Chinese ladies. I sought the opportunity for my first call upon Chinese ladies by saying to His Excellency Li Hung Chang that, if agreeable to him and his family, I should be pleased to call and pay my respects. This was in 1899. The first audience given by Her Imperial Majesty to the seven ladies of the Diplomatic Corps was sought and urged by the foreign Ministers. After the troubles of 1900 and the return of the Court, Her Majesty assumed a different attitude, and, of her own accord, issued many invitations for audiences, and these invitations were accepted. Then followed my tiffin to the Court Princesses and their tiffin in return. This opened the way for other Princesses and wives of high officials to call, receive calls, to entertain, and be entertained. In many cases arrangements were made through our mutual friend, Mrs. Headland. Sometimes the officials themselves would arrange for the visits of their wives and families. Children often came, even boys fif-

teen years of age. The children adhere to rules of etiquette, and are attractive in their child manners, which are void of shyness, and yet are obedient.

So step by step, I am gaining my heart's desire; I am learning to know and to love these Chinese ladies; I am gaining a fuller view of life.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

June 3, 1904.

TO-DAY is our darling Sarah's birthday. Richest congratulations go to you on love's wings from parents and grandparents. Our little Sarah is one year old to-day!

A very sweet thing happened this morning, and you will appreciate it. Our first amah, your amah, never forgets "Miss Laura." If she sees anything that is especially associated with you, she will put her hand upon it tenderly and say, "Miss Laura — no can see." This morning she came to me with a beautiful solid silver mug deeply hammered in dragon design; the body of a dragon forms the handle, and the head looks over into the mug, as if after water. On one side of this cup is a polished place bearing the word "Sarah" engraved upon it. The mug is a real beauty. Amah handed it to me and said, "Miss Laura's baby." I said, "Why, Amah! You sent Miss Laura's baby a beautiful present before." She replied, "Yes, but Miss Laura's baby one year old." Later I will send it to you. I knew nothing about it. All by herself she got the "Silver man" to make it, then went to Miss Campbell to write "Sarah"—and here it is on the cup in Maurine's own writing.

Our baby Sarah has received many rich and beautiful gifts from Her Imperial Majesty, from the families of Chinese officials of all grades, from our friends in Peking both Chinese and foreign, and from the many servants of our household. Last night there came to me to forward to the little granddaughter a complete set of Chinese clothes in a lovely silk box. This gift came with touching pathos. In the past two years I have formed highly prized friendships with the Chinese ladies. Among these ladies was the Grand Secretary Wang Wen Shao's beautiful, accomplished young wife. His Excellency Wang Wen Shao is an aged man of high rank. He is Vice-President of the Wai Wu Pu, or Foreign Office, stands next to Prince Ch'ing in rank, and is general director of the Board of Finance. His wife and Mrs. Kao, his granddaughter, another dear Chinese friend of mine, were about the same age and great friends. They were both lovable, attractive, educated ladies, and they manifested sincerity and depth of feeling. These two ladies conceived the idea of doing something for my baby granddaughter. Days passed into weeks and I did not see them and my life was so full that I did not make inquiries about them. On Thanksgiving day I learned through Mrs. Headland that Mrs. Wang Wen Shao had taken ill and died. Mrs. Kao went to Mrs. Headland to tell her of their sorrow and asked if she would go with her to bear the sad news to me. The day was set; she and His Excellency's daughter-in-law came and brought the message that the dear departed one had left for me. Many things were said of her beautiful character. Their call was not particularly a sad one, for we talked of the good qualities of their dear one and of the happy hours



GRAND SECRETARY WANG WEN SHAO
HIS EXCELLENCY WANG KAI-KAH, COMMISSIONER TO ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION, 1904
C. C. WANG, LEGATION CLERK, NOW A STUDENT IN THE UNITED STATES

that we had passed together. They told me of her last message, as she called for a group photograph taken after a large tiffin at our home. Their quiet manners, sweet smiles, and tender words were touching.

I asked if I might send flowers. When my request was granted, I asked which would be more acceptable, the paper or the fresh ones. The reply was that paper flowers were more in their line of thought, as they could keep them until the day of burial, then burn them. I will tell you some day of this custom.

We drank our tea together and had our heart talks; then I asked when we might pay our respects to the memory of her who had a warm place in our affections.

I had eight *papier-mâché* pots on *papier-mâché* stands made and filled with paper plants all in blossom. These were beautiful and almost perfect reproductions of painted porcelain pots, wooden standards, and living plants in fine foliage and blossom. There were four varieties and two of each. They were brought to me for my inspection after they were finished, then I sent them to the house of mourning. The next day we went to pay our respects. Your Aunt Vinnie and I went in chairs, the others in carts. We were received most kindly and accompanied through courts until we reached the one filled with the many gifts of banners, flowers, fruits, and emblems of many kinds. Above an altar upon which incense was burning was an excellent portrait of Mrs. Wang Wen Shao; before this portrait we bowed. The Chinese kneel on a cushion and strike their heads three times upon the floor. Behind her portrait and heavy curtains were the casket and the family mourners. We were asked if we would like to enter that sacred room.

I asked in reply if other Chinese besides their family and relatives were permitted to enter. Upon being told that they were not, I thanked them most sincerely and said that as the rite was for her nearest and dearest, we would not enter. The little daughter, a darling, came out where we were and courtesied to us all, each in turn. She then returned to me and I placed my arms about her tenderly. Kisses were for her sweet, upturned face, but the Chinese never kiss, hence my sympathy and love were shown in other ways. This little lady was dressed in the mourner's sack cloth. We remained only a short time; then, again bowing, we took our departure and were escorted to a "feast" room. Everything upon the table had a beautiful meaning back of it. The little girl sat between Mrs. Headland and me and served us with the different kinds of food in a most gracious manner. On noticing that she did not partake of the food, I said, "You are not eating." She looked up with her big eyes and sweet expression and said, "I cannot eat." I at once replied, "You are right, and neither do I care to eat." There were many relatives there, and each showed us respect and consideration. I learned a valuable lesson that day.

Weeks passed away, and I had not seen the dear little girl or any of the family until last night, when your father gave a dinner to some of the highest Chinese officials. His Excellency Wang Wen Shao was among the guests. Our boy Wang brought me the beautiful silk box which I send to you for Sarah, with this message from His Excellency: "My wife had planned to make a suit of clothes for your granddaughter and had begun the garments before her sickness, but left them unfinished. I have had them completed, and I bring them myself as a humble

gift in her memory." His Excellency thanked me very kindly for the plants and for our visit to their home. Knowing this dear lady and her gentle, yet bright character and her winning ways, and knowing also what is said by foreigners to be the relation of Chinese husband and wife, I consider this a touching, pathetic incident. I opened the box and tenderly handled each lovely garment, then replaced them. After dinner we ladies were in the drawing-room ready to receive the gentlemen. I then thanked His Excellency for the beautiful gift to our granddaughter and tried to express my appreciation of the loving thought. It is said that the Chinese lack feeling, but I do not find this to be true.

Dear Laura, as your little one grows older, teach her the value of each of these many gifts so kindly sent to her from far-away China. Do not let the great number of them lessen their value. Each is as rich in its meaning as though it were the only one.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER LAURA]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
June 20, 1904.

ONE of the most beautiful things that I have discovered in China — I say "discovered" because no other word expresses it — is the great, manifested love of children for their parents. I deem it a kindred of the Christ-thought. You must enter their homes and witness and participate in their festivities, family gatherings, and quiet home circles to realize even to a slight extent the respect, tenderness, honor, and affection the Chinese parents receive. My greatest interest has been

to learn about the Chinese mother, daughter, sister, and wife for the reason that so little is known of them by the outside world. These homes have been locked, barred, and screened from the foreigner.

We have exchanged calls and "feasts" with Mrs. Heng and her attractive family and have become acquainted with them. Mrs. Heng is a widow. Her sixtieth birthday was celebrated most elaborately by her children, and we were invited to attend and participate in these honors, a favor we highly respected and appreciated. For two blocks each way from the palace entrance, the street on either side was closely lined with chairs, carts, horses, and attendants. Way was made for our chairs to pass, and we went on and into the second court of the large compound. Here we were received and escorted through other courts, and into the presence of Lady Heng and her daughters; then into the brilliant gathering of the many relatives and friends. The ladies were all dressed in their extravagantly beautiful robes and jewelled ornaments for hair and person. With graces hard to surpass, we were cordially welcomed. Many were presented to us, and, after tea-serving, we were escorted to a large veranda. The seats were cushioned with the birthday colors and designs. This veranda overlooked a very large *p'eng* court, enclosed with painted glass bearing the birthday emblems and colors; hangings of elegant birthday embroideries adorned the sides; the posts of the court were also adorned. In the accuracy of the Chinese idea of place and significance, were beautiful lanterns bedecked with jewels, tassels, and bright colors in keeping with the Chinese ladies who looked upon them. In front of this veranda, and across the

court, was one of the most brilliantly and richly dressed stages that I ever beheld at any Chinese theatre. The music and acting were full of life; all showed the spirit of rejoicing. The court was filled with square polished tables at each of which were four cushioned stools. Gentlemen, relatives and friends of the family, were seated at these tables drinking tea, partaking of other refreshments, and happily talking. The sons and Chinese gentlemen whom we knew came to us and with extended hand greeted us. While the Chinese ladies and gentlemen do not mingle socially, they attend these festivities apart. The Chinese ladies occupied the veranda, the gentlemen the court below. Each gentleman was in his official robe, beads, and hat. Guests kept coming and going, but the court was full all the while. The picture was a fairy one. I could scarcely believe what I saw. The people and their surroundings were in keeping and a quiet dignity governed them, yet there was a living activity of joy in this dignity.

While we were observing and listening, the coming of Her Majesty's gift was announced. All arose as it passed through the court and into a special place of honor prepared for it. In their accustomed way Lady Heng, her family, and the Chinese guests paid their respects to Their Imperial Majesties through this gift; then we entered and, with a courteous bow, looked upon these handsomely mounted, hanging characters of good wishes written by Her Majesty's "own hand and brush." I would say right here that I have not visited one of these Manchu or Chinese homes where Their Majesties' good wishes have not entered. "Long Life," "Happiness," "Peace," "Prosperity," are not idle characters, they

contain a living meaning. Each gift has its own significance. The Decoration of the Double Dragon, the sceptre, and the short yellow coat are the highest of all the gifts that Their Majesties bestow. It is a prevailing custom among the Chinese to express their remembrance of one another and of their friends through simple or valuable gifts, each of which is rich in wishes, whether or not in intrinsic value.

After sitting for a time in the midst of these gorgeous scenes, striving all the while to obtain an accurate, indelible impression of the whole, we were graciously led away to a "feast." On our return we remained but a short time. We expressed our appreciation and said our good-byes amid many urgent invitations to remain during the evening. We then passed out into the courts with their soft, many-colored lights, and here our *tingshi* met us with our large official lanterns.

We never go out and remain until night approaches but these lighted balloons come to cheer us safely through the dimly lighted streets. If we are caught away from home in a storm while making a call or taking a walk, our faithful servants find us with rubbers, umbrellas, and wraps. They watch and attend to these duties without one word from us. We go empty-handed and they look after our needs. We do not have to think, "We must get home before dark, as we have no lantern"; or "We must hasten home — a rain threatens, and we have no umbrella or rubbers." We know that they will be waiting for us at the door.

I am going to tell you about a Prince who called recently, Prince Pú Lun, who ranks near the Throne. When calling upon your father he asked if his wife might

call, and requested that only your father and Mr. Williams be present. It was my desire to talk with this Princess, and as I must have an interpreter, I invited Mrs. Headland to come and assist me. About the stated hour for the Princess' coming, the Prince came in an official cart. Shortly after, his wife entered the court in a red princess's chair. This was her first visit to a foreign home. The gentlemen had their conversation and the ladies theirs. We soon passed to the dining-room and enjoyed our refreshments together. After leaving the table, the ladies withdrew to the library and left the drawing-room for the gentlemen; I hope their visit was as satisfactory as ours.

Princess Pú Lun is beautiful in voice, conversation, manner, face, apparel, and ornaments. We wished to know her better. A return call was arranged, and the day was full of quiet joy. Prince Pú Lun received us with his charming Princess. We sat at table together, and, with deference to each other, they answered our questions. We recognized the distinction they made. Their attitude toward each other as husband and wife and toward their guests was beautiful. We were shown through attractive apartments which vied in daintiness and elegance with the Princess who entered them.

I said that we were fond of children and asked if we might be permitted to see their little ones. Two bright little boys entered. Their manners were polite and full of grace. I asked if we might see the baby, and I really held in my arms that dear baby prince. He looked straight at me with a quiet, searching look. What did the little fellow think? He did not cry nor seem to think of such a thing.

Prince Pú Lun is one of the Commissioners to the St. Louis Exposition, and I ventured to say to him that I would be greatly pleased if his wife could accompany him to America. I said that I should be delighted to have my people receive and know a representative Chinese Princess.

[TO A SISTER]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

June 20, 1904.

FOREIGN educational work has established itself in China, and holds a large and increasing following. It is taken from the kindergarten through many grades and the equipment and honors of college and university. We visit these institutions and see much of their work.

English is extensively taught, but never to the exclusion of a careful study of the Chinese language.

Mr. Conger employed one of the Peking University students as a clerk in his Legation office. This young man spoke English, was quick to learn, accurate, and always faithful in his work. He is now in the United States for special study. The educational advantages given by the missions are extensive, far-reaching, and bear a growing activity. They fill an important place in mission work.

I am learning that it does not matter so much about the amount we do, as it does about the quality of what we do. I wish that I had time to tell you some of my impressions of things here as I see them to-day. More and more I am permitted to enter the Chinese palaces and the homes of the higher classes. As I become better acquainted with the Chinese by receiving them and being



PRINCE AND PRINCESS PÚ LUN AND FAMILY

received, I become more interested in them. We are friends, and some day I hope to tell you of the many things they do for us. The story is a long and beautiful one.

By permission from the Court, we have just visited the Imperial Western Tombs. The courtesy of a private car was extended to us, and everything was done for our pleasure on the way to the Tombs, while there, and on our return. Princes, dukes, and officers visited us, and we were served with "feasts" and shown many attentions. The Tombs were opened—even the most sacred places,—and officials accompanied us to explain the hidden meaning. It is a wonderfully beautiful spot. Everything is on the imperial scale, and a new book of valuable details was opened to us. Miss Campbell is writing an account of the trip, and will send it to you. We passed by large fields of blooming poppies, beautiful in their white, pink, and green. This surely is the land of the poppy! Some fields were ready for the gathering of the opium, and we watched with interest the crude processes for gathering this costly article of commerce. A knife for gashing the seed bulb, their fingers, and a tiny cup were their only equipments for gathering the opium; but Chinese economy saved it all.

On our return we visited our missionary friends of siege days at Paoting Fu. We visited the places where the old missions stood, and where bitter hatred did its dastardly work. The enraged fiend knew not what he did. He strove to mock and crucify the Christ-spirit, but with the stability of Truth, this spirit rises untouched. The Morning Star shines still brighter through the atmosphere of those martyrs. Love's battles are overcoming Hatred's revolt.

We found the missions rebuilt and all their many lines of work moving on with activity. The Chinese converts who survived the troubles of 1900 and bore their awful test are strong helpers to-day, and there is more interest manifested, far more sympathy offered, and more respect shown the Christian thought than ever before.

To-day is the twentieth of June, the anniversary of the day we went into siege. Some are commemorating it, but I have no desire to do so. The fourteenth of August is my day to commemorate. God be praised for His loving, protecting care over us, and for the deliverance that came to us; and may we secretly shed tears in memory of those who sacrificed their lives in those awful days!

[TO A FRIEND]

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,

October 25, 1904.

YOU ask how I learned about the Chinese, about the missionaries and their work. In reply I would say that I first studied my attitude. Our attitude determines our view and opportunity for information and progress. This is true with every part of this life's living, and the care with which we study our attitude should not be a minor thing.

Experience having taught me this lesson, when I came to China it was my unyielding effort, from the first, to learn all that I could of her people and from her people. Impossibilities stared me in the face. High walls, locked gates, curtained chairs and carts, and long-established customs concealed completely the official and higher classes of the Chinese ladies from contact with the for-

eigners and even from their view. The streets of Peking were thronged with men, but women were seldom seen. Still it was truly "the city of the blue gown." With most earnest prayers that I might meet the higher-class people and know them, I sought for opportunities to have these prayers answered. I listened for the answers. At first they came in whisperings, and gratitude inspired hope. I steadfastly but quietly worked with a definite aim in view.

China, with her centuries of history, is no child in her thought and action. Thousands of years she had stood independent of all other peoples, and she wished to continue thus; but the great sisterhood of nations would no longer permit this independence. Little by little these nations opened China's doors. They persuaded and forced her to join hands with them, and even to divide her possessions with them. Strange demands! The thought of individuality seemed to permeate the entire domain of China. The Chinese walled in their great empire over two hundred years before Jesus Christ; they walled in their cities, also the palaces and homes of the cities. They never extended their hands in friendly greeting, but clasped their own hands. Their homes were exclusive and very difficult to enter. Even their industries were local. The thoughts governing their customs are kindred thoughts. They have formed, and still form, strong thought barricades. Their language, written and spoken, is their very own and most intricate. How could any impression be made upon them?

The pioneer into this fortified, almost iron-clad, nation was the missionary thought. No other could have entered. It goes to stay, to stem the tides of difficulties

and discouragements, to face the blasts of hatred, to rise above the stings of scoffers, in fact, to stand, ever waving the "Love Banner" in Christ's spirit. If we wish to learn about any enterprise or cause, let us go to the friends and workers in this enterprise or cause. To learn of the missionary work, let us go to the self-sacrificing workers in the fields and see and study their work.

At first two American gentlemen who were thorough Chinese scholars gave me great assistance. They took me to native boys' schools, to temples, shops, public demonstrations, and explained them. But what they could not give, I greatly desired to know. I wished to learn what the women and girls were doing. The missionaries opened many of these avenues for me. Never can I forget what a strong desire my first visit to the mission girls' school awakened in me to know more of these Chinese girls. I continued my visits to these schools.

Step by step for nearly seven years I have been entering earnestly and perseveringly the secluded as well as the more open places for information. I have learned most valuable lessons to broaden and enrich my view of the meaning of one grand brotherhood.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

SHANGHAI, *November 12, 1904.*

IN part I am going to write a diary letter.

November 5. Miss Maurine Campbell and I bade good-bye to your father, to our Legation home, and to Peking for a three months' trip to South China. To-day we arrived in Shanghai after a delightful voyage down the coast.

The foreign Ministers in Peking go to the Palace in audience to pay their respects and to bear congratulatory letters from their several Governments to the Empress Dowager of China in honor of Her Majesty's seventieth birthday. This is a diplomatic measure. Those Ministers who have received such letters go in audience to-day. Your father is Dean of this first audience.

Her Majesty's birthday falls in our November; their dates are determined according to the moons. On festive occasions the Chinese celebrate for many days, and those highest in rank express the fullest meaning of these occasions. In driving through the streets in the foreign concession of Shanghai, we saw many beautiful decorations in honor of Her Majesty's birthday. The Chinese stores were aglow with brilliant colors; even the Chinese flag was waving, a most unusual thing, as the flag, in China, is used only officially. I never before saw such a departure from old customs, but we must remember that this part of Shanghai does not belong to China; it is now a foreign concession, and Chinese laws are not enforced here. Myriads of beautiful lanterns in their almost endless varieties added brilliancy to the many other decorations. The Chinaman proclaimed his loyalty to China and her rulers in such a way that the foreigner could understand that loyalty, even though he were in his foreign concession.

November 13. We visited the Nan Yang College, about five miles from the city. The grounds are extensive and are beautiful in their luxuriant, semi-tropical growth. The many buildings are fine and large. One of these is a Confucian temple building with tablet, where the college boys pay homage twice each month and on

other special occasions. There is a gallery in the rear of this temple building opposite the tablet where a choir of boys sing while the others enter and *kotow* in front of the tablet. Respect shown the great Confucius quite appealed to me, as he is China's redeemer and saviour. There are two hundred and fifty boys in this institution. They are given seven years' instruction in English, two in French, and two in German. We were taken through the many departments, and their different lines of work as explained to us were a revelation.

November 14. Our house-boat trip up the Grand Canal is full of interest. Mr. Fiske of Shanghai offered his fine boat for our trip of eight days. We are alone with our boy Li, other servants, the Captain, and the crew. "A house-boat!" was my first exclamation. I did not for one moment comprehend what a great favor, a great compliment, Mr. Fiske was bestowing upon us. I cannot realize that we are on a house-boat! There is furnace heat, and there are writing desks, easy chairs, sofas, carpets, good beds, everything to make us comfortable. And we are on the Grand Canal of China! The idea conceived and executed ages ago by which South and North China are united by a navigable watercourse is one of the great engineering feats of the world. Through the centuries this canal has performed its duty, but other methods are causing the old highway to rest from its multiplied, toilsome labors. This canal, however, is not by any means useless.

November 15. We arose early and went above. The morning is beautiful. Many well-filled junks are on the canal and there is much business done between the villages we are passing. Surely this is a "Grand Canal"!

We arrived in Hang Chow at four o'clock. Friends met us with chairs, and coolies to carry our baggage. There are no carts in this city; all labor is done by men, women, and children. We were taken to the Consulate, where we were entertained by Consul and Mrs. Anderson and the Vice-Consul, Mr. Cloud. Tea was served, then we took our chairs and were off for a picturesque six-mile ride over high-arched bridges with stone steps, and along banks of canal, river, and lake. We were dressed in our warm winter clothes and furs, while the chair coolies were bare from foot to far above the knee. Before we again reached the Consulate it was late twilight, the stars were shining, and the night-stillness was upon us. At the Consulate a delicious dinner and a good visit awaited us.

November 16. Another day in chairs, seeking new experiences. Visited three factories and other places of interest. Thirty Americans and other foreigners called by invitation and brought with them stores of information for us to feast upon. The Consulate is upon a high bluff overlooking a beautiful lake dotted with many islands, now rich in their autumn colorings. We observed about us many marks of patriotism, as the yellow and red colors were waving in honor of Her Majesty's seventieth birthday.

November 17. To-day we visited the missions, both British and American. Their different departments were well equipped. One of the hospital doctors said to me as we were passing a patient standing near: "Look at that eye; there is no life in it. We would think that he should be in bed, but Chinese do not think so. They will go until they drop dead."

A missionary told me that on one of his journeys he

met an aged man who was measuring with the length of his body a pilgrimage of one hundred miles. He would *kotow*, that is bump his head three times upon the ground, then prostrate himself full length; get up, repeat, and still repeat. The missionary asked what demanded this sacrifice, and in reply was told that it was to make good a solemn vow. The Chinese said, "My son was very ill. I prayed and made most sacred vows to the god of health that if he would spare my son, I would measure with my body every mile of this pilgrimage to the tombs of my ancestors. He was spared to me. I must keep my vow. No one can help me. I must go alone." He went on in his journey sustained, because the vow was in his heart.

We attended the morning exercises in the large chapel, which was well filled with intelligent-looking boys and young men. The service was conducted in both Chinese and English. They sang in English, "No, Not One." While these Chinese young men were singing, this thought came to me: All nations sing, from the savage to the most cultured. Some sing independently of all others, as they have their own scales and tones. Many nations have adopted the same scale and use the same music. China has long sung alone, but little by little her people are joining the great sisterhood of nations and catching the tones and even the words of this sisterhood.

It is remarkable what these people can do when they try. Chinese singing and music are very different from our singing and music; hence it is wonderful to me when they adopt our ways, for in so doing, they must forsake their own. When we think them slow, our patience should equal theirs. Why should they be in haste to adopt ideas which they deem inferior? I have great sympathy for

the Chinese, who wish to be let alone, but who are seeing their ideas supplanted, and their great old nation weakening through the influence of the foreigners. Their clock-work customs — ever the same — are broken into, and this brings confusion. China's coming generations will have mighty battles to fight and intricate questions to solve. But they can do all. There is a stored power born of patience and nurtured by steadfastness, endurance, and love for their native land, and this power will show itself — but in China's own way.

While I enjoy visiting these foreign schools for the Chinese and seeing the young men and women learning foreign ideas and how to use them, there is a pathetic side to it. To a certain extent, I see from the Chinese standpoint, and I question, "How should we Americans like to have other nations establish their schools to educate our youth out of the customs and principles of our Government?" But with the assurance that the eternal Might of Right will prevail, I see the fulfilment of the prophecy that, under the canopy of Love to God and good will to men, all people shall sit down together.

Hang Chow, November 18. At eight o'clock A. M. we started in our chairs to visit the "Great Bore." On our way we saw the first carts that we had seen in this part of the country. Each was hauled by five water buffaloes. Our travels were through a rich, finely cultivated country. The Sea Wall, built many centuries ago, after many failures, is a wonderful, historic road. We reached the spot where it is said that the bore, or tidal flood, can be seen, but there was no wind and the moon and season were against the coming and rising of this dreadful monster. The tide came in quietly and receded,

but there was no bore. We did not hear its angry, deafening roar as it marches irresistibly on and on. Your father has seen it in its awful grandeur. Although there was no bore to be seen, the trip was not a failure. Everything was new to us, although centuries had buried deep the conceivers and executors of the strange things we saw. A wonderfully strong, united thought must have wrought and cemented them.

November 19. We took a house-boat and crossed the beautiful lake in front of the Consulate to a hill of temples. One temple, a very large one, the Taipings had greatly damaged. However, one thousand gods in stone still remain. The furious uprising of the Taipings left destruction in its pathway. I shall remember when this rebellion took place as the dates correspond to those of our Civil War. The Taiping Rebellion broke out in 1860. In 1863 Major Gordon began to repulse the Taipings, and their downfall was complete. The rivers of blood must have equalled those of the present Russo-Japanese War. Much of the hill of temples has been rebuilt, but the sacrificed lives and the historical treasures cannot be replaced. While modern activity has brought back much of the industry, the historic landmarks have disappeared forever.

Hang Chow is a beautiful city. I have seen nothing like it in all China. With pleasant memories of our visit, and accompanied by a number of our new-found friends, we left the city for our house-boat six miles distant.

Soo Chow, November 20. We arrived at Soo Chow at ten o'clock. A medical missionary kindly met us and arranged for us a programme for the day, saying, "As it is Sunday, the day is full of special work." Monday

morning he promised to call and take us to see the sights of this old, old city. We have spent the day as planned, and enjoyed it, but would rather have been on shore in the missions, as we had desired to spend Sunday with the missionaries and their work.

November 21. Our friend of yesterday most kindly came for us at half-past eight o'clock and we were off to see the sights. We entered "Shew's Gardens" first. (Mr. Shew had visited at our Legation home and dined with us.) These gardens are extensive and truly wonderful. They speak loudly of time, wealth, culture, and love for the beautiful. Every part of these gardens stands for some sentiment, and has both a thought and a money value. There are lakes, grottoes, running brooks, trees, shrubs, plants of choice varieties, artistic summer-houses, rich fruits, and fine buildings; there is a large sunken theatre with terraced seats; a library, rest-rooms with richly inlaid and deeply carved Chinese furnishings; there are pavilions, parks for deer and different animals; lakes for fish, ducks, and swans; and a corral for storks and brilliantly plumaged birds. Yes, and much else that beauty's love had brought together. Everything shows great care. It is a beautiful, beautiful spot!

From the gardens we went to the best and oldest temples, visited the shops and industries, and saw many decorations in honor of Her Majesty's birthday. The colors were principally red and yellow. The streets of Soo Chow are narrow and much like those of Canton. Soo Chow has the largest pagoda in the world, the Pahz Ztah, which is nine stories high, 100 feet in diameter at the bottom, and 33 feet at the top. We climbed five stories, and from that point the view was superb. The

pagoda furnishings were more elaborate than any we had seen before.

Our new friend-escort took us to his pleasant home full of his choice collections, and here we received a warm welcome from his charming wife: She, too, is a practising physician. We were taken through the new college buildings, which are worthy of much more mention than a diary letter can give. There is more English taught in the South of China than in the North. Even the Chinese sometimes teach English. We saw only a little of their mission work apart from their college and schools, as Dr. F. was in Shanghai on Saturday and was there erroneously informed that we were not interested in mission work. Only think how these friendly strangers unselfishly worked to entertain us with other things! When they learned the truth about our interests, their disappointment was as great as ours, as there was much to show us of their mission field. No one could have done more for our pleasure than did these dear people.

November 22. We arrived in Shanghai about five o'clock in the morning, and we start up the great Yangtze to-morrow.

November 24. Thanksgiving Day! Thoughts turn homeward to my own native land and our darling children, but more devotedly, if possible, my earnest love-thoughts turn toward Peking. How is your father getting along? Well, of course, for he is always equal to whatever comes upon him. With intense gratitude I think of him in this delightful trip, which he has so perfectly planned for us. There are many friends with him to-day. We telegraphed our greetings. The trip up the broad Yangtze has been delightful. There have

been few hills in view; the country is mostly flat. There is much shipping done upon this river, and the cargoes are heavy.

Nanking, November 26. We were hospitably entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Stewart in their dear home. With an increasing interest, vitalized by better knowledge of them, I am visiting the missions. Their many lines of work make their influence far-reaching. Nanking is China's former capital, and one of the most thrifty cities on the Yangtze.

We visited the silk industries and watched the processes from the cocoon to the finest of fabrics. This work is all done by hand and hand machinery, and in the crudest manner. Strange workers do most exquisite work in strange ways. This morning we visited the boys' school of three hundred students; this afternoon we visited the girls' school and heard them sing in English. The Home Board sends a professional musician to teach music in their missions in the cities along the Yangtze and her work is surely a great success.

We visited the places where the Imperial silk-weaving is done. This work is carried on in small, dirty places, and with hand looms. Many children were playing around these workers as they made rich, dainty, beautiful fabrics. There were four looms in each factory. The pattern man sat above and in front of the shuttle man. The style, texture, and accuracy of the whole work was wonderful. How could they do such beautiful work in those surroundings! I wanted to buy some of those silks and satins we saw them making, but Imperial goods are not for sale.

The Examination Halls in Nanking accommodate

thirty thousand students. The general style of division into stalls is like that of the Examination Halls in Peking, but the honors granted here are not so high.

November 27. I received a cablegram from the Thanksgiving people at the American Legation, Peking, saying, "Eighty Americans send thanks and loving greetings."

We attend many religious services during the day. Although the girls and boys do not intermingle, they are taught music so perfectly that when they come to church they carry their allotted parts in harmony. They sang anthems in English, and carried the four parts with assurance. This was foreign in every way to China; it was foreign music, foreign words, a foreign instructor, and in a foreign church; but Chinese girls and boys were here uniting their voices in praises to the good Father of all.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

NANKING, *December 6, 1904.*

November 28. We visited the Ming Tombs a few miles out from Nanking, and while these tombs conveyed to us a suggestion of the past glory of the Mings, the ravages of time and the Taiping Rebellion have obliterated the brilliancy of that glory. These tombs compare in no way with those which you have seen near Peking; still it was easy to detect that kindred thoughts constructed the two. Inferior buildings have been placed upon the stable foundations of these tomb-buildings, which were swept away long ago.

What the Taipings destroyed at these Tombs in and about Nanking can never be replaced. The Porcelain

Tower, one of the wonders of the world, was destroyed, and many other of China's best productions met the same fate. The madness of revolt does destroy.

The city wall at Nanking is higher and thicker than the Peking wall and is quite well preserved. The old capital buildings have disappeared save one, and so have the walls protecting them. The signs of personal glory have passed from this place — time has buried them from sight and almost from mind.

We visited the Temple of Confucius. Our interest in temples to him increases as we learn more of this leader's noble life and influence.

November 29. The American Consul arranged for us a visit to the Chinese mint. We drove to the Foreign Office, where we were requested to leave our carriage and take official chairs. We were taken in these chairs to a waiting-room where the highest official received us, and we were served tea. After a few minutes of complimentary talk we were escorted to our chairs accompanied by two representatives and an escort. When we left the Foreign Office, ahead of us were four soldiers and a uniformed man bearing upon a high standard a large red embroidered umbrella; following us were two officers in official chairs. When we arrived at the mint, we were met by other officials, escorted into a reception room, and again tea was served. The director-general was there, and all were dressed in beautiful official robes. In most respectful manner we were shown through the mint, and much was explained to us. In fact every courtesy was shown us, and the trip was made one of unusual interest. The American Consul was most thoughtful of our pleasure while in Nanking.

November 30. The Foreign Office interpreter called early to present His Excellency the Viceroy's compliments and to ask if we could receive him at eleven o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. M. took us to the Temple of the Great Bell. The story runs that there were three large bells cast at the same time. The largest is in Peking; the next largest in Nanking; I am told that the third is somewhere in the interior. This Nanking bell was taken from a hill near the city, where the work of the centuries had almost buried it, and placed in a special tower of a temple. In an upper story of the tower are images of three maiden sisters; these images represent the maidens who threw themselves into the melted bronze to make the bell perfect when moulded. They sit facing the south, and are dressed in real clothes and ornaments, and have real hair. Such images as these I never saw before in Chinese temples. The long story about these bells and the maidens is a most interesting one. Sometime I must tell it to you.

The representative of His Excellency the Viceroy brought to me rich, costly gifts. This Viceroy is one of your father's warm friends. The highest official at the Foreign Office sent me many rolls of choice tea in small cases. Each of these cases was covered with embroidered silk and rolled in artistic Chinese style. The many kindnesses extended to us by the Chinese, the British, our Consul, and our missionaries make the heart grow bigger and the would-be helping hand reach farther. Your father has been over all this part of China, has left love and respect in his wake, and blessings flow to us as we follow.

Kiukiang, December 1. Missionary ladies met us here and took us to their home, where we were tenderly

cared for during our stay in the city. With great benefit and pleasure to ourselves we visited every part of this large mission, other missions, Young Men's Christian Association, and charitable institutions.

The Imperial porcelain is all made in the interior some distance from Kiukiang. I wished to purchase some, as it is not to be found in Peking, but the pieces in the shops here are rejected ones,—those having slight blemishes. What I knew to be good and what I wanted, was difficult to find. As we visit city after city I recognize the fact that each one has its special productions. As I travel, I shall strive to obtain a specimen of each.

This mission compound where we are entertained is most beautifully situated; the views are grand, and the grounds and buildings are arranged with artistic skill. Bamboo groves, palm avenues, terraces, flowers, camphor trees, ivy-grown walls, all make a picture of marvellous beauty. The work of this mission includes many departments, from the foundlings' home to the college, and with keen interest we visited each department. We next visited the Roman Catholic mission. Wherever we go, we find their work thoroughly and systematically organized. They work together as one body.

We called on Miss H. and three Chinese ladies, Dr. Stone, her sister, and Dr. Kahn, who were educated at Ann Arbor, Michigan. These three Chinese girls are giving their lives in maidenhood to their country, and are highly respected and beloved by their own people. They do not offend their higher-class people by making inroads upon their customs. They work in harmony with these people and thus gain access to their homes and their hearts.

On this trip I am learning many things; new ideas assert themselves, and old ideas are yielding. Even to guess what people are doing, one must mingle a time with them.

December 5. We are off again up the Yangtze, a river still wonderful in its grand immensity.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER LAURA]

HAN KOW, *December 15, 1904.*

HAN KOW, as you will remember, is at the head of navigation on the Yangtze. We arrived here the seventh and were met by the American Consul General who drove us at once to the Consulate, where his wife, daughter, son-in-law, and their dear boys gave us a warm welcome.

The first day we were here the compliments of the Viceroy were brought by his secretary. Our days have been filled full, and the Consul and his family have added life to them. We visited the Native City to see the industries. The velvet weaving; the making, coloring, and polishing of their blue cotton goods; the weaving of lace, ribbon, belts, and other articles; the making of fire-crackers and fireworks in their intricate designs — all were most instructive. The whole of this wonderful work is done by hand and crude machinery. There is only human labor in the Native City.

The Italian convent here is a vast affair. We were taken through buildings, courts, and storerooms, where we saw great bins of rice, millet, and other grains. They have flour mills and in fact everything on the premises of this convent to keep and support their girls. We saw the girls and women at work in the most systematic

manner. The very little ones, the blind, the one-armed, the aged, in fact all, worked in the many branches of labor, and all looked contented, happy. They sell quantities of choice laces and other productions. This convent presented to me another pronounced phase of religious education which holds its distinct tone in my new choir of praise to God.

We crossed the river in the Viceroy's launch with an escort kindly sent by him. His secretary met us with carriages, and we were taken to the pagoda upon a high bluff where we could get a fine view of this beautiful, fertile country. From this pagoda we were driven to the Chinese kindergarten, which was established by a wealthy Chinese. While the school is called a kindergarten, there is much beyond this instruction in these extensive, well-equipped grounds and buildings. We next drove to the Viceroy's drill grounds. He has picked soldiers in his guard and their drill for us was as fine as I ever witnessed. Their athletic sports were superb.

By means of a launch across the river and chairs at the landing we were escorted to the mission and school at Wu Ch'ang, where everything seemed to be teeming with life and strength well spent. While we were in the chapel we were told the reading of the local bill presented for their beautiful new eagle lectern. The item was as follows, "Forty dollars for one Holy Rooster."

We next visited the extensive tea "factory," where we were shown the many processes of preparing tea for both home and foreign trade. The tea-testing was most interesting.

We were invited to four o'clock tea at the Episcopal mission, where we were received and shown something

of their work. While we were in their beautiful large church, a choir of twenty Chinese boys marched in dressed in white surplices and chanting as they came. They sang with clear sweet voices several pieces of church music, and then "God Save Our Emperor" to the tune of "America." I was glad to see these small boys learning to be patriotic. As they passed out of the church I shook hands with each of them and thanked them for sweet music-giving.

Steamer, December 14. All too soon the time came for us to say our good-byes and depart from the beautiful, thrifty city of Han Kow, where our visit was surely a happy one.

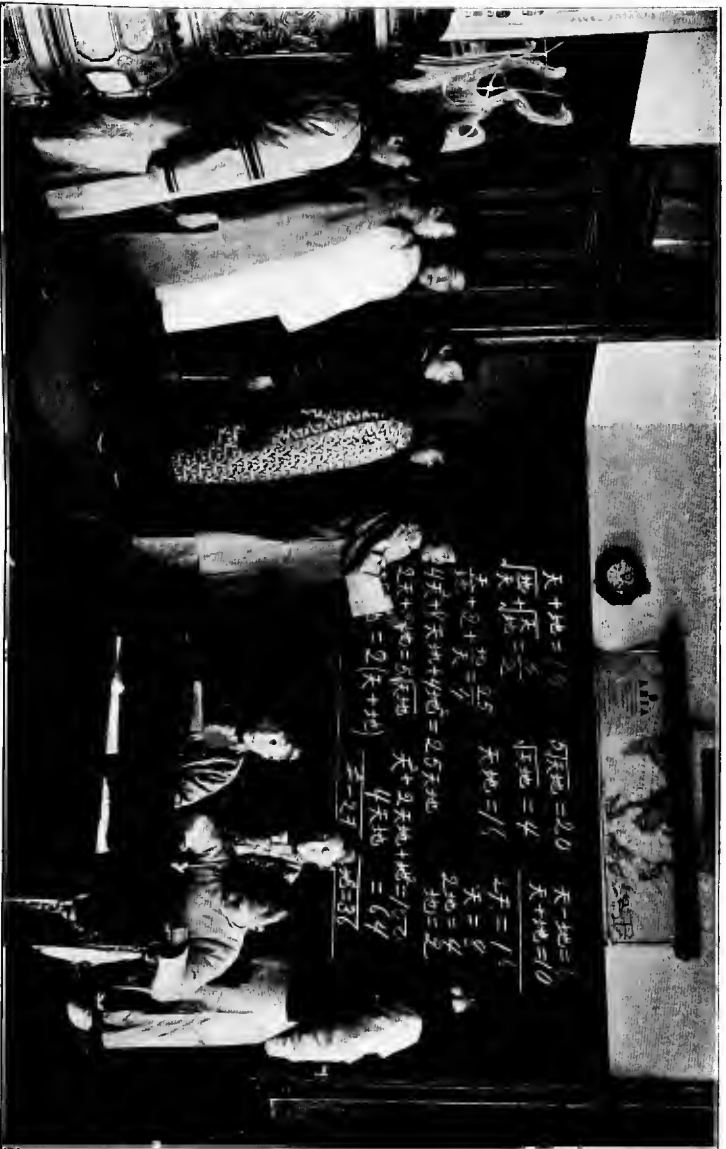
What a wonderful river! At times it looks like a vast lake; then towering banks call it back to its river confines.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER LAURA]

CHINKIANG AND SHANGHAI,
December 25, 1904.

WHEN in this city during the celebration of Her Majesty's seventieth birthday, I saw the Chinese Imperial flag flying in front of the Chinese shops in the foreign concessions. I was so delighted to see this patriotism manifested by the Chinese that I really wished one of the flags to take back to Peking, and I tried to purchase one, but could not. Here on the morning of this Christmas day I saw stretched out before me one of these flags with your father's writing pinned to it.

I must retrace my steps and tell you of our visit to Chinkiang on the Yangtze. Miss Robinson met us with chairs, and through the city and over the hills we went to



ALGEBRA CLASS, CHINKIANG GIRLS' SCHOOL.

the mission, where a warm, bright home greeted us. Here we visited Miss Robinson's school for girls. These girls received us in the chapel of their school building. As we entered they all arose and, in English, sang most sweetly a welcome song. They had draped the American flag above our chairs in honor of our coming, and above it their own Dragon flag. These girls had made their own programme. They sang many songs and hymns together, carrying the different parts in confident sweetness. We were introduced to one another, and were friends. Both the spirit and the method of Miss Robinson's tender, loving, guiding care have been imbibed by the girls, and they live her teachings. They took us to the kindergarten room where the little tots did wonderfully well in their work and play. The music was played by a Chinese girl, and their teacher was one of their number. This teacher was once a helpless babe found upon Miss Robinson's doorstep. With devoted care she has grown into a trustworthy and competent co-worker for her people. There was no false pride nor timidity manifested by these girls. Love's watchful care had taught them to be at their best, to be natural. This large family of girls is self-governed through their teacher's high conception of love to God and good will toward men. We mingled with these girls and learned to know them. They are being taught English, and when I talked to them, assembled, they understood me. In the morning we attended church services conducted by a Chinese pastor; in the evening foreign services in the city. The moon was up when we returned to the mission heights; and it was a weird experience as we went in and out of those strange streets filled with strange people, and climbed and descended the hills

through deserted footpaths. How like a dream it all seemed! Our chair-bearers were faithful and took us safe to our warm, cheerful fireside.

Monday, Dr. Hoag took us in chairs to the Chinese boys' school established by a wealthy Chinese on an island. It is conducted by Chinese in the style of the West, but with the Chinese classics. The buildings are new and fine. The gardens are beautiful, and there are extensive greenhouses filled with choice and rare flowers, plants, and shrubs. We were invited to the campus with its heavy greensward, where seats awaited us. After the boys marched upon the grounds in their fresh, becoming uniforms, the officers came and saluted us. Their drill was commendable. When finished, the officers saluted us again, and we were then taken to rest-rooms and served with tea and refreshments.

Dr. Hoag adopted a small Chinese girl and educated her. She married a foreign-educated Chinese who is now a professor in this school. He received us, showed us through grounds, class-rooms, library, museum, athletic rooms — in fact the whole school, and explained its workings. This professor was assisted by another English-speaking, educated Chinese. What will be the future of China when these hundreds and hundreds of educated young people go out from these schools as a leaven into its vast population? They are patient, industrious, ambitious, quick to perceive, and with accuracy they utilize what they learn. This Chinese school is a marvel to me.

These two Chinese professors took us to a large old temple with a very high pagoda. After being shown through many courts, buildings, and rooms of gods;

after climbing and descending the many stairs of the pagoda, and being served with tea, we were permitted to see and handle temple treasures and jewels. In all our visits to temples we had not known that such things existed. The treasures of this temple were centuries old, and priceless. Age had not ruined them. The bone of this day is rich with marrow.

We visited the hospital, where the mission doctors are giving their lives to allay the sufferings of the poor unfortunates. Their hospital is small, and they work under great disadvantages.

The hour came for parting with our dear friends upon the hill. We assembled in the large room to say our good-byes. The girls sang "God be with you till we meet again." There is a reserved force in the Chinese character that does not flood you, but gives you time to think. They brought me a book of many photographs, arranged by themselves, and a heart-letter in both English and Chinese. It was a great surprise and brought joy. These photographs illustrating their school-work were taken for the Exposition in St. Louis. As we left for our steamer the girls came out in a body and we waved our good-byes to all. Dr. Hoag went to the steamer with us. She has a rounded character and puts heart into her work. We arrived at Shanghai December twenty-first and had a feast in our mail. We cabled to your father and received an answer in six hours.

To-day a friend drove us in his machine to St. John's College, which is several miles out of the city. One of the professors showed us through the beautiful grounds, and fine, well-equipped buildings. Chinese classics are taught in this school; and the foreign education that is given

equals that of the standard college. English is taught to advanced students. Many of the well-to-do Chinese merchants' boys attend this school, and are promising young men. The boys are very bright, and the professors uttered many laudatory words for them and their work.

We next visited the College Orphanage of sixty little children. It was a sad yet gratifying sight to see these little children tenderly cared for on the grounds of this large institution. The library, manual-training, gymnasium, and scientific departments are well equipped, and the buildings are large and modern. The grounds are beautiful and have well-kept drives and walks. The thought in the foreign educational work in China seems to be to raise the college and university curriculum to the usual college standard, and little by little they are succeeding. In this higher education the Protestants take the lead. It is worth while for every interested person visiting China to go to these institutions of learning and see what wonderful work is being done.

[TO DAUGHTER LAURA]

STEAMSHIP, *January 6, 1905.*

WE are still far from our Legation home, but moving toward Hong Kong where your father is to meet us. We arrived at Foochow, December thirty-first, and were met by Dr. Gracey, American Consul General, who took us to his pleasant Consulate home where we were welcomed by Mrs. Gracey. Much was done to inform us of the city and its people during our stay. Entirely new features of Chinese life are here revealed. By visiting

one or two cities or parts of China we do not see the Empire as a whole. Each city is remarkably its very own. There are no carts or beasts of burden in Foochow; men, women, and children do all sorts of work. Women work in the streets and carry heavy burdens, but this is their legitimate business. They are not bold, but are quiet in their demeanor. A new civilization in China meets me here at every turn. It seems like a dream, as we go on and on through these streets. Vegetation is semi-tropical. The hills, city, valley, and rivers are alive with industries, and form a rare picture. Women do much work on the water. Their *sampans* (boats) are clean, and so are they. Their hair is well combed and decorated with flowers and silver ornaments. Their children are clean, and they lend helping hands.

We visited the missions and found them alive with activity in their many lines of work. The Chinese are reaching out for foreign ideas as never before. While in this attitude of thought, these ideas should be given to them abundantly.

We heard on January third that Port Arthur had been captured by the Japanese. Can it be true?

Mr. and Mrs. Drew of the Imperial Customs gave a picnic party of eight to Kuling. We went in a houseboat to the foot of these high mountains, and took with us chairs and coolies. The road up the mountain was of stone, with stone slab steps — up — up — up. The view was beyond description, and became grander and still grander as we ascended. We were in the virgin forest of this large temple. Here the trees have been permitted to grow unmolested through the ages. We could look down from the great heights upon the water below, upon

the finely cultivated fields of rice and other grains, and on to the mountains in the distance. What a broad, beautiful expanse came within the range of our vision! After climbing this road for more than an hour we reached the old temple compounds with their many temple buildings. Here we had our dainty tiffin furnished by Mrs. Drew. The view each way was superbly grand. In the deep-cut ravines there were altar buildings, erected in almost impossible places, with winding walks, bridges, and stone steps leading to them. As we went in and out, it seemed so unnatural that we called it dreamland. Upon this mountain was a large fish lake fed by living springs. We saw priests everywhere.

We returned to our house-boat, and were soon off for the city after a day full of great pleasure, given us by dear friends who know how to entertain happily. On our way home through the streets we saw many elaborate decorations made by Japanese. The Japanese Consulate was aglow with all sorts of colored lanterns, streamers, ships, and other decorations.

It is true; Port Arthur has fallen into the hands of the Japanese. After dinner these wildly elated people came to the American Consulate in a body, with lighted lanterns and other demonstrations. Their rejoicings were full of the greatest glee. What will the Baltic Fleet do next? Will it turn back? What will Russia do on land or on sea? Let us hope that this awful bloodshed will now end; its horrors are unwritten, and never can be known in history.

We visited missions on the other side of the river. Their work is wonderful, extending into many avenues. Dr. Hartwell, of the American Board Mission, came

laughingly to me with a large book in his hand and said, "I have found your name in this Hartwell book; you are one of our family."

The boys of the officials and wealthy merchants are coming into these mission schools and are doing good work. The thought of an inferior people passes into nothingness when we are with these Chinese boys and girls and see their pronounced ability in accurately accomplishing their undertakings. All along this wonderful trip I am gratefully happy in my schooling. It almost seems as though I were taking a course in a Heart and Mind University, and it has been my earnest prayer that I might learn lessons of value. Dr. and Mrs. Gracey are delightful people and dear friends. In sincere gratitude we shall remember them for all they have so bountifully done for our pleasure.

We left Foochow yesterday, and the quietness of our steamer has enabled Miss Campbell and me to recall many of the events of our stay in this great, novel city in South China.

[TO A NEPHEW]

SWATOW TO MANILA,

January 9, 1905.

WE had a most delightful trip in South China, and then continued our journey down the southern coast, stopping for a day at Swatow, where we visited the wide-awake mission on the Rock Hills. We purchased much of the beautiful drawn-work done by the Chinese in this mission. These purchases helped the mission and accommodated us. No happier day have we spent anywhere

than with these people upon the rocky bluffs. Their work of love tells of sacrifices and devotion.

We saw much of the old city of Amoy, of the foreigners, and of their beautiful concessions; but as we saw nothing of the Chinese, I will not write you of our visit.

At Hong Kong I received a cablegram that Mr. Conger is on his way to join us. We left for Canton at once for a short stay in that wonderful, old, old city, of which I have written you before. Mr. Conger joined us in Hong Kong, and we were off for the Philippines without delay. Before leaving Peking he sent his resignation to the President to take effect after the inauguration in March. He feels that he has spent enough time in China and in public service. We are going home to make for ourselves a fireside all our own, gather together our belongings, and enjoy them.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

STEAMER, *March 14, 1905.*

OUR month's stay in the Philippines was most delightful and instructive. Governor General and Mrs. Wright's hospitality and courtesy added a living glow to our entire visit. We wished to learn about the islands, the natives, their productions, their civilization, and the effect of our Government upon them. No effort seemed too great on the part of our Government officials and our friends to enable us to have these privileges.

The Americans in the Philippines are raising the standard of the natives and bringing to light through cultivation wealth until now hidden in the soil of these islands.

They are doing a wonderful work, looking to both beauty and utility. In fact everywhere we went in those islands we perceived the workings or the touch of the American's superior thought.

We arrived in Nagasaki, February twenty-first, and started early over the beautiful hill roads for Mogi. The twenty-fourth, by invitation, we went to Sasebo, a Japanese naval station out from Nagasaki about sixty miles. The American Consul's interpreter accompanied us. Officers met us at the station before we arrived at Sasebo and escorted us to the Admiral, who had cordially invited us to visit his naval station. No foreigners are admitted on these grounds except by permit, and then all such visitors are politely escorted everywhere, but are not made to feel that they are guarded. We were shown all through the hospital wards — shown the awful scars and healing wounds. There were forty Red Cross Japanese women nurses all dressed in white, foreign-cut clothes. They stood in line and bowed low as we passed; the wounded men who were able sat up in their beds. Most of these men were horribly mangled and mutilated. The army experienced greater losses and had greater numbers wounded than the navy. This war is appalling. The great sacrifice of life is beyond the counting, and the suffering beyond measure. Japan stands united as one man; such loyal patriotism is not surpassed. Each man's name is upon the roll, and each bravely and proudly goes to the front when his country calls. This Russo-Japanese War is one of extreme slaughter. We are almost near enough to see the flowing rivers of blood.

We were taken to the Japanese Admiral's home,

Here we removed our shoes before entering. Everything, everywhere, was polished. We sat with host and hostess upon beautiful, silk-embroidered cushions placed upon the floor. Shortly the Admiral offered his arm to me and we took the lead to the dining-room. After dinner we were escorted through the grounds.

Many parts are already garden spots. Japan is striving to make the entire station a thing of beauty. We were shown the prize ships loaded with supplies for Port Arthur. These ships were captured by Japan and brought into her waters. There were many of these ships, and some were of great value. It is amusing to hear the intelligent Japanese invariably answer your questions with, "I do not know." Of course, they cannot give information that they do not know, and that settles it. With great interest we visited many parts of the interior and detected that through the new strivings to make Western ideas her own, old Japan is being modified into a new Japan. In the interior we saw more of her individuality.

While in the midst of quiet joys spending our vacation in freedom, and resting from official responsibilities, your father received a cablegram from President Roosevelt transferring him from the Legation in China to the Embassy in Mexico. Naturally we receive this great compliment and promotion with gratitude. It was recognition of work well done in China under most trying circumstances. Through all your father's perplexing official duties he has received no word of criticism from his Government, but many words of appreciation and encouragement; and this promotion is a crown to his political life.

We started for Peking at once, for much was to be done officially, socially, and domestically before our departure from China. A telegram was received from the Viceroy at Nanking, a friend of your father's, to return to Peking by way of the Yangtze and interior China, but the shortness of our time prevented the acceptance of this cordial invitation with its wonderful opportunities. This was followed by another invitation to take this route upon leaving Peking, and this was accepted. Much was done for us at Shanghai, but I will not write of our stop there, as you must hear of our visit to Tsintan, a German port new to us.

March 13. Monday we anchored at the splendid wharf which the Germans have built at this most desirable new port of Tsintan. We arrived early in the morning, and had a delightful day driving all through the town and over many fine German roads which lead into the country. These drives were a revelation. There are fine foreign residences here, and large stores well filled with all sorts of foreign goods; there are commodious barracks, huge breweries, massive forts, and excellent streets. The Germans have spent millions of money and evidently intend to stay. They have built about three hundred miles of good railroad into the interior.

In 1898 the Chinese gave a lease of ninety-nine years on this part of Shantung as pay for the lives of two German priests who were killed in a mob. This Province is rich and fertile. It makes a fine port for the Germans, and they are making the most of it in a substantial way. They have a large army here, and their fortifications are already good, but they are building other forts. Many thousands of Chinese are at work upon these grounds to

beautify them and make them useful and strong in time of need. After a drive of three hours we went to Hotel Tsintan. Your father called upon the German Governor, who was ill, and then joined us. After tiffin we again drove for two hours. We visited the Russian warship, *Czarevitch*, one of the warships that escaped from Port Arthur and fled for safety to this German port. There are five Russian torpedo boats tied up here. When we drove down the large, well-made German dock to these ships and approached the large warship *Czarevitch*, about which we had heard and read so much, we began to realize as never before what battles upon the waters must mean. Your father presented his card to the commanding officer, made known his desire to visit the ship, and permission was granted. Two handsome, well-uniformed young officers took us through their large dilapidated ship. Marks of explosive ammunition were seen on every side, and portions of the ship were entirely gone. We saw the spot where the Admiral fell; no part of his body was found but his legs. The guns were not harmed. As we departed, thanking these gentlemanly officers for their kindness, we stood upon the dock and looked upon that huge monster with her great guns pointing outward, and wondered why she ran from the enemy. Why did she not fight to the bitter end? Surely she could have crippled the enemy and made it easier for the Baltic Fleet to advance. But of course, the Admiral must have known what was best for him to do. It is easy for us to look backward and ask, "Why?" We bade good-bye to this historic Russian battleship, now a prisoner of war for which Germany is responsible.

We have seen men from Port Arthur, and the accounts

are terrible. To-day we hear of great victories for the Japanese. The little "Japs" came out ahead as usual; the Japanese know not how to retreat or give up. They would go ahead as long as there were men to go. They are fighting for the existence of their country, and will not falter.

On a smooth sea we left Tsintan on the fourteenth. We are now nearing Tientsin, and I must close.

[TO OUR DAUGHTER]

STEAMSHIP *Siberia*,

April 17, 1905.

WE have left terra firma and are now on God's domain alike for all. The blue sky arches above us, reaches down, and so gently touches this broad expanse that we cannot tell where they meet. I look down, and it is oh, so deep! This height, breadth, and depth are wonderful. We cannot hear what it says to us, we just have to feel it and know it. We have really left China, but we have not taken away with us all our interests, appreciation, and affections. The Orient opened a wonderful book to us, and left many pages in our keeping. These pages are not lost to her, for such giving does not impoverish.

I will now turn to my diary and give you the detailed events of our last days in China.

March 17. We arrived in Peking to-day from our delightful trip to South China, our own Philippines, and Japan. How we do rejoice over reaching home! The Legation staff, all the Legation people, army officers, guards, and friends welcomed us at the station. Our servants and our little dogs seemed delighted to see us as

we entered the Legation compound. Our home never seemed so lovely. The second boy at the head of the other servants (Wang was with us) has put everything in order. Plants and beautiful flowers are everywhere. I am delighted. Dinner was ready for us as though we had been here all the time. Our stay in Peking is short and the spending of each day, almost of each hour, was planned before we reached home. To-night we have sent invitations to all the Legation and American army people to dine with us to-morrow night.

March 18. We have sent out invitations for many entertainments. We cannot go to all our friends, therefore we ask them to come to us, as we must see them again. To-day we made our official calls, and with Mrs. Headland's efficient help, we arranged dates for entertaining our Chinese friends.

March 19. We entertained at dinner the Customs people and others.

March 20. Gave a reception to missionaries and other Americans. Sixty-six were present.

March 21. Twelve o'clock tiffin, at which I entertained twenty Chinese ladies and my four helpers (ladies from the missions). Dinner to Diplomats; twenty at table.

March 22. Entertained twenty-two at tiffin — Manchu Princesses, ladies from official families, and my helpers.

March 23. Manchu ladies at twelve o'clock tiffin. My afternoon "at home." Many callers.

March 24. Mr. Conger's twelve o'clock tiffin for high Chinese officials; sixteen at table. At three o'clock tiffin I entertained sixteen Manchu ladies.



GRANDDAUGHTERS OF PRINCE TING



LU TAI-TAI, AND DAUGHTER

March 25. Tiffin for Princesses and my helpers; twenty at table.

This date is the last of our entertaining at our Legation home where we have had so very many happy experiences. The golden words of friendship, and the beautiful expressions of affection are woven into our thoughts as living things. These busy days have not been weary ones.

The visits of my Chinese friends this week could not have been so full of success had it not been for Mrs. Headland. She faithfully worked to choose the right ones in the right companies, omitting none. To the many other missionary helpers in my companies I am greatly indebted. Miss Campbell's help has been invaluable. She has been a veritable sister and co-worker through all. The servants did their very best, never faltering. We all worked together harmoniously, hence, with success. All that I had to say to Wang about the floral decorations was to tell him the color of flowers I wished — red, yellow, white, or pink — for the various tiffins and dinners, and this color it would be without another suggestion, and all beautifully arranged. Now our work begins in earnest. We have already dismantled our drawing-room since our guests departed. This afternoon boys and coolies began at once. To-night we attend dinner at the French Minister's. We are obliged repeatedly to send our regrets for invitations to dinners, tiffins, and other entertainments. We have accepted only a few for the coming week.

March 27. I called upon the Dowager Princess K'e, who is ill. My visit to this friend's home was a sad one. We had met many times, and this last visit was precious to both of us. Before I left, she placed upon my fingers

two exquisite rings. From here we called upon the Princesses in the beautiful home of Prince Ch'ing; yes, beautiful in magnitude, rich in furnishings, and lavish in floral decorations. These Princesses were exceedingly cordial, and made the visit a memorable one. We then called at Prince Pú Lun's palace. His Excellency Wang Kai Kai, who was educated in America, was present and assisted the Prince in conversation. He speaks English fluently. This is a charming place to visit in its quiet dignity and hospitality. From this delightful Chinese home we visited the residence of His Excellency Na T'ung. His home is new and is furnished with Chinese elegance. It contains treasures which great wealth and culture alone can accumulate.

In the evening the American missionaries held a reception for us at Dr. Lowry's. Dr. Lowry and Dr. Wherry made remarks that lodged deep in our hearts. The strong ties of friendship can never be severed. These dear friends presented us with a beautiful silk rug — a most precious gift. Your father responded in his most appreciative way. As an expression of their love for Miss Campbell they gave her a handsome *cloisonné* bowl, which she gratefully acknowledged. Our hearts were very full, and we parted as we had lived, in true friendship.

We accepted two more dinner invitations, one at the British Legation and the other at the German. Most gracious words were uttered in our honor. Your father surely has won the respect and affection of all who have been his co-workers in China as well as those for whom he has worked. Nothing could be more gratifying to your mother than this recognition of your father's faith-

ful, intricate, successful work. The French, British, and German Ministers spoke in commendatory terms of my social efforts with the Chinese ladies, including Her Majesty, the Princesses, and the families of Chinese officials. This I regard as a significant recognition, expressed as it was before their colleagues and to them. My life is surely richer for having known the Empress Dowager, the Empress, the Princesses, and the Chinese ladies. We are all friends. When His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China, presents his hand it seems cordially done. The brightness of his eye, and the smile upon his face tell of a welcome that his lips do not utter. I know little of the princes and gentlemen of China, aside from the fact that they are cordial and respectful. My great desire has been to know their wives and daughters, and with courteous recognition of this desire, the husbands and fathers have granted me this privilege.

It seems that the heavens have given us their beautiful smiles to light our every step as we are rounding up our days in China. May the dear Father guide our steps in the new field in Mexico.

My friends among the Chinese ladies asked Mrs. Headland what they could give me that would be most acceptable. Without hesitation she replied, "Your photographs." Among my most highly prized treasures is this collection of photographs. Each lady and child whom I knew sent me their pictures. With happy recollections I shall many times through the years to come look at these pictures, recall and hear again the words of these ladies, feel the gentle hand touch, and read their thoughts through their lighted faces. Nothing could have been more acceptable than these photographs, even

though they are all in black and white and void of the rich Chinese coloring.

April 1. What can I say of this wonderful day! Arrangements had been made for your father to have his last audience with Their Majesties on this date, and for my audience to follow his. Your father took his staff of four, and I took Miss Campbell, and my private interpreter.

Although your father had been Minister in China, Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Dowager, decorated him with a special Order of the Double Dragon, as Ambassador, the rank of his new post in Mexico. Her Majesty also presented to him a banner painted by her own hand for this occasion. He acknowledged the compliment, but informed Her Majesty that he would place these gifts in the care of the American Department of State until such time as he could accept them. But above all in value were the reassuring words that at the Court of China he was respected, trusted, and honored.

My audience followed. After the throne formalities, we were seated and as one woman with another, the Empress Dowager and I conversed. I related to Her Majesty much of what I saw of her people and their productions in South China; I told her how they celebrated her seventieth birthday. We talked of the Imperial factories and their beautiful fabrics; of the schools, and of much else. She seemed deeply interested in hearing of her China as I really saw it. We spoke of her portrait in Washington, of our many interviews and visits together, and of our understanding and friendship growing out of them. Her Majesty had made for me a decoration, the first of this high rank ever bestowed by China upon a

foreign lady. Other gifts and one of China's choicest "feasts" had been sent to the Legation in yellow silk boxes tied with yellow cord. All proclaimed in beautiful characters the good wishes of Her Majesty, and for all I expressed my deepest appreciation.

Our good-byes were said, and as I was leaving Her Majesty's presence I was asked to return. Her interpreter placed in my hand a "good-luck stone"—a blood jade, with these words: "Her Majesty has taken this good-luck stone from her person and wishes to give it to you to wear during your long journey across the great waters, that you may safely arrive in your honorable country." This stone is not beautiful to the eye, but I took it as the most beautiful thing I had received from Her Majesty's hand. I pinned it upon my person, and I am wearing it now in sweet memory of the protecting thought that made it mine.

When I reached home Wang observed the stone, and said, "That Blood Stone grand thing. No Chinaman, much money, can't get like that." Later I learned that Her Majesty wished me to know the history of the stone. This I learned through a Court Princess. The stone had been worn by some one of China's rulers for two thousand years, and the present Empress Dowager had worn it during her reign, during the siege of 1900, in her flight, during her stay hundreds of miles from her palace home, and during her return to her own Peking and Forbidden City, and it had protected her through all dangers. This protecting power she wished to go with me in my journey homeward. My gratitude was great, and my reply sincere.

April 3. Your father, Miss Campbell, and I took our

last walk on the city wall. The Western Hills stood out boldly. The cities — Native, Tartar, Imperial, and Forbidden, spread out before us as a story picture, and many memories presented themselves. We visited the partially completed Legation buildings and called on the American army officers and their families; then, coming into our own Legation quarters, we visited with our home people. First we called on Mr. Coolidge in his artistic, richly furnished quarters. Always we received a glad welcome in this home. We then called on Mr. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Haskins, Mr. Nealy — in fact upon all our American Legation people. For five years Mr. Williams has been Secretary-interpreter in this Legation. He is a loyal American, a scholarly man, affable in manners, and works to the honor of the Legation. He is respected and admired by the Chinese as well as by the other nationalities. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are thorough Chinese scholars, and with their ability and willingness to impart their information they are efficient workers. Their two little daughters are joys among us.

April 4. At five o'clock A. M. we ate our last meal in Peking. As we started to the station, the servants began firing big fire-crackers and hundreds of small ones woven together with long strings. This firing was loud and long. The servants were all dressed in their best and gracefully, in their accustomed ways, said their good-byes. Wang and first cook went with us. When we reached the station, even though it was early in the morning, many friends greeted us. All the members of the Chinese Foreign Office were there, also other high officials. Nearly all the Diplomats, Sir Robert Hart, and



MR. CONGER AND HIS LEGATION STAFF, JANUARY, 1905

Mr. Fletcher, Second Secretary; Mr. Williams, Secretary Interpreter; Mr. Coolidge, Secretary; Mr. Conger, Minister; Mr. Haskins, Assistant Secretary Interpreter; Capt. Brewster, Military Attaché.

many others of the Customs staff, missionaries from far and near, and all our Legation and army people, and other Americans. Last, but not least, our servants of to-day and of days past were at the station to say their good wishes. Beautiful flowers were piled high in our car. The whistle blew, and we were off. Gratitude sent back its love-thoughts to those dear people upon the platform waving their good wishes. We waved and waved back as long as we could catch a glimpse of them. No honors could have been dearer to us than was their presence on this parting occasion.

We went overland by rail through the Yellow River district to Han Kow. The Chinese officials made all arrangements for us. The Viceroy at Nanking had written to your father again inviting us to take this most enjoyable trip. Surely everything was done for our comfort and pleasure. We had a private car containing a large sitting-room furnished with sofa-beds and other necessary furniture. There was one bedroom with all modern conveniences, and there was a smoking-room, a pantry, and a kitchen. Lao Hu and Mo Moi Yu, the little dogs given me by the Empress Dowager, are taking the journey with us. As we moved on through the city and country which had become familiar to us in our horse-back rides, we looked out upon them in the joys of sweet memories. At every station Chinese officials and soldiers were present to pay their respects to your father. The officials sent into the car their large red cards, with a message that a "feast" was prepared for His Excellency. As your father could not go out to them, the "feast" was placed upon the car, and they were invited into our car and served with tea. These minor officials,

highest in those localities, had been telegraphed from Peking, and they did their best to make our journey a pleasant one. At one place a Chinese band was playing.

The day has been fine and restful. We reached Paoting Fu at eleven in the morning. A Chinese "feast" had been prepared and officials came to welcome "His Excellency." Mr. Killie, one of our siege friends, whom you know, accompanied your father to this "feast." All the missionaries in Paoting Fu came in a body to the station to greet us; even the dear children came, and we had a good visit, though it was short. Many of these people were siege companions and they inquired for you and Mary. We decorated our car with the many beautiful flowers given us in Peking and Paoting Fu, besides having many on the table.

This is the season for making pilgrimages to the cemeteries and the graves. As we pass through the country, we see thousands and thousands of graves made into cone-shaped mounds. On the very top of each are placed a printed prayer and green grass. The prayer and the tuft of green are marked tributes to the departed. The meaning in them is a sealed secret to us. As I looked upon those decorated graves and reflected, I could detect kindred thoughts held by these Chinese people and by our own people at home.

More officials called at each large station until we reached the Yellow River. This river is China's sorrow. At times it floods the country, destroying everything and everybody in its raging anger. This destruction reaches over a vast territory.

April 6: We reached the broad river bed with its now shallow waters this morning. The high winds of

yesterday had made it impossible for our special boat to come up the river; hence we took two smaller ones, one for ourselves and one for our baggage. We had an interesting and exciting time crossing. It took a long while, and our skilled oarsmen had to work, and at times quickly, to keep off the sand bars, which we kept weaving between and around in a coaxing way. When we neared the shore for which we had been striving, word was sent to us, "Water too deep for your feet and too shallow for your boat." We were told that we must ascend an iron ladder which was attached to the high bridge. This we did — and up, up, up, we went in the straightest line "heavenward" that we ever took. We had to do it, hence we kept right on climbing until we reached the top of that giant railroad bridge.

This bridge, which is one and one-half miles long, is in process of construction, and thousands of Chinese were working under the direction of foreigners.

A private car awaited us. It was new and most beautifully furnished and divided into compartments like our former one. Wang and the cook brought from home everything for our use, even to ice and distilled water. Your father is happily resting; Miss Campbell is bright and cheery. We are having the happy days of a good ending of our seven years in China. The country through which we are passing is productive, and the people industrious. We passed through the land of the "giant date" which the Chinese ladies in Peking often sent to us as a choice gift. As China has her local industries, the traveller is continually making new discoveries.

April 9. Trains do not run at night, but we were off again at eight o'clock. We passed through rich, beau-

tiful country. China's soil does not seem to weary in work well done any more than do her people.

The Superintendent of the railroad, an interesting Frenchman, came from Han Kow to meet us at one of the stations. He said that at Wang Kia Tien we would see people making pilgrimages to a temple high upon the hills. As we approached, it was a strange sight to see the hundreds of Chinese men, women, and children making their way up and down that great height. They were all dressed in their best — best in quality and in colorings. The women and girls with their small bound feet were making this pilgrimage. Perhaps this visit and the visits to the tombs of their ancestors are in some way connected. This railroad Superintendent told us that many of these people came on the trains from ten to a hundred miles to visit this sacred temple. The hill-sides were thronged with people. Harmonious thoughts seemed to be guiding their footsteps, as there was no hurry, no confusion, no strife, in their movements.

We reached Han Kow at six o'clock in the evening. The Consul, his daughter, and the Vice-Consul, friends of ours, met us at the station, and we were delightfully entertained in their home. The Viceroy called, and sent beautiful gifts. He also, at your father's request, granted buttons of lowest rank to our first boy Wang and to our first cook, in recognition of their faithful services. They were required to tell name, age, in what month they were born, their father's and grandfather's names, and much else. All was to be registered on the paper granting the button. These servants showed delight over this honor and wore these buttons in their hats with justifiable pride.

Of the Yangtze River and the interesting cities along

its shores, the beautiful country, the delightful people, and our friends, I have written you before. I will only ask you to tarry with us at Nanking, for that is the home of the Viceroy, Joe Fu, who invited your father to take this wonderful trip into interior China. The steamer reached Nanking late, but the American Consul was ready to take your father at once to call upon the Viceroy, who had sent his private carriages to take our party to his home. The Viceroy had been waiting, and tiffin had been prepared, since twelve o'clock. The welcome and the interview were most cordial.

Miss Campbell and I were taken to the American Consulate where we were most hospitably received. At eight o'clock the Consul gave a reception. The gentlemen reported a most satisfactory visit with His Excellency, the Viceroy. Your father said that he never before attended a gathering of Chinese officials where so many of them spoke English. In South China the English language is more generally spoken by the Chinese than in the North.

Our nine days' stay in Shanghai was full to the brim with calls, dinners, tiffins, receptions, shopping, and attending to baggage. Shanghai was the first to welcome us to China, and she was the last to say good-byes.

On April twenty-second we boarded the beautiful *Siberia*, and were homeward bound. As we sat on the captain's bridge and waved our final adieus to our Orient home, we detected many colorings in the brush-strokes of this life picture, seven years in the painting. We have descended from the bridge and entered our little cabin. Here comes a broadness of thought that reaches high, far, and deep. This thought is freighted with gratitude.

[TO A SISTER]

STEAMSHIP *Siberia*, April 28, 1905.

THE Chinese have good minds and warm hearts, and the seeker to know them can detect much of value. Would that I could express in words what I have conceived the possibilities to be in the development of the characters of the Chinese ladies in foreign lines. The whole world detects the dawn of broader thoughts, and in clearer light the boundaries of narrower thoughts pass away.

After the troubles of 1900 were settled and the nations joined hands of friendship with China, China had no reason for loving the Christian nations more than before; but, true to the Chinese character, she accepted the situation, and in an outward spirit acted as though she wished to do so. Whether she were sincere or not was never questioned in my mind. I, too, accepted the situation and improved even the slightest opportunity to mingle with these people. These slight opportunities grew into greater and still greater ones. Rigid formalities were replaced by smiling cordialities, and later crowned with warm friendships. When the Chinese learned that I was sincerely interested in their country, and in them individually, in their customs and ways of living, they said, "Come. You shall see and know as you like." Much courtesy and hospitality passed between us. I was invited to many of their feast-day celebrations, and to services of their heart-sorrows. No criticism was in my thought. I rejoiced with them, and wept with them. Above rigid forms and rituals our hearts met, and they spoke a common language. With clasped hands and face-to-face prayers we said our good-byes.

The Manchu and Chinese ladies do not intermingle. When they entertained me at their homes or when I entertained them, they were all Manchus or all Chinese. The Manchu women have natural feet and retain their Manchu costume. The Chinese women have bound feet and retain their Chinese costumes. The men, however, all wear the Chinese costume and the Manchu queue. They hold offices and intermingle officially and socially. As a nation, all are called Chinese.

The Chinese are not impulsive; they ponder a question before they act upon it. As I look back and recall the conversations Her Majesty has granted me and those held with the Manchu Princesses and with the Chinese ladies, and now detect the uniform movement for a knowledge of the outer world, I am persuaded that it has been premeditated, sanctioned, and encouraged by Her Majesty. The iron bands of stern customs are being severed apparently without a jar. Unity of thought and action seems to be melting these bands asunder. May these people feel, even though they do not acknowledge, the guiding Christ-hand in their new, untried pathways.

For three months last year I travelled down the coast, up the Yangtze and the Grand Canal, visiting missions, schools, and colleges for Chinese, both native and foreign. I also visited many native industries, as I wished to learn all that I could of what the Chinese were doing and were capable of doing. A wonderful revelation was given to me. I found in the Chinese fundamental qualities not to be surpassed, upon which to build the Christian living. Their great love for parents, for the aged, for children, for music, for pets of all kinds, for flowers, and for trees; their reaching out to a power beyond themselves; their

steadfastness, their great memories, their accuracy, their sober watchfulness, their quiet forbearance, their innate politeness, their unequalled obedience to law, their civility to guests, their trustworthy honesty, their devout respect for education, and their industrious habits, all combine to show the making of a strong character of a strong people that will in time stand with the sisterhood of the great nations. The Chinese are so thorough, patient, and steadfast in what they undertake to do, that when they start upon the new road they will show a power that we dream not of, and will surprise the nations. In an effective way China will resent the gross wrongs imposed upon her. This old giant nation is not weak in her people. The truly Christian world should lend her a hand. In the unity of the Christ-spirit let us pray, watch, and work all together for the best good of this great Empire with her millions of people, and thus add her strength for the uplifting of all humanity.

The English language is steadily but slowly weaving itself into China's education. Some of her young men go abroad for study and return with a knowledge of English, but most of this knowledge among the Chinese is obtained in the mission schools and colleges here in China. There is an effort to make it possible for the Chinese to acquire a broader foreign education in their own home land. By carefully studying these efforts in their schools and colleges, I find that they are making a living progress. For many years English was not taught in the mission schools, as the missionaries wished to keep the educated native converts as helpers in their religious work. English-speaking Chinese were in great demand among the business men of the coast cities and were at-

tracted to these places. Now, the schools are many, and there are thousands of these students going out yearly from the small and larger schools, and hundreds of them can speak, read, and write the English language. Wherever these Christianly educated people go, they take their convictions and influence with them. It is not lost in the business and social world, nor in home life.

China's customs of long standing will not permit her people to mingle outside of their rank; hence the titled and official people and their families cannot attend mission nor public schools. For the last two years of my stay in the Orient there has been a manifestly growing desire among the higher-class ladies to know something beyond their walls. A Princess used to visit me who was a member of the family of one of the "iron-capped" Su princes. This family is strong in character and highly educated according to Chinese standards. Their palace was within our fortifications during the troubles of 1900, and they were obliged to vacate it. It was filled with most elegant, costly treasures, the gatherings of centuries, and we strove to protect them. The Boxers set fire to this palace and burned these valuables, which no money, time, nor love could replace. I often welcomed this Princess to my home and gained much information from her. I asked how and where she obtained such an extensive knowledge of her country's history and customs in detail. She replied in earnest words, "My father's home was filled with everything by which to educate his children. My father, his father, his father's father, many generations back, were ambitious for their name, for their home, and for the members of their home." She raised her hands and dropped them again almost in despair and said,

“It is all gone! Wiped away! What is there now for our children? Through your forbearance I bring them to your home.”

Another Princess of this family married a Mongolian Prince. (You will recall that I have mentioned these Princesses before.) This Mongolian Princess came to me one day when in Peking to see if in some way I could not intercede with the Empress Dowager in behalf of her husband. She wished that they might go to America to the St. Louis Exposition, but did not wish to intrude this wish upon Their Majesties. The thought was not the “Exposition,” but an opportunity to get to America, in order to obtain information about mining. Mongolia is full of rich ores, and they wished to gain knowledge that would enable them to reap the benefit of these riches at their feet. It is needless to say it, but I did not take this message to Their Majesties. This Princess founded a school for Mongolian women and girls. She took fifteen of them to Peking as a part of their education. This high Princess ignored the deep chasm which separated her in rank from the common people and took her school girls to one of our American mission schools, and spoke encouraging words to these mission school girls. Her girls sang and she played upon the organ for them. This Mongolian Princess again ignored the deep chasm of custom and rank, and invited Mrs. Chang, one of the three Hsu sisters, to return with her and her school girls to Mongolia. A recent letter received from this Chinese lady tells me of her trip, of the country, and of their progressive school work. Their friendship for each other seems deep and genuine, although they are Manchu Princess and Chinese lady. This Princess also took with her an educated Japanese

woman as a helper in forwarding her new undertakings among her people. Almost like magic, many schools for girls and boys are springing up in China, with much in them of foreign methods. Many ladies of the higher classes have said to me, "We wish our daughters to learn English. Our customs will not permit them to attend the schools. Through you could we not obtain some one to teach a class in our homes? Could not one of your American missionaries come?" I had to tell them that our missionaries had special work that filled their hours to overflowing. I presented this reaching out toward our missionaries in great earnestness to the mission workers. It seemed to be a missionary work in a mission field that was asking them to come. I admitted that we could not see now what the harvest would be; but surely, some of the good seed would take root, grow, and bear fruit to the nourishment of heart and mind.

As yet, these Chinese do not seem to reach out for Christianity, but this may be God's way of sending them to seek and find the Christ. Our missionaries' hands and hearts were too full, and workers too few, to respond to this call. The Japanese, ever watchful and ready, took the extended hand, and are now teaching English and foreign ideas to these higher-class Chinese. But if we did all that we could, it is better thus.

[TO PRINCESS SHUN]

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA,

March 20, 1906.

MAY I, through you, extend my most cordial greetings, and loving gratitude to Her Imperial Majesty, the

Empress Dowager of China, for so kindly remembering me in sending across the seas these beautiful palace pictures. Officially my thanks were extended to Her Majesty, but official fixed rules do not utter woman's thoughts to woman. These precious gifts add still more value to the already long list which I highly prize. Through them I read the old, old story of sympathy and love, and they recall to me the thoughtful, earnest words of Her Majesty's conversation. I watch with intense interest the new lines of work that are being taken up by her people and my best wishes are with Their Majesties, their Court, and their vast Empire.

May the time come when all nations shall join hands in true friendship. Her Majesty's bountiful gift extended to our country in her late disaster is rich in its expression of sympathy and good will. I love to talk with my people of Their Majesties, the Princesses, and the Chinese ladies, as I have seen and known them. Your friendship I will always remember. Her Majesty, your Imperial sister, found a warm place in my heart and is treasured there. Please extend to the Imperial Princess my cordial greetings and to the other Princesses my best of good wishes.

Would that I could welcome you to my new American home, which is graced with many beautiful Chinese treasures. My great happiness in this home does not make me forget my dear friends in China. Again and again I look at your many photographs and they almost speak to me.



PRINCESS SHUN, SISTER OF THE EMPRESS AND NIECE OF THE
EMPRESS DOWAGER

[TO AN AUNT]

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA,

November 4, 1906.

THE following statements I lovingly and gladly write in answer to the first favor you have ever asked of me. China and her people hold a warm place in my thoughts and I would like to say much in this letter regarding them. My hours are too full to prepare a paper for you, so in love I commit these pages, hoping that they may serve you in making up the programme for your club day.

Her Majesty, the Empress Dowager of China, is one of the strong characters of history. Our many interviews were long and full of deep interest and profit. I will not undertake to give you a book sketch of Her Majesty's life, but will endeavor to portray this life as I saw it and knew it. Those who know of this strong woman's early life testify that she was an educated and beautiful woman when the Emperor Hsien Feng took her as his first secondary wife. She bore him a son, who became Emperor and died in youth. The first wife and the present Empress Dowager ruled jointly. After the death of the former, the present Dowager Empress practically became the ruler. She chose and adopted as her own child the young son of her deceased husband's brother as the coming Emperor, and he to-day is the ruling Emperor of China, Kwang Hsu.

China, with her centuries of history, is no child in her thought and actions. Of old her people took no thought of personal comforts, as we count comforts. Time and labor to them were simply mediums through which to perfect their work. The productions of those days stand

even now proclaiming in unfaltering tones the patient and enduring love-thought and labor which fashioned and produced them. The Chinese formerly built for all time, and there is much to-day over twenty centuries old that proclaims the quality of that building. Such qualities in the hearts and minds of a people forge a nation of steel. In time past China ran like a clock, each wheel did its work and all ran together. The foreigner came, broke into the clock-work, and then complained of China's poor machinery. China stood alone during the rise and fall of many nations. Then baby nations come to her dictating with their partially tried ideas of progress. China protested against this foreign intervention as these troublesome elements endangered her entire system of existence. She believed that something must be done, at any cost, to drive out these invaders — hence the siege of 1900. The Chinese are not a savage nor warlike people, but their siege methods were crude, unwise, and cruel. This awful event was the outcome of many trying circumstances which foreigners had created in a nation heretofore at peace with the world. What China as a nation and her people individually suffered in 1900 is a blank page in written history. The ravages of war destroy, and the "spoils of war" carry away. Through these avenues China is bereft of many of her choicest, most valuable treasures.

Many of the so-called new and wonderful discoveries of to-day China knew and used centuries ago. To illustrate: A professor of mathematics from America was visiting a college in North China. He told me that he said to the college professor, "There is a new method in mathematics being taught in America. It is called the

'short cut' and is a method of casting out the nines." The professor listened, then said, "The Chinese have been practising that method farther back than recorded history goes." A student was called up to prove it. Sure enough, it was the "short cut," the casting out of the nines. This is only one of the "new" old things coming to light. Through close application to honest seeking in China many wonderful and profitable facts are unearthed.

The first recognition that Her Majesty, the Empress Dowager, ever gave the foreign ladies was December 13, 1898. In order to obtain this recognition, there was much manœuvring on the part of the Throne and the Diplomatic Corps. It took over two months to bring about this first audience given by Her Majesty to the wives of the seven Ministers then in Peking. The Empress Dowager had never before seen a foreign lady. After the Court returned to its capital in 1902, other audiences were given to the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. The Joint Note and the Protocol had been signed. The pledges of friendship had been given between the foreign nations and China. As I cherished no animosity, I endeavored to plan some way in which to show my willingness to let by-gones be by-gones and with Mr. Conger's ever willing, ready, and efficient counsel and help, I succeeded. My first effort was to invite the Court Princesses to tiffin at my home. Her Majesty granted the request and eleven of the highest-ranking Court ladies graced the American Legation. Their coming was Imperial in general and in detail. It was their first introduction into a foreign home. This recognition of friendship from the Throne opened the doors to other

friendships. Before an audience with Her Majesty or a visit with her Princesses and ladies, I considered their customs and our customs to detect, if possible, some thought in common. I always succeeded in finding such a thought, and with this as our starting-point, conversation never faltered. Our friendships grew stronger; we trusted one another, and I have every reason to believe that our respect and affections were mutual.

At one of the private audiences I asked Her Majesty if she would honor me with her autograph and that of the Empress and the Court Princesses. She frankly replied that if I would send a book such as I desired she would grant my request. To-day I have in my possession the Emperor's written seal, the Empress Dowager's written seal, the Empress's written seal, and the character autographs of the Court Princesses. These autographs are not mere signatures. Did not this act, in a new and beautiful way, reveal more of friendship's crown!

The time is coming — is now come — for a great work to be done in China. There is a wonderful awakening among these people, and a reaching for something outside of their great nation and their long-time customs and ideas. The Chinese had a claim of birthright and adhered to it; I too, had a claim of birthright and adhered to it. Between these two conceptions there was a great distance, but this distance was annihilated by the wireless telegraphy of the heart's sympathy, and we saw that we were under one canopy of Love. This clearness of vision remains unclouded since my return to my own land. I have received messages and gifts from Her Imperial Majesty, letters and pictures from the Princesses, from the officials' wives and daughters, from mission school girls,

and from our servants. I treasure these expressions of friendship. The ladies write to me of their active undertakings in a broader education. I learn much of their endeavors through these letters written by their own hands. They are publishing a woman's daily newspaper in Peking. It is eagerly read by the Chinese ladies and is read and explained to others.

I am glad that I have known the Empress Dowager of China, known the young Empress, the Princesses, and the Chinese ladies. This mingling with them and knowing them has broadened my view, and charity smiles its blessings.

[TO A NIECE]

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA,

September 22, 1907.

YOU ask me to write you more about China. This I am always glad to do.

Letters from Peking tell me that the China of to-day is not like the China of five years ago. The change is felt everywhere, but nowhere is it felt more than in the homes among the women. In the city of Peking there now are seventeen Chinese girls' schools conducted and supported by Chinese ladies, some of them Princesses. These ladies are now more eager than ever before to be educated in broader lines. There are willing hearts and ready hands among their own people to help them, and these helpers are adding fuel to this kindling desire for something beyond their walls. The Imperial Princess has opened a school for girls in her palace. Prince

Su has his own school for his family of daughters and nieces. The Mongolian Princess' school of which I have written has increased to about one hundred and fifty women and girls. Mrs. Chang, who studied the mission translations, is still assisting the Mongolian Princess. This strong-minded Chinese lady and this strong-minded Manchu Princess are doing a wonderful school work together for the Mongolian women.

I receive letters from Mrs. Chang telling of their school work. Her small feet are unbound and she rides her pony with ease and freedom both in thought and body. Prince Su's third sister has a school of eighty or more pupils in Peking. She herself stays in the school-room and teaches from ten until three. There is also a good school in Princess K'e's large palace. I have many times visited these palaces and conversed with these Princesses and ladies and I am not surprised that this fulness of heart and mind is being manifested in growing activity. Private schools for girls of both the higher and lower classes are being started throughout China. I am now persuaded without one doubt that this uniform action was quietly planned and sanctioned by the Throne, before this departure with its great responsibilities was undertaken.

The Chinese are so patient, thorough, and steadfast, that I firmly believe that if foreigners will let them work in their own way, they will become a strong nation in line with strong nations. The cords of friendship are drawing tighter about China and America.

The attitude of the United States that she was not warring with China in 1900 and that she recognized no spoils of war; the attitude that made her give back to

China the large quantity of silver which fell into her possession at Tientsin; that made her give over to the Chinese Government, unmolested, the treasury and its treasures in the Forbidden City; that caused her, without compulsion, to cancel the Boxer indemnity fund, is an attitude too deep, too broad, too high for word expression. Does not this attitude reveal a strong current of sisterly good will, when it is able to sweep away the heavy weights of financial gain? This attitude is not one of spontaneity; the seed was brought over in the *Mayflower*; it was planted in the virgin soil of liberty, where it rooted, and was watered with treasured dew-drops; was nourished into being in Love's tenderness; was sustained in Truth's fortitude. This is the story of our country's attitude.

The full, extended hand does not return empty. When the ravages of the earthquake on our Pacific Coast baffled man and left sorrow in havoc's wake, then China in sisterly good will offered a helping hand. The Boxer indemnity fund is now to be used by China to educate many of her young men in America. Good will is ever sounding its sweet melody in eternity's chorus. Now and then a strain is caught even amid time's awful din, and this strain awakens to new activities, to new steadfastness, to new devotion.

Letters written to me by Chinese Princesses and ladies impart much information which I highly prize. Their woman's daily paper has a large circulation, and is thoroughly read. In some of the schools it is read as a part of the course of instruction; it treats of topics of general interest.

But their revered Confucius is not forgotten, nor

should he be forgotten. There is a patriotic awakening in China that seems to come from the depths of mind and heart. It is no unusual thing to see on the streets young students in military uniform; military drill is universal in their institutions. The opium reform is being pushed with energy, and promises great good to the Chinese people. China's financial situation is appalling, but her sturdy, quiet activity will bring her out of this dilemma. She will overcome the threatening storm, and calm the tragically troubled sea. Every foreign idea strikes a discordant Chinese idea, and it takes time and watchful listening to catch the harmonious chords, as the vibrations destroy the discordant ones. I watch with deep interest the steps that China is taking; her joys are my pleasures; her sorrows are my regrets. May China in peace and good will walk hand in hand with the other great nations!

Other nations have individualities, but by constant contact with one another, these individualities are tuned into comparative harmony. If China wishes to be in accord with this universal chorus, she will have to think it out, and work it out in her own way. She has a mighty problem before her. May China's rulers and her subjects stand as a unit, and all work together for the preservation of their vast Empire. China belongs to her people, and her people should arouse themselves to protect their home land. They can do it, and do it in a dignified, honorable way. Their positiveness, toned by their innate politeness and tempered by tireless activity, will awaken a slumbering strength which is all their own. Every nation plants within itself a thought-seed which it cultivates, waters, directs in growth, and pro-



FOREIGN DIPLOMATS AND CHINESE OFFICIALS, 1905

From left to right: H. E., Sir Ernest Satow, British Minister; H. E., Consul Gallina, Italian Minister; H. E., Mr. Uchida, Japanese Minister; H. E., Mr. Conger, American Minister; H. H., Prince P'ei Lun, Chinese Official; H. E., Baron von Mumm, German Minister; H. E., Na-tung, Chinese Official; H. E., Mr. Dubail, French Minister; Mr. Tshing, Chinese Official; H. E., Li Chung Mai, Chinese Official; H. E., Mr. De Gaffien, Belgian Minister.

fects through its many advancing stages. It protests against other nations entering its domain and pouring on more water when not needed, cultivating and pruning where not desired, and then carrying away the fruits — if there are fruits. Why not let China plant, cultivate, water, prune, and reap her own?

I find that the Chinese have deep feelings, and they express them. This fact I have had beautifully shown to me of late. Messages of respect and sympathy from high Chinese officials have hastened with electric speed and steam impulsion to America and into my home; and in sending these messages, China unconsciously joined hands with other nations in expressing a common thought of good will and sympathy. The tender touch of a woman's heart was given to me in messages from Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Dowager, and in letters written by the Princesses and Chinese ladies to help lift the clouds of sorrow and reveal a clearer, brighter sky. The highest, deepest, broadest feelings of man everywhere, awaken him to better thoughts and better deeds. The One Great Heart purifies and propels. How near and how far are the infinite love-beats which proclaim a living sympathy! No ruthless hand can retard them or even touch them. The constant sympathy in friendship's endless chain has welded each link strongly. Sometimes its activity sinks out of human sight, but in buoyancy of life it rises to view again. All people and all nations form a part of this welded chain, and at times feel the buoyancy of this sympathy. China holds a link in this chain.

May the Oriental "dawn" and the Occidental "twilight" be effaced by the constant sunshine of one eternal day, alike for all.

AFTERWORD

CHINA'S BEREAVEMENT

November 16, 1908.

THE world's sympathy goes out to China this day. Official announcement is made of the death of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of China, Kwang Hsu; and of Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Dowager. Every nation has felt the touch of sorrow's hand; and now in sympathy the nations reach out to China to soothe that touch. What the nations feel I feel more keenly. The Emperor I have met many times officially. The Empress Dowager has received me, officially and socially, to an acquaintance that grew into friendship.

Her Majesty's keen perception knew the nations, and she often spoke to me with deep appreciation of America's attitude toward China. She lived a long life of usefulness, and with a steady hand, clear mind, and loyal heart, guided the affairs of her country. Through the whirlwinds of excited opinions, and through the threatening storms, this woman stood in her might and baffled them. History claims the record. This record the world recognizes; and China knows it. In my conversations with this great woman I noted her marked love for her country and for her people, and how earnestly she was reaching out to uplift the masses and to increase woman's usefulness. May this dawning of a brighter day, revealing the character of Chinese women, increase to noonday splendor; and in this splendor may the world recognize the real character of this Imperial Ruler!

For forty-seven years this able woman has stood at the head of the Chinese Empire, and strong men have given their support. In a land where woman has had so little official standing, Her Majesty's achievements make her ability and strength more pronounced; and China, surely, must be jealous for this reign in the sight of other nations. With her keen perception, this ruler recognized the future demands which were fast pressing themselves upon her people; and she worked to prepare for their wise acceptance.

Her last edict is pathetic. Weary with battlings upon the troubled sea of this life, she was ready and willing for others to stand at the helm and guide the Ship of State. "The Dragon Throne" will in justice claim a recognition of its rights, and China's stanch men will stand loyal.

The history of her days marks the course of a strong woman's steppings. These steppings have been acknowledged by the great Chinese Empire in titles and high honors while she lived, and still greater honors after her death.

Through this woman's life the world catches a glimpse of the hidden quality of China's womanhood. It savors of a quality that might benefit that of the Western World. The Empress Dowager of China loved and honored her great country; that country loved and honored its great ruler. May China continue to honor her commendable deeds, and make it possible for the world to place her name among the makers of history! May China's sorrows diminish, and may her joys increase!

THE END

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